

Ducks to You Too

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Ducks are cute. Ducks are fluffy. Feathery describes ducks. Ducks are your friends. Ducks are my friends. Friends are ducks and ducks are friends. The feathery, fluffy, friendly, flitting ducks finally fly ferociously. Because ducks have wings. Ducks are cuddly. Ducks are sweet.

Especially with orange sauce.

Ducks do indeed fly. That particular biological feat has been covered already in this intensely personal essay. Duckishly intensely personal essay. But ducks rarely involve themselves with tornadoes. In contrast to chickens. Chickens are intensely, personally, duckishly involved with tornadoes. Bernard Vonnegut of the State University of Albany wrote a seminal paper entitled "Chicken Plucking as Measure of Tornado Wind Speed", Weatherwise, October 1975, p. 217. I have referenced this paper. I like tornadoes. I don't like chickens. I do like ducks.

Basil Fawlty does not like ducks. Or his car.
You play chicken with cars. You don't play duck with cars.

Ducks have many shapes. Small ducks, big ducks, fat ducks, thin ducks. Ducks have many ages. Old ducks, young ducks, dead ducks, live ducks, youthful ducks, sprightly ducks, decrepit ducks, wonky ducks. Ducks have many varieties. All Anatidae. Mallard, teal, gadwall, garganey, widgeon, pintail, shoveler, eider, shelduck, goldeneye, pochard, scaup, tufted, merganser, ferruginous, goosander, eagle.

Eagles are not ducks. Ducks are not eagles. Eagles eat ducklets. Ducklets choke eagles. Eaglets then are not fed and starve. Ducklets murder eaglets.

Duck off.

Be kind to your web-footed friends.
For a duck may be somebody's mother.
She lives all alone in the swamp.
Where the weather is very, very dwamp.
And you make think that this is the end.
Well it is.

But only for a moment.

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Ducks don't break the law. Laws don't break the ducks. Unless the laws are heavy and fall onto the ducks. Ducks don't get caught in a rapidly descending spiral of criminality, down, down, down (Down with Poe!) into the black pitiless abyss of the enticing yet inescapable tortuous web of the underworld. Spiders build webs but ducks have webbed feet. Ducks surf the web. www.ducks.org and www.mightyducks.com and www.goducks.com God ucks here too.

"DUCK!!".

"No, actually, I am a goose, an entirely differOWW!!"

"I told you to duck, you fool".