



You *gotta* get me *outta* here ... see?

**A life sentence of lifeless sentences, man.** That's what tryin' to be catchy 'n' edgy'll get you in this cockamamie game called copywriting.

You make it vibrant, they make it vapid. You make it pithy, they make it pompous. You absolutely *nail* the thing in ten words, man, and they pound in twenty more.

Them and their flailing felt tip pens and their grammar-school rules of thumb pressing down, down, down on your windpipe 'til you choke on every contracted verb.

*Don't even think of beginning a sentence with AND, asshole, or ending one with WITH!*

And if that ain't enough, they'll cut the cutting-edge from the heart of your concept and force you to eat it while they watch. Why? For the same reason dogs lick their own hoo-hahs. *Because they can.*

It ain't my fault I'm in here, see? It's theirs. They won't *let* me be good. So you gotta get me outta here—you just got to, get me?

Listen, I'll fix you up with my sister....