

They say a lie can cross the globe before the truth puts its boots on. This is true. It flies first class, eats at the best restaurants, and stays at the best hotels. Leaving a trail of unhappy people in its wake like a duck crossing a pond.

Meanwhile the truth flies for free, knows where all the best food is, and somehow is on all the planes at once yet still sleeps in its own bed. Leaving trails of perplexed people behind it like a flock of ducks crossing a pond.

