

# Rejected York Peppermint Pattie Commercial Blurbs

*by Don P*

When I bite into a York Peppermint Pattie, I get the sensation of flying down Sunset Boulevard on a windy day at 120 miles an hour, narrowly avoiding pedestrians and jumping over a construction roadblock that would make them Duke boys very, very jealous!

When I bite into a York Peppermint Pattie, I get the sensation of having the life of a normal person and not someone who got her innocence stolen in the back of a '72 Chevrolet Vega and left as a single mother, trying to wring a child-support check from the worthless bastard of a father so the kid can have a fucking Christmas this year.

When I bite into a York Peppermint Pattie, I get the sensation of the life draining out of a man's body as I crush his windpipe, screaming, "So, I'm a bitch, huh? I'm the bitch? Who's the bitch now? Who's the fucking bitch now, bitch!"

When I bite into a York Peppermint Pattie, I don't get any sensation. I feel nothing. Absolutely nothing. Please ... just let me die.

When I bite into a York Peppermint Pattie, I feel the sensation of the Lord's righteous anger as he reveals his plan to use me as his holy instrument of judgment! It's all right there between the lines of the ingredients list!

When I bite into a York Peppermint Pattie— Whoa! Holy crap, check out these colors. Dude, your leg just turned into a chicken. Dude, it's fuckin' singing to me! Dude!

When I bite into a York Peppermint Pattie, I get the sensation of being curled in a ball inside a cold, dark cave filled with my darkest, most paralyzing fears. Maybe if I stay really, really still, the clowns won't find me when they come out of the mirror. Shh!

Get the sensation.

