

The Lobsters are Coming. Also, Nicknames.

“A nickname isn’t a nickname without an inside joke.” – Egypt Wislon

Nicknames are just inside jokes, just like how water is wet. Nicknames are created when you make a horrible mistake while your friends are watching. From then on, they make you relive that mistake every single time they try to get your attention. Even spelling your name wrong can be one of these horrible, horrible mistakes. Choosing to represent a certain country is also a mistake. Wearing blue shoes is a mistake. Having a certain name is a mistake. Wislon (me) is a mistake.

Don’t forget nicknames without origins! These are caused by the mistake of existing. I will now be done typing because I have literally nothing left to say whatsoever at all in any way, shape, or form.

Nicknames.

I’m not done yet, now thinking about it. Nicknames are usually funny. Nicknames can always be called inside jokes, as they are caused by mistakes. I think I have memory issues. They always are created by past experiences with others.

Added note: Nicknames are just inside jokes, just like how water is wet.

Actually goodbye.



I have broken into the Tringle Gazelle’s headquarters to inform you of the following information:

The incoming nuclear armageddon has caused us to send you this message. After the lobster incident of xx5x, all lobsters are now genetically modified to have human hands and beyond-human intelligence, and be immune to all physical and chemical damage. We, as the worldwide government, have covered up this issue for the last 87 (?) years, but now it is too late to hide the problem. The lobsters have breached into our facility at these coordinates: 8°54’34”s, 139°32’57”w, and are plotting to send out the nuclear bombs due to their mistreatment at the hands of the worldwide government. The lobsters, however, do slightly like certain members of humanity. As such, you (and several others) have been selected to carry on the human race on our in-progress moon base. The lobsters have allowed us to send out a few transmissions, and we have selected you as we believe you are the perfect candidate to continue on humanity.

I must run now, before Mole and Chole find me.