

The Lowdown in Lobsterville

VOLUME SEVENTEEN

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THE CLAW OF ATLANTIS

Another mystery doth (that word again) unfold. It has just been brought to our attention here at the Lowdown that the Awesome Claw of Atlantis, a sacred relic to the residents of our town, has been stolen. Usually housed in the bathroom of the Crustacean Palace, the item's glass shroud was shattered and the Claw was kiped. So far, the authorities have no leads as to who the perpetrators of this heinous crime are. We will keep you posted as leads develop.

TERRORIST ALERT

In the human world, terrorist attacks come from other countries. In the world of Lobsterville, terrorist attacks come from lobstermen. So the warning is being sounded – Those goofy Canadians that we though were our friends have come up with another way to make us crunchy and good with melted butter – Lobster Corn Dogs. As if we need this added publicity – and negative publicity at that. So we are issuing a “red alert”. Wait, that would mean that we are boiled. Cancel that. We are issuing a “purple alert”. Sounds about right. So until further notice – be on purple alert. Watch out for suspicious looking “homes” and avoid being a hors d'oeuvre for some wealthy Canuck.

CLAWS AND TAILS

Swimming lessons start for any interested lobster on August 22nd and will be held every Tuesday evening thereafter through September 26th (Did we mention how odd this whole concept was?) There will be lessons for all levels. See you there.

Mark you calendars for Monday, September 4th at 1:00 p.m. That is the day of the long anticipated tour of the local landfill. Lunch will be served (all you can find) and fun will be had.

BBQ lessons for the summer have been canceled. Apparently, no fingers were to be found.

ODD MOLT HUNT

The molted shell hunt was less then successful. Having underestimated our residents appetite and the tastiness of a good molt – let's just say that the victory was enjoyed by all who attended since not one molt was wasted (not one was weighed, either, as our citizen's have very little won't power and lots of will power, as in “I won't be able to resist this molt therefore I will eat it). Oh well, great fun was had by all who attended so we believe that makes this a successful event.

ROYALTY SOON TO ARRIVE

The summer drags on and the long awaited arrival of our main inspiration and source of entertainment draweth nigh. On Friday, September 29th, our waters shall be graced by our founder from the far reaches of Idaho. Start cleaning those yards now and get ready to put on a show. Remember, however, that the Lowdown is not responsible for loss or damage due to inebriated shows of stupidity.

CAMP TIME

As this issue of the Lowdown goes to press, the good (and not so good) citizens of Lobsterville are preparing for their annual summer camp out. One of the benefits of being a lobster is that packing is very light - no need for tents, food (remember, we are scavengers) or clothes. That leaves plenty of room to pack the “refreshments”. And the representatives from the Okanagan Valley assure us that they will be sending samples of their products. Needless to say, everyone is looking forward to this trip.

MIXED BLESSINGS

Good for us – kinda. One of the lesser known citizens of Lobsterville, Sunny Lobster, was both a hero and a fool at the same time. Last week, Sunny was out enjoying a scavenging expedition when he stumbled upon some luckless human's wallet. Assuming that the item had been lost during a swim, Sunny picked up the wallet and proceeded to the nearest “Lobster Lodge”, assuming that the owner of the Lodge would thank him for being so conscientious and return him to the depths of the deep. Partly right. The wallet was recovered and returned to its now lucky owner but not so lucky for Sunny Lobster. Being of legal size with quite a nice tail, he was promptly shipped to the marked for dinner – and not as a guest. It only goes to prove, being nice sometimes costs you everything. Let's hope for Sunny's sake, at least he went out with real butter.

HA HA

You can't find any good lobster jokes, because they keep them all for themselves.

They're shellfish like that.



Roll out the red carpet.