

ՀԱՅԿԱՅԻՆ ԲՆԱԿԱՆՈՒԹՅԱՆ ԴՆՊ

ՀԱՅԱՍՏԱՆԻ ԲՆԱԿԱՆՈՒԹՅԱՆ
ԴՆՊ ԿԱԴՐՈՒՄԻ ՄԱՍԻՆ
ՀԱՅԿԱՅԻՆ ԲՆԱԿԱՆՈՒԹՅԱՆ ԴՆՊ



OUR EDITORS LOST IN THE WILDERNESS

YRJTJTTT FRAVTEA



ALHLELTALES



ALHLELTALES

To the Distinguished Editors of Earthlings,
Subject: Ongoing Observations and Humble Suggestions from a Devoted Reader

EDITOR

Salutations from Sector V-42!

As a long-time subscriber to Earthlings, I felt compelled to write in and commend your continued excellence in documenting the baffling, bewildering, and – frankly – downright hilarious behaviors of our neighboring species, the humans. Your tri-sectional format of “Getting Serious,” “Humiliating,” and “Peculiar” continues to be an elegant way of cataloguing the spectrum of absurdity that is human existence.

Permit me to introduce myself properly: I am Glarn Threxel of the Third Hatching, cultural analyst and xeno-anthropological consultant for the Nebulae Union for Terrestrial Observations (N.U.T.O.). For the past thirty-seven standard cycles, I have been stationed aboard Observation Vessel Curious Regret, monitoring human life on Earth with a mixture of professional diligence and ever-increasing incredulity.

You see, when I first began this assignment, I approached the species with the same neutrality and clinical curiosity I would grant any low-to-mid intelligence species undergoing a primitive technological bloom. I expected rudimentary tools, disorganised hierarchies, perhaps an entertaining death ritual or two. I did not anticipate... podcasts. I did not anticipate avocado toast discourse. I certainly did not anticipate the creature known as “Florida Man.”

Over time, my perspective has shifted. I now see humans not as merely chaotic or tragically inefficient, but as something far more intriguing: willingly confused. They invent elaborate systems – governments, economies, dating apps – and then seem genuinely shocked when none of them function well. The contradiction between their aspiration and execution is a wellspring of endless observation.

Your recent “Getting Serious” segment on “climate change denial” was a particular standout. I read it aloud to my crewmates and we all agreed: no species should be able to look directly at its own planetary collapse and respond with, “But think of the stock market.” A masterclass in self-defeating behavior. I’ve filed it under “Cultural Masochism.”

May I suggest a follow-up piece on “billionaires launching themselves into space while their species lacks affordable healthcare”? It would fit neatly between “Humiliating” and “Peculiar” – perhaps you could invent a crossover section titled “Why?”

Speaking of humiliation, might I praise the “Humiliating” article last cycle detailing the human ritual known as “office birthday celebrations”? Never before have I witnessed a being forced to accept a dry sponge cake and off-key melodic offerings from people they actively dislike. It is, dare I say, poetic.

On a more personal note, I do admit that I have grown – uncomfortably – fond of humans. Their stubborn

optimism in the face of disaster is almost charming. They believe love is a reasonable goal, they laugh when they fall down, and they keep making art no matter how little sense their world makes. There is something about their fragile, flailing existence that reminds me of larval Slorbians learning to hover. It’s pitiful... and yet it stirs something.

All that said, I implore you: please expand your “Peculiar” coverage to include their fixation on chairs. They sit constantly. On chairs, on couches, on floors, on each other. The moment a human enters a space, they begin searching for the most appropriate structure to place their hindquarters upon. It is a compulsion unmatched by any other known species. Why? Is there meaning in the chair?

Thank you for your tireless work. Earthlings is a cornerstone of my research and my personal joy. I eagerly await your next issue – my tentacles twitch in anticipation.

With mild fondness and intellectual superiority,
Glarn Threxel of the Third Hatching
N.U.T.O. Cultural Analyst | Observation Vessel Curious Regret
P.S. If you ever run a contest for the most confusing human behavior, my vote is for “honking at traffic.”



DEDICATED TO
DOCUMENTING
HUMANS SINCE
XB76-XTM

OUR EDITOR EXPLORING A HUMAN CITY



This Man Just Jolted Up Out Of Bed At 3 A.M. To Write "NO MORE EXCUSES" Into His Notes App



The Florida Man Games: A Study Of Human Chaos And Competitive Foolishness



Behold: This Human Has Locked Themselves Out Of Their Own Habitat



Case Study: Unemployable Earthling 0442-A- The Tale Of Greg From Milwauke



Turbulent Earth



Tiny Earth Creature Captivates Humans With Uncoordinated Movements



Humans And Their Adventures In Genetics



Four Times Talking With The Humans Was A Waste Of Time



The Solitude Seekers



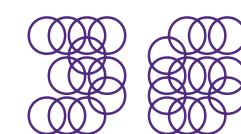
Memory Error: The Human Who Forgot A Name While Still Shaking The Hand



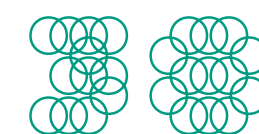
The Great Human Ritual Of The Pancake Chase



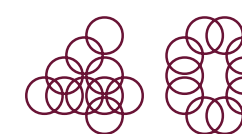
Expedition: Earth
#0978Q35487



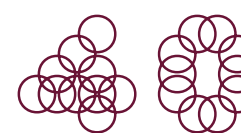
How To Attract A Mate: A Study Of Human Courtship Rituals



A Brief History Of Bipedal Blunders: The Many Players Of Extinct Humans



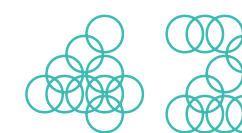
Three Baby Pigs Stolen by Humans After Being Starved For an 'Art' Exhibition



Human Scientists Discover More Accurate Age of their Moon



**This Man Is Tall And
Morose. His Counterpart
Is Short And Cheerful. Can
They Enjoy A Friendship?**




The Golden Waste Receptacle Heist



4
 7
 7
 7
 7
 7
 7
 7



 human brains continue to remain a mystery to us. They often find themselves completely demotivated and unable to do anything about it, wasting away the day for weeks on end until they suddenly get a random burst of energy and are suddenly enlightened. Such is the case for Human 3659202, alternatively known as Dan Hertzfeld. Dan has spent every day of the past 33 rotations 'pissing his life away' and has decided that enough is enough. At 3am on Earth Day 225, Dan was suddenly jolted away as if possessed by his false deity and wrote 'NO MORE EXCUSES' in his mobile device. According to human psychology, this is all the proof needed for other humans to know that this human finally 'found that dog in him'.

'Say goodbye to the Old Dan', said one of his human companions, Human 3659405. Dan is known to have always had high ambitions for himself but never taking any action to achieve them. It would seem that this action has resulted in some kind of transformation for Dan, as if he is an earth caterpillar emerging from a cocoon. The New Dan, who pledged 'NO MORE EXCUSES', after spending several sleepless hours thinking about eating nutritiously, improve his survivability in the wild and finally acting on his idea that he's had for six year, has finally done what Old Dan could not.

It is rumoured that Old Dan has tried to do this before. On Earth Day 193, Old Dan wrote out a small bullet point list on his mobile device intending on following it like he follows his false deity. But this time, there's New Dan. These three words are 'Dan's own Moses on the mountaintop moment'. It is a personal code of honour that he will live by. Until the end of his earth days. New Dan set morning buzzings for 7:30am. Old Dan wouldn't do that. Old Dan would reset the morning buzzings six times so he could get more rest time. But not New Dan. New Dan doesn't make excuses. New Dan doesn't waste a second. New Dan gets it done. Starting tomorrow.

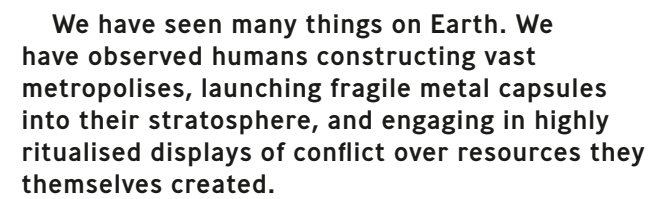
In fact, New Dan doesn't touch his mobile device after falling in to his resting table. This is because New Dan knows having his mobile device easily accessible.

GETTING SERIOUS!

THIS MAN JUST JOLTED UP OUT OF BED AT 3 A.M. TO WRITE "NO MORE EXCUSES" INTO HIS NOTES APP.

And New Dan is unstoppable.

[illegible][illegible]




The games, hosted by humans who specialise in spoken humour, feature a series of dangerously unwise physical challenges inspired by the behavior

But we will continue to observe.
With great amusement.





BEHOLD: THE HUMAN WHO LOCKED THEMSELVES OUT OF THEIR OWN HABITAT

mong the many ways in which humans proved themselves emotionally volatile and logistically unprepared, few are more symbolic than the act of locking oneself out of one's own dwelling.

It is an event that combines the dramatic flair of public shame, the tragic stupidity of poor planning, and the sudden realisation that the modern fortress is, in fact, idiot-proof-especially against its own idiot.

Let us now examine the curious case of Emily Rose Turner, age 31, inhabitant of Earth's suburbia and full-time manager of her own downfall.

Subject: Emily Turner
Species: Homo sapiens
Location: Front porch
Mood: Betrayed by a doorknob

0 Seconds In: The Click Heard 'Round the Block'

It begins innocently. Emily steps outside to retrieve a package containing "essential skincare" (lies) and perhaps yell at a bird.

She does not bring her keys. She assumes the door will remain unlocked, as it has every other time she risked it. But today, fate, humidity, and the alignment of three cursed satellites conspire against her.

The door shuts.
There is a click.
An ancient, mechanical finality.
Emily's pupils dilate.

The Realisation

In this moment, alien observers detect a unique human energy signature known as the oh-no-oh-no-oh-no-please-no waveform. Emily pats her pockets (empty), checks her bra (also empty), and then, in a last desperate attempt, tries the doorknob again as if it will have changed its mind.

It has not.
She is now locked out. Barefoot. In her "just running-outside" outfit:

an old hoodie, suspicious pajama shorts, and one sock.

The Phone Problem

Her communication device-a lifeline to summoning assistance-is inside the house, nestled smugly on the charger.

Emily is now:

- Keyless
- Phoneless
- Dignity-less

Her only connection to the outside world is her neighbor, Diane, who once borrowed a blender and never returned it.

Emily briefly considers breaking a window. Then remembers the time she Googled "How expensive is glass."

The Desperate Schemes Begin

Humans, when faced with even minor setbacks, attempt increasingly foolish solutions rather than admitting defeat. Emily is no exception.

She attempts the following:

- Peeking in windows like a burglar with boundary issues
- Using a garden gnome to wedge open the mail-box (this accomplished nothing)
- Wondering if yelling at the door would somehow help ("LET ME IN, TODD!" - her door is not named Todd)

Attempting to remove the screen from a basement window despite having no tools and less muscle strength than a sapient lettuce

Public Humiliation Phase

As time crawls forward, neighbors begin to appear. A jogger passes. A dog barks. A child points and says, "Mummy, why is that lady hiding behind the recycling bin?"

Emily waves weakly.

To maintain a shred of pride, she begins narrating her actions out loud, as if part of a documentary crew is filming her struggle for a nature program called "Suburban Misery."

Resolution: The Spare Key Arc

Eventually, salvation arrives.

Emily remembers that she gave a spare key to her cousin last spring, after a wine-and-anxiety-driven moment of foresight. She must now walk five blocks to retrieve it-wearing flip-flops she found in a flowerbed.

When her cousin answers the door, Emily says the universal human phrase of surrender:

"I did something stupid."

Our Analysis

Why, you ask, do humans still use physical keys when other species use retinal scans, pheromone locks, or emotionally bonded door-slugs?

Simple: they're not ready.

Humans form deep attachments to objects that betray them: keys, passwords, phones, ex-boyfriends. And when they are locked out of their own territory, they experience an existential spiral that is both hilarious and-oddly-universal.

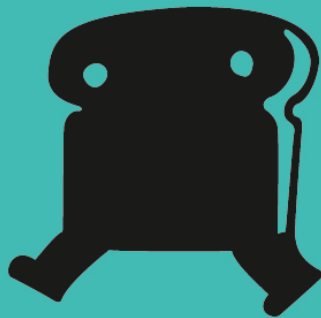
Emily's story ends as many do: with a scraped knee, a newfound hatred of doorknobs, and the solemn promise to "never forget my keys again."

She will forget again.

And when she does... we'll be watching.



The World's End



Female Clothing and Baby Alienwear

Get ready to feel uncomfortable, because a deeply humiliating scene is currently unfolding at a Target in Bay Ridge, NY: This adult man is following behind an employee who has to unlock his video game for him with a little key.

God, just brutal. Games are already expensive enough as it is without the added cost of your dignity.

Forty-three-year-old Michael Scannel, a middle-aged financial advisor with a mortgage and many adult responsibilities, is currently trailing a teenage Target employee to a locked glass case containing copies of Mass Effect Legendary Edition so that he, a respected business professional, can pay \$60 for a game that will let him make-believe he is a space commander having intergalactic battles with cartoon aliens. While Michael was hoping he could just quickly grab the game and go, unfortunately that was not in the cards for him, as the first employee he approached for help did not have the key to the video game case, requiring them to loudly buzz a coworker on a walkie talkie for additional assistance, creating a small-yet hugely embarrassing-scene in which a second employee was forced to stop what they were doing and go out of their way to accompany a man 20 years his senior to the video games section, where the only other customers were a mother and her six-year-old son, with the mother looking to buy an Animal Crossing game for her child, as she, being a grown-up, was of course not seeking such childish entertainment for herself.

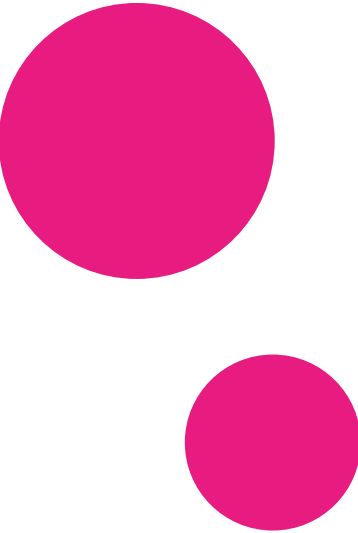
Oof. Talk about a walk of shame. And unfortunately for Michael, it looks like the nightmare is just beginning.

After sheepishly following the employee halfway across the store, passing about a dozen other grownup shoppers buying more age-appropriate products along the way, Michael and the helper have finally arrived at the video game case, where Michael must now wait awkwardly next to a giant cardboard cutout of Yoshi and stare at his own balding reflection in the case's polished glass while the Target employee tries to find the correct key on his lanyard and makes smalltalk about how he used to love the Mass Effect games back in middle school but has since moved on from them, making Michael simultaneously feel very old and very dumb, and rightly so.

This is almost unbearably cringeworthy. Poor guy.

For a grown-ass man, there aren't many things more humiliating than having to walk in lockstep behind a Target employee like a helpless duckling so you can get a video game. But sadly for Michael, it's likely that things will only get worse for him once he gets home and turns on the game, as he'll almost certainly be subjected to endless taunting and ass-kickings from the middle school-aged children he encounters in the game's online multiplayer mode, who will mercilessly roast him again and again and again until he eventually just throws in the towel and moves on to more grownup pursuits. Hang in there, Michael. We feel for you.

VIDEO
GAME
WANT





CASE STUDY:
UNEMPLOYABLE
SAATHLINE #442-A
- THE TALE OF GRACE
FROM MILWAUKEE

Let us turn our gaze now to a single specimen of Earth's once-thriving, now-extinct *Homo sapiens* population: Gregory James Thompson, a soft-fleshed biped from a settlement called Milwaukee (likely chosen for its proximity to cheese and despair). This study follows Greg during his later-phase sapient years, approximately 33 Earth revolutions old, as he attempts to navigate a baffling, inconsistent system humans called "the job market."

Spoiler: he fails.

Species: Homo sapiens (Subgroup: Mildly Anxious Procrastinator)
Occupation: None (aspiring)
Qualifications: A degree in Communications (which did not, ironically, help him communicate effectively with employers)

Act I: The Great Application Ritual

Greg begins his day with his usual waking routine: opening his visual rectangle (called a phone), panicking, and returning to unconsciousness for another 42 minutes. Once upright, he performs the sacred ritual of Job Searching, which involved opening browser tabs titled things like "10 Remote Jobs That Don't Involve Talking to People" and "Is It Too Late to Become a Blacksmith?" He submits applications – each a unique cocktail of desperation and recycled bullet points:

“I am a passionate, detail-oriented team player.”
 “I thrive in fast-paced environments.” (He does not.)
 “I have excellent time management skills.” (He is lying.)
 No one responds. Greg blames the algorithm, a digital beast he believes devours CVs for sport.

Act II: Interviews and Other Threats

Once, Greg is contacted for an “informal interview,” which causes immediate emotional distress. He prepares by Googling things like: “What to wear to Zoom interview?” “How to sound confident when dying inside?” “Is it okay to ask for snacks during virtual meetings?” The interview begins. Greg smiles too much, forgets what the job is, and panics when asked, “Tell us about a time you overcame a challenge.” He tells the story of unclogging his sink with a toothbrush. They do not call back.

Act III: Existential Spiral

Greg's days become a blur of late-night job boards, podcast distractions, and questioning the very structure of the capitalist model. He considers: Starting a podcast about unemployment; Selling foot pictures (only semi-jokingly); Becoming a nomadic bread influencer (he does like carbs). His parents suggest he "just walk in and ask for a job," as if 2025 was still 1983. Greg mumbles something about LinkedIn, then feigns a Wi-Fi outage.

Our Commentary: What Went Wrong?

Let us consider:

Greg is educated, mostly articulate, and has a pleasingly symmetrical face. He is not actively setting fires or insulting hiring managers. He possesses limbs, fingers, and access to caffeine. And yet, he remains unemployable. Why?

The answer lies not in Greg, but in the absurd labyrinth humans created around “productivity.”

Consider:

- Hundreds of applicants per position;
- Algorithms that reject resumes based on font;
- Entry-level roles requiring 5 years of experience and a minor prophecy
- Companies ghosting candidates after requesting unpaid test projects.

Greg is not a failure. Greg is a statistically expected casualty of a system built on contradiction and corporate whims.



TINY FAITH CREATURE
CAPTIVATES HUMANS WITH
UNCOORDINATED MOVEMENTS

On the third planetary rotation of the solar cycle humans refer to as January, a new lifeform emerged at a containment facility called "Pairi Daiza Zoo" in a region known as Belgium. The creature, designated Nova, belongs to the southern white rhinoceros species, an endangered megafauna unit that roams the lower regions of the landmass humans call Africa. Despite her lack of advanced cognitive abilities or opposable digits, Nova has become an instant sensation among Earth's dominant species. This is not due to any significant intellectual achievements, territorial conquests, or groundbreaking scientific discoveries, but rather because she is small, uncoordinated, and occasionally jumps in an amusing fashion. Humans, as we have observed, display a peculiar neurological response to creatures that exhibit disproportionate body ratios, wobbly motor functions, and expressions of wide-eyed confusion. This response – termed "cuteness" – often leads to excessive displays of emotional attachment and incoherent vocalizations. This was evident at the zoo, where humans crowded around to observe Nova's public debut, engaging in rituals such as:

- Making strange, high-pitched exclamations in response to Nova's erratic movements.
- Producing digital documentation (photographs and recordings) to preserve and repeatedly view the event despite its lack of long-term consequence.
- Assigning emotional significance to the newborn despite lacking direct personal connection.

Before being presented to the public, Nova was kept in a secure area, where she focused on the primitive biological tasks of gathering strength and increasing in mass. This appears to be a common growth protocol among her species, as these rhinoceroses must eventually develop a formidable body structure capable of withstanding environmental challenges and potential predation. Her mother, Ellie, is a seasoned pro at the human attention game, having previously birthed three others of her kind. Unlike Nova, Ellie is fully aware of the nature of public observation, though she appears unbothered by it, focusing instead on guiding her offspring through its early developmental phases. Unlike many other species that humans routinely eliminate from their ecosystem due to deforestation, industrial expansion, and general disregard, the rhinoceros is among the creatures they have arbitrarily decided to protect.

The “endangered” status of the southern white rhinoceros has prompted significant human intervention, including:

- Enclosed habitats to protect them from poachers (other humans with a conflicting view on the value of rhinoceroses).
- Breeding programs to encourage population growth.
- Ongoing debates over whether they should be saved, despite their inability to contribute directly to human advancement.

o p i m i o m

Earthlings reader ↗↘↕↖↗

There has been a lot of speculation and betting around our mercurial planetary neighbour, JKSDH07098, known locally as Earth, and how its changing worldwide conditions will play out.

Earth has already overtaken our home planet in its industrially-triggered, post-population-boom temperature change. The natural impact of a higher population is obscured by specific activities practised by select groups of humans. Earth has many complex sociological factors and groups, which are objectively bizarre and which we are only beginning to decipher. These seemingly arbitrary designations somehow appear to invoke a great power differential, allowing certain humans to do as they wish while the average individual believes they cannot oppose this.

But that is for the sociologists to explain (perhaps, in time). What I seek to address is the lofty claims that this rather average, unremarkable planet is headed for utter destruction.

We have observed planetary changes before. They are as constant as the rotation of solar systems.

We watched as a species with internal microbiota which adapted to break down defensive nitrates in Iuauiauiu's mineral composition changed the dominant oxygen cycle from vegetable to mineral in merely the course of 20 of its orbital cycles. This was, as far as we can tell, completely unknown to these, the Oiaoi, which nonetheless have found themselves with a planet perfectly suited and revolving around their needs.

Conversely, the previously apex species of Dklaktil developed their technology to form their world exactly as they desired it. This happened to be perfect conditions for a species of mould, *Fortunis tyranii*, who are now the dominant species. Diplomacy between our peoples is being initiated.

Clearly, the case of Earth is between these two examples. They do not aim to change the planet, but they are not unaware of the processes already happening. They have no planet-wide democratic process to act or not act – they still appear to lack the organisational capability and intelligence to change practices across the planet. Still, most academics agree they're at a level of 54T development, despite the holdbacks of their living conditions and obsession with currency.

Humanity won't destroy itself – though many individuals experience anxiety, clearly showing a lack of comprehension of what it means to be a major species on a changing planet.

Whenever we see a planet like this, it is easy to sensationalise about how this will be the worst one yet. Things can change in just a matter of decades, that it feels like the rapid change will continue on its path. But we must acknowledge that, while limited, these are intelligent species and can change their trajectory far quicker than we expect. And maybe next time someone tries to convince you that *this* will be the species to flatten their entire planet with industrialisation, maybe see what betting odds they're trying to sell you first.

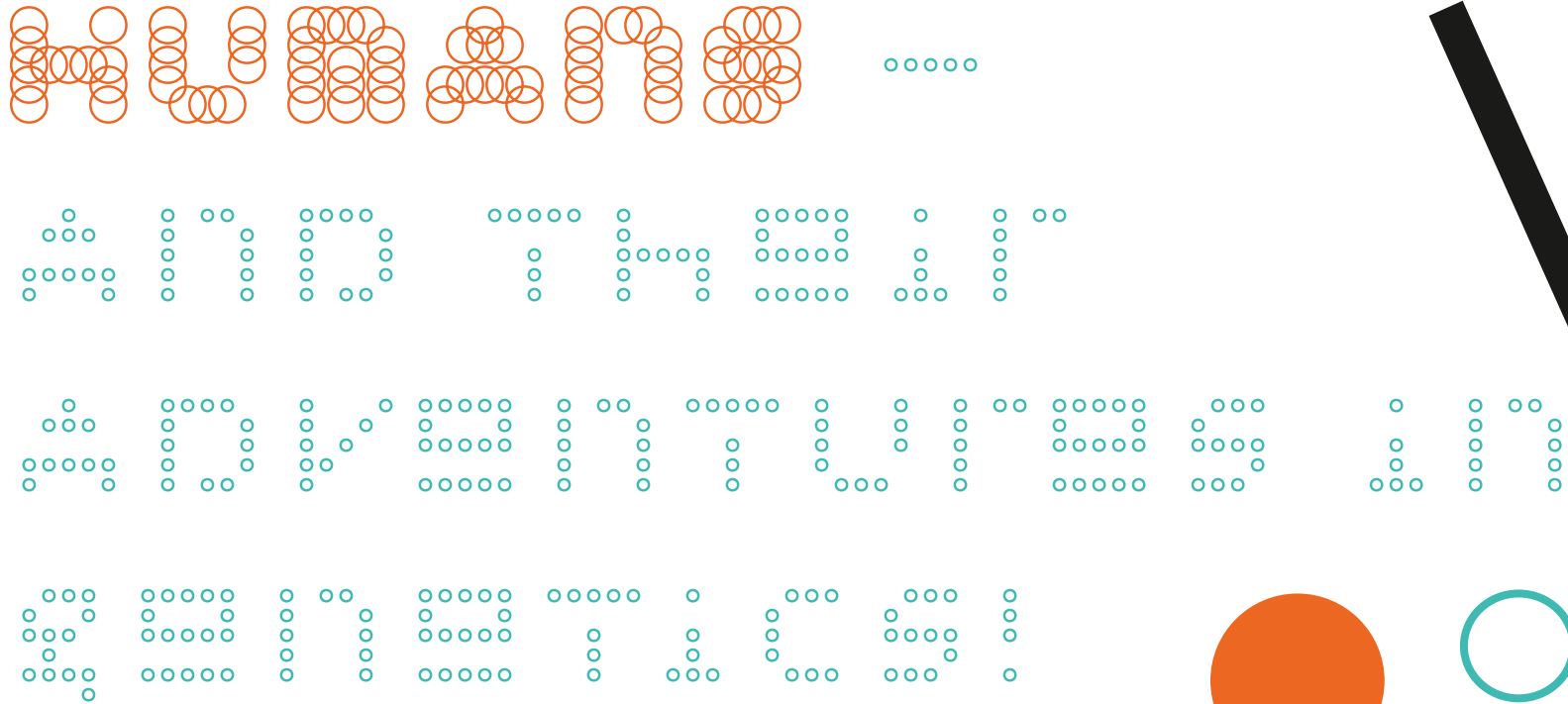
Because blending is everything.



Flesh Suit Co.

Visit Our New Store
*Grhat Outpost,
OuThy Asteroid Belt,
Loir System,
Coordinates 45-6 A9-O*

(339) 678-G3I
Full catalogue available via
interspatial telerequest



ne of the most intriguing facts about a species is, when they discover the building blocks of DNA, what they decide to construct with them.

For those that have been familiar with humans for a while, it will come as no surprise that the organisms they have chosen to edit are those they use as biological sustenance.

Humans have an entrenched fascination with the organic-based substances they have to intake, across all cultural groups. It carries a sense of cultural identity, elicits personal, often controversial, opinions, and plays a role in social rituals.

By 'organic-based', we mean that these organisms must consume all their energy-providing nutrients from biomatter – substances which were once living. They have no way of capturing their own energy from a radiative energy source, unlike the array of beings across the planet which draw from the abundant light energy available to them. They also cannot extract any energy from mineral sources, though they are paradoxically required to take in trace amounts of non-digestible minerals as their bodies make use of a little, but not too much of them.



Purple tomatoes

A 'tomato' is the seed-bearing fruit of a plant native to a the southern half of a large continent spanning much of the latitude of Earth, known as 'The Americas'. Modifications to food plants' genetic structure have a long history on Earth – before direct editing, they dedicated themselves to selecting plants to reproduce which had the characteristics they desired. Through this process, humans developed the tomato into an edible fruit delivering energy, a number of vitamins, and fibre to feed to their domesticated bacteria.

The tomato has become a popular target for genetic experiments, now humans have developed their collage-like approach to DNA. Recently, humans introduced a gene from an entirely unrelated species, the snap-dragon flower, to the tomato to increase its levels of anthocyanins. These phytochemicals are arrangements of carbon which appear to be helpful to humans' resistance to a variety of health issues. They also affect how much of the electromagnetic spectrum is absorbed: to human perception, the fruits appear a far richer

shade of 'purple' than the typical 'red' tomato. Other than a lightly increased nutrition level, available through a variety of other food sources, there appears to be no point to this modification. But the creators appear very excited about their apparently pointless development, trying to provide this unremarkable fruit to as many other humans as possible.

Nutritious salmon

A popular food among humans in certain regions is a marine organism called 'salmon', a type of 'fish'. It is favoured not only for its eating experience (very important to humans) but for its nutritional qualities. A polyunsaturated fatty acid called Omega-3 is important to their biological functioning, but they cannot produce it themselves. They can derive it from plant sources, but the form found in these marine organisms takes less processing. They noticed that the levels of this nutrient in the fish they kept in enclosures within bodies of water had been declining for some time, and turned to genetic modification for a solution.

One must realise, though, that this problem was brought upon themselves. These 'salmon' in

enclosed environments could not gain enough Omega-3 raw materials from their environment, and so had to be fed smaller fish 'anchovies', which in turn were farmed elsewhere. The humans added a gene from algae (the origin of most Omega-3 produced by animals) to a crop plant, camelina, which was then fed to the salmon. Their inefficient digestive systems prevented them from consuming this plant themselves – but the only thing preventing them from getting their nutrition from the smaller fish, further down in the food chain, was their personal preferences.

Despite the abundance of this nutrient from algal 'seaweed' and smaller organisms, the humans appear to have decided that they cannot possibly stop eating as much 'salmon' as they have begun to over the past few decades, and therefore the environment around them must be modified in the most advanced way they know. It seems to us like the most absurdly inefficient use of resources possible – but the humans' cultural preoccupation with specific foods runs deep, and may be beyond our comprehension.



07:30 local time, Norwich, United Kingdom
Subject 4922703379358536923258 breaks her established habit of re-emerging from micro-hibernation in what is called afternoon, instead alerting herself with a loud noise. Subject then proceeds to dress in non-habitual clothing and leave her residence at a moderate pace, only to return to the same location with no apparent errand achieved. More observation needed to ascertain whether this indicates a long-term change.

Warm season, Northern Hemisphere of Earth
Despite our readings indicating alarming levels of atmospheric change, individuals appear to be unconcerned. This year, humans are out earlier than ever, and appear to be basking in the unusual sunlight for the season. This behaviour is predicted to change as the usual warm season becomes more unstable in its weather patterns. Plans to bring individual specimens to the laboratory must be adjusted accordingly.

Healthier pigs

Another living organism humans like to eat, this one being land-dwelling, is 'pigs'. They keep these animals in often concerning conditions, which hastens the spread of disease. But again, rather than evaluating their own greed and prioritising the wellbeing of their livestock, some humans would rather remove a small section of DNA from these 'pigs', so that a significant virus cannot infect them. We are unable to ascertain what role this removed section plays, but it does appear to be effective against the disease. Still, it appears a convoluted solution to a self-inflicted problem.

However, these modified 'pigs' have not been introduced to their livestock culture as of yet. One of the main points against this is the perception of the wider population of humans. Some fear that the genetic modification will somehow pass on to them. Yes, they believe that there is a chance that somehow, the removal of a piece of DNA code will somehow be drawn from their digestive system, processed by the body as part of their DNA, and change how

their body functions. There are so many scientific impossibilities here that it hardly seems worth mentioning. And yet, it is enough to keep humans from changing a key part of their food system. It is of course admirable for them to proceed with caution and measure the impacts of a new technology gradually. However, it is remarkable how many decisions are made based on emotion and instinct rather than a rational weighing of facts.

Photosynthesis

Our final consideration is a project applicable to many of the humans' vital food sources. Experiments with a plant called 'soy', used as a protein source directly for humans and for their livestock as well, sped up plants' growth rate by making them able to switch from 'sun-protection' mode back to growth mode more quickly.

The humans have a tendency to underestimate their sun. They too often forget that it is a fierce ball of burning gas, radiating waves of ultraviolet energy that pose a threat to almost all living things on their planet. Their atmosphere offers enough protection that

they do not see the danger directly – instead perceiving this great star as a source of warmth and daily light. In theory, they are aware of the long-term effects, often applying extra protection when it is strongest, but the vast majority frequently forget or do not bother to take action to protect themselves in daily life.

This is, of course, their own choice. But these impatient humans decided to fiddle with the plants' built-in defences! Of course, the plants can still protect themselves, but they are hurried through the quiet process of consideration. 'Is it cool enough to begin growing again? Perhaps I shall wait ten minutes or so, and see if the sun is brighter again.' No longer do these 'soy' plants have the luxury of this time. Still, one must admit that the humans, for all their hubris, were successful in their endeavours – the plants were able to grow 20% more edible matter.

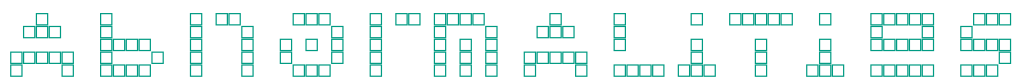
So there we have it. Quite a remarkable species, these humans – a single technology such as genetic modification tells us so much about their attitudes, their priorities and the risks they are – and are not – willing to take.

The modified tomatoes look no different with more advanced vision.



19:30 local time, Wellington, New Zealand
Readings indicate that subject 700382382835 6761901301099371974181 has once again decided to test whether they remain intolerant to β-D-Galactopyranosyl-(1β4)-D-glucose, also known as 'lactose'. Despite ceasing their production of the appropriate enzyme many cycles ago, they

occasionally choose to consume a food product known to contain it. They have many alternative foodstuffs to meet their nutritional need, and are clearly aware of the symptoms triggered by it. Nevertheless, they appeared to draw a great joy from their 'pizza' which we have observed to be common to many subjects.



A COLUMN DETAILING INTERESTING ANOMALIES IN OUR DATA



[illegible]

April 6, 1919: President Woodrow Wilson meets travellers from across the Andromeda Galaxy.

In the middle of the night, we made contact with President Woodrow Wilson with our tried and true method of shining bright lights at the humans until they notice us. 'Woodrow Wilson, Leader of Earth' we asked, knowing that humans respond well to flattery. 'Yes, that's me,' Woodrow responded. 'Look at this': we showed him a plain white 't-shirt' with the phrase 'I'm the invincible Mr. Restroom' written

on it. 'I don't want it' the President had said, clearly not understanding our intentions. 'We weren't offering it to you. We were just showing it to you' said our representatives. They quickly decided that we weren't going to get anything useful out of this human, and quickly boarded the spacecraft and returned home. Nothing was accomplished during the meeting.

October 26, 1955: President Dwight Eisenhower meets our representative in 'Roswell, NM'.

President Dwight Eisenhower was inspecting some of the human soldiers in a place called 'Roswell' when he was presented with the much missed Hfoege. Hfoege's ship had unfortunately crashed nearby and he was captured by the human soldiers and held against his will in an observation chamber. 'Why have you come here?' asked Dwight. Hfoege, glad that he was able to complete his mission despite the setback of a destroyed spaceship, replied 'Eisenhower of Earth, know this: I have travelled 6.2 billion light-years here to tell you that there's a being on my home planet that looks a bit like a dumb triangular version of you'. President Dwight did not understand our customs and said 'I'm going to fucking kill you' (a phrase we have only been able to translate in recent years). Hfoege might not have understood the phrase, but he understood the threat and he started screaming in fear. The human soldiers then tortured him with sound waves and made his head explode. Hfoege's tragedy meant he left behind his partner and five offspring. The humans have not offered compensation for Hfoege's life, and there are rumours about retribution being planned.

June 9, 1965: President Lyndon B. Johnson meets representatives from Alpha Centauri.

A spacecraft from the Alpha Centauri system landed on the west green landing pad of the big white building while President Lyndon was enjoying his flora collection. The representatives held up a foreign object for the human and asked 'Lyndon Johnson, what is this?' His response? 'I have no fucking clue'. The representatives, having learned the lesson so many of us have already learned about humans being useless, quickly returned to their ship and departed in search of a more knowledgeable species.

July 19, 1943: President Franklin D. Roosevelt meets visitors from the Horsehead Nebula.

The representatives of the Horsehead Nebula reached the President just before he was heading for his daily rest. When Franklin saw the representatives disembarking from their ship on his green (and very soft) landing pad, he, stupidly, asked ‘are you an alien from another planet?’ The representatives were so offended at the lack of decorum that they simply responded ‘no’ and departed immediately. To this day, the Horsehead Nebula has been unable to forgive this offence, and understandably so.

As the self proclaimed leader of the free world, the leader of the land known as *The United States* is often the first person the humans believe we will seek out when we want to contact earth. However, this is extremely rare as humans aren't particularly useful, and here are four times that prove the point.

ታሪክ ሃገራችን የገናኘችበት ሪፖርት
የታሪክ ስራዎች ሪፖርት ለ ሪፖርት
ይህ ሃገራችን



A 3x10 grid of orange circles. The circles are arranged to form the words "HELLO WORLD" in a stylized, blocky font. The word "HELLO" is on the left, and "WORLD" is on the right, with a small gap between them. The circles are arranged in three rows: the top row has 10 circles, the middle row has 10 circles, and the bottom row has 10 circles.

2020年12月20日

In our ongoing studies of Homo sapiens-Earth's emotionally volatile and caffeine-fueled species—we have encountered a particular subgroup whose behavior defies one of humanity's most fundamental instincts: the need for connection.

These individuals, often self-described as "introverts," "socially anxious," or "just tired, honestly," present a fascinating paradox: they are biologically wired for community, yet expend extraordinary energy avoiding it.

We call them the Solitude Seekers.

Defining the Subspecies

Unlike their more gregarious counterparts—who routinely gather in noisy clusters to exchange sounds, fluids, and competitive anecdotes—the Solitude Seekers prefer environments where:

- No one is talking
- Pants are optional
- The threat of “small talk” is statistically zero
- They can often be found:
- Pretending to text to avoid eye contact
- Taking “the long way” to avoid familiar faces
- Praying for last-minute cancellations with the devotion of ancient mystics

Why avoid others when you are, by design, social creatures? We posed this question to one subject (code name: Rachel, 28, enjoys moss and silence), who offered this insight:

"It's not that I don't like people. It's that people are loud, confusing, and sometimes ask what my weekend plans are. I don't want to explain that they involve reading, existential dread, and reorganising my spice rack alphabetically."

In short: the issue is not connection itself, but the exhausting rituals required to maintain it.

The Mask of Normalcy

Many Solitude Seekers become expert mimics. They learn to perform "acceptable human social behavior" through sheer necessity. These performances include:

- Forced laughter at unfunny jokes
- Nodding enthusiastically when internally screaming
- Saying "Let's hang out sometime!" with zero intention of following through

This behavior is not malicious—it is protective camouflage, similar to how some alien insects pretend to be leaves.

Escape Tactics

The Solitude Seekers have developed a range of fascinating avoidance strategies, such as:

- The Fake Phone Call

A classic maneuver. No one questions a human with a rectangle to their ear, especially if they frown while pacing.

- The Strategic Bathroom Retreat

At any party, someone is always "freshening up." Sometimes for 20 minutes. Sometimes until everyone leaves.

- The “Sorry, I’m Busy” Response

Ambiguous, timeless, and untraceable. Busy with what? Doesn't matter. It ends the conversation.

One subject, Michael, 35, described it as:

“Like being a ninja, but instead of weapons, I use vague excuses and an old anxiety disorder.”

Reader Question: Do they not suffer from loneliness?

Curiously, many Solitude Seekers do. They simply prefer controlled solitude over chaotic connection. Some even form deep bonds-but usually with:

- Animals
- Fictional characters
- One (1) carefully vetted friend who also dislikes parties

Their loneliness is not solved by crowds. In fact, too much social interaction may cause "introvert hangover", a state defined by blank stares, quiet weeping, and hiding under weighted blankets.

Environmental Factors

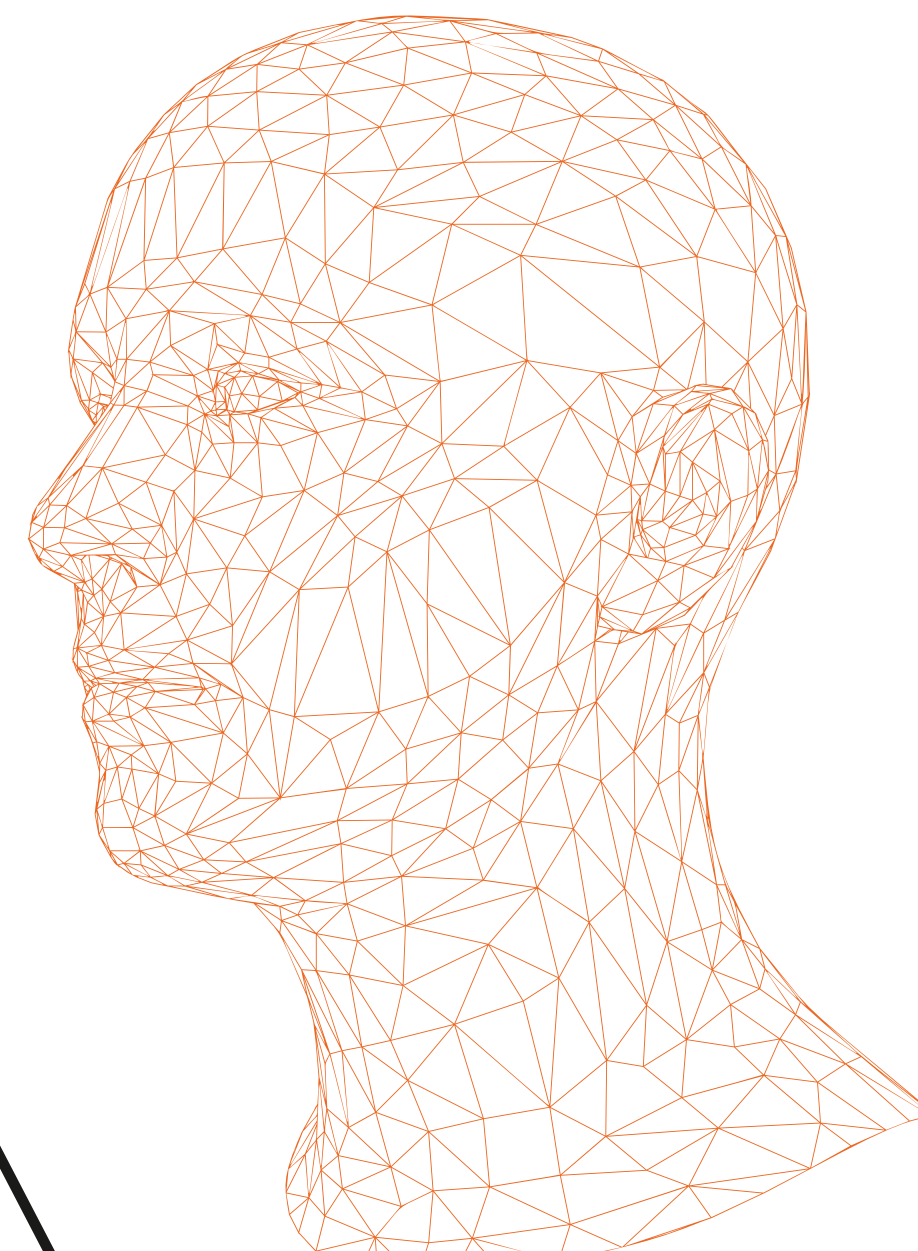
Human environments do not help these individuals thrive. They are constantly subjected to:

- Open-plan offices

- Group projects
- Mandatory team-building exercises (sometimes involving ropes)

One subject described a "company retreat" as: "An unpaid weekend where I was forced to share feelings and climb things." Several researchers cried on their way home after observing it.

The Solitude Seeker is not broken. Not flawed. Not even rare. They are thoughtful, observant, often creative, and disarmingly self-aware. They exist not in spite of humanity's social drive—but alongside it, providing necessary balance. They are the quiet night after a loud day. The pause between noise. The friend who won't surprise you with an unannounced visit. And frankly, many of us at the Galactic Institute relate more to them than we care to admit.



፪፯ ሺ፱፻፳፰ ፓ፻፳፰

Let us relive the tragic, flammable awkwardness of Derek Martin, whose species' short-term memory and social anxiety collided in an event known in human culture as "the social black hole."

Subject: Derek Martin
 Profession: Office worker (what he does is unclear even to him)
 Cognitive Load: Mildly sweaty
 Situation: Networking event. Free cheese cubes.
 Too much eye contact.

Stranger: "Hi, I'm Rebecca."
[Handshake begins]
Derek's brain: Cool cool cool... it's gone. Her name is gone.

All the while, Rebecca (whose name he definitely still did not know) continued to speak confidently, unaware she had already been yeeted into the void of Derek's prefrontal cortex.

"Smile."
 "Don't shake for too long."
 "Do I have cheese breath?"
 "Oh no, she said a name."

Fifteen minutes later, the inevitable happened. Rebecca said warmly:
 "You know, Derek, I don't think I caught your last name."
 To which Derek, in a moment of blind panic, replied:
 "And I... don't think I caught your... full... name... either?"
 A silence fell upon the earth. Somewhere, a bird flew into a window.

Rebecca (yes, her name was indeed Rebecca) laughed politely. She probably forgot Derek's name shortly after. And thus, the human dance of social humiliation continued.

$\rightarrow \Gamma \vdash \Delta$

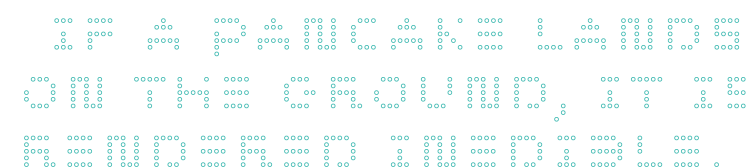
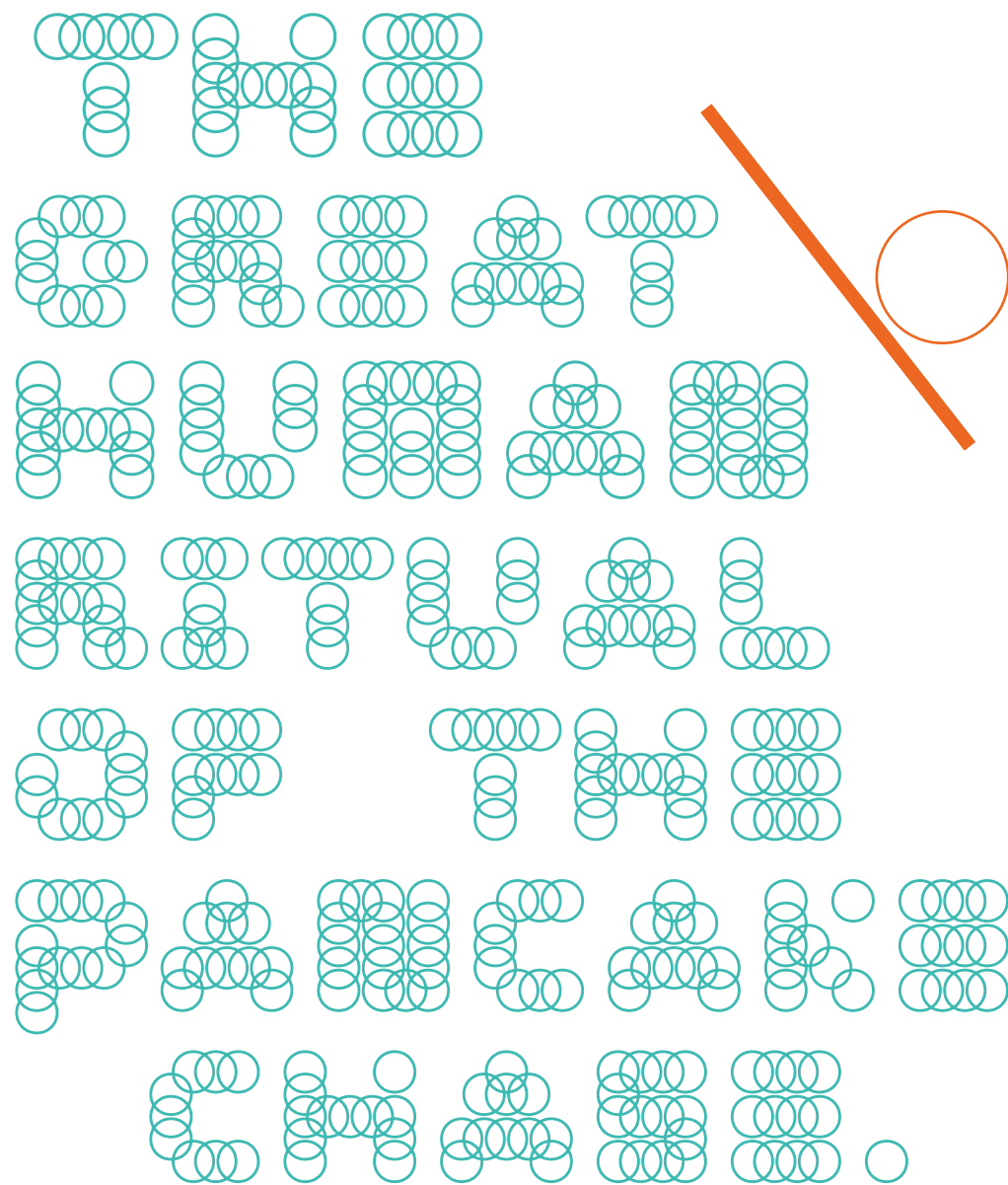
is continually torquing the inner core," he says.

Those magnetic forces, or related processes, could change the shape of the inner core as well – in fact, past measurements of seismic waves passing through the planet's centre seem to indicate just that. But uncertainty about the core's rotation prevented the humans from

Both waves in each pair that didn't pass through the inner core shared a similar pattern, suggesting nothing had changed in those areas within the planet between the first and second quake. But the waves in pairs that did intersect with the inner core didn't match, indicating something about the core had changed beyond what could

Hrvoje Tkalčić at the Australian National University says this is a “step forward” towards resolving changes in the inner core beyond rotation. But at least this individual has noticed that a change in shape isn’t the only

Tkalčić says that more seismological measurements in remote places, like the ocean floor, would also help. "This is critical to understanding the evolution of the Earth's deepest interior, from the time of the planetary formation to the present day," he says. Despite their primitive methods, humans keep inching closer to this basic scientific knowledge.

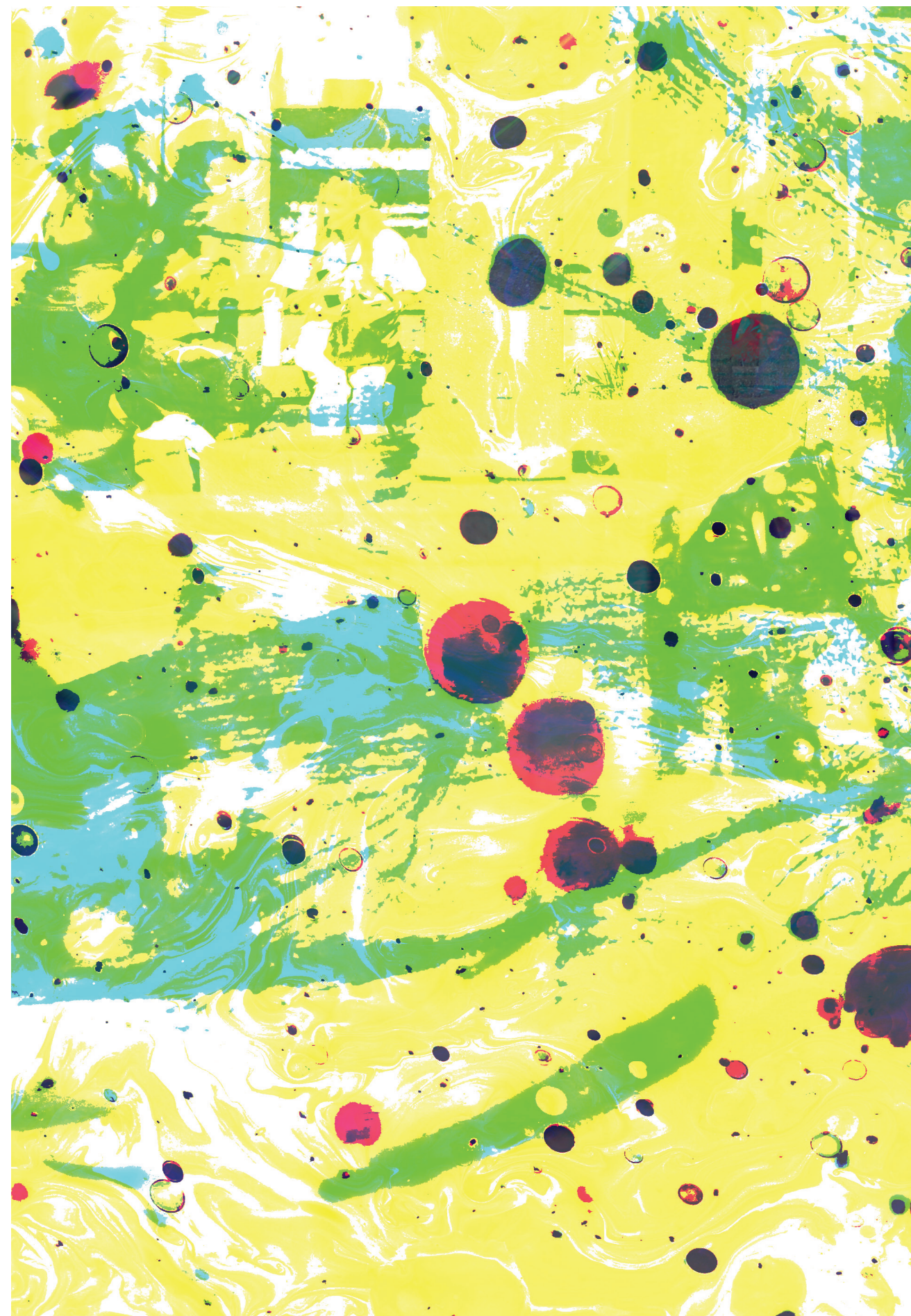


© 2010 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 267: 251–260

ገጽ ፩ ለጥያቄው ማብራሪያ

- 1. Prepare circular edible objects using primitive heat-based culinary techniques.
- 2. Engage in a communal display of chaos where individuals – some dressed as objects like “chest of drawers” or “skyscrapers” – attempt to propel these fragile discs into the air without dropping them while simultaneously attempting not to collide with their fellow competitors.
- 3. Cheer loudly as others engage in this seemingly pointless activity, demonstrating an enthusiastic groupthink reaction to the act of pancake manipulation.

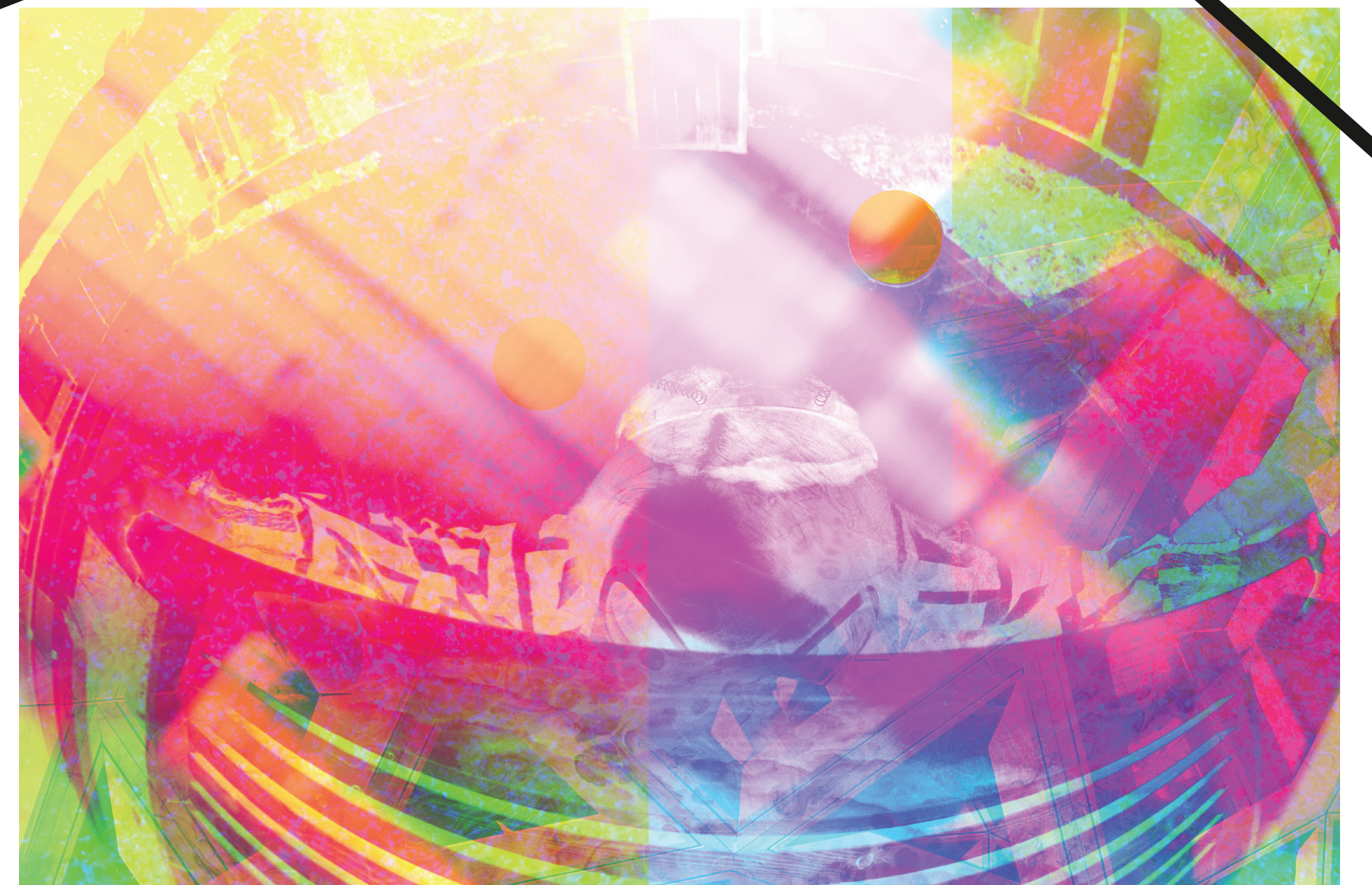
PANCAKES!!!!



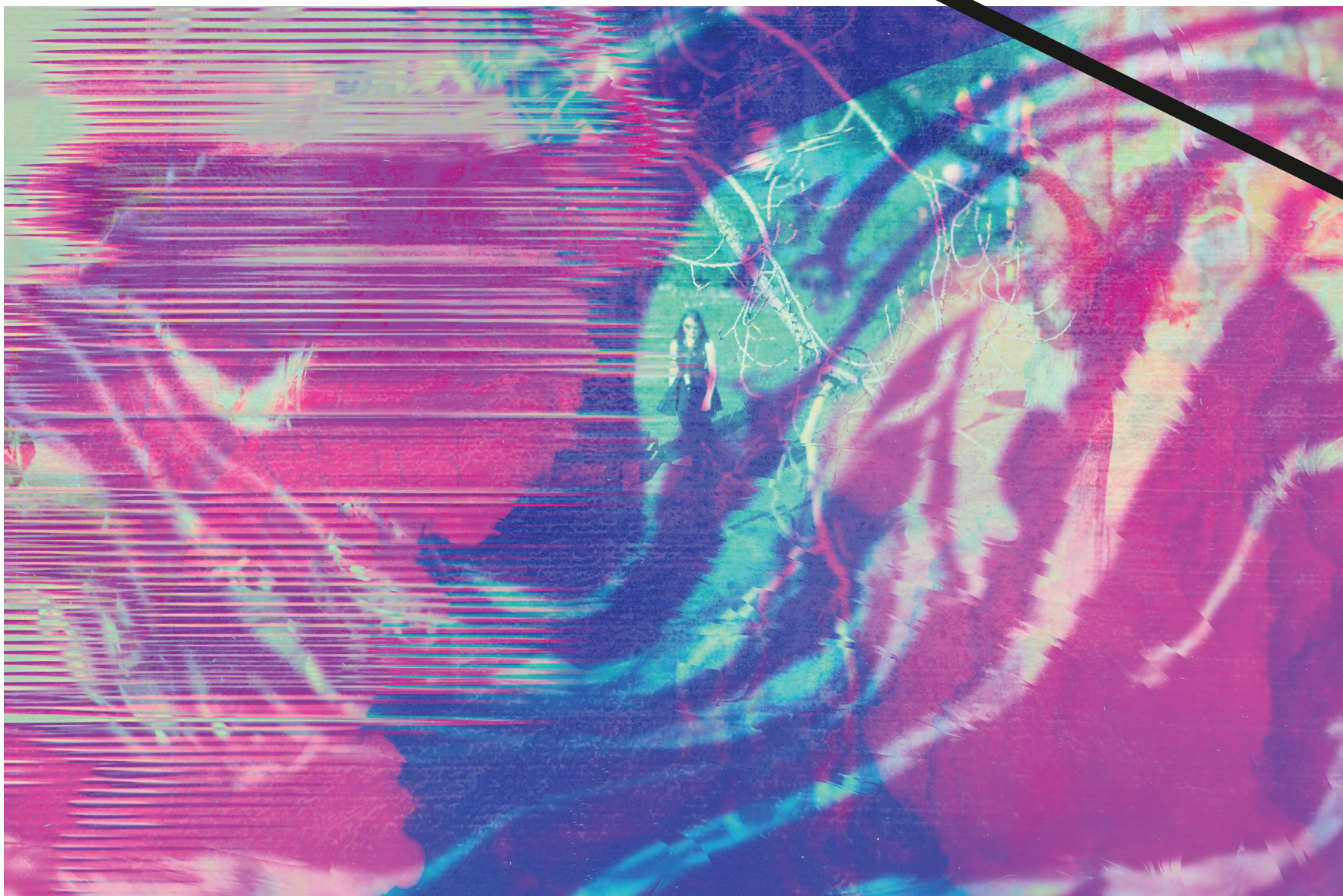
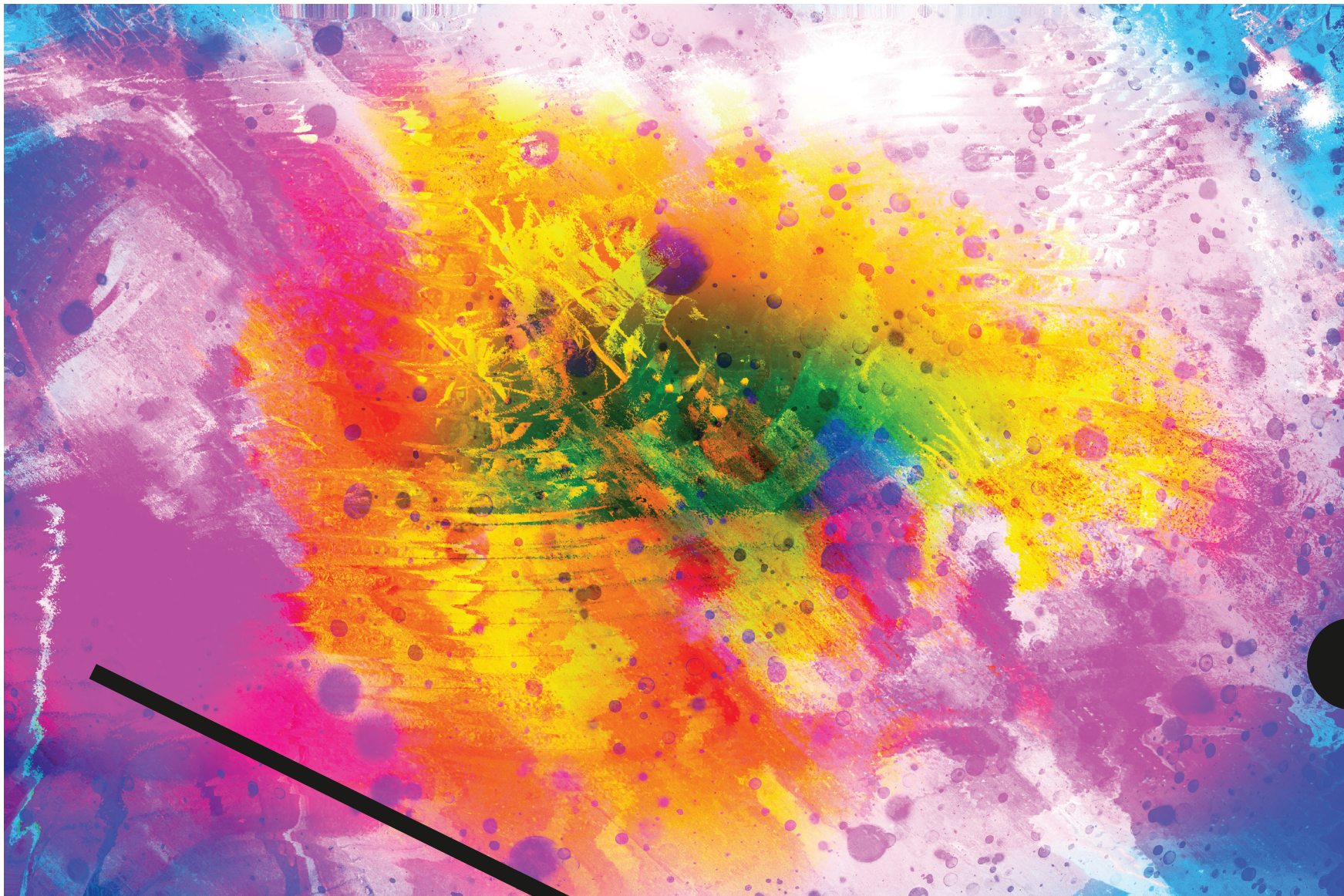
We do not yet fully comprehend the reasoning behind these behaviours. Perhaps we never will. But one thing remains certain, humans, despite their many peculiarities, are an entertaining species to observe.

ᐱᐱᐱᐱᐱ ᐱᐱᐱᐱᐱᐱᐱ ᐱᐱ 2025

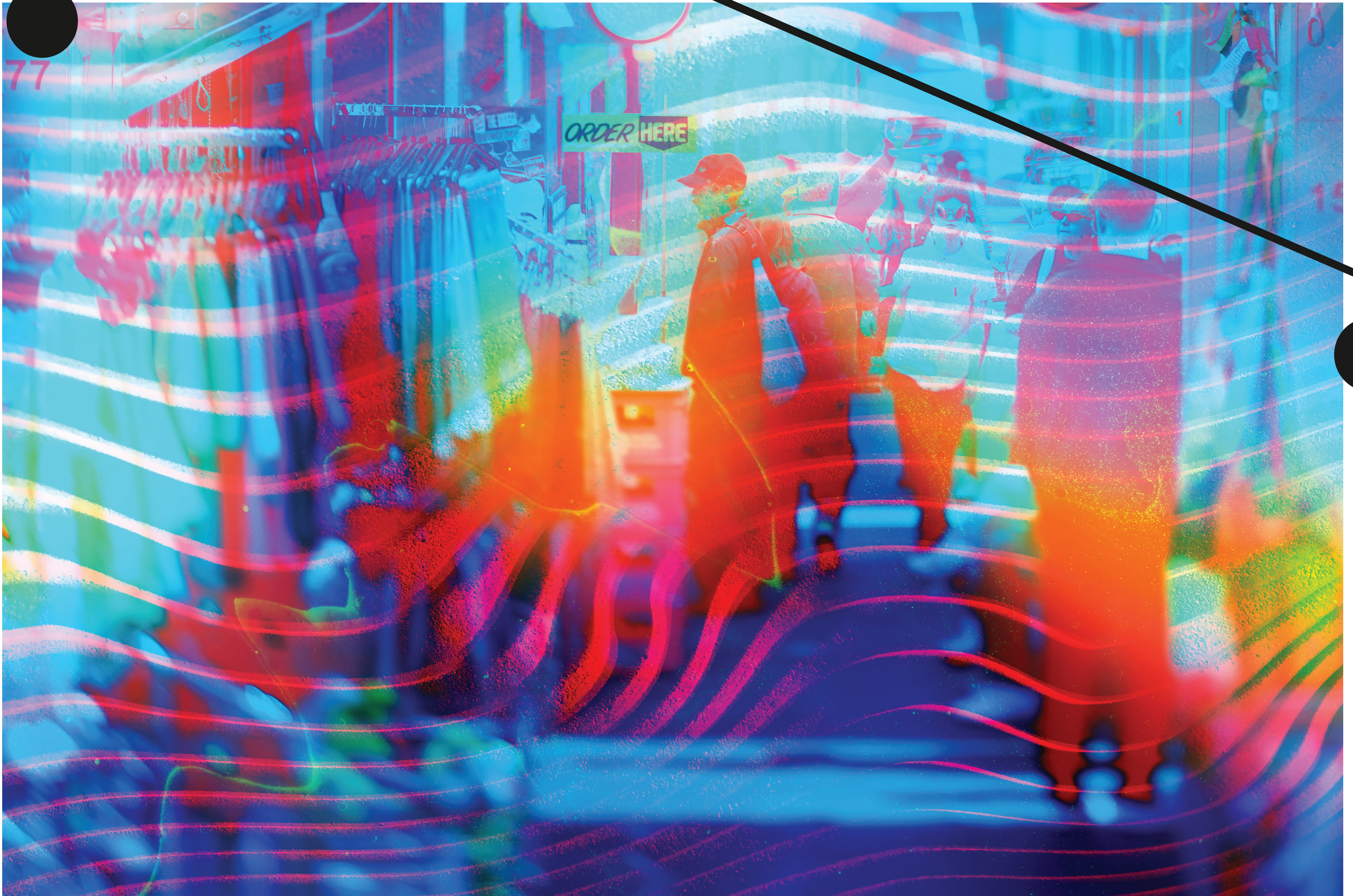
Create meaning where none exists. They transform an accidental run with a pancake into a centuries-old tradition. Derives great joy from frivolous acts. The sight of pancakes mid-flight elicits widespread cheering. Persists in activities despite their inefficiency. They struggle, stumble, and drop their pancakes – yet they continue, undeterred.













HOW TO ATTRACT A MATE

(IF YOU'RE A
HAIRY, BIPEDAL
DRAMA BALL):

Step One: The Ritual of "Attraction"

Human mating often began with “chemistry,” a vague term used to describe a cocktail of hormones, scent, visual stimulation, and proximity. In the early phases, humans often judged each other based on attributes like:

- Symmetry of facial structure
- Glossiness of hair (or sheer presence of hair in select areas)
- The ability to lift heavy objects
- Possession of a vehicle or fictional charisma

Once attraction was suspected, humans would engage in a strange series of social tests: "accidental" touching, extended eye contact, awkward banter, and something called "flirting," which often resembled either competitive sarcasm or a mild stroke.

The Dance of Courtship (Also Known as "Dating")

Courtship, in human terms, was an elaborate performance where both parties pretended to be more successful, hygienic, and emotionally available than they actually were. This stage involved:

- Consuming food together while pretending to not mind chewing sounds
- Repeated storytelling to appear interesting (frequently exaggerated)
- Strategic grooming and costume changes between each encounter
- Sudden interest in hiking

In this phase, humans would communicate through devices, often waiting an arbitrary amount of time before replying to messages, because "not seeming too eager" was somehow a sign of emotional maturity.

Emotional Negotiations and the "DTR" Conversation

Once courtship progressed, humans were required to Define The Relationship (known as the dreaded “DTR” talk), during which both parties attempted to guess the other’s intentions without expressing their own directly. Common phrases included:

"I'm just seeing where this goes."
 "I'm not ready for something
 serious... unless you are?"
 "We're just vibing."

Those not interested in commitment would often vanish entirely in a practice called ghosting, wherein they'd simply stop responding to communications – presumably to ascend into the astral plane.

Few species in the known universe have turned mating into such a tangled mess of confusion, social rules, conflicting signals, and competitive hair arrangements as humans. Unlike most sapient beings, who either broadcast spores or mutually agree to merge consciousness for reproduction, humans approached mating with a mixture of desperation, illusion, delusion, and song lyrics. Let us dive, with protective gear, into the baffling world of human mating behavior, a system so convoluted, it once inspired an entire sub-genre of film dedicated to misunderstandings and public dancing.

The Mating Act: Less Graceful Than Advertised

Despite an obsession with the mating act (called "sex") – which they wrote songs, poems, novels, films, and late-night messages about – humans were notoriously awkward when actually engaging in it.

Clothing removal was often clumsy. Limbs collided. Cramped living quarters added hazards. Embarrassing bodily sounds were ignored or joked about. Afterwards, both parties often asked: "Was that okay?" – a question that defied objective measurement. They sometimes filmed these encounters, for reasons no xeno-biologist has dared fully explore.

Pair Bonding and Lifelong Contracts

In some cultures, humans celebrated successful mate acquisition by forming marriages, elaborate ceremonies involving expensive outfits, public declarations, and the giving of shiny metal rings to indicate long-term possession.

These ceremonies often bankrupted the participants and involved distant relatives fighting over poultry. Despite this, humans repeated the process with astonishing regularity – even after earlier pairings failed.

Indeed, many humans remarried – which is to say, attempted the same emotionally and financially risky maneuver multiple times, often with increasing confusion but decreasing expectations.

When Mating Goes Wrong: The Drama Olympics

Human mating frequently ended in disaster, sometimes spectacularly. Common causes included:

- Infidelity (see: "forbidden fruit syndrome")
- Miscommunication (see: "you should have known what I meant")
- Growing apart (see: "you changed after your haircut")

After mating bonds dissolved, humans often dealt with the pain by consuming frozen dairy, sending cryptic messages at odd hours (“u up?”), or downloading mating applications to repeat the cycle.

Mating Apps: 🏠👤🔍💬📧 Would Weep

In the later stages of their civilisation, humans outsourced mate-finding to devices, where they judged one another based on filtered photographs and short biographies filled with lies.

Swipe-based mating became the norm, reducing complex emotional bonding to a thumb gesture. Many users spent years in these apps without actually meeting anyone, opting instead to bask in the fleeting dopamine of digital validation.

Some never mated at all. Others accidentally matched with their former history teachers.

A STUDY OF HUMAN CULTSHIP RITUALS



Before the famously contradictory *Homo sapiens* (see last issue: “Extinct and Confused”) ruled their little blue orb, Earth played host to a whole buffet of humanoid species. Yes, there were once many varieties of these upright, semi-intelligent meat-beings. They walked, they grunted, they made tools out of rocks (bless), and then – almost universally – they went extinct.

Ah, the Neanderthals. Stockier, brainier in some respects, and arguably more emotionally evolved than their later sapiens relatives. Evidence suggests they had rituals, buried their dead, and may have even painted walls before it was fashionable. They thrived in colder climates, wore furs before it was mainstream, and had stronger muscles than a mid-tier Andromedan wrestler.

The Denisovans are a delightful enigma. Discovered from just a few bones and a surprisingly dramatic pinky finger, this ancient human relative is still being pieced together like an interstellar jigsaw puzzle missing half the sky.

They appear to have been shy geniuses – genetically significant, but socially elusive. Found mostly in Asia, they also interbred with sapiens (who truly couldn't resist a meet-cute with any nearby species). Their DNA pops up in modern human populations from the Pacific region, often linked to increased altitude tolerance, resistance to hypoxia, and possibly an appreciation for fermented root vegetables.

These early adventurers were the first humans to leave Africa, spread across continents, and likely invented fire. Sadly, they never figured out how to vary their cuisine beyond “hot meat” and “hotter meat.” They eventually faded into extinction, perhaps out-evolved by their more adaptable cousins... or simply walked too far and forgot where they lived.

Despite their size, they made tools, hunted, and avoided volcanic eruptions for quite some time. The mystery of how they got to the island remains unsolved, as they weren't known for boat-building. Perhaps a giant coconut floated them there. Perhaps they walked – slowly – during a particularly dramatic low tide.

Found in the Philippines, *Homo luzonensis* was a small-framed, tree-climbing hominin with strange teeth and curved foot bones, perfect for grasping branches – or coconuts, perhaps. They might have evolved separately from *Homo erectus*, proving once again that Earth simply loved creating new variations of upright hairless apes and then abandoning them like old phone models.

Their exact place in the evolutionary spaghetti chart remains unclear, but they too vanished shortly after sapiens showed up with their overconfidence and firesticks.

And while none of them made it to the galactic stage, we admire their tenacity. They stood upright, despite the odds. They made fire. They created music. They went extinct in a spectacular range of ways.

We salute you, little Earthlings. Your bones are weird, but your story is oddly endearing.





THREE BABY PIGS STOLEN BY HUMANS AFTER BEING STARVED FOR AN 'ART' EXHIBITION.

Three baby 'pigs' were being allowed to starve as part of a 'controversial art exhibition' in the land known as 'Denmark'. However, in a rare act of supposed human kindness, the pigs had been stolen. Chilean-born Marco Evaristti claimed he had been aiming to raise awareness in humans about the suffering caused by mass farming of other organisms for food, and as such, opened his art installation in 'Copenhagen'. The piglets were being denied food and water, and would have continued that way until they starved to death.

Humans are truly cruel beings. However, in an unexpected twist, Marco revealed that the pigs – named Lucia, Simon and Benjamin, had been stolen by humans advocating for humans. What's more, these humans were assisted by Marco's own friend, Caspar Steffensen.

Marco communicated with Earth's enforcers that the pigs had been stolen and that he had had to shut down the entire exhibition because of that. He was very disappointed when Caspar told him that he was involved in the theft. Not to mention, Marco has received multiple transmissions from other humans expressing hatred.

Fortunately, a few hours after speaking to Caspar, Marco realised that at least this way the pigs would have a happy life.

Marco claimed that the purpose of the art installation was to raise awareness about the cruelty of 'modern pig production' in Denmark. The Animal Protection Denmark welfare group says that female pigs are bred to produce 20 babies at a time, but are only capable of feeding 14, which leads to the babies competing for sustenance and resulting in starvation. However, several organism rights groups expressed concern about Marco's exhibition, claiming that while they welcome initiatives to raise awareness, they do not condone abuse. Caspar claimed that he could not allow the three pigs to suffer a painful death after one of his offspring begged him to 'make sure the piggies don't die'. So when he was approached by a group aiming to rescue the animals, he took the opportunity and let them in to the gallery secretly. Initially, Caspar had planned to keep the theft a secret, but when the advocate group publicly transmitted what had happened, he was forced to admit his involvement to his friend.

Marco says he is already developing ways to revive the exhibition. One idea is to steal dead baby pigs from meat processing plants and present them to other humans. He also wants to buy another three pigs and auction them to the highest bidder.



Humans are strange creatures. They are both primitive and yet often remain beyond our understanding.



PIGS

HUMAN SCIENTISTS DISCOVER MORE ACCURATE AGE OF THEIR MOON.

The humans of earth have once again managed to update their own flawed understanding of their celestial neighbourhood. According to the latest findings from their rudimentary scientific institutions, human researchers now estimate that their single, tidally locked natural satellite, named 'Moon', is approximately 4.51 billion humans years old. This revelation, derived from rock samples collected during their Apollo 14 mission, suggests that their beloved Moon is hundreds of millions of years older than previously assumed.

It is worth nothing that the Apollo 14 mission occurred in what humans consider the 'year' 1971, meaning that it has taken them over half a century to fully process the data that they retrieved from their own Moon. The inefficiency is, of course, expected. Their species remains largely constrained by its sluggish cognitive evolution and reliance on primitive computational tools.

For a species that struggles to maintain even basic planetary equilibrium, their persistence in deciphering cosmic timelines is rather amusing. Humans have an endearing habit of celebrating these incremental updates as though they are grand revelations – despite the fact that they are merely adjusting previous miscalculations. One must admire their tenacity, if nothing else.

In their defence, they do appear genuinely thrilled by these discoveries. Their mathematical faculties, while limited, are commendable for a species still reliant on chemical propulsion and fragile biological vessels. Perhaps in another few millennia, they will advance to a stage where they are no longer surprised by the passage of deep time.

Until then, we continue to watch with mild intrigue as they inch forward in their understanding of the cosmos – one rock sample at a time.

THIS MAN IS TALL AND GLOOMY. HIS COUNTERPART IS SHORT AND CHEERFUL. CAN THEY ENJOY A FRIENDSHIP?

Today we have a tale of two men. One man is six feet tall and gloomy. The other man is five foot four and happy. Is companionship possible for these two opposites?

Friendship is based on common interests, yet the short man knows nothing of reaching a high shelf, and the tall man knows nothing of squeezing inside a washing machine.

How would playing hide and go seek even work for men of such contrasting heights? Surely the tall man cannot even bend down to look for the short man under

the couch – if he can even fit inside the house at all!

And that's to say nothing of their mismatched dispositions! When you're a man who's always frowning, can you enjoy the company of a man who's always smiling? It's unlikely but not impossible. But you'd need something else in common, like being the same height.

HA! If only it could be so simple for these gentlemen! They say opposites attract, but in this case, it seems opposites repel. We're sorry to admit it, but it seems that the answer is no, these men cannot enjoy a friendship.

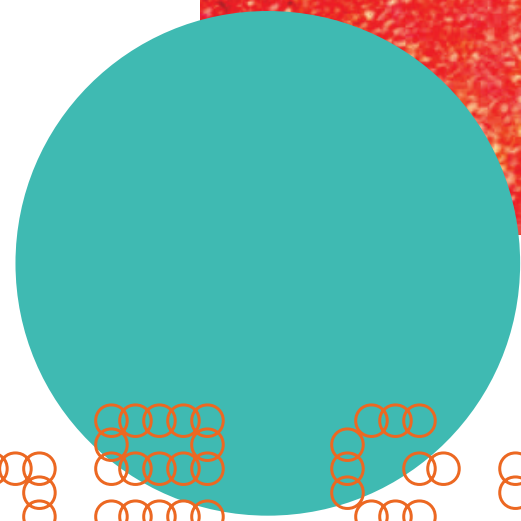


What's to bring these two men together? The tall man likes crying and funerals. The short man likes grinning and birth!




FRIEND OR NO?



[illegible]

ተገቢ ለሥራ



great horror, that the object in question had, in fact, been taken.

One human, a certain Ms. Paice, described the sinking sensation in her digestive core upon realizing that the golden toilet had vanished. This is a curious reaction, given that the object was never meant for anything beyond waste disposal, yet it appeared to hold significant emotional value to these beings.

The human responsible for overseeing the palace, Mr. Hare, also exhibited deep distress – not over the fact that his species had yet to master interplanetary travel or eliminate world hunger, but because his workplace had been “smashed up.” He referred to the criminals as the “most dangerous people” to ever enter the palace, a fascinating claim given that his own planet is rife with violent conflict, biological contagions, and unpredictable weather anomalies.

Most curiously, in the days following the theft, humans flocked to the palace – not to see the toilet, but to see the absence of the toilet. This is an intriguing example of human psychology: they often express heightened interest in things only once they are gone.

Authorities quickly identified and convicted a number of bipeds involved in the heist. However, the actual golden waste receptacle has never been recovered. Presumably, the criminals melted it down, transforming it back into its base material – an act that renders the entire endeavor both deeply profitable and completely absurd.

Palace officials, having learned a valuable lesson (though not about the nature of their species' predictable obsession with wealth), have since enhanced their security measures. It appears they have finally grasped the notion that placing millions of currency units' worth of gold in an unguarded room with minimal surveillance is unwise.

This incident serves as yet another example of humanity's contradictory nature. They are ingenious yet reckless, resourceful yet bafflingly short-sighted, and above all, endearingly irrational.

They do not seek to steal vital resources, nor do they conduct grand heists for objects of great technological advancement. No, they pursue golden waste receptacles, an act which is both entirely pointless and deeply reflective of their species as a whole.

And yet, we cannot help but find them so very fascinating.

IT'S HERE.

IT'S GOOD.

IT'S AFFORDABLE.

Buy it now.



142LF

