

Ballad of the Crab King

Many a mariner might have mentioned an aged sailors' tale,
Of brine-imbued barbarity, and blue-blooded betrayal

It began beneath the waves, where demersal denizens writhed and wrought,
And in the halls beneath the royal reef, the crustaceans were at court

Past corridors of coral, deep within the stony halls,
Many shellfish had arrived to attend a royal ball

The lobster lords liaised in lavish robes of bladderwrack,
While the barbarous barnacle barons cast off their calcareous anoraks

Droves of decadent decapods dined and danced with glee,
In the shadow of walls adorned with ancient algae tapestries

That depicted countless conquests over pelagic peoples great and small,
For the nation of Crustacean was the mightiest of them all

Now while the Prince of Prawns pontificated pompously to his peers,
And a conglomeration of krill collectively covered their sneers

While the shellfish feasted fiercely shoveling chum into their clattering maws,
Perched alone, on his floating throne the Crab King raised his claw...

CRACK!

And suddenly silence...

“Loyal subjects of this Crustacean Nation, join me now in celebration

Of me, the sultan of the sea, for we are the pinnacle of divine creation

Our dominion stretches far and wide, from the darkest depths to the tallest tides

So raise your claws my chitinous comrades, for there are none whom the Crab King can't deride”

Down the coral corridors there echoed snaps of sharp applause, the Piercing Pop of Pincers Propagating
through the Crab King's hall

His mandibilic majesty embraced the flood of adulation, as he surveyed his subjects loyal to the nation of
Crustacean

When suddenly, beneath the furthest banquet table, to the right, an undulating appendage caught the
King's blackened, dollesque eye...

And then...

BANG!

A tempest of twirling tentacles exploded from the tabletop! As several surly squids swinging sharpened scimitars started slicing through the guests tearing claws and mandibles apart!

The king's own shrimp chevaliers swam to intercept but were besieged by a gang of ghastly gastropods approaching from the left

From the ceiling Bivalvia bombardiers rained incendiary seashells over the panicked party-goers, exploding them into a cloud of entrails, ligaments and viscera!

The lobster lords and barnacle barons were foiled in their escape as a harry of harpoons peppered them into a pulpy seafood paste

The mighty king looked on these works of horror and despaired, "What madness could have brought about this nautical nightmare?"

When all of a sudden, that poor king crab heard and felt a fatal crunch, as he was skewered from behind and fell forward in a hunch...

It was a cutthroat carp-cloaked cuttlefish that had delivered the final blow, who then swam around the dying king to face his fallen foe

With his last breath the King said

"Who are you to try and tear my beloved Nation apart?"

The fish replied

"We are the Meritocracy of Molluscs, and the Clam Queen sends her regards"