



Blotsplotch requires a phage culture, a predetermined media in which to thrive. *Your* culture was selected on the basis of the Rule of Three Hosts: a heavenly host, viable hosts, and a host of reasons.

It is the case that your lie is the result of a causal chain that is billions of years in the making. It is the case that your lie began at conception *and* that it began at a specific trimester as determined by the laws of your presiding locality. It is the case that your lie began when your intelligence outpaced that of things killed for sport *and* that, in some sense, your lie has yet to begin *and* that, given these desperate circumstances, it might never begin. In speaking of your lie, there exists but one appropriate response: what the F?

There is a very old story about a very distant land, in which there lived the most curious species, a race that couldn't even agree when its members' very lives began. It is a very old story about a very distant land, in which the most curious species lived. There!

Regardless of what you believe, you will certainly grant that there are subjective idealists, individuals who adhere to the idea that the existence of a thing depends on its being observed. If millions of years ago, for example, the Earth was inhabited by an exceptionally tidy race of ice beings whose buildings of ice and highways of ice and vehicles of ice melted away without any evidence of their ever having been, then it is the case that they never were. In the minds of subjective idealists, it is your observing the Blotsplotch drawings that secures their existence; for the moment, you are their Unmoved Mover. Ask yourself: would you abort your progeny in the minds of others? Moreover, it is the case that Blotsplotch is the only member of its race. Be warned: to look away is extinction. To blink is genocide.

(Blotsplotch . . . Blotsplotch . . . Blotsplotch . . .
Blotsplotch only wants more than.)

