

Amongst his fellow colony of crabs, Gull was considered the undisputed leader, not by any election or formal system of governance, but by reverence and respect. Indeed, Gull had earned his name after courageously battling off a seagull twice his size, an action that he is still astonished by years later. Gull was not a young crab by any means, having lived his expected life span twice over to arrive at a ripe and healthy twelve years old, but for what he lacked in youthfulness he made up for in experience. Gull had seen it all, from lightning strikes, to tsunamis, to the most feared danger by the crab colony, and the reason for Gull's namesake: seagull attacks.

The yellow glare of the morning sun was just peeking above the vast ocean ahead when Gull first awoke. Gull was infamously known as an early riser around the colony, waking up every morning to oversee the morning patrols and assisting his fellow crabs as they dragged dead fish, worms, oysters, and all sorts of meat back to the colony center to be distributed amongst their compatriots. This morning, patrols were to be headed by a brutishly large crab named Claws.

There was certainly no question as to how Claws earned her name, for her large pincers stuck out like a sore thumb against her already massive body. To anyone unfamiliar with her stature, merely glimpsing Claws alone would be reason enough to take off and run for the hills for one's safety. However, Claws was well known around the colony as the gentle giant of the group, always friendly and gentle with the young crablets, and more than willing to provide a helping hand to

anyone who may require it. Most importantly, however, Claws' enormous pincers were incredibly effective in hauling large fishes to and fro, keeping the colony well fed. As Claws scuttled into view, Gull could see she was already carrying a fresh piece of fish.

"Wow, what a find!" Gull called out in a series of clicks and snaps. Claws, with her pincers occupied with the task of balancing the piece of food, did not respond, instead continuing to scuttle forward until she was within hopping distance of Gull.

"Fresh off the beach!" Claws snapped back, dropping the wet fish on the sand between the two. Gull could now see the fish in detail, making it out to be a green-headed salmon with light-orange scales. It was a massive catch, likely a weight only claws could lift alone.

"Shall we take it back to the col-" Gull was interrupted mid-question by the sound of a different fish being dragged along the sand as another crab scuttled into view. As the crab approached, Gull identified him as Pelican: a young medium-sized crab known equally for his impressive work ethic, and his poor temperament. After nearly a minute more of scuttling, Pelican finally arrived within hopping distance of Gull, dropping his piece of cod on the ground next to Claws' salmon, scowling as he noticed Claws' catch was bigger than his own.

"It's still a wonderful catch, Pelican," Gull clicked sympathetically. Pelican had made it no secret his ambitions to become Gull's successor after his passing, which given Gull's age was seeming more and more imminent each coming day. Gull didn't

see himself in the business of choosing an heir, having resolved long ago to let the colony decide which crab to follow after him. Despite this, Gull couldn't help but