I am the Crab Girl.

 To be the Crab Girl isn’t to be a girl with vaginal lice, but to be part crab and part girl. That is I.

Reader, I have hacked the Pretentious Press’ website to bring to you my full manifesto. I want to start off by saying that I am not a bad person. Mostly, because I am not a person. I am creb.

 I was born in a moment of passion, a passionate accident. In 1969 (lol) the Pace bio 102 lab was doing dissections on dead crabs. One student dropped their crab into the chemical waste container and I was born naked and afraid, much like the TV show.

I ran to the Birnbaum Library women’s bathroom and hid inside one of the ceiling panels. 50 years later, it is still my home.

It was there that by sneaking out books in the middle of the night I taught myself to read, write, understand poetry, English, French, Arabic, and 500 other languages, 300 of which I invented.

My actions contain no malice. Everything I have ever done is for the betterment of Pace University. I shut down that waterboarding fraternity because they harmed students. I laced Vice Dean Horatio Polinez’s cocaine with Rohypnol because this school is better off with him asleep at his desk than with him performing his job.

The only reason I steal students’ soup is to sustain myself. I require much sodium. And I steal the students’ shoes to get an idea of who they are and where they’ve been. To quote William Shakespeare, “The stank of a person’s shoe can tell you a lot about them.”

But I am not here to justify my past; I’m here to tell you my plans for the future. There is no wrath of mine for you to feel Pace University. I have no distain for you. It is for society in which my disdain lies. We are bots, sheep to the oligarchy. Capitalism is a delivery device for suppression of minorities and the lower class. Religion was created by the rich to keep the poor in check. I plan to dismantle this system one by one, piece by piece. I will watch society collapse from my panel in the library with a smile on my face and soup residue on my claws.

 I was dead before I was dropped into that vat of chemical waste and I won’t be alive again until my work is complete. To the wealthy reading this post, treasure your crown; soon you won’t have a head for it to rest on.

*All that we see or seem is but a dream within a dream*,

Crab Girl