

O my friends, there is no friend —

There's my least favorite philosopher at his most paranoid (I always preferred Plato). No better opening for the cluster of "hospitality" objects though.

Also, on a more serious note, speaking of hospitality: It's come to my attention that there's been some infighting among our engineer corps. Something about fair distribution of coffee pods. Something else about creative input on the ruun (no caps because I'm not going to make decoding that easy on you). Still other complaints about the Reticulites not taking enough interest in our crucial project on which everything depends. Fair warning: I've helped myself to many pods this morning.

Let me remind you: The parasite is coming. When aliens invade Earth in Cold War flicks, do the Americans and the Soviets get into petty arguments about trade agreements? If the White Walkers are about to march in and take over Westeros, does it make any sense for Cersei and Daenerys to go to war with each other? When climate change is threatening the entire world, is it time for petty nationalistic squabbles?

Rhetorical questions all, my chic geeky friends. But you get my point. This is not the time for small things. I'm asking for maturity and resilience. We have a larger and more important problem ahead of us, as you know.

Hospitality: 1. Bell, 2. Hershey's kiss, 3. Can of mushroom soup, 4. Marketeer's coat, 5. Pineapple, 6. Pillow, 7. Dollhouse couch, 8. Rubber stamp, 9. Bottle of water, 10. ID card, Privileged object: Backpack

Promoting solidarity,  
Tyrion Lannister (just kidding)

P.S. Once for athletes, now only competitive eaters of shorts allowed.