

The cone snail's

SECRET

A splatoon story by NickDGamer

It was 12:00 am. A certain striped shelled mollusk had been working tirelessly for the past few hours. As they glanced up at the clock, they breathed a sigh of relief. They had been working as a janitor for two years at a university just outside of Inkopolis. How he managed to clean anything was anyone's guess. As he slowly trailed out, he left an oozing trail of mucus behind him. He noted, with a hint of dismay, that would be his mess to clean up tomorrow. As he was about to leave the building, Jacob, the secretary, called out to him.

“Connor? Have you been working for all this time?”

“Oh, h-hey J-J-Jacob. I’m actually j-just f-f-finishing up.”

“Connor, why do you always just disappear into your house when you finish work? Don’t you ever go outside?”

“W-well, I prefer the s-s-solitude. And the c-comf-f-f-fort.”

Jacob narrowed his eyes, but said nothing, as Connor slowly slipped out the door. After that came one of the most challenging, and dangerous, parts of the night. Getting across traffic. For most residents of Inkopolis, this would be fairly easy. All they had to do was wait until the light was red, and walk across. It wasn’t so easy for Connor.

It was not easy for a cone snail. Being, well, a snail, Connor couldn't just walk across. Because of this, he had thought of an easier way across. Quickly, he curled himself into his shell, and got ready. He waited for the light to go red. It was difficult, but he could just about hear the "ding!" for when it changed colour. It was now or never. With one swift movement, he rolled across the crosswalk, and directly onto his front porch. After he got inside through a crack in the brick wall, he quickly scanned all around to make sure absolutely no one was watching. Then, when he was in perfect silence in his living room, he unveiled his biggest secret. His body shape slowly started to morph. It started to grow more and more humanoid with each passing second. When the process was finished, he wasn't just a cone snail anymore.

He now walked upright, with arms, legs, hands, and feet. His face was no longer empty. He had a small, round nose. He had two large blue eyes. He had ears. He had a mouth. He had snail skin in the shape of a sidecut at the top of his head. His skin was made of snail skin and flesh, and it felt like the outside of an uncooked marshmallow. He wore a pair of blue overalls, sandals, and a worn down conductor's cap. Connor wasn't just a cone snail. He was a cone snailing. The last one alive. His race had been destroyed in the great turf war thousands of years ago. His family had been captured one day, and forced into slavery. Only he survived. As he prepared to sit down on his couch, he went to get his favourite snack: Unsalted tortilla chips (Salt made his throat burn).

Sitting down on his couch was one of his favourite things to do after a long day. As he munched on his snack, he decided to watch one of his favourite pre-recorded Off the hook performance. He like both members of off the hook, for their creativity, but his favourite by far was Pearl. He'd often seen people on the splaternet refer to their idol crush as "Best girl". Well, in his opinion, Pearl was the "Best girl". It was mostly the reason he'd agreed to do an interview with the two of them, which he regretted doing, as it could have potentially blown his cover. As he settled in, he heard a knock at his door. In under 10 seconds, he jumped off the couch, turned off the television set, threw away his bowl of chips, and turned into a cone snail. He approached the door.

“C-Come in!”

“Connor?”

“J-Jacob? W-W-Why are you here at th-this hour?”

“While I was walking home, I heard some strange noises coming from here, and then I looked through the window, and...”

“ ... ”

“Connor, are you alright-”

“What did you see?”

“Woah, calm down buddy, I only-”

“WHAT DID YOU SEE?”

“I saw you from the window. But then, suddenly, you started to morph into this bipedal-”

The cone snail, at what seemed like the speed of sound, turned into humanoid form and smashed the hapless secretary against the wall.

“C-Connor, what are you doing?!”

“Jacob. I’m going to need you to understand. A long time ago, my family was enslaved by inklings in the great turf war. They were the last of our kind. Only I survived. To this day, all books, records, and journals have been erased of any info containing snailings. If word were to get out I was the ending... It would not go well at all.

“C-Connor, what are you going to do?!”

“I would like to thank you. For being a good friend. I can’t say I have many of those.”

“I don’t-”

“But now... I’m afraid I will have to say goodbye.”

“Please... NO, DON’T-”

Connor then let out the most terrifying noise to ever come out of a cone snail’s mouth.

“HAAAAACK-PTOO!”