

# Not under control

## Mein NaNoWriMo-Projekt für 2010 - mit täglichen Updates!

Von VideoGameCrack

### Kapitel 2: Day Two

The way the city looked now has dramatically changed. Instead of just being black cubes standing in rows, they now looked like actual buildings. More people were wandering around under the giant neonlights, while Gerald and Frank were having a closer look around.

„So, what do you think?“, Gerald asked, waiting for constructive criticism.

„Of what?“

„Well, the city. The way it looks right now.“

„Has it ever looked differently?“

Gerald just remembered that changes also affect the story retroactively. „No, of course not. Sorry, it was just very bad phrasing.“

That was something Gerald had to do a lot – apologizing. He couldn't really explain it, but he tends to say irritating, ridiculous or just downright weird stuff if people let him to. He thought that saying that he was sorry would make him sound less like an idiot. If other people thought the same thing is a different question.

Frank sweatdropped and continued by answering Gerald's question from the beginning.

„It could be better, of course, but I think you're doing a decent job. It feels very authentic.“

„...did you leave this world while I wasn't noticing?“

„Of course not. I'm sort of bound to this world. I'm saying that it feels authentic because of all the details you can randomly spot. It makes the story feel more real.“

„But my potential readers probably don't know about the ritual.“

„They obviously don't have to, that's for sure. It's just that, the more detailed it looks here, the more immersive the story gets.“

Gerald pretended that he knew how this was supposed to work according to the rules Frank told him before. The detective then took a glance at his watch and said:

„I just noticed I want to meet somebody in a few minutes. Wanna come along with me? You'll probably recognize him. I mean, why wouldn't you if you created him?“

„Sure, why not.“

They took the next road to the left, walking towards a dead end. Suddenly, it felt for Gerald as if the setting got a lot darker. The shine of the neonlights faded away, despite the fact that the distance between him and them wasn't changing. The crowd became more quiet, until he couldn't hear them anymore at all. The only things he could see right now were a street light, Frank and the ground that got lit up. He slowly

started to regret that he agreed to follow Frank.

„Hey, Frank. How's it going?“

Another man entered into the light. With a cigar in his mouth and a five o'clock shadow that he apparently forgot to shave, he shook hands with the detective. It seemed that he had Italian roots.

„Yeah, I'm doing fine. Any problems with your job?“

„You know that I'm very careful while gathering the newest information“, the man replied. Looking at the third man standing in the light, he asked: „And who's he?“

„Maybe I should introduce you two to each other. Anthony, that's Gerald, the man behind this world. Gerald, that's Anthony, my informant.“

Gerald wondered: „Why were you meeting, actually?“

„Well“, Frank replied, „I figured that you were going to follow me, so I thought it might be a good opportunity to meet another of your characters.“

„And what if I didn't?“

Anthony chuckled. „Then me and Frank would probably go to the restaurant without you.“

„Now that you're here, it's like killing two birds with one stone“, Frank completed the statement.

„That does make sense, I guess.“

As the three walked away, Gerald noticed that the light from the nearby streets came back and the people on the streets were starting to get noisy again. That did feel pretty weird, but then again, he was walking around in his own detective story. If it didn't feel weird, he probably would have visited a doctor long ago.

„And why were we meeting back there?“

Frank looked confused at him. „Why are you asking so many questions? I mean, it's pretty natural and understandable, but it feels like you're asking me about everything!“

„I don't know. It's like something forces me to...“

„Maybe you should get some sleep later.“

Gerald held his forehead. „That'll probably be it.“

„So“, tried Anthony to come up with a new topic, „where do you want to eat? I'm for Greek food. I just love the taste of Souflaki.“

Gerald answered: „I'd prefer Chinese personally.“

Frank just answered calmly: „I don't really care where.“

„I guess because Gerald is our guest, we should go for the Chinese. I heard there's one right around the corner.“

„The food here is delicious...“ Gerald mentioned before taking another bite out of the peking duck.

„But very expensive“, Frank replied as he spiced up his spring rolls with soja sauce.

„That doesn't really matter for me. After all, I can leave whenever I want.“

„You could at least pretend they need the money and that we have something resembling an economy“ Anthony mentioned.

„Sorry, I was just joking. Didn't mean to upset you“, Gerald apologized to him.

„Nah, it's okay. It's just because there finally starts something to happen again. The last few weeks were really boring. It's like if time stood still.“

Gerald blushed, before the informant friendly slapped his shoulder. Frank felt like it was the right time to change the subject.

„So, Anthony“, he asked, „how are your researches going?“

„Well, not much happened in the recent time“ was the reply, which caused Gerald to become as red as a tomato. „Vincent hasn't really done something recently, though I doubt it will take him much longer to react.“

While Frank and Anthony were discussing the current situation, Gerald continued to eat the duck, as a bothersome thought struck his head. As far as he remembered, he didn't write anything about a Chinese restaurant. He didn't even remember that any Chinese people were mentioned in the story. But that thought didn't stick long, as he just figured that he may be just really tired, and maybe he was writing this specific part in a trance-life state. He did spent almost the entire night rewriting parts of the story, therefore there was no way he could remember every single word he wrote. So he just continued to enjoy his food while listening to Frank and Anthony talking.

It happened to be a sunny day, and as Sebastian didn't have to work on that day, he decided to invite Gerald on a walk through the near park. Despite being November, it was still warm enough for them to walk in normal training clothes. There was no way of knowing if it might get this good before next spring again.

„So?“ the blonde asked while they were passing a few birds picking corns.

„So what?“

„Have you made any progress with your novel lately?“

„Well, yeah, I did“, Gerald replied. „Since you've told me about that ritual, it's flowing a lot better than earlier. I have only rewritten many parts until now, but I got a lot more confident that it's going to work out in the end.“

„Sounds good.“

„That's because it is.“

„Why were you saying that?“

Gerald shrugged. „I got no idea. I really don't know what I'm saying recently at times.“ After taking a deep breath to inhale the fresh air, he continued: „But we've only talked about what I'm doing currently. How's it going with you?“

„Not much, really. My job's going fine, my mother is calling every week, asking if I'm okay, I'm spending time with you talking about things...“

„I think I figured that part out.“

Sebastian looked at him with a glance saying „You really have to stop doing that before it gets really stupid“ to which Gerald could only reply with putting his hand on his mouth.

„Actually, Bastian, I got a question“ he said, followed a few seconds later by a chuckle.

„What?“

„That unintentionally rhymed.“

„...“

„Oh, sorry. Where was I? Oh, yeah. How have you found that in the first place?“

„What? The ritual? I just looked for something inspirational for you on the Internet. Took me a while to find something good, though. I either got some weird site stuffed with advertisements for some dating pages, something that reads like it has been written by a monkey throwing random words from a dictionary at the screen or other searching pages.“

„Do you even have the time to do something like that? I mean, you already have a place to go working, while I'm still looking for that.“

„I don't have so much to do recently. And hey, I'm your friend. If it helps you to finish your book, it was definitely worth doing it.“

„...thank you.“

„No problem, really.“