

# Not under control

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

Von VideoGameCrack

### Kapitel 5: Day Five

#### Day Five

How often did he now entered the story to wander around? He had no idea anymore. He was switching constantly between the reality and his novel that it started to become a second home for him. He slowly started to forget that Frank and all the others were indeed just imaginary actors doing whatever they have to do according to the novel. It almost made him forget that he has to continue at some point.

Only almost, though. He knew well that he had to write at some point, but he wanted to avoid writing all night again.

Gerald, yet again, entered his story for no good reason other than observing again. And he didn't know what to observe. He just liked to take walks around his own creation, without wasting a thought on writing his story. He had the idea that, the less he thinks about his writing, the easier he'll get his inspiration for new parts. But he didn't knew why he entered his own story for that.

Wandering aimlessly around, he suddenly felt something weird in his immediate enviroment. He was pretty certian that this couldn't mean anything good. He already got used to the scenery changing itself according to the atmosphere, but this time, it wasn't as obvious as the time he met Anthony first. It felt rather... subtle

But he had no time to think about the atmosphere in the current scene, so he started to outrun it. But no matter how fast he ran, it only got worse. It became darker and darker until he couldn't see anything anymore. He only could stop right where he was at the moment.

Then, he started to hear footsteps. They felt intimidating, as Gerald felt the vibration of every single one of them. This couldn't be anything good...

„Gerald, I suppose?“, he got asked by what appears to be a man from his back, as the footsteps got louder and closer with every second.

„Y-y-y-yes, I am“, he answer, nervously stuttering.

„Perfect.“

The steps continued to get closer, until he seemed to stand right behind him. Gerald heard a few clicking noises, before he felt something poking his back. As he slowly wanted to reach out for it, the man yelled:

„I wouldn't do that if I were you. Otherwise I'm going to use it against you!“

That started to get worse and worse with every word coming out of the man's mouth. What was he going to do? Cripple him? Kill him? Or even- No, that couldn't be it. He

never mentioned it in the story.

„You got any last words before you become a victim of my weapon?“

„N-No sir. Just b-bring it to an end.“

„As you wish...“

Just as he heard something that resembled somebody pushing a trigger, Gerald collapsed and fell to the ground.

„...so, I guess that means that I did my job, right?“

He couldn't believe his ears. What did he just say to him?

„You can get up again. I am not going to harm you.“

„And why should I trust you?“

„Because I'm an actor first and a character second.“

The author was startled by that answer. „Actor?“

He then continued by jumping up in rage.

„I just feared for my life and it all was acting?“

„Indeed. And according to your reaction, I did a great job.“

Trying to calm down, he took a closer look at the man. He wore a black tuxedo and held a gigantic gun in his hands.

„Is that -“, wanted Gerald to ask the man, pointing at the gun.

„Yes, that is a portable Gatling gun. When you know what to do with it, you can also use it in close range combat.“

That made Gerald realise he met another one of his characters.

„So you must be-“

The man nodded. „I'm Vincent, your antagonist. Excuse me for „attacking“ you, but I had to try it out on someone else first.“

Gerald started to get annoyed by Vincent constantly cutting his sentences off.

„An apology is the least I could ask for. I thought that I was going to be killed!“

The man in the tuxedo smirked. „That was the entire point of it.“

Now he felt really dumb.

„Well, I can't argue with that...“

The two of them wandered along the streets, as Gerald tried to start some chitchat with him.

„Say, how does it feel to be the villain of a story?“

Vincent turned around to him.

„Why do you want to know that?“

Gerald responded by shrugging.

„To make my story better, I guess.“

„Well, I guess that the biggest problem of being a villain is that, in the end, you're going to lose no matter what. It's some sort of unwritten rule. That's why it's one of the most unthankful roles you can take.“

„And why do you think it works like that?“

Vincent crossed his arms. „To be fair, I don't really know. And I don't seem to understand it, either. It makes the general ending more predictable, and playing with the idea seems just a lot more interesting.“

„Maybe people don't want their perspectives completely messed up. Maybe they prefer things they are used to.“

The man with the Gatling gun strapped to his back raised an eyebrow. „Just to get bored of them afterwards?“

„It's not like I don't know that it doesn't make any sense just because I don't think too

much about something like that in my free time... Anything else I need to know?" Ignoring that this came rather abrupt, Vincent replied: „Well, villains tend to be more interesting, if written right.“

„But why would that be, if you think more about it?“

„Maybe it's because that you need an interesting conflict to move the story. And for an interesting conflict, you need an interesting character to get it moving.“

„...yeah, that seems about right... But protagonists need to be interesting too, right? What do I have from an interesting villain if he doesn't have someone at least mildly interesting to fight against?“

„Well, you'd need interesting characters, anyway. That helps the immersion.“

As they continued to talk, Gerald felt it again. Something was going to happen again. These changes in the environment, the darker getting colours, it just couldn't be too far away.

„Vincent, watch out.“

„Why?“

„I get this weird feeling from before again..“

Slowly and with caution, Vincent put one of his hands on one of the handles of his Gatling gun, as he started to feel it too. In a matter of seconds, Gerald got a knife held at his throat from behind. With no more time to react, Vincent pulled his gun out and smacked the thug standing behind Gerald with it.

„Why did you have to hit him like that with it?“, Gerald wanted to know.

„Because I don't feel like wasting my ammo on people like this.“

They both looked down at the man with his face hard to make out, laying on the pavement.

„Why would he want to kill me?“

„Some people are more interested in getting out then playing their part in the story.“

„And what would it help them to kill me?“

„Killing you doesn't work, because you would just return back to your world. What they really need, is the sentence you use to switch between those worlds.“

Gerald shook his head. „That isn't much better. Who knows what they are going to do if they were set free?“

„You shouldn't worry too much about that, though. Most people here are fine with their role.“

He sighed. „I have to hope for that.“

Vincent put the gun at his back again. „Let's get moving, before he wakes up and attacks us again...“

Still being worried about this new discovery, he decided to contact Catherine about it. With a cup of black tea standing on his desk, he started to type the message:

„Good evening, Catherine. Say, did you know about any of the characters in your story trying to escape?“

A few minutes later followed the response:

„Escape?“

„I just got attacked while talking with another character. Apparently, they can use the same sentence as we do to switch between the worlds.“

„But... aren't the characters bound to the story? How could they escape?“

„It seemed to be a person with no connection to the plot. Maybe these could try to leave without damaging the plot too much.“

„No idea on my side.“

„Wait... did you say they were bound to the story?“

„It isn't one of the rules, but I think that, if a character has any significance to the plot that they just can't leave. After all, they need to follow the plot we give and not the other way around.“

„Makes sense.“

„If you haven't guessed already, I haven't been attacked until now, but I'll keep my eyes open. Thanks for the hint.“

„No problem.“

„Say, how are you doing otherwise? Made any progress?“

„I'm recently more trying to get a little bit more inspired, but otherwise, I haven't gotten any further.“

„Don't push yourself too hard in that regard. Continue with small steps, and you'll be fine for the rest.“

„How are you doing with your own story, actually?“

„Got struck by inspiration recently. Thirty-five pages within two days.“

„Woah.“

„Yeah, when people let me, I can type a lot when I feel like it. That, and when I get a nice place to sit somewhere outside in the park just across the street. Fresh air helps my inspiration a lot.“

Gerald got curious about something she just sent him. „...if people let you?“

„Yeah, if I don't happen to be really busy.“

Gerald blushed. It happened again that he read too much into things. „Oh.“

„What did you think?“

„Oh, nothing. Just something really stupid that would humiliate me if I spoke it out loud.“

„Good thing you didn't say it.“

„Yes, indeed...“

That made Gerald retroactively push his hand his face in shame.

„Something else to say?“

„No, not really. Just wanted to warn you.“

„Thanks for that again. See you again.“

„Bye.“