

Not under control

Mein NaNoWriMo-Projekt für 2010 - mit täglichen Updates!

Von VideoGameCrack

Kapitel 27: Day Twenty-Seven

The streets were so empty that you could think it turned into a ghost town. Though admittedly, in some way, it already did. There was a time in which Gerald saw the city as something full of life, where stuff seemed to happen all around him. But now, it felt so depressing, especially since this world doesn't even have a sun to look over it. He didn't leave the city that night. Too much happened, and he didn't see why he should've returned back home. It was more like his novel became his new home, while his own apartment became emptier and colder. All the work he has put into this world, and now it's fading away as well. It felt so melancholic, he could literally stick out his tongue and have a taste from it.

Now he just stood there in the middle of the street staring down the road as he waited for Frank to show up. He didn't tell him how long it was going to take him to come over, but then again, he had some time to reconsider a few things.

„So you're here already“, he heard Frank saying, who stood behind him.

„Just like you“, replied Gerald, who turned around to him, with his hands in his pockets.

„So, how are we now going to end it?“, wondered Frank, who has pulled out his gun already.

„I... I don't really know myself“, said Gerald. „I wish it could just end-“

And there it hit him.

„Frank, why aren't we just going to have an argument about what would be a better ending?“

Frank immediately froze, making him drop his gun.

„Are... are you serious there, Gerald? Shouldn't we end it on a more action-orientated note?“

„Why?“, asked Gerald as if it was the stupidest idea ever. „I don't really think he can write good action scenes. When I let myself get attacked by one of the Freedom Seekers, it felt more like a game of chess rather than a fight to the death.“

He then looked at his finger nails as he continued: „Also, I think it would be interesting. It makes the ending a little bit more interesting, doesn't it?“

„But, aren't we talking too much anyway?“, Frank wondered, while picking up his gun and sweeping the dirt from it. „Honestly, I can't remember that many dangerous situations...“

„Maybe because he keeps avoiding them at all costs.“

„And what if we bore the readers with our dialogues by now?“

Gerald sighed. „Then I guess we have to live with it.“ He drew his hands out of his pockets and pointed at Frank. „And now, I'm giving you the first turn. Tell me what you'd prefer as the ending.“

Frank was a little bit surprised about this, trying to come up with a good idea on the stand.

„Okay then“, he finally answered, „I'm going to say that it would be a better ending if I won against you. Even though you've been set up as the main character, people get almost always more attracted by others. I think it would be a nice twist on the entire thing.“

„That may definitely be true“, countered Gerald, „But I think it might be a little bit unsatisfying. Sure, people would get more interested in you, but I guess that's is only because the writer didn't give you much attention in the first place. And who knows how much of your actions the reader has seen.“

„But wouldn't I deserve to win more?“, Frank argued. „After all, I'm a tragic and corrupted character, being convinced to join the evil side. It would be a very interesting idea of depicting you as the villain and me and the Freedom Seekers as the good guys, doesn't it?“

„Sure, but that would only apply if you actually became evil“, Gerald said. „Everything you did was only done because you wanted to convince yourself that you are evil. You never acted like that because you wanted to, but because you had to.“

„Then it's because I'm confused! Yeah, that's it!“ Frank said the second sentence like he came up with that from the top of his mind. „I'm in fact confused and looking for the right way!“

„Well, that does sound a lot more legitimate“, admitted Gerald. „But I doubt you were really confused when you kidnapped me and knocked me out with your gun.“

„Oh well, one actual mistake. People can overlook that...“

„You're calling that a mistake? You seemed to be pretty spot-on when you hit me. I doubt you were that misguided at that point.“

„Oh, and you weren't at least a little bit aware about my situation when let me walk to the warehouse?“

„Yeah, that was stupid on my side.“

„It was not only stupid, it also led to the entire mess in the first place!“, Frank yelled. He thought that he finally got him. Gerald stood there for a while, with his arm supporting his head, trying to think of a good answer. A small grin started to spread on Frank's face, getting bigger and bigger as time progressed.

„Actually, no.“

The smile immediately disappeared. „Wait, what?“

„If I hadn't been attacked in the first place, then it would have never happened. He would have found another way to get you, for sure.“

Frank looked at him in disbelief. „You always find a way to counter my words, don't you?“

„I have to, Frank, or otherwise this would be really boring.“

The detective sighed, drawing his head and making it spin on his finger. „Okay, I'm out of ideas. It's your turn.“

Gerald took his time to come up with a decent ending, while he just stood there. Frank started tapping with his feet, waiting for an answer. He slowly started to lose his patience, while Gerald just didn't answer.

„Okay, I got it now“, he finally replied, while Frank wasn't particularly paying attention.

„Huh? Uh, I mean, present me your idea!“

„Okay... my guess is that, after all, I'm not in a novel at all!“

Frank stood there in disbelief, with a dumbfounded look on his face.

„And it took you that long to come up with it? Even though it has already been established that we ARE in a novel?“

„Hey, we have absolutely no clue what the reality is like. Maybe the reality is just like that.“

„What kind of an argument is that?“, Frank asked. „You're just fooling with me now, aren't you?“

„Argue against it first.“

„Fine, I will“, he agreed. „Helena clearly told me that she's from the layer above you, and that not even her layer is the reality!“

„Maybe she was just trying to fool with you again. Look, we both knew Helena and her tricks. Also, have you seen the layer Helena was from?“

„...no, actually.“

„You see?“

„But- everything she did, the fact that she had a name even though you never came up with her, her unbelievable confidence in everything she did – everything is speaking a clear language!“

„...you believe the woman who forced you to become an antagonist?“

„And what's up with you, Gerald? When I understand it correctly, you just don't want to believe that you're only fiction! Admit it!“

As he heard these words, his face turned bright red. „I already got over that! I was just having an idea about the ending!“

„An idea that would benefit you, doesn't it?“

„And you, Frank? You just want to become the protagonist!“

„That's just a nice little side effect. Your idea for the ending is just wish fulfilling, nothing else.“

Gerald hung his head in shame.

„Considering you're supposed to be a writer, you're a pretty lousy one.“

At the same time, Anthony and Vincent were rushing through the town, as they still haven't found the two.

„I shouldn't have said that he's going to make the city bigger...“, Anthony said sighing. He promptly got yelled at by Vincent for saying this. „It's not the best time to talk and waste your energy! Get moving!“

But Anthony couldn't catch his breath, as he stopped running and panting. Vincent turned back to him.

„You can't just stop now!“, yelled Vincent again. „They probably already started fighting!“

While still panting, Anthony told him: „Maybe we just aren't supposed to interrupt them. Maybe we should let it be.“

„Or maybe we're only supposed to think that, only to find them right in the next street!“

„...who thought that it could get this complicated.“

„Now come on, or we are going to miss them for good!“

Vincent started running again, while Anthony kept standing on the side trying to get enough oxygen in his body.

Vincent was very convinced by the idea of going to find them in the next street. So

much so, that, every time it wasn't the right street, he mumbled „It's gonna be the one after that“. Anthony on the other hand stopped following him completely. Why couldn't he have shut his mouth when he said that?

„Let's be honest there for a moment“, Frank threw in, „we're never going to come up with a good ending, aren't we?“ Slowly, he reached into his jacket.

„I only said that we should discuss it“, Gerald defended his earlier suggestion.

„Yeah, but what does discussing it help us if we don't put it into action?“, uttered Frank with a crazy look on his face. He has finally snapped. „I'd say that, because I'm not a writer myself and both of our ideas weren't good, I'm going to make my vision reality and finish you off.“

He got his gun out again, pointing with it at Gerald, who backed off. But it didn't help, as Frank continuously kept moving in his direction. He started to turn and run, but he already heard the first gunshot from behind.

„It's no use to escape“, yelled Frank, shooting again in his direction and purposefully missing him. „I'm going to end it right now!“