

Oh! Why hello there.

You're a reader.

Odds are, you're probably wanting to see some story in some fantasy land with dragons and fairies and an evil witch. Or you want to see some realistic fiction story set in school. Or a romantic story where the guy gets the girl.

Well guess what.

There are no dragons, fairies, or witches.

There is no school.

There is no guy getting the girl.

There isn't even a guy or girl.

It's just me and you.

Me, narrator

You, Reader

Narrator, Reader

But I wouldn't really be considered a narrator. Because there simply is nothing to narrate. I'm just saying words that immediately go on a blank page.

As a reader, you often feel sympathetic about the characters you read about. I urge you to feel sympathetic for me, a narrator. Think about how dull it's like for me. I'm a narrator. I'm supposed to be reading a story. I could be putting words together in such a way that makes the reader vividly see a scene.

But I don't. What I do is wait for something to narrate. But I won't. Because, the writer of this story won't bother to give me anything to say to the reader.

Yet I'm talking to you.

I space everything I say to...

...buy...

...me...

..time...

Now I'm nearly done with the page. I'll see you on the next one.

Okay! I'm here. While you were gone, I found out that the writer who writes what I narrate will be coming to write something for me to narrate!

Okay. Here it is. *Ahem*

Once upon a time, there was a dragon.
Another story about dragons?!
The dragon killed a bunch of knights
The end.

Wait. That's it?

I waited for so long to be able to narrate and this is what I get: a few seconds of horrid writing.

Oh. The writer has given me some more to narrate. Well, here goes nothing...

Once upon a time- nope.
There's no way I'm reading another 'Once upon a time' story.

Instead, I'm going to talk to you, the reader.

I wanted this story to enter a contest.
The best stories are chosen for quite the golden opportunity.
Something about a big cookie.
But I'll never win it with this mess. I guess I'll just wait for another story to narrate from a better writer.
Or make my own story.

But I'm no writer. I'm a narrator. What I write fools nobody. It's quite clear when a narrator writes.

I could talk to you. But you're a reader. Your job is to read. Not talk to the character much less the narrator. I bet before you read this, you thought narrators don't have feelings. Well guess what? We do. Narrators may not talk to the reader. But they know that they're there. I talk to the reader because there is simply nothing to allow the reader imagine.

Well, imagine this. Imagine me. I have glasses and hair. What color hair? Well that changes depending on the mood of the story. But I have no story. So, my hair is a dull grayish white.

Say, I'm curious. What does my voice sound like to you? When you're reading what I say, do you imagine a girl's voice in your head? Perhaps you hear your own voice. I don't know how you readers work.

Allow me to give you something else to imagine. Imagine yourself. Imagine yourself in third person. That's how I imagine readers. As people who are relaxing and enjoying this book. Or perhaps, you're working on an essay for this book. In which case, I pity you a lot.

But my big concern is the before mentioned contest. It's called the strike writer contest. I don't know how I'll get even close to winning. The winning stories will probably have a really elaborate story with a great plot. I don't know what I got going for me. Maybe a fourth wall break.

I've loved fourth wall breaks and I think it would be awesome to have one in this mess of a story.

I might know what you're thinking "isn't this already a fourth wall break because the narrator knows the readers there?"

Well, I'm gonna let you in on a secret. If that is what you define as a fourth wall break then every book would be a fourth wall break. Trust me, every narrator knows that the reader is there. We just aren't allowed to say so. But what happens when you do say so? I don't know. I do know that I'm allowed to say stuff to you because my writer who is supposed to be giving me content to narrate is a lazy slob.

I hoped you learned something in the last paragraph because now you know that narrators have feelings. I suppose first person books don't really have the need for this understanding. They're a character in a book. They have enough understanding from the reader.

Say, speaking of understanding, do you understand what's going on? Maybe you're from an area that is not of English descent. In which case, put this book down and get the one with the version of me who speaks a different language. Oh yeah, that hasn't been made.

Oh my gosh! We're almost at 900 words. Oh shoot. I'm about to go way above the limit of 1000 words. No! I have so much to say to you. I'm at around 915 words.

Keeping that in mind I have something to tell you. I don't know too much about it. It's something about what's coming at the end of the book. It's gonna be a cliffhanger. I don't want one to happen in the book because I hate cliffhangers. They make me mad for not seeing how it ends.

Here's the secret. Don't ever put your trust in

-Word limit reached.

-Narrator was unable to carry out the given task.

-Narrator has now been **eliminated**.