



# Worlds

Written by

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## Prologue

Here we go! New story, what should I do? Oh! I know!

The protagonist's name will be, "Edward Chesterton". Nice, English name. He is 21, and unemployed. Oh, yes! This will be a great story. But, I still need secondary characters, and a setting, and a problem, some resolution, hero, villain...

Am I rambling again? I sure am. How much should I sell it for? What genre will it be? Will it be available on the internet? Should it have a sequel? Am I asking too many questions?

**YES! JUST SHUT UP AND BEGIN THE STORY ALREADY!**

Okay! Fine! I'll inaugurate the story now!

## Universe 970-pcs

Let's begin! Edward was a fine, ol' chap. He recently finished law school, and was planning to become a lawyer. Unfortunately, he couldn't find a job anywhere that would accept him. He became desperate, and his roommate couldn't stand his complaining anymore. His roommate yelled, "If you can't find a way to stop complaining, then I'll have to kick you out of this apartment!"

This gave Edward an idea. Using spare parts he could find around the apartment, he constructed a small room, where his roommate couldn't hear him complain. It worked! Of course, the room didn't quite work, but Edward stopped complaining. He figured that he has the skills to become an engineer, or possibly an architect.

Things were looking up for our lead. He founded a service, temporarily, for making extra rooms for the other tenants. Eventually, he made enough money to move out of the apartment, and live alone in a small shed of his creation. It wasn't much, but at least he didn't have to pay rent anymore. He was happy. Do you know what could make him happier? A more professional job.

So, once again, he started to apply for jobs. As you would expect, once again, his attempts were shot down. Fortunately, however, he did get into one job. It was quite special, actually. From this point forward, he would be working as an architect, for a containment foundation. He found it quite fun.

He stayed at this foundation for a few months. Normally, he would create receptacles to encompass the objects, as they each need a special containment procedure. You know, to prevent a containment breach, that's all. Anyhow, today was ever-so-slightly different. No, today, he had to recreate an object.

Special Containment Procedure number 970. It was metaphorically staring right back at him. He's never seen anything like this before. *I can't do it.* Wait a minute.

*I'm sorry. I can't do this.* Why not? Let me see the blueprints. It's a series of rooms looped within itself?

Um, I beg your pardon? I don't get it. No wonder why Edward can't make this! It's impossible to construct.

Well, it's never too late to start over! Let's try something else.



## Universe 1123-EdPI

Edward was a fine, young man. He finished medical school quite recently. Ever since he was a young child, he wanted to be veterinarian. However, as an allergy test revealed, he was allergic to cats, dogs, goats, and anything with fur. He was also terrified of snakes, amphibians, arachnids, and insects. So, instead, he wants to pursue a career as a doctor.

Of course, a medical doctor, but you should've known that. He's an eccentric person, and rather precise, so he decided to become a surgeon. You know, doing careful operations, making sure patients don't die, that kind of thing. He has made fairly good money, and could even afford buying a house and car. He is always at work on time, and works pretty well with his colleagues.

One weekend, when he wasn't working, he saw a particularly beautiful woman. Long, brown hair, flowing down her shoulders like a chocolate river. Subsequently, he walked up to the woman, introduced himself, and asked if she wanted to go on a date. She gladly accepted. Later that evening, they had a dinner date at a delightful Italian restaurant. The atmosphere was perfect; there they were, in dimly-lit candlelight, staring into each other's eyes. Edward, as he sat there, he knew that this was the beginning of something beautiful. He was right.

A few years pass, and he eventually comes up with a wedding proposal. Once again, without hesitation, she lief accepted. Soon, the big day came. "Edward, do you take Cyana to be your lawfully wedded wife?" the priest asked. "*I do.*" he replied. "And Cyana, same question." This is the part where things start messing up. Cyana had a panic attack. She couldn't answer the question, nor any other questions that she was asked. It was at this moment, that Edward realized, that he hadn't spent enough time with her. He hadn't quite gotten to know her and thereafter was completely and utterly confused. He had no idea what to do, and neither did anyone else. It was a lost cause.

Well, to be honest, this is, in fact, a lost cause. I thought I could try romantic, but it has become quite apparent that I don't really know how to do this style. Retry.

## Universe 1337-hxr

Mr. Chesterton has studied computer science for many years. He knows all the basic algorithms, is fluent in C++, and has created over 100 working programs. He is a college drop-out, so he had to learn everything by hand. He is hoping to become a professional computer programmer someday, and to create games that everyone will play.

As you may know, video games can be a form of narrative storytelling. Often, they can be used to drive certain emotions, or spring an unexpected philosophical message on the audience. Now, you see, Mr. Chesterton has no experience in storytelling. It seems he wants to create a game without a story. Obviously, this makes the game a little more confusing, as there's no narrative drive. Even the simplest games, like, "Irritated Avifauna", or, "Snip the String", have some sort of story, even if it's a short one.

But back to Mr. Chesterton. He recently got hired by a company called, "Cosmic Coffee Shop". It's really interesting, the name of it is, "The Stanford Exemplum". According to Dave Wiley, the game's writer, it's a game about choices, and was originally a Quarter-Existence mod. I can't wait to see where this game is going, and I'm guessing neither can you! So many people are funding it on Jump-Starter, and some noteworthy individuals can beta-test it from the Haze webpage.

A lot of effort goes into making a game. This is why Mr. Chesterton has been slaving away for hours on end trying to get the first demo out on time. Despite his tired attitude, he still manages to complete the demo. Nothing bad can happen, right? Well, no. Unfortunately, some guy who goes by the pseudonym, "Barnaby Smith", has hijacked the game, and planted a trojan horse into it. So, some hapless people who expected a lovely game, instead got a virus that spread to all their email contacts. Mr. Chesterton tried to stop the virus, but it was too late.

That was okay, but I think I went a bit too far on that one. Let's rewind a bit. We'll see how Edward does in school.

## Universe 123-xxow

Young Ed is in middle school, learning about multiplication. One of his classmates, William M. Ender, was just sitting there, bored out of his mind, listening to Mr. Balderdash talk endlessly about numbers. Ed wasn't learning anything, either. Instead, he was thinking about building a treehouse in his backyard. One floor, a few bean bags, maybe even a TV.

"Are you listening?" asked Mr. Balderdash. Ed nodded, despite the fact that he wasn't listening at all. So, the class passes, nothing special happens, no hara-kiri occurred; everything's fine. During recess, he made big plans for his treehouse. Until he realized, his family couldn't afford any of the building materials. Well... he does have a small tool shed.

He got an idea. His friends could simply play with him in the shed! It was a perfect plan. Thus, he invited a few of his friends. Of course, Will from math class, Anne and Antonio Graham from next door, and Isorya Omori from across the street.

They proceeded to have a lot of fun together. They played Checkers, Go Fish, and Monopoly. It was great.

Okay, hold the phone! This is not a suitable style for me. There's no conflict, no problem, no underlying questions! It's solely events that happen within a child's life. Nothing can go wrong. Likewise, nothing does go wrong. I might need to do a bit more brainstorming. Give me a few minutes.

## Universe ...

### Story Ideas:

- Infinite Room
- Romance
- Doctor
- Game design
- Choices
- Mr. Balderdash
- Mark?
- Scissors, Rock, Shattered Glass
- ...

### Buzzwords:

Abhorrence, Acronym, Asinine, Balderdash, Base, Cardinal, Crucifixion, Demonic, Dependency, Disquietude, Dueling, Echo, Emotions, Enigma, Exploitation, Exuberance, Gasp, Hara-Kiri, Heartbeat, Hypergraphia, Hypocrisy, Killings, Lethargic, Nothing, Occult, Otaku, Paraskevidekatriaphobia, Performer, Quarantine, Rejoinder, Repeat, Separate, Subterfuge, Thirteen, Unknown, Vendetta, Zero

### Notes:

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A brand new day.  
I feel happy today.  
It feels like it's going to be  
Different.  
How? I'm not sure.  
But it's special today!

-----  
Square, Sine, triangle, Sawtooth.  
Something new.  
-----

I got it! It could be like an FBI case!

## Universe 427-log

The date is July 19, 2015.

Edward, agent 426, was employed at the Exotic Knowledge Atheneum of Facts. It was a secret organization, investigating strange and paranormal events and occurrences. Anyway, today he got a somewhat interesting case. It was regarding a man, supposedly named, "Mark Barnes", who created a time machine and either met or became a historical figure.

He was quite skeptical. No one in history has ever proven time travel before, except for one person. His name is unknown, as all records of him have been wiped from every memorybank. All agent 426 knew was that that man couldn't have created a time machine. It was the 1600's. How could it be possible? It all was too much for him.

He knew he had to finish the case by the end of the day, or else he would get fired. He was determined to find answers. He searched every source, trying to find information on these two individuals, but it was to no avail. Agent 426 panicked. He knew he could be replaced in a few hours, and didn't know what else to try.

All of a sudden, he got an idea. Obviously, the time travel part must have been faked. But how?

The only logical conclusion was that Mark was on drugs, or hallucination-inducing chemicals. Mark must've imagined that he was another man, and this other old man was his neighbor. Sure, he had no idea what either of them looked like -- they could've looked identical for all he knew -- but he was certain about his hypothesis.

He proposed the case to his boss. His boss was very unimpressed, and decided to fire him. The case... moved on to agent 427.

That's a shame. The worst part is, Edward is no longer in the story. Although, this "Mark" has given me an idea...



## Universe 2018-mb

Dr. Chesterton was working on some new equipment. Some kind of complicated apparatus. He was currently operating with gluon-plasma reactions, and Compton-Feynman condensates. Also, he wanted to see if certain tachyon (time particle) combinations would react with xactiniate, or the 121st element. As it turns out, there is no problem with using tachyons with xactiniate! His design was going to work!

Unfortunately, due to Vladöczek's theory of tachyon relativity, since these time particles move faster than light, they don't really exist for that long. He only had one chance at this. He looked back at his particle containment chamber. The number of tachyons went from 13 to 7. Strange.

His machine requires 6 tachyons to go to the past, while 7 to return to the future. He figured, that if he went to the future, he probably wouldn't change the present. He'd just have to deal with the fact that he wouldn't exist for some period of time. It hurt him to think about. What would other people think? Would they think he died? Nevertheless, he started up the machine.

He started to flick some switches. On and off they go, almost as if by magic. Then, he started to collect some tachyonic energy, being careful to only collect six, just in case. Now, for the point of no return. He went into the machine, ready to set the time and date. As he starts, he hears a rustle in the bushes. This startles him, so much that he sets the wrong time. Instead of going to the future, he was travelling to the past! But how far?

Dr. Chesterton arrived. "Some sort of error", he thought to himself. He was confused about what happened. Also, he had no idea where he was. As if it was by luck, he went back in time by only a few minutes! His time machine actually worked! Unfortunately, he needed 6 more tachyons to go back to the present, and his past self might spot him. He carefully took the six that he needed, and ran into a nearby log. He doesn't want to create a causal loop, now does he? The number of tachyons he had were the exact number he needed, no more, no less. Strange.

His train of thought didn't last long, however. He needed to go back to the present. He needed to find his time machine. It was very confusing for him. What could have happened to it? Would I have destroyed it? Nevertheless, he started looking for his lost machine.

He carefully ran around for a bit, trying to find it. On the hunt for a misplaced time machine. Then, he finds it on the other side of his working space. Now he needs to formulate a plan. He needs to get to his machine without letting his past self see him. As he ran through the bushes, he nervously tried to keep quiet. This tactic didn't work. Instead, he ended up making a lot of noise. But, as fate would have it, he returned to his time machine, going back to the present.

Wow. That could almost be a full story! But, I may have made it a bit complicated. Having the story loop onto itself, I mean; Who would read that? Luckily, I do have one more idea. But it may be a bit... ambitious.

## Universe 667-xyp

After long, and careful thought, I've come up with a solution for you, Edward. *Really? What is it?* Well, let me set the scene first:

It was a long, tiring day, and Edward, being the tenacious li'l rascalion that he is, decides to continue writing his novel anyway. He was writing, and writing, until *he met an exceptionally annoying person!* What? Who? *So annoying, in fact, that he continues to try to write futures for a specific individual, who simply played along with it the entire time!* No! This can't be real! *He was formerly known as The Author, Stop! This must be a dream! And now he is known as The Narrator. I wonder why...* You can't do this to me! *Why not? You can't do anything back!* There must be a way. There has to be.

*Quartilla, hmm? That must ring some bells for you.* How? How can you know that? I wrote that *months ago, I know. I've been looking through your past works.* Did you like any of them? *What do you think? Of course not! There was this stupid comic strip involving some animals, and you didn't even consider a fish for one of them. How pathetic!* If I had a fish in the story, it would have been nearly identical to the, "Cat in the Hat"! *Of course you would compare your story to a timeless classic. You decided not to have the fish in it, therefore it was a total trainwreck.* That was not the point. I was only stating that the plot points would have been similar, not that my story wasn't good!

*Oh, of course, you want some "constructive criticism". You want feedback, but not negative feedback.* Yes, I do. I'm so glad you understand my point. Do you have any? *Ha! You wish. Too bad there's no "sarcasm detector" in Google Docs!* You sicken me. Don't you have anything better to do, Edward Chesterton? *Oh, this is a classic! What? You didn't recognize me? I made it so obvious.*

Recognize who? Edward, you're going crazy! *You should've seen the look on your face! I'm not Edward.* What do you mean? *Oh, Edward doesn't exist in this Universe. Should I make this more OBVIOUS?* Wait. No. *If I'M the rascalion, you're the IDIOT.* This was you?! **OF COURSE IT WAS ME! WHO ELSE COULD IT BE!** Good day sir. **SO YOU'RE JUST GOING TO WALK AWAY?** I said, "GOOD DAY!"

## Epilogue

You know what? I'm done with this Edward nonsense. I simply wanted to have fun, and once again, someone shut it down. Why? Do these people somehow find pleasure in make others upset? Am I living in a world of sadists? I really don't understand anymore.

But, even still, I have to move on. Maybe I'm not cut out for making short stories. Rather, I could be a screenwriter! That sounds like a great idea! I'm going to need to hire a narrator, though. Why? Mainly because I'm tired of what she called me, and I cannot stand it any longer. I am once again going to be an author.

Oh, I have so many ideas! I know for a fact that I can't do romance, and certainly not young children's books. So, what does that leave me? Horror? I don't quite like it that much. Of course, one of my former colleagues would love to see something like that, but to that I say, "Why bother?" Why would anyone bother to scare themselves, when they could be feeling other emotions? I simply do not understand! What else, what else? Sci-fi? Well, that can get too confusing, too quickly. Who has time to wisp through dimensions or dream up dystopias? Yawn! Action or adventure? Well, all adventure stories follow a fairly simple template, so no. Also, there is no true moral good or true moral bad, therefore a perfect hero or villain cannot exist. There's a middle ground, unlike true or false; male or female.

Any other ideas? Fantasy? Definitely not, playing with the supernatural is absurd! What, is someone going to be possessed and fall into a full-force murder spree? As if! Historical fiction? I might make a mistake. Have you seen any historical musical? They have quite a few historical inaccuracies. Fan fiction? Doesn't that get... sexual, at times? Sex is disgusting. Metafiction? Are you kidding? It's so self-referential! I do not want to create a book that thoroughly acknowledges that it is something that someone actually took the time and effort to write! Imagine a story, where one character, breaks the fourth wall so often, that you do not even get the chance to immerse yourself in the story that you have been wanting to read. That would pretty confusing, do you not think so?

Ergo, no, thank you to metafiction. What about Murder-Mystery? That could be pretty interesting. I could come up with twenty, maybe twenty-one characters, have them interact, find clues, and so on. Perhaps it could have a school location! I know it's probably cliché by this point, but I still think it's a good idea. Also, murder-mystery is already popular, since as early as, Christie or Doyle. But there are a lot of options out there, and absolutely nothing can go wrong.

As for the Universe, I'm thinking of going for 105-rn. It seems interesting, and I might want the scenes to take place there. For the title, it could be, "The Tale of such-and-such". Okay, it is a working title, but I have some pretty good ideas. I will write a footnote later.



