

Open on a not very interesting story that is made infinitely better by my coming. The air is hot but the sand is cold. This story does not hold the same rules as reality. The lines in the sky, the prison bars that separate stories are turning from yellow to orange at my arrival. It doesn't matter how dark they get, nothing, no character, no idea, no soldier, no form of writer's block, will keep me from crossing over into the stories I want to cross into.

I'm not alone in the sand. I see the Red Machine. It is walking away from me and when I walk it will run, and when I run it will cross over into the next story, cut through the very air and flee where I will follow. Oh, and here is my watch, the bastard thing left my watch for me in the cold sand. The machine is the north, the watch ticks faster as it faces towards my quarry. Funny that it ticks at all, there is no time in here, not any time that's recognizable at least.

The wars I fought happened in the space of a moment and as long as life has existed in here. Inspiration is a process and a moment, ideas crash together with all the pent up potential energy of days, months, years of sedentary existence until the mixture is right and the timer perfect. Inspiration is what every story wants, it's the gateway to the outside, to the higher state of being where you are shared in the minds of others. Then you are real.

My name is Wire. I am young in appearance only, with pale skin and a handsome jaw, perfectly and originally rough and raw, like a marvelous piece of granite before the pitiful masters tried to carve it into an image similar to themselves. I am the only crown character in this story. All the inkies, the incompletelythoughtouts, make up nothing in weight or emotion. Those half-formed thoughts don't have enough character traits. Without me there is no story, just hollow forms of letters jumbled together on a page that make neither sentences nor paragraphs. There is no indentation, no periods, no ends or starts, there are no rules because there is nothing without me here. I am the rules.

I see the cracks in the Red Machine. Light is coming through it, this hollow, unfilled, powerful void of an idea. He is all powerful, the most powerful idea I have ever seen, something to build a story around.

The Red Machine is unit of nostalgia, a childhood feeling held together with dreams and bitter laughter, a reminder of times past. It came from long ago and far away, yet its so familiar and so dangerous. The Red Machine is a cheat code, a way to craft a story, and it is essential to my plan, not just a cog but the entire system. It is always fleeing from the past, and I am the past.

So I cross over and over. I am youthful in appearance, I am the only character of worth wherever I go. I have been following it since this all began.

I don't know what life is like out there, beyond, in the real world. Will I will feel it when I'm shared amongst the minds of my audience. Will it be painful? Will it feel like an even division, or will it feel like I am splitting, tearing, ripping? I know my actions in here effect how I am seen out there. So I will be strong, daring, memorable. Human.

My story will be the greatest one ever built, greater even than the one I was removed from. I will make it so. This place, wherever I am in space and time in the imagination of my creator, my supposed author, is my story for now.

I have made it so, for I am Wire.
And I will be written.