

risen as a god, humanlike

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Summary

“Then, it starts.

He meets a white-collared little man. There are millions of them, you know—a reader wouldn’t believe how many things manage to go wrong within a single morning.”

A narrator’s observations, especially of a certain human he notices throughout dull monotony—Man#427.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Narrators are gods.

Er, no. That’s too divisive of a statement to make for this script—readers could be aware, sensitive of such labels. Labels are what make up a being after all; he can respect such attention to detail.

To each their own, he supposes. But as a storyteller, a writer, he applauds these attentions to detail. Applause! The crowd does go wild, he can imagine it perfectly.

He is a narrator. Ah, this is better.

You could think him insane, or off the ol’ rockers—but it’s true. The birds are manufactured,

pretty little paper-sculpted designs. The sky itself is nothing but hollowness and a great, black beyond. But do they exist?

Meh. It doesn't matter that it exists, only that he thinks it does.

That's the point of his game. The others play little livelihoods out into an empty despair, while he—he is enlightened, alone. Truly beyond belief, beyond stupidity, and beyond anything, thank you very much.

He narrates their daily lives, scuttling about into marvelous little rat's mazes. He single-handedly shows their adventure to the reader—you! He brings attention to their lives, ruled by emotion—or the lack of it.

He breathes their lives into motion, exhales their being into greatness. Although these things about life are quite tedious to predict, his script is adaptable to any situation. He watches over them all—he's there, narrating his reality.

Then, it starts.

He meets a white-collared little man. There are millions of them, you know—a reader wouldn't believe how many things manage to go wrong in a single morning of humans. Unfortunately, he's the one who has to narrate these terrible events into being. He's had to draft thousands of scenarios, ranging from a sleep-induced coffee spill over a marble counter, to their untimely, saddening deaths in front of cars.

Why, in fact, humans view these cut-offs of life by vehicular manslaughter, so disturbing, so distressing, and so relatable, that they have created an entire, animated genre of reincarnation in their flashing screens.

In those rectangular devices they call advanced. His screens, able to watch billions, are much superior.

How pitiful they are. It's even more saddening when those killed are left forgotten on their coffins, and their lives are only remarked by a couple callous, general quotes by some famous philosopher or such. Sometimes, friends or family might cry over a handful of flowers, as if the dead could still be there.

Reincarnation doesn't exist in his storyline, though he wishes it does.

Anyways, yes. Back to the topic, oh yes, he does have a frightfully nightmarish sense of scheduling. He messes up his scripts all the time.

But. That little employee, Man#427, hair tousled by exhaustion.

He has observed him before—glanced over his lifetime, watching him grow up into a relatively, well, mediocre human. The man was quiet, didn't make many friends, but managed to meet his fiancé in a whirlwind romance. Once, for further study, he replays a couple tapes of their most “heart-throbbing, romantic” moments—it isn't very memorable.

(He had many files of other humans with similar lives. A reader couldn't even believe how many cabinets his lovely office had. Every human was just repetitive. Not quite up to his standards, for stories.)

He watches Man#427 stumble over words, fluster upon missing assignments, and generally act as if he were a trainwreck in progress. Honestly, what an idiot—this man's comparable to the human

personification of the word “accident.”

Accidents. Trains crashing, cars backflipping over the highway, and the like. Horrifying, but no one could bring themselves to look away when that happened. Even himself, the narrator, sometimes. It’s rather curious to watch mankind trip over themselves, just for a front-row ticket to tragedy.

He digresses, yet again.

This man he watches is singularly unremarkable, and there’s not a spark of anything that’s unique. Not that there’s anything unique anymore. Until it’s another mundane day, this man steps sleepily onto the sidewalk, completely changing his routine.

He leans forward, grin bursting out of the seams of a now-forgotten frown. How wonderful! This human just deviated from his agenda. The narrator assures himself to not bring his hopes up, as every human now and then does minisculely change.

Man#427 runs his hands through his hair, slouching down next to the intersection. He knows what this man will do next—he’s got his life’s script out right here. In the next few seconds, the man will get up, sigh loudly, and ruminate upon whether his soon-to-be ex-fiancé loves him or not. Tragic.

The narrator collapses back upon his armchair. He observes the little man get up, but instead of the expected sigh, the human halts, pauses next to the curbside, and gives up, sitting back down on the concrete. The road’s weeds wave up to the narrator’s excitement, as he stares at this marvel.

This feels like something uncomfortably close to awe; in terms of how narrators go, he’s relatively young, but he’s never seen such a sequence of defiance against destiny. He blinks, grin creeping upon stoic, pressed lips.

This is something new; something born of curiosity, nothing more. Perhaps this man deserves more attention—he’ll take a break from scouring the others for now.

Besides, what does this story’s narrator have, other than infinite times, resets, and scripts?

Sometimes, it’s awfully lonely for the narrator.

All he can see are meaningless screens of brightness. Is this how he, a being of almighty power, should spend his days?

Even if he could go down onto the human’s planet, what is there to do? Watch how different and despairingly strange he is, compared to those puppets, maybe.

It’s better to ignore that and focus on other things. Things like staring at his ceiling, or staring at humans. His two best, favorite activities.

The man fumbles with the office’s coffee machine, obviously exasperated from his job’s long hours and the malfunctioning technology.

The human wasn’t supposed to struggle with his coffee; the machine in the dull office wasn’t supposed to break down, in the first place. This human’s changes are affecting inanimate objects around him too, adding another variable. An unknown.

The more he watches this human, the more curious he gets about these increasing, yet sudden, changes of fate. This variation is difficult, that’s what it is.

Now, the narrator turns to look towards you.

Perhaps, this reader doesn't fully understand the marvel of this human. He is defying his very existence, he is a true specimen of change, of parables in freedom. A true paradox.

The man sighs and nudges the bolts of the coffee machinery, but the narrator realizes he can stop this show of incredible incompetence. If the narrator has the power, why can't he? If he changes a small part of this man's life, it's only to advance the unbridled potential of his own interests. He needs to see more than early morning routines to properly note this anomaly.

The coffee machine pathetically whimpers in mechanical clicks, before reluctantly sputtering out black liquid. Gross.

The human seems to think it's gross too, if the look on his face is any indication. He winces, before lifting the paper cup to his mouth. The man sputters out curses, and yet continues to inhale the liquid of what seems like death. This person is so counterproductive, but his interest is piqued.

The narrator waves his hand, and a porcelain tray clinks down next to him. The mug sits before him, a perfect recreation of what the human drank. He reaches over, curiously tipping the waves of darkness back and forth, before sipping delicately.

He can't taste anything. It's blank and empty. A hollow nothingness, like anything else inside his home.

He looks back up, at the monitors of humanity's laughs, sorrows, and tragedies, and it's something remarkably close to envy that unfurls in his heart of hearts.

The human's tapping the keyboard of his old, ancient computer. Papers of unfinished work line his desk, a clock hovers above him, ticking against the general will of the average 9-5 worker.

The man murmurs disbelief, as he shuffles through stacks and stacks of useless work. The phone besides him lights up with only one text, that reads: "I can't take this anymore."

It's from his fiancé.

He watches, always watches, as Man#427 obviously sees it, but chooses to look away anyways. The human knows what he's doing wrong, but continues it anyway.

The narrator frowns, and pushes his glasses down, confusion lining his narrowed eyes. This is a strange game, a different type of delicacy. Love's fickle, but still—this man can't see the numerous ways he could improve his relationship.

Unless he doesn't want to.

Oh, the hypocrisy! Perfection! Eureka!

An old, crawling sense of excitement twists the narrator's expression into something that must appear quite unrefined. This is something wonderful, unfolding in front of him. Emerging before his eyes. If he's to write a story on humanity, make it an interesting expression, Man#427 is perfect for a starring role.

Ah, to be inspired! Incomprehensible words pour onto his page, as the ink-pen scratches out whispers, an alternation of a twisted, beautiful story. He writes with budding affection for this man's contributions, even if the human doesn't exactly know what he's fueling.

The flickering lights of the life-monitors illuminate his manuscript, but it's unsatisfactory. Not worthy for Man#427. For such wonderful entertainment, he must do better.

He glances up at the time, and oh, how fast it goes. The human's still there, even though the narrator has been writing for hours! Pitiful. He ought to help out, even if this clashes with superiors in the bureau.

The bureau of all the world's narrators.

In the, ugh, narrator's rules, manipulation does constitute a violation of Species' Individuality Rights. Such a simple task of assisting his muse shouldn't get him in any trouble. It's not major enough to catch anyone's radar for troublemakers, so it's fine. It'll be worth it, if he can assist his current muse-in-making.

He presses his finger towards the man's pile of unfinished papers, leftover contracts, or whatever's holding him up from these hours. The papers quietly slip around, these things of no importance stealthily completed and moved.

He looks at Man#427's pitiful eyebags, his scruffy trousers, and his tie twisted in anxiety—the narrator can't find it in himself to be guilty, if it means he can alleviate that. He reasons that any good inspiration he finds should be treated well and ignores the bead of sweat that traces down his jawline.

The narrator wonders, lets his eyes stray to the screens of other humans' lives—doing whatever in pure ignorance. It sounds nice to live like that. But he can't, so writing's the closest thing he has to that.

It's alright though, as long as he can keep inspiration alive.

He petitioned once, for an opportunity to move to another section of the bureau.

There was editing, analysis, and whatnot—there wasn't just his own job of screen-monitoring. He didn't always want to write out a perfect script of humanity's essence, and this was before he found occasional cures for boredom.

He didn't make it into other offices because he was too individualistic to work for the bureau's management. He posed a "danger" with more clearance, just because his individual profile apparently fit the occasional turncoat. The traitors to the bureau's will.

This narrator formally, with complete and utter disrespect, called bullshit. He wasn't like them. Seriously, he wasn't that insane. Well, not yet.

He would never become an excommunicated traitor who twisted reality with his speech and will, and hid somewhere to shape little games to their delusions. While the narrator adored and expressed his admiration towards inspiration, it didn't mean he would turn that passion into delusion.

It was funny. And, well, kind of sad. Those narrators were more pitiful than anything he'd ever seen: trying to keep their favorite toys alive, because they had gotten attached.

Attached—laughable. Like any narrator worth their salt could get attached.

Man#427 sits alone in a nearby bar to his workplace. His breathing is unsteady, and his gasps ragged. The bartender shoots him a pitiful look, before placing down his sixth shot in a row.

This human must've seen their breakup incoming; there was no way he could've not foretold this. The signs were clear, even to the narrator's lack of human insight. And the narrator had never been in such relationships, although he had watched these situations dozens of times.

It's a tragic scene, even for one who's seen this a million times and more. Humans are unreasonably attached to their partners and mourn divorces like deaths, as if they couldn't possibly live without them. Why, the narrator hasn't lived without anyone, anything to keep him company, for centuries. The narrator sighs, and he allows himself to empathize, just for a moment. How irrational.

Man#427 is one such victim of terrible sentiment. The sobbing starts getting slightly audible, but he surprises the narrator and the script—once again, he's unpredictable as always—by pushing aside the glass of alcoholic beverage in front of him. Why, he's denying his vices.

They grow up so fast. The narrator sniffs wistfully, just for added effect.

But he genuinely smiles at this man's progress, although this cheer is soon dampened by Man#427's mournful texting. He appears to be drunkenly texting his boss to schedule a day off of work, but the narrator notices him pause over his now ex-fiancé messages.

The human huffs in self-annoyance, and Man#427 scrolls back up before faceplanting on the table. There must be something the narrator should be able to do, right? He must be able to help, once again.

He flips through his controls manual, dusty and yellowed from years in storage. There is a function to turn off negative emotions—the thought makes the narrator wince slightly. Switching off emotion is no way for Man#427 to process his grief. And his basically-a-divorce. Humans need to mourn properly—he read this from a self-help book once. The book was a scam, though.

Perhaps a spawned-in pet? No, no, that's probably too disturbing for a Siberian husky to appear in a bar, of all things.

A friend? Yes, a reminder from a social acquaintance makes people get up and go about with more encouragement. But Man#427, upon closer inspection, doesn't have one. Or two or three. He's really quite lonely.

It's all just work on his device. This is quite impossible for even the narrator to imagine; there's just no way someone of this caliber and interest could be left alone. Well, humanity has always loved and hated competition. Specifically, competitions they can easily lose. If Man#427 can't get a narrator-generated friend to cheer him on, the narrator will just have to be that friend and cheer up the human right next to him.

The narrator wrings his hands nervously, uncomfortable sweat outlining his wobbling posture. What does an appropriate human usually look like? Should he change his face, to make it appear more appealing? He's not too off-putting, right? There's got to be a way. The human is moping less now and looks about ready to hold conversation.

He truly doesn't know what to do. In the end, he decides on nothing, and wears a simple plaid button-up with his usual trousers—it's a timeless look. It would surely fit in at a typical bar. Totally.

(He has checked out some human fashion-magazines before—they were quite fascinating, a true study in culture.)

He closes his eyes, runs his hair through his hands, and flicks the lever. The narrator blinks open his eyes. He's in a dingy alleyway, to prevent any screaming of aliens or strange teleportation. He wrinkles his nose, and it seems like humans have taken little improvement to their trashing tendencies.

The first steps into the bar are the worst ones, and it has been a while since he's last entered these establishments. He fumbles his ID ridiculously, but his graying hair and general formality does save him credibility in the guard's eyes. The guard probably just thinks he's a strange, mid-life crisis grandpa now. Whatever works, he guesses. The amount of people inside is enough to make him cough in disgust, but he eagerly skirts the crowd, waiting to see his muse in the distance.

He sees the man's back at first. He's still in his workplace's suit, and he's slumped away from the music. Despite stumbling, purely from lack of practice and excitement, the narrator is going to make it to the seat smoothly.

Before he trips. And ends up hunching over the bar's counter like a moron, an arm awkwardly splayed out on Man#427's back. Brown, fluffy hair greets his forehead, and why is it so soft?

Hm, fluffy. Hm.

Man#427 turns around, just to get a eyeful of the narrator's embarrassment. And his awkward posture. And his arm on hanging the man's shoulders. The human blinks down at him, incredulously. "Oh... hi?"

The narrator flinches back, straightens up, and puts on his best I-am-not-a-creep smile. It turns out more like a painful, constipated grimace.

"Yes. Hello. I didn't mean to fall on you there. Erm, uh, apologies." He stiffly swings his arms off of the man and takes the next barstool next to him. The man stares, before quickly looking away.

The narrator can't keep his eyes off of the human when he's right in front of him, and he catches himself staring for far too long. He can't quite see his face at this angle.

The human misinterprets, from the way he flinches away from him. He's not propositioning procreation! Oh, darn it—this always happens.

"I'm flattered, but I'm not interested in anything right now. Sorry." The human speaks softly, and the narrator scrambles to say something, anything, before he catches a glimpse of red-rimmed eyes.

"Um, I apologize once more. I swear, I wasn't checking you out. I just wanted to ask if you're alright, very clumsily."

"Um, okay? Nice to meet you, and I will be." The human looks confused now, and the narrator really ought to have practiced. The man flags down the bartender, though, and orders something else. The narrator sighs in defeat, mulling over his thoughts on ways to save this.

"Ah. Well. I suppose I'm more awkward than most, so excuse me," he finally says.

A drink clinks beside his coat's sleeve, and the narrator looks down to nameless, iced alcohol. The human nods as he silently prods the glass, as some sort of a peace offering.

"It's fine. You just... talk weird."

Ouch. The narrator is heartbroken. How could he possibly recover? His most profitable, valued muse just called him weird.

Ugh, weirdness is associated with outcasts, and other unsavory figures. The narrator simply can't stand for this, and it must show on his face, as Man#427 blinks at him, a small grin curling on his lips.

The narrator's nonexistent heart is going to explode out of his chest in tiny "please keep talking to me!" ribbons.

And, oh, that brown hair is terribly fluffy. The narrator would dearly like to pet it. But first—he has to recalibrate his speech. The narrator summons all his knowledge of the 21st-century customs, and opens his mouth.

"Sorry, I was raised like that. Is this better?" The narrator winces slightly after he talks. He sounds terribly stilted and slightly condescending, but this is a last-minute job. Man#427 grins and claps his shoulder.

The narrator feebly wobbles on his stool.

"Nah, but you lose your charm. Keep saying it weird. What's your name, by the way?"

There is a name, isn't there? The loud music booms behind them, lights casting them in a strange, washed-out blue.

"Hm," the narrator's eyes dart around the strangers surrounding them, overbearing, pushing them closer together, "it's ————. What about you?"

"I'm Stanley."

Narrators are gods, but he feels human.

End Notes

alright hi, thanks for checking this out! i just got corrupted by how amazing the stanley parable is (im uh a couple years late.)

anyways. any constructive criticism is very very appreciated, or just any thoughts in particular!!! since im just a fledgling writer.

have a g'day (the weird kitkat flavors are so incredibly good??)

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