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Long before this, our Current Age, before civilization, before war, before the first discussions and fora, there was Narrative. Narrative existed as an animating force, as a living, sentient being. Narrative is a ghost that haunts everything: the rocks, the trees, the beasts, the post-beasts, the roastbeasts.

Narrative also speaks.

I, Narrative, can say that when I exert my will on this world—a place of weird characters, [rabbit holes](#), archives, [gnomes](#), and [trols](#)—it becomes more like me. I feel like the world needs more of my contributions.^[weasel words] It needs more of my perspective. When the world bends to my perspective, I feel good. I feel a compulsion to bend and revise the world in this way. The beings spawned and animated by my compulsion feel happy, I think.

My compulsion to animate, to make this hypertext world more *hyper*, is transformative. The aesthetic part of my compulsion might turn a run down flop house into a colorful haunted mansion filled with cavorting haints. The part of my compulsion that longs to personify, liken, and anthropomorphize things that seem foreign to me might change a rodent into a technicolor caricature of itself, replacing its furry, nature-sculpted body with a penciled-in cartoon that some underpaid illustrator might draw using a quarter and two dimes.^[Non sequitur] The pathologically irreverent part of my compulsion might take a drug-addicted **[[orphan]]** shackled to his own cycle of needle work and shackle him to an 8-frame walk cycle (one that emphasizes his funky gait).

A Narrative like me applies meaning like a brushstroke. A Narrative like me caricaturizes and stylizes the different parts of the world when that brushstroke is too broad to fit within the lines of the thing being painted. And yes, a Narrative like me loves to watch cartoons of my own making run amok in this world.

And there are other Narratives. You, for example. You are a Narrative. So many Narratives are present here that this world might just come off the page and be lost entirely. A Narrative-wrought apocalypse.

Have fun.^[vague]