

The Great Unwritten Story

by

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Billy De Forest sat at the old Underwood typewriter that his grandfather had given him, trying to write *The Great Unwritten Story*. Although he didn't smoke, he clenched a calabash pipe in his teeth, trying to set a mood. He'd been trying to write the story for years. He swore, and ripped yet another false start from the typewriter. He crunched it into a wad and tossed it toward the pile around the trash can. He had a million stories in his head, tales of the city that never slept, and countless others, but he just couldn't seem to get any of them onto paper. He started again.

The Seeker

Billy De Forest

The sky was of a blue seen only in dreams. The prairie was trackless, vast, flat, with tall unbending prairie grass to the horizon. When the Seeker saw it, he knew that he was near to his goal. For he had seen this prairie many times. Never with the eyes of his body, but in his dreams, in his visions. The Seeker knew that, out on that prairie, a man was dying. The Seeker had seen it many times. He knew that he must find....

(Rats! Rip. Crunch. Toss.)

It's a Living

Billy De Forest

Henry, a frustrated writer, sat at his battered old Smith Corona Super 5, staring out his window at the brick wall of the building across the alley. He knew with a dread certainty that if he didn't sell something by the end of the month, he'd be staring at the brick wall from the other side of his window, or maybe at the surface of the East River, from below. He....

(Damn! Rip. Crunch. Toss.)

A Story of Two Towns

Billy De Forest

It was the worst of times, it was the best of times, but nobody seemed....

(Hmm. Rip. Crunch. Toss.)

Revenge of the TV Journalist

Billy De Forest

News Flash! Unknown writer starves in apartment filled with crunched paper!
Film at eleven!

(Naw. Rip. Crunch. Toss.)

Maybe Dick

Billy De Forest

Call me Ishmael. Why? Because....

(No way. Rip. Crunch. Toss.)

The Great Unwritten Story

Melinda's Transformation

Billy De Forest

Melinda was furious because of her betrayal by her cave troll. In a frenzy of unreasoning wrath, she called her minions. And they came! They came! A hideous, swirling mass that blackened the sky, they circled above her, a maelstrom of beaks and claws and feathers, squawking and screeching as they descended, filling the plain around her to the horizon, unkempt lumps of fetid, rancid creatures....

(Sigh. Rip. Crunch. Toss.)

The Kingdom of Yore

Billy De Forest

Once upon a time, long, long ago, in a fairy kingdom of magical imps and dragons, far, far away....

(Rip. Crunch. Toss. Try starting at the end.)

The Great Unwritten Story

Billy De Forest

So ends *The Great Unwritten Story*, a mighty saga of....

(Aaaggghh! Rip. Crunch. Toss.)