

# ATTACK

**A nonsensical  
story**

*Notes from  
me*

Line 0



**Clues so you don't die too fast**

Line 1

*Page number*

Line 2

*Line*

Line 3

*Word*

Line 4

Good luck! Hope you don't get killed!  
Actually, nevermind, I don't actually care.

Line 5

Carry on! You're amusing me.

Line 6

*XOXO  
The resident  
Library Ghost*

# The opening

So, this is the beginning of the nonsensical story. Why exactly am I writing this story?

Well...

Wait, am I supposed to know that? Well, I don't.

I hope that's okay. Do I actually care if it's okay? It's not like anyone is going to read this. If you're reading this, then I'm pretty sure you're about as insane as I feel right now.

Which is pretty insane.

Hello to you, other insane person!

# The opening - continued

Why did I name this book “ATTACK”?

I had a reason, I think.

Maybe it's an attack on you, dear reader, for making this terrible book exist in the world for it to be in your hands right now.

Attack... It's strange, as a word. English is strange.

Why are there two “t”s? The second one serves no purpose, at all. Is it just to waste ink? Were people drunk when they copied the official version of the dictionary?

Oh well. On to something else.

## The opening - continued

A lady on a couch in a nice cozy room told me that writing might help me with... something. I don't remember.

But it is kind of fun to hear the keyboard clacking away...

So, in this book, I will talk about... things. Anything that comes to mind, really.

Random things.

Are you still here? Reading this book? Why?

So, proceed if you wish, to the ramblings of my mind.

# 1 - Racing Stuff

Racing is weird. Racing, as in running, is not as weird, because, hey, I get it, you want to prove to other people how fast you can run.

Or something like that.

But racing with cars is really just plain weird.

You're not the one running.

Your car is.

Why should they give the medal to you?

Give the medal to the car. Or to the people who made that car.

So weird...

## Racing Stuff - continued

I heard that in Ancient Greece, they rewarded the horse breeder and the chariot maker instead of the driver.

That makes a lot more sense.

But that's not really fair to the horses, is it?

What would you reward to the horses, though?

Food?

Scratches under the neck?

Oh wait no, that's for dogs and cats. Do horses like scratches under their necks?

What was this chapter's topic again?

## 2 - Ghosts and Haunting

Ghosts are interesting, aren't they.

They're so often depicted as scary... are they scary?

Some might be scary...

*Yes we  
are - author of  
the book.*

*At least, I am.  
The ones that aren't  
are just wimps.*

But at least some must be nice.

I think ghosts exist. I think believing that makes life much more interesting.

I used to see them... I think. People tell me that they aren't real, but I think they were.

I like talking to them, I know when they're there even when I can't see them.

People usually just assume I'm talking to myself.



# Ghosts and Haunting - continued

How do you become a ghost, anyway?

Does everyone become a ghost when they die? If they do, wouldn't the world be so crowded with ghosts?

I lied. This isn't really a story at all, is it? Just me and my thoughts.

Oh well.

So, anyway, why are ghosts said to only come out at night? Because of sunlight? People?

Or is it just to make us feel safe during the day?

## 3 - Math

I like math. It's easy to understand, unlike people. They give a straight answer.

It hurts people's heads sometimes, though. But it's interesting, too.

To do math is like solving puzzles. And I like puzzles.

They keep me engaged without floating off in my head somewhere.

Math is pretty great. It's objective. You don't actually have to interact with people to do it.

Keeps the brain sharp.

Not that my brain works very well a lot of the time anyway.

# Math - continued

Math keeps things in order.

Helps us understand the world better. But the world probably doesn't care.

Why would it?

# 4 - Lalalalala

I realized that I really am doing this mostly for the sake of hearing the sounds of the keyboard. So...

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lal

## Lalalalala - continued

[illegible]

## Lalalalala - continued

[illegible]

Peopleshouldjusttypewithoutspaces.weunde  
rstandthisjustfineanyway.whydoweneedspace  
s?wedontneedspaceatall.

## 5 - Everlasting Question About the Piano

The forever enduring question:

Are pianos strings or percussion?

No, it doesn't matter. But still, it's fun to think about, especially when you're trying to distract yourself from the fact that you've noticed that you can make a bomb from things in your kitchen.

No, that's not specific at all. And of course, that is all just hypothetically.

Pianos are actually pretty nice. They look very nice in the house and you can decorate time with it.

Music is nice.

## 6 - The Existence of Tea Time

It sounds nice. I've never had it as a routine, but it sounds nice when it's described in books.

You can relax and chat with a nice warm cup of tea and a thick or thin slice of bread.

Sounds pretty nice. Also sounds like a bit of a waste of time, though. Does anyone have tea time anymore? People are so busy.

Nice to have a thick slice of bread, book to read, etc. etc.

Not sure if I would be able to resist the urge to blow something up just to disrupt the peace, though.

*I like  
this one...*



## 7 - The Tale of Design with Golden Paint

Red was a nice colour. That was the colour that the lady on the couch in the nice cozy room wore when she told me that I should try to write an actual story.

So, here begins the Tale.

Actually, I have no idea how to write this. I might write this tomorrow. I think I just flipped through the dictionary and found the most interesting words to me: Design, Golden, and Paint.

Oh well. Dear reader, (are you actually reading this? If you are, you should go see a lady on a couch too.) if you come up with a story inspired by this title, do please let me know.

## 8 - The Disapproving Lady

The lady on the couch wasn't very happy with my attempt. She told me that this wasn't working.

Oh well then.

I guess this is the last chapter.

Goodbye nice sound-making keyboard!

Goodbye fellow insane person!

