

- 518. Chapter 518: Epilogue 1 – The World of Zero, II
- 519. Chapter 519: Epilogue 1 – The World of Zero, III
- 520. Chapter 520: Epilogue 1 – The World of Zero, IV
- 521. Chapter 521: Epilogue 1 – The World of Zero, V
- 522. Chapter 522: Epilogue 1 – The World of Zero, VI
- 523. Chapter 523: Epilogue 1 – The World of Zero, VII
- 524. Chapter 524: Epilogue 1 – The World of Zero, VIII
- 525. Chapter 525: Epilogue 1 – The World of Zero, IX
- 526. Chapter 526: Epilogue 2 – Not Found Anywhere, I
- 527. Chapter 527: Epilogue 2 – Not Found Anywhere, II
- 528. Chapter 528: Epilogue 2 – Not Found Anywhere, III
- 529. Chapter 529: Epilogue 2 – Not Found Anywhere, IV
- 530. Chapter 530: Epilogue 2 – Not Found Anywhere, V
- 531. Chapter 531: Epilogue 2 – Not Found Anywhere, VI
- 532. Chapter 532: Epilogue 3 – Author's Words, I
- 533. Chapter 533: Epilogue 3 – Author's Words, II
- 534. Chapter 534: Epilogue 3 – Author's Words, III
- 535. Chapter 535: Epilogue 3 – Author's Words, IV
- 536. Chapter 536: Epilogue 4 – The Omniscient Reader's Viewpoint, I
- 537. Chapter 537: Epilogue 4 – The Omniscient Reader's Viewpoint, II
- 538. Chapter 538: Epilogue 4 – The Omniscient Reader's Viewpoint, III
- 539. Chapter 539: Epilogue 4 – The Omniscient Reader's Viewpoint, IV
- 540. Chapter 540: Epilogue 4 – The Omniscient Reader's Viewpoint, V
- 541. Chapter 541: Epilogue 4 – The Omniscient Reader's Viewpoint, VI
- 542. Chapter 542: Epilogue 4 – The Omniscient Reader's Viewpoint, VII
- 543. Chapter 543: Epilogue 4 – The Omniscient Reader's Viewpoint, VIII
- 544. Chapter 544: Epilogue 4 – The Omniscient Reader's Viewpoint, IX
- 545. Chapter 545: Epilogue 4 – The Omniscient Reader's Viewpoint, X
- 546. Chapter 546: Epilogue 5 – The Eternity and Epilogue, I
- 547. Chapter 547: Epilogue 5 – The Eternity and Epilogue, II
- 548. Chapter 548: Epilogue 5 – The Eternity and Epilogue, III
- 549. Chapter 549: Epilogue 5 – The Eternity and Epilogue, IV
- 550. Chapter 550: Epilogue 5 – The Eternity and Epilogue, V
- 551. Chapter 551: Epilogue 5 – The Eternity and Epilogue (Complete)

싱송 장편소설

# 전지적 독자 시점

Omniscient  
Reader's  
Viewpoint

PART 1

01





## **Chapter 1: Prologue - Three Ways to Survive in a Ruined World.**

「There are three ways to survive in a ruined world. I have forgotten some of them now. However, one thing is certain: you who are currently reading these words will survive.

—Three Ways to Survive in a Ruined World [Complete]」

A web novel platform filled the screen of my old smartphone. I scrolled down and then up again. How many times have I been doing this?

"Really? This is the end?"

I looked again, and the 'complete' was unmistakable. The story was over.

[Three Ways to Survive in a Ruined World]

Author: t1s123

3,149 chapters.

'Three Ways to Survive in a Ruined World' was a feature-length fantasy novel with 3,149 chapters. Its shortened name was 'Ways of Survival'.

I have been steadily reading this novel since the third year of middle school. Even when I was bullied by the delinquents at my school, even when I had to enter a third-rate, local university since I screwed up my entrance exams, even when I was assigned to a military unit at the frontlines since the damn military draft lottery went wrong, and even now, working as a contractor for a large subsidiary, still without a full-time job... damn it, let's stop thinking about this. Anyway.

[ Author's words: Thank you so much for reading 'Ways of Survival' up to here. I will come back to you with an epilogue!]

"Ah... The epilogue still remains. Then the next chapter is really the last one."

From the end of my childhood all the way to adulthood—a long journey spanning over ten years. I felt a mixture of desolation that a world was coming to an end along with a sense of fulfillment from finally being able to reach the conclusion of that world. I opened the comment box for the last chapter and re-wrote a sentence several times.

—Kim Dokja: Writer, thank you for everything in the meantime. I am looking forward to the epilogue.

They were sincere sentences. Ways of Survival was my life's novel. It wasn't the most popular, but it was the best novel for me. There were many words I wanted to say but I couldn't write them. I was afraid that my careless words would hurt the writer.

—An average of 1.9 hits per chapter.

—An average of 1.08 comments.

This was the average popularity index of 'Ways of Survival'. The number of views for the first chapter was 1,2000, but it fell to 120 for the 10th chapter, and then 12 for the 50th chapter. By the time it was the 100th chapter, it was only 1.

Hits= 1.

I was overwhelmed by the feeling I got when I saw the numerous '1' that appeared next to the list of chapters. In some cases, there was a '2', but it was likely someone pressing the wrong button.

'Thank you'.

The author published a novel with more than 3,000 chapters with just 1 hit per chapter over a period of 10 years. It was truly a story just for me. I pressed on the 'Recommendation Board' and immediately started tapping on the keyboard,

—I have a dope novel to recommend

The author wrote me a free completed novel, so I should give him a recommendation. I clicked on the completed button, and comments quickly appeared.

—It looks like a new anti. I searched for this person's ID, and they recommended the same novel several times.

—Isn't his recommendation banned? The author shouldn't do this here.

Belatedly, it occurred to me that I wrote a recommendation a few months ago. In an instant, dozens of comments were covered with rhetoric such as "attention seeker" or "dumbass." My face became flushed.

I was sure the author would also read this. So, I hurriedly tried to delete my post, but I only got a message saying that it couldn't be deleted because it had already been reported.

"This..."

There was a bitter taste in my mouth at the thought that the sincerely written recommendation ended up becoming a stain on the novel's reputation. If they even looked a little bit, why didn't anyone try reading the interesting novel? I wanted to give a donation to the writer, but I couldn't afford it because I was a salary worker barely able to make a living. Then I received a notification that a 'message has arrived'.

—tls123: Thank you.

A message flew in from out of nowhere. It took me a while to grasp the situation.

—Kim Dokja: The author?

tls123—it was the author of 'Ways of Survival'.

—tls123: I was able to complete it to the end thanks to you. I also won the competition.

I couldn't believe it. Ways of Survival won a competition?

—Kim Dokja: Congratulations! What is the competition? tls123:

You won't know it because it is an unknown competition.

I wondered if he lied because he was ashamed, but I wanted it to be true. Perhaps I really didn't know. It might be a bit hit on other platforms. I was a little sad, but it was good to have an excellent story spreading.

–tls123: I would like to send a special gift to you as a thank you.

–Kim Dokja: Gift?

–tls123: It is thanks to my dear reader that this story has come into the world.

I gave the writer my email address as he asked.

–tls123: Ah, right. I got the monetization schedule.

–Kim Dokja: Wow, really? When will it start? This masterpiece should've been paid from the beginning...

It was a lie. The Ways of Survival was a daily series, so I would've had to spend 3,000 won a month. 3,000 won was one convenience-store lunch for me.

–tls123: The monetization starts tomorrow.

–Kim Dokja: Then the epilogue coming tomorrow will be paid?

–tls123: Yes, I'm afraid you need to pay for it.

–Kim Dokja: Of course, I have to pay! I will buy the last one!

After that, there was no reply from the author. It looked like they logged out of the site. A sense of despondency settled in. Were they leaving without even replying now that they were successful? My admiration turned into petty jealousy. What was I so excited about? It wasn't like I had written the novel anyway.

"Will they give me a gift certificate? It'd be nice if it has around 50,000 won."

Those were the naive thoughts I had back then.

I knew nothing about what would happen to the world the next day.





## **Chapter 2: Ep. 1 – Starting the Paid Service, I**

"I'm Dokja."

I usually introduced myself to people like this, then the following misunderstanding would occur. "Oh, are you an only child?"

"I am, but that isn't what I mean."

"Huh? Then?"

"My name is Dokja. Kim Dokja."

My father gave me that name so that I'd become a strong man even if I was on my own. However, thanks to this name that my father gave me, I was simply living as a single man, unremarkable in my loneliness.

In short, my life was like this: Kim Dokja, 28 years old, single.



My hobby was reading web novels on the subway while going to and from work.

"At this rate, you'll get sucked into your smartphone."

In a noisy subway, I raised my head reflexively. A pair of curious eyes were staring straight at me. They belonged to an employee from the human resources team, Yoo Sangah.

"Ah, hello." I greeted her.

"Are you going home from work?"

"Yes. What about Yoo Sangah-ssi<sup>2</sup>?"

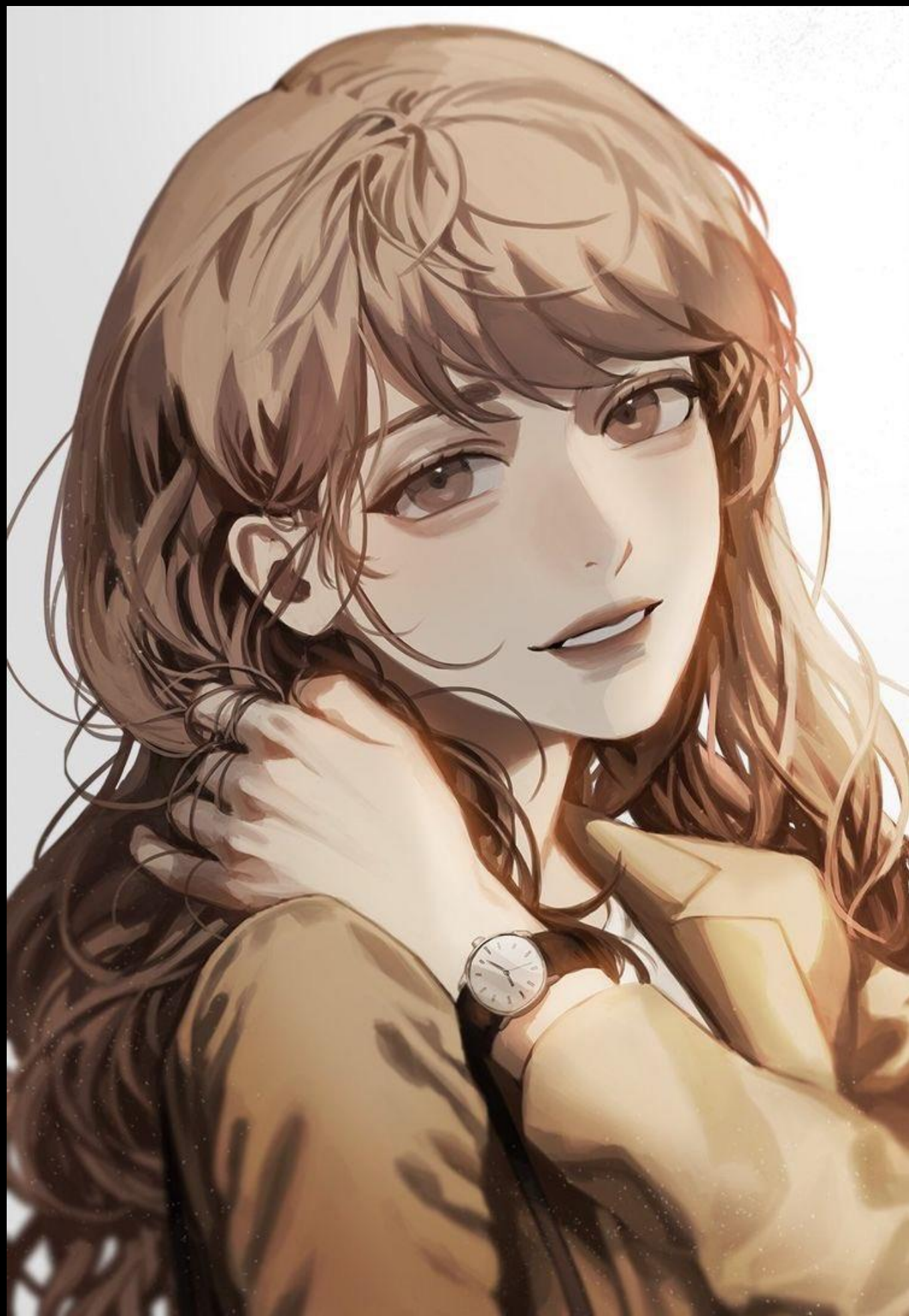
"I was lucky. The manager went on a business trip today." Yoo Sangah sat down soon as the seat next to me became vacant. A subtle scent came from her shoulders, making me nervous.

"Do you normally take the subway?"

"That..." Yoo Sangah made a dark expression. Come to think of it, this was the first time I'd met Yoo Sangah on a subway train. Starting with Personnel Manager Kang to Finance Manager Han... There were rumors that Yoo Sangah had men from the company driving her home every workday. Yet unexpected words came from Yoo Sangah's mouth, "Someone stole my bicycle." Bicycle.

"You commute by bike?"

"Yes! It's because I felt like I've been getting less and less exercise since I've been working overtime a lot lately. And because there was also a bit of an annoying matter... Things like that were why." Aha, so that's how it was.



Yoo Sangah smiled brightly. Seeing her this close, I could kind of understand why men found her attractive, but, ultimately, it didn't matter to me. The genre of every person's life was already determined, and Yoo Sangah was someone who lived in a genre different from mine. After the awkward conversation, we looked at our phones. I opened up the novel app I was reading on before while Yoo Sangah... What was this?

"Puede prestarme dinero."

"Huh?"

"Spanish."

"...I see. What does it mean?"

"Please give me some money," Yoo Sangah replied proudly. Studying on the subway while going home... She truly had a genre different from me. But where was she planning to use a phrase like that after learning it?

"You're working hard."

"By the way, what is Dokja-ssi looking at?"

"Ah, I..."

In the moment it took me to think, 'Oh, shoot,' Yoo Sangah's gaze landed on the LCD screen of my smartphone. "Is it a novel?"

"Yes, well... You could say that I'm studying Korean."

"Wow, I also like novels. I haven't been able to read lately because I don't have time..." It was surprising. Yoo Sangah liked reading novels...?

"Novels like Murakami Haruki, Raymond Carver, Han Kang..." Ah, of course.

Yoo Sangah asked, "Dokja-ssi, what writers do you like?"



"You won't know even if I say their names."

"I've read a lot of novels. Who are the authors?"

At this time, it was really hard to say that I read web novels as a hobby. I glanced at the title of the novel in the app.

[The World after the Fall]

Author: Sing Shangshong.

I couldn't say that I was reading 'The World after the Fall by Sing Shangshong'.

"It's just a fantasy novel. It's... What was it again? Right, Lord of the Rings, it's kind of like that..."

Yoo Sangah's eyes widened. "Aha. The Lord of the Rings. I've also seen the movies."

"Yes, the movies are good."

Silence followed. Yoo Sangah was still looking in my direction and seemed to be waiting for me to say something. It was getting awkward. So, I decided to change the topic. "It's already been one year since we joined the company, hasn't it? It was around this time last year, I think. Time really flies."

"Yes, you're right. Back then, the two of us had no idea what was going on, didn't we?"

"That's right. It seems like just yesterday, but the contract period is already over." I realized that I'd said something wrong when I saw Yoo Sangah's expression.

"Ah, I..." Yoo Sangah trailed off.

I had forgotten. Yoo Sangah received credit for a foreign buyer last month and was already promoted to a full-time employee.

"Ah, that's right, that happened. My congratulations are late. Sorry about that. Haha, maybe I should've worked hard to study a foreign language too." "N-no, not at all, Dokja-ssi! There's still the performance review, and..."

I didn't want to admit it, but the sight of Yoo Sangah speaking—it was pretty cool. Her face seemed to glow with a brilliant light, as though the world's spotlight was shining down on only one person.

If this world were a novel, the protagonist would likely be someone like her. In fact, it was an inevitable outcome.

While I hadn't worked hard...

Yoo Sangah had.

While I read webnovels on the Internet...

Yoo Sangah studied diligently.

So, it was inevitable that Yoo Sangah would become a full-time employee and that my contract would be terminated.

"Um... Dokja-ssi."

"Yes?"

"If you don't mind... Should I let you know the app I'm using?" All of the sudden, Yoo Sangah's voice sounded distant.

It felt as though I was getting infinitely farther away from the world. To rein in my mind which felt as though it would drift away, I forced my eyes open and focused my gaze straight ahead.

A boy was sitting in the seat opposite mine on the train.

He looked a little over 10 years old.

The boy who held an insect collecting net in one hand was smiling brightly as he sat next to his mother.

"...Dokja-ssi?"

What would it be like, if I had a life different from the one I had now? In other words, what if the genre of my life had been different?

"Kim Dok..."

If the genre of my life weren't 'realism' but 'fantasy'...

Would I have been able to become the protagonist?

Who knows.

That was probably something I would never find out. However, if there was one I did know, it was this:

"It's fine, Yoo Sangah-ssi."

"Pardon?"

"Even if you tell me the app, it won't be any use."

The genre of my life was plainly 'realism.'

"It's because a Dokja has a Dokja's life, you see."

"Hm? What do you ..."

"It's just that some people are like that in life."

And in this genre, I wasn't a protagonist but a 'Reader'.



"A Dokja's life..."

Yoo Sangah was wearing a grave expression, so I waved my hand a bit to show that I was really alright. I didn't really know why, but this person seemed sincerely worried about me. Well, she was from HR... so she was probably aware of my work performance already.

"Dokja-ssi says truly great things."

"What?"

"Then, I suppose I have my own life as well—a Sangah's life."

Yoo Sangah seemed to have decided something as she turned back to studying Spanish. I gazed at her for a while before returning to the novel. Everything had returned to normal, but strangely, my scrolling of the novel didn't go well. Maybe it was because I realized the weight of reality that I couldn't scroll down.

At that time, a notification appeared at the top of my smartphone. [You have one new mail.]

It was from the author of 'Ways of Survival'. I opened the mail.

—Reader-nim<sup>3</sup>, my novel will become paid from 7 p.m. This will be helpful. Good luck.

[1 attachment.]

The author said he would give me a gift. What was the gift?

...Like my name, I was also a reader by nature. So, I was excited to receive the mail. Yes, it wasn't bad living as a reader. I checked the time. It was 6:55

p.m. I had exactly five minutes before the novel became monetized at 7 p.m. Then I opened up my list of preferred novels in the app. Since I was

the only reader, I should leave a congratulatory comment and give strength to the author. However...

—The work doesn't exist.

I tried typing 'ruined' several times in the search box, but the result was the same. The bulletin board for 'Ways of Survival' had disappeared without a trace. It was strange. Had there ever been a case of a novel being deleted without notification when it was going to be monetized?

At that moment, the subway lights turned off, and the inside of the train became dark.

Kiiiiiiiik-! The subway train shook loudly and let out a metallic sound. It caused Yoo Sangah to scream and grab my arm. Then I heard the sound of other people getting stirred up. Yoo Sangah gripped my arm so tightly that I paid more attention to the pain in my left arm than the sudden stop. It took a dozen seconds for the train to stop fully.

Then I heard confused voices coming from everywhere.

"Uh, what?"

"W-What is this?"

In the dark, one or two smartphone lights turned on. Yoo Sangah still held my left arm tightly as she asked, "W-What is going on?"

I pretended to be unconcerned. "Don't worry. It isn't a big deal."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it is probably a disturbance from a suicide. The engineer will soon make an announcement."

As I finished speaking, I heard the engineer's announcement, -Telling all passengers on the train. Telling all passengers on the train.