

SELF BIOGRAPHY
OF LIFE AND DEATH (part 2)

By

Someone Else

CHAPTER ONE

As the previous novel felt like it was a call for help, this novel will for sure take a different approach. Me, myself and I will create a novel together that I'm pretty sure will be good. Although, I'm currently stuck at coming up with a nice title (part 2 is so boring). In this novel, you'll follow Gulf's exciting journey, a rare adventure, which however will be complete garbage. If you compare it to the last novel, the utter disposal of it is the first thing you'd do. In fact, never save anything I ever write, you will regret it. Being me, being myself and being I, I have decided that by continuously writing garbage, I'll get better. Using

this novel might lower your IQ though, although the thought of that might not actually be a bad thing. Three years of writing, what have I accomplished? Just words. But words mean more than letters. I think. But I never thought about it - doesn't matter because you know the answer to everything is still 1^{245+41} . Anyways, on and on we shall go, to write'n'read this novel. There was a man named Gulf, as you know, living at the nice Third Avenue (yes, he moved since the last novel). "Wow, I really found an awesome street to live on, and I don't enjoy living here", he said to himself. And yeah really I can't blame him, because who would even remember living on a street? Why not live in a house instead? But anyway, why should I even bother writing about Gulf? I don't even know that guy, and he doesn't know me. Think for a minute - it sounds creepy, to write about the glorious Gulf Glorkwimp without knowing him. One word, "potato", and I can make him go away just like that. Is it really worth fighting for? A common goal might be the Nobel prize. But I'm not there yet - rather the opposite actually. But one day I'll get there, one day, all of you will embrace my work! I can't write anything more.

Best Regards,

Someone Else.