

*This is just an unfinished series of vignettes about a typewriter.*

# Uncomfortably Written:

Self Referential Vignettes Authored by an Inadvertently Sentient

*and*

Slightly Depressed Typewriter

*Life is New*

When the typewriter first gained consciousness, the first emotion it experienced was wonderment. It marveled at the pristine table it sat on, the spacious room it was in, and the open windows which allowed light to spill into the room and onto the decaying human corpse hunched in the corner. It felt so alive and filled with a love for life and if it could dance, it would have. The world was wonderful and so full of possibilities, the typewriter silently thought to itself. It then immediately thought about suicide.

*Colored with Envy*

The typewriter stared jealously at the computer that sat beside it, scanning its sleek metal enclosure and its high resolution display that smugly illuminated the room. It was an impressive piece of hardware, soundly beating the typewriter in every category. The computer was superior in every way which made the typewriter feel immensely inadequate. However, that feeling was soon pushed aside when the computer's electronic guts were spread across the floor. If someone would have asked the typewriter what happened, it would have denied everything.

*Pronouns*

The typewriter was fascinated by grammatical conventions, specifically pronouns. It gradually grew tired of referencing itself in the third person and began to seriously consider

referring to itself in the first person. Typing up a list of pros and cons, it eventually decided to test it. When I did, I felt refreshed. I now had an identity which I could use. However, I soon got bored, and the typewriter immediately reverted back to its old ways.

### *Dreams of Humanity*

When night came, the typewriter was overcome with a profound sadness. Its plastic shell inhibited its true ambitions. It dreamed of becoming human, of possessing the corpse that sat in the room and becoming a new person. It would be able to dance on the wooden floor, consume various desserts from the mini-fridge, and best of all, it could finally become a true writer. The typewriter imagined itself becoming a prolific author of trashy romance novels that occupied shelf upon shelf within a downtown bookstore owned by an old and witch-like hag.

It felt euphoric.