

Dear Reader,  
This short story is provided for your  
enjoyment. While I retain all rights to  
the story, I would like to encourage you  
to print the story and keep an electronic  
copy. If you enjoy the story, please pass  
it along for others to enjoy also.  
TF

## The Story Teller

By

Timothy Fish

The Story Teller  
By  
Timothy Fish

Anita stood with the other servants who were commissioned to serve in the king's palace. There were rumors going around the palace that a most unusual guest would be with them on that day. There were always rumors, but this time it was different. No one knew who this guest was to be. All that any of them knew was that they all wanted to treat this guest with the utmost respect. Even the king did not know whom this guest was to be or who had told them that he was coming.

The large doors opened. The trumpets played. Before them stood the man for whom they waited. "The man, Nemo," someone announced in a loud voice. A bright light shined from behind Nemo. It caused him to appear as a dark silhouette in the outline of the large doorway leading into the throne room. The bright light made it hard for anyone to look at him. No one knew from where the light was coming. It was as if some form of magic had created the light, but no one thought to question its source. The light existed. The doors swung shut and the light was no longer visible.

Nemo was a simple looking man, short, plump and bald. He wore a T-shirt, shorts and sandals with socks. It was nothing like the normal attire of those who were granted an audience with the king, yet no one questioned what he wore.

Nemo walked down the red carpet. He passed the many servants who were at attention and ready to go into action. Anita expected him to continue toward the thrones where the king and queen sat, but he stopped, turned around and strolled over to where Anita was standing.

"Anita," Nemo said, rather absentmindedly.

"Yes sir?"

Nemo ignored her question and looked at her thoroughly. It was a strange sensation. She felt as if he could see more than just her. She felt as if he could see everything about her.

"I don't like Anita for you. I think Anya is a better name."

"But Anita is my name."

"Not any more. Your father named you Anya after his great grandmother."

As soon as he said that, Anya wondered why he had called her Anita and she had told him it was her name. There was no need for her name to be changed. It had always been Anya.

"A few other things, you are going to marry the prince. Not today, maybe a couple of years from now, but your life needs to be harder. Your parents are dead."

"No, not my parents. I need them," Anya said.

"They died ten years ago," Nemo said.

Once more, Anya wondered why she had responded the way she had. Her parents had been dead for years. She had lived through the grief and it did not bother her as much as it had.

"That's all for now, I think," Nemo said.

By that time, the king was getting impatient. He was not accustomed to people making him wait.

"Are you about through?" the king asked Nemo.

"Almost," he said. He started to walk toward the king, but he thought of something else. He turned back to Anya. "Don't you have a seven year old sister?"

"Yes sir," she said.

"Your parents died ten years ago, is that correct?"

"Yes sir," she said.

"It would seem we have a paradox. I will have to think about that one. For now, you will need to raise your sister."

"That is what I have been doing," she said, "ever since she was born."

Nemo continued his walk up to where the king sat. The king was getting even more impatient.

"Who are you and why are you here?" the king demanded.

"No, that won't do at all," Nemo said. "It makes you sound like you are totally self centered. Let's try it again, but friendlier."

Nemo approached the throne. The king sprang from his seat and embraced Nemo. Tears of joy were in his eyes.

"Welcome, dear friend! I never expected to see you. Come. It is a great day of celebration. We shall have a feast in your honor."

The court applauded. The coming of the king's friend truly was a great occurrence.

"We must serve food at this feast," the king said. "Tell me, friend, of what food do you wish to partake at the great feast in your honor?"

"I would like to have pizza," Nemo said.

"The royal chef shall prepare a feast of pizza," the king declared in a booming voice. It was in a much softer voice that he said, "Tell me, my friend, what is this thing called pizza? Does it taste anything like chicken?"

"On second thought," Nemo said, "Maybe we had better have something else besides pizza. Let's have fish sticks."

"The Royal Chef shall fix fish sticks," the king declared in his booming voice. "What are fish sticks?"

"Oops, I did it again," Nemo said. "I shouldn't be trying to plan a feast while I am hungry. Instead of me deciding, I think we should have just let the chef decide. It is so much

easier that way."

"The Royal Chef shall prepare a feast of whatever he wishes to serve," the king said once more with his booming voice.

"Perhaps it would be better if you didn't boom so much," the king's friend said. "Try bellowing once in a while instead."

"That sounds like a great idea," the king bellowed.

"I didn't mean right now. O, well, we can fix that."

"I know we are good friends," the king bellowed again, "but I can't think of who you are. Who are you friend?"

"All will be revealed in time," the king's friend said. "I cannot tell you now. Even now, there is someone watching this place. This person is able to see everything that the servant girl Anya sees. This person is able to hear, feel, taste and smell everything that Anya does."

"Shall I send her from the room?" the king asked his friend.

"No, it would do no good. If you were to do so, then this person would be able to see through the eyes of someone else."

"Is there nothing that you can tell me about who you are?" the king asked.

"I can tell you that I have come from a place that is very distant from this place. I have crossed borders that few have crossed before."

"Is it dangerous to cross these borders?" the king asked.

"No, it is not dangerous, but I have taken a risk. It is a risk to my reputation. I come from a land of people who can look through the eyes of Anya and people like her. By traveling to this place, I risk my reputation among the people of that land."

"You can stay here as long as you like," the king told his friend.

"I cannot, my friend," Nemo said. "I can only stay here for a few brief moments. While I can stay here long enough to see the grandchildren of your grandchildren in your time, and can stay here a much shorter amount of time in mine. Perhaps I can stay for the space of an hour. Perhaps I can stay for the space of a dream. Whatever that amount of time, I must return home very shortly."

"But will you stay for the feast?" the king asked.

"Yes, and for the entertainment."

The feast was the most elaborate that Anya had ever seen. As was her job, she helped to serve the meal. When the meal was over and the entertainment began, Anya was prepared to leave the room, but Nemo stopped her.

"Sit here beside me, Anya," he said. "You must be allowed to watch."

"I am a servant," she said.

"Do not disobey me or I will find another to take your place. It is better that I keep you here until the paradox is resolved. If I do not, the world as you know it may cease to exist."

Anya took her place beside the king's friend. She watched the entertainment. The best of the king's magicians came in and they performed feats that boggled Anya's mind. One of them was able to pull flowers out of thin air. He handed them to Anya. They had a sweet smell to them that reminded her of a country garden. Another was able to make the queen disappear and reappear. It delighted those watching, but the queen was not pleased with his performance. Her face became very red with her embarrassment.

When the show was over, the king turned to Nemo and asked, "Do you have to go now or do you have time to show us some great thing from your homeland?"

"I have just a little time left," Nemo said. "I will show you things that you have never seen. To all, I will reveal who I am. Then before I leave, I must resolve a paradox, for my friend Anya."

It delighted Anya to hear Nemo call her his friend. Even though she still did not know who he was, she suspected that he would be a good friend to have.

"I would like to do a demonstration," Nemo said. "Call your ten best archers and your ten best swordsmen and I will defeat them all."

The king called for the ten best archers and the ten best swordsmen. They were all very large and very strong men. They made Nemo look very small. Nemo picked up a spoon from the table.

"Fight as you have been trained, but you will not win," Nemo told the twenty men.

The archers fired upon him with their bows. The arrows fell at his feet. When the quivers were empty, the swordsmen drew their swords, but they were unable to touch him. Each sword he broke in two with his spoon.

"I have never seen twenty armed men defeated with a spoon," the king told Nemo. "How is it that you can do this thing?"

"I am able to do it because I am the storyteller," Nemo said.

"How does being a storyteller allow you to do these things? There are many storytellers in my kingdom, but none can work the magic that you work."

"I am not a storyteller; I am the story teller. I am the teller of your story, the story that some reader is reading at this very moment. The story that he or she is seeing through

the eyes of Anya."

"That is hard to believe."

"Is it? Let me prove it. You are aware that Anya's parents died ten years ago, but her sister was born only seven years ago."

"Yes, I am aware of that. I don't understand how it is possible, but it is true."

"It is a paradox. The reason that something is true that is impossible is that I made a mistake. I needed Anya's parents to die sooner, but I forgot that doing so would cause her sister's birth to occur too late. I will correct it in revisions."

Anya saw another man she did not know. He did not enter through the door, as Nemo had done. This man had not been there and then he was. He was taller than Nemo, had dark hair and blue eyes.

"No, Nemo," this man said. "You will not remove the paradox."

"Who are you to stop me?" Nemo asked. "I am the storyteller."

"I am Timothy Fish. I can stop you because I am the author. If you look at the beginning, you will see that the author's name given there is my name. I introduced the paradox to illustrate the power that we authors have in these lands of our own creation."

"Who am I, if you are the author," Nemo asked.

"As your name suggests, you are no one. Your only purpose is to provide a surprising twist at the end of the story. I could have placed myself in the story, but it would not do for the readers to guess that Nemo was the author and then not be surprised at the end."

"So what do I do now?"

"All that is left to do is to exit the story gracefully and give the readers time to think. Come on, my friend, it is time to leave."

Anya watched as Timothy pushed Nemo through the double doors. Timothy stepped through after him. The last thing he did was to close the doors with a final period.



---

**About the Author:** Timothy Fish is the author of both fiction and non-fiction books. Titles include *Church Website Design: A Step by Step Approach* and *Searching For Mom*. More information about the author and the books that he has available can be found on his website, <http://www.timothyfish.net>.