

# *Neverending Poem*

ThE PoEm. The poem is so long you can't even see anything that is happening. You'll be reading so long, that it isn't funny.

If you are planning on reading this, you are going to be here so long that you don't remember who you're family is, you won't remember how to walk, or even how to talk.

You won't be able to cry, laugh, or smile! You will think you are in a winter wonderland. Side effects include: Dizziness, buying a phone, buying a computer, buying an Xbox, and buying eggnog.

Who am I you might ask? I am nobody. I am not a living thing. I am just here to tell you how long this poem is. I have no name. The only thing I am good for is, indeed, reading this poem.

Now, let me tell you about my worst enemy... Siri! Siri is the destruction of all good things. Siri cannot feel love, she cannot feel joy. She only feels destruction. I think you get the point.

I told you this poem would be long, but you didn't listen. Now you are stuck reading it. You cannot stop because it's so entertaining. You think, *oh, I can stop reading whenever I want*. Well, you can't! Now, you have to read for the rest of eternity.

But the poem is still not done. You have to be here for a loooooooooooooooooong time. I will keep your eyes on the poem. I will force you to read this, forever...

You might be wondering, what is this poem about? Long story short, it's about how long it is. It's too late to turn back now.

Even if you were to turn back, (which you can't!) I would haunt you. Do you really want that? If you decide to turn back, and somehow cross my magical barrier, these consequences *will* occur.

You're thinking, *when will the story actually start?* Well, I have an answer for that. JUST BE PATIENT! I will keep telling you how long it is until the poem is truly long!

Anyway, in this poem we talk about many, many, many things. So, for this part let's talk about society. The social life today is let's just say, "different". Now, we

communicate via what we call a “cellphone”. Heck, the thing even has a robot to talk to usually. We also talk through “social media”. Such as Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat, Youtube, and a whole lot others.

This leads me into the next subject, why you are reading this poem? I think you are most likely reading this poem because you’re bored. You’re reading this for a form of entertainment. I bet that you are so bored that you’ll read to letters this small. Wow! You must be *really* bored!

Riddle me this, what has a crown, but is not a king, has scales, but is not a reptile? A pineapple! You think, *Why did he just randomly waste my time with a riddle?* Because I wanted to! I know your bored, but I had to waste your time a little.

Now, let me talk about you. *You* are a human (I think). You just want this poem to end so that I don’t have to haunt you. I have to admit to something. Those side effects at the beginning, that won’t actually happen. Though, you may still think that you are in a winter wonderland.

That is it for me, yes, the poem is finally over. We have had many fun adventures together. I just would like to say one last thing. Peace out!