



Amownall the Last, pharaoh of the future

Description

Pharaoh Amownall the Last will possess everything. Every land, every building, every infrastructure, and every dollar will rightfully belong to him, just like every soul on Earth. Descending from a dynasty of bankers, and thanks to the tireless labor and sacrifices of his ancestors, Amownall will become the owner of the planet and all its resources, whether they are natural or human.

All people in the future will work in the field of finance. The few robots that will ensure the subsistence of humans will gradually break down, causing a global famine. Babies will be born and will have to learn how to count as quickly as possible to go count money in banks before dying of malnutrition, one after another.

Every day, all humans will pray to the greatness of Amownall for eight hours, because he will be worth it. Men, women, and children will all desire to be in Amownall's™ position and they will worship him without opposition for this very reason.

If everything will be his, he could do whatever he wants. And so will he.

All of this will be prophesied by Amownfukal, not pharaoh at all. This illiterate prophet will be crucified at the foot of the unique kyurensiramid, built in gold from jaw to tail as the fin in between. He will then be kept alive to serve as an example. He will be whipped from dusk till dawn. Needles will be planted under his nails. Cigars will be extinguished on his skin. Glass microbeads will be thrown in his eyes. Flicks will be administered on his testicles every minute. He will be fed with mould, decay and defecations. And to punish him for having talked, young and old alike will wait in line to lapidate him in laughters. So will be treated Amownfukal for saying true words.

Everyone will be happy not to be Amownfukal. People will willingly accept with compliance their condition, because after all, it will be more enviable than that of the whipped prophet whose punishment was broadcasted twenty-four hours a day on all television channels and websites, but not without advertisements.

So, no one will eat their fill. The global famine will be the proof that finally, human beings know how to worship what allowed, allows and will allow their existence. Farmers, puny by malnutrition, will offer

their whole harvests to Amownall because he will be their absolute monarch. After all, these arable lands and plants will be his property. It's the law: private property was, is, and will be more important than the common good. Exhausted, secretly eating their own children to find the strength to till the fields, the farmers, like any other worker, will bleed themselves for the benefit of Amownall. Of course, the pharaoh will be interested in the agony of his subjects, watching their demise from a safe distance in high definition, but he will never feel any interest in them. All food, except for the little rice necessary for the survival of his subjects, will be taken to the kyurensiramid where every offering will rot under the sun, in plain sight and filmed from every angle. Since the pharaoh will possess all the money, no one will be able to afford to eat. For these people, coherence will bring hunger, but it will be better to be logical than satiated.

All cars, all airplanes, and all yachts in the world will rust, like ancient relics lost in the jungle, around the golden kyurensiramid. Inside, all the works of art in the world will be displayed. Everything will be his, and he will be the only one who can enjoy their view. No one will be able to experience pleasure, making it even rarer and therefore more precious. Even his children, whom he loved less than all, will beg him to share, but nothing will compel Amownall to spare them. The very people will be his spare change. So, he will impose even more kyurensian measures on the global population, reminding them who owns their air. Everyone will console themselves by saying with gratitude that, at least, they are not in the place of Amownfukall.

At the end of his reign, the pharaoh will realize that he cannot buy death, even with all the objects imagined by human beings throughout the ages. Nothing will be able to save him, but nothing will prevent him from taking his possessions to the afterlife because he will own everything.

So for months, the entire global population will embark on what will be known as the Compost-Hell pilgrimage towards Amownall's kyurensiramid. The tallest will walk over the smallest. The most voracious will feed on the weakest. A collective hysteria will ignite the globe, as everyone vies for the chance to pass away in the kyurensiramid alongside the greatest pharaoh who ever lived.

As Amownall will agonize in the center of his complex, his guards will dispose of the first arrivals by tossing them into the mechanical jaws of the kyurensiramid. Once the interior of the biggest structure humans ever built will be compacted with fortunate butchered people who will decompose into dust, the army planes will rain down all the nuclear bombs in the world on the stragglers. These brave and loyal soldiers will then put an end to their miserable lives by crashing into the ruins of competitiveness and profit.

When he will be certain that all his subjects have left before him, Amownall will let out a sigh of relief. He will finally have reached the end of this generous logic that had offered him so much, but a part of him will still want more. It is thus unsatisfied that the last representative of the chimeric shark on Earth will pass away.

Thus, Amownall the Last will be the lone pharaoh greater than History, this tale bills. He will be its profitable conclusion. And all that will remain of humanity, in millions of years, will be a pool of oil flowing from the kyurensiramid to fuel the combustion of the engines of the next beings endowed with reason.

The most paradoxical aspect of this tale is that it is easier to imagine it than the end of money itself.

CatÃ©gorie

1. Tales of succubus godmother

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