After me, the deluge

Jordan Rimpela
This is absolutely insane. I am not really sure why I am even bothering to write the
events of this day in detail; I'm quite certain that nobody would believe me. It doesn't mat-
ner; it is not like anyone will actually find this little nugget of crazy after the world's demise.
If you do find this note, then I am sorry for the mess we left. I am sure you'll understand, end
of the world and all.

Most people do not wake up thinking the world is going to end, right? I mean, sure,
people get stressed and sometimes wish for it to end so they don't have to deal with whatever
hot mess they have themselves in; but no one really goes to bed at night, sure of the world's
imminent demise in the morning, do they? I obviously didn't think the world was end-
ing today, yet here I am, under a clearance rack at the local Kaufmarkt listening to Winston
Churchill and Queen Elizabeth I playing paddy cake between whimsical ramblings over the
loud speaker of the world's demise. I have no idea why Winston Churchill is here, no idea
whatsoever. I hear that Napoleon tried to invade the Karl May museum but was thwarted
by historically incorrect cowboys and Indians, who in turn handed Napoleon over to Custer.
Last I heard they were at an Irish pub arguing over what was cooler: Neapolitan ice cream or
custard doughnuts.

What an absolutely esoteric way to die. You'd think maybe an asteroid would hit the
planet, or some crazed nuclear destruction with a dash of global warming --for good mea-
ure-- would bring on the world's demise, but never would you imagine historically signifi-
cant people gallivanting about or John Lennon, with Teddy Roosevelt playing drums, singing,
"It's the End of the World as we Know it." In the background, I can faintly hear a conversation
between Paul Harvey and I think Walter Cronkite. It's a cacophony of catchphrases mixed
with what I can only describe as death noises. The only decipherable thing I can hear is some-
thing about America. Whatever it is, it can't be good.

Sitting under a clothing rack makes you hungry. I close my eyes, imagining that I am
eating a huge plate of schnitzel mit pommes frites und senf; oh it's good. I am thrown back
into the reality of my situation when Churchill sees fit to sing "God Save the Queen" over the
PA system. I guess there's really no point to eating on the day the world ends, but this pain
inside me is growing. Is this how I die? I die of starvation on the day the world ends? I sup-
pose it's better than being disemboweled by Bea Arthur, but I'll be damned if this pain is only
hunger ache.

My mind must be going. It has to be going. I have been under this rack of clothes for
too long. I thought writing this letter would keep me lucid, but I keep blanking out. People
hated me during my reign as king. I thought I did a damn good job to be honest; it's not like I
ushered in the revolution. Nay, that was my grandson. Well, OK, maybe I did a little. People
are hard to please, though; especially peasants. A peasant tried to kill me. He didn't like my
mistress. I tried my best to show compassion, but in the end he was killed anyway. A bad
king. I was fair. I will not stand any longer for the injustice peasants and history itself has
given me. Let them eat cake.