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Après moi, le déluge

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Après moi, le déluge

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 matter; 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 ending 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 measure-- would bring on the world's demise, but never would you imagine historically significant 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 something 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 suppose 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.