

[...]

Janus remembered, two years ago, when people were complaining about tax being raised to moderate 75%. Since the dawn of time, plebs have always moaned and whimpered about all kinds of taxations. It didn't, however, stop taxations from happening. Quite the contrary. Taxations, inflations and prices have been growing like fresh mushrooms after the rainy season. Roaming freely through the centuries and countries.

It didn't come as a bombshell revelation then, that at the beginning of this fiscal year, the minister of global finances stated publicly, on the Information Channel, the overall tax has been increased to the optimal 87%. Ze also explained politely all the benefits and wholesome conveniences that this slight increase would undoubtedly bring for the common good.

The speech had produced mixed feelings amongst the entire working class (the highlife class was obviously tax free and so called "middle class" has been eliminated twenty four years ago). Later, there were a few anti tax marches, one demonstration in front of the Ministry of Global Finances and Wealth Distribution but they went almost unnoticed. Funny thing is, all of the

demonstrators were arrested and prosecuted due to the fact, the demonstration was indeed illegal. Firstly, the defendants were only to be fined and have their private property confiscated, but later, the law changed and they were all sent to penal colonies instead. But nobody knew for how long.

Some independent journalists, using various means and techniques, were trying to establish the length of this punishment, but all they discovered was their own life imprisonment for breaching the governmental privacy code. This is how the last battalion of journalism had died.

Janus remembered those old days, when he was a little boy living with his family on the outskirts of town, in a grim looking, smelling of death working class estate. They all lived in one room with two bunked beds and one double, foldable mattress, that his father would unroll at the nighttime.

Mother was cooking in the communal kitchen, usually once a day. Mostly potatoes with lard and fresh onion for salads. Janus' father told him, lard would give him the strength of a horse and that the onions contained all essential vitamins and minerals. Father also

maintained, one meal per day was the healthiest option and that "only thieves and whores are eating twice a day". However noble and convincing the father's spoken word was, Janus tended to remember the childhood days as stigmatized by constant hunger. Hunting for food had become his main activity. Breaking into the trash bins and stealing half rotten meat, killing rats and eating grass from poisonous meadows next to the sewage plant, that's how he was spending his young years.

Janus had attended three compulsory years of basic training drills, forcefully applied by educational algorithms. He also remembered when the internet was still partly legal. Not much of it, but at least two most valuable URLs — one for Global News and one for the Civic Duties Channel, were still accessible by the civilian public.

Janus' father was telling him stories about some kind of anti-government organ named Google, who was brought before the Global Tribunal of Order in Bucharest and found guilty of crimes against humanity. Google was infamous for sowing havoc and fake news, it was not inclusive and full of hate speech. The Infallible Court condemned Google and sentenced them to death.

But all of this was still not much compared to what the grandad had to say about *his* young life. Janus did not remember much of him. Just a dusty pile of vague memories, distorted by time and a severe drug addiction.

Grandad was a solid man with strong values and unbendable moral spine. The current breed of demented nerds, tasteless hipsters and other fashion victims would make him throw up his own guts out. He'd remember when the social media was still a hype. Independent broadcasters, making their own videos, influencers of all sorts, lecturers and life coaches. All stripes of information were there, available for free, at the tips of the fingers. "You could type a bloody word and the machine would explain it to you before you even blinked" the grandad muttered and quickly added " you could find a video on every subject possible and learn about anything you ever dreamed of" .

Grandad was always happy to talk about the "old good days" and Janus was not surprised. After all, this is the most righteous of all rights ever created (but never written), to politely listen to the old people gabbing about the distant past. Everybody knows, the oldies enjoy glorifying the past for some reason. Maybe because they were young back then? Janus never *truly* listened to his grandad ravings and foggy reminiscences. The same idea, that all kinds of information were instantly accessible for everybody, was making him feel uncomfortable. The world described by grandad appeared to be some kind of ancient version of a tragic wonderland where people were free to do whatever they wanted. Some sick, anarchistic, hippy driven, pre-paid paradise. How did it even feel to stagger through the burden of freedom, day after day? Lost in desires, wants and cravings? Not having *anyone* to simply decide for you what is better, healthy and most importantly: *decent*?

If each person, an average human animal, would be left alone to their own devices, enslaved by wishes and impulses, the whole species would degenerate and cease to exist rather swiftly.

Freedom is a sickness and it has to be cured. Janus knew that very well. It was an obvious and only truth and history itself had shown vividly how humanity could easily, without any complications, descend into an abyss of unspeakable horrors. We are Chaos and we have to be guided by hand. We are the sheep in need of strong leaders and blood thirsty shepherds. Otherwise we would end up living in a dystopian hell of choice.

This is why the whole lot of his own grandad's mumbling was getting on Janus' nerves. Hasn't there been said about the elders, that they are supposed to be wise? And isn't it a prime example of being ineloquent and purely dim, to undeniably believe in the superiority of choice, autonomy and other emancipations? This old man should be imprisoned for life without parole for the venom he was spreading. For poisoning the perfectly well prospering, carefully designed society we all live in.

It took us long years of hard work and constant sacrifice in order to build the Global Government of Inclusiveness. A dream-like system of fairness and ever present justice where law is firm and always prevails. We all renounced our rights to choose, to opt for

ourselves. We certainly don't need any responsibilities — they are harming us, they make us blind and cruel.

Long before the grandad had died and his body was taken by corpse utilization services, Janus used to plot in his mind about denouncing him to the authorities. He knew it was the right thing to do and he felt uneasy and embarrassed for failing on this noble task and letting this evil man die of natural causes. It made him feel like a traitorous, worthless, the most despised piece of human scum. Wasn't that the all-caring, all-providing and all-protecting Global Government to whom Janus was lying to? Not saying what you ought to say is not a lesser lie than actually *saying* a lie.

Janus owned the government everything. He owned it his whole life. The great convenience, the smooth and troubleless comfort of Janus' existence was nothing but bliss. The government was his messiah, carrying the cross of responsibilities for him. The agony of independent thinking has been removed for good, leaving Janus with a subtle yet always present feeling of *fear*. The best emotion to have — as the government proclaimed, in writing, somewhere amongst the famous 1000 Fundamental Citizen Commandments,

which was the only book that Janus was allowed to read. Tremendous benefits of constantly feeling fear were clearly and plainly explained on the pages of this insightful volume.

Possessing any other books, or even *longing* for any other reading materials was prohibited and punishable by law. Only a sheer, contaminated by some sort of *philosophy* idiot, somebody devoid of any common sense and ideological meaning would display such a shaky, debilitating idea.

And while influencers, consumers and entrepreneurs were chilling, scrolling and trying to look good, the all powerful were governing.

The first step on the path to total human domination was to make people comfortable. Give them convenience, so they don't have to do much. Give them products. A separate gadget for every — however mundane task. Give them take-away food delivered to the door, give them online shopping and electric bikes so they don't have to pedal and henceforth get tired. Keep them immersed in the screens, in the zombie-like state of likes and dislikes and always

*wanting* more. Keep them unfulfilled. Inject them with botox and make them scared of old age.

Contaminate the internet search engines with ever present adverts. Actually, let's turn everything into adverts, sales funnels and hammer the words into the razors of persuasive convictions. Make consumerism the new religion, instead of building churches, keep building shopping malls and bring everybody there on their days off work. Make them want things they don't need. Make them forget that the best things in life are given for free. Make them love money. Make them work for money. Then, make them spend all the money.

Make them dependent on apps, maps and locations so they cannot find their own ways. Make things hype, make things cringe and make the choices between them obvious. Employ the best specialists on human brain, psychology and social science.

The shrill of fame, the sweet and sour cocktail of celebrities rolling onto the red carpets, posing as the living gods of the postmodern age. The comfort, pleasure and instant gratification. The hedonistic rave and antidepressants.

And then, when the average internet users as well as celebrities and self made billionaires are busy with either buying or selling, humanity enslaves itself through simple, yet powerful polarization. One group is enslaved to *selling* and the other one is enslaved to *buying* and this is only the beginning. This is only a dark prelude to what is coming and nobody really seems to see it coming, since it is difficult to see with your eyes closed.

This is the story of the human animal and the mirage of its self importance. It could have been a great story but it turned out to be just a good drama. Instead of aiming at the highest possible Good we've decided to concentrate on expensive watches and shiny stones called diamonds. That's a proper, full blown drama where the rich are buried in coffins made of gold while the poor are dying of starvation. Out of the field of undetermined possibilities we decided to draw fumes and selfish residues. And although we thought that exclusiveness is most wanted, it was inclusiveness that killed us.

[...]



