Alone I Stand:

To Whomever it May Concern,

I write this letter not in anticipation of an audience, but chiefly to alleviate the flood gate of my own soul and twisted wisdom. Upon revelation of my evil and unparalleled actions, my emotions are a sticky mix of peace and anguish; for never again shall so horrid a creature as I walk this Earth, nor one much more benevolent.

I am the one who brought peace to every corner of every country; asymptotic peace that shall never rise above the filthy world we had.

Before the Action I had often wondered how the Earth would be affected: not much. Man’s left his mark no doubt, but in time it will erode. Family’s gone and culture, too. Nor does time preserve the multitude of theories and religions that tattered and imploded our world. I observe our mark and eye the futility of advancement.

I walk through cities uninterrupted. I preach in churches uninhabited. I drive on roads unchallenged. I live this world alone.

I have risen up and conquered man; killed everyone so I could rule the world. And yet within my empire I find the only body I may govern is my own. I can not harness nature, nor process my own goods. The stores and shops are mine, but not the knowledge to control them. I have speeches to give, but no one to give them to.

I often walk and ponder my power—how I have sacrificed everyone to be here, but deeply wish them back. I wanted to be great, I wanted to be known. Yet the higher up I rose, the further down I fell.

I have slain everyone who lived; thus I’ve slain myself.

—King of none