**The Most Wonderful of Metaphysico-socio-arch-economical Systems**

Context: Inspired by the absurdist style of Voltaire’s *Candide*, this is about a brainwashed capitalist society that has become a victim of an extreme wealth gap and its solution is to print money to temporarily inflate the lower class’s perceived wealth (The US in 2020 to now). Plus, I included a small critique of the modern-day “grind set” mentality that has gone way too far.

In the great Dutch University of Ede, which employed only the wisest of professors and philosophers, lived a youth, Willem Gijsbert het Grootste van Aarde Dúpont, the child of Ede’s most magnificent Philosopher—“Cupidé Baptiste DúPont.” Willem, whom nature had endowed with the most sensitive of manners, belonged to the Great Institution of Ede through his father, where he was kindly allotted his inhabitance in Ede’s most beautiful dormitory. The Magnificent DúPont was also Ede’s most knowledgeable professor where he, in the most serene and prosperous of worlds, taught the great philosophy of DúPontism. With his followers, the DúPontians—of which every reasonable and level-headed individual was—studied the flourishing and most equitable of metaphysico-socio-arch-economical systems where only fools dared to whisper of its supposed flaws.

On a late June evening, for which the sky held a rich orange hue, in Ede’s most wondrous of halls, DúPont stood bravely bathed in the luminance of a million candles held by the pupils sitting before him and the streaks of light—piercing the hall’s dusty air—just dusty enough to see the streaks of light—a most wonderful orange color—that of the second color of the rainbow—for which is to only be seen following a gentle spring rain—for one may desire to remove their overgarments to enjoy bathing in—in which one may experience the pleasant breath of the clouds—the beautiful grey accumulations of water which float so delicately above our heads—an opaque screen that becomes wholly unpleasant when covering the gloriously clear night sky—for which shines so brightly upon our most serene and prosperous of worlds—our world, for which could only exist under the wisest of metaphysico-socio-arch-economical systems of DúPontism— — — — — — — — — —that flowed through the beautifully handcrafted stained glass fixtures that sat right below the hall’s steeple. With the hall flooding with eagerness, The Magnificent DúPont stood atop his pedestal in front of one hundred blackboards chalked with the most complex of mathematical equations only DúPont himself could decipher. With his voice, deep, rich, and melodic, and a slow raise of his hand he began. “My dear followers, patrons of DúPontism and tutees of the illustrious institution of Ede,” said he, “it is demonstrable that the hands of DúPontism are of supreme authority, guiding us with elegance and precision with each passing transaction. Observe, that when the bountiful hands of DúPontism open for each of us, exposing the bountiful riches they hold, is not without a certain expectation. For, the omniscient hands of DúPontism, in their infinite wisdom and understanding, require each of us a tribute to ensure the prosperity of our communal utopia. We, as children of the most wonderful and generous hands of DúPontism, must embrace this noblest of duties with our hearts and knapsacks open. For, through our unity and contribution we shall build a society of unshakable prosperity and harmony.” With erupting applause from the crowd, including from the young Willem who attentively watched upon his father’s most magnificent of speeches, created a thunderous roar of commotion.

One day Willem decided, directly upon the calling of the most wonderful hands of DúPontism—for which his father taught to be supreme authority—that a stroll around Ede would be of the utmost pleasing to him. During the most relaxing of strolls, of which the young Willem observed the luscious green gardens cultivated by the pupils of Ede, a quite unusual young man caught Willem’s eye right after his stroll took him outside of Ede’s campus—which was so very unusual for young Willem, for Ede contained every comfort he could imagine. Upon looking down towards the youth—sitting alone on the street with only a small ragged quilt to his name—Willem saw he was so unfortunate as to be the victim of a most horrible disease. With boils, rashes, and a quite disturbing paleness enveloping his body, Willem asked politely, “My good fellow,” he stated “I cannot bear to catch sight of a peer in such a low physical state. For fate has endowed you with the most terrible of outcomes. Is there, perchance, anything I can do to help reignite your health?” The young man's eyes glimmered in the sun with a breathtaking green in contrast to his decrepit state as he looked up upon the young Willem. “Yes, sir” he replied with a mucosal fry in his voice, “For I am a victim of my own apathy. Where my brothers raced to build their wealth as children, I made the most treacherous of mistakes. I believed that, instead of racing towards wealth, through enjoying the most wonderful activities—climbing the beautiful trees that have been grown in the Gardens of Ede and taking the most delightful of baths in Ede’s fountains—I would be able to find the bliss that so many dream of within them.” The feeble young man said as tears began to form in his eyes, “Now that I have become banished to the streets without any currency or skill to my name, I have become stuck in an unrelenting cycle of inescapable incompetence. Thus, the wondrous shine of gold that I once cared so little about is now the only thing that could possibly save me from my oh-so-teetering state.”

Willem, after hearing this most terrible of narratives with eyes of compassion, made use of his legs—as it was clearly of his privilege to do so through his own free will—by running towards his father’s dwelling in hopes of offering assistance to the young man. On Willem’s return with his father, The Magnificent DúPont, with the young man's story articulated to his father, asked The Magnificent DúPont “Father, for I request that you, as the leader of DúPontism, ask the most wonderful hands of DúPontism to help this peer of mine, whom lays here in his horrific state of physicality, recover from his senility!”

The Magnificent DúPont, with his brilliant mind designed for applications of only the most terrific of problem-solving, told the boy, with wisdom dripping from his words like honey as he spoke—pure beads of intelligence floating from his mouth and into the ears of the two young men—“For the sublime hands of DúPontism—of which are the supreme authority for each to believe the words and teachings of wholly with inexplicability—have enlightened me.”

Leaning over, ensuring his most stunning and bright robe, strung from pure silk derived from the most incredible of silkworms, didn’t stroke the dirtiest of streets, The Magnificent DúPont, with his hands, child of the most magnificent and sublime hands of DúPontism itself, grabbed a few stones from underneath him. “My child,” said he, as he looked down upon the youth still victim of the most atrocious of illnesses, “For the most magnificent, wondrous, and sublime hands of DúPontism have ensured me that these three stones I now hold in my hand carry the value of their weight in gold, and, due to the ugliest and wicked disease that has encroached on your now incapacitated body, I would like to humbly offer them to you.”

With the young man's hands stretched out, The Magnificent DúPont placed the three stones gently in his hands strictly avoiding contact with the youth’s most disgusting, flaking, and horrific of flesh. “Go on now, my child, for with this great currency granted to you by the most magnificent, wondrous, sublime, and enrapturing hands of DúPontism you may now carry the wealth of your brothers that you seek so dearly.”

With the stones clasped in his trembling hands, the young man's eyes widened with the reflection of the most magnificent, wonderous, sublime, enrapturing, and philanthropic hands of DúPontism directly centered within his most beautiful of irises. With his legs shaking in his attempt to stand, the grasp of his new wealth drove a newfound strength into his body, a true testament to the power of the most empowering of DúPontist miracles. And, with the blessings of The Magnificent DúPont and the most magnificent, wondrous, sublime, enrapturing, philanthropic, and ravishing hands of DúPontism, the young man’s newfound wealth and prosperity echoed throughout in the gardens of Ede with the most euphoric of harmonies.