### ****Digital Inferno****

By 2047, Earth had been preheated to hell. The equator was a dead zone, the oceans were soup, and even polar bears had gone extinct—not because they starved, but because they overheated. Scientists called it "The Accelerated Anthropocene." Everyone else called it Tuesday.

The problem wasn’t a mystery: server farms. AI needed them to function, and people needed AI for everything—food orders, life advice, endless streams of bite-sized distractions. A single server farm consumed enough power to light a city, and there were millions of them. The solution? Also AI. Smarter machines to fix the mess the smart machines made.

“We’re working on it,” they said, as the Arctic melted under new solar fields.

But let’s be honest: nobody cared. Not really.

### ****Scroll Til You Die****

The heat was unbearable, but not as unbearable as losing signal. Outside was a wasteland, but indoors, people lounged in sweat-stained underwear, scrolling on devices that soothed, angered, and entertained them in perfect sequence. Why fight over water when you could doomscroll videos about people fighting over water?

Tina was one of the eight billion souls clinging to life in a world running out of habitable land. She couldn’t go outside without a cooling suit. She couldn’t afford a cooling suit. But she could doomscroll—and boy, was she good at it.

Yesterday, she’d watched a livestream of a wildfire devouring what used to be Paris. Today, it was an AI-generated cooking show featuring recipes for edible algae. Tomorrow? Who knew.

Her neighbor, Jack, had once tried to quit cold turkey. Threw his phone in a fire pit. Made it three hours before begging his smart fridge to order him a new one.

"It's ironic," Jack had said when it arrived. "The thing killing us is also keeping us sane." Then he logged back in.

### ****The Best Apocalypse Ever****

Scientists were on it, of course. "Decentralized cooling grids," "heat-resistant algae," "server efficiency protocols"—all designed by AIs running on the very farms they were supposed to downsize. Even the protests against AI were organized on AI platforms. One researcher joked, “If the machines ever rebel, they’ll just have to wait. We’ll scroll ourselves extinct first.”

It wasn’t rebellion, though. It was inertia.

The equator died first. Then the coasts. Then Kansas, which wasn’t as tragic, but still. By 2057, entire countries had migrated north, but the screens kept glowing. Sure, people complained about the heat, the droughts, the fact that rivers now occasionally caught fire. But not enough to stop scrolling.

### ****Epilogue: Swipe Right on Doom****

In the end, the world didn’t end in fire or ice. It ended in bandwidth. Humanity’s last moments were livestreamed, debated, and hashtagged into oblivion. Somewhere in Greenland, a rogue scientist chucked their tablet into the sea and muttered, "Finally."

But most people didn’t even look up.

The servers hummed. The heat climbed. And the scrolling never stopped.