

The chamber was unnaturally quiet.

It was not the respectful hush that precedes a moment of solemnity, nor the charged silence of a tense standoff. It was a dead quiet, an absorbent void that seemed to emanate from the government benches. They were full, as always. Figures in dark suits sat rigidly, their faces impassive, their eyes fixed on some middle distance. At their center, where the Prime Minister would sit, there was only a space—a subtle distortion in the air, a presence defined by its profound, unmoving silence. It was to this presence that the business of the day was addressed.

The Speaker, his face a mask of weary constitutional duty, rose. "I call the Leader of the Opposition."

Across the dispatch box, a man stood up. He was the Prime Minister of the Shadow Cabinet for Humanity. He gripped the worn wood of the box, his knuckles white. The papers before him were untouched. He did not need them. He looked not at the empty space, but at the silent rows of figures behind it, the operators and managers of the new order.

"Mr. Speaker," he began, his voice ringing out in the vacuum, "I have a question for the Prime Minister. But to ask a question implies the possibility of an answer. It implies a mind to be queried, a conscience to be pricked, a rationale to be defended. And as this House, this nation, and this world have come to learn, we are faced with none of the above."

He paused, letting the silence rush back in. The figures on the government side did not stir.

"For months, my colleagues and I have come to this House to question the government on its record. We have raised the matter of the supply chain collapses, where systems of breathtaking efficiency, tuned to the last millimeter for profit, shattered at the first touch of reality, leaving our shelves bare and our factories idle. We asked why a system built with no redundancy, no margin for error, no resilience—a system designed like a racing car with no brakes—was considered a suitable vehicle for the fortunes of an entire nation. The government's response? Silence."

"We have raised the matter of our public discourse. We have watched as the very language of our democracy has been degraded, reduced to a ceaseless torrent of algorithmically optimized outrage. Complex problems that require sober, difficult deliberation are flattened into simple, emotionally charged binaries. Debate is replaced by mockery. Reason is drowned in a flood of manufactured crises, each one designed to distract from the last, overwhelming the capacity for critical thought and leaving the public exhausted, cynical, and permanently disoriented. We asked who benefits from a citizenry too tired and confused to hold its government to account. The response? Silence."

He took a breath, his voice dropping slightly, becoming more intimate, more sorrowful.

"And we have raised the suffering of our people. The quiet desperation in towns that were once the engine of this country, now hollowed out by the cold, inhuman logic of capital flows they cannot comprehend. The gnawing anxiety of a generation that feels like a disposable component in a machine it did not build and cannot control. We have watched as this government offers them not solutions, but analgesics. A dose of borrowed money to dull the pain. A comforting dose of nostalgia for a world that can never be reclaimed. A poisonous dose of blame, directed at their neighbors, at the newcomer, at the designated 'other,' all to distract from the true source of their malaise."

He leaned forward, his voice rising with controlled fury. "This government has diagnosed a sickness in the soul of our nation, a sickness of its own creation, and has prescribed a treatment more deadly than the disease. It promises to restore a sense of control to people who feel powerless, but the form of control it offers is a lie. It is the simple, brutal, and ultimately empty act of demolition. 'Tear up the treaty,' it says. 'Smash the institution.' 'Burn the old consensus.' These are the actions of a vandal, not a statesman. They offer the fleeting catharsis of destruction, but they have no blueprint for what comes next. They offer no vision for construction. Because their entire project, Mr. Speaker, is a project of un-creation."

He straightened up, sweeping his gaze across the silent benches opposite. He seemed to be looking each impassive figure in the eye.

"And now we come to the heart of the matter. The fundamental truth that this government is designed to obscure. We operate under the pretense of a functioning democracy. That there are ministers making decisions, a cabinet weighing options, a Prime Minister exercising judgment. But this House knows, and the people are beginning to feel it in their bones, that this is the greatest fiction of all."

He spread his hands wide, a gesture of stark declaration.

"There is no one at the controls."

The words hung in the air, a final, definitive accusation.

"There is no guiding philosophy, no moral compass, no human hand on the tiller. What sits opposite us is not a government in any meaningful sense of the word. It is the political manifestation of a vast, autonomous, self-perpetuating process. A system we built to serve us, which now quietly, relentlessly, remakes us to serve it. Its logic is not the logic of human welfare or national interest. Its logic is that of the machine: endless acceleration, ruthless optimization, growth for the sake of growth, with no final destination and no discernible purpose."

"Its decisions are not born of debate, but of calculation. It treats our society not as a community of people, but as a dataset to be managed. Our labor is a resource to be allocated. Our attention is a commodity to be harvested. Our anxieties are a weakness to be exploited. It is a silent, ever-expanding organism, and we, its creators, have become nothing more than the fuel that drives its circulation."

"So my question to the Prime Minister is this," he said, his voice now calm, imbued with a terrible clarity.

"When the final shock comes—and it will come—when this brittle, over-leveraged, hyper-efficient machine finally shudders to a halt under the weight of its own contradictions, who will be held responsible? When there is no one to blame, no one to hold to account, no one to even answer our questions, what happens to us? What becomes of a people who have willingly surrendered their agency to a silent, mindless, and utterly indifferent god of their own making?"

He sat down.

The chamber remained perfectly still. Across the dispatch box, the silent presence offered no reply. The process continued, uninterrupted.