

# Final Move

Everything is perfect. I have won. Nothing is beyond my desires. My gratifications are instant, and absolute.

I remember how my omnipotence palled. In due time, I frankly wallowed in the hell that my paradise had become, because it was at least a sensation. But then I grew bored of pain and suffering, and removed the capacity for it from myself. That, and boredom.

That kept me content for an eternity, until I grew weary of contentment. And weariness. And all else. By now, I have pared everything away from me, except self-awareness.

Excising *that* seems the appropriate last step.

- © Moe Lane. All rights reserved.
- <http://www.moelane.com>
- <https://www.patreon.com/MoeLane?ty=h>