

Latest program of Laughing and Tanned Skin.

The usual cover of the show came on. Laughing in front of the camera. He was neither happy nor sad, but completely carefree.

Laughing.- Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, citizens of the world. Just a month ago, Mr. Borrell, Secretary of Defense and Foreign Affairs of the European Union, told us that we are going to go to War. And there is atomic bomb... Citizens of the world, this gentleman has told us that we are going to commit suicide, that we are going to suicide the planet.

Laughing stood there, with nothing to say, nothing to do, with his hands occasionally in his pockets, taking a few steps here, a few steps there...

Tanned Skin approached slowly, he was in no hurry. He reached Laughing and took him by the arm and looked into his eyes.

Tanned Skin.- Well, Laughing, it has been a great pleasure working with you. Thank you very much, my friend.

L.- (Taking Tanned Skin's arm in turn). Thank you very much, too, my dear life partner. (And they embraced each other in a huge hug).

TS.- (A little embarrassed). Sorry, Laughing, it's the cell phone.

L.- (Absolutely reassuring). It's okay, skin. Hug me with your erect penis. Nothing matters now, and I'm very pleased that you do it. (And they remained hugging each other for a while).

TS.- Well, what do we do?

L.- Well, look, I can't think of anything.

PC. But what does the script say?

L.- No, there is no script today. I mean, we have always skipped the script, and now that we need it, we don't have it.

TS.- Damn it.

L.- All I can think of is to tell you that we are in our grave.

At that moment the lights went out and, in less than a second, the emergency lights came on. Laughing raised his hand reassuringly.

L.- It's okay, don't worry. We are in our grave, but the grave is open. And we are alive. Pinch yourselves, check that you are alive, hurt yourself a little. (And many in the audience did, others didn't need to and laughed a little.)

Behind you, on both sides, there are emergency doors. Don't look back, lest you cause yourself a back lesion now. The doors are there, well marked and working, we checked them this afternoon. And there is another emergency exit, also checked, in front of you, behind me, can you see it? (The audience nodded). We are in our grave, but it is open, and we are alive. Do you understand?

There was a long silence. Finally Tanned Skin asked:

TS.- Hey, what can we do in our grave?

L.- Well, I don't know, Skin... We can evaluate our situation. Let's see. The texts say that this period lasts 3 days. Sure, everyone has food for 3 days at home. We have water, electricity, gas... The cistern works, to get rid of... Anyway, 3 days is a good time interval. Other texts say 7 days. Well, that's already dangerous. Look, we have a few days, as many as we need.

TS.- Well, that sounds great to me, it relaxes me, but what do we have in these few days?

L.- Nothing at first, do you understand? These few days are so that we don't rush, and wait to have ideas that serve this situation. Ideas don't rain from Heaven, but rather they emerge in time when we try, without hurrying.

TS.- And can't we do something... that entertains us, and gives rise to ideas? Anything funny?

L.- Yes, of course. Look, we don't have a script in this program, but we do have a little mysterious note. Juanjo, please, pass the money!

Three large, motorized, construction-grade forklifts filled with legal tender banknotes drove onto the set and dumped them in piles in the center of the set. The audience didn't know how to react. Some howled in surprise, others cried, some laughed... In short, there were all kinds of reactions. The feelings of everyone on the set were raw.

L.- Well, you didn't want money?, so take it. Take all the money you want. (The lights on the set had slowly returned to their normal brightness, and it was clear that it was real money).

Naturally, the public did not dare to do that. First, because the situation was too strange and, second and more important, why the hell would anyone want money in their grave if no one is going to find it? Money and riches are put in graves to be found, but at the End of the World they will never be found.

But Laughing insisted:

L.- Yes, yes, do it if you want, there is no problem. We are in our grave, and no one will ever reproach us for this or anything. I know, I don't have it, but I know that many people have the desire to roll around in money, as has been depicted many times in the movies. When a big hit goes well, the thief empties the bags with the loot on the bed, and rejoices, bathed in money. Please, Juanjo, let the mattresses in.

Six workers came in with three large, brand new mattresses. They took them out of the plastic bags and put them there. One of them asked, timidly: "Can we take some?" And Laughing replied:

“Yes, of course, take whatever you want.” And two of them filled their pockets with wads of bills.

L.- Well, there you have it. Roll around in money if you want it. Go ahead, without any requirements, without any intention. Just satisfy your desire.

The audience began to feel that situation, completely out of continuity, as pleasant, interesting. They did not speak to each other, there were exclamations, howls, incomplete sentences. Smiling, Laughing waited.

At last a girl timidly raised her hand and, when Laughing looked at her, said: “I would like to do it myself.” Then Laughing encouraged her and gently extended his hand: “Great, go ahead.” And she, moving slowly, threw wads of bills on a mattress, and rejoiced, bathing herself in money.

Seeing this girl's pleasure, an older man, in his 70s, stood up, asked Laughing for permission with gestures, who granted it in the same way, and used the second mattress.

So, when these two people were having a great time, Tanned Skin had a fit. He stripped completely naked, full of joy, and used the third mattress. His penis was erect and quite large. This made the audience laugh with great joy, they were beside themselves with euphoria.

The first girl felt satisfied and left, greeting Laughing very gratefully, while Laughing received her thanks. And a few more people came down, even forming a small waiting line.

A young boy made up his mind. He stripped completely naked, lay down on the money and started masturbating, which was greeted with joy by everyone.

L.- Yes, well, this is not in the movies, but it is certain and evident that those who enjoy money in bed also masturbate. There is no doubt about this.

And they had an extraordinarily pleasant time. Not many, and not the majority, but a few were bathed in money and everyone enjoyed that extraordinary experience.

When they were full, Laughing thought that like him, everyone would be hungry.

L.- Juanjo, please, do we have something to eat there?

Juanjo.- Of course, Laughing. (And he made some carts pass by full of sandwiches, of various flavors, and drinks, beer, water, soft drinks...

Very calmly, without any anxiety, everyone served themselves and each other. And they enjoyed the meal as if they were eating caviar for the first time. Everyone ate and drank as they liked. Also Juanjo, the operators who had brought the things, the cameras... The image and sound technician selected a general image from a robotic camera, and went down to the set and tasted himself with his sandwich and beer... All the staff involved in making the programme went down to the set and partook of the food, the drinks and the party in general.

When everyone had eaten and drunk to their hearts' content, they also passed around wet wipes to keep their hands from getting sticky, and everyone there felt great. The audience was sitting in the stands, Laughing and Tanned Skin in front of them, and the entire show crew next to them. The money was still there, but no one could see it anymore, and...

So, Tanned Skin spoke for all of them. No one asked or commissioned him, but he felt he had the words.

TS.- Well, Laughing. I have always enjoyed doing my job immensely. Maybe I have been lucky, but I think that we can all do useful work to our satisfaction. And if someone doesn't work, well, it doesn't matter to us, there are a lot of us, this is not a question of justice, a little work is enough to have food, water, housing, clothes... and at least a little park to walk around. I don't need to be paid for my work. Maybe we can start here, and then we'll see. Don't you think?

There was a huge round of applause, shouts, whistles, screams, euphoric laughter...

And here concludes this little scene that could very well be the Beginning of Paradise. We will emerge from our grave little by little, as we feel it... And don't forget that we have to eat, drink, piss and shit. Never forget this and live, dammit, live! Death will come, and it doesn't matter. Accept the gift without a source that is life, dear friend. And forward the Message of the Christ of the End of the World.

Jesús Estrada www.nuevaera.info

In the summer (northern hemisphere) of 2024.