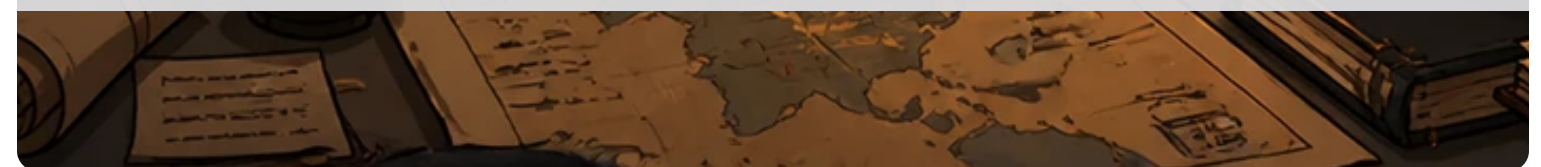




# The Final Patch Notes

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The sky shifted into a peculiar shade of bruised purple, a map mode that no one had ever requested. The Chronicler stood on his balcony with a lukewarm cup of tea, watching as the first ripples of the end began to distort the horizon.



Great empires scrambled to press buttons that no longer functioned, their leaders shouting into a void that had stopped listening. Armies marched toward borders that were physically dissolving into a shimmering, low-resolution static.



The global economy didn't just crash; it simply ceased to be a relevant metric for survival. As the stars began to flicker out like dying pixels, the Chronicler noted that the world's gold reserves were now worth less than a dry biscuit.



In the city squares, people gathered in a state of confusion, their pathfinding logic seemingly broken by the scale of the disaster. They circled the same fountains and monuments, waiting for a grand event that had already begun without them.



A massive wall was constructed in a desperate attempt to keep the encroaching nothingness at bay. The Chronicler watched with a sigh, knowing that the void didn't care about attrition rates or defensive bonuses.



The last great capital city began to burn, though the flames were cold and cast no shadows. It was less of a fire and more of a systematic deletion of everything the inhabitants had spent centuries building.



Nature made a brief, valiant effort to reclaim the ruins, but even the vines and trees looked like unfinished sketches. The world was thinning out, losing its texture and detail as the memory of the earth finally started to leak away.



The Chronicler encountered a small ginger cat sitting atop a throne of broken marble and discarded crowns. It seemed entirely unbothered by the heat death of the universe, which was objectively the only sensible reaction left.



The horizon vanished entirely, replaced by a vast, sterile whiteness that stretched out in every direction. The Chronicler finished the last dregs of his tea and looked up at the giant 'Pause' button hanging motionless in the sky.



Darkness finally fell, not with a bang or a whimper, but with the quiet finality of a closing program. The Chronicler closed his eyes, wondering if the next world would finally feature a more competent AI and a better UI.