



PAPER PLANES

Expert

Rupert Morgan

THE BLACK OUT

didier



Version audio
GRATUITE

The
Blackout
Rupert
Morgan

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didier

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Une collection imaginée avec humour,
enthousiasme et provocation par Rupert Morgan

Tous les titres que vous pourrez lire en anglais ! ^{enfin}



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Day 1

On an island somewhere in the Indian Ocean

WE ARE CANNIBALS dressed in Dolce & Gabanna, my colleagues and I.

That is what we do at Amelyosis: we eat up other humans as if we were foxes and they were chickens. It's a pretty good job.

That, in any case, is what I found myself thinking this afternoon as I listened to our Chief Executive, Rueben Cicero, welcome us to this tropical island where we have come for a week of intensive management training:

“Amelyosis is not an ordinary business,

people!” Cicero shouted as we stood on the sand, our baggage at our feet. He was on a wooden terrace overlooking the beach as he gave his oration: “Kellogs is a business. Coca-Cola is a business. General Motors is a business. Or... maybe not General Motors, actually.”

He paused as we laughed at the sorry condition of the company that had once been the jewel of American consumer culture: a company so influential that whole cities and the landscape itself had been remodelled in accordance with its product. A company that we at Amelyosis helped to 'restructure' last year, axing* 45,000 jobs and three factories. They paid us millions to do it. Or, rather, the tax-payers did. Which means, when you think about it, that the very people whose jobs we axed paid us to do it. It's a strange world we humans have invented, isn't it?

Amelyosis is doing well in the recession because it's our job to tell other businesses what they are doing wrong. Good times or bad – it makes no difference to companies like ours. We used to be called Hackersakt Corporate Solutions, but we rebranded

* axing : suppressing

ourselves a few years ago. The old name was too 20th Century.

“Why are these businesses really any different to the farmers of old?” he asked rhetorically, “They produce things, they take them to the market, they sell them and make a little profit. Some are selling carrots and some are selling cars – but is there any fundamental difference? It’s positively medieval! They are all... *peasants!*”

His eyes blazed with passionate intensity:

“The laws of Nature do not change! The world never changes! Democracy is a beautiful, intricate charade but, at heart, we at Amelyosis know that society is still feudal because that is the *natural* order of things: the strong dominate the weak.”

He paused to look at us, a hundred and fifty of Amelyosis’s best management consultants. He raised his arms, opening his hands wide as if to hold us in his embrace:

“Amelyosis Corporate Solutions is not a business, my friends. We do not *make* anything. We do not *invent* anything. We do not *sell* anything. So why do corporations pay us hundreds of millions of dollars in consultancy fees each year? Because their

managers are *terrified*, that is why. They look at General Motors and think 'Are we next? Will we be conquered by stronger foreign competitors?'. So, just as medieval serfs turned to the Baron and his knights for security, they look to us: Amelyosis!”

I looked around at my colleagues and could see by their expressions that Cicero was pushing all the right buttons. They were loving it.

“We are an elite combat force! We are a warrior tribe! We are Amelyosis! What are we?”

“*Amelyosis!*” came the answer from all around me.

“Who are the strongest?”

“*Amelyosis!*”

I opened my mouth, but no sound came out. This is a little strange, I thought. We are on a beach on a tropical island in the middle of the Indian Ocean, all in expensive designer suits, having a mini-version of the Nuremberg rallies*. My colleagues had started a rhythmic chant now, their arms punching the air:

“*Am-el-y-o-sis! Am-el-y-o-sis!*”

I raised my arm, pretending to join in, and

* The Nuremberg rallies, held annually by the Nazi Party from 1933 to 1938, were carefully planned propaganda events.