



January 1, 2012

Happy New Year! It will be your last.



You are probably aware that, according to most authorities, 2012 will be the last year of life on earth. Ergo, I have been busy in 2011 getting my affairs in order. It could be the Second Coming of Christ, a heavenly laser battle between Camazotz and Quetzalcoatl, a deluge of water from the melting of the ice caps due to a heavenly laser battle between Camazotz and Quetzalcoatl, and a myriad of potential, but yet unknown, armageddons – or, more correctly, armageddae.

Beginning in January, I read everything in the local library on the topic of possible cataclysms. It took a few months to get to the bottom of the pile (from Aardvarkolypse to the Zoroastrian renovation of the world), but I managed to divide all possibilities into two categories: destruction of the entire planet and humanity with it, or a simple planet-wide catastrophe resulting in a population crash. In preparation for the first group of scenarios, I made my peace with every God. This required more trips to Tibet with a goat in my carry-on than I'm used to making, but I think it was worth it. (I know what you're thinking, and in answer to your question: to atone to Jehovah for the hundreds and hundreds of shiny new graven images in my back garden, I went to confession. Problem solved.)

With my ticket to paradise all but in hand, I started the more hopeful work on the personal post-apocalypse preparations I might need should I choose not to perish along with most of the rest of humanity.



I spent April and May building an underground bunker (water-proof, radiation-proof, laser-proof, zombie-proof, no girls allowed), a huge electromagnetic-pulse generator (in case of robot uprising), and I planted several acres of garlic (I like garlic).

In July I took a driver training course to help me conduct an automobile safely and swiftly through the splayed and filleted bodies of men and women and horses. The course was put on by some very nice folks, and I made some friends that I'm sure I'll have for the rest of my days. (The barbecue afterwards was delicious!)

In August I sold my entire stock portfolio, re-double-mortgaged the house, and bought a huge comic book collection. In the event of a planet-smashing meteor, it won't matter that I don't have any money. If there's a nuclear event, however, this will be one well-read survivor who knows exactly what to do with a radioactive spider.

My outlook turned somewhat sour in October when I started exploring the possibilities of getting off this potentially space-kracken-forsaken planet. I had entertained hopes of being able to merge my two teenage dreams of surviving Ragnarok and building a Hefnerian Grotto on Mars where I could entertain green-skinned Martian bikini babes. It turns out that single-passenger rockets are really expensive, and that's before you take into account the cost of transporting the raw materials for a pleasure dome. As I have already splashed out for the complete SwampThing, I might have to promise to take that twit Branson along with me after all. Hopefully ritual murder and cannibalism become normal in time for me to avoid that.



More disappointing still, Earth is in orbit around a cruel star that may well go nova, in which case remaining within the Solar System could be dangerous. That one is such a downer, as I'd like to stay at least somewhat close in order to be near my family and friends (even if they have become radioactive zombie mutants), and to feed the dog – which will be even more important after he grows another head.

So that was my year up to November. If the end of the world comes, I'm pretty much ready. If it doesn't, then I have ruined my life by devoting all my time, energy, and funds to preparing for an abomination of desolation in 2012 ... which is why I spent December making friends with a few guys who own a skull-shaped mountain in Azerbaijan. I'm now just a few pounds of plutonium shy of finishing my private nuclear doomsday warhead facility. Call it an insurance policy. If I have to, I'll finish what Chriakan-Ixmucane started.

May the coming year bring you the foresight to enjoy the temporary comfort of your friends and family. Live every day to the fullest, and don't make any long-term plans.



*Al Wood.*

