A 20/20 SPECIAL REPORT

She sits, legs hidden, dramatic graphic behind her, counting
down ten ways the world could come to a halt and humanity

wiped out. I watch her, unaware of me. Volcanoes. Global

already digging. Splinters are rubbed from the shovel, calluses
build up. "Quite frankly this could, and probably will, if not totally,

at least drastically, lesson the numbers of humans." I know. I already
know this. I saw this five years ago. I saw it all, the asteroid hit the

bedroom, the fan and her brow melted, this mushroom cloud of pills and
radiation filled her eyes. I saw this. And I, I started to dig. Shovel in hand,

packing away water, supplies. And now, I dig with more speed, urgency,
knowing that he, he now, being sucked into this black hole, nuclear submarines

converging on his soul, through his blood, monster volcanoes of multiplying
cells spill over his bones, flowing through his marrow, will feel the fallout, soon.

And I, I, I listen to his voice over hers, as he says similar things on the
phone. Suffocation, mayhem, pain and knowing will all be components of it,

they say.

And so, without hope, she concludes, they conclude. Folds her (their)
hands and signs outs. The threat though is already here, or at least

in my life, in their lives, and so with nothing left to do, I dig, beneath my

couch, seeking shelter from this, the end of the world.