

I just watched "Seeking A friend for the End of The World", and realized I've got a lot in common with these characters. Which would be the point I suppose. Hopefully I'm out for the end of the world. It'll be fun! All these preppers on Nat Geo will be useless and watching the panic over not being able to change anything about their fate will tickle my misanthropic humor. Above all that, you'll see people shed their pretensions and show you who they are. I'll be curious to see who comes around to spend time with who. Would trying heroin be on someones bucket list? Would you drive for hours to tell someone you don't like to just fuck off? Would you open the door to someone to say it to you? Well, drugs weaken you and I want to be fully aware when the comet hits. Why not a cosmic death? Fuck this dying in your sleep. If I have to travel to tell you to fuck off, are you really worth it? And if you're going out of your way to come to me to tell me, well it's not to be one sided, trust me. Taking people's shit for years, I've learned to give the same. I think, for me, either before or after my goodbyes with whoever cares to hear, I'll go debauch myself in my own way. Trying all the best foods, beers, and cigars. My fair share of women obviously. But all the music denied me in here, movies and what not. Point is, I wouldn't be Steve Carrel's depressing shlubb, and put like a lame. You won't see me sniveling in the corner, but out on a tall building throwing the metal thorns and a loud "Whoo Hoo!" as the asteroid wipes us out. Oh, and for all you 2012'ers, I can't wait for the 22nd so you'll all shut up. If you're right it won't matter what I think.

"Armagedon I + 0"