Fire and Brimstone. Cannons to the left of me, cannons to the right of me, volley and thunder. Waking up to the announcement that the earth will fall completely out of it’s rotation around the sun can be quite disorienting. But my first thought upon that absurdly bright morning is “geez I’ve only got about two days to find a date for the occasion. Also, I really should declutter some of the photos on my phone. So, I browse through my dating apps and apparently delusional minds think alike. The site is damn near crashed like Ticketmaster with everyone else trying to get a date. Surely this extra traffic would bode well for me. As I swipe through I run out of swipes and a banner comes across my screen promoting “special end of the world pricing! Act now!”. I suppose not even the end of the world can disrupt the commodification of love. I begrudgingly pay and head out to buy (or bargain) for a nice outfit for my seemingly inevitable romantic tryst at the edge of the solar system. Everything is surprisingly calm, and the shit hasn’t hit the fan yet. The looting hasn’t reached a fever pitch as some people actually showed up to work today and people are being surprisingly civil considering the circumstances. I suppose the Axis of the earth spinning out of control can’t stop the ongoing machine of capitalism. I head into a nearby vintage store and buy some corduroy pants and an oversized striped shirt. Might as well try something new since we’ll all be vintage in about thirty-five hours. Just then I remember to check my phone and after periodically swiping throughout the day I’ve still got zero matches. Just then a flyer goes skirting across the ground promoting an end of the world dinner tomorrow evening. Change of plans. That could be fun. I head home to facetime a few friends for the last time and eat a can of too-close- to-expiration date soup. At least the satellites still work. I wake up to a few matches and return a message and apparently not even the Earth cratering could cause expectations on the site to do the same. Regardless I have a party to attend so I throw on my finest thriftery like Macklemore and head to my final resting plac- I mean the party. So here I am and with all that out of the way; Hi my name is Darren. Pleasure to end the world with you.