

**As we whiled away the long, thick, hard hours of last year, astronomers emerged from their dark, dank observatories with predictions that give my coal-black nugget of a heart hope for the future.**

There's an extremely remote chance—but hey, it's a *chance*—that a recently discovered four-hundred-foot-wide Space Boulder with the catchy moniker “2007 VK184” will smash into Earth, the planet we call home, in the year 2048.

Scientists have also recently set the odds at a more promising 1-in-25 that a football-field-sized asteroid hurtling along at nearly 30,000 miles an hour will slam right the fuck into Mars in January, 2008. Happy New Year's, Martians!

Regarding the possibility of getting the chance to observe next month's possible ultraviolet cataclysm on the Red Planet—through a shiny telescope, of course, safely ensconced here on Earth—the head of NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, Don Yeomans, recently enthused: “I think it'll be cool.”

*He thinks it'll be cool.*

This, naturally, got me to thinking about how cool it would be if an asteroid were to come barreling out of the void and space-fuck all the life out of select areas on this planet that I personally don't find all that appealing.

The last major suspected “impact event” on Earth happened almost exactly 100 years ago, in June of 1908, so I think it'd be REALLY cool if we were to enjoy another one over the coming year to celebrate the last one's centennial. Estimates of the 1908 meteorite's size vary from 150 feet up to nearly 4,000 feet...and scientists estimate it exploded a few miles above the Earth's surface...but it left eighty million dead.

Eighty million fucking TREES.

The problem with that particular meteorite was that it had the poor taste to explode way up yonder in Siberia, where almost no one besides a handful of crazy Eskimo types live. The blast occurred in a psychotically isolated nook of Siberia called Tunguska, and no, I've never heard of it, either. Still, 'twas quite a blast—around a thousand times more forceful than the A-bomb that blew Hiroshima to little Japanese smithereens. Had it occurred over any major city in the world, the “Tunguska Event” would have immediately incinerated all traces of life and advertising all the way out into the 'burbs.

I think that would have been cool.

I think it'd be way cooler if, over the coming year, God would once and for fucking all prove to me he exists by winding up like a steroid-addled Roger Clemens and hurling a fastball at any (or all) of the following destinations...

**NEBRASKA.** I've had the misfortune of traversing across this expansive shitstain four or five times now, and I am less convinced than ever that it has any solid reason for existing. The terrain is brown and flat. The weather is relentlessly too hot or too cold. And the inhabitants, those proud “Cornhuskers,” are without a doubt the grumpiest and ugliest bunch o' peeps our land has to offer. What has Nebraska given us? Corn? We can get our corn from Iowa. Turn Nebraska into a giant crater, then fill it with warm water and make it into the World's Largest Hot Tub. Then, and only then, will Nebraska be fun.

**CHAD.** The African country. Most African nations are, for better or worse, unashamed to be African. They'll give themselves colorful names such as Mozambique and Tanzania, which sound like the names of black chicks who spend a lot of time on their nails. There are even three countries bordering Chad whose names all boldly hint at the “N” word—Niger, Nigeria, and Cameroon. (Remove the “amer,” and you have “Coon.”) But instead, Chad chooses the name of some boring white guy who passes out on the frat-house sofa after two beers. For this, it deserves incineration.

**THE ENTIRE MIDDLE EAST.** Not only because I'm fed up with this whole Muslims-and-Jews thing, but because nowhere else on Earth do so many men wear sandals.

**A NEIL DIAMOND CONCERT.** Listen, I think the “Jewish Elvis” is a talented songwriter, and I'll always be grateful that he wore blackface in that remake of *The Jazz Singer*, but I'd achieve an instant erection and spontaneously ejaculate if I were to turn on CNN and hear that 20,000 portly middle-aged white bitches were blasted to vapor after a fiery chunk of Space Junk ruined everyone's fun smack-dab in the middle of “Sweet Caroline.”

**AN ABORTION CLINIC.** I think abortion is fantastic and grossly underused, but if a meteorite were to flatten an abortion clinic, I'd briefly enjoy the spectacle of loudmouth liberals shuddering

and pondering the possibility that Goddess has spoken, and she thinks abortion is murder.

**YOUR MOTHER'S LEFT TIT.** That's right. I wouldn't mind a whiff if your mother's saggy left tit were to be slammed hard by a speeding asteroid while the wrinkled old cow whose bleeding twat spat you out was bending over and gingerly rubbing Lemon Pledge on the lamp table. That's just the way I feel. What the FUCK are you going to do about it?

Anyone who has ever written “LOL,” “WTF,” or “OMG” during

the course of their Internet communications.\* This special-but-crucial task would require Divine Intelligence to orchestrate a meteor shower that sends fatal fireballs crushing right into the skulls of anyone who has ever used the above shorthand—even once—as part of an online discussion. I would also hope and pray that God, in his infinite wisdom, would be able to spare my soul after discerning that I was only *quoting* these despicable acronyms here in a purely condemnatory manner rather than actually *using* them myself.

# DEEP IMPACT 2008



\*Except, of course, John Bon Jovi.

**places, people, and things i wouldn't mind seeing hit by an asteroid over the coming year**