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The end of the world might be here, or not

By Curtis Seltzer

BLUE GRASS, Va.—I was informed this week that the world would end in December, 2012, two weeks before my 67th birthday.

At that time, Earth is predicted to either collide with or narrowly miss Nibiru, a rogue planet that's four times our size. This, it is said, will stop the Earth's rotation for almost six days, cause a geomagnetic pole shift and make a rummage pile of the Earth's crust. Massive flooding will follow.

People are building shelters, I was told. My informant said he was planning to build an ark to sail through the pleasantries.

Who am I to rain on this parade? After all, my knowledge of astrophysics is limited to the Marcells' version of "Blue Moon," which begins with an extraterrestrial message of disaster that's encrypted in the following code:

Bom ba ba bom ba bom ba bom bom ba ba bom ba ba bom ba ba dang a dang dang
Ba ba ding a dong ding Blue moon moon blue moon dip di dip di dip
Moo Moo Moo Blue moon dip di dip di dip Moo Moo Moo Blue moon dip di dip di dip
Bom ba ba bom ba bom ba bom bom ba ba bom ba ba bom ba ba dang a dang dang
Ba ba ding a dong ding

(Astrophysicists of my acquaintance offer alternative versions of this ET threat, but this one reveals the method by which bom ba ba bom will explode into an Earth-crushing ding a dong ding. The operative link is found in the "Moo Moo Moo.")

The Nibiru -- or Planet X -- prediction started with Nancy Lieder in 1995. She claims that she is a resident "contactee" from the Zeta Reticuli star system. The Zetas, she says, implanted a sort-of telepathic cellphone in her brain so they could use her to warn us of our impending doom.

Ms. Lieder also says that she gave birth to a human-Zeta son and describes their recent visit:

I've...met my hybrid son, now grown. He's not prone to fat, is bald and still has his large, beautiful eyes. He can only make noises, not words, with his mouth, such as 'Um humm.' As would be expected, he communicated telepathically. I was told he could eat. He said he has no name, but as part of the genetic program, he has a number. How many kids does he have—141 and counting. I met some of them. They look much like their father, but are of both sexes with some in pants and some in dresses.... (www.zetataalk.com)

Another doomsday megaphone is held by Harold Camping who says that Judgment Day is scheduled for May 21st. Mr. Camping's Saturday earthquake will transport believers, living and dead, to Heaven and either kill non-believers or force them to wait in agony until October 21st when God will destroy the Earth and all survivors, once and for all.

Years ago, Mr. Camping, an 89-year-old with a radio show, predicted this event for September,

1994. Several disturbing events did, in fact, take place that month. The Bulgarian government fell (narrowly missing several Zetas who were just hanging out in Sofia); a Cessna crashed in the front yard of the White House; and the Howard Stern Radio Show premiered on Miami's WBGG 105.9 FM.

I've often thought that Howard was a harbinger of...something really bad. Or maybe he's a resident hybrid and is just being himself.

If we're lucky enough to escape Mr. Camping's earthquake and subsequent annihilation, we may still vanish on December 21, 2012 when the current Mayan calendar ends, and Nibiru rolls in with the Zetas riding drag.

I've adopted a wait-and-see attitude about the end of the world. I can't prove that the end won't happen in the future. Truly awful things are likely to befall us, like Donald Trump losing his widely admired hair or Joan Rivers getting another television show.

I may not know how to avoid Nibiru, but I was trained to protect myself against nuclear Armageddon. In high school in the early 1960s, we were mobilized to defend against a hydrogen-bomb attack and radioactive fallout a couple of times a year. This took the form of being marched into the hall corridor where we stood in policed silence, facing our lockers for about two minutes.

I can say without contradiction that we succeeded in deterring all Soviet missiles. Not one nuclear warhead ever landed on a single student at Peabody High School during these drills. I was, actually, more afraid of getting whacked by a flaming biology book thrown from the top row of the bleachers during certain interscholastic football games.

I once asked my homeroom teacher how standing in front of my locker would protect us. She told me to "button my lip and have faith in our leaders, or spend after school in detention."

The authorities at Oberlin College and Columbia University did not believe in deterrence through silent vigils. When I was enrolled at those institutions, any attack could have caught me with my pants down, so to speak. I would have spent my last minutes running through their academic buildings looking in vain for a suitable locker to stand in front of. Because they placed me at such risk, I never give money to either one.

Doomsday forecasts do trouble me. So I suggested to my wife, Melissa, that we do something special on Friday night, just in case Mr. Camping's earthquake showed up in Blue Grass the next day.

"We could go out to supper," I offered. "I'll even put it on my card." (I'm a big spender in these circumstances.)

"I get out of yoga class at seven. I'll be too tired."

"The world's going to end on Saturday, and you can't make time because of yoga?"

"I'd have to get dressed up again," she said. "It's too much trouble."

"It's only pizza. Go in your workout tights."

Melissa looked at me as if I were a Zeta proposing a hybrid.

"If the world ends on Saturday," I asked, "who will care what you wore on Friday night?"

"Me."

"So what do you plan to do on Saturday?" I asked.

"Sleep late and ride my horses. What are you going to do—look for a metal school locker?"

"Mock me if it makes you feel safer. It's obvious that I lack the one talisman that kept me safe during the Cold War. I could stand next to the barn, in front of the galvanized corn silo."

"It might fall over. You'd do better in detention."

A few people seem to want the world to end, particularly if they think they have a way of saving themselves. Like Noah, gloat floats.

I admire the date-setting prophets of destruction. They don't camouflage their opinions under nets of woven obfuscations like Alan Greenspan. They don't waffle. The Earth either crashes on their specified date and they win in a manner of speaking, or it doesn't and they lose.

Fortunately, losing is instantly remedied since any tomorrow is available for selection as the next Doomsday.

Like William Thacker of "Notting Hill," I'm a fairly level-headed bloke. So I'm not too worked up about the world ending this weekend. But maybe just to be safe I'll get a last pizza to go on Friday, if only for civil defense.

And to all you Zetas out there, including hybrids wearing both pants and dresses, I offer a warm and heartfelt ding a dong ding.

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