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I Want To Be Buried In Dayton

When the war comes, which it will, I won't pray to anything. The way I see it, gods or God or The Beatles won't be much of a match for nuclear warheads. The first thing I plan on doing is eating my Bobby Orr rookie card. If I'm going down, I want Bobby Orr with me. And, if someone survives, I don't want any post-apocalyptic bastard mistreating that card. The second thing I'll do is change my underwear. The third thing I'll do is steal a moped, preferably off of a ninja, so in case I survive I can tell people I slashed a ninja and stole his Honda.

From then on, I want everything to be just like that scene from *Deep Impact* when Elijah Wood drives around on his moped, but instead of sharing my moped with Tea Leoni I'll pick up my best friend, Dave Leondi. Dave is one of the few people in the world that I would want riding on the back of my moped if the world was falling to hell. I would arm him with some kind of gun; I don't know much about guns because I like to think of myself as a pacifist, but anything goes once the bombs fall right? Dave would be crazy enough to shoot at anyone who tried to steal our stolen moped, and I like that about him.

Deep Impact came out in 1998. 1998 was before 2001. Back then it was cool to make movies about the world ending. Now it's called the evening news.

I can't remember where Elijah was in such a rush to get to, but I'd want to get to Dayton, Ohio. No psycho dictator is going to say "Hey, let's blow the shit out of Dayton. That'll teach those heathens." Dayton also has drive through liquor stores and is the home of Guided by Voices and Kim Deal of the Pixies. I doubt any of the GBV members or Kim will be in Dayton when the world is coming to an end, but if they are that would be quite the jam session. Hopefully they would want to record an album, or at least an EP. It could be called Brews for Allah.

After that, I, along with everyone else, would probably die. Hopefully I wouldn't be the last person alive. I'd like to be buried. I want to be buried in Dayton.

—Timothy Henry