

Katrina Millan, 2020

All Sales Are Final

They say it's going to happen tomorrow. The newscasters in their bright, primary colors, with their cheeks perfectly flushed and their hair quaffed and their voices level and serious, but without panic. What we don't need at the end of the world is too much panic.

"This," they say, adding a dramatic pause to give their words weight, "is the end."

Some of the others, on those channels you don't watch, watched by people who do not watch your channels, laugh at the elaborate nature of the hoax, at the idiocy of those who believe the unnamed and unseen scientists, glimpsed only on your channels in brief interviews, their sense of doom deemed too much for the average viewer to handle for long.

On other channels you don't watch are those who believe it is the end, but in a different way than those on your channels. They are ready to go elsewhere – when the world is over. They pity the idiocy of those who do not believe in an unnamed and unseen man who guards our souls. Tomorrow, they will be rewarded while the rest of us burn, according to those channels.

On other channels you watch sometimes to seem educated, to know what you're talking about when you talk about the end of the world, people with accents wearing suits tell you why it is happening, and how we know it will happen tomorrow, and what that means for your weekend plans.

One newscaster begins to cry just before they cut to a commercial for a brand of soda specifically designed to be less unhealthy than those other brands, the brands you don't drink. "Officially the best-selling soda of all time" says a young boy with a smile. "Get it while you still can!"