On his way home that night, as he walked through town, a man stepped out of an alley in front of him. He tensed to defend himself, but the man just stood there. Looking him over, he realised the man looked like a hippie. Something of a comedy caricature of a hippie, really. Long unwashed hair and beard, sandals...and a sandwich board reading 'THE END IS NIGH'. That, he thought, was unusual, even for a hippie.

"You want something?" he asked.

"The world's ending," said the hippie. "I need your help."

He stepped around the hippie and kept walking. High as a kite, he thought to himself. The hippie started walking after him, and fell into step beside him.

"Please, I need your help," said the hippie.

"Look, man, I'm really not interested," he said, and kept walking.

The hippie leant against a wall, watching him walk away. The hippie wasn't all that disappointed; lots of people gave this kind of response. Another skeptic, he thought to himself, fingering the ragged holes through the middles of his hands