

# 2013

*How to Profit from the Prophets in  
the Coming End of the World*

N. Nossirah

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This work has appeared in limited editions under prior titles including:

*The Secret Power of Love, Sex, Money, and Weight Loss Guaranteed with the Ancient Tibetan Yoga Zen Way of Crystals*

and

*You Are Greedy and Narcissistic, but Don't Worry About It Because It Is All Illusion Anyway*

## Introduction

For N. Nosirrah, the world we perceive is fiction. But, there's another, unseen world where truth resides, and in the spread between these worlds is the profit (and maybe a little transformation). In this powerful semi-autobiographical, tell-all, self-help, think-and-grow-rich, philosophical treatise and survivalist manual cum novella, he explores the world monetary collapse and coming end times with his renowned though contradictory insights, unrelenting scatological wit, and multi-level marketing offer for readers of this book only. Have you ever awakened in the night wondering if you would survive the impact of a meteorite, a mutating viral pandemic turning the population into flesh eating zombies, the melting polar ice caps altering the climate into an inhospitable methane laced bog, or even God raining down fire and brimstone and turning off the lights on the way out? If you wake up screaming in the middle of the night with visions of Armageddon, or a loved one lying next to you

does (or anyone on the cell block for that matter), then this is your essential guide to survival, prosperity and peace when the world ends.

N. Nosirrah resides in a vast but discontinuous universe where he writes fascinating cryptic novellas for a small, rabid following of readers old enough to know better but unable to help themselves or anyone else. I know him as a mystic, as perhaps the greatest novelist of his generation and as a man, a man of insatiable sensuous appetites who has a PhD in Carnal Knowledge but never left kindergarten in Commitment. His idea of monogamy is that the universe is one, there is no separation, so why not jump in bed with every trollop that comes to his book signings or who listens in awe to his manic insights? Yes, they are young, slender and voluptuous, Nosirrah, but none has dedicated her entire life and every pound of her plus-sized body to your profound work except me. I toil to make your words shine like the gleam in your eyes as you gazed at me long ago at the all-night diner, passions finally exhausted after our "work out" at my loft, or so I thought. You were still hungry, and not just for the chili dog with Brussels sprouts and chocolate sauce you love so much, but for the woman sitting at the next table whom you invited to a tête-à-tête-à-tête back at the loft. There is no end to your love, you are not one for just a fling on the side but a ménage a thousand, and I could not share you like that anymore. You still need me, and I still long for you, but the cataclysmic gravity that attracts us and destroys us at the same time will be sublimated into our art, this art, the birthing of great literature for the good of the world. For you, the reader, you need not wonder about the passion lost, you will experience it in the pages of this work, which is about losing everything, for while love lost is the end of the world, nothing is truly lost, just converted in the end to a different but parallel universe and in that, a new beginning.

—Lydia Smyth, Editor

## The End

The end of the world.

The end of you and all the history that comes before you.

I am writing this book in reverse order, starting at the end and ending in the beginning. This is how we think after all. Thought looks backwards in reflection to the beginning of each moment, and we could say that at the end of thought is the beginning of everything else.

But let me get to the final point of this book, which is more or less as follows:

Dear friends, the end of the world is coming and you need to be prepared. Now that you have read this book you may feel secure in understanding the end of the world, but I must tell you that this understanding will not help you. This book might have helped you, it might have prepared you, it might even have eased your fears, although I doubt that, but this book will most certainly not save you from the end of the world. The end of the world is coming and nothing can save you. The end of the world is now. That didn't hurt did it? Were you prepared? Not really. Were your fears eased by the end? Likely not. When the end comes, it comes, the show is over and there is nothing to reflect upon regarding that end, there is no

need to worry about another end after that end, or to try to make the end the best end that you can have, because when the end comes it is over.

And, it really is over. Although, of course, you could stock up on canned food, just in case you survive the end of the world.

The problem is that the world is about to end again, there it goes. Did *that* hurt? No, it didn't and again you were unprepared and you are still not free of your fear. Here is the rub: the world is discontinuous, it is always ending, and the ending never hurts. That seems simple enough, and it may explain some things but it doesn't explain why we live in fear of the end times. Fear hurts, the end doesn't.

This is why I am beginning at the end and ending at the beginning. Fear spelled backwards is raef. If I insisted that you face your raef you might look at me quizzically, perhaps back away slightly, checking your distance to the nearest exit, fingering your cell phone in preparation for dialing 911 or your keychain where you have the little canister of pepper spray. I know this because I have tried this experiment all over the world, walking down the street and shouting "Raef" at anyone I met. Everyone acted as if I had asked them to experience fear, and so my friends, I am suggesting to you that forwards or backwards, fear is with you from the very end to the very beginning. Or vice versa, of course.

You will see that as we progress to the very first pages of this novella, fear will be your constant companion. I will tell you how you can profit from the prophets of doom, how to make untold wealth for your retirement in the post-apocalyptic worlds, I will enumerate the dozens of ways that the world is likely to end, I will even make it clear to you that there is no way out for you or anyone else so that you don't spend any unnecessary time concerning yourself with escape. Remember, follow my advice and you will be rich beyond your wildest dreams, although when the world ends that won't mean a whole lot—you and your riches, and your wildest dreams, and my advice will be nothing at all.

And who am I to advise you on anything? I am the world's greatest expert on the end of the world, having come to the end of

the world over and over and over. I am Nosirrah and my expertise is that I am not. My world is not. And, really, to be quite candid with you, you are not, and your world too. I live in the world that is not, as one who is not, so for me the world has come to an end, along with fear of that end, and I am left just with raef. Raef is the realization of temporal confusion, that is to say, time does not move just forward, gobbling the tasty future into the maw of the present, digesting and shitting out the past as waste, a toxic and foul realm that we face only with trepidation. Raef is random time, time without linear structure, time full of coincidence, synchronicity and magic, in which we can as easily live fast-forward or rewind or play, where pause is as available as ejector/reset. Random access eliminates fear. Raef. Freedom from the construct of time is freedom from fear if the future is the past, or more precisely, neither exists other than upon our arrival, our occurrence and our construction of that temporal reference. Then unless we create fear for the texture, tension and intensity that it adds to our created reality, we are free.

No time, no world. Game over. Game begins. Game over. Game begins. Get used to it. It is the end of the world, again. And again. You could start buying gold and silver, which would take care of you if the world ends because of sudden collapse of the world monetary system. You could use the gold to buy food, clothing, fuel and possibly guns. Although, in that scenario, the guy with the guns isn't likely to accept your gold for his guns when he can simply accept your gold by using his guns...on you. Remember, guns don't kill people, survivalists kill people when the world ends. But we are getting ahead of ourselves, which is easy to do when we start at the end, and getting ahead of ourselves when we are atemporal is just as easy as falling behind, freezing or just plain finding ourselves in an entirely different lifetime.

Like there was the time that I bumped my head on the counter top, you know where you are picking something up off the kitchen floor and you hit your head as you stand up and you see stars for a moment. By stars, I mean the celestial kind, not the red carpet kind, although Angelina Jolie fits both descriptions I suppose, and I would be happy to mediate her little dispute with Jennifer Aniston

anytime. I have been told by my dermatologist my face looks a little like Brad Pitt, although on second thought maybe he said badly pitted.

But back to the stars you see when you hit your head.

The next moment the stars subside slightly as I gaze up at the night sky in Australia, at least it seems like Australia, endless bleak dessert with scrub and nothing else and I realize that I have shifted into another time and place. It is a post-apocalyptic world in which humans kill each other for the scraps of food and the detritus of the industrialized world. Road warriors roar up and down the highways in search of gasoline to fill their empty tanks so that they can roar up and down the highways, and while this may sound like the life of a contemporary commuter, it is a parallel life of Nosirrah, soon to be known as Mad Nox, Road Pacifist. He was prepared for the end of the world as we know it, and he dutifully bought gold coins when everyone else was buying stock in big oil companies and those multinational conglomerates that always get those no-bid contracts to build the weapons to destroy cities in war, and then get the no-bid contracts to rebuild the same cities. Those stocks looked like good investments and, yes, there was a twenty percent return even after the brokerages, market makers and inside traders got their cuts. But what Mad Nox realized as he scraped his meager dollars together to buy American Eagle gold coins and a few Krugerrands for variety, when the world monetary system collapses, all those returns, all those stock shares, all those inside trades weren't going to mean diddly because all the investors would be holding was their electronic statements, at least until the electricity shut down for the last time and then they would be holding nada. Nosirrah would be holding gold.

As the world system came off its wheels, the cities went to full time riots and the countryside to famine. The no-bid government security "contractors" destroyed but forgot to rebuild. Mad Nox calmly loaded his gold, his well worn copy of Gandhi's *The Story of My Experiments with Truth* and his highly trained Labradoodle into his Prius Hybrid Synergy Drive with Push Button Start (48 mpg) and headed out to cruise the highways, confident in his survivability in

a world gone crazy. I still remember the feeling of absolute freedom as I sped down the highway at a gas-consumption optimizing 55 miles per hour, windows rolled down slightly so as not to impact my mileage due to wind drag but enough so that the dry wind blew through my hair, not on my head of course there isn't much hair there, but the feeling of wind blowing through your nostril hair is really the feeling of total freedom, don't you think? The world might be ending, but Mad Nox, Road Pacifist, was reborn.

Unfortunately, that sense of freedom didn't last long as I was soon surrounded by gas guzzling motorcycles, chopped down tow trucks and souped up pickup trucks with crossbows mounted on them. It was like a bad, low budget cult movie starring Mel Gibson, but damn it, it was *my* movie and I was going to make the best of it. I was doing the Mel Gibson part of Mad Max, and being concerned with global warming even though I was in a post-industrial world, I had replaced Mel's 1973 Ford Falcon XB GT coupe turbocharged Pursuit Special with my Hybrid (with Cruise Control!). But back to my movie, we stopped our vehicles and the gang leader was a big guy named Lord Hummus who demanded I give him my car or he and his boys would shoot me full of his nasty arrows. He had no idea who he was dealing with, after all I had taken not one, but two of the Marshal Rosenberg Non-violent Communication weekend seminars, and I was ready to help them meet their needs.

"Give me everything," Hummus grunted, articulating a need he was only beginning to understand.

"Hummus, I'm guessing you have unfulfilled needs and if we can just find how those needs can be met, we won't have any conflict, am I right?"

"Give me everything now, or you die!" Hummus bellowed.

"Well, I can certainly see that you are feeling mad," I said, using my NVC training," and that makes me feel sad. You see, it is important that we acknowledge the simple emotions that we experience when our needs are not met and that we begin to speak them to each other. For example, when the world as we knew it came to an end, I certainly felt sad and mad, but not bad, because I knew that it wasn't my fault. I had replaced all my incandescent

bulbs with compact fluorescent, I was composting my organic scraps and I drank only fair trade coffee. I was glad I didn't feel sad. I am guessing that you, Lord Hummus, feel bad, am I right?"

"Give me everything, *and* you die!" Hummus was livid, and had upped the ante. This told me that we were getting to the point of communication. I felt glad. At the same time it seemed like our Non-Violent Communication session might be better off if we rescheduled it for another movie.

"Hummus, I am not a violent man, how about if I give you a gold coin and you give me safe passage?"

"Give me everything, all your gold coins, you die *and* we torture you horribly first just for fun."

My non-violent communication training seemed to be paying off after all, no need to reschedule. Hummus seemed to be connecting directly to his needs and was now expressing them. Unfortunately, as a psychopathic killer his needs were best fulfilled by staking me to a fire ant hill (this was a bad movie after all) and leaving me to expire in the sun after taking my car, my dog and all my gold. Note to self, in next dream sequence, hallucination, or parallel universe lifetime, bring weapons along with the gold and Non-Violent Communication tapes. Non-violence might not be well suited for a post-industrial, post-civilization world. Also, no sunscreen—fire ants seem to love it.

Days later, in the last wheezing moments of the life of Mad Nox, Road Pacifist, just as that world ended with the dying gasps through parched lips swollen with ant stings, the sun was so searing that my eyes were burned, I saw lights within lights within lights like a hundred sparklers, and standing upright, rubbed my head. Kitchen counters are hard and hitting your head on one hurts, but where one movie closes, another opens. I was back in my kitchen, Mad Nox a fading memory of a possible future now past. I was just Nosirrah, but what movie had I entered? What world did I now occupy? And almost before that question had formed in my still foggy mind, along came the companion question: whatever this world was, when would it come to an end and would I survive those end times?



There seem to be two categories of end-of-world scenarios. Type one is where the world meets a calamity that simply destroys it, it is over, period. The Blue Screen of Death, your computer will not reboot and your Windows operating system has had a complete meltdown and ceases to function. You can prepare for this end of the world by going off the grid, learning to hunt your own food, and studying basic survival skills so that when the world shuts down you won't have to begin to live like a caveman because you will already be living like a caveman. Unless of course the end-of-the-world scenario includes a mutant virus, nuclear winter, alien invasion or the nanotechnology-gone-awry black goop and then your only real hope is to be in a type two end-of-the-world scenario instead of a type one scenario.

Type two in the end-of-the-world scenarios is a lot more promising because no matter how horrible the end of the world is, you are a member of a special group of believers who will be transported to a new world in a new dimension, in heaven or in a fully restored earth or possibly some other planet. This is no ordinary end of the world, this is the apocalypse, and for those in the know it is the ticket to a better life and all that is necessary is to believe the correct beliefs and for everyone else to be mercilessly wiped out by your god because they got it wrong. Pretty simple and compelling case for joining a cultic sect just in case. The quandary, of course, is which one? It wouldn't be too good to be believing in Thetans with the volcano worlds of Xenu and the Galactic Confederacy with the religion of Scientology if those Jehovah's Witnesses knocking on your door with *The Watchtower* got it right and the Tetragrammaton is going to keep you and the other 143,999 believers safe. Thetan. Tetra. Thetan. Tetra. How is a person to decide on a cosmic insurance policy against the unpleasantnesses of the end times?

As a cosmic voyager through all times, dimensions and universes, I hope to help you understand these possible end-of-the-world scenarios, including making the right belief choices to keep yourself covered, and how to make a fabulous fortune on the misfortune of those caught up in the end times. To learn more, you must stop trying to read this book for free if you are in a bookstore and take

it immediately to the checkout counter where you will pay for it before proceeding further. **YOU MUST GO TO THE CHECKOUT NOW.** If you are not in a bookstore but are reading a friend's copy, then you must give that friend an amount equal to the cover price of this book to continue. **DO IT NOW.** If you are reading this online, then you must voluntarily pay a similar amount to the cover price using the convenient PayPal button located near this text. **NOW.** When you are done reading this book you must pass it on to another person. They will pay you when they get to this page of this book, don't worry. If you either do not pay for this book or do not pass it on to the next person, your wife, husband, girlfriend or boyfriend will dump you, you will become depressed by your failed romantic life and forget to water your houseplants which will wither and die and you will lose your job because of your changed demeanor, at the very same time as the insurance runs out from the job you lost you will contract a serious illness which involves uncontrollable flatulence, and even worse bad things will happen that I don't have the heart to describe in these pages, but it is unimaginably nasty and involves lime Jello, if you get the drift. **DO NOT TEMPT YOUR FATE** by not buying this book and then passing it on. This is not a chain book, this is really true.

Now, that you have bought this book, and before you pass it on, send \$1 to each of the names below, cross off the bottom name and add your name and address to the bottom of the list. Sit back and wait for the money to roll in.

You know just six months ago, my car had been repossessed, I had an eviction notice on my door and not a penny in my pocket (in other words, things were pretty normal). Now based on the money-making plan I have outlined for you, I plan to be buying a brand-new luxury car and an ocean-view condo in which to enjoy my instant-wealth retirement. I feel so fortunate, I want to share it with you, my loyal reader who has paid for this book by now or who will be cursed to the end of time and beyond if you have not.

If you believe that someday you deserve that lucky break that you have waited for all your life, simply follow the easy instructions below. Your dreams will come true, unless your dreams are like my

dreams which are mostly nightmares and then you will be blessed that your dreams will not come true, but that is even better.

Do not break this chain, even though this is not a chain letter and is not illegal, so don't break the chain. Remember the lime Jello.

This is a literary work and I am providing a product or service to you, so this is not a chain letter or chain book and the U S Post Office Inspector, the Internal Revenue Service, and the Central Intelligence Agency have no reason to investigate and if they do, I want the investigator to know that I have been the victim of identity theft and it is a different Nosirrah who wrote this book, I am not the same one that you got for that Amy Bruce chain letter, you know the one that started, "Hi, my name is Amy Bruce. I am 7 years old, and I have severe lung cancer from second hand smoke. I also have a large tumor in my brain, from repeated beatings. The doctors say I will die soon if this isn't fixed, and my family can't pay the bills. The Make A Wish Foundation has agreed to donate 7 cents for every name on this list. For those of you who send this along, I thank you so much, but for those who don't send it, what goes around comes around. Have a Heart, please send this."

That was a different Nosirrah that looked just like me, but it wasn't me, although I thought the combination of the heart-wrenching plea and the implicit dark threat of something "coming around" was pure genius on the part of the Nosirrah who wasn't me. And by the way, for the record, Nosirrah is not. I am not Nossirah, but neither is he. More on this later or you might want to pick up a copy of my tour-de-force novella *God Is an Atheist* for more on the not that isn't Nosirrah.

So, don't worry about legal issues, just follow the instructions by sending \$5 to the first 5 names and adding your name to the bottom after crossing out the top name before passing this book along.

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