

A Peek Into 2100



by Lee Duigon

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Time to peer into our crystal ball again! Okay, it's a mostly-empty jar of Miracle Whip—who can afford a genuine crystal ball, these days? But if you know the right incantations, all you need is a Miracle Whip jar.

So let's take a peek at what awaits us in the year 2100.

Ooh! This looks bad!

If you're not familiar with cryptozoology, well, it's just the search for animals that have either gone extinct or never existed in the first place—Loch Ness Monster, Bigfoot, the dinosaur that lives in that big swamp in the Congo, etc., etc. Of course, the moment a cryptid-hunter actually discovers a cryptic animal, it's no longer cryptozoology but just plain zoology. It takes a special kind of determination to track down cryptic creatures.

And in 2100, we have the most frantic search for a cryptid that's ever been seen. Never mind the Loch Ness Monster! In 2100, cryptozoologists the world over are trying to track down a creature that, throughout all of human history, and in all human societies everywhere, was universally recognized as real but which seems to have disappeared sometime in the first half of our current century.

You guessed it! The cryptozoologists in 2100 will be searching for...

Grandchildren!

Once upon a time, grandchildren were as plentiful as the passenger pigeon. You could look it up. What family didn't have them?

But that was before the 21st-century Transgender Mania inspired the global ruling class to "reassign the gender" of children all over the world—largely, I am sorry to say, through the public schools. "Reassignment" drugs and surgery, totally irreversible, rendered an entire generation of children permanently sterile.

Oops. Should've thought of that, shouldn't they? Children emerged from public schooling without the capacity to reproduce. Their parents would never have grandchildren. This was hailed as a triumph of "transgender rights." That generation of children would never have children themselves.

Oh! But there must be children, somewhere, who were not made sterile, whose "gender" was never "reassigned." The world's a big place. Somewhere in the tropical rain forests—the ones that haven't been cut down and paved over to make space for nail salons—or the vast Siberian steppe, or the high and little-traveled mountains of the Caucasus... Somewhere, anywhere, there must be grandchildren.

Cryptozoologist Farfel Meshugga has been searching high and low for grandchildren. "It's kind of urgent," he explains, "what with the human race going extinct and all. Against all expectation, Transgender turned out to be a bad idea."

Last year, in the unmapped wilderness of the Likouala Swamp in the Congo People's Republic, Meshugga's camera failed him at the very moment in which a fabulous discovery would have made him world-famous.

"I saw a grandson!" he recalls. "I know I did! The little fellow was riding on one of those dinosaurs. I know, I

know—skeptics insist it was only a Bigfoot. And when he saw me, he slid down the tail of the dinosaur and disappeared among the trees. He’s somewhere in that swamp today! And he must have parents, and even grandparents, somewhere out there. Remember families? That kid almost certainly had one!” He sighs deeply. “I’ll just keep looking,” he vows. “And then there’s that sighting, last month, in the Badlands of Alberta, Canada. A prospector swears he saw a little girl. And I’m inclined to believe him.”

So we’re looking at a future in which the survival of the human species depends on the success of cryptozoology! Who would have thought it?

I have discussed these and other topics throughout the week on my blog, <http://leeduigon.com/> . Click the link and stop in for a visit... with your grandchildren, if you’ve got some. My articles can also be found at www.chalcedon.edu/ .

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