

The REO Rant: February

February: A Swirling Maelstrom of Despair

I usually consider January the worst month in history, but it is close. It's neck and neck with February. Plus, January is over, so I blew that one. No matter. February is probably just as horrible. It's wet, cold, and completely bland. And January and February love making dark alliances to foster sickness – the everlasting crud. It drains the head, mind, and brain.

Some might say that there is Valentine's Day, that beacon of heart-shaped joy, that holiday of eternal looove. Joy–hah! Love–my foot! Maybe love and joy if you're a seller of flowers or chocolates or pink cards. Because that's all V Day is really, just a big old marketing gimmick. (Okay, fine, I'm good with the chocolate since it heals the soul and keeps Dementors at bay.)

In truth, February is so pathetic and losery a month that it couldn't even work up to as many days as its 11 brothers and sisters. And the number it does have always jumps back and forth from 29 to 28. So not only is it pathetic and losery, it's also incredibly fickle.

Truth be told, pretty sure January has an edge in the race since I am practically drowned in its particular brand of the swirling maelstrom of despair every year. With February, the dark, dirty waters of another maelstrom are all too near, but I usually manage to elude them. Usually. Sometimes, though, I do almost drown in it like the best of 'em. So let's just go ahead and say that both are equally malevolent and dark and pretty much the worst thing ever. I say we abolish them both from the calendar completely. Let us never speak of them again. May it be as if they had never been born. Strike their names from our records. So let it be written. So let it be done.