

HOLIDAYS, 2001
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Yes, *they* are here. But I am not complaining. I like *them* holidays. I do not like to work because, as Descartes said, a creative mind requires a lot of rest.

I do not have to look at the calendar to tell me it is December. This year, unlike most years the weather was not of much help. I am not complaining, mind you. I, like my 11-year old Honda, do not like to drive on snowy roads.

I can tell *they* are here, based on the fewer number of cars on the road during the morning commute. . I am guessing that many shoppers, just too tired from the previous night's journey through the stores, decided to sleep in their cars in front of the malls so that these soldiers of fortune could capture a bargain at one those early bird blue light specials. Again I am not complaining, mind you. The fewer the cars, the better for me, my car and my insurance company.

They present us with certain inspiring truths that are not readily apparent at most other times. For instance, *their* messengers, men and women of commerce, bombard you with the idea that the more you spend, the more you save. I am sure such talk makes math majors nervous. Wonder how much plastic gets melted during in the heat of *their* slogan. But, it is important to help the collective economy, even at the risk of individual bankruptcy. Again, I am not complaining mind you. A better economy is good for America. Good for me, too, so *they* say.

They give us the license to indulge - to eat and drink to one's heart content with no untoward consequences. Yes, you are expected to make merry- that is *their* happy rule. Again mind you, I am not complaining. I like to eat and drink, and hide the scales during the last month of the year.

They expect us to make resolutions. It is a time for pleasant, though wishful, thinking. *Their* spirit gives us the courage to think the impossible. Examples: Next year, I shall consume only 1 pound of chocolate a week. Here is another, a little easier: Next year, I shall work out every day. I am not complaining mind you. Even as I make such heroic promises which I intend to keep, I know loopholes wide enough let these elephant promises to escape are being developed somewhere in the deep recesses of my brain.

Soon, *they* will wish us goodbye, and leave. The bills will come in January, just as sure as the Tax forms. The scales, retrieved from their December hiding places, will register new highs. But I am not complaining. I have a whole year to pay my bills and lose my weight.