

Goodbye December, Hello January.



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Goodbye December, hello January. While December is by far my favorite month, my least favorite is January. Nothing good ever comes in January once you pass the first few hours.

Think about it. While 12 a.m.- 4 a.m. are normally good times, the rest of the month just sucks. And it starts early. You wake up at 8 or 9 because your head isn't exactly on straight. You feel like death and you just want to sleep, but you can't.

The holiday season is officially over, and instead of seeing the beauty of the snow, you just wish you could drive your car without it being such an adventure.

The girls you met in December were either at SantaCon or New Years Eve. As my Dad would say, "There's magic them there nights." Dad wasn't much for grammar.

But I ain't much for January. Particularly January 9. January 9 is going to be the worst day of the year this year. It always is. Well, its not always January 9, but its always the first Saturday after New Years. This one falls on January 2. And to be sure, that will be gloomy as well, but that night will be spent recovering. January 9, is the first real weekend of the year.

So I'm going to give one special lady a night on the town.

But unlike Santacon or New Years Eve, there's no magic January 9. It's cold, she's all dressed up in 14 layers and you realize the only thing you ever had in common with this girl is you're both lonely and you both were foolish enough to think one drunk day or night in New York City can erase that.

But you take her out on a date. You go to an overpriced New York City restaurant and pay \$100. During dinner you keep thinking, "I should be watching the NFL playoffs now!! I got to get out of this!!!"

So you pay the check, and quickly walk her to the nearest Subway station. You drop her off, get a peck on the cheek, and one of us will quickly lie and say we'll call the other one.

But it's ok, because you're going to call your real friends now. Time for some guy bonding. You call all your boys and try to watch the 4th quarter of the game.

But all your stupid friends decided they had to make a New Year's Resolution. And because all my friends are already in pretty good shape, they are all going to decide that they want to party less in 2010. These hypocrites will only last two weeks, but unfortunately, one of those weeks happen to fall on January 9!

So instead of watching the end of the amazing game, you just trek back to Penn Station. As you walk into Penn Station, you see all the 20 something's just getting in. These fools are undeterred by the miserable night. They are too inexperienced to know what I know. Instead of giving me a silent nod, saying that I'm their hero for at least trying, they give me a different look. This

look is filled with venom, scorn or pity.
“Look at you old man. You FAIL!”

So I hop on the train, head bowed in shame.
A tear rolls down my eye, a man that looks
like Morgan Freeman looks at me. I look up
with my sad face, ashamed that he sees me
like this.

But the old man starts to smile. He too puts
his head down and starts laughing. I look at
him, distraught that he's mocking me. But
then the ol' man speaks.

He says, “Boy, at least you still give it a
shot. You're gonna be alright. You're gonna
be alright.” He then tussles my head, where
my hair used to be, and gets out at Jamaica.

A few stragglers get on and they see me.
The tear is gone. My head is nodding. I'm
gonna be OK. I'm gonna be OK. Thank
you Wise Train Man. I'm gonna get through
this wretched month.

But still, I sure as heck cant wait till
December returns!