

the rhino's ass | a rock and a hard place



January 14, 2011

Public executions planned for national holidays

I lost all sense of national and provincial holidays many moons past. While building my football newspaper ([World Football Pages](#), 2002-05) 28 hours a day, nine days a week, the idea of doing anything festive on a holiday was resigned to taking a little extra time to myself to go to the washroom. On really big events, like the Christmas holidays, I'd eat one square meal a day and sleep well over 30 minutes before resuming my regular publishing grind. To ensure I didn't completely lose touch with all our official Do Dick-all Days, and the much-revered dawn of yet another weekend, Laura and I would often thrust our arms into the air exclaiming with a whooo, "It's Friday!" All those whoos helped keep me in the game, at least as a wishful spectator, long enough to realize I didn't actually want to play the game anymore.

During my work-induced holiday hiatus the truth became blindingly clear, and the corporate-retail sector-driven sham that is most of our holidays, was never more transparent. It was also clear that I wasn't alone in struggling to find a valid reason to keep pumping out these official days off. Most people I've ever met have absolutely no idea what they're celebrating, or why, or for how long it's all been going on, and the kicker... most of those simply don't care, so long as they can clock out early on Friday and not return to the techno-industrial revolution until Tuesday. Well that's just not good enough people. And will not be tolerated in the Republic of Me. The April resurrection of the great, mythical JC, for instance, is no reason to tell our children that rabbits lay chocolate eggs, especially when 70% of the world's cocoa supply comes from the corporate-fuelled illegal military dictatorship that holds Cote D'Ivoire's children as slave labourers, and kills those who disagree with feeding the world's craving for Cadbury's at any cost. So consider Easter off the holiday charts. And they'll be no more hanging around on Good Friday either.

We're just getting started here, and Laura will tell you that I "hate" all holidays. Although it's mostly true, I really hate the constant use of the word "hate" when describing my lack of compassion for things that can't justify their own existence. Unless Laura shapes up she'll be hard-pressed to get a Travel Visa to take a one-day vacation in the Republic of Me, never mind live with me in the Republic, continuing our blissful relationship.

Now I realize, as did the Christians when they stole Christmas, that even good honest folk are frequently firmly wedged in their maniacal traditions, right or wrong, for better or worse. We just get used to things I suppose. So the Republic of Me will still maintain a two-day holiday, around early April, loosely tied to its absurd godly origins. They'll be no more confused rabbits and chickens at Easter, but there will be public executions, just like in the good old Roman days, when JC wasn't so popular. Gone will be emptying our bank accounts for crappy overpriced chocolate fermented in the blood of frail African children, all to feed the insatiable diets of our fat, Facebooking couch potato kids. But we'll have nice new City parks and forums where the whole family can enjoy not one, but three public executions every Spring. On the second day of the holiday, we'll grant one of the three a pardon, and the clearance to resurrect themselves. Failure to do so will prove their ultimate testimony of guilt. A huge bonus here, is that if you buy a family pass for the executions, you get free admittance to the potential resurrection. That's got to be at least a \$10 value, and, you already saved all that money not contributing to the next Ivory Coast civil war. Also consider that we'll never run out of people worthy of popping, which amounts to many excellent holidays to come. You know that guy at the store who answers every screw-up or question with the phrase, "I just work here"... we're going to execute him first... the ungrateful, irresponsible twit.

Needless to say, there's much work to be done. It's a busy calendar to clear and rebuild anew, with fresh, sensible holidays that speak more of our time and place than the delusions of generations past. Among others, Victoria Day needs to be rededicated to the most influential Victorias of the modern era – Victoria's Secret and Victoria Beckham,

while the August Civic Holiday will only afford a day off to Honda owners. Boxing Day will be replaced by Out Of The Box Day, at which time the most innovative idea for a day off will be chosen as our reason to shut down the entire republic for 24 hours. It's all possible ya know. I'm at least confident we can improve upon fat, red-suited pedophiles and bunnies with an identity crisis.

See you in Spring at the executions. Bring beer.

Chris J. Vaughan Griffiths

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