The Dark Side: Holiday in the Su

BY LAURAH NORTON Features Columnist

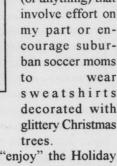
I somehow have (barely) managed to survive Christmas this year. Things got tough, but I made my way back here to lovely Greensboring without visible scarring or permanent psychosis. When I was a kid, I adored the your house with homey snowflake mo-

many brightly-colored decorative prod- embarrassing-past-events session, evucts. To involve yourself, you have to go to big, scary malls and buy presents; in fact, searching three hours for the perfect gift will probably cause you to hate the person you're buying it for.

People expect you to decorate

tifs and sing songs about fat old men and lonely deer over and over until suicide seems like a viable option.

Basically, I don't like events (or anything) that involve effort on my part or encourage suburban soccer moms wear sweatshirts decorated with glittery Christmas



In order to "enjoy" the Holiday SeasonTM, one must travel to visit people that one normally wouldn't even associate with-i.e., family.

You pretend to enjoy your relatives' company (at least until the eggnog kicks in) and appreciate the horrible strange presents they purchase for you on some sadistic whim. After a mass gorge-on-turkey-and-bring-upervone sits around waiting to go back to work.

What mirthful joy. Holidays would be much easier if we didn't actually have to see other people.

I've created a plan that'd make such celebrations less painful—which is a good thing. Instead of shelling out a hundred bucks to buy Aunt Bertha an electric cat toothbrush, we all spend an allotted amount of money on our-

It's not that I hate giving or receiving gifts (preferably cartons of cigarettes); it's just that our lives would be a lot less stressful if we purchased our own gifts. You know the sweaters

will fit, and nobody will have to stand in line for three days to return a Spice Girls CD.

On Christmas day (or Hanukkah or the Solstice, Halloween or whatever) you can sleep late, open presents and spend the day alone, drinking beer and watching wrestling in your underwear.

Order a pizza, call a few relatives and exchange heartfelt greetings (the less you see people, the more you like them) and compliment yourself on your excellent gift-giving taste.

Sing a seasonal song, decorate your cat's litter box, or just fall asleep on the couch to the sweet sounds of Jerry Springer.

Now that's heaven.



I am the goth Santa Claus. You haven't seen much of me because I can't find any houses with Rudolph's black light nose and all my reindeer keep trying to kill themselves. PHOTO BY CHRIS SNYDER

holidays; since I was young and stupid (as opposed to old and stupid) I didn't have any responsibilities except opening lots of gifts and running around 'till I threw up. Alas, I've matured (slightly) since then, and have reshaped my ideas on the whole Holiday SeasonTM

Holidays a) induce high blood pressure, b) cost money, and c) involve too







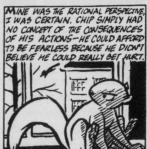














Campus Candid



Denizens of Hobbs prepare to destroy the earth. See them laugh their evil laughs. See them plan their evil plans. Fear them! Flee from their path! PHOTO BY BECCA LEE