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Grade school remembrance

V-Day was more fun as a kid

By Martin Thiel **Emerald Contributor**

At about this point each vear. I think back to some of my more poignant Valentine memories.

It's always nice to look back and realize that I haven't been completely inept at having a special Valentine; after all, in elementary school everyone was my Valentine, or so it seemed.

I can remember it now as if it were only 13 years ago. Actually, it was 13 years ago. It was second, third or maybe even fourth grade; things tend to blur together after awhile. Being in class everyday with 25 other kids, all of whom were, of course, my best (and only) friends so it seemed, I had to do something special for Valentine's Day to show them how I felt.

I had my mom drive me to the drugstore so I could check out the big Valentine's Day display. It was enormous.

candy huge boxes, stuffed animals must what have been a million cards choose from.

What would be the right choice? What if I bought ev-

eryone a box of candy, or Valentine bear? Would that be enough? Nothing could be

And then the cold sweat came over me. I realized I giving a Valentine to everyone

Love is a snowmobile racing across the tundra; suddenly it flips and pins you underneath. At night, the ice weasels come. Matt Groening, attributed to Nietzsche

thought. What enough, I would I do?

Here is the perfect thing, said my mother. She held out a box containing a whole bunch of small Valentines, complete with envelopes

meant everyone - girls too, even the ones I couldn't

Mom must have known how I felt. "You can't exclude any

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