The weather isousy. We are amid a time on the sports calendar that is aquired by many a student. student’s life, and bad moods are running amuck throughout the campus. These three issues, while seemingly unrelated, mean one thing. February has arrived.

February is, by far, the worst month of the year. It has redeeming val-
es, such as Valentine’s Day. For some students (though not Holy Cross students) there is a long, hot celebration President’s day. February is Black History month, a time during which we focus on parts of our histo-
y that are often overlooked, and certainly not given due respect. The best part of February is towards the end, when purgatory is over for baseball fans, as Pedro and company finally report to Fort Meyers. Of course, these great parts of February are not enough to save the month from its dubious disinction. February is, by far, the worst month of the year.

The snow is no longer fun, or even desired. Snow is a surprise in February at November or January, any day of the year. It is a bother in February; the novelty always wears off, completely, by February 1st. The snow is not the entire issue, the prevailing prob-
lem with the weather in February is rain. Snow is rare, if ever, pre-	ty in February, and this is because snow rarely, if ever, comes alone in February. It is always preceded or followed by rain; there is no such thing as a rain and snow day. Frothing at the mouth, these organi-
sations convened and met and planned for their crusade against Chavez. The opposition dili-
gently unearthed newspaper and magazine columns written by Chavez over the years, scrutinized interviews with the Chavez family, and it seemed only natural for this Rush Limbaugh in a black robe. The AFL-CIO’s John Sweeney was a slave. Would Cruella pay her debt? Would Cruella kick the nascent Bush administration into the fog.

The weather issues lead to a far more bothersome and evil problem in the month of February. Bad moods infect more people, more often than any other time of the year, save mid-April. The weather, particularly the lack of sun and warmth, is a heavy contributor to a general ill among all humanity, at least across the northern part of the country. People are simply miserable in February. Large-scale fights among friends are near-
ly guaranteed in this horrendous month. February, socially, is a giant black hole. It is slippery, cold, and gross, making an off-campus venture an incredible bother. Be it a walk to Cal or a drive to Irish Times, going out is an incredible bother in February. It is worse in this sorry-excuse-for-a-
month, as all the seasons of winter seem to pile on top of each other. There is no such thing as a ‘bright’ day in February, as the sun may shine, but it is mostly too cloudy to actually be considered a ‘bright’ day.

The worst part about February, though, is the three-week period between the Super Bowl and the day that Pedro, and all that would attempt to be like him, report to spring training. There is no such thing as a ‘spring break’ in February, as the month is too short and cold to allow for such luxuries. February is a cruel trick played on the people of this world. It is a boring, annoying month worthy of all the disdain the human race can muster. Remember two things: 1) February is only 28 days long, and 2) the Spring break is only one month from today, beginning after your last class of the semester. That means that there are three midterms, three papers, or four labs between now and then. Don’t worry, students survive the heinous full month of February each and every year. Even so, may February be damned.