

## V-Day

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So Valentines Day went down like it usually does each year.

A few days before the big day, I issue my warning, "I don't want flowers. Do not buy me flowers. I will lose my mind if I get flowers!" (I know what you are thinking, what a joy to be married to me, right?)

But in all fairness, how can anything that rots and dies be considered a gift?

So, flowers have been banned not only for V-Day but also for anniversaries and birthdays.

And like every year, once the warning is issued, Brody rolls his eyes and inquires, "What are you getting me?" (See what I live with.)

And as in years past, I have to explain, "Valentines Day is a girl holiday. You have to get ME something...that I want."

Ever since the ban was issued, my hubby swears that there hasn't been one gift I haven't returned.

And while this may be technically true, a store credit still lasts longer than a dozen roses.

In all honesty, I'm all for getting rid of V-Day.

It never fails that the night before I end up making a mad dash to the grocery to buy cards and candy for 22 children ... who I don't really love. (Let's be candid, how can I love someone whose name I don't even know until the night before V-Day when I finally look at my son's class roster, that he handed me the first day of school?)

And yet, I spend the rest of my evening sticking suckers to their cards and emptying my entire can of coffee into the garbage, so that I can make my son a V-Day Canister, for all the cards he will receive from parents who don't love him either.

Nor do I care for the School Candy and Flower Grams that I always, always, always forget to turn in.

"Oh my God Mama! For 7 hours, hour after hour, other kids are being delivered candy and flowers from their parents and you got us nothing." (Note to self, email the principal to remind him V-Day is an ADULT girl holiday!)

So next year instead of just banning flowers, I'm thinking of widening the ban.

No flowers, no cards, no candy!

Growing up, my Uncle Lee, who never married, would hand us a \$20.00 bill for each and every birthday, holiday or graduation. No envelope, no card, he just reached into his pocket and would smack a twenty into the palm of my hand.

An all cash V-Day. I like it.

And while I'm at it, don't even get me started on that thorn in my side...the Easter Bunny! I've got some banning coming his way this year, as well.

Tags: Untagged