

The History of Valentine's Day

There are several theories about the origins of Valentine's Day.

Some believe it is a commercial holiday, created and sustained by greeting card companies and those perverts who put chocolates in garish red boxes shaped like hearts.

Another theory has it that Valentine's day is named after a saint of the Christian church. During the rule of Roman Emperor Claudius II, young men were forbidden to marry because he felt married men made weaker warriors. In spite of this, two priests, one of them named Valentine used to perform marriage ceremonies for young couples.

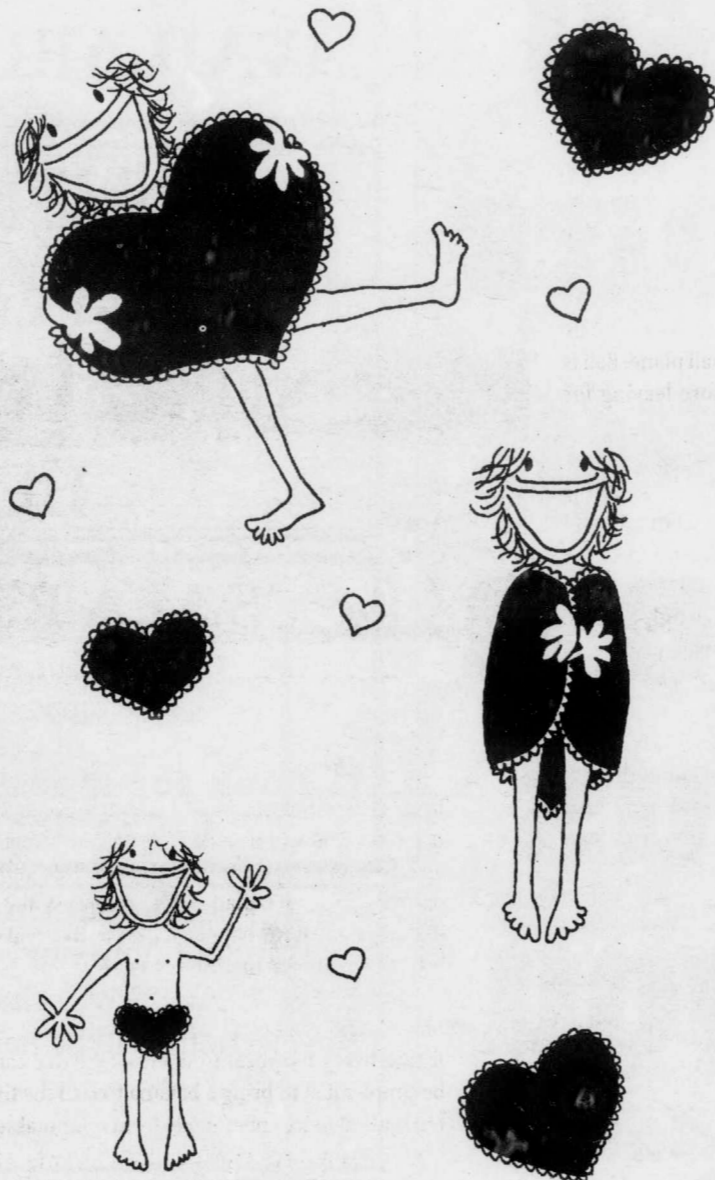
There is an old English belief that birds choose their mates on February 14.

And here's a bit of Valentine's Day history for all you S & M fans out there: some trace this lover's holiday to a Roman festival called *Lupercalia*. During the celebration of *Lupercalia*, young men struck people with strips of animal hide, and women took the blows because the whipping was supposed to make them more fertile.

Some Fun Valentine's Day Customs

• In Great Britain and Italy, single women get up before sunrise on February 14 and stand by their window for hours until a man goes past. The first man they see is the one they will marry.

• In the 1700's, groups of friends met and drew names. The man would then wear the name of his valentine pinned on his sleeve - hence the expression "wearing his heart on his sleeve."



Never Forgotten

She was taken away, as was his will,
A worn-out fetter, the body ever so still,
Why, oh why, did it have to happen?
Do not despair, beloved, do not.
For one day, she who was not forgot,
shall be seen in shining light.

But why, you ode, how can this be?
Only with faith can you see,
The Power that was is, and is to come
Cannot be forgotten,
For He who was forsaken,
Shall come back to life.

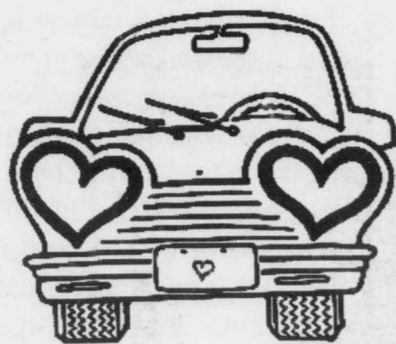
Memories of time rush by, never forgotten,
Or so it seems, beloved one,
For while many labour in sorrow,
There will be a new dawn tomorrow,
She who was the light of my dawn,
Shall arise and greet A New Morn.

By
Jit

So Glad We...

So glad we could part as friends
So happy there were no name calling scenes
So content that we had made good memories
So why, when I think of Valentine's do I think of a cracked heart and that all the superglue in the world would not be enough to mend it?

-S



Valentine's & Death

In February, all is dreary,
The winter blahs preside
The lonely masses wander, weary,
Emotionless inside.

The month of Valentines and lovers,
Feigning their happiness,
While overhead, destruction hovers,
Attacking while they kiss.

All happiness is fleeting, passes,
No "love" is carved in stone.
Since in the end, the lonely masses
Must face their death alone.



One Day, Quietly, in the Library

Sshhh!
She hissed
As she
skipped her line;
But I can't
Help but
Touch her
there,
here,
in the library.

One day,
quietly,
she lost her
page
In the library.

by Jason Meldrum.

A Story for Valentine's Day

Remember when I told you I was in love with that guy from up the road? I told you he made me hot, you know, because we used to go swimming together and then lie on the beach in the hot sun. It wasn't a sandy beach, it was pebbles, but it was still pretty erotic, us in our bathing suits and all.

Now there's someone else. I dumped beach guy, you know, because he didn't know how to drive very good, and I thought for sure he was going to wreck my car. But I met up with his friend Matt one day, and we went for a drive. He's a great driver, baby, and you know the back seat's pretty erotic. I think I'm in love.

by hilarity