

When you celebrate Valentine's Day as you invariably will, maybe it's best you understand a little bit about the myth of Saint Valentine.

There are at least three "Saint Valentines" in the Catholic annals, and no one is sure whether even *one* of them existed.

But the primary fable about Saint Valentine goes something like this: Roman Emperor Claudius

II, aka "Claudius the Cruel," annulled all marriages in Rome because married men were far less likely to risk their lives as soldiers. Valentine, or Valentinus, was a Christian priest who defied the Emperor's order and continued to marry couples in private. He was caught, dragged before the authorities, and beaten with clubs, yet he refused to apologize. So they chopped off his fucking head.

So when people say, "Will you be my Valentine?" they really mean, "Will you be my celibate masochistic priest who is ultimately beheaded?" I think it's important you know that.

Just as Christmas celebrates the twin falsehoods of Christ's virgin birth and Santa Claus's existence...just as July 4th commemorates the bald-faced lie that we're free...Valentine's Day is a silly holiday where couples embrace the impossible dream of everlasting love and the obviously untrue idea that it was anything more than chance and proximity that brought them together.

It's a day to celebrate—what? When the penises and vaginas come together to share the patently fraudulent notion that it all means something beyond the biologically programmed urge to photocopy one another.

I can understand the holiday's appeal to women, because infantile delusions of eternal togetherness and star-crossed destiny are apparently as necessary to them as oxygen, but please, fellas—have some dignity. Few things are more emasculating than falling in love, and there is no sight more disgusting than a love-struck man.

Swapping valentines might be cute when you're, like, eight, but as an adult it's cringeworthy and pathetic. Men murder their own masculinity by getting all schmoopy-woopy and lubby-dubby. You pathetic fags—get a grip on yourselves.

So on Valentine's Day when you snuggle together

LOVE

V.

CHOCOLATE

under the duck-down comforter, nibbling on popcorn as she forces you to watch one of her gay-ass romantic comedies, remember this: You're going to get tired of her. It's inevitable. You'll make promises you're incapable of keeping. And you'll insist that you'll love her forever, but it's just a trick your brain plays on you.

"Love" is chemical. It's not real, no matter how much you struggle against that truth like a clumsy toddler

trying to walk. Sex is usually fun, but love always winds up being a huge pain in the ass.

But how does one get sex while avoiding the unforgiving bear-tooth steel claws of the Love Trap? I've proposed a simple, yet revolutionary, solution: **CHOCOLATE.**

Without any of the stupidity, aggravation, or heartaches that typically attend human intimacy, chocolate can make you feel as if you're in love. Not only does it contain mood-elevating stimulants such as caffeine, it also increases the brain's serotonin levels, leading to a sense of well-being. Most importantly, chocolate is chock-full of phenylethylamine, which is the **PRECISE** chemical the brain releases when one feels

they are in love. Chemically related to amphetamines, phenylethylamine has been called the "Love Chemical."

You mean to say that instead of enduring all the accusations, threats, and teardrops, instead of being punched in the face with your insecurity every five seconds, I can just toss a Whitman's Sampler at you and vamoose? Here's an offer, and I can't see why you'd refuse—depend on me for the orgasm and on the chocolate to induce the chemical delusion of love. Deal?

You've had my dick. Now here's a box of chocolates. Leave me alone. You wanna little piece of candy, honey? Does daddy's widdle baby wanna piece of candy? Here, eat one—no, eat two. Eat the whole fucking box. Stuff your mouth so I don't have to hear you blabbering anymore. Please—eat more chocolate and quit nagging me. Harass the shit out of that chocolate box about how it doesn't understand you. Cry to the chocolate about how it doesn't care about you anymore. Stomp your feet on the pavement and scream at the chocolate in public, why don't you?

There will always be chocolate, Toots. Cocoa trees will always be growing in the equatorial jungles. But your man, if he has any sense at all, will be gone in the morning.

THE CHOICE IS EASY

