

Christmas baby Joshua laments about birthday struggles

by Danika Lyle
Humor Editor

I don't think you know how it feels to have every birthday gift wrapped in "Santa" themed wrapping paper. I don't think you get how it feels to share your date of birth with a guy who's been dead 2000 years. I don't think you comprehend the frustration of getting birthday/Christmas combo presents each year, when your siblings get double. My name is Joshua McNickel, and my life is a nightmare. Thanks a lot, Christmas Birthday!

When I was six years old, Mom got me Christmas cookies instead of birthday cake and let my sisters open presents while I opened mine. That was so frustrating! Thanks a lot, Christmas birthday!

The year I turned seven, my family from Connecticut sent me birthday cards. Only they weren't birthday cards, they were Christmas cards with the words "Happy Birthday" scribbled in pen at the bottom. Geez Louise, can't I have just one normal day? Thanks a lot, Christmas Birthday!

Later, when I was eight years old, my mom

told me that for my birthday I could have a party. I invited all my closest friends, but only Isaac Goldstein could attend. I was so angry! All the kids at school said that they couldn't go because I punch small dogs and they don't like me, but I know the real reason: my birthday is on Christmas. Thanks a lot, Christmas Birthday!

It seems like every year, everyone is out to get me on MY day. When I was nine, I wanted to go

out to iHop for the free pancake, birthday special. I walk in the door, and guess what they say to me? "What are you doing in here? iHop is closed for Christmas. Put down the crowbar, son. Please kid, don't hurt us. We'll give you the pancakes, just stay cool, man." Then when the pancakes arrive, no syrup. Can you believe it? Urrggghh. Thanks a lot, Christmas birthday!

A couple years later, I attempted to celebrate my twenty-

first birthday at a local bar. I thought, "Finally, a nice night when I can go out, celebrate my life, and do what I love most." I was just trying to have a fun time, when (just my luck) the cops show up and arrest me. Another case of Christmas Birthday misery, even though the officer blamed it on my "horrific attempt to set the city ablaze and steal the cities lamps." Classic scape-goat. Thanks a lot, Christmas Birthday!

It turns out that I can't even escape my birthday fate in the summer. Last July, I experienced the most severe amount of Christmas Birthday prejudice yet, my parents uninvited me to their party. I guess there is a new unwritten rule that Christmas babies can't go to other parties. Of course my mother tries to cover it up with the old "you put your grandma in the hospital and mailed a bag

of your own poop to Uncle Raymond. How could you ever expect an invitation, you little piece of" card on me. I really thought this country had changed, but I guess we still have a ways to go. Thanks a lot, Christmas Birthday!

Everywhere I turn someone has it in for Christmas babies. I can rattle off a few examples right now of why it stinks to be a Christmas baby: I didn't get the job I wanted, my girlfriend left me, and Dwayne the Rock Johnson is not my best friend. Geez, no one gets the struggle.

Happy holi-birthday to me, corporate America! Thanks a lot, Christmas Birthday!

As you sit around the Christmas tree this season, take a moment to think about the Christmas babies of the world. The ones who share their day with the world, sacrifice their celebrations to the fat man in a red suit, and live in the shadow of a well crafted marketing scheme. Christmas babies are the true victims of the season.

When you're sitting around the Christmas table this year think of me. Hug a christmas baby this year, kids. God knows we need the love.



Couch burns for eight nights during Hanukkah season

by Violet Wallerstein
Web Editor

It was the eighth night of Hanukkah, and all through the house, the couch was burning, and it didn't go out.

As with any Jewish family, we were excited on the eighth night. The menorah looks beautiful with all the candles burning, and the biggest presents are exchanged that night. However, my family's enthusiasm may have gone a little too far.

My younger brother had won the gelt toss and got to light the candles. In his excitement, he dropped the shamish on the couch. As the couch was covered in oil from all the fried food we were eating, it lit up like a Christmas tree (not that we would know).

As per Hanukkah tradition, we were not allowed to put out the flames and had to watch in agony as the fire consumed the couch, afraid that we would have to watch our house become ash in the name of

tradition. Then, something mysterious happened: the fire did not spread any farther than the edges of the couch. After watching it for half an hour, we were certain that the fire wasn't going to burn the whole house down. We stayed in the living room, sitting on the floor and in folding chairs until the candles in the menorah had burned all the way down. We said goodnight and figured that the fire would go out by the morning. I mean, how long does it take a couch to burn up anyway?

When I woke up the next day, meandering towards the kitchen to get some Kosher Certified

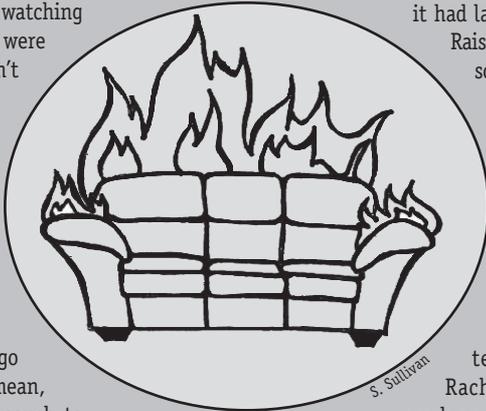
Raisin Bran, I walked past the living room and saw the couch burning as brightly as it had last night. Still, I ate my Raisin Bran and got ready for school, as there is no time off for Hanukkah.

The next few days passed in much the same way; each day we were still amazed to see the couch burning as bright as ever. On the fifth day, however, I had forgotten that I had invited Rachel to come over and work on a group project. By that time, I had gotten used to the sight of the burning couch. "Dude, your house is on fire!" she screamed when she walked in the door. "Nah,

that's just the Hanukkah couch. Would you like something to drink?" I replied. After the initial shock, she got over it, and we did the project in the warm glow of the couch.

The sixth night the couch was on fire, my parents decided to have our Jewish friends over. This could not just be some crazy coincidence but had to be some miraculous force at work, so we celebrated. For the next two days, we continued as if Hanukkah had not ended, ate more jelly doughnuts, and played dreidel. My family, as the receiver of this mystic sign, proclaimed this to be a new holiday called the "Hanu-couch," and true to its nomer, the couch went out on the eighth night. Now, every year, on the eighth night of Hanukkah, we light our couch ablaze and celebrate the newest Judaic holiday. Our neighbors refuse to stop calling the fire department.

Happy Hanu-couch to all!



DAoM is Olive the reindeer

by Cole Potter
Web Editor-in-Chief

Dog bless thee merry gentlemen, for it's time for a very special Christmas edition of Dog Actor of the Month! Now, there were a lot of ways I could have gone with this one. Who can forget the genre-changing performances by Kelley, the spaniel-mix as Max in How the Grinch Stole Christmas? Perhaps your favorite Christmas canines are the beloved little pups known as the Buddies, from holiday classics Santa Buddies and Santa Paws 2: the Santa Pups? Well tough tinsel to you pal because I'm going with the most important holiday hound to ever grace the silver screen, Olive.

That's right people. Olive, from Olive, the Other Reindeer, is this month's dog actor, or should I say dog actress? I know what you must be thinking: Olive isn't even a real dog! She's animated and voiced by a human. How can you be giving this prestigious award to a bunch of pixels? Couldn't an argument be made that she is technically a reindeer by the end of the movie? Well read on, insolent commenters, and you will come to understand how Olive is the best thing to happen to Christmas since sliced fruit cake.

First, one must confront the fact that Olive is a real dog. I'm not talking about the animated figure you see in that movie now nor the actor, Georgina Rice, who voiced her. When I say Olive, I'm referring to Olive, the mid-1990's leading voice actress who just so happened to be a dog. A direct relative of the dog actor which played Wishbone, (refer to: DAoM 3) Olive voiced many beloved characters over the course of her career, such as Zazu from the Lion King and Ducky in The Land Before Time II. However, she really became a household name when in 1999 DNA Productions decided to pay homage to her life of voice acting in the animated Christmas television special, Olive, the Other Reindeer.

Matt Groening of Simpsons and Futurama fame produced the project and reached out to Olive early in production to have her voice herself. Olive turned down the role though, abiding to the

most important stipulation in her contract and life: that she never voiced a character that was a dog. However, Groening was unrelenting and sent multiple revisions of the script to Olive, in which her character became different animals such as a gunslinging gecko and a witchcraft practicing cat. Eventually, they both landed on a Christmas theme in which Olive undergoes a transformation which results in her becoming a reindeer. She was satisfied with this change, and production on one of America's most beloved Christmas classics began.

Most people will forever think of Olive, the Other Reindeer as strictly a Christmas-themed movie in which a dog turns into a reindeer, but those in touch with the major players of Dog Hollywood know the true meaning of that TV movie. It pays homage to the decade's greatest voice actress and reminds us all to pretend to be something we're not during the holiday season. So Merry Christmas to all, and to all a dog night!



Clark crafts advent calendar

by Sean Clark
Editor-in-Chief

The holiday season is a time for family, joy, and a gross amount of high-calorie gingerbread lattes from Starbucks - unless you're an upperclassman in high school. An advent calendar seemed a bit too optimistic for this soul-crushing time period in our lives, and with that, I present you with El Gato's first-ever sadvent calendar.

December 1: Christmas is still 600 hours away. Go back to bed.

December 2: Give your parents a Christmas list because they don't know you well enough to think of anything themselves.

December 3: Eat those really old Thanksgiving leftovers, just don't forget to pick off the mold.

December 4: Pretend that it's cold enough to wear a sweater.

December 5: Go to a Christmas tree farm and cut down a tree! Just don't forget that 80 percent of Earth's forest cover has been destroyed.

December 6: It's Sunday! You know the drill. Do homework for eight hours straight and get anxious about the upcoming week of forgotten assignments, failed tests, and crappy packed lunches.

December 7: Get up early and treat yourself to your favorite holiday beverage. Don't forget to wake up early enough to avoid the 30-minute long Starbucks line just to get burnt coffee.

December 8: Tell someone that you like their ugly Christmas sweater even though you know it's not an ugly Christmas sweater.

December 9: Watch How the Grinch Stole Christmas and realize that you relate to the Grinch more than any other character in the movie.

December 10: Listen to Mariah Carey's All I Want for Christmas Is You and cry about not having any talents or a significant other.

December 11: Sit in Fantasy of Lights traffic for three hours even though you were just trying to eat some Panera bread by yourself.

December 12: Convince yourself that eggnog

might not actually be that bad.

December 13: Calculate how badly you can mess up during finals next week.

December 14: Rationalize not studying by saying "if I don't know it by now, I'm not going to know it on the final."

December 15: Cry because you didn't get into your early decision school. Alternative option: cry because you got into your early decision school and no longer want to go there.

December 16: Spend more time writing relatable tweets about finals than actually studying for finals.

December 17: Indulge in your last day of finals feast: three Advils, four cups of coffee, and a shot of espresso.

December 18: Celebrate your first mental health day since Aug. 18th.

December 19: Skip the holiday parade to write an essay for a college you know you're not getting into.

December 20: Watch the ABC Harry Potter marathon and realize that your childhood is over.

December 21: Acknowledge how good your life would be if Drake released a Hanukkah-themed holiday album.

December 22: Buy your friend a candle because you're broke and uncreative.

December 23: Watch Youtube tutorials on how to wrap presents only to give up and throw the present in a bag with tissue paper.

December 24: Fight with your really conservative, distant family members about Planned Parenthood and Caitlyn Jenner.

December 25: Open up your new iPhone that was assembled by an impoverished child.



courtesy flickr



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