

The Daffidillio Dispatch

POODGE LAND NOTEBOOK: VALENTINE'S DAY

By C. Forsyth III

In 200 AD, there was a plague that hit Poodge Land, causing everyone to fall in love during the month of Cupidary, which has continued every year for all eternity. This holiday is what they call Valentine's Day in America. Slightly different, the girls make their Valentines out of rose thorns, thistles, and poison ivy. Inside they are full of insults, which the boys love; and when the boys get their Valentines, all of them start to barf.

The richer citizens, when their boys start to barf, think that the boys have a rare case of Poodge Barfy. And they love it! They love having these occasional barfing fits. And usually, when the girls give the boys the Valentines, and when they get older, (about 100) they fall in love. What do they eat on

Valentine's Day? They eat porcupine quills, serving them in the shape of a heart, and they put icing all over it. They dip the quills in maple gunk opening their mouths wide, and start to chew. Some citizens suddenly fall dead from the quills turning the wrong way, painfully ending their life. But for those who survive the quills, they get to enjoy cabbage cakes covered with cat whiskers, boiled cow's tongue, Tooty-Fruity tarts which produce a musical PUTT! PUTT! from behind, and they wash this down

with a glass of carbonated sulfured water, ending the feast with a chorus of belching.



TO BROADEN YOUR HORIZONS: THE ORIGINS OF VALENTINE'S DAY

By C. Twining

Valentine's Day is a holiday that many people, formerly including myself, have no clue as to the history of. I wonder if other persons have questions such as 'Why is it that each February, we send hothouse flowers and boxes of expensive chocolates and lace-bedecked hearts to our loved ones frequently marked Guess Who?' so I decided to learn more about the holiday in question.

Valentine's Day is so called because February 14th is the celebration of Saint Valentine of Rome in the Catholic church calendar. In the third century, Roman emperor



Claudius II decided to outlaw marriage for the young men, as he believed they would be better soldiers without the burden of a wife and children to care for. Therefore, Saint Valentine helped arrange marriages between Christians, and as a result was beheaded by the emperor on February 14th. A sad ending for the saint; but his good deeds became legendary.

It was 'Parliament of Fowls' by Geoffrey Chaucer, that may have fully tied this lover's knot of a holiday. Perceived as a dream by the narrator, the center of the plot is around the goddess Nature with her lovely hen, and all the birds of the world have gathered for the special bird to choose her mate. In the end of the poem, most of the birds are arguing with each other, and the hen meekly says that she would like to wait another year to choose her mate. This assembly of birds took place on Saint Valentine's Day. This poem is the first written record of love fully being associated with the holiday. Since then, people have decorated their houses with greenery, sent warm greetings to each other, taken walks down Lover's Lane, and etc. No matter how much this holiday may change, Love remains at its center.



There is no fear in love. But perfect love drives out fear, because fear has to do with punishment. The one who fears is not made perfect in love.

—1 John 4:18(NIV)

OF TRUE LOVE

By C. Twining

Love is like a bird that flies,
Sailing through the starry skies
Whisking you away

To worlds unknown and
gardens fair,
Till you see a Father smiling
there,
Smiling down at you.

"It is well, and I am pleased
With this being I have relieved
Of fear and shame and
suffering;

"Now since you are a new
creation,
Go abroad to every nation,
Bringing news of Christ;

"Of how he came and died for
you,
Of truth and how he made
you new,
And evr'y mortal's free!"

I list'n to my God's commands,
And made my way thro' all
the lands,

And spoke of His Love and
Truth;

Of how Christ died for evr'y
man
And reminded us of this
command:
'Love your neighbor as
yourself';

And e'er since this land is
changed
Other folks might think it
strange
To Love one like I do;

But it's because Christ lov'd
me,
So much that I would be set
free,
Now his spirit is in my heart.

I will live, and I will die
And be lov'd again in that
heav'nly place
So I share it all with you;

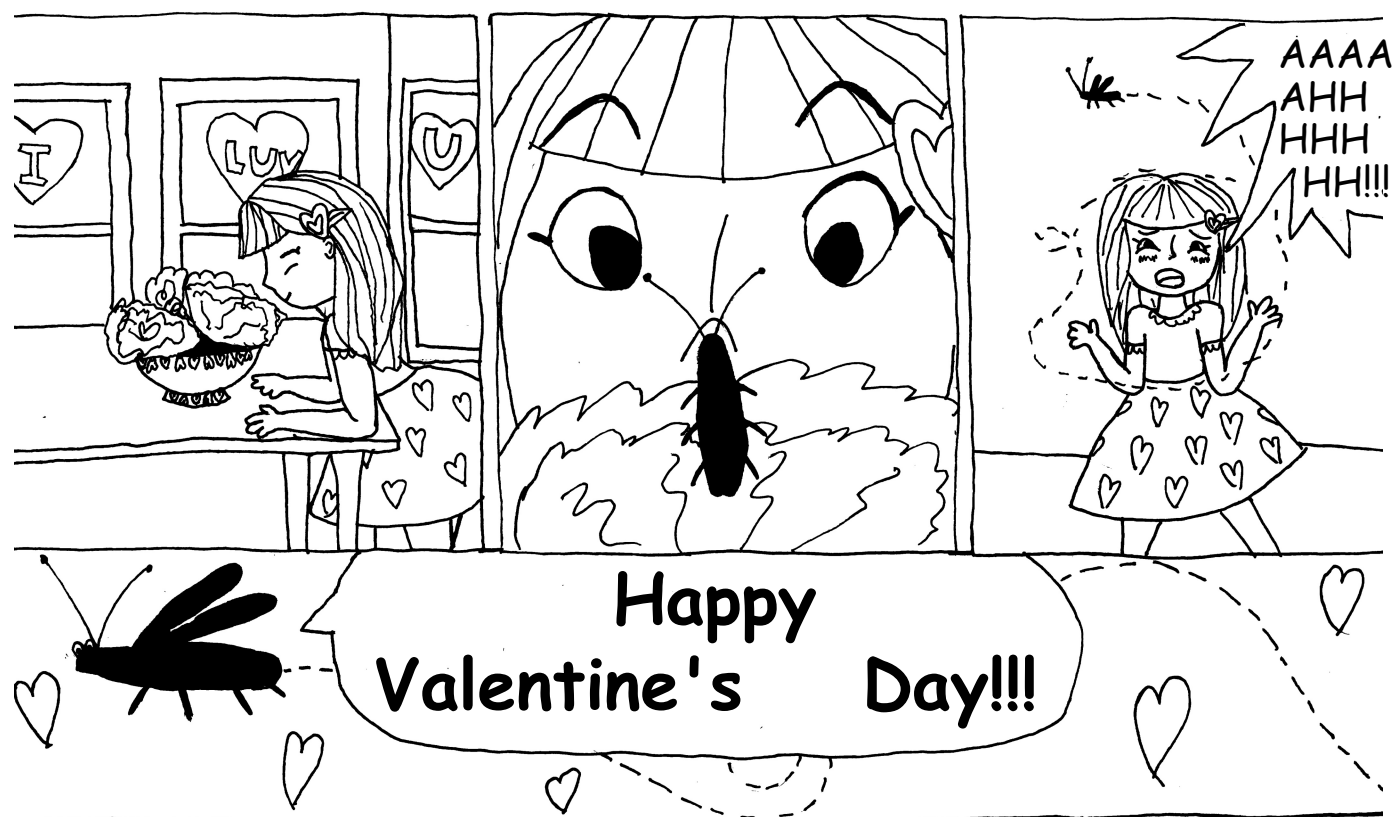
Before I end, one thing I've
missed—

Always greet one another
with a holy kiss
'Cause we've been made with
Love.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind / And therefore is wing'd Cupid blind.

—William Shakespeare

A Birthday Surprise by T. Tootsie



READING TREATS FOR FEBRUARY

compiled by C. Twining

The Day It Rained Hearts

By Felicia Bond

Cornelia Augusta walks outside to find that it's raining hearts! So she collects as many as she can and brings them home. What will she do with the hearts, and will it ever rain hearts again?

[[This title was originally

published as Four Valentines
in a Rainstorm]]

The Valentine Bears

By Eve Bunting

Mrs. Bear has made sure to set her alarm early this year so that she and Mr. Bear will finally spend their first Valentine's Day together. She busily prepares surprises for Mr. Bear; but will he ever wake up to see it all?



Arthur's Great Big Valentine

By Lillian Hoban

Arthur is sad this Valentine's Day. Everyone is invited to a Valentine's party, including his former best friend Norman and his little sister. He doesn't want to see Norman at the party, so he decides not to go. Now he has no one to play with! Will Arthur and Norman make up, and will it turn out to be a happy Valentine's Day for all?

TO THE MANAGEMENT

From D. PickleHopper

My good sirs,

This is supposed to be the season of Love; so if you really love me, I would urge you to give me the best Valentine of all: the removal of R.C.!

You said you would address this issue after the New Year, but I have been waiting over a month! In that period of time, the person aforementioned has renovated my private abode without my consent, has attempted to purloin my staple food (kale, of course!), and every quarter hour flops down in the middle of our halls to forcefully orate the injustice of the world. I may even be in fear of my life, for he keeps chasing me the moment I come out of hiding. Thankfully, I am much too graceful and swift compared to his slow and stocky legs. I grow more agitated by the day, and that is not how I would like to spend my Valentine's Day. I will await your prompt reply.
With unease,

D. PickleHopper

MONDAY

By W. Thornbyrd

Love is in the air
Fat babies firing arrows
Love comes crashing down.



HINTS

The Librarian Friend is tempted to give a small bunny his boot.



R. Cutter: Midnight wiggles are hereby prohibited. Eight hours of sleep is not sufficient.



Pleasure comes after creativity, T. Tootsie.



To C. Forsyth: Insulting one's birthday with an outlandish story may have consequences on your next celebration.



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day.

The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts,
And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts,
Called for the tarts,
And beat the knave full sore.

The Knave of Hearts,
Brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

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TO D. PICKLEHOPPER

From the Management

Dear Mr. PickleHopper,
As you said, it is the season of love; so might you take the advice from Leviticus 19:17-18, Matthew 19:18-19 and 22:39, Mark 12:31, Luke 10:27, Romans 3:9-10, Galatians 5:14, and 'love your neighbor as yourself? We shall assume that Mr. Cutter is the closest person in proximity to you, which means you have the perfect opportunity to practice this command.

As always, we do appreciate your feedback and will notify you of the process of Club Removals in the next month or so, as stated in the Wake County Gentlemen's Club Management Bylaws. See you in the spring,

The Management

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