

# The New Calender

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## Remember



Austin P. Torney



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## After Someday comes Noneday

Yesterday	<b>TODAY</b>	Tomorrow	Someday	Noneday	Never
★	🌹	☀️	📖	👤	🌳
🚶	🚢	👧	🎹	🚲	🌸
🌴	🦒	🎵	🚢	🏔️	📄
🏍️	🔑	📱	📺	🐟	👤
🦄	🎸	🚗	🚩	🇺🇸	🏠

- p. Torney



# Holiday Schedule



Jan 1 - New Ear Day & Take-Some-Aspirin-for-a-Bad-Headache Day  
Jan 15 - You're King-for-a-Day, but, just try to get it off from work!  
Feb 2 - Groundhog Weatherman Sun or Shadow Forecasting Hole-day  
Feb X - Fat Tuesday - Eat and drink enough to get through Lent fast!  
Feb X - Ash Wednesday - Make an Ash of Yourself - "Smoke-In" Day.  
Feb 12/22 - Lincoln's/Washington's previous birthdays/holidays.  
Feb 14 - Happy VD (use a condom, please, my sweetheart valentine!)  
Feb XX - All of the presidents were now born on Presidents' Day!  
Feb 29 - Leap Day and Sadie Hawkin's Chase-The-Men-Around Day.  
March 17 - Drunkard's Day - All the "Irish" turn a dark green color.  
March 2x - The First Day of Spring Snow - Go catch a spring fever.  
April 1 - April Fool's Day - Rest up after the long March of 31 days!  
Good Friday - Not so good anymore - we don't get it off from work!  
Easter - The Greatest Holiday, but, it depends on but some full moon!  
April 15 - A Taxing Day (rest up from the all-nighter of IRS cheating)  
April 23 - Earth Day - A new weekday, like Moon-day and Sun-day.  
May 1 - Mayday! All the girls come and dance around your maypole!  
May X - Mother's Day - This is truly the mother of all holidays!  
May XX - Memorial Day - This is a day to die for - a pretty dead day!  
June X - Father's Day (beware of strange little kids giving you cards).  
June 2x - First Day of Summer—and the longest day, if still in school.  
June (the last Friday) - The Fourth of July observed - Bug out of work!  
July 4 - Buy a fifth on the third and drink half of it on the fourth!  
July 31 - Middle-Summer's Day & Night (halfway through the year).  
August - Take the Entire Month Off Day (August has no holidays).  
Sept (the first Monday) - Labor Day (going in to labor at your job?).  
Oct 31 - All Hallow's Eve - An Evil Satanic Ritual type of day/night.  
Nov (the 4th Thursday) - Pig-out and Pig-skin Day - Stuff it, turkey!  
Dec 25 - Christmas and Jesus's Birthday, however, HE gets only one  
present for both HIS birthday & Christmas! Was it Myrrh?  
Dec 31 - New Year's Eve (this is pretty much like April Fool's Day).  
Remember 1-31 - A new month so you can do what you forgot to do!  
Any day - Honor cultural diversity by taking all of their holidays off!  
Whenever - Sick/Mental Health/Sleep in/Blue Flu - Day. A Torney © 1998



## Remember

It's about time for a major revision to the calendar, one that's reflective of modern times, for the only improvements made during the last few hundred years have been to skip leap days in years that are evenly divisible by 400, and, more recently, to add a few insignificant leap-seconds once a year or so.



“Wow, that seemed like a really long weekend!”







The last truly major revision to the calendar occurred over eight hundred years ago, when Omar Khayyàm re-aligned the Moslem calendar so that the seasons would arrive at the same time each year. Back then the year started in March, with the spring, the logical time for a new year to start, I suppose, since nature is new in the spring.





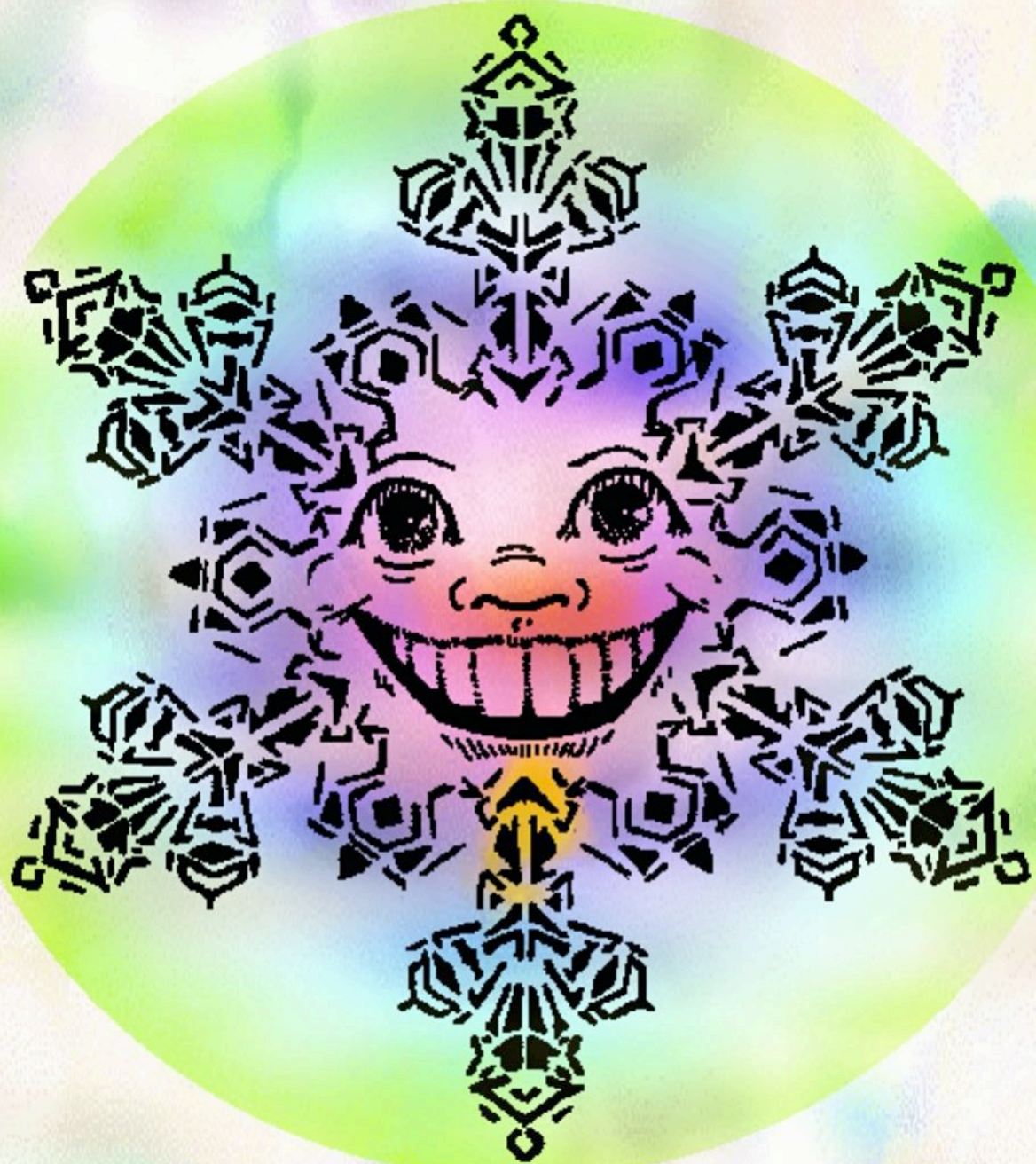




It took Europe another a long time to pick up on these changes. I suppose they got tired of celebrating Christmas in July-type weather or shoveling snow in the summertime.







**WINTER-EMBERS**



Omar also revised his philosophic calendar to suit his mental outlook, by advocating that dead yesterday and unborn tomorrow be removed from the calendar; thus, he could truly live for TODAY. Later on, he refined this theory further by also removing dead and unborn minutes, so that he could live for the moment. My calendar revisions are more along those lines.





*There are two days about which I needn't ask;  
The one that hasn't come & the one that's past;*

## The Calendar Revised -



*For I live in the paradisial "now",  
In which each moment is eternally vast!*



First of all, I am eliminating the months of January (Bran-new-airy), February (Feb-buries), and March (March!) because, 1) They all contain cold and rotten weather, and 2) They totally lack holidays on which we could get time off with pay from work.

It's a heck of a long wait for a holiday between New Year's Day and Memorial Day (we used to get Good Friday off, but now even that day is eliminated, since it's a religious-ethnic holiday and other religious-ethnic groups could have then proposed other such holidays, and so there'd be no time left for actual work days).

Note: don't worry, Valentine's Day is being retained and moved elsewhere in my calendar, as is New Year's Day.



# The Revised Year

8 days in a week: Oneday, Twosday, Wedsday  
Thirstday, Fryday, Satday, Sundae, Funday  
(3-day weekend)

35 days in a month: 30 numbered days (except June)  
and 5 unnumbered Sundays

3 seasons: Spring, Summer, Autumn  
(The Winter months were abolished)

10 months in the year (and special days in between):

## Spring

April \_\_\_\_\_ the second month  
- 1 - New Year's Day and April Fool's Day

May \_\_\_\_\_ the third month  
\_\_\_\_\_ Valentines Day \_\_\_\_\_

June \_\_\_\_\_ the fourth month  
\_\_\_\_\_ World Day \_\_\_\_\_



I am adding a whole new month, called Remember, which comes right after December. That way you will have some extra time to do all of the things that you meant or forgot to do during the year. Just think, there will be not as much need to say “wait until next year!”.





# SUMMER

July \_\_\_\_\_ the fifth month  
- 1st Monday - 4th of July

7 days of Mid-Summer's Day Summer Festival

Sextus \_\_\_\_\_ the sixth month  
\_\_\_\_\_ Leap Day (if needed) \_\_\_\_\_

September \_\_\_\_\_ the seventh month

# AUTUMN

October \_\_\_\_\_ the eighth month

November \_\_\_\_\_ the ninth month

December \_\_\_\_\_ the tenth month  
- 25 - Christmas

7 days of Saturnalia Winter Festival

Remember \_\_\_\_\_ the first and the last month

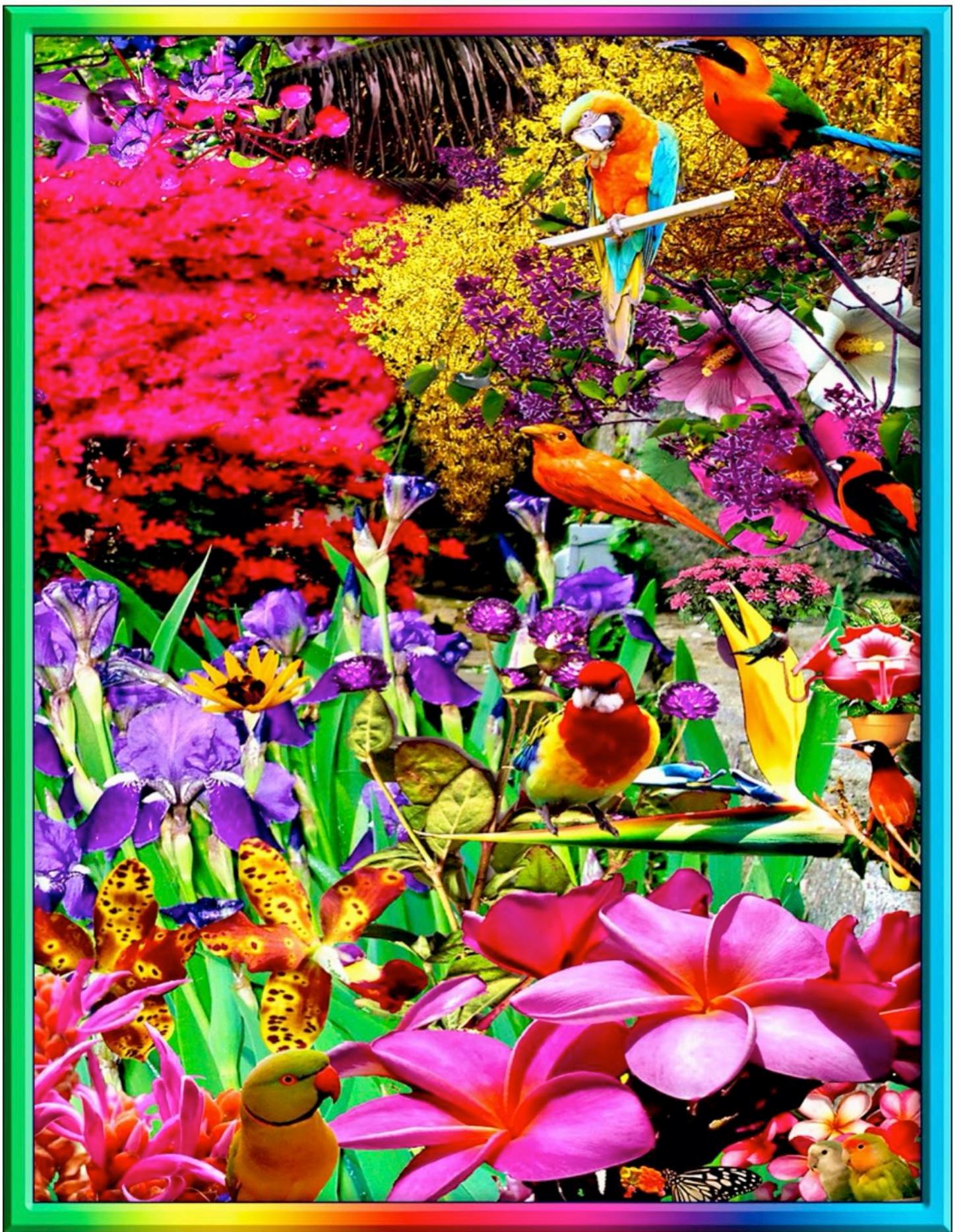


Therefore, my revised year starts in the spring, in April, which, as I've said, is much more appropriate, since it is a time for renewal and rebirth. By the way, it is easily proved that the year once started in spring by noting the Latin numbers from which the months got their modern names, i.e., 7-sept, 8-oct, 9-nov, 10-dec.

We, of course, have now adopted these Latin numeric prefixes into general English, as well, for example, septuagenarian (age 70-80), octagon (8-sided), octave (8 musical degrees), novena (9 days of devotion), decimal (base 10), decimate (to kill one in ten), decathlon, decade, etc.









I also discovered that the old names of July and August were Quintus (Latin 5) and Sextus (Latin 6), but Julius and Augustus Caesar changed the names to suit their own. As for May, June, and April, those were the names of the Caesars' girlfriends. So, anyway, what all this means is that since December used to be the tenth month (dec), the year obviously once started in March.

So, I am generally readopting this policy, except that, since I've eliminated March, my revised year must now start in April, on April's Fools Day, in fact, which will have to share the honor with New Year's Day, an appropriate combination considering all of the foolish things that many do on New Year's Eve.



# THINGS TO DO

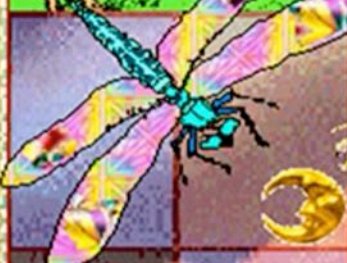
Remember

Funday Two's-day Wed-day Thirst-day Fry-day Sat-day Sundae

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So, since my year as so far constructed is only ten months long, I must now distribute the excess days that made up the two missing months. I would like to make all the months thirty days long, since people have problems with variations.

So, I am introducing a new, unnumbered day into the week, called Funday, a day which does not have to be numbered or accounted for in any way what-so-ever. Funday occurs between Sunday and Monday.

On Funday you can do as you please. Funday doesn't even have a numerical date, and so it cannot possibly count against schedules, deadlines, or bills.







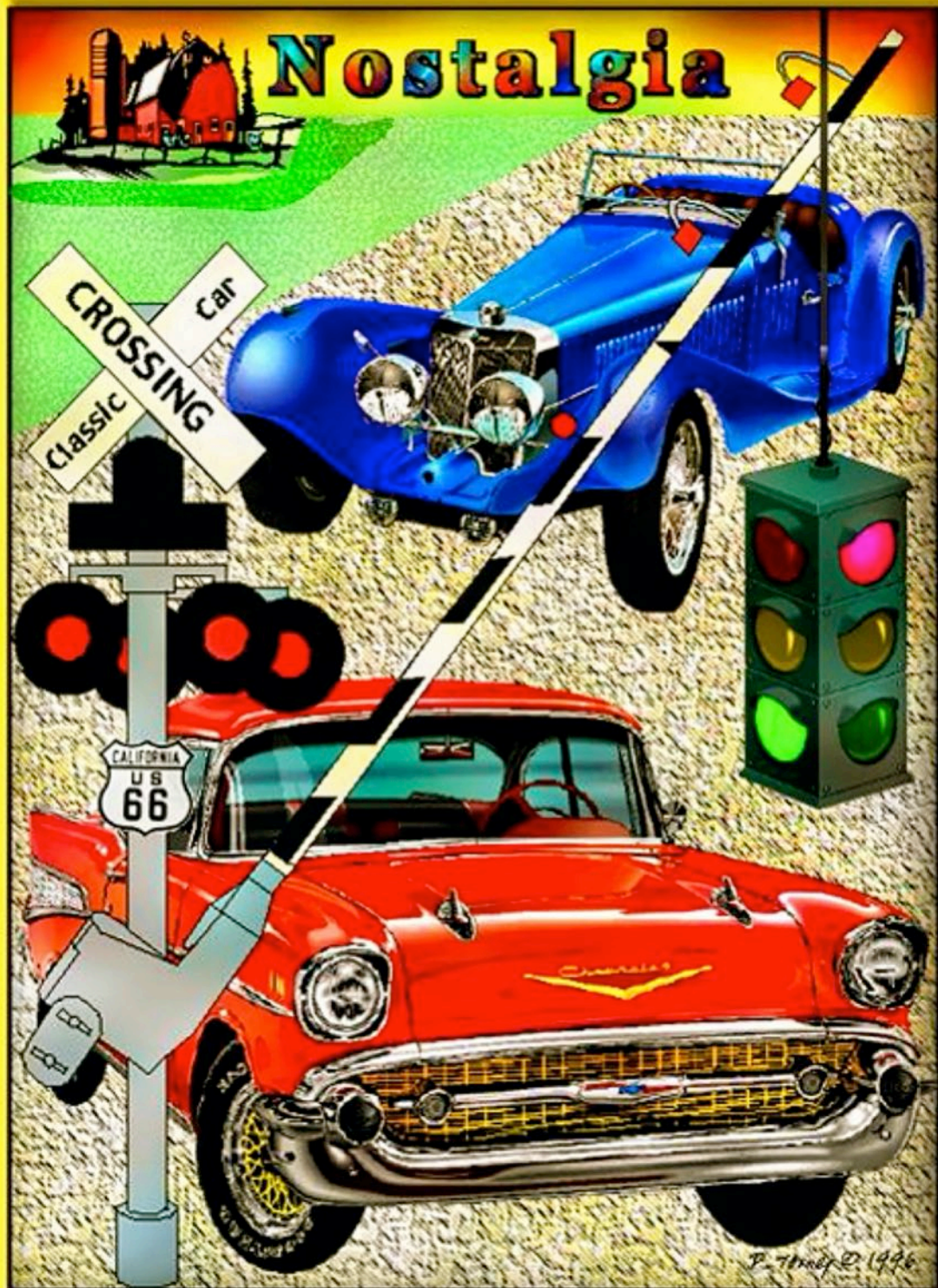


Weekends, as we all know, have always been too short, but now, with the introduction of Funday, weekends become three days long. I have, as have many others, already pioneered the concept that led to Funday: I get up late on Saturday and Sunday to recover energy spent during the work week, and then, by Sunday night, being so well rested, I go to sleep quite late or sometimes not at all and stay up all night reading or doing you know what.

Of course, I pay for all of this by being very tired on Monday, but naturally it's much better to be tired on company time than on your own time, and who ever expects much of Monday anyway.









So, this is what led me to the idea of a Funday on which you could do whatever you want; you don't even have to visit your relatives. Funday is totally dedicated to fun, and a new law will make it a crime for you to do anything else, although shopping and home chores are allowed if you whistle while you work or sing a happy song.

Yes, people are so harried these days that we have to force them to enjoy life.







# Why Worry?



You can't change the past.



You can't see the future cast.



The present doesn't last.





So, thanks to Funday there will be no more rush-rush or hectic feelings when the work week starts. People need no longer waste short weekends of great weather by doing silly and ridiculous things like going grocery shopping or doing laundry.

Well, you might say, instead of lengthening the week why not just get people to do all their weekend chores during the week, but, of course, they can't, since they're so stressed out and exhausted when they get home from work that they just collapse and can't even do the simplest thing.









Yes, yes, I know that this is simply a matter of attitude and style, but, believe me, personal changes, even such common sense changes, seem to take huge amounts of effort; whereas, I can simply solve the problem much more easily with the introduction of the Funday.

But, ten months of thirty numbered days plus five undated Fundays each month equals only 350 days, so there are still fifteen more days that must be dispersed into the new calendar.









I am solving this by adding a special summer and winter festival period of seven days each, the winter festival being no more really than a re-establishment of the old Saturnalian pagan festival held in olden times, before the Christians put a damper on it.

This winter festival is added between Christmas and New Year's Day so that we can have a vacation from our vacation of visiting relatives and feasting and pigging out. The summer festival is inserted between July and August, and centers around the true midsummer's day. Naturally these festivals do not count against anyone's vacation time.









There are just a few minor alterations left. There is still one day left to be accounted for, and I am inserting it between May and June as Valentines Day. I am removing a day from June, so that the saying “Nothing is so rare as a day in June” will actually be true. In the old calendar, a day in February was 4.2% more rare than a day of June, but, of course, February is gone now.

The day removed from June will be called World Day. On this day we should try to get all of the world’s peoples to coexist in perfect harmony.

This day occurs between June and July. I am moving the Fourth of July to the first Monday in July so that we will have yet another extra long weekend.







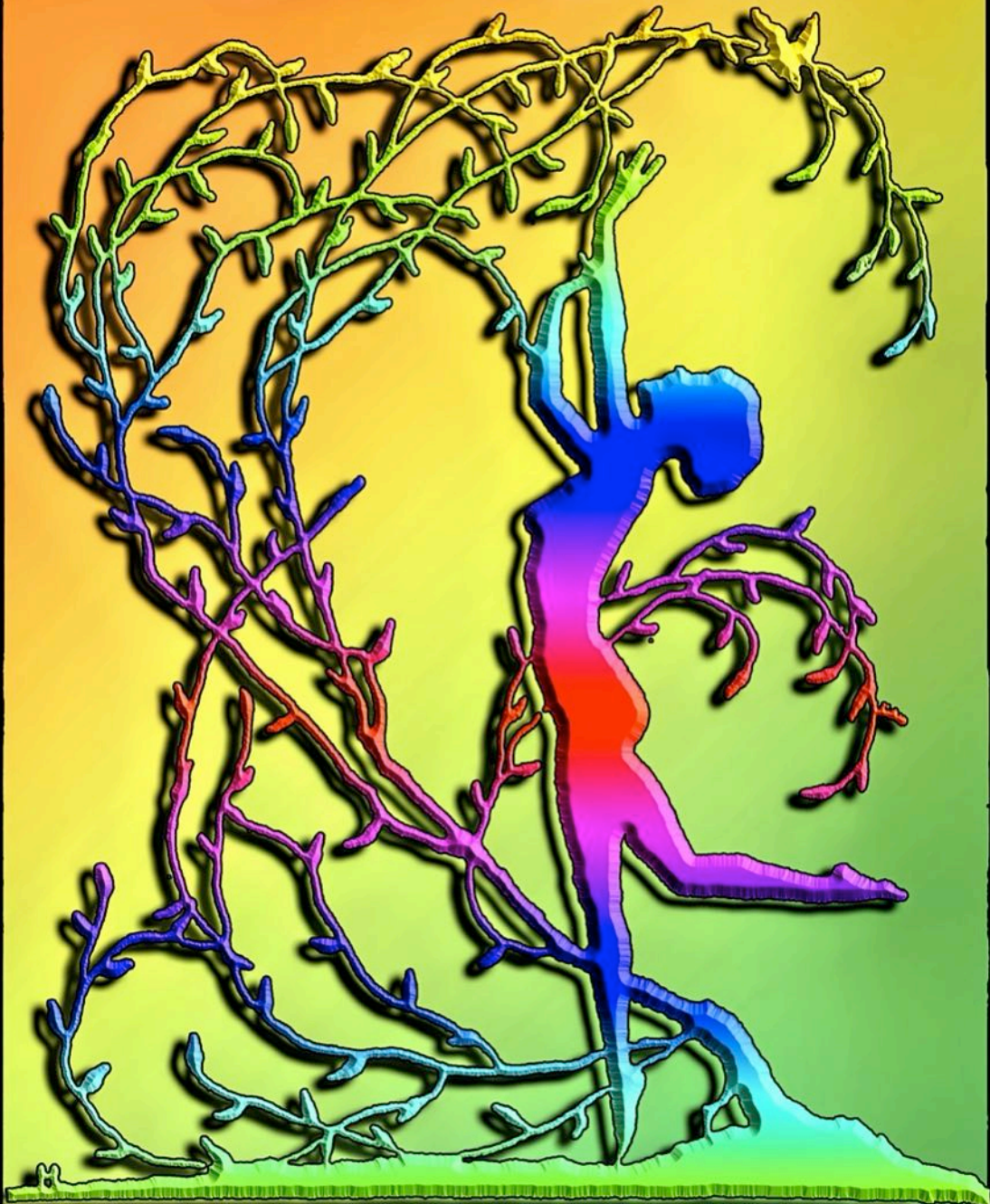
Monday mornings and Friday afternoons are to be designated as home/work transition adjustment-recovery periods, during which one need not be present at work, thus reducing the work week to only four days! Yes, the computer age has arrived and it's time that we reaped its benefits and gained more leisure time, for this was the promise of the computer age: that computers would free us, so why do I feel like they have become our masters?

Furthermore, the nebulous day called Someday is being removed from the calendar and from everyday conversation, because what it really meant was "Noneday", as in "Someday we'll go out to lunch".





# The Bird of Time





Also, just as a matter of information, note that the days of the week were named after the sun, the moon, and all of the known planets of the time, although some of the days derive their names from French or Latin: Sunday (sun), Monday (moon), Tuesday (Mardi in French, or Mars), Wednesday (Mercredi, or Mercury in French), Thursday (Jeudi in French, or Jupiter), Friday (Vendredi in French for Venus), Saturday (Saturn). This still leaves Pluto, Uranus, and Neptune unrepresented, but I'll probably leave those for my next revision.

My new names for the days of the week are: Onesday, Twosday, Wednesday, Thirstday, Fryday, Satday, Sundae, and Funday, and are for, respectively, self, relationships, marrieds, drinking, frying fish, sitting around, ice cream and fudge, and fun.



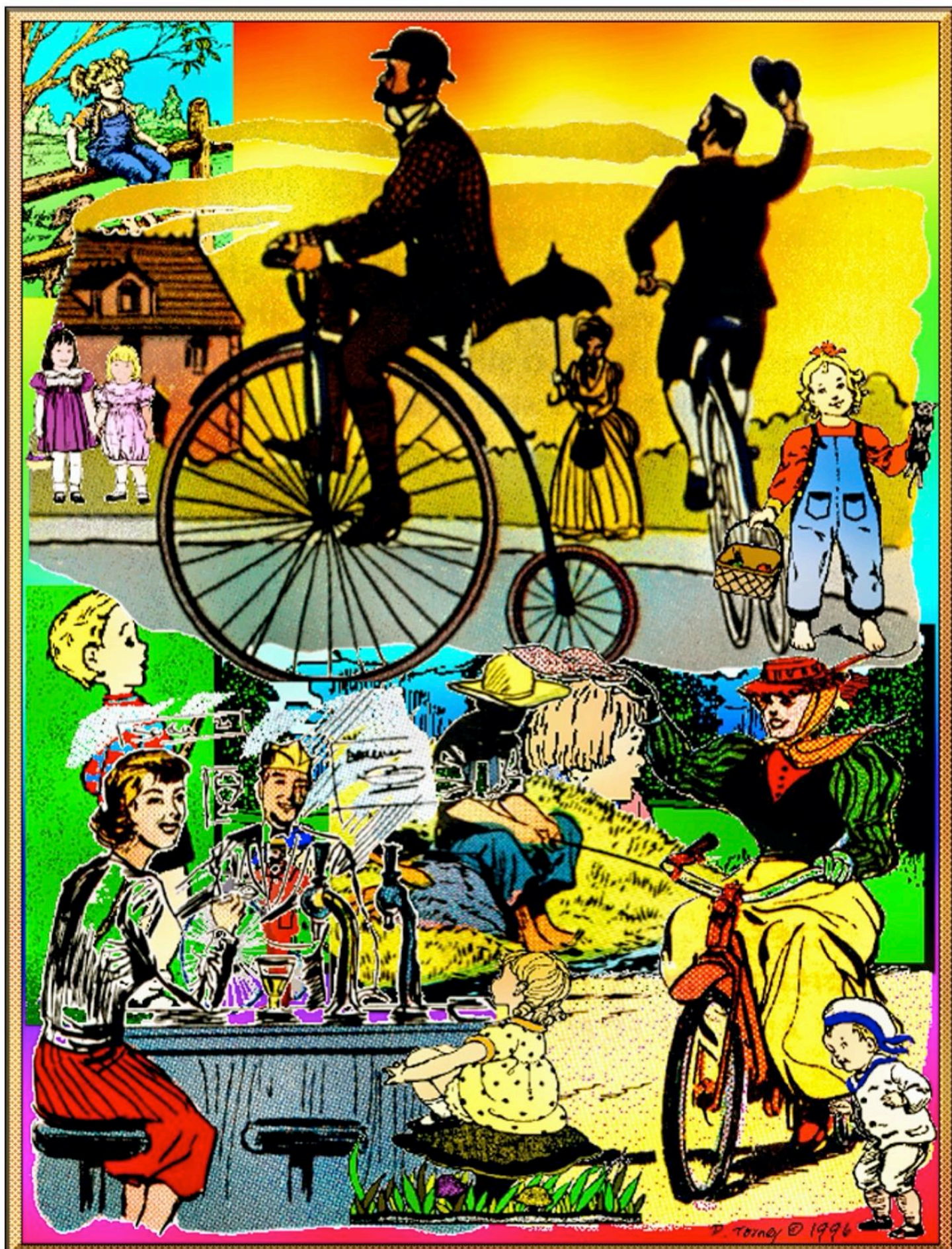




Or, we could just forget all of these revisions and go back to Omar's great idea about having a calendar with only one day on it, called TODAY.











# THE YEAR

**WINTER** storms the YEAR

In the **MONTH** of Bran-new-airy,

Then **FEB-BURIES** us in **SNOW**...

*March, Lady April! Spring! —*

Let's reign as we May

With sum(mer)maids

Named *June* and *Ju-lie*,

Until, after *A-gust* of

**HOT** withering wind,

The sunny **FIRE** burns out—

*'Cept embers, when*

Leaves **FALL** into **OCT-TOMB-BURR**—

Till—no leaves, no sunlight,

No *sky*, no warmth—**No-vember!**

Next de **RAIN**, de *sleet*, de **COLD-**

**De-cember,**

When all that we can do

Is but sweet Remember.

— P. Torney © 2000 —



# - Seasonings -



Nature Springs from Winter's tomb.  
The bloom already in the seed.  
The tree contained within the acorn.



Surging sprigs sprout from the soil—  
Spring showers make the Summer flower.



Summer wakes from Spring's dying kiss  
Blooming when the rose does.  
Sunning after the Spring's running.



Summer reigns upon the land.  
Eventually fading in the night.



Autumn Falls as Summer leaves.  
Harvesting its sum of days.  
Seconding the rose of Spring.



The smile meets the tear—  
Fall's embers last through December.



Ice winds stalk the weed flowers.  
The ghosts frosting the dead stalks.  
Snow crystals barring all that grows.



Winter is death cooked over—  
Melting snows feed Spring waters.

P. Torney © 1999



## **It Was So Cold**

During a particularly harsh winter, it was so cold that my shadow froze to the ground, such that I couldn't even move. I almost died. I tried to call for help, but my words came out in ice-block letters. Luckily, a passerby saw this and lit up a match to read the words, but the flame froze, and so no one could hear the words I had said until they thawed out in the spring.

I left my shadow there, and retreated to my cabin and drank a hot coffee that had frozen so fast that it was still warm to the touch. That night I built a fire, but I had to sleep with my head in the fireplace to keep warm. I knew it was morning when I saw light at the top of the chimney.



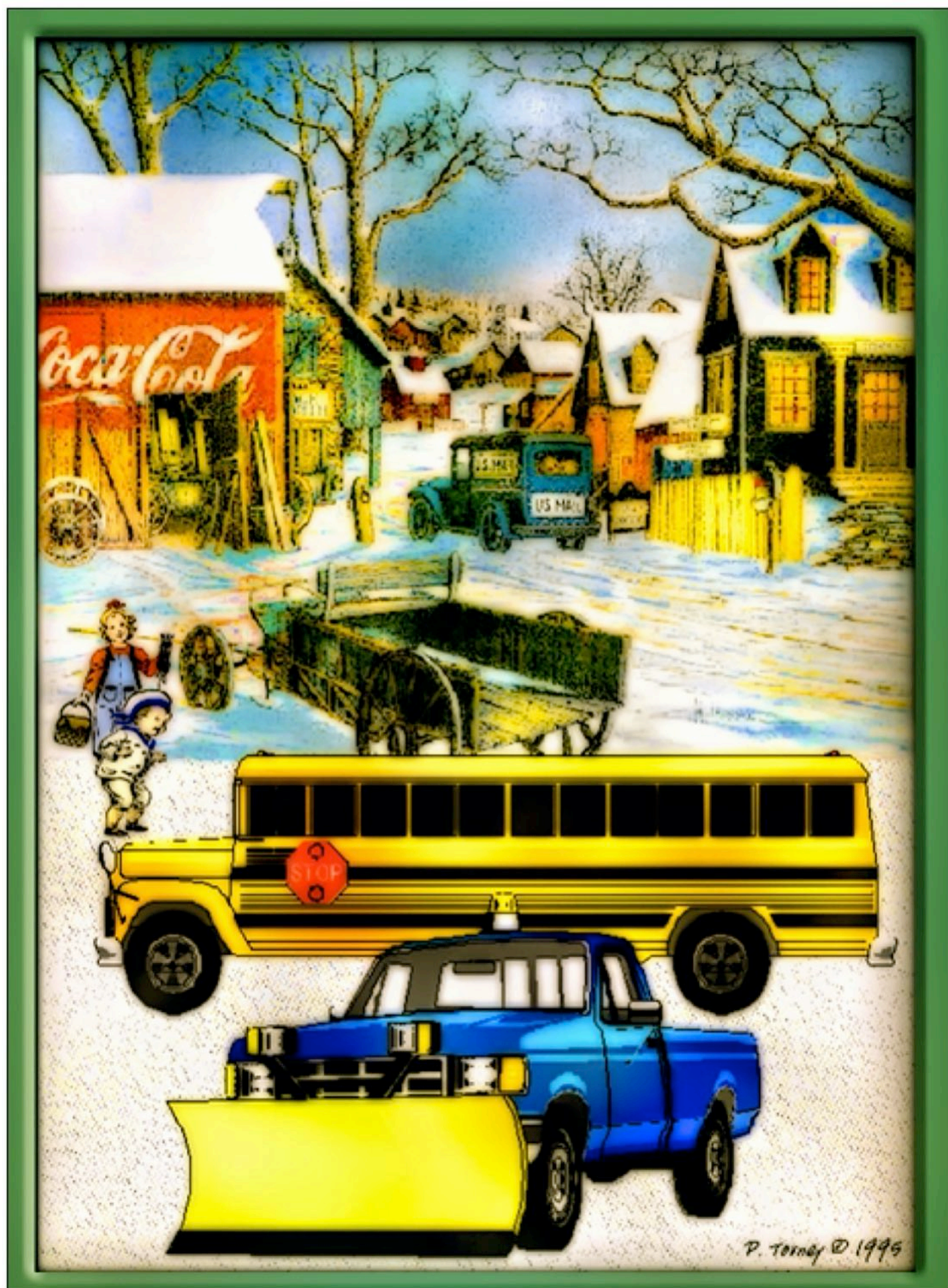




Times were so tough that winter that we had to make soup out of the pictures in the seed catalog, for we dared not even go outside. I tried to catch a mouse by putting a picture of some cheese in a mousetrap, but all I caught was a picture of a mouse! On some days we had to go up on the roof to chop off the smoke clouds that had frozen around the chimney.

The day was so windy that the fence posts blew out, and all the potholes blew up onto the roof, causing it to leak when it started snowing. The wind blew so hard that the sun went down three hours late. This really warmed things up, and soon the snow caught on fire, but then it put itself out when it melted.







I ventured out that day to do some ice fishing, but the warmth had thawed the ice a lot, and I soon fell through it, and would have drowned had I not had the presence of mind to go back to shore and bring some logs out to float on, and so I escaped from the ice hole. This was the very same lake I'd tried to swim across last summer.

After getting halfway across I decided that I wasn't going to make it, so I swam back. Anyway, I caught a big fish. It was so large that even its picture weighed twelve pounds!









So, I did survive that winter, or I wouldn't be writing about it, but it wasn't easy, but that only goes to show: Never give up. Not giving up was a lesson that I'd learned from a couple of frogs: One day two frogs fell into a pail of cow's milk.

After struggling for a while one of the frogs soon gave up and drowned, but the other frog, our hero, kept on flailing away for hours, never giving up. The next morning, I found the frog very much alive, sitting happily atop a pail of butter.









Is your past imperfect?  
Is your future tense?  
Give yourself a present.

