

'Tis the Freezin'
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I've recently come across a phenomenon that has, for a lack of a thesaurus, amazed me. It has to do with temperature and it has to do with Michigan. I apologize to all of you readers out there who are living in a foreign state (all one of you), but you may not understand what I'm talking about (I am aware that temperature is relative to the north). Not to worry, because I will be speaking slowly enough for my fellow state-mates so you might be able to follow along as well.

The only reason that I claim that Michiganians are slow is because of our biggest claim to fame, which is, with all due respect, undeniably and narcissistically irrelevant:

We are America's hand. We are owned by America, and we are a noun that vaguely resembles our shape. No other state does this. Oklahoma does not advertise as being America's upside-down hat, and neither does Rhode Island (America's zit), Oregon (America's taller Pennsylvania), or Colorado (America's box).

That is besides the point my main point is this: there are plenty of people who come from more-southern states and they complain about Michigan temperatures. This is acceptable. They can sit on their salt-water beaches and eat their Sonic and joke about how we're all Eskimos, LIKE ALASKA DOESN'T EVEN EXIST. Honestly, Sarah Palin just didn't come from the sewers; she came from the Alaskan sewers.

But no one complains about Michigan weather quite as much as... Michigan residents. I have never seen a group of less-content people outside of the avid watchers of American Idol (America's idol). When it comes to the seasons, summer is always too hot, and spring and fall are always leading up to some unfavorable weather. Then, winter comes along and it seems that Michigan citizens seem to forget that precipitation can fall in a crystallized manner. I often have conversations with my friends:

ME: It's snowing outside.
FRIEND: What's snow?
ME: Go run into a wall.

I really can't hold them responsible, though, because it's been at least 4 months since they've seen it last. Four months is a long time; I once forgot about Facebook for four months, but I took some antibiotics and made a speedy recovery.

In all honesty, I don't think it's too much of a stretch to be aware of the inevitable climate changes of this state. It starts around Halloween-time and usually does not let up until we find Osama Bin Laden. I'm talking about the complaining of the cold of course, and not the temperature itself.

I am aware of the fact that ice sucks and that freezing winds can cause catastrophes like hypothermia, frostbite, and another Tim Allen movie, but it's nothing we haven't had to face before. I don't want to say 'suck it up' because that would be insensitive, so all I will say is, 'quit being a bunch of whiney babies.' You should feel fortunate, because there are people in this world who have even more on their plates than shoveling sidewalks and frozen water (assuming they even have plates). It wouldn't kill you to mildly accepting of the bitter frigidness, unlike the ice-stalactites (or is it ice-stalag-lights?) that so often impale unsuspecting unfortunates.

The last time I checked, people make ice every day. Since when did this state become a bunch of cranky old men telling winter to get off their lawn? I think it is because psychologists have labeled winter as the most depressing season (most angry season: Matchbox Twenty). People aren't really upset over the physical aspects of snow (or strategically cut pieces of folded paper); they just don't like how it makes them feel.

Well, I'm with you; I'm growing tired as well: tired of the nagging, the complaining, the overall shrimpfest... I mean, crabbiness. That is why, as soon as I have the funds, I am moving away from this state, to a place where they truly appreciate the cold (and you can see Sarah Palin's sewer-home from there). That's right, I will be relocating to the motherland, Russia (Asia's America).

They have Sonics there, right?