

THE DISDAINFUL DATE.

April the First? What absolute conceit! Why does April consider himself to be superior to the other months, in any case?

I, *Monsieur le Calendrier*, had organised a garden party to celebrate the birth of my twelve children. (Quite a stud I was, I can tell you!)

May, as usual, was wandering around in a state of indecision, seemingly wanting to please everyone by offering them anything that might take their fancy, “*May* I get you a white wine or would you prefer another option?” Meanwhile, March was strutting his stuff in the courtyard next door, when April breezed in, full of pomp and arrogance, looking at us as if we were a complete shower.

Entering the party, he beat himself on the chest, like some latter-day orang-utan, expecting everyone to stop what they were doing and pay attention, before yelling out, “Excuse me for interrupting, but you do know who I am, don’t you? I’m April the First everyone!” Before laughing in conceit at the rest of us poor second-raters.

And who was there to defend poor May, who was on the receiving end of this arrogance? Absolutely no one! January had opened the door to let April in in the first place, February is much too short to be any use in a fight, Flaming June, together with July and August, was suffering from heat exhaustion and September, October, November and December, who can’t count, had got the time wrong and had gone home!

April the First! I have never met someone full of so much wind. “Life’s a breeze for me”, he would say, not appreciating the toils that the likes of poor December and January have to go through. Well April the First, you can get lost until next year, because you can’t fool me!