

JESUS CHRIST DECIDES HE DOESN'T WANT TO CELEBRATE HIS BIRTHDAY THIS YEAR.

BY MATT BANNISH

Seriously, guys, no party this year. I know you've all been looking forward to it, but I really just don't want to celebrate this one. It's a little trite and, frankly, over the top. Take a look at past celebrations; I feel overindulgent. Just not my style.

And I'm not just saying this with the expectation that you'll throw a party anyway. This is no false front. This is straight talk, so listen up: I don't want a party. I just want to have a relaxed, quiet night. Maybe I'll go out to eat. I know just the place; I think I've earned it.

Don't even think about arranging the T.G.I. Friday's wait staff to sing "Happy Birthday." I'd maintain a polite smile for the duration of their song, but you better believe I'd be seriously pissed. I wouldn't even eat the free dessert. I'd let the ice cream melt and it would all go to waste. So don't do it.

And no gifts. I always end up with shit I don't want. Like frankincense. And myrrh. I ask for the receipt and then suddenly I'm the bad guy. Like it matters, anyway—what am I supposed to do with store credit at the Spice Emporium?

Don't be like that. I'm not ungrateful. I appreciate the gesture; I just don't need it, all right? Save your money.

Then there's the matter of guests. Birthday parties draw people I've meticulously extracted from my social circle. It's always the same: Word gets out and invitations miraculously appear on the doorsteps of every irritating prick I've ever encountered. I end up avoiding people at my own party. Next thing you know, I'm cornered by Brandon Schwartz, tap-dancing my way out of 65 unreturned calls.

And I certainly don't have the patience to put up with another drunk guy this year. Allow me to paint you the inevitable picture: He'll show up an hour early and carry on with general daftness, ignoring—or, rather, embracing—the fact that it is 1 o'clock p.m. He'll then stumble around the sunroom and vomit on my throw pillows. I'm looking at you, Cameron.

Finally, there better be no surprise party. You know that about me, I hate surprises. I'm sorry Susan had to find that out the hard way, but maybe if she hadn't been hiding in my closet she'd still have all her teeth.

Well, now, I hope I've made myself clear. If I so much as see one party favor on the day of December 25, I swear to God I'll lose it.

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