

## YAWALLA WONKA

For many, Easter is celebration and joy and seeking brightly painted eggs hidden in the underbrush by some goddamned asshole who fucking...

Fuck.

Joy. Right. It's joy. For you: it's joy.

For you this is a time to happily remember that day long ago when the gallant and thrifty Jews at last brought an end to the Dreaded Nazarene.

But this now jolly holiday has a far more sinister significance to the exotic indigenes of proud Poland.

For us, this is the day that tragedy struck swiftly and testicularly.

On this day, nearly three months ago, Poland's Golden Age of Expansion ended abruptly when the entire, indisputably manly male population of that oft neglected, magical land attempted the unattempama... the unattemplab... the unattemplemable... the unattemptable.

As is typically of geno-suicide, it began with a dare that, through a tragic spiral of one upsmanship, chest puffing and cock waving, was quickly double and then triple dogged. In the end, weighed down by those personal possessions and provisions necessary for the long trek ahead, the entire male population of Poland attempted to cross the Baltic Sea.

On foot.

Never to be seen again.

Obviously.

Tradition states that, in their anoxic throes, Yawalla Wonka, Queen of the Sea, took pity on Those Who Sank and transmogrified them into bottles, cans and plastic bags.

The primitive hunter-gatherer tribes of Poland were ignorant of the unceasing tides and currents that drive the mounds of unneeded crap and excessive packaging materials that first world, consumer cultures toss and

pitch into the sea and have developed instead their own clearly unhealthy though robust and nuanced mythological explanation for the junk that finds their shores.

And so, on the second Sunday of April, the remaining inhabitants of Poland gather to await the triumphant return of Those Who Sank; to remember that slow, inevitably unsuccessful trudge into the surf; and to recall spirits, then high - at least outwardly - for the ladies. These gentle mentals assemble at the shore and gather up all garbage that breaks the surf, revering it as remnants of long lost brethren.

This is our tradition. It's pretty, fucking stupid.

Still, tradition is tradition.