

# 2011

*by* Erin Zulkoski

Dear 2011,

As far as years go, you are half over.

How do you measure years? Is it like dog years? Or even more than that? Regardless, you are in your mid-life crisis stage. A Baby Boomer, I guess.

Like most years I've experienced, you've been decent to me. Sure, I've had some set-backs, some "when will this year be *over*?" moments, but that's come to be expected. You're used to it, as well. I imagine you being like jolly Saint Nick, keeping a "naughty and nice" list.

Anthony Weiner? Naughty list.

Arnold Schwarzenegger? Naughty list.

Justin Bieber should also be on this list, but that's just my opinion.

Nice job with Osama Bin Laden, by the by. He's on the naughty list, but Obama is definitely on the nice.

And you have to be proud of that Rory McIlroy kid. Kind of goofy looking, but he's got a mean golf game. Nice.

I suppose I could take a cue from you, 2011. You've had some great moments so far, and definitely some bad, and sadly, it's always the bad that makes you stick out more. But you handle this with great ease, and you keep on going about your business, day after day. I should do the same. I shouldn't let the not-so-favorable things hold me back. No, I should get up, dust myself off, and plow forward, and

any other cliches I can think of to hopefully learn from my mistakes along the way.

This year, 2011, you bring about my thirtieth year. I'm apprehensive about this, but mainly because my father made me watch "Logan's Run" as a kid, and well, I'm scared.

Thirty. Three decades. A quarter century, plus five years. I'm not ready for this number, 2011. And not because I'm vain and shallow about my age; on the contrary.

I am nervous because I am not prepared for the responsibility that being thirty brings. I just don't *feel* thirty, 2011. By turning thirty, I feel I will do a great disservice to all the more mature thirty-somethings out there.

I'm childless, do not own anything asset-wise, I rent the house I live in, I'm not a CEO of a Fortune 500 company, I was married, but that proved to be a mistake, so there's that...see, 2011? Comparitively, if I were to be placed on the same scale pediatricians use to gauge your child's growth and development, I'd be the runt of the litter.

I'm not saying I *want* these things, well, aside from kids, but that's a whole different letter to you, 2011.

I'm not asking for riches, fame (although, fame would be kind of neat), respect, or a mortgage.

I am asking for some kind of sign that how I'm living my life--albeit the weird one that it sometimes is-- how I'm supposed to be living. Now, 2011, I can hear your eyes rolling, but just listen to me: am I on the right path, or should I stop and evaluate myself before continuing? A little sign is all I ask for. Nothing grandiose, or Moses and the burning bush sort of shenanigans, but perhaps a nudge, or gentle shove in one direction. That's all.

I thank you for your time, 2011. I know you're busy with Vancouver Canucks fans, so I'll leave you alone.

Your friend,  
Erin

