



December Whorescopes

by Angela Lovell

FLYMF December 2005, The Holly Jolly Year End Issue, Volume 2 Issue 12

Merry Christmas Star-Gazers!

I want you to know that I wrote these while I had my period, plus I'm turning thirty this month, so if they seem a little mean, well, FUCK YOU.

Happy holidays. Fuck your mom too!

Angie

Merry Festivus - A SAGITTARIUS For the Rest Of Us!

Darling Sag, no matter what age you're turning, you're feeling old, but now for the first time ever. It's okay—you happen to be birthdayin' during a very introspective phase. Don't get dramatic over this birthday—you will never look your age and more importantly, never FEEL it. You're just stewing in collected wisdom after two years of stocking up. Now you know, and knowing is half the battle. Sag learns best by teaching. You've been quiet too long, and it's time to share what you've accumulated with the rest of the world. Keep your conviction strong and no one will second-guess you. Remember when you used to be loud at gatherings, convinced your way was the *right* way? Well, now you're finally right about that. Happy birthday, Smartass. You are the staple of the Zodiac and center of the universe. ENJOY!

P.S. Jesus was a Sagittarius. Do you really think a Capricorn would carry a cross he *knows* he's gonna be nailed to just to prove his point? Not unless there was a flat screen TV in the deal!

Children Of The CAPRICORN

There are two things you're good at—making money and *spending* money! Especially at this time of year! That's why it seems all the kids love you. But just like your Fendhi bag, this love is not real. When you gonna learn, Capricorn, to open your heart instead of your wallet? Don't start now though—the kids have expectations. Let them down and they'll want your head on a platter—a very expensive platter!

God Bless, AQUARIUS, Everyone!

Holy Borderline-Retard, Batman! Were your parents brother and sister? No. You're just having a rough anti-air-sign month. Watch your spending (nobody expects elaborate gifts from you anyway) and make sure the stove is off before you leave the house. When you get pulled over for driving like the victim of a head injury, just ham it up—play that retard card! 'Tis the season for speedy forgiveness and lots of slack! Cross your eyes and go for the gold, Airhead!

In A PISCES Far, Far Away...

That last one-night-stand you soiled your already-stained sheets with has left a strange sensation in your chest. *Love?* No. *Syphilis?* Maybe. Don't be surprised when an alien busts out, leaving a new cavity in your body. You're gross. Raise your standards or you'll retain horrifying memories of your next anal probe—maybe to your delight, Sicko.

ARIES Roasting On An Open Fire

An Aries once used the word "GLOMY" to describe me, rendering herself my EX-friend. But who cares about losing friends who make up words like "GLOMY?" She was a dumb bitch! I hate her! We call her Skeletor-Stare behind her back because she's ugly...and illiterate! GOD, I fucking hate Aries and hope you die! DIE!!! But first have a happy holiday.

Enough Holiday BULLshit

Taurus, what's the matter? You used to LOVE the holidays! Sure, hospital stays, bad break-ups, and the mysterious abduction of your light-up lawn ornaments has soured you on the season, but I promise, dearly dull earth sign, you will get outta this month whatever you put INTO it. So bake! Shop! Decorate! And go to your ex's house when he's not home, break into the garage, and steal back that Baby Jesus that makes your yard's light-up manger complete—be sure to jingle all the way!

You'll Shoot Your GEMINI Out!

You won't go blind from masturbation, as you figured out very early on—almost TOO early, according to your therapist. Yet you're blind to what's in front of you. Somebody special is taking a lot of shit from you, but not for much longer. Quit misusing those who love you, Gemini bastard. Santa Claus is watching. (He's into voyeurism, just like you.)

You Know Dancer and Prancer and CANCER and Vixen...

I know who isn't understudying Rudolf as head reindeer...loser. You're bad dancers too; that's why you're never in the front row at recitals. At least you've switched to non-fat candy canes cos that chocolate was making your ass balloon, which hardly matters since nobody's behind you anyway. But now I'll say something nice because it's Christmas—you really know how to appreciate a good gift...especially if it's FOOD! Hah! You're fat!

No One's Waiting Under the MistLEO Toe

Hey, you crafty sluts! I love what you've done with those high-

waisted jeans that went outta style long before New Kids On the Block dropped from the charts. Really, very creative. And that "RIGHT" and "LEFT" on the bottoms of your shoes is just adorable. (You're undoubtedly missing my sarcasm.) Just don't double-dip your chips at the office party—trying to avoid new, gross nicknames is the only New Year's resolution you can handle.

Tiny Tots With Their Eyes All a VIRGLOW

You need a good ego stroke, Renaissance Virgo, and I'm gonna give it to you straight up and raw.

- 1) You're in the Top 3 Best Lays of the Zodiac.
- 2) You see what everyone else is missing.
- 3) You make the meanest damn vegan tater-tot casserole I ever done seen!

Avoid your blood relations this holiday. You've seen enough on the battlefield lately. Cozy up to the few people who may not get you entirely but really try, and absorb the compliments like a sponge as you whip out your amazing accents and impersonations at parties. You got it, Virgo. You got it raw!

We Need a LIBRA Christmas

Why do you hang out with people who use made-up words like "GLOMY?" You're smarter than that! The company you keep has really been bringing you down. From Republicans to retards, you've suffered it all. To quote Bill Murray in *Scrooged*, "Scrape 'em off, Claire. You wanna save somebody? Save yourself!"

Scrape 'em off! They don't get you anyway. Get some smarter friends for Christmas but don't ask Santa—he's mad about you having a sweeter ride than he's got.

Let It SCORPIO!

After that last eclipse and Jupiter riding Scorpio (lucky Jupiter) you've undergone some big-time, uncontrollable changes, but for the BEST, Scorpio. You're making history right now—it just started! In a hundred years they'll still be talking about your pioneering. And your charms. And your heathenish dark eyes. And your butt. Sure, Second-Hottest-Scorpio-In-the-World Joaquin Phoenix thinks frogs are eating his brain, but it'll prepare him even more for all the massive-budget films coming his way after *Walk the Line*. All I want for Xmas this year from you, Scorpio, is rug-burn!