



December Whorescopes

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mARCHER To the Beat of Your Own Drum—*Ah-Rum-Pum-Pum-Pum!*

Sagittarius Brittney Spears lost the weight, and good thing, cos Mama is tiny and her legs would've stopped working midget-style soon enough! But the Sag pop princess didn't stop there; she unloaded the most useless load of all—her now-ex, K-Fed! With Jupiter back in Sagittarius for a WHOLE YEAR it's time to clean house and make room for the good stuff. (I warned you to get those naked photos and videotape back LAST month!) Don't forget—this is your year, birthday Archer! Don't let any sloppily groomed hick with a failed rap career tell you otherwise!

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 all the kids pretend to love you. But just like your Fendhi bag, their love is not real. You should spend less time encouraging everyone to get another round on you and more time returning suicidal holiday phone calls. 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? You're just having a rough anti-air-sign month. Well, unless you're Aquarius Paris Hilton, in which case you're buying countless dogs and monkeys to build your Down's-syndrome brigade. Have fun but watch your spending (nobody expects elaborate gifts from your dumb ass anyway.) And make sure the hair iron 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 special-person card! 'Tis the season for speedy forgiveness and lots of slack! Cross your eyes and go for the gold, Airhead! Just be sure not to put the monkey's tu-tu on the Chihuahua.

In A PISCES Far, Far Away...

That last one-night-stand left you with drunkenly soiled sheets and 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, Pisces. Only you would pick up an intergalactic STD! And no matter how fresh your cookies look, Santa isn't comin' anywhere NEAR your chimney this year! (Ho, ho, ho, indeed.) Raise your standards or you'll retain horrifying memories of your next anal probe—maybe to your delight, Sicko.

GRAMma Got Run Over By A Reindeer

Aries Kevin Federline had to beg on his hands and knees to perform his last NYC show after Brittney slapped his flabby ass with divorce papers. But when the chips were down, he jumped up with a sex tape threatening to wreck her career and steal her borderline retarded babies! Aries, you need to learn to stay down when hit. Even if Kevin gets the bucks and babes from Britt, she's just gonna put a REAL hit on his ass later and take it all back.

Enough Holiday BULLshit

Taurus, what's the matter? You used to LOVE the holidays! Sure, uncontrollable mishaps like hospital stays, bad break-ups and the mysterious abduction of your light-up lawn ornaments, have 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 the Baby Jesus that makes your yard's light-up manger complete—just be sure to jingle all the way!

Silent Night, Holy GEMINight

As you're learning this month, Gemini, it's better to whittle through that extra layer of protective covering that keeps all of your freaky secrets inside and just shout it from the mountain! Take a cue from Gemini Doogie Howser who's finally admitted to being GAY. (Can I get a "DUH?!") You're far too interesting to keep such things bottled up and hidden from the world, crazy Twins. Whether you're gay or just want to sit around your apartment naked and pretending to be a Christmas ham, it's your prerogative! But if you play Christmas ham, I'll be first in line to play Christmas alligator!

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

I know who isn't understudying Rudolph 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 gets behind you anyway. But now I'll say something nice because it's the holidays—you really know how to appreciate a good gift...especially if it's FOOD! Hah! You're fat! (And it's totally worth the stocking of coal I'll get to tell you.)

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...if you can even READ.) Just don't double-dip your chips at the office holiday party—trying to avoid new, insulting nicknames is the only New Year's resolution you can handle.

Tiny Tots With Their Eyes All a VIRGLOW

You have backfat cos you never get on top during sex, Virgo. You're LAZY and you dislike work. But you should've thought of that before inviting everyone to your filthy house for the holidays. Hide the flavored lube before you put your parents in your bedroom and maybe set some roach traps around the bathroom and kitchen—y'know, so it at least LOOKS like you're trying! Your velvet Elvis painting won't impress anyone, but be sure to bake your famous Tater-Tot Casserole for those obnoxious out-of-town guests. Who *doesn't* love tater tots in the trailer park???

Cos We Need a LIBRA Christmas!

Plan on the holidays coming late to you, Libra, but know that it'll be worth the wait. For now, enjoy the time spent in your hospital bed catching up on *Gilmore Girls* and eating Jell-O! You needed the break—your stripper-pole-burn was starting to resemble scabies anyway. Definitely pick your girlfriend's drug dealer outta the police lineup for shooting you in the leg in the parking lot after work, but don't forget—tis the season. So when you're done gimping about teaching dance moves to the nurses, consider paying your girlfriend's old tab to Bruno. But Jesus' birthday or not, you should still press charges!

Let It SCORPIO!

American Pie star and sloppy Scorpio Tara Reid finally had a REAL makeover and a mushy-fake-boob-removal. But Tara, none of us are ever gonna be able to forget your famous Franken-nipple appearance the night your dress fell down in front of photographers and we saw that botched boob job up close. Still, it is a good time for Scorpio to take steps at appearing less freakish, whether it's being fitted for those teeth you knocked out stalking your ex or simply getting a nice, new hairstyle. But if you are considering plastic surgery this month, just be sure not to get wasted with your doctor the night before.