

The Alternative Zodiac

by Steve Finan

Dear 'Stars' writer in the newspaper.

I'm sorry, but your opinions are nonsense, your conclusions groundless, your method bizarre and the assumptions upon which you base your trade are of such tawdry scientific quality that I must (after some deliberation upon what strength of vehemence I should employ) declare you a blackguard and a crook.

However, I have decided to save you from yourself.

Instead of these gew-gaw 'signs' you waffle about, I will give you reality. Your nonsensical and ephemeral star 'movements' shall be replaced by considered observation. What you need is a new Zodiac and new reasons and triggers upon which to make your predictions. Humankind shall not be judged by when they were born, but by what they are.

The new 'star' signs (and their qualities) shall be:

Ferrarious: A jock (male) or hardbody (female), interested in cars, sports and letting people know they are heavily "into" cars and sports. Unimpressive genitalia. Prone to jealousy and thrush. Dull dates, sweat a lot and have dirty fingernails.

Cashcera: Are unimpressed by everyone else's money except their own. Have been foolish enough to buy the latest everything and will probably then buy everything 2.0 as well. Wear tight pants. Loved by shop assistants on commission, but no one else.

Parenticorn: Can endlessly be heard uttering paeans of praise for their mediocre offspring. If everyone slapped them as much as they deserve the world would be a better place. Probably a lot of time to be spent making prison visits in the future when spoilt child goes off rails.

Victimacian: A beaten upon, wronged and sadly misunderstood individual who you might pity, might offer sympathy to or might scream, "Get up off the floor and DO something apart from whining".

Titsiquacean: If male, have perfected the optimum amount of stairs to follow women upstairs for the best possible view. If female, flirt to the point of unsettling all but a fellow Titsiquacean. They believe foreplay is something to do with golf.

Conflicticon: Constantly find reasons to be upset at the actions of others, however banal. Unable to keep a secret, unable to accept others' frailties, unable to shut up. Specialist talent — taking offence where none was offered.

Sweetassia: Unfeasibly nice, refuse to criticise others (even when they deserve criticism). Donate to obscure charities. Look concerned instead of letting loose uncontrollable laughter when someone falls off their chair. Likely to have at least one former spouse concreted over in their basement.

Downcastio: Eyes rarely leave the floor, timid to the point of being comatose, single (of course). Cruel to their elderly mothers.

Geekra: Under the impression that because one or two tech-sorta guys have recently made a lot of money they are somehow cool and clever. Think that owning a large hard drive gives them depth of character.

Secreto: Carry large satchels or briefcases that they are never seen to open. Often scurry off in a hurry because they urgently have to be . . . somewhere (but they won't say where). Awkward conversationalists.

Powerta: In charge, or like to think they are. Gratingly fawning to those who actually are in charge. Would sell their souls (or yours) to Beelzebub for a small career advancement.

Acceptarian: Live for the approval of others. May be a mediocre writer who scans websites every day in the hope of seeing a star next to their latest work.

* * *In addition, no one can be given a sign until they are 21; no one decides their own sign (it shall be voted upon by their friends or workmates NOT biased family); people can change signs up to three times within any calendar year (whether they want to or not); behavioural predictions shall be judged upon real events happening

in the world or their workplace; you owe me a lot of money for giving this insight to you, you charlatan.

Yours sincerely

Byron Shufflethumpskin.

