

## CHAPTER ONE OF GEMINI

IN WHICH

*Gemini follows her inner  
Buddhuzzah,  
Aquarius speaks too little,  
and Libra speaks too much*

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ZOD. ALMIGHTY. AQUARIUS.

I don't want to be judgmental or anything but I'm pretty sure Aquarius defaults on her inner Buddhuzzah more often than a vegetarian tanner vacationing amid the gores of Pamplona. I mean look at her. She doesn't speak. It's like her linguistic currency is tied up in some hoity toity metaphysical quaff bonnet that won't depreciate into language until the largest meltdown this side of '08 forces her to swim head first against the resulting tide—which I'm not against. I'm totally an advocate of swimming against tides. Embracing contradiction is exactly what prevents me from defaulting on my inner Buddhuzzah, like legit, I've never defaulted on my inner Buddhuzzah precisely because I've never believed in a single thing long enough to do so. I never default. I just keep going and going and don't even get me going on the Energizer Bunny, who, in my mind, has always been a more appropriate mascot for battery than batteries because let's face it ya'll: if you're the sort of person who equates long lasting life with a need for senselessly beating a drum in sandals, then you have serious issues you need to confront in a supervised setting.

VENUS. NIGHT. AQUARIUS.

She's the worst.

Well, no.

False.

I amend.

Like Aquarius could be worse.

Like she could be the opposite.

Like more talkative than a two-headed parrot hopped up on speed, which would either be the worst or best pet ever depending on whether or not the heads fought or registered their pitches into harmony but it's whatever. Who would buy a two-headed parrot anyway? Who? No one.

Well, no.

False.

I amend.

Maybe Siamese twins who wanted to make themselves feel less uniquely analogous would buy a two-headed parrot, but even then I think stuffing two beaks with fortified seed while your partner yapped about incompetent seamstresses would be a mocking reiteration of an already overly apparent condition, and, even if the two parrot heads chose harmony over discord, there'd still be the issue of rhythm, which I think would be really difficult to maintain for anything with one body and two minds, parrot or otherwise, I mean, do you follow professional three-legged racing because I do. I don't follow professional three-legged racing as committedly as I follow my inner Buddhuzzah, but I still follow it pretty hard-core because yah unusual sports tots interesting.

UGH. LIBRA. STOP. TALKING.

Shoot me in the striking face ya'll.

Seriously. Libra talks more than I breathe and I breathe a lot.

Well, no.

False.

I amend.

I don't breathe as much as I probably should.

But going back to Aquarius, it's kind of admirable how calm she can be in stressful situations that would seize normal women into witch-hunt hysterics that I'm sure past ages have repurposed into every trip of heinous interpretation imaginable, but I won't try to imagine them because that sort of creativity puts me at odds with my inner Buddhuzzah, and I've already almost defaulted on my inner Buddhuzzah today when the barman attempted to transplant his neurosis into my process of patient investigation, I mean, I was trying to decide which drink I wanted, and decisions require precisions, so I had him rate the menu in descending caloric order from the perspective of Him Being a Female Required to Wear Tighter Fitting Aprons, so what? So shoot me in the striking liver dude, but don't yell at me in front of the other guests for being intolerable or whatever, I mean, that's totally rude, right?

Zod.

HOLY. ZITHER. YA'LL.

At least if the barman had shot me, then I'd be excused from enduring this funk cloud formally zoned as Aquarius.

SPEAK. AQUA. SPEAK.

The way she breathes makes me feel like I should be apologizing for my life.

AND. SHUT. UP. LIBRA.

It's like I'm listening to Metallica with really good headphones but only the right side works because my left side is Aquarius — Aquarius mute as a Mormon thrice-wifed.

Was that offensive?

I think it was.

Polygamy isn't wrong if I understand it from the perspective of my inner Buddhuzah. It's only wrong when I understand it from the perspective of a female because seriously ya'll 'each to their own' is fine, except if someone interprets this as 'each to their ownership,' which I just can't stomach so yah shoot me there.

AND BLAH

AND NADA

AND BLAH

AND NADA.

And zither me standing ya'll.

OMZ.

This Gem needs a re-fill STAT.