

LIVING BY HOROSCOPE FOR A DAY

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4 AM

It is early in the morning and I am excused from having to be charming by virtue of the ungodly hour and of course, my Capricorn moon. Most people do not know of anything beyond their sun sign (the horoscope of the month they were born in) and therefore settle on their opinion, a logical approach to life. I, however, am the captain of my own ship, master of my own fate.

Most might believe that the first thing I do when I wake up is check my fortune for the day. WRONG. Rookie move. Only an amateur would do that. I checked it last night to see if it was worth waking up today.

6 AM

The Capricorn in me, and my Virgo rising, genuinely appreciate the amount of time I spend trying to properly flatten out the newspaper before reading it, whilst also acknowledging the time I am wasting trying to make little things perfect. It is only a moment before the books left disarranged on the coffee table catch my eye and I'm off.

My father, the Aquarius, eyes the paper cautiously – knowing he will not read it, but also knowing he ought to know what is going on now-a-days, mostly out of a sense of civic duty, slightly because he thinks a man like him ought to know. My mother, the Leo, is surely ticking things off her list and multitasking at the speed of light. The grind begins but it never ends.

There is a sense of calm permeating the household, no conflict that calms the Libra in me down like nothing else. My grandfather, a Capricorn, makes sure to tell me it just simply is not practical to be rearranging the books in the order I think I will read them, because I will pick up the one in the middle first anyway.

He knows me inside out, but he is wrong – for only about three days until I do in fact, pick up the one in the middle.

12 PM

If I roll my eyes any harder I will go blind, and my friend, the Scorpio, is well aware. God! Scorpios and their pseudo-intense, pseudo-tortured artiste-ness will surely be the death of me. She is like an open book, but she will never, ever tell you her birthday if you ask her. That is her definition of mystery and intrigue.

At the moment we are arguing over the importance of small-talk, and said Scorpio is pursuing her argument

with a determined single-mindedness I have to admire. She stands by the opinion that small talk is useless; she wants people to tell her something real, to show themselves to her and open up. I, on the other hand, maintain that small talk is a necessary ice-breaking device. You don't just hack at the ice with a pick-axe, you set it on fire and let it melt slowly.

My best friend, a Sagittarius, looks on fondly as if we are children picking fights for no reason, arguing over a

4 PM

I watch the half-moon marks fade slowly on my forearm as I grip the skin with my nails again. The sky is the most obnoxious shade of blue – no clouds, no character. The white board has three different options for essays and I am a mess.

Being as indecisive of a Libra as one could ever be, I hate being given options; although I am at odds with myself on this. I just wish someone would choose for

contact makes the same impression as a strong handshake). We play this game very often, where she looks at me with fond exasperation evident in her eyes and the lines of her face, and I can almost hear her say, "so much potential, do not waste it, utilise your time, utilise what you see with your eyes."

Like most relentless procrastinators, I, too, absolutely abhor disappointing people. My rising sign (Virgo) makes me a stickler for rules and order – ironically, this has become routine. This is my version of order: procrastinate (thank you, Libra Sun), worry (Virgo rising), formulate surprisingly logical game plans (Scorpio mercury, Capricorn moon), and finally reach a state of such impassioned panic that I am left relentlessly pursuing the exact opposite of my game plan. At least I am relentless (Capricorn Mars).

6 PM

As much as I enjoy the company of others, I enjoy being alone a lot more. I have made it clear – I spend my sunsets and sunrises alone.

Today the wind blows against the buildings and I can feel myself sway, standing between two solar panels on my roof-top, a sacred place reserved for me, at least at this time of day. The moon and the sun share the sky with just enough space between them to let me know they do not get along, and the blue begins to fade into fire – yellow, orange, peach, indigo, the flame has swallowed the sky whole.

In a while the stars will begin to appear. They do not have significance to a surprising amount of people, but they lend a sense of wonder to the sky and our own lives. Stars to me are a constant reminder that I am not in charge of absolutely everything, a fact in which I take comfort. To be in constant synchronisation with such heavenly things, to take some part of me from the way they arrange themselves – it grounds me.

The word is cosmic. Cosmic significance. And the stars lend that to me.

I check my phone, which for once is not vibrating constantly because the roof has no Wi-Fi. Venus twinkles in the sky, and I try to take a picture. It never turns out to be as beautiful as the real thing but I can always count on the real thing to come back, every day, at 6:30 PM.

Stars are like that.

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"Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold the phone. You're telling me that this whole time you've just been making up the horoscopes?"

doll. In this story, she is the one who breaks it in half and hands each of us a piece. Fable wise, the moral of the story is that it is better to share.

Of course, I am seething at the torn doll, as my friend the Scorpio marvels at how well the torn doll fits her aesthetic. My best friend shifts the conversation to cheese.

me, like most things in life. I feel the burden of choosing far too acutely. Having someone to choose in the end means having someone to blame once I inevitably mess up.

My teacher, a supremely wise Capricorn lady, makes eye contact with me (something I go out of my way to avoid, unless of course it is an authority figure; eye

If Astrology Was Scientifically Valid by Eric Perlin

