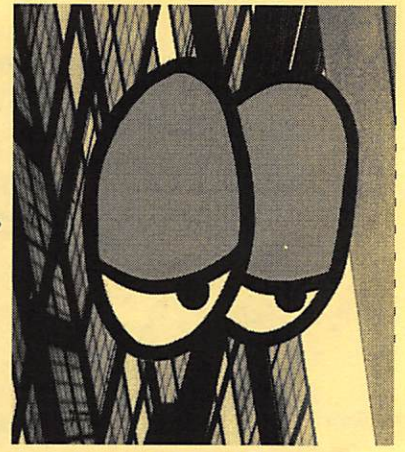


# ALL GUTS NO GLORY



ISSUE 18  
11/2019

## HOROSCOPES:

### HOW TO SURVIVE THE RETROGRADE

**ARIES:** find a different way to sleep in your bed, even if it's just on the other side.

**TAURUS:** learn how to recognize constellations. recreate them on your ceiling.

**GEMINI:** consider a home improvement project you've been putting off.

**CANCER:** stop smoking cigarettes. instead, dine only on smoking friendly outdoor patios.

**LEO:** travel, but do so alone.

**VIRGO:** purchase and decorate your 2020 planner as soon as possible.

**LIBRA:** meditate deeply to the sound of an analog clock.

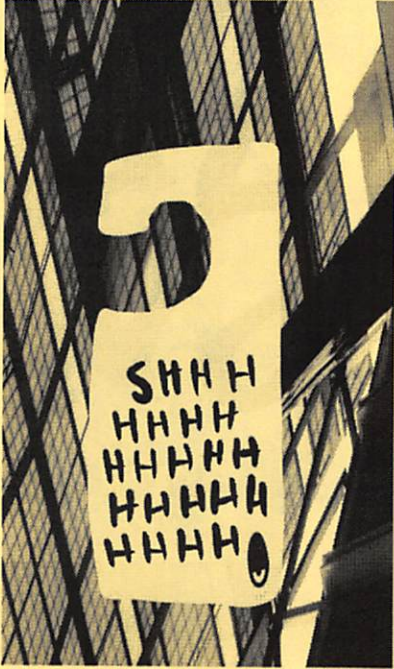
**SCORPIO:** reroute your usual outdoor time, and try a different direction.

**SAGITTARIUS:** spend the retrograde only tending to your pubic hair with tweezers.

**CAPRICORN:** two tips for self care: keep your face clean, and keep tissues on you.

**AQUARIUS:** try a new type of beverage, one that specifically cuts something out of your diet.

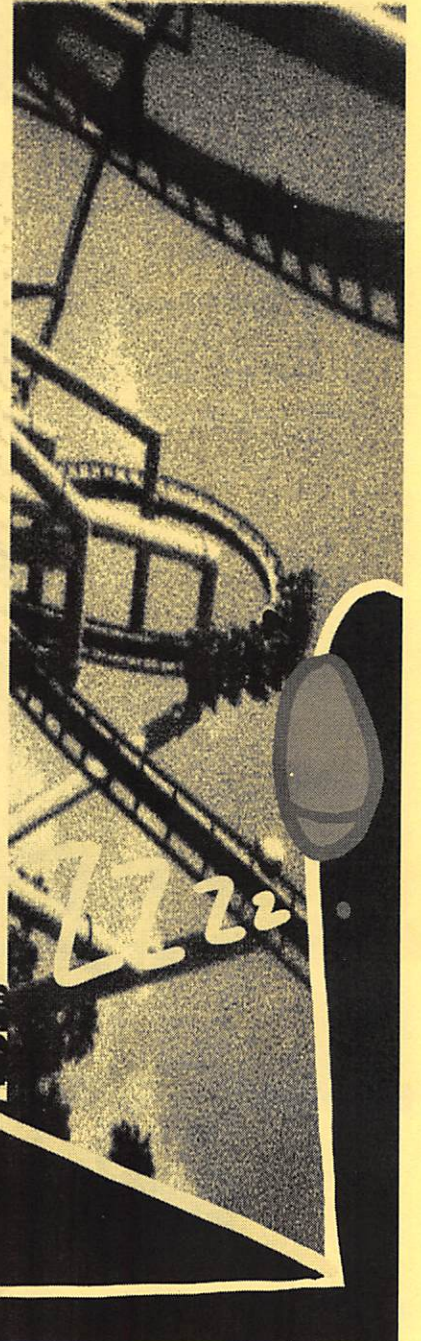
**PISCES:** switch to natural deodorant.

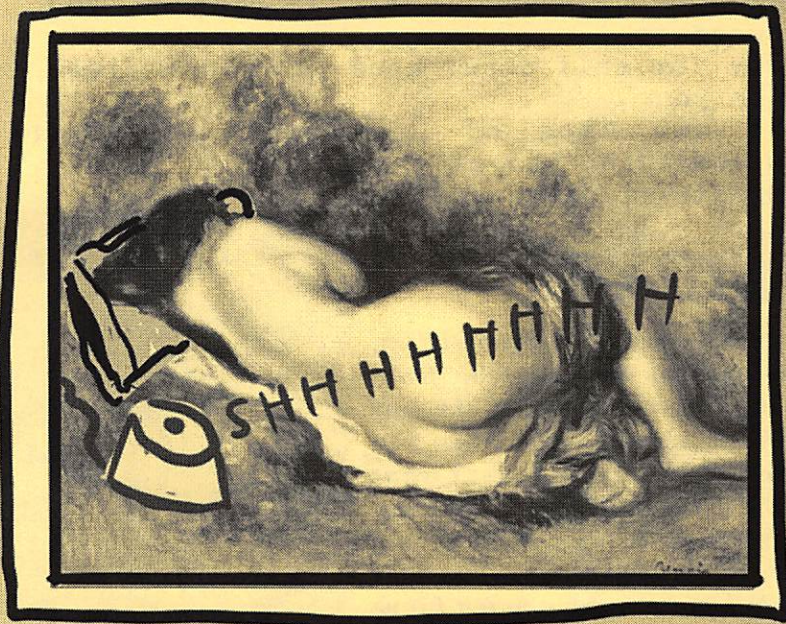
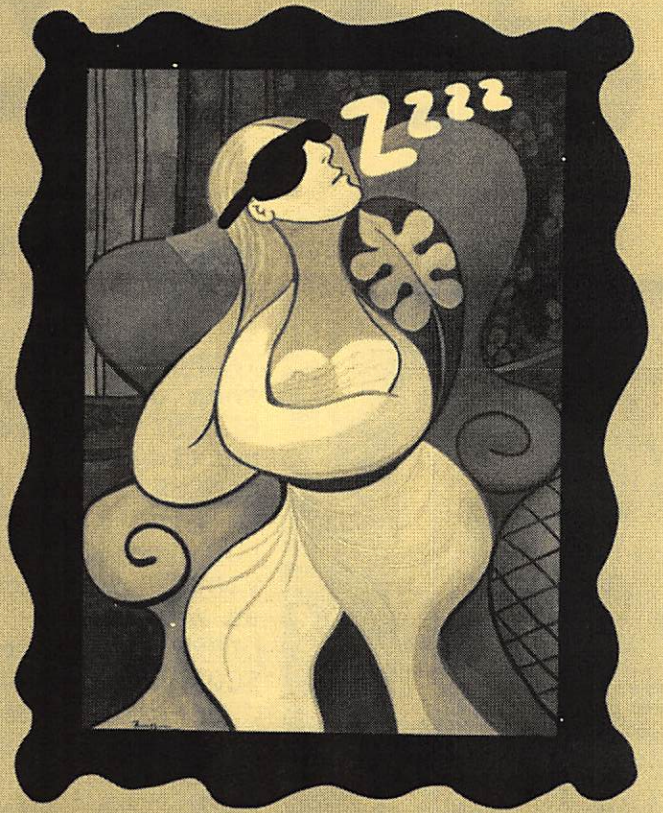


## Ode to a Heavy Blanket

god is a weighted blanket. i say that with a healthy amount of agnosticism, but i stand by it. the greatest balm to my mental health aside from emphasizing self awareness over a long stretch of years and like, therapy and lexapro, is my weighted blanket. it's fifteen pounds, and when i'm under it i truly consider the restorative properties of celibacy. i don't want to share it, and i don't want to take it off to be touched. simple as that. sometimes i wish it were heavier. maybe when i make it big i will buy one that is twenty pounds, or even thirty, and it will be big, and i will share that with whoever sticks around. in my previous piece in how much i love to sleep i foolishly neglected to examine the effect my weighted blanket has had on my sleep. i toss less, feel calmer, and wake up in a better mood (nightmares aside.) it's my comfort object, and i wish i could take it everywhere. i have not had a Blankie™ in a while because my dogs tore up my OG baby blanket, and for me personally quilts don't qualify as Blankies™ because i don't feel like i can roll around with them as much. (i am terrified of bleeding on my quilts. the blanket has machine washable bits. the quilts do not.) so, if you see me out in public at the pig with fifteen pounds of glass beads in a minky sleeve living my truly indulgent fantasy, keep it moving.

critics say "10/10 maximum cozy", "it's pretty good i guess", and "it's too heavy, alena"





## SLUMBERING SIRENS: *ladies who lounge*

random museum text with lots of fancy jargon that makes everything feel fluffy and bright if you stand here long enough people might think you are smart random museum text with lots of fancy jargon that makes everything feel fluffy and bright if you stand here long enough people might think you are smart keep going you are almost there random museum text with lots of fancy jargon that makes everything feel fluffy and bright if you stand here long enough people might think you are smart

random museum text with lots of fancy jargon that makes everything feel fluffy and bright if you stand here long enough people might think you are smart random museum text with lots of fancy jargon that makes everything feel fluffy and bright if you stand here long enough people might think you are smart are you still here?

Everything bright and soft, no time, only here random museum text with lots of fancy jargon that makes everything feel fluffy and bright if you stand here long enough people might think you are smart

