

HORSEFEATHERS

December 2018



Christmas Special

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EDIT NO RI ALL

by Editor-in-Chief, Seymour Typus

Merry motherfucking Capitalism! Once again “it’s the most [miserable] time of the year”. Here at Horsefeathers Magazine we all agree that Christmas is no longer what it used to be, because we suffer from rosy retrospection bias – and because Christmas has become a horrible, unnecessarily stressful holi-month.

Not only is it a logistical time-management nightmare, it’s also psychologically taxing as hell. You need to figure out what to buy for all of your sister’s kids, whom you, to be fair, know nothing

about. And god forbid you don’t buy the exact right set of My Little Carebear action figures as seen on Indoctrination TV – for years to come you’ll be dealing with their trauma. To help you get through this seemingly neverending shitshow of people pretending to be merry and bright (although in reality they’re all sad and dim – like the extinguished belief in Santa when a child sees him making out with their cousin), this issue of Horsefeathers Magazine features helpful articles on how to have a nice Christmas on a budget, how

to get through Christmas when you’re single, and our all-round self-helpful series “How to Human 101” is back. The regular crew has finally returned to the offices, so this issue also features a sermon by Reverend I.B. Leev and some sort of I don’t even know what by Guru Vantufak. Lacey Dunottin of course produced a few lines of garbage as usual. Also, we can proudly present an exclusive interview with Father Christmas. But I really have to go buy Christmas presents for my sister’s dogs— I mean kids, now. Enjoy reading!

BACK TO WORK, YOU FILTHY HOBBITS!

WE'RE ELVES...

SHUT THE FUCK UP!



Interview with *Father Christmas*

The Man. The Myth. The Legend.

Today we have the exquisite pleasure of bringing you an exclusive interview with Kris Kringle a.k.a. Saint Nicholas a.k.a. The Sole Inhabitant of the North Pole (because who cares about elves?) a.k.a. The Deer Whisperer: Faaather Chriiistmaaaaaas. We had to search far and wide to find him because apparently he doesn't really live at the North Pole all year. Let's dive right in (into the chimney):

Horsefeathers Magazine: "What an extraordinary pleasure to meet you!"

Santa Claus: "Nice to meet you, too."

HM: "Sitting here next to you, it's very hard to believe you don't exist."

SC: "Excuse me?"

HM: "Maybe – before we get to the more topical questions – you could tell us a bit about the man behind the glamour? We'd like to get to know you on a personal level."

SC: "Huh? What glamour?"

HM: "As kind and humble as we all know and love him. Maybe we'll start simple: What is your favorite color?"

SC: "All right, sure. My favorite color is green."

HM: "Ah, yes – from the good old days, before Coca Cola®."

SC: "Hmm?"

HM: "Do you ever get sick of milk and cookies?"

SC: "Ehm? I don't think I ever had enough milk and cookies in one go to get sick of it, no."

HM: "Haha! That's funny! What is your greatest fear?"

SC: "Not fulfilling my potential... and spiders – god, I hate spiders."

HM: "Haha! Get a load of this guy! 'Not fulfilling my potential' – as if you're not like the greatest person ever. All right, let's just move on to the questions we prepared: Which of the reindeer is your favorite?"

SC: "What?"

HM: "Which of the nine reindeer pulling the sleigh is your favorite? Or maybe you don't have favorites?"

SC: "I... uhm... I guess I always thought Rudolph was a bit overrated – Prancer maybe?"

HM: "Hmm... maybe that was an unfair question. So what do the elves do when it's not time to make toys? Or do they have to work year-round to get everything done in time?"

SC: "What are you talking about?"

HM: "Your little helpers?"

SC: "My little what now? Who do you think I am?"

HM: "Father Christmas?"

SC: "Well... My name is Chris, last name Mess, and I am the father of three wonderful children, but—"

HM: "So what do you do when it's not that time of the year? Do you take an eleven months long vacation?"

SC: "I'm not Santa Claus!"

HM: "How do the reindeer fly?"



SC: "Listen... I. Am. Not. Santa Claus."

HM: "Mhm... how did you meet Mrs. Claus?"

SC: "Are you even paying attention to what I'm saying? I don't live at the North Pole, I don't have a bunch of little people working for me, I don't fly around in a sleigh pulled by magical reindeer, and I definitely don't bring Christmas presents to all of the World's children! And I fucking resent milk and cookies!"

HM: "You seem a bit upset... is it the stress of having to keep up with the pressures of modern, capitalist society? Can I get you a glass of milk?"

SC: "Holy shit, you fucking dimwit! How many god damn times do I need to tell you I'm not Santa?! I. Am. Not. Santa Claus! Santa isn't real!"

HM: "Look... you're disrupting the interview. Could you please calm down? I have some questions to get through here."

SC: "This is ridiculous."

HM: "Where do you get the money to pay all the elves? Is it just from the Coca Cola® sponsorship? Has Monster™ made an offer – seeing as green is your favorite color and all? Or are you doing something shady on the side? Dealing drugs? Weapons?"

SC: "Why would you even ask Santa such a question?"

HM: "So you *are* Santa!"

SC: "What? No..."

HM: "Then what are you doing here?"

SC: "You called me."

HM: "Well... we were looking for Father Christmas."

SC: "How was I supposed to know you were trying to find a fictional character when you called asking for 'father Chris Mess'?"

HM: "No... Father Christmas."

SC: "Yeah, I've realized that now."

HM: "What did you think this was?"

SC: "A job interview."

HM: "Are you looking for a job?"

SC: "Yes – I need a second job to be able to pay for all the overpriced garbage my sister's dogs— I mean kids, demand for Christmas; she has six of them. I can't even buy the doll my daughter wanted for Christmas because of them. Are you hiring?"

HM: "Not really, no; we can't afford to pay more salaries. But we can offer you an internship – it'll look great on your CV. I think they call it 'exposure' these days."

SC: "I'll take it!"

HM: "Great! What an honor to have Santa Claus working for us!"

SC: "Stop calling me Santa Claus."

HM: "Can you start Monday?"

Chris: "I can start now."

HM: "Fantastic! Then your first task will be to put on this wig and fake beard and smile for the camera, so we have a picture for the article."

Chris: "What?"

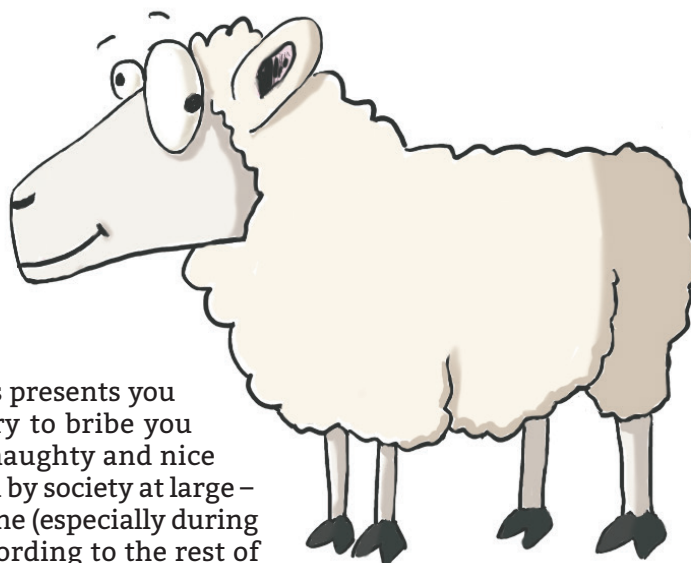
HM: "Do you want the internship or not?"

Chris: "..."

*"I'm not
Santa Claus!"*

– Santa Claus

HOW TO HUMAN 101



10 Tips on How to Be Normal

We all know that in order to get nice Christmas presents you need to be a nice kid (or have your parents try to bribe you while they're going through the divorce). But naughty and nice are culturally dependent constructs determined by society at large – and lets be honest: Society at large is pretty insane (especially during Christmas). So figuring out how to be nice according to the rest of the herd can be tricky business.

Luckily, we at Horsefeathers Magazine have analyzed modern civil society thoroughly and based on our findings compiled a list of handy tips for you to fit right in with the insanity. Follow these rules, and you will be on your way to the best Christmas presents you could ever hope for. This is a continuation of the previous list in this series of helpful tips, so if you haven't read that already, you might want to head over to Horsefeathers Magazine issue no. 2 (the September 2018 issue) to make sure you get as much help as possible on your quest for great Christmas presents.

Before we dive into the list, make sure you remember the most important rule of how to human: Do *not* be yourself; people don't like you and definitely don't appreciate your unique qualities. Being talented is even worse – keep that shit to yourself. If you instil envy in people, they will do whatever they can to make sure you get nowhere in life – and that you'll get lousy Christmas presents. So keep your head down and stay in formation, and you'll probably be fine – unless you're unattractive of course; then you're just shit out of luck. Not even we can help you with that. Plastic surgery might, though.

All right, let's become socially acceptable, shall we?

1. Basic Hygiene

Take a shower, change your underwear, brush your teeth, trim your nosehair, pluck your unibrow, trim your nails, groom your hair and apply deodorant – daily! If it seems like you don't care about your appearance, people will assume you don't care about anything – and nihilism is considered a menace to society. We told you this in the first installment of this series already – but some people just don't seem to get it.

2. Act grateful for shitty gifts.

This is more relevant after you've received all the wonderful gifts you'll get by following these tips, but you want nice presents next year too, don't you? It's all about the long game with this shit. You have to play it smart and just sit through a bunch of shitty presents before you get the motherload: the inheritance.

3. Don't be happy.

If you're not miserable, it's either cause you're oblivious or have mental issues – or both. If you're truly happy, you have not understood the seriousness of life, politics and improper use of pronouns. If you're having trouble actually *being* miserable, at least put up a facade, so you don't walk around looking like a complete lunatic. But don't worry too much – the Christmas weather will make being depressed much easier.

4. Do not think for yourself.

Only ever hold the same opinions as the masses: Eating meat is morally justifiable, money and material obsessions are all that really matters, sex is (especially for women) a sin (but not having sex is just sad – good luck figuring that one out), authority figures are always right and you need to respect them for that alone (regardless of their unacceptable behavior), and the list goes on and on. Attempt to determine the common consensus and try to convince yourself this reflects your own beliefs – if it doesn't, try harder.

5. Don't cry.

My dad says crying is for babies. In fact, you're not really an adult before you've developed the emotional range of a cucumber.

6. Sleep from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m.

Don't think your body decides your circadian rhythm – society does.

7. Don't do drugs.

Drugs are bad (unless, of course, they're produced and patented by a big pharmaceutical company and way more potent and dangerous than any plant-based medicine; then it's all good – give meth to children).

8. Don't rape.

8.1. No, seriously. Don't rape.

9. Thank the busdriver.

But, for the love of God, don't have a real human interaction with them.

10. Pretend to listen.

People would be served just as well talking to a wall, but they don't want to appear crazy. Obviously no one has the time nor energy to actually listen to all their crap, but you'll be perceived as extraordinarily nice if you just nod and agree at almost appropriate times – which means way better presents!

Coal Stocks Are Through the Roof This Christmas

Economy: Coal stocks have skyrocketed as the demand for coal to give to naughty children has risen to an all-time high.

It took a while for investors to realize what was happening: "At first we thought that maybe fireplaces had made a comeback as a retro alternative to '10 hours of cozy fireplace videos' Blu-ray Discs™," one investor said, "there was a loud, synchronized collective facepalm followed by an equally synchronized 'of course' in the office, when we all figured it out simultaneously – it was actually quite beautiful."

"It's a small miracle," the head of "Coal Minors United" said, "funny how things turn out sometimes. Now the poor CEOs of the coal mines can finally have a decent Christmas season again – they've been struggling to celebrate Christmas properly with only a few million bucks on their hands the last six years or so. Family is very important to us."

"It's a catastrophe!" one climate expert observed, "the coal industry

has an immensely negative impact on the environment – this increased demand for coal sets our fight against global warming back by at least three years! We really should have raised our children better."

"We're glad we raised such a nuisance of a child," one family said, "this'll save us loads on the heat bill."

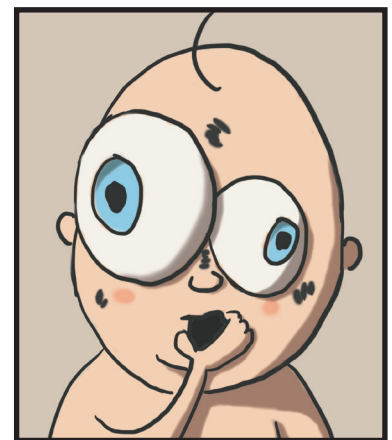
"What are we supposed to do with all this coal?" another family said, "we don't even own a grill."

"We had to punish our daughter last night because she came home with an A," a third family complained, "a weekend in the coal mines seemed reasonable. We need the coal!"

"I don't know, man," one miner said with sad surrender in his eyes, "this situation has increased my work hours, decreased my salary and I don't even get to take home any of the surplus coal because it has to go to these rich, spoiled brats. People have no concern for anyone but themselves. What am I gonna gift my kids this year?"

"There's a slight risk this could derail the whole economy," a professor of economics explained, "but we'll just have to see – this change in the stock market was way too sudden and unexpected for anyone to be able to predict the repercussions."

Who would have thought a prohibition of candy canes could have this effect...?



In other news: Santa has finally sold his naughty'n'nice-technology because of financial issues, which brings us a lot closer to realizing the mass surveillance dream.

Hōly Wōrds

with Reverend I. B. Leev

The Birth of the Sweet Baby Jesus

by Reverend I. B. Leev

Here's a story every good Christian is presumably sick and tired of:

Once upon a time... the birth of Jesus Christ took place in this way – I know; I was there (check the photo album). When his mother Mary had been betrothed to Joseph, before they came together she was found to be with child from the Holy Spirit – pregnancy tests back then had some extraordinary features. And her husband Joseph, being a just man and unwilling to put her to shame, resolved to divorce her quietly, because obviously he didn't believe in that ghost-story pregnancy bullshit. I mean, who would? But as he considered these things, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream – it was Jerry Springer, saying: “Joseph, son of David, do not fear to take Mary as your wife, for that which is conceived in her is from the Holy Spirit – which means you're not the father! She will bear a son, and you shall call his name Jesus, for he will save his people from their sins.” All this took place to fulfill what the Lord had spoken by the prophet:

“Behold, the virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and they shall call his name Immanuel.”

– The Prophet

Slight discrepancy in the names there but whatever – God thought the name the prophet came up with was foolish and decided to change it to Jesus.

When Joseph woke from sleep, he did as the angel of the Lord commanded him: he took his wife, but knew her not until she had given birth to a son – but then there was blowjobs all around.

In those days Caesar Augustus issued a decree that a census should be taken of the entire Roman world. And everyone went to their own town to register.

So Joseph also went up from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to Bethlehem the town of David, because he belonged to the house and line of David. He went there to register with Mary, who was pledged to be married to him and was expecting a child. While they were there, the time came for the baby to be born, and she gave birth to her (not his) firstborn, a son. She wrapped him in cloths and placed him in a manger, because there was no guest room available for them.

And there were shepherds living out in the fields nearby, keeping watch (and other things...) over their flocks at night. An angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terrified. I mean, I would be terrified too if God caught me fucking a sheep. But the angel said to them, “Do not be afraid. I bring you good news that will cause great joy for all the people. Today in the town of David a Savior has been born to you; he is the Messiah, the Lord. This will be a sign to you: You will find a baby wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger. That's all – you may proceed.”

Suddenly a great company of the heavenly host appeared with the angel, praising God and saying: “Glory to God in the highest heaven, and on earth peace to those on whom his favor rests. Fuck everyone else.”

When the angels had left them and gone into heaven, the shepherds said to one another: “Let's go to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has told us about.”

And Jim said: “Do we have to? I was in the middle of something.”

Yeah, Jim – we and all of heaven know...



So they hurried off and found Mary and Joseph, and the baby, who was lying in the manger. When they had seen him, they spread the word concerning what had been told them about this child, and all who heard it were amazed at what the shepherds said to them. People were incredibly gullible back then. But Mary treasured up all these things and pondered them in her heart. The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen, which were just as they had been told. Actually, not really; only the baby wrapped in cloths was so far accurate. Now after Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, wise men from the east came to Jerusalem, saying: "Where is he who has been born king of the Jews? For we saw his star when it rose and have come to worship him."

When Herod the king heard this, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him; and assembling all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Christ was to be born. They told him, "In Bethlehem of Judea, for so it is written by the prophet: 'And you, O Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, are by no means least among the rulers of Judah; for from you shall come a ruler who will shepherd (if you catch my drift? Jim? Anyone? No?) my people Israel.'"

An angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream and said, "Rise, take the child and his mother, and flee to Egypt, and remain there until I tell you, for Herod is about to search for the child, to destroy him." Joseph suspected this was God's way of getting out of paying child support. And he rose and took the child and his mother by night and departed to Egypt and remained there until the death of Herod. This was to fulfill what the Lord had spoken by the prophet, "Out of Egypt I called my son."

Then Herod, when he saw that he had been tricked by the wise men, became furious, and he sent and killed all the male children in Bethlehem and in all that region who were two years old or under. Then was fulfilled what was spoken by the prophet Jeremiah (who may or may not be a different prophet):

"A voice was heard in Ramah, weeping and loud lamentation, Rachel weeping for her children; she refused to be comforted, because they are no more."

"Who the fuck is Rachel?" you ask? Well... I don't know either. But someone just murdered her babies – show some respect.

But when Herod died, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt (this guy was tripping balls all the time), saying, "Rise, take the child and his mother and go to the land of Israel, for those who sought the child's life are dead." And he rose and

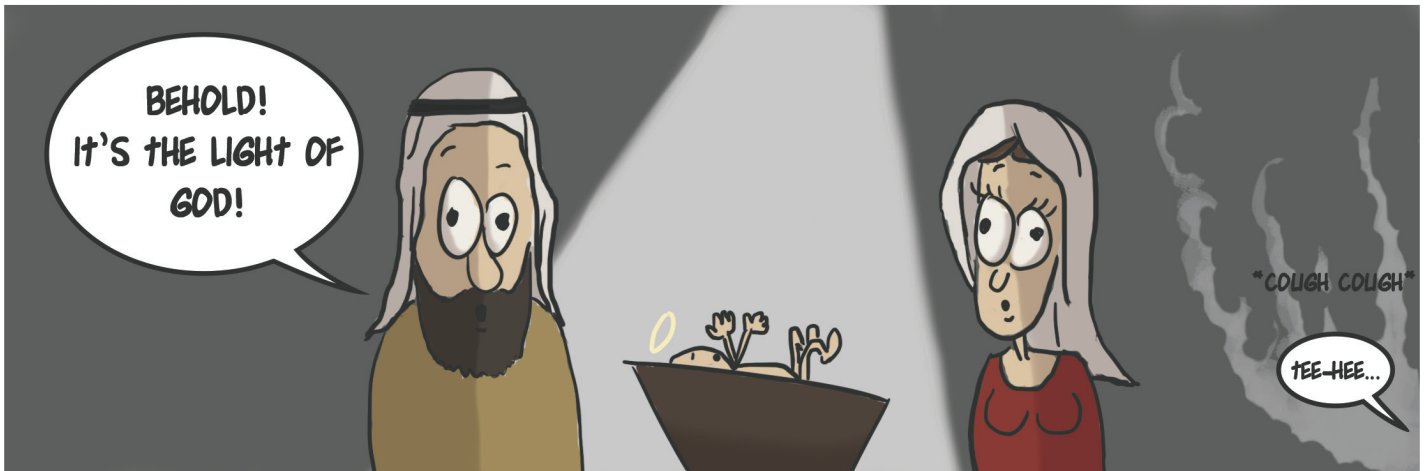
took the child and his mother and went to the land of Israel – Joseph really was an unrealistically trusting dude... although he was considering suing God for that child support. But when he heard that Archelaus was reigning over Judea in place of his father Herod, he was afraid to go there, and being warned in a dream he withdrew to the district of Galilee – man, this guy has a lot of weird dreams... wonder what his wet dreams must be like; maybe that's how Mary got pregnant. And he went and lived in a city called Nazareth, so that what was spoken by the prophets might be fulfilled, that he would be called a Nazarene.

Wait... let me just get this straight: He went to live in Nazareth, **so** the prophecy could be fulfilled? That's not how prophecies are supposed to work! You can't just do what the prophecy says in order to make it true.

Anyways... So there you have it: A wonderful Christmas story about infidelity, fornication, mysterious impregnation, sheep-"herding", group-hallucinations (probably induced by illicit drugs) and child-genocide.

And we just made you read part of the Bible.

The Three Wise Guys



HOW TO HAVE A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS ON A BUDGET

10 Strategies for a Slightly Merrier Holiday Season

Obviously no one has the financial means to keep up with the demands of capitalist Christmas – which is why we at Horsefeathers Magazine have gathered intel on how to have a little more for Christmas, so you can feel like you are able to provide your family the Christmas capitalism has promised them.

A few of these strategies may seem controversial, but if you want to save a substantial amount of money, you need to get creative – so keep an open mind.

1. Help little old ladies carry their groceries.

Be a good Samaritan this Christmas and offer little old ladies to carry their groceries. At the opportune moment, leg it. There's no way she's gonna catch you. You'll save loads on groceries – and your meals will take you right back to your childhood memories at grandma's.

This also works really well with single mothers dragging around their hysterical children.

2. Collect for charity.

Do something good for the starving children of the world: Dress up as Santa Claus and collect money for charity. At the end of the day keep 80% of your earnings as administration fees. You'd be surprised how much money you can steal from people by pretending to care about the poor.

3. Fake an upset stomach.

Since you know you'll be doing this, you can buy less food for the Christmas dinner and thus save a lot of money. We know it's a bitch of a cliché, but people will excuse you for this – in fact, they'd prefer if you just, for the love of god, would shut up about it already. Of course, this way you'll be sacrificing your own happiness for others – but that's the true spirit of Christmas. Alternatively, you could fast for all of December – that would probably do you good anyways.

4. Remarry.

If you have the time, you could try to find a new, richer spouse. Your current significant other will probably understand, and these days every kid grows up in a split family, so they'll be fine, too – nothing to worry about; commitments are a lot like gummy bears: You can always spit it out if you get one of those nasty, licorice ones.

And I hear they do special Christmas discounts on divorces. At least I heard my mom say something to that effect on the phone.

5. Celebrate Christmas at the homeless shelter.

You'll be in great company – amongst some of the probably most grateful people in town. And even the cooking has been taken care of.

Small caveat, though: You may have to sell your house to get in – but that'll make you a bunch of money too, so it's a win-win.

6. Steal.

Albeit a bit risky, this can be a huge money-saver. Most crimes go unsolved which means only dumb criminals get caught – so just be smart about it: Practice acting normal under pressure (you may want to refer to the “How to Human 101” series for guidance), develop a shitload of charm (this is easier if you're attractive), and always buy something small and cheap while you're lifting – leaving a store without buying anything is inherently suspicious. What's more important is during Christmas your chances are much better for getting off with just a warning.

7. Tell grandma she forgot to buy presents for her grandchildren.

Assure her this is normal for old people and not a sign of her impending death – despite what the doctor says. Alternatively, you could poison her and cash in that fat inheritance – but that makes it hard to reuse this strategy next year. It's all about the long game with this shit.

8. Adoption.

Think about it: Who do you spend all your time and money on for Christmas? That's right. Put your kids up for adoption and cut your Christmas budget in half! It may seem hard to find someone to adopt a cranky, nihilistic teenager, but you'd be surprised how desperate some people are.

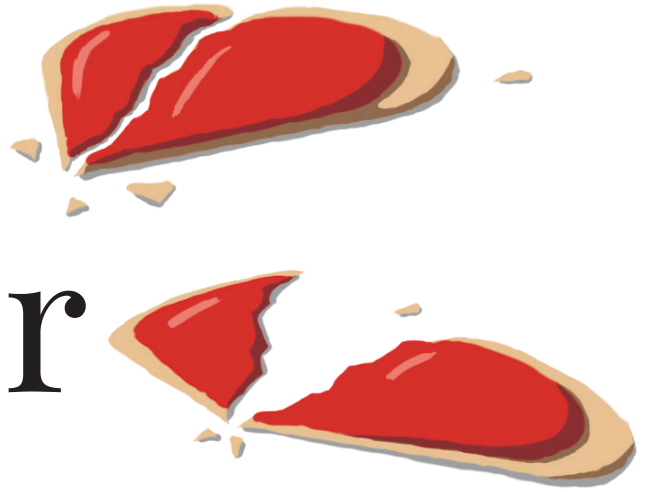
9. Prostitution.

There's no longer anything sacred about sex, so you can freely sell your body to give your family (and arguably yourself) a more exciting Christmas. Traditionally, this has been a career path reserved primarily for women, but we're living in progressive times, so this has definitely become a viable option for any gender to make a few bucks on the side.

10. Get shitfaced on cheap liquor.

If all else fails, you can always go buy a cheap bottle of vodka and get so drunk you don't remember how miserable your Christmas Eve (or all of December) was. Or do it because you enjoy getting shitfaced on cheap vodka. Either way it'll lighten up your Christmas – especially if you pour it on the Christmas tree... or your childhood wounds.

How to Stay Strong When You Are Single for Christmas



by Miss Understanding

Ho, ho, ho... I'm of course talking about that bitch, Karen.

Sorry, this isn't the place to reminisce about middle school...

Hello, my dears, and a very merry Christmas!

Now... not everyone is blessed with a healthy, loving and functional relationship during the holidays (or ever); some of us have to suffer singlehood. Christmas is (with exception of Valentine's day) obviously the worst time to be single. But fear not, I will tell you exactly what to do to get through this trying time without staging an autoerotic asphyxiation accident just to make your suicide look less sad.

You probably should have spent the year working on your emotional stability – but then again: You can

always blame your parents. It's too late now either way, and you'll have to get through Christmas by other means – luckily, I know exactly what to do!

Don't celebrate Christmas with your parents – that'll just remind you of how un-married you are and how they messed you up during all previous Christmases. Especially don't spend Christmas with either of your parents if they are divorced – that'll instantly kill any hope you had left for love.

Don't go to extended-family Christmas parties either – those will be a complete nightmare with everyone asking why your partner couldn't make it (because you still haven't told them you broke up three years ago). Don't talk yourself into believing you have any obligation to spend Christmas with your family – you're a grown ass human being; you can do whatever you want... and you don't want to be spending Christmas

with your family; trust me.

Don't celebrate Christmas with your single friends either – that'll just end up with everyone trying to one-up each other with their sadness and despair: “Look how single I am; I'm way more miserable than you... feel sorry for me!”

... Until that bitch Karen comes along: “Tanner and I are going to the Bahamas for Christmas this year #sandychristmas.”

Shut the fuck up, Karen! Nobody cares.

And for that reason, don't even think about spending Christmas with any of your couple-friends.

The only real option is to stay indoors as much as possible – only go out to buy groceries (and buy in bulk, so you can stay in for longer; that way you'll also minimize your risk of hearing Mariah Carey and Michael Bublé for the 214,563rd time – yes, I counted). Find a way to work from home – or if you can't: quit. You need to avoid human contact as if they all had SARS. Seeing other people will only pierce a big, fat wooden stake made of loneliness, anxiety and depression through your frail, little heart.

Being single, you're free as a bird – a depressed, borderline suicidal bird... but free, fuck yeah. Fight the urge to fly head-first into a wall, though. You're free to cry whenever you want, you're free to get out of bed whenever you want (or not at all), and, best of all, you're free to comfort-eat whatever you want whenever you want. You can't really do these things in a relationship – that'll just scare your partner away; they don't really want to deal with your shit, regardless of how much they claim to be there for you. But try to keep the crying to a minimum – after all, it is Christmas, and you're supposed to be married— merry, sorry.

You want to make sure you ignore your emotional issues as much as possible; this isn't the time for sadness. Everyone is sad – but during this special time of year there's no room to also care about other people's sadness. Because... look at the pretty lights... we're all... we're all so happy...

...

So keep it bottled up, okay?

Don't worry about the build-up – just make it part of your new year's resolutions to deal with your depression; we all know that only new year's resolutions have the power to bring about real change. Just keep reminding yourself of all the freedom singlehood brings and try to convince yourself this is worth more than the love you so desperately crave. Obviously that is gonna fail, but at least then you'll have another nice excuse for comfort-eating.

Sometimes all you need to keep up the mood is to sing a nice, little Christmas tune: “Single bells, single bells, single all the way. Oh, how sad it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh...”

Followed by a nice cup of hot cocoa and a tasty bullet.

The only real thing to look forward to is probably the Christmas dinner – there you'll get all the comfort you need... and more. And you don't even have to feel ashamed about it, because that night it's socially acceptable to stuff your face.

If all else fails, you can always hire an escorte in an attempt to fool yourself into believing you're not soul-crushingly alone. It's a pretty expensive solution, but so is being married. And after all it is Christmas – spend some money on yourself; you deserve it.

Words of Wisdom

by Lacey Dunottin

What did the swingers get for Christmas?

– A cockatoo.

How racist is it to be dreaming of a white Christmas?

What did Santa find at the asylum?

– A glass of milk and a bunch of kookies.

Why are skyscrapers so talkative?

– They have a lot of stories.

What do you give the man who has everything?

– A scarf.

Whoever said that pigeons are the rats of the sky clearly never saw a bat.

My dad was a violent drunk – I always thought that's the reason why it's called "Boxing Day".

How many elves does it take to change a light bulb?

– I don't know. 20? Who cares about elves?

My doctor is a weird, old pervert. He's so obsessed with my buttcheeks he even gave them a stupid nickname: Every time I go there, he talks about my "ass burgers".

Some friends and I went to Australia for Christmas. Down there it's summertime for the holidays. But we had snow for Christmas – we each did three lines. And some ice.

GOD, I HATE
MODERN HOUSING!



NEW AGE, NEW ME

SPIRITUAL CHRISTMAS FOR ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

by Guru Vantufak

“Tis the season to take molly, lalalalaaaa lala la la.”
Because that's really the only way to be as merry as you're expected to be around Christmas. Can't be healthy to fake happiness for such an extended period of time. Even Santa has to toke on some of that Christmas tree to keep up the mood.

I don't understand why Christmas is the time for kindness and joy. That just implies that kindness and joy aren't the default. Why aren't we kind and joyful all the time? Not just for Christmas? Is it because it's too exhausting? Too impractical? But isn't it even more exhausting and impractical to be a cynical asshole all the time?

Obviously you all have the capacity to be kind and forgiving, but you're choosing not to.

People are weird...

Now, to be spiritual at Christmas, you must free yourself from the capitalist clutches of materialism and move into the realm of unity and joy.

Christmas is the perfect opportunity to rid yourself of some of all that junk you've been collecting for no apparent reason. All that crap is just cluttering up your life – both physically, mentally and logistically. Give your shit away – let someone else carry that burden. This way you'll be leaving less for your inheritance as well, which will help your children find peace and freedom from capitalism.

Don't buy your children Christmas presents either – that'll just enter them into the “who got the best present”-competition anyways. Moreover, it'll scar them so bad they'll work their asses off just to give their own children a better Christmas than they ever had. That way you're looking out for your own economy and the material happiness of the next generation. All whilst not giving in to capitalism yourself. You're even turning your own children into hard-working citizens, thus also helping society. Just remind your children

that kindness is the greatest gift of all – much better than that Xbox™ they wanted. Give them a long hug to prove it.

Also, instead of a present, give your partner a hatefuck orgasm this Christmas. That's way better than any material gift you could possibly buy. Make sure you hint that you bought them that one big, expensive thing they wanted so bad – this will get their anticipation going, and they'll be so much more angry when they find out you just bought them a pair of Guru Vantufak Spiritual Underpants (they're just \$9.99). Angry sex is the best sex. You just have to figure out how to actually make them sleep with you ever again after this major disappointment (also remember to check “How to Human 101” rule 8 and 8.1). To get into the right mood yourself, write a list of everything that annoys you about your partner (afterwards, give it to them with some milk and cookies) – and maybe this'll even be the incentive to get that long-overdue divorce you've been wanting for Christmas the last few years.

Since cultural appropriation is one of modern society's greatest sins (apart from capitalism, obviously), we really should stop celebrating Christmas, as it's basically just a culturally appropriated heathen sun worship festival. Actually, while we're at it, if we want to be proper politically correct we should get rid of all traditions and millenia old belief-systems and start thinking for ourselves.

Merry whatever, motherfuckers!

... And That's a Wrap!



