



March Whorescopes

by Angela Lovell

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Say PISCEESE! (February 22—March 21)

Shit! You just aged again! Eye of the tiger! Be the cheese, Pisces. Get better with age. (Why not buy some wine to go with it, you lush?) You're crazy right now on mixed medications and "herbal remedies" so nobody's getting you—which makes you drink more. Take a break from all of your drug addict friends for a growth spurt of your own. It's the best birthday present you could give yourself...and maybe a trip to the dentist (smile with your mouth *closed* in birthday pictures.) Be a hermit. Be the cheese. (The cheese stands alone.)

I Believe In fARIES (March 22—April 21)

Your recent behavior goes far beyond natural freaky bi-curious tendencies. As a pyromaniac on the dance floor, even your Robot Dance makes everyone short circuit! But what's up with you boys wanting nibbles of your best friend's chimichanga all of a sudden and you girls craving your roommate's Tofutti Cutie? Even you gay ones are thinking you're straight. Get it together, Aries, and pick a side. Or you're gonna end up dancing with yourself.

Inner TAURUSmoil (April 22—May 21)

I don't mean to call you out, but don't you think those dreams you've been having about your mom are kinda weird? Get help. Get it fast. Oh sure, as your friend reads this aloud at the office you laugh, pretending you don't know what I'm talking about. But how funny will it be when they find you living in a refrigerator box under the Brooklyn Bridge, picking your teeth with the bones of pigeons? Your prescription refill is the last thing you should procrastinate, Taurus.

GEMINI In the Sky With Diamonds (May 22—June 21)

Hey, you two-faced sons o' bitches! Don't you look cute in those new jeans? Not that you'd know, having no mirrors in your house...weirdos. Isn't it getting lonely way up on that pedestal that no one's good enough to share? Probably not since you prefer the sound of your own schizophrenic voices anyway. Pick a lucky commoner from the crowd to corrupt as your latest addict, and don't worry about your sheets—the stains will wash out. (A mirror could make it more interesting too!)

CANCER to Our Prayers (June 22—July 21)

Oh my god, SHUT UP! Even Jesus has tuned you out! Don't watch Disney movies if they make you cry! Stop asking people if you look fat when you can't handle the truth! And for the love of furry mammals, please stop writing poetry! Remember the good ol' days when you hosted poker nights, baked cupcakes and knitted sweaters

for dachshunds? That's the Cancer we know and love! Every party has a pooper, but Cancer, you done crapped your pants!

Miss LEO Knows All (July 22—August 21)

Oh Child, you've never been so in tune with The Universe! All of your little hunches, from which lane on the expressway will move faster to who's getting voted off *American Idol*, are dead on! Play the lotto, ask your baby's-daddy, "You faithful to me?" and invest in stocks because you got the touch! Use this ability now. Because just like the Macarena, it won't last.

VIRGOne Round the Bend (August 22—September 21)

Easy there...be cool, be cool! Why is everyone talking to you like you're on a ledge or holding a loaded gun? Because you ARE. Virgo, you've finally lost it. You've invoked fear in everyone from your mother to the checkout girl you snapped at for asking, "Debit or credit?" Nobody can read your mind. And here's something new—nobody even wants to anymore. Quit mismatching your clothes for attention and tell a dirty joke in one of your funny accents instead. Maybe your friends will start acknowledging you at the grocery store again.

pH LIBRAlanced (September 22—October 21)

Whoa, there Stinky! What's up with you guys? Used to shower three times a day, hitting the gym in between. Now you hesitate crossing the room for fear of breaking a sweat and mist yourselves with fragrance instead of getting in the tub. And when did you start farting in the company of friends and loved ones? Brush those crumbs from your shirt and get it together, dirty Libra. Spring is coming, and you can't hide in your dark, little, smelly lair forever.

Live Fast, Die SCORPIO (October 22—November 21)

This month Scorpio should be called STUPID-O! Why are you guys always getting wasted and then trying to do stuff like swim or drive? A hangover is the least of your worries, careless Water sign! My suggestion to you self-destructive dumbasses is to designate a driver and wear your damn waterwings, even just to the office. Cause if you're dead, creepy Stupid-Os, how are you gonna stalk your exes?

Today on Jerry Springer...SAGITTARIUS! (November 22—December 22)

A few weeks ago, you had a kick-ass night out with Libido and Booze. Who knew Work Ethic would get out of jail and catch you waking up between your two exes like that? (SLUT.) You love Work Ethic, but the reason you originally split is because Worky-

Poo punched out Libido and Booze in a very violent street fight after you lost your pink razor phone...again. Now you've been giving it a second chance and don't even know yourself anymore...in a GOOD way. Who says Sagittarius can't commit?! (Besides all the exes you've cheated on...)

CAPRICORNacopia (December 22—January 21)

You're money-hungry, out of shape, and you never light matches after you stink up the bathroom. I don't even wanna write your Whorescope! What are you reading this for anyway? You believe in astrology about as much as you believe in mouthwash. Do the rest of us a favor and kill yourself!

P.S. Can I borrow twenty bucks?

AQUARIUS Stole My Lunch Money (January 22—February 21)

If you're an Aquarius over 5'8" in height, you need to take a spiritual laxative because, my tall friend, somethin' nasty done crawled up your butt and died! Quit bullying people. You're being passionate about the wrong things. (You little ones under 5'7" need not worry though—you're still the lapdog of the zodiac!) Now stop licking yourself!