



October Whorescopes

We all know where you've been...find out where you're going!

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Dragon SCALES

That normal fire-breathing angst has been outdone lately by your commitment to the tobacco industry. Your husky voice is sexy, but the phlegm you hack up cancels out how large and appealing your chest may be. All that peer pressure to smoke and drink was cute when you were in a Catholic school uniform, Libra, but now it's just lookin' creepy in that verge-of-death way. Give up cigarettes as a birthday present to yourself and pack on some winter weight—it'll be a while til you get back into your pinstripe pants, but without that hacking, we'll all wanna be in there with you!

Hocus SCORPIOcus

You seem to have disappeared, Scorpio! Ever since astronomers determined Pluto—your ruling planet—isn't a planet at all, nobody thinks about you anymore unless there's an obvious reminder, like a heaving and grunting dog with diarrhea in their path! Now's a good time to suit up in Halloween gear and run around town with your jack-o-lantern lookin' for treats. Get a good mask that contradicts your nasty personality, like Powerpuff Girls or a nice Spongebob—it's probably the only way anybody's gonna talk to you this month!

Great, Green Globes of SAGITTARIUS

Brittney Spears and Christina Aguilera have more in common than it seems—they're both dirty, dumb, sexpot Sagittarians, good for one thing only—entertaining! Don't forget your performing-monkey roots, Sag! Now's the time to whip out your talent and let it shine! Just be sure to spruce it up first with a nice little wash before you steal the show at parties. Legend has it that folks from Christina's hometown say no matter how famous she gets, she *still* smells like hotdogs!

It's The GOAT Pumpkin, Charlie Brown!

It's rough not being able to make friends, and nobody knows that better than Capricorn. Even when you miraculously score an invitation to social gatherings, you back out, telling yourself no one is gonna like you. But that's not true, Goat! If you can keep your know-it-all attitude under wraps and avoid drinking so much that you start telling everyone how much more money you make than them, it could be okay! You might not end up all alone this Halloween making up imaginary friends...who you also boss around despite their lack of existence.

Gummy WATER-BEARERS

You're a truly lovable sign, Aquarius, and a delight to have at any gathering...until you rape and pillage the snack table. Hell, even after

the buffet has dissipated you raid your guest's refrigerator, dipping your fingers into their mustard jar, desperate for a trip to Flavor Country no matter how low-budget your travels may be! People are talking (and throwing away their mustard). The only incentives I can offer to you in eating less is that your pleather pants MIGHT fight again, and you'll achieve inebriation must faster on an empty stomach. Just be sure to not stick your Charleston Chew in the light socket again!

Reeses PISCES

That chocolate-peanut butter combo ain't got nothin' on how well you go with the creepiness of Halloween! This is Pisces' time to shine. Now more than ever it'll seem "normal" when you wear that black lipstick or douse yourself in pig's blood! Just try to keep it to a minimum when mom's in town—after all, she is the one responsible for the medical coverage that allows you to experiment so dangerously with your disease-ridden orifices.

The RAMtom of The Opera

I don't want to discourage your creative endeavors, Aries, but your latest musical undertaking isn't just making the neighbors mad, it's making them plot the kidnapping of your cat as a hostage to barter silence with. Little do they know that cat's run off and ain't never comin' back! You're disillusioning yourself into thinking you don't need lessons, but it takes more than a beginner's book to make a musician, dumb-ass Ram. Give it up or pay someone to straighten you out. Do it soon before the suicide rate in your building surges.

I Want To Suck Your BULLood

Oh, Taurus, everyone wants a piece of you lately, but not in the GOOD way. They're sucking you dry as you work sixty-hour weeks, wishing a bus would hit you just so you get a REAL night's sleep. You need to get selfish now more than ever, or you're gonna burn out harder than a joint rolled by your mom! Stop doing so much work on *other* people's projects and save some good Taurus brain power for your own pursuits—that World's Largest Salami Sub record isn't gonna break itself!

TWINS or Treat!

From sex-icon Geminis Marilyn Monroe to Angelina Jolie no one can quench their craving for The Twins! (Pun intended!) In all your enigmatic glow, you're setting the rest of us aflame. Maybe you wanna put on a Spider-man costume and chase me around? Later I could dip you in chocolate (or maybe a nice Nutella spread?) and eat you alive! Beware of excessive hickeys and bites this month—you're the only treat I want in my sack this Halloween!

Bobbing For CRAB apples

You talk too much, Cancer, but you sure do got a pretty mouth. Stick to the oral you do best—fellatio and cunnilingus! Why do you think we all sit around listening to you retell the same, sappy stories about ice cream cones and summer-days bullshit? Even your dog threw itself into oncoming traffic! My god, Cancer, nobody's with you for that sentimental, whiny personality! Now get on yer knees and get crackin'!

Welcome to the Bates Mote LEO

Your bedroom is disgusting. Shouldn't you have outgrown keeping a booger collection by now? Maybe not with those rubber sheets. Damn, Leo, even if you *do* manage to get someone drunk enough to go home with you, they're gonna flip at the first site of your serial killer abode. If you can't get the stains out, get new bedding. And for the love of fried meat, please take your dead pets outta the freezer before you send another partner for ice!

The Bride of VIRGINstein

It's time to get out of that chatroom and get a makeover. Virgo, you're lookin' like a bad clone of a Muppet...with eye boogers. Quit spending all your money on birth control and beer and pay somebody to fix your hair! And for the last time, I'm telling you, brown is NOT a real color! There are mirrors in your world, Virgo—use them! *Queer Eye For The Straight Guy* wouldn't even touch you with a ten-foot pole! And for that matter, nobody else will either.