



March Whorescopes

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Raindrops On Roses and Whiskers On FISH es

Pisces, for your birthday I suggest you treat yourself to your OWN apartment, free of cereal-stealing roommates and their sloppy drunk friends (you prefer remaining an ALONE-drunk anyway.) You've been talking forever about living on your own and thus gaining the privacy to make proper sacrifices to your dark lord, Satan. But I've a feeling if you DID move out and live alone, the peace and quiet would mellow you out so much that in a nothing-to-bitch-about frenzy you'd turn off your angry hardcore music and sit with popcorn watching an old Julie Andrews musical or two—possibly singing along. Holding onto your misery is a great reason for you to not wanna move out. That, and not getting your deposit back when they see the chicken's bloodstains on your carpet.

Dear Di ARIES ...

You're good listeners. Maybe TOO good. The rest of us babble in your company because you're so convincing as you hang on our every word. Are we *really* that interesting, or are you stocking up goods to use against us? Don't exploit your friends, Aries. You're usually quite good at keeping secrets. And not only can most of us kick your ass, but we've got some dirt on you, drunk-talker. One phone call to Mom and suddenly your whole family knows why the family dog no longer sniffs *your* crotch. (And you do not wanna make PETA's shit list!)

BULL y, Don't Be A Hero

You're good with advice, but you're even *better* at saying, "I don't know." That's what I love about you, Taurus—you're so educated that you rarely have to pass, but when you don't know, ya ante up. Don't be tempted now to start bullshitting in attempts to make yourself look smarter. Isn't it enough that people still ask your advice after that day you wandered around unknowingly missing a lens in your sunglasses? Or when you punched yourself in the head while struggling to get a tight sweater on? Oh Taurus, you're so crazy! Just lay low this month and no one will laugh at you. Until you walk into that glass door at the grocery store.

Fool Me Once, Shame On You, Fool Me Twice, Shame on GEMINI

Holy crap, Twins, your life is so good lately it could be a Lifetime Original Movie of The Week, but better cos your movie would have some nudity in it! Just don't count those chicks before they hatch, mighty one. We're all very impressed with your recent wielding of Mars entering Gemini. Good stuff. But don't start boasting until the deals are sealed. Don't be that Gemini who cried, "Wolf!" It's confusing since so many of us are already used to calling you, "Wolf" anyway.

I'm Your Private CANCER , I'll Do What You Want Me To Do...

There is nothing more nerve-racking to a Cancer than asking someone what they want and that someone replying, "Surprise me!" You guys don't do well picking things out for other people—or so you tell yourselves. Just be cool, Cancer, and don't be so passive. There's nothing more awkward and embarrassing than a super-sloppy passive-aggressive crab scuttling about trying to decide if they should pick chocolate or vanilla, Budweiser or Coors, comedy or horror?! Nobody cares that much, sweet Cancer. Mostly we just want your tongue in our heads.

Achieve Multip LE O rgasms

Recently, I was sucked into some very obvious dating tip columns and thought to myself, "Who *doesn't* know not to do or say this crap?!" And that's when I thought of you, dear, sweet, raunchy Leo. Your idea of being "honest" translates to many as "being slutty." For instance, don't mention your lack of a gag reflex on the first date unless that's all you wanna get out of the relationship. Duh! Gag me with a spoon, Leo! And don't brag about your ability to have many orgasms in one night. Let them learn this the *organic* way—after they've sat through the recap of all the hamsters you accidentally killed in childhood, thus earning your sweet, catlike ass.

Billie Jean Is Not My VIRGO

World-famous Virgo, Michael Jackson, is not a pedophile. He's a retard. He doesn't have slurred speech and he knows not to touch himself like other "mentally challenged" folk (except in that old controversial Pepsi commercial), but he's definitely a retard. That's why he likes hanging out with KIDS—not cos he wants to rub on them, but because he still is one in his retarded, fragile mind. We have no idea how many times poor Mikey was dropped on his head as a child (though we do know how many times his nose was reset), but I'd like you to take a moment to imagine how COOL Virgo Michael Jackson would be had he just grown up. You're not a retard, Virgo. Quit blaming your parents. It doesn't matter who's wrong or right. Just beat it.

Outgrowing the Train LI ng BRA

Ack! Mercury retrograde is here to fuck with Libra! And all the eclipses in March are really gonna play with your head. But stay on task, busy Libra, and get ahead of your work load. Some travel is in store for you and it may come outta nowhere. Though most Libras are enviably well-traveled, this next journey is about to make you feel very young and naive in the *good* way. Libras think they know everything, and you almost do. But very soon, if you keep up with your homework, you're gonna have a growing spurt that'll boost your

confidence and break *double* the hearts that you're used to squashing, thus creating a whole new tribe of sex-starved enemies on your front lawn!

been relying upon to make these dreams come true. You're figuring it out. Flashing your own crazy reflection is still better than Snoop Dog's camera crew at the most regrettable Spring Break of your life.

You're a Maniac On the SCORPIO

All work and no play makes Scorpio a dull boy. Though you require less sleep than a sixteen year-old on appetite suppressants, I'm worried, Scorpio. For the last six months Mars has reeked havoc on your lovelife, flushing all kinds of insignificant debris to the surface and driving you now to hole yourself up with work. But love is extremely important to you, Scorpio, more so than any other sign of the zodiac. Even if it gets away, love motivates and defines you. Your recent feelings of hopelessness are floating away on the heels of impatient Mars and you'll be smitten again in no time, dancin' like you've never danced before!

Crazy As a M ARCHER Hare

Sagittarius... You deleted your MySpace and Friendster accounts, despite your efforts to accumulate slutty and clever comments from people attesting to your hotness and legendary coolness. (You're just in time to delete MySpace after Rupert Murdoch-Hitler bought it out!) Now you're thinking that was stupid— crazy , even. It probably was, since self-promotion is priceless to Sagittarius. But you were cleaning house, tossing out clothes that don't define the NEW you and unloading the people who wanna keep you down. The beautiful thing about Sag is that when your cocoon frays, it doesn't come back. With no time for regression, you'll get plenty done in this lifetime. Though March is a good month for getting attention, I say R.I.P. slutty internet endeavors. You of all signs don't need 'em.

I've Fallen and I Can't GOAT Up!

Avoid children this month! I can't say it enough, Capricorn. Just by *smelling* the little rugrats you'll get nutty and your body will start to tell you, "Maybe I do want kids!" You probably do—Capricorn loves big families and dreams of sitting at the head of a large dinner table, cutting a salty ham and retelling some anarchist adventure to the grandkids. But cool your jets. Keep having FUN. Now's good for a little timeout to explore all kinds of options. And even if you never do have a bunch of kids with dirty diapers, take solace that you'll certainly have enough money to *buy* people to come over at all hours of the day to wipe *your* old behind!

Nice Jugs, AQUARIUS

The sign of Water-Bearer has been frustrated lately. Recently, I overheard an Aquarius shouting, "I don't need you! I can lick my OWN nipples!" That's a great attitude! But then I rounded the corner and saw she was shouting at her own reflection. Which is okay. What's *not* okay is the nail-biting you do over childhood dreams not fitting into the grown-up world you've built. They do, Aquarius. Don't doubt it and don't put cigarette burns in your self-esteem *Girls-Gone-Wild* style. Lighten up on yourselves and on the others you've