



April Whorescopes

“We all know where you’ve been...find out where you’re *going!*”

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Shoe's Untied - ARIES Fools!

Learn personal space, Ram. When you get drunk, you instantly transform into that creepy old man who wants to touch all the pretty, young things as you slurp down drinks that aren't even yours with one hand, and get the other one hooked around your underwear, tugging on that Eternal Wedgie. Your ideal birthday party resembles a beer commercial, involving a fog machine, a pinata full of squirt guns and she-clowns in bikini tops and rainbow-afro wigs. Weird, Aries. But at least you won't be cooped up inside talking back to your porn.

Overpriced TAURUS t Attraction

After all the money you recently dropped on stuff you didn't need, you should stay in a while to play with your literary character action figurines while saving up your Holiday Inn points. Why not brush up your internet dating profile with some new witty quotes by dead people, then take your Mark Twain doll out to play in his remote-control steamboat? It doesn't take big crowds to appease you, little Bull. Your interests are simple. But I'd bring Rudyard Kipling's action elephant in from the porch before your Sagittarius neighbor gets drunk and tries riding it.

The Holy TWINS ity

Most Geminis don't care whether God exists or not, but I need you all to take a lesson from infamous Gemini, Jeffrey Dahmer. Due to his strict religious upbringing, Jeffrey had a difficult time coming into his homosexuality—so difficult that he ate *other* homosexuals. Get your spirituality down, mighty Twins. Whether it's worshipping a cow or a skinny Jewish carpenter, you need a healthy relationship with the almighty. I'm not saying the lack of such faith will lead you down a path of necrophilia and cannibalism, but I'm not saying it *won't*.

Take a C h ANCER On Me

Dear Cancer, your tastes are so simple. You loathe noisy clubs and prefer staying in for a romantic evening with a box of wine and two straws. You enjoy fine dining and bingo. All you want is a partner who loves these things too. Places you should *not* explore for Cancer-worthy mates: the emergency room at 2 a.m. and the Port Authority bus terminal. Stick to candle stores and dog parks. And remember, sweet baby-face, what Mom always said: "If she has a tattoo on her ankle, she *definitely* takes it in the butt!"

Disarm Your LEO bido Torpedo

You're still single and wondering why. Let me help, Leo. When you meet a nice girl at the bar and she doesn't wanna shake the hand you just used to pick your nose, don't flip her the bird and shout, "*Lesbian!*" This will not go over well. Especially if her sidekick is a Scorpio in a flammable wig, looking for a fight. Man, if I had a nickel for every Leo I saw get his ass kicked last month, I'd have enough to cover your dental bills for broken teeth! Get a muzzle on that festering mouth and you just might find someone desperate enough to date you. Or maybe your "friends" will at least start calling again.

Buy Cheap VI a RG r O Online!

At the butt of everyone's jokes this month, Virgo is feeling pushed to the max. This is really gonna take its toll in May when you're hopped up on paranoia, thinking everyone's laughing at you when they're not. My advice for April is stay indoors making sweet love to the internet, buying *Back To The Beach* on DVD, maybe some vintage lunchboxes and jazz up your oonderpants drawer by throwing new Underoos into the mix. If you do leave the house, try to limit it to late-night runs. But be careful wearing that hat and dark glasses after the sun goes down—you already give off a psycho-vibe without wearing the costume of one.

Nobody LI kes a BRA ggard

Dearest Scales, you're ruffling my feathers. We all got the holiday card of you standing between your Mercedes and Lamborghini, arms stretched to heaven as though thanking God himself for your success. And we liked your decadence just as much then as we do know now when you drive by blasting bad rap music about *bling* and *bitches*. Even though your fishtank of smuggled piranha died, you're having a *fantastic* year—but we're all sick of high-fiving you. Don't call me for a while—unless it's to go puppy-shopping.

Thank You, SCORPIO , May I Have Another?

You hate watching people floss. You hate members of the same sex. And you hate peanut butter. But you love fake hair, excessive eye makeup and new things to complain about. I'm so sick of your attitude and road-rage that I wanna tie you up in used floss, force-feed you chunky peanut butter and set your wig on fire. But only a virgin wallflower or masochist would waste time with you, dominatrix of the zodiac. Go pull the wings off flies as you sit and wonder why all of your exes change their names and move six states

away after your verbal spankings. I'll call you when I'm hating myself, and maybe you can put me over your knee?

Don't Run With SAG issors

So you think you're ready for more responsibility, huh, flake? You certainly have made strides, Archer, but now you're considering yourself mature enough for an endeavor like *pet owner*?! Go slow, Sag. Get a cheap plant and see if it survives three weeks on your windowsill. It won't, but you'll still jump into whatever it is your spoiled little heart desires. You are the performing monkey of the Zodiac. (Why do you think so many friends let you sleep on their couches for *free*?) Remember what happened to that kitten when they gave it to Koko the Gorilla? Think long and hard before any big commitments. A tattoo could look stupid, but a dead kitten is really gonna stink up your bedroom (i.e.: *your friend's living room.*)

GOAT For It!

It's been an inventive winter for you, Cappy! So what if someone else already patented your backpack vacuum cleaner and that visor you crafted to keep shampoo out of kids' eyes in the bathtub? It just goes to show that you were right—those *would* have been brilliant, marketable inventions! Keep thinkin' 'em up! Capricorns never say, "DIE!" But you do say made-up words like "*Ass-Slop.*" Now that's a real gem and versatile as a noun or verb. "I ass-slop ye Capricorn Knight of Brilliance!" Now how about handing over your George Foreman grill before taking it apart to see what makes it tick and electrocuting your imaginative self?

Please Don't Feed The WATER-BEARER s

When busted for biting your nails, you get all cute protesting, "What's the big deal?! They're *just* nails!" And they're your nails—your body, your choice, Aquarius! But so help me, if you reach onto my plate one more time, I'm gonna bite off more than your goddamn nails. I know you've stocked up on Girl Scout cookies, like some kind of pre-hibernating Smurf, so heaven help the water-bearer I catch in my stash again. It'll be more than your gnarled little hands that end up disfigured over my Peanut Butter Patties.

FISH Is Not On The Menu Tonight

Normally, you slay me, Pisces. You're mysterious, philosophical, poetry-instigating and morbidly intelligent. *Normally*. But lately something's gone awry. Instead of farting under the blanket and savoring your own stink until you fall asleep, you should get back to pondering the dark mysteries of life. It's much sexier than the alternative, which you're so fruitfully basking in.