



# January Whorescopes

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## Wake Me Up Before You Go-GOAT (December 22–January 21)

Your mattress has grown weary of hiding your pot and money instead of playing other more recreational hide-n-seek games. And while the rest of us have switched over to DVDs you're still watching those old high school VHS movies. Get with it, Capricorn! It's like you've been sleeping (atop your stash) for twenty years! Give up that 80s bomber jacket and cut back on quoting *Top Gun*. You'll discover that a little style will do wonders for your social life. Maybe your mattress will even see some *real* action.

## Let Auld AQUARIUS Be Forgot (January 22–February 21)

Even though everyone adored the way he took your shotguns and ate their pizza crust, it's time to throw your dead hamster's cage away. For months the wheel has remained squeakless and now the water bottle has grown algae, yet the smell of rodent urine continues to hang heavily. And for the love of fur-bearing mammals, Aquarius, stop blaming its presence on sentimentality—we all know you're just lazy. And filthy. Who keeps a hamster in the kitchen anyway?

## Sleeping With The FISHes (February 22–March 21)

Sex with you is like attending a séance, Pisces. I suggest you rent some mainstream porn and familiarize yourself with how the norms are doing it these days. Or get so stoned that when you hyperventilate from cotton-mouth your companion assumes you're just *really into it*. Learn how to tone it down or get used to freaked-out partners slamming the door as they run screaming into the night.

## Unexpected RAMifications (March 22–April 21)

There's always something missing when a relationship ends: Cuddling... companionship... your wallet. But it takes a lot more than an ex robbing ya blind to get Aries down! Rest assured that you'll find worthy distractions to keep your mind off that ex (she even took the batteries out of your nose hair trimmer?!) How many signs other than the Ram get a fresh start and find themselves on fire to persevere—which is better than the *itching* and burning you're dirty, thieving ex gave you.

## BULLy, Don't Be a Hero (April 22–May 21)

Your political projects and environmental endeavors are endearing enough to get you laid, but you should make more time for sex, drugs and rock 'n roll—the true essentials of Taurus living, as proven by punkrocker Taurus Sid Vicious. Saving the world is all fine and well, but it's time to get selfish, you love-starved Bull.

Make “Save the Animals” apply to everyone, multi-tasker, starting with yourself!

## Strangers In The GEMINight (May 22–June 21)

What's this New Year's resolution talk of going “straight edge,” my darling Gemini? May I remind you of straight-edge Gemini Jeffrey Dahmer taking drills to the skulls of his victims, trying to render the perfect Zombie Lover? The only drugs Jeff ever used were the roofies to get his cadavers good and unconscious. Stick to what you know, freaky-deaky Gemini, and mix me a drink!

## Don't Pick Your sCRABs (June 22–July 21)

Your mastery in the kitchen is overshadowed by your lack of hygiene, Cancer. No one will sit on your furniture since that last visitor got body lice, and friends fake sick when you offer baked goodies that are coated in cat hair. (You don't even have a cat!) You say the layer of mystery fuzz won't matter once they get the third brownie down, but who's gonna get that far with your dandruff coating everything?

## You KLEOn Bastards Killed My Son! (July 22–August 21)

Each time the word “no” hits your ears you scream and shout on your backside like a mutant roach. Have another bong hit and mellow out, pothead Leo. We're all too exhausted to indulge you in those desperate times when you implore everyone, “Do you think I'm pretty? Do you think I'm smart?” Don't fret their replies, Leo. No one will waste time torturing you during these tantrums. We've set our phasers from “stun” to “kill.”

## VIRGIN Sacrifice (August 22–September 21)

Virgo Keanu Reeves has delusions of grandeur and tries to save the world in nearly every movie he “Whoas” away in. Even as a lawyer battling Satan, you can't help but replace “*Objection*” with “*Dude*” as you watch him flounder about. So what if he can't read or tie his shoes? He knows how to ace history with a time machine and can learn Kung Fu in the flick of an upload. Don't let The Man get you down, Virgo, be it the devil or a bus with a bomb strapped to it. Even if you can't save the world you'll look damn fine trying!

## SCALESorder Bride (September 22–October 21)

Those days of squatting in a warehouse among drug-running Puerto Ricans and cans of beef jerky are long gone! Your coupon-clipping and homemaking is wrecking my hardcore image of you, Libra. Cut up your Target charge card and book passage to Barbados immediately, where monkeys roam the streets freely and the dark magic of shrunken heads remain a mystery. Break off the top of

your tequila bottle and pick a fight with the creepiest dude in town.  
Such an encounter could inspire you to abandon your garden  
gnomes and return to that missing-link mentality for which you're  
so adored—or render you into a shrunken head.

**SCORPIOrate Slave (October 22–November 21)**

After a solid year of showing up to the job hungover you're finally  
realizing there's no hope of getting fired. Your bad tattoos and  
greasy hair can't even save you from the promotions that nobody  
else wants. Big Brother has made you his bitch no matter how much  
you reek of whiskey after lunch. But now is the time, Scorpio, to go  
one step further with your bad flesh artistry and get a neck tattoo of  
Porky Pig. It just might save your soul.

**Over A Billion Served By The Golden ARCHER (November  
22–December 22)**

Sagittarius is half human, half horse, and all bestiality between the  
sheets! But your reputation has been tarnished despite how quick  
you are to share your bag and beer. I'd warn you not to kiss-and-tell  
if kissing was all you'd been up to. After what you thought was an  
allergic reaction to fabric softener turned out to be scabies, it's time  
to see your doctor and get checked for the usual suspects again—  
this time throw *hoof and mouth disease* in there while you're at it.