



# February Whorescopes

We all know where you're been...find out where you're *going!*  
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## Whatchoo Talkin' Bout, AQUARIUS?!

Happy birthday, dear water-bearers! I know things have been tough this last year. You were once hailed as top of your class—a true inspiration to the rest of us. But just like Aquarius Gary Coleman going from the prince of *Diff'rent Strokes* to reality TV where Vanilla Ice tries to dunk him in a deep fryer, it's been tough dealing with the decline of your stardom. However, the answer does not lie in running for office or wearing elevated shoes—you just gotta turn those charms back on. What happened to smiling, gregarious Aquarius, the life of every party? The guy who made up the fun office games while abusing the phone lines? The girl who taught us packets of ketchup are a delicious snack? Don't be such a tyrant and don't do reality TV. These answers are really obvious...even to a jive-talkin' turkey like you.

## What Would PISCES Do?

I've never seen anyone so obsessed with their hair and makeup, yet so horrified at having their picture taken. My guess is that when you chickened out on selling your soul to the devil he warned you that cameras could capture your crusty little spirit just as easily. But the devil is a liar! DUH! Remember when he told you spandex was back in and then he tricked you into drinking his pee? The devil is an asshole, and you're just as stupid as you are beautiful. You may as well get some photos of your sweet, dumb ass to comfort you in your old age. Hold tight to those Polaroids and you'll be the most popular geezer in the old folks' home—with or without Satan's assistance.

## DiarrheARIES Of The Mouth

You've really climbed the ol' ladder of success, Aries, and gotten yourself a lovely position among the sort of people you aspire to be. But good God, you goofball, you gotta keep your mouth shut! I don't know why you were trusted with so much information (perhaps you work under a fellow blabbing Aries) but you gotta learn to keep your lips sealed. Get one drink in you and not only do I know all kinds of secret celebrity gossip, but I also get the schedule of your bowel movements! Don't get me wrong, Aries, I'm okay with this. It's the rest of the world—and the closeted gay Scientologists—that I'm worried about.

## Love LifTAURUS Up Where We Belong

A dear Taurus friend of mine looks like the girl next door yet performs like a porn star in bed. Total dream girl, right? WRONG. She's been acting these parts for ages, never feeling a man knew or loved her for herself. After breaking an engagement with a guy who

left her for a beautician with butt herpes, my Taurus friend dated a doctor who would spit on her nether-regions during sex. She finally lost it—her faith in men. Her faith in *love*. She packed up and moved back home to be close to her mom and forget about the opposite sex. And out of nowhere, she fell in love. Now she's totally blissed out with a nice, normal, non-spitter. He lovingly lets all of her superfreak tendencies fly. Her Girl-Next-Door and Porn Star have come together to make a real woman—not alternating stereotypes. I don't usually believe love to be a cure-all, but in your case, right now, it is. Live it up, freakshow-style, Taurus! Just think of all the fools who paid admission to see the Elephant Man!

## Yours, GEMINine and Ours

If you're a Gemini in a relationship you're most likely with another Gemini. Because who else would put up with the constant loss of keys and abuse of a bathroom covered in remnants of a now-hairless body? (Your "pube scissors" really should find a home outside of the kitchen.) But if you aren't lucky enough to live among your own, dirty Gemini-peeing-in-the-shower species, have heart. There are plenty of dirty Gemini lovers willing to help you find your keys and wipe down your funky bathroom. Just don't ask these Jane Goodall explorers to shit on your chest until they've become accustomed to your freakish, monkey ways.

## Don't Let It Go to Your Head, CANCER

My "Top Three Oral Pleasers" were all Cancers, and one of them had never even *seen* a vagina before mine! Is it your special psychic Cancer sense telling you *right, left, up, down, fast, slow*? Or is it simply that you are the mothering sign of the zodiac, and nobody cares more about the comfort and pleasure of others than Mom?! (GROSS.) The funny thing is that you barely perform this magical feat. When I remind Cancer friends of this gift you all say, "I'm shy!" Quit being so insecure, Crabs. You look great on your knees! And you're the only sign of the zodiac who looks good in yellow. Which one of these gifts do you think will work best at boosting your popularity?

## Touch Me Once And You'll Know It's True, I'm Crazy For LEO

I believe the definitive Leo is Madonna. Attention-hungry, smarter than she looks, and fucking insane. Madonna is a crazy bitch but she gets everything she wants—except Sean Penn. I'll never forget sneaking into *Truth Or Dare* at the movie theater and my preteen heart breaking as Madonna confessed she's still in love with paparazzi-punching Penn. I thought if Madonna couldn't hold her man, there wasn't any hope for the rest of us. But as I got older I

realized it takes a very special person to remain with a heavy-handed Leo in all her blonde ambition—a fucking crazy, masochistic person! Leo, ya just gotta be yourself, straight up and raw from the get-go and never run the risk of attracting people who can't handle you or camera crews. And soon enough, you too can happily release another mediocre dance album while raising your mono-brow babies—with or without a daddy.

### **VIRGrOwing Pains**

You used to date beneath yourself, rarely bumping fuzzies with anyone smarter than you about politics or culinary arts. But those days of making yourself feel better by having a dumbass mate around are over. After surviving all the shit you put yourself through last year you've got a new sense of deserving—you want what's coming to you and you want it NOW. Just mind that first step, Virgo—it's a doozy. Any crashes right now could send you back to last year, all huddled in a filthy Starbuck's bathroom, caffeine-crashing with knees pulled to your chest in the fetal position. Easy does it. Your love life just had a hip replacement. Take it one step at a time. And don't mix medications.

### **Faster Than A Speeding LIBRA**

Your superpowers have been overlooked for a while now. Watching dumbasses with too much gel in their hair succeed you hasn't been easy, especially since you know you're the most alarming sign of the zodiac (your stroll through parking garages sets the car alarms ablaze!) But you're exhausted lately, thinking you've jumped through all the necessary hoops to get you where you want, where you *deserve* to be. But you haven't. There's a very obvious, *bad*, festering habit you've overlooked as it eats away at your potential. I'm gonna run the risk of you calling me a dumb slut (*again*) and point it out. Maybe it's booze. Maybe it's your jailbait-chasing. Maybe it's a teeny, tiny miniscule attitude adjustment that you're pretending isn't there. Snuff it out, Libra. This divulgence won't cause Ed McMahon to knock on your door, but it will fuel a tiny growth spurt that will give you the strength to hurl your life-sucking kryptonite far into space.

### **With A Rebel Yell, She Cried, "SCORPIO! SCORPIO! SCORPIO!"**

In all of my astrologically-studious years, I've noticed something strange about this sign—Scorpions stick together. And they loathe same-sex competitors. I mean, a Scorpio will go for your fucking eyes—but behind your back. Which means your eyes are gonna be torn out the *back* of your head. Scorpions stick together, having no patience for people who can't see things their way or keep up. But you gotta get some tolerance, Scorpio, especially now as you venture from the safety of chosen family and shmooze with less lovable folk. Most of the world is gonna disappoint you. Just learn patience for the little guys who are trying as hard as they can. Or end up like Scorpio-gone-awry Vanilla Ice, wallowing in one-hit agony and dunking midgets in deep fryers because they couldn't

keep up on their stumpy little legs.

### **You're Soaking In It, SAG!**

A Sagittarius I know peed her pants until she was about eight years old. She was a "gifted" student, yet she pissed her pants and bed almost daily. Her parents tried the degradation of diapers but that only aided in her pottyless ways. Then one day Sag just stopped. She was tired of being a child and started going to the toilet like a grown-up. Her concerned family would've tried anything from psychologists to electric shock therapy to get their child right, but it was all up to her. After your miraculous and painful breakthrough this year, you're all ready to grow up now more than ever. They say people don't change. But no one changes more than mutable Sagittarius. The changes you make now will stick. Ride this growing spurt and never look back. You gave up your rubber sheets. You can do anything!

### **Button Up Your OverGOAT**

I'd written my usual anti-Capricorn bullshit when out of nowhere an infamous Capricorn "bully" contacted me with some of the bravest, most genuine warmth I've ever seen. She prepared me for a difficult task she herself had already accomplished. This person knew my biased opinion of her, but reached out anyway, reminding me something about Capricorn I've obviously forgotten—you guys have been grown-ups longer than anybody. While the rest of us are wallowing in masturbatory puddles of fun, you're out conquering the world Alpha-Goat style. You're known for being money-hungry, but wisdom is priceless too—and you guys are stocked up on both. I'm impressed and humbled. After the undeserving love I received, I take back what I said about Jesus not being a Capricorn—few people could forgive so many dumb whores. You guys are kind and generous—but sometimes your delivery can be misconstrued or harsh. You've got a lot to give, Capricorn. My wintry advice is to give this good love to yourselves, and as they see you happily bundled in it, others will be drawn to your warmth as well.