



May Whorescopes

by Angela Lovell

FLYMF May 2007, The Beginning Of The End Issue, Volume 4 Issue 5

Cue the Chorus—Happy Birfday to TAURUS!

You don't mind getting older, whether or not a party's planned (if you want one *you'll* organize it), or if gifts pile up. You're finally seeing the big picture and seeing through everybody who's done you wrong. (Especially that prison warden who called you "a disenfranchised piece of shit.") Taurus is growing up and learning their angst-ridden actions are no longer necessary—karma cleans up better than any judicial system anyway! Keep yer nose clean, Taurus. I've got my eye on you!

Good GEMINIS, Great Oldies!

You guys were weird kids, peeing the bed well into your teens, putting all kinds of toys in your orifices, and worrying teachers with that handwriting of an idiot...an idiot who would murder their sleeping parents! But I'm gonna encourage you to phone home, ringing up that inner child to run some laps with scissors in hand. Self-destruction has never been so adorable!

Lions, Tigers and CRABS! Oh my!

Dearest, *dahling* Cancers... Although Chris and Steve-O of *The Wildboyz* and *Jackass I and II* are both Cancers, you should not give into urges to let anyone—fur-bearing or hairless—eat live bait from your butt. And no matter how appealing it seems, do not dangle appendages (especially wieners) over pits containing creatures craving your flesh. Do, however, take the valuable reminder from Steve-O that even your dream job is bound to make you puke now and then.

The LION Sleeps Tonight

You Leos gotta stop hibernating. Winter is over, fools! One of the most interesting things I learned in school is that bears cram mud up their butts just before hibernating to prevent ants from housing in their poopchutes. My reminder to you Lions is to spring-clean out those wintry cobwebs...no matter where they cling.

VIRGOified With Essential Vitamins and Minerals

The last thing you want (or will sit through) is a lecture. So I will simply tell you something you know: Everything you need you already have. And what you have is a fucking mind-blowing amount of nutty goodness! We're not jealous. We're in awe. (And we all need to floss after coming in contact with YOU.)

“XXX” Marks the Spot, LIBRA

Your usual pirating and pedophile tendencies dwindled recently and now you've moved onto necrophilia, which will get you into a lot

less trouble since dead men tell no tales. Just hide the photos you can't resist taking cause it's five-ten in the big house if yer caught! Argh! You're sick, matey!

Wherefore Art Though SCORPIO?

Dear sweet, fine Scorpios (like Joaquin Phoenix and Gael Garcia Bernal)... You make me feel... Oh, you make me feel like a nat-ur-al woman! Though the morbid, quiet, and aloof thing is dead-ass sexy, it'd be nice to let us all know what you're thinking now and then. But not on Tight Jeans Day. Just allow our minds to wander when you walk by choosing between smile or scowl (not that any of us notice on Tight Jeans Day.) Just watch out for falling objects...like swooning members of the opposite sex! You need orange cones all around you!

Is That a SAGITTARIUS In Your Pocket Or Are You Happy to See Me?

Whas' happenin, Hot Stuff? Damn baby, you got it *raw*, and by "raw" I mean you have been exfoliated down to a sweet-smelling nub that everyone wants to get their paws on. Although bouncy in spirit, this is not a bounce-back year for Sag. Be picky and carefully consider new fingerprints after a year spent coming clean of those last ones.

CrAPICORN Left the Seat Up Again

I hate you but wrote a poem for ya anyway.

Roses are red
violets are blue
I hate Capricorns
because you all suck.

By the way, it's your turn to buy toilet paper...*know-it-all*.

What Would AQUARIUS Do?

Well, you didn't get to boink your sibling due to her overbooked dominatrix schedule, but at least you found some roadkill to use for your latest puppet show. Dang, Aquarius! You guys is whacked, yo!

PISCES Of The Christ

Your apartment burnt down because you let the devil in. Had you left it in the hands of Jesus, Homey would have fed your cat and refilled the Brita Pitcher. Sure, Christ may have eaten all the Rocky Road and charged a bad Kate Hudson Pay-Per-View to your account, but at least you wouldn't be a homeless Satanist with an urn full of cat now.

Goin' to the Chapel and We're Gonna Get ARIES

Click back the safety button, randy Rams! You're about to meet yo maker...of pure, unsaturated BLISS! It's gonna be a great growing spurt for your childish ass, but sow any wild oats...NOW! Quick! This minute! Cause Senorita Biological Clock is about to play pinata to yer burrito!