



June Whorescopes

by Angela Lovell

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You're Gonna Live Forever! You're Gonna Learn How to Fly...GEMINI-high!

Happy birthday, shit freaks! (Don't act like you don't look...we all know you do.) Your broken heart healed faster than that weird puss-generating thing stuck in your foot, but unlike that infected sore in your sole, the one in yer other *soul* has made you a better person. In fact, you've gotten so appealing that I almost forget you're all crazy assholes who wipe just so they can get a closer look! The only thing Geminis like better than bodily secretions is technology, and you'll be getting a lot of BOTH for your birthday! (I'm baking an ass-cam into a high-fiber cake for you right now.)

CANCER In the Dark

Quit blaming blindness, you see what's going on. (Though all your recent masturbation certainly could have blinded you a dozen lifetimes over.) Don't pity your mates for your tearful philandering. What they don't know won't hurt them, and nobody hurts more than you, crybaby of the zodiac. You're not even suffering so much over things you've done as things you *want* to do. Quit losing sleep and dabble in devilish shenanigans. If nothing else, you'll be kept awake by a whole new world of woes, despite your intolerance to change. (Just be sure to change the sheets.)

Gimme an "L!" Gimme an "E!" Gimme an "O!"

What's that spell?! *What's that spell?! Huh?! What?!* You don't know. You're pretty, Leo, but dumb as hell. Get back to smoking that joint you didn't pay for and picking scabs on your feet just so you have another reason to smell your finger. Your dreams of "being somebody" can be shoved between the mattress with that stash you stole from your neighbor. Despite how easily good things splatter on you from above, the world remains your overzealous cheer squad. Not that you even notice it, potheads.

VIRGO Sacrifice

That gold star received for unselfishness is gonna carry you onto a whole new path. Wear it with pride, no matter how tattered and dull it becomes covered in your cat's hair. You've worked very hard, and though you're not used to getting A's for just effort, it's nice just to be getting them again. Don't fret—soon enough you'll be Teacher's Pet again, annoying us all with your know-it-all ways. Enjoy your time down here among us commoners. It's good to see how the other half lives now and then.

Mousy LIBRarian

Take down your hair (even the fake stuff) and put on your comfy pants. You're in for a while, Libra. After swallowing that acrid bucket of pride, you deserve to celebrate with comfort food and

another viewing of *Fight Club*. You'll be setting loins aflame and wrecking homes again in no time! For now, acquaint yourself with Senors Ben and Jerry while rereading *Helter Skelter* and imagining as only a Libra can, "What would it be like to be a light-skinned black woman in her mid-50s finding brutal mass murder after taking the *bus* to work?"

You May Be a SCORPIO But You Ain't No Dancer!

You got the power, brains and charm to attract the masses. So quit focusing on what you DON'T have and make some damn magic! Even Scorpio Charlie Manson faced rejection on the lyric-writing scene from the Beach Boys but went down in history as the most well-known psycho-puppeteer to ever adorn a Lady Bic swastika on his forehead! Rock on, Scorpio! Keep giving me good vibrations!

When I Get That Feelin' I Need SAGITTARIUS Healin'

You don't even deserve a cell phone, flaky archers. You give your number away like it's cheap gum, but then you never check your damn messages. Good thing you're a hot fire sign, cause you've gone from burning sheets to burning bridges. Quit flipping everybody the bird and cash in on some hugs. Sure, the giver probably just wants to feel your sexy chest against theirs, but you need lovin and FAST. If you ain't gettin it at home, then honeychild, get OUT. (Meet me in the alley. I'll text you as a reminder.)

Are We There Yet, CAPRICORN Smurf?

Ever see that episode of *The Smurfs* where those magical berries come into season and Baker Smurf makes them into candy for everybody, giving them each a big-ass bowl that will provide one sweet for each day of the year? Then Greedy Smurf ends up eating all 365 pieces in one day (y'know, cause he's greedy) and then he goes apeshit trying to overcompensate. I'm not gonna tell any Capricorn how to lead his or her life (because you'll run over my dog or take me to court) but I just want you to keep in mind how awful Greedy Smurf's year was watching those other Smurfs shove candy into their tiny blue heads while all he had was a good view of Smurfette's bedroom window.

Float Like AQUARIUS, Sting Like a Bee

Dear Cupcakes, you are self-proclaimed (and self-defeating) "lovers not fighters" who drift through life looking for shiny happiness to make your world more beautiful. Right? WRONG. If you're so happy-go-lucky, how come every time I get trained at a new, shitty restaurant job it's by one of YOU? Because you pretend to look for ethereality when really you're keeping track of who didn't refill the dressings. Quit using your keen eyes for the assistant manager and get back to your roots. I won't tell that you're licking all of the

silverware before you roll it if you don't tell on me for flushing paper towels down the toilet (again).

Follow the Trail ofReeses PISCES

Doug Stanhope, an offensively hilarious Pisces comedian (who lets admitted sodomites and abortion fiends into his shows for *free*) says the word *LOVE* is like the term *ART*. And he's right. It's so vast and widely interpreted, yet such a personal thing that you can't care what anybody else says about your *LOVE* or your *ART*. People are talking. Which never bothered you before but then again, you weren't listening. So quit leaking little candy-coated pieces of yourself. Wouldn't you rather melt in their mouths and not just their hands?

ARIES Is the New Black

Your weight is fluctuating, your hair is in transition, and you're starting to question things like your seemingly undying love of Chef Boyardee. But as always, Aries, you got it raw! Whether you've noticed it or not, you're being copied for everything from those torn jeans you crookedly cut to the bangs that suffered a drunken chopping. Set up a kissing booth in Times Square and charge at least twenty bucks a pop. You'll have your rent money is less than an hour and hoards of panties flung at your precious misshapen skull.

The TAURUS Is Strong With This One

If you were blindfolded and dropped out of a plane in a country where your particular race is hated and you don't have any grasp on the language, you would still thrive, making your way home with an armful of useless souvenirs and a bunch of pictures of you posing in silly hats with the cannibalistic natives. Have a blast with what should be pants-crapping scary. All I ask, Taurus, is that you send me a postcard.