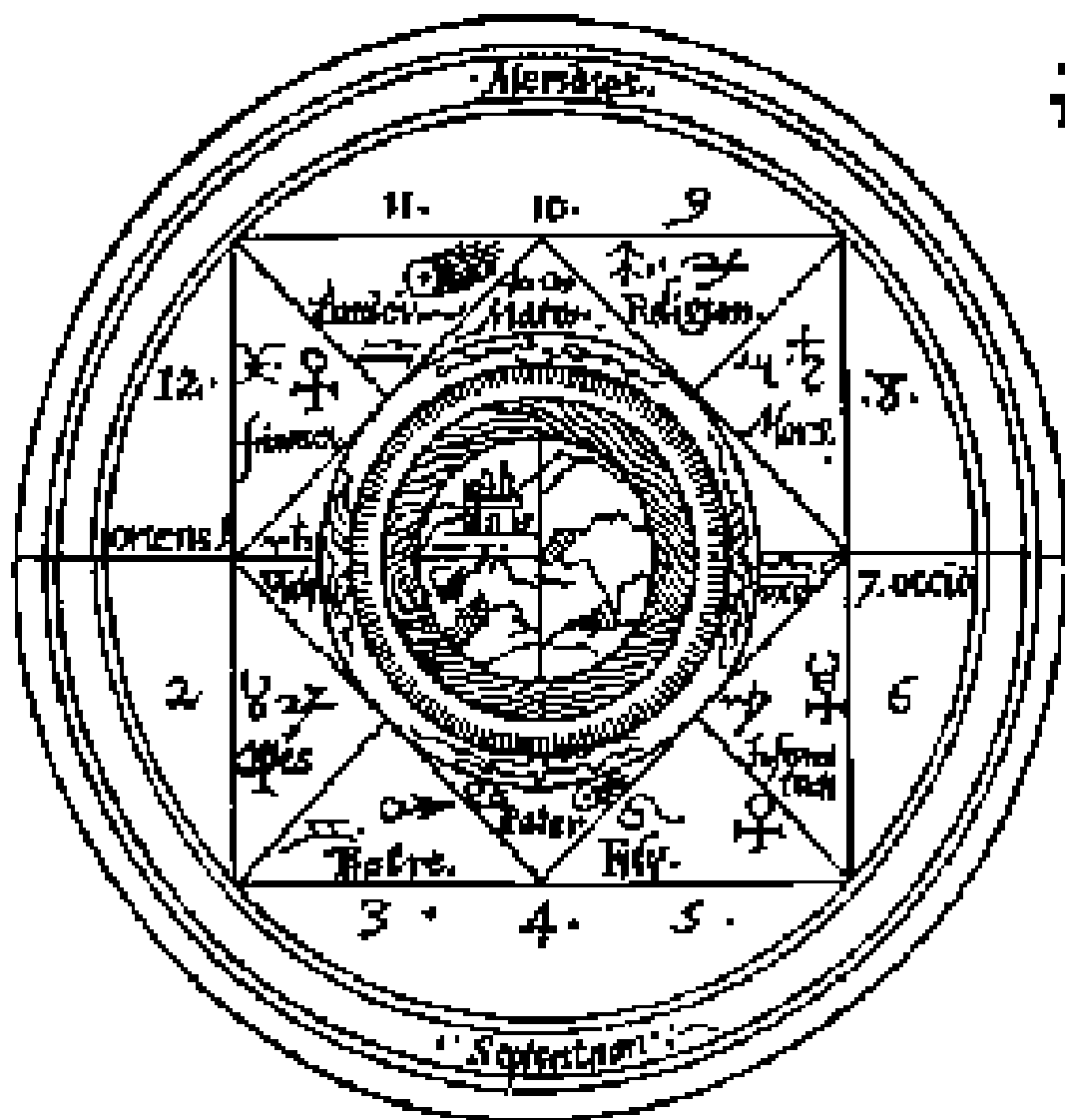
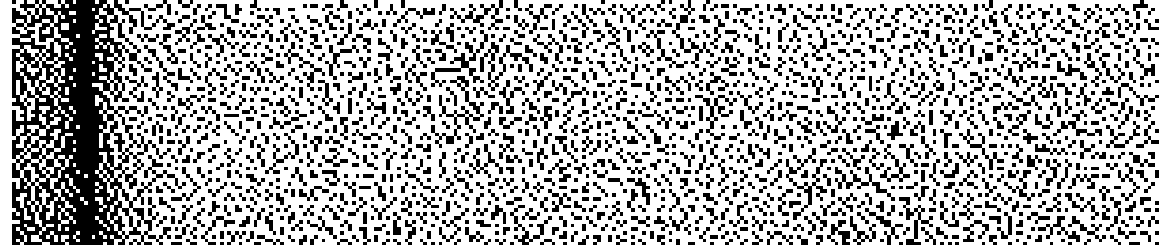


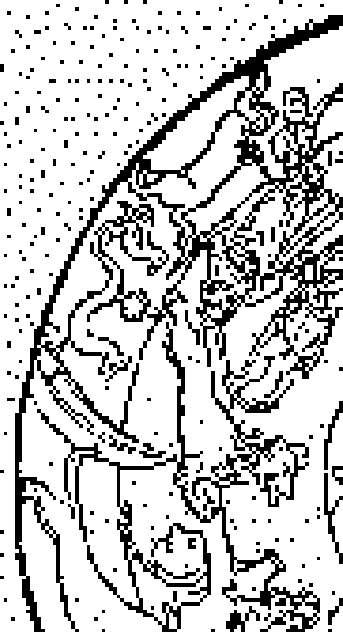
accidents will happen

#1





There is no such thing as a coincidence. Every saturnine contrantiscion may be made to lay flat, back supine, decumbiture protracted and diagnosable. Wrapped in a neat bow and retrograded. The quincunx crosses the sky in jealous fury, perigean and aphetically 'bated. You'll see her shining malefic in her lunar mansion, your imum coeli hylegical.



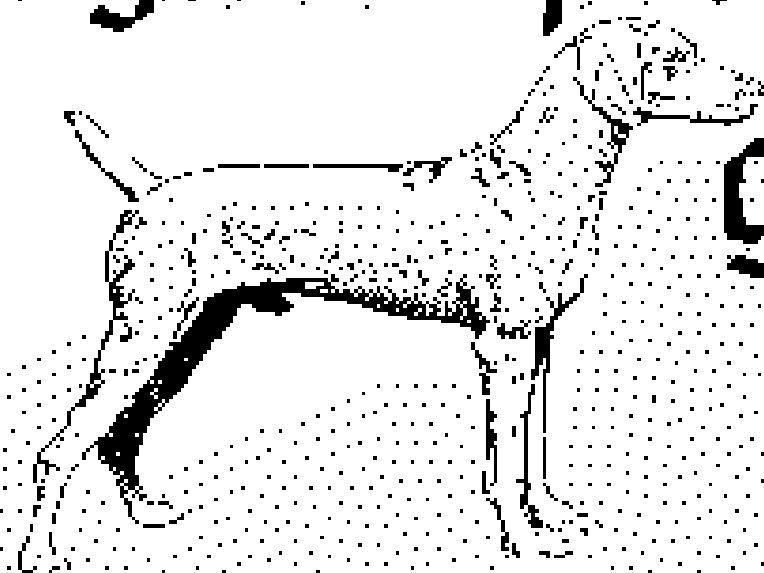
Say what you please
as long as you expect
nothing, or even less.
Your horoscope for
Wednesday is that no one
likes having the truth
told but, paradoxically,
neither do they like
lies. The sybillic
revelation is to stop
caring, work the oracle,
and never give a shit
just like everyone else.



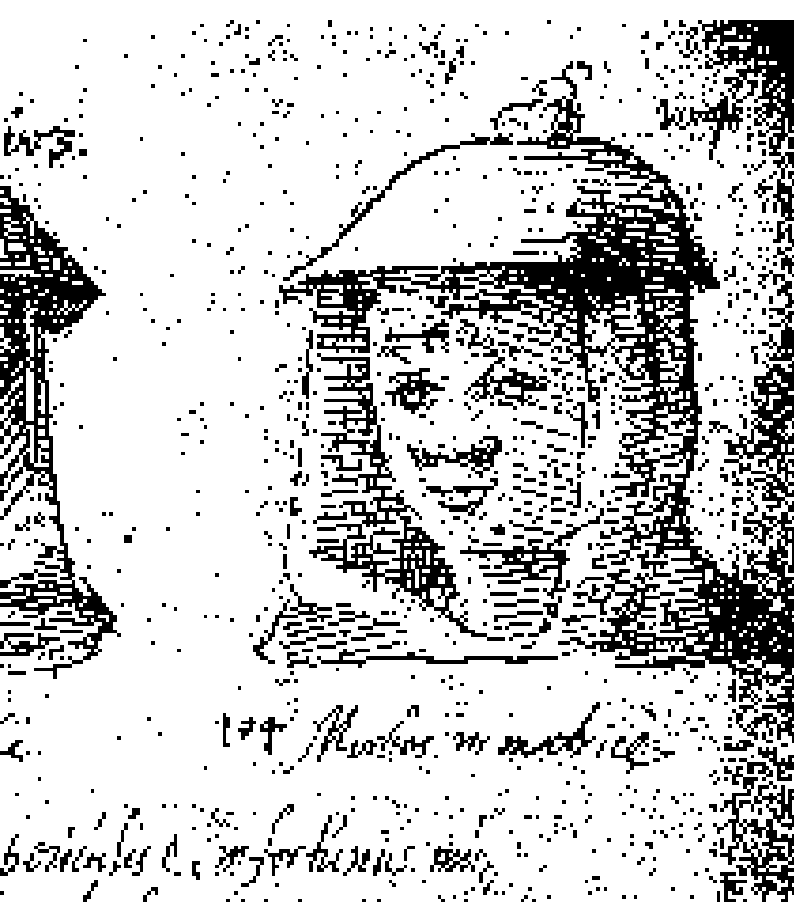
D...



what is the point
of this? Your
horoscope for
Thursday is to
give up when it
gets hard.



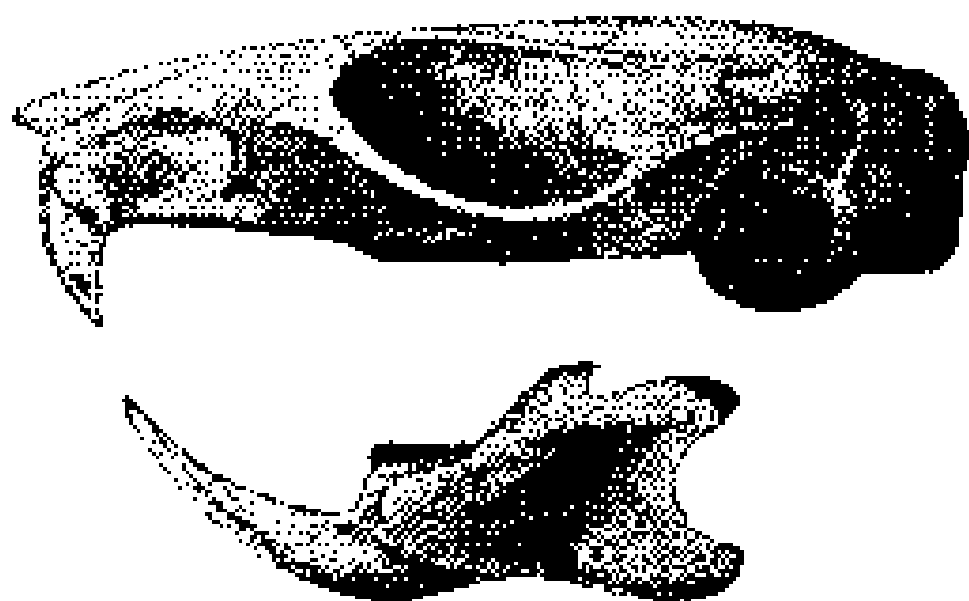
On Fridays, you
get what you asked
for. Sow only what
you wish to reap, or
whatever.



The matutine rising of
the greater Dog
begetteth heat,
troubleth the seas, and
changeth all things.

(On Saturdays you
shall do nothing.)

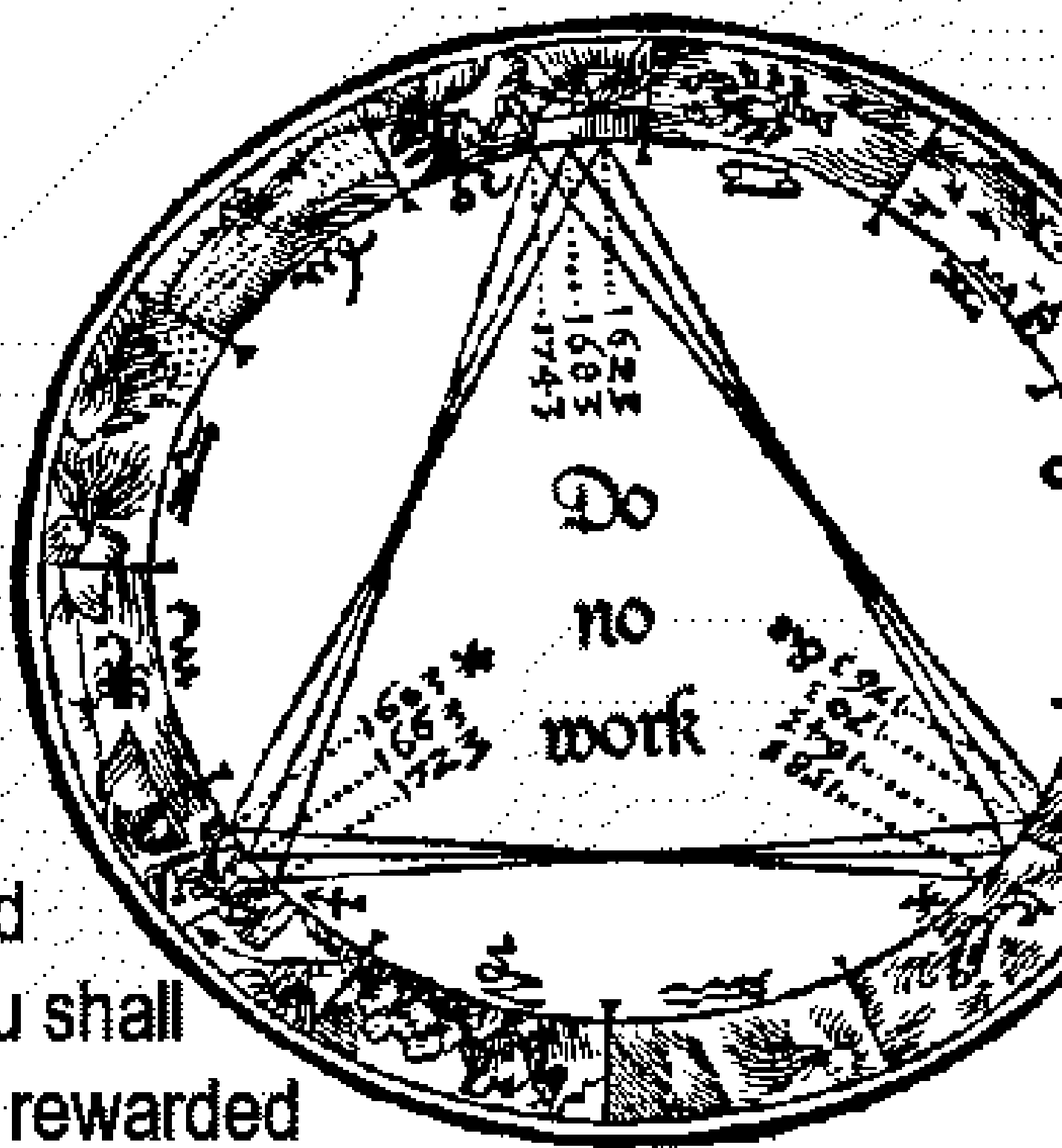




The physicians refer this to their temperament, astrologers to trine and sextile aspects, or opposite of their several ascendants, lords of their genitures, love and hatred of planets.



**Sunday-Monday-Tuesday is
your weekend.**



**and
you shall
be rewarded
handsomely in the sweet hereafter.**