



Completely obsessed with a deep depression, Don fervently sighed and frowned as he sat across from me in the office. As he continued his nervous panic, I racked the system for his birth details and whipped out his chart before me. "It's a bad, bad day... Bad day..." He continuously repeated this disheartened mantra while I looked to the planets to shine some light upon his condition.

Moon and Mars peeked out from the 12th House before me and it

became as clear as day that for Don, all hell had truly broken loose. Well, at least for the next three days. "Don, my dear close friend, and loyal client," I said, "these planets do not favour you at this present moment of time. In your best interest, hold off any emotional and important happenings and dealings, be it concerning family or business. No good will come from any serious business conducted around this time. In fact, you are going to be the central target for bad situations. Maybe what you should do is get yourself a couple of DVDs and lock yourself up watching telly to avoid any emotional upheaval." With a grave expression, Don looked at me and I literally saw a grown man sink with the weight of the world. "Roy, my friend... It has already begun."

He explained to me that yesterday in the morning, he was out with his wife, having a great time over breakfast. It was a great morning, for they were spending the moment in jovial bliss and happiness. The only thing that irked him some was the beads that his wife wore across her neck. Feeling as though he had a responsibility to ensure that his wife kept up with fashion and looked as complimentary as can be for her age, he decided to take it upon himself to comment about her fashion. "My dear, why do you wear those beads with your hair tied up in that bun? It makes you look old, and you aren't that old!"

It doesn't suit your round face too." Unfortunately, his words infuriated his wife, and she gave him a tongue lashing on thinking twice before commenting on her dress sense, and even going so far as to telling him to go find a younger woman who didn't dress like an old maid. Don had two choices: to defend his cause and give her a piece of his mind, or to suck it up and take it. He chose the latter.

Later in the day, the situation had cooled off and Don decided to look through some paperwork while in the office with her. Asking his wife to read a line from the document, she just coolly turned away from him and told him that she wasn't feeling up to it. Peeved by her emotional nature, he told her not to play emotions and just read the damn words. His words sparked something in her, and she walked out of the place. Completely defeated by his wife, he decided to give her some time to cool off and stayed in the office to continue his work. After an hour had passed by, he popped her a message telling her to meet him at home once she had finish whatever she need to do. Perhaps she went shopping or something else, but Don knew better than to push the situation.

It was evening when he was nearing his home, and he decided to pick up some dinner. At the local restaurant, he decided to order some fried rice without soup put in it like the way the Cantonese do. Explaining his order to the lady, she promptly turned to him with a disgusted look on her face and yelled at him for being difficult. Aghast, he began to explain, but decided to surrender and wait for whatever she brought him. His food took 45 minutes to arrive, and it was not even what he expected. But he knew the lady did it on purpose, especially with the vengeful smirk pasted upon that face of hers...

Lugging himself back home, he caved into the couch and decided that the entire day had got to be one of the worst days of his experience. His wife wasn't even back home then, and he missed her presence. He felt miserable as he ate his soupy fried rice, and wished that the earth could suck him up whole.

"You know what, Roy? I'm going to take your advise... After all, when bad wants to happen, it will rain on you. I'm going to avoid doing anything for the next few days because one bad day is more than enough of a hell bound experience for me!"

roy@royalastrologers.com – Singapore: 9754 3540 - Perth W. Australia: 0423 948 111