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# The Phone Call

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My usual day always starts up with my breakfast, which my dear wife would set out on the table in the early morning, and analyzing my horoscope chart of the day. I still recollect the fleshy bites of papaya lingering in my mouth as I took mental notes of the star patterns drawn up on my computer.

Moon was in the 12<sup>th</sup> position of my day's chart and that indicated to me that I should beware of emotional people and moody turmoil in the public when I was out. Dealing with business affairs and cyclic trading was a definite no-go for me, as anything to do with buying and selling was going to be faced with much tension and drama. In the 3<sup>rd</sup> House, Mars was exuding its provocative effect on communicative Mercury, so shaking on agreements was unfavourable for me that day, unless I wanted to be pushed into an unexpected situation. Essentially, I had to watch what I say or do for the day. The only saving grace I could identify was the Sun radiating from the 2<sup>nd</sup> House, which gave me reassuring control over my actions over events as long as I was not slighted by other interests and carried out an honest motto.

After my breakfast and book, I hopped on the bus heading towards the office. This was an important part of my routine, as I am able to brain storm and analyse how the star pattern fit into the scheme of things in the day. On board the bus, I thought about my findings and contemplated how they might influence my experiences of the day when my phone call interrupted my pondering, and I was greeted by my son. He was grateful that I had purchased the learning notes he requested, and had placed a gift at the office for me. We were discussing family affairs when all of a sudden a shout rang in the air, causing all eyes to be directed to the source. The sound disturbed me, and I decided to cease my conversation, rather than compete with the annoying shouts emitted by the man sitting behind me.

"Shut up, will you?" He yelled, and then with knitted brows, he considered something said before continuing his angry dispute. "I am not well! Why? Because of you, you CRAZY NAG!" His knuckles held scarily on the rail upon the chair before him, and he grinded his teeth before shooting out another remark. "I just need to be on the bus to get away from YOU! I am not going to talk to you with all these people on the bus looking at me!"



My thoughts were this: if the other party over the phone irked you so, would you not have just easily turned off the mobile to cool your mind, and then continue the conversation at a place where it would not warrant such public attention? Obviously, the man did not share my sentiments on this matter.

This crazy act went on for a solid 30 minutes before the strangest turn of events occurred! After

more hissing and berating, the man sighed so deeply, I thought the bus reverberated with his action (or maybe it was the engine), and then... He smiled! Of all the random things he did! Then, he cradles the phone as though it was an instrument of joy and started talking in this voice of gentleness I thought I was losing my marbles! "Of course I love you, honey bun. I'm sorry I raised my voice at you..." Honey bun?! Whatever did she say to promote herself from crazy nag to honey bun? I would have liked to know what caused the turn of the tides, but the way they carried on with their mushy words, I'm afraid, it was much too much for my diabetic soul and my heart.

At that point, I did wonder whatever happened to the men of my time, and what change in society has produced such caliber of whimsical men of now?

I guess my later thoughts superseded this confusion of mine. The stars had rung true! The 3<sup>rd</sup> House of conversation, transportation and high charged action had occurred, and I was a witness to a situation I had not chosen. Again, the Moon had that impact on the watery emotions of these people I witnessed, explaining the turmoil I saw. Thank heavens for the Sun, which luminous shine had brought light to the murky sorrow, and brightened the day for better. Even though I am still baffled by such strange actions from a man...

Ah well, I look forward to recording further findings and experiences that parallel the stars...

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