

## Science is Golden: Kirsten Larsdotter

To see me these days in the supermarket queue peeking at the Daily Horoscopes from a Women's Day, you'd never believe I'm a trained psychologist. But following a 'professionally essential' immersion in the mysterious world of The Zodiac, inexplicable coincidences have surfaced.

'Well of course I'm an Aries...' says a client, studying me expectantly.

'Oh, that means you're extremely ambitious, even a perfectionist?', I learn to say.

Smile of satisfaction from the Aries. Testing me out. We can commence.

Are we talking cause or effect? Do ancient powers impinge on the secret life of the everyday? Does arcane knowledge empower repetitive or compulsive choices in our unconscious lives?

'Well you know that there are support groups for Scorpios in most capital cities'.

'Oh you're a Libra! What a successful social climber you must be!'

'You do know Sagittarians are famously unfaithful?'

'Taurus make the best friends, partners and lovers as long as you can provide a comfy chair and a decent feed'.

All of these become regular responses. Good clean fun, professionally speaking.

Then I started examining my own family. The children were born exactly 5 years and 5 days apart and are both Gemini. 'The bubbles in the champagne of life!' And three (chronically flighty) Sagittarian grandsons were born within 5 days and 5 years of each other. A flood of birthdays pile up in June and September. Expensive months. You might say that the Gemini were Christmas Cheer Conceptions. You might say that the Sagittarians were First Perfumes of Spring Awakening Conceptions. You might be right.

But that's not what bothers the scientist in me! It's those Scorpios who appear out of nowhere and seem to become my fatal attractions. My downfalls. I seamlessly slip into abiding friendships ending in Sensational Disasters. Why Scorpios? So freaky!