

mxChicks



the future ...

You can also use your personal numbers to look to the future. Add together your day and month of birth with the current year.

● For example: If you were born February 2, and the year is 2002.

$$2 + 2 + 2 + 0 + 0 + 2 = 9$$

In this example, it would be a perfect year for starting your own business, going for a better job and investing in property.

A perfect month

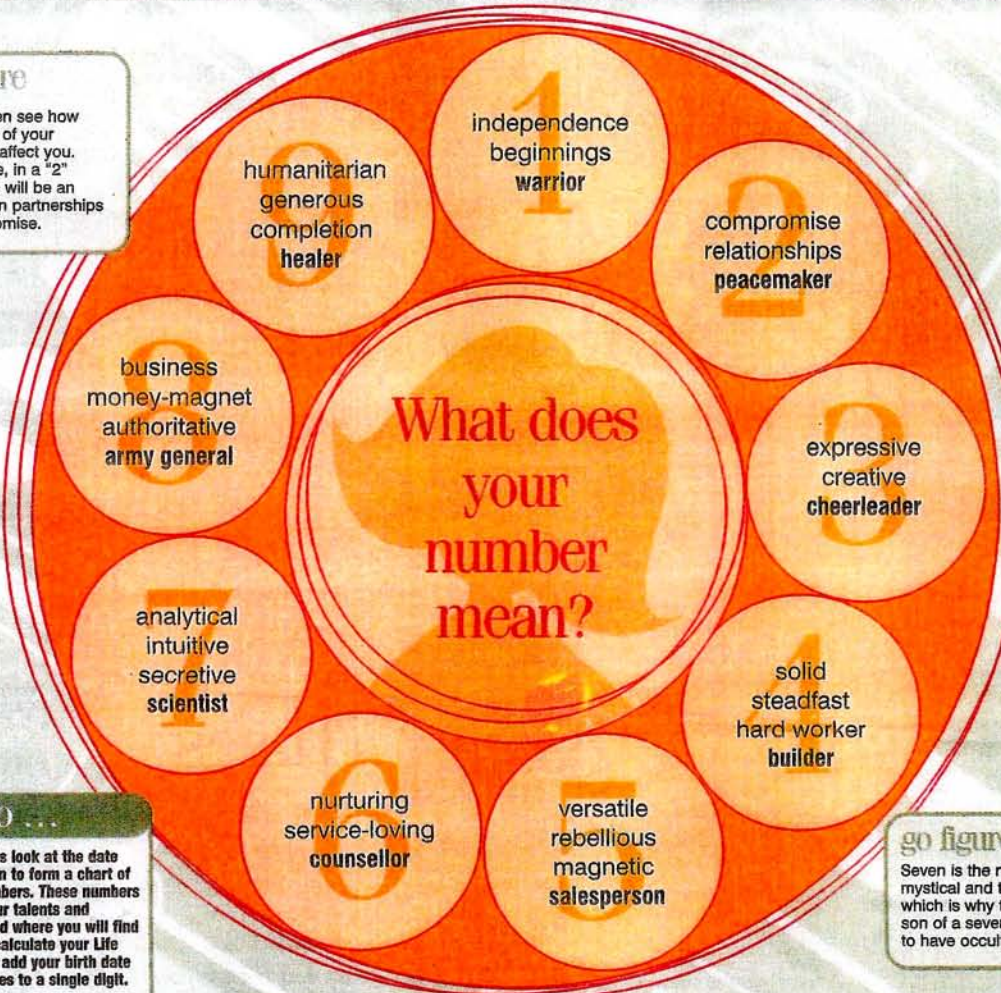
You can also calculate your personal month which will impact on you to a lesser extent than your personal year. Do this by adding together your day and month of birth with the current month. For example:

$$2 + 2 + 1 + 2 (\text{December}) = 7$$

"7" is a great number for study. Since this person is also in an "8" personal year it could be time to study the stockmarket, or enrol in an MBA.

go figure

You can even see how the number of your house may affect you. For example, in a "2" house there will be an emphasis on partnerships and compromise.



how to ...

Numerologists look at the date you were born to form a chart of your key numbers. These numbers represent your talents and strengths, and where you will find success. To calculate your Life Path number add your birth date until it reduces to a single digit.

● For example, if you were born 5th March, 1977 it would be:

$$5 + 3 + 1977, \text{ so that's } 5 + 3 + 1 + 9 + 7 + 7 = 32$$

$$3 + 2 = 5$$

Using the chart above, a person's "5" may mean the path to their destiny will involve a lot of change. Repetition is of utmost importance, so with this person's 5 day number, you can bet the effects of the 5 are amplified. For example, they may write for a travel magazine, or be a travelling sales rep.

go figure

Seven is the number of the mystical and the magical, which is why the seventh son of a seventh son is said to have occult powers!

NUMBER crunching

Ever wondered why there are seven deadly sins? Or why you always get three wishes? Numerologists believe the numbers 1 to 9 attract or repel certain ideas and activities.

● Words: LOUISA DEASEY

GIRL ABOUT TOWN

with Nina



Shy country girl derailed by wild work party

IF moving to the city and trying to make it as an actress weren't enough of a lesson in life, then the work Christmas Party certainly was.

Ours was on Sunday. Just to be kooky, our boss hired a tram for our entire pub crew. It came with a three-piece jazz band and huge bins full of beer, champagne and ice.

We all met at 1pm in South Yarra. Everyone seemed a little nervous. What do you talk about other than which customers complain more about their risotto? But then beer and champagne always help.

Half an hour later and all traces of shyness were gone. As the beer bins started emptying, faces became redder and we lost all our inhibitions.

I was so into the spirit of things that when the tram stopped at a set of lights I invited "Casey, from Koo Wee Rup" to join us.

A bemused Casey climbed aboard and I handed her a beer. She reminded me of myself 12 months earlier, as she explained how she had only just stepped off a train from Leongatha.

In no time, Casey had forgotten any plans she had made and settled in to drink

and listen to the band. Perhaps she thought all trams in the city were like this? Not only did we have a scenic, musical tour of the tram network, but we got to try a public toilet in every suburb.

In North Fitzroy we stopped at the Edinburgh Gardens. It was then I realised just how messy this party was becoming.

One of our cooks slurred that he really liked the way I said "Order In!", as he stumbled towards me.

Then one of the waitresses I hardly even know tried to pash me.

We ended up at a pub in Richmond where I ran into

Brent and Johnny, football friends of my brothers from the country.

I'd forgotten how much weight I'd lost since moving away from mum's chocolate pudding and dad's barbecues - they hardly recognised me.

"Geez Nina, what the hell's happened to you?" Brent asked. "What is it? Speed or smack you're on?"

Other people were staring, as the boys got louder. "Are those track marks on your arms?"

I'd had a tetanus shot last week and my arm was still bruised. But it was obvious there was no point in trying

to explain. I headed home in a huff. It was when I caught my reflection in a shop window that I realised just how wild a time I'd had.

How would I face my workmates again knowing that they had seen me so dishevelled - another woman's lipstick on my chin, beer stains down the front of my shirt and toilet paper tucked inside my pants?

Dilbert's back

The story "Tricks of the trade" (mX Blokes, December 18) should have credited its source: *The Dilbert Principle* by Scott Adams.