



LETTERS-TIPS-ANECDOTES-IDEAS

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Editor's Note: This story was published in the ISAR e-zine in July 2006.

hen Mercury was in its preretrograde shadow, a few days before backtracking through Cancer in July 2006, my friend Pat, who lives outside of Athens, hosted a dinner party for her friend, Sonia, who was turning 60. Sonia had invited 15 of her friends who lived in Greece to celebrate the big event. During the course of the day of the party, various relatives

and friends of Sonia had heard that she was in town, so they phoned to ask if they, too, could be included in the festivities. The guest list started at 18 and then went to 19, 21, 24, and finally up to 25. Meanwhile, Pat was upwardly adjusting the size of her lamb and rice dinner menu. Then, around 4:00 that afternoon, people started calling to cancel. The guest list then went from 25 to 22 to 21 — almost where it all started.

In the meantime, Pat was becoming quite frazzled from all the interrup-

tions and changes and had messed up her recipe. Instead of allotting one-third cup of uncooked rice for each guest, she added a whole cup for each. She kept adding more and more water to her ever-expanding volume of 25 cups of rice. Three guests arrived almost two hours early and sat waiting for the birthday girl, who had said she would be there at 7:00. At 8:30, the irate guests, insulted by Sonia's no-show, left in a huff. Sonia arrived 15 minutes later. Now the guest list was back to 18.

Pat's husband came home, walked into the kitchen, and was curious why the rice was still rock hard. When he discovered her error, he started to yell at her. A witness in the kitchen said that Pat, with sweat trickling down her cheeks and her eyes bugged out from frustration, went into meltdown. As the guests began arriving, they heard an intense war of words coming from the kitchen. It was a steaming hot day, and the guests didn't want alcohol just yet, but they asked for ice water. There was no ice in the house. So, the husband, mid argument, jumped in the car and drove down the long hill to find some ice.

He returned more than an hour later, after going to three stores looking for ice. This did not help his mood. Meanwhile, the couple who was responsible for bringing the dessert called and said that they would just hop in the shower and be on their way. They lived an hour and a half away! It was decided that it would be too late by the time they arrived, so they - and their dessert should just stay home.

The rice finally got cooked and the meal was served at 10:30 p.m. — with the guests now loaded on alcoholic drinks and starving, and the hosts not speaking to each other. The eventual meal, though, got rave reviews.

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Barbara Schermer, a Mercury-ruled Gemini herself, has been a practicing astrologer in Chicago for 30 years and is always looking for true Mercury retrograde stories to laugh about hysterically with her friends. Her most recent professional focus is fertility chart consultations for women. Readers may contact Barbara by phone: 773-248-7108, or via e-mail: bschermer@astrologyalive.com.