



January Whorescopes

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Clap On, CLAPRICORN Off!

All right Capricorn...you're living on regret the way trailer trash lives on Spam. But Goats, you gotta get over it. It's your birthday! And even if you spent a lifetime behaving like a little Hitler (you think genocide is the answer to *everything*) there's no need to swallow poison as the New Year closes in on you. Bridges have been burnt. Let them fall, and as you erect new ones, it's healthy for you to choke on the smoke. If you learn from your mistakes then at least you're getting an education outta these vindictive shenanigans of yours. Granted, a bounty of knowledge doesn't keep anyone warm at night, but hold tightly to it anyway. I promise the darkness is about to get a lot less scary. Just make damn sure your New Year's resolution is to practice kindness—or start speaking German, ya Nazi.

Let Old AQUARIUS Be Forgot...

Hey baby, what's *your* sign? Lucky Aquarius, you're so fucking adorable it makes my heart race and my soul ache! The most unbelievable thing though, I mean, I can't even get my head around it, is how can a creature so warm, clever, witty and wonderful as yourself have such insecurities?! There are things someone said to you—probably from long ago—that you need to let go of. You are *not* the fat kid anymore! You're a fucking rockstar! Forget about those tongue-lashing bullies, even if you have come up with clever nicknames for me, uh, I mean *them*. Your hands make us weak and your eyes make us strong. I want to rub against every inch of you...fatty.

Something Smells FISHY

Pisces, nobody likes to hear their crotch stinks. So I'm not gonna say that. But I find it interesting that you gave such strongly scented gifts for the holidays while the rest of us felt our statement in giving you such gifts was a bit obvious. But since you're obviously aware that odor happens, I'm gonna tell you this—getting into those skinny jeans is only the second step, behind, of course, getting into the shower. Now quit pretending to worship the devil and take a fucking bath.

P.S. Your mom knows it was you who took the Jesus-fish off of her Saturn...devil-worshipper.

All's fARIES In Love and War

I want you. I want you to want me. I need you. I need you to need me. Aries, don't make me say it. Isn't it enough that I press myself to your sweaty, naked torso backstage of every show, no matter how scary your latest girlfriend looks with that beer bottle she's just itchin' to smash over my skull? Don't discourage fans and ex-lovers, Aries. Everyone needs a little star-striking crush that's

tangible. Everyone needs a reason to fight for the foot of the stage. Even if you were just doing that ol' comedy routine in a bad wig and moo-moo. (I want you.) Yank me by the hair into your dressing room, turn off the lights and make believe it's a cave—I promise I didn't poke holes in the condom. But your crazy girlfriend might've.

The BrontaTAURUS Is Extinct

The good news, Taurus, is you won't be complaining about that same old offense this year, *over and over*, to everyone from the Mexican neighbor lady who steals your paper to the guy who changes your oil. The bad news is you'll find something else, not nearly as bad as last year's complaint, but oh, how you'll hold it up like Jesus with his cross. Christ, Taurus, your life is wonderful right now! For a nerdy professor-type your wild streak is putting the rest of us to shame. I don't even know you anymore! You've gone from sheepishly lending first edition Mark Twains to passing out copies of sex manuals. Learning has never been so much fun! Now quit yer whining or I'll hit you with my ruler!

So Much Distance BeTWINs Us

Dirty Gemini bastard, oh, how you bring out our best! I like that you've taken a break from fondling the latest technical gadgets and got your hands around a warm body just in time for winter. We're all pretty impressed at your newfound ability to remain interested in something (someone) for an extended period of time. As the ground thaws and spring fever kicks up you may find yourself pulling away from this subject and herein lies my warning—don't. What's making you happy right now is the real deal. And if you remain close, this two-way street is bound to bring out *your* best too. Do this and then I'll tell you how to cure hiccups and the common cold as only a magical, faith-healing Gemini can.

It's Benign, CANCER!

Somewhere there's an ex who gets drunk every once in a while and cries over you. Especially in this New Year. Turn off your cell phone at night—somebody is getting whacked about the head with your absence, no matter how long you've been gone. Somewhere somebody fights tears at the sightings of black jeeps, Slurpees, horses mating, and Meatwad's angst on *Aqua Teens*. This is someone you call your ex, but what you should call them is your *ex-best friend*. You had it fo' real with this person, and you probably did it right, as is your sweet, lovable nature. This someone carries all the blame and a twisted torch—especially after the time you lit that thing in their ear on fire then fucked. HOT. *Smokin'* hot. You may already know who I'm talking about but this year you're going to miss them too. Sometimes, Cancer, exes can be just friends—*best* friends—especially when they already were.

You kLEOn Bastards Killed My Son!

In Los Angeles, Leos run rampant, working jobs the rest of us can only DREAM of, like the backstages of porn or Comedy Central. And I know why—you're raunchy, lovable, honest, and exceptionally good at hiding your ruthless streak. "Oh, I'm just a sweet little Leo, tee hee! I wouldn't POSSIBLY try to steal *your* job, Mr. Bossman! I just want to work close to you and learn the industry!"

Work it, Leo. Rape, pillage and destroy. From Toyland to Tinseltown, make that place yours mafia-style! Start now and by next year you'll be captain of the ship! Less pot, more pottymouth! Get to the shmoozing parties and make those fools love you! I love you. Especially since I'll be hitting you up for work in about a year. Aye, aye, Captain!

When I Think of VIRGO I Touch Myself

Even when I'm next to you, it feels as though you're miles away. This isn't working for anyone anymore, especially you. I have an exercise I want you to practice, Virgo. From now on when you masturbate I want you to picture yourself in the most shining moments of your life—even moments that haven't happened yet. Don't think about your exes at all, not even as audience members to these grand occasions. If a celebrity pops up, simply work them into the fantasy of yourself, but don't let anyone touch you in these daydreams. It might take longer to orgasm, but I promise this exercise will repair much of the damage you're convinced is here to stay. Do it right, and I promise you'll Virglow in the dark.

Flex Your MuSCALES

You've let yourself go this year, Libra, but nobody cares. You're still the strongest personality at every gathering, attracting everyone from angry bull-dykes to the family dog. The two people I crave most lately are both Libras. *Coincidence?* Nope. You rule ass! Everyone wants to be you or be *next* to you (even though you got that pot belly addition.) Now's the time to grab the reigns (*free weights*) and get your physique back—not for the rest of us—for YOU. Nobody enjoys Libras more than The Scales enjoy themselves! Take up the slack (of your pants) and grab a mirror to make out with—no need for any of us to avoid The Scales anymore (except the weak of heart and those with bad hair.)

Keeping SCORcardPIO

A super-fine Scorpio friend of mine once said of her dumpy, nebbish boyfriend who kicked colon cancer just before kicking *her* self-centered ass to the curb, "I dated a guy with a colostomy bag! How shallow can I be?!"

Good point. And who the hell would dump a hot Scorpio who just spent months next to their hospital bed dealing with disease *and* a bag of shit? Anybody. Any normal, overworked person who's sick

of having a list of shortcomings shoved up their already worn-out ass. Flies with honey, *not* vinegar, Scorpio. You know this, but you're impossibly stubborn. You're just starting to learn that smelling shit with a smile on your face isn't the same as *dealing* with it. Use your damn words! Make this your New Year's resolution or die alone—no matter how adorable your ass is in those un-hemmed jeans, a turnstile-jumping pirate left in your bedroom.

Make a SAGITTARIrUkuS

Be mean. Let it fly. You're angry as hell, and it's only because you're READY and everyone else is holding you back. Say what's on your mind, Sag, no matter whose false reality it chops in half. YOU are the truthseeker of the zodiac, and though the world is your oyster, the world is ending! Okay, it's not *really* ending, though the fire under your ass certainly makes it feel that way. I said it before, but you're forgetful so I'll remind you—by 2007 you will be the toast of the town. A year ago you learned to keep your overwhelming sexual stink under wraps and channel it into your work. Unfortunately, that's still good advice, but just for a few months into the New Year. Then shag yourself rotten! Pork her blue, pal! Sky's the limit for poontang, most sexual sign of the zodiac! Jump turnstiles this angry, loveless year and decide what to wear on Oprah in the next—everyone envies your attitude and fears your arrow-shooting mouth. Fire when ready! Oh, you're ready. Just try to keep your pants on while finishing your opus...SLUT.