



# November Whorescopes

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## Rich Man, SCORPIOor Man

Director Martin Scorsese is a Scorpio with a great sense of humor about himself. In his film *Taxi Driver*, underage hooker Jodie Foster guesses Robert DeNiro's astrological sign to be "Scorpion." DeNiro doesn't deny it, and the assumption seems accurate when Bobby goes on a self-righteous killing spree and proceeds to get off the hook. Jupiter—the planet of luck—was in Scorpio aaaaall year, shedding light on your usual stank-ass negativity. But now, just like your exes who wised up, Jupiter's gone too—just in time for your birthday! You'll notice a decline in not just finances but your happiness in general as bad luck creeps back in. So don't go on any killing sprees, Scorpio, unless you finally wanna follow your self-destructive tendencies to the ol' electric chair!

## ARCHER Glad You Use Dial?

Scrub off that hotdog smell, Sagittarius, and prepare for a busy year of filing restraining orders and receiving Hallmark cards informing, "*I masturbated to you today ...*" Your lucky planet Jupiter just came home, baby, making 2007 The Year of The Sag! You'll find that everyone from exes to the neighbor who steals your *National Geographic* magazines wants to cozy up and gain your forgiveness. But don't fall for these coattail riders. You get yourself a good haircut and maybe some teeth whitening strips and get ready for the paparazzi. If you do talk to your unworthy exes, just concentrate on reclaiming those naked photos of yourself before the tabloids turn their attention from Paris Hilton's camera-happy vag to yours.

## Needs a Second GOAT of Paint

For a controlling asshole, you're surprisingly attractive, Capricorn. But minor setbacks like garish bedroom lighting, out-of-style wallpaper and a creepy doll collection continue to work against you. Throw away that funky, leather jacket with the 80s cut. It's out of style. Just like your shoes. (But let's take this one step at a time.) Sex yourself up and you'll accumulate a much larger army. (Sex sells and nobody appreciates good sales like the Goat!) And for the love of Lucifer, hide your L.L. Bean catalogues before inviting other villains over to your lair for power lunches of evil!

## Does A WATER-BEARER Shit In The Woods?

In preparation for the season of hibernation, bears pack mud up their butts to keep ants from invading that precious orifice while the bear sleeps off winter. I'd advise you to take similar precautions, dear Aquarius, like not getting wasted and crawling into bed with your roommate... again. Because, really, when you wake up under their ratty Star Wars comforter in that familiar haze of booze and pot, who can you really blame?

## Blue Light Special at The FISH Market

This month you are the butt-boy of the zodiac, Pisces. Your recent love-monkey doesn't want to meet your friends, which is a huge red flag for, "I don't wanna date you and I barely wanna bang you." Drop the cold fish act and maybe you'll get a nice reach-around. Only you think that velvet Elvis painting is kitschy—everyone else thinks it's totally homo-riffic. And if you redo your apartment—even with KMart's Martha Stewart magic—not only will you increase your chances of playmates spending the night, but the neighbors will stop suspecting you're a serial killer.

## May Cause CRAMping and Diarrhea

Your grandmother has finally caught on to why you've been visiting so frequently, and on your next pop-in you'll find her meds hidden well out of your reach. This is for the best, Aries—you're not smart enough to know how to mix prescription medication. You should instead be focusing on that trip you wanna make around the world with helium balloons tied to a beanbag chair. Besides, wiping out your grandmother's stash isn't gonna get you into heaven. Though after all of your whoring and thieving, I'm thinking that flying beanbag chair is probably your best bet.

## Urgent BULLetin

This just in...Taurus is the REAL wild card of the zodiac. Sure, people think it's Gemini just cause they're always the freaky serial killers with bones under their houses, but no—in reality, the truest superfreak is The Bull. Even a glimmer of red makes you charge. And once you've rammed your horns deep into the belly of your instigators, who gets the blame? The bullfighter with his deadly spear? The rodeo clowns in all their obnoxious makeup and cartwheeling? No. The Bull. Choose your battles wisely this month, Taurus. Because even though you're not the bad guy, the crowd sure as hell doesn't consider you the good guy either.

## Push With All Your GEMINIght

You're pretty damn sexxy...when you're not playing Devil's Advocate. In the same breath that you condemn cruise ship vacations and pre-packaged fun, you'll attest to how great it would be to work aboard a cruise ship just cause the partygoer across from you says it's NOT. Although you're famous for possessing two faces, this schizophrenic game of yours is really too much and takes your craziness to a new level—an annoying one. Remember, dear Twins, that Devil's Advocate is a game nobody wins. Behave or I'm putting the gag back in your mouth.

### **You Deserve a Second ChANCER**

That is, after you lose some weight, fatty-fat-fat! Aw, are you gonna cry for me? C'mon, crybaby, cry for me. Everybody dumps you because not only do you have way too much junk in the trunk, but you're also like a clinging swamp creature, soaked in tears and vomit, desperately chowing down on any corn chips or affection thrown your way. It's really unbecoming—kinda like your cold sore you claim is a nacho cheese burn. My advice to you, Cancer...stay under the bridge where you're most likely to meet your own trollish kind.

### **Can Miss CLEO Come Out To Play?**

It's about time you stopped hiding behind your Jamaican accent and colorful head-wrap, Leo! Inspired by the psychic bounty of the bomb-diggity-Leo-Miss-Cleo and her desire to openly munch carpet, you too are seeing the light...beaming from the open closet door. Unwrap your head and brush out that nappy hair, honey child! But wait until Thanksgiving to come out, Leo. That way you won't be the only turkey in the room!

### **The Trash VIRGOes Out Tonight**

After a lifetime of performing all the sick urban-legend shit nobody in the trailer park believes possible, you're finally cleaning up your act and getting somewhat respectable. So upgrade those bloody medical gloves for rubber dishwashing gloves and really clean up your act! Now that you've learned condoms have a one-time usage, know this: Pop Rocks and Coke still don't work for birth control!

### **Boink My LIBRAins Out**

In the classic American film, *Taxi Driver*, both pimp, Harvey Keitel, and hooker, Jodie Foster, are Libras. Coincidence? I think not. No one enjoys sex and money going hand-in-hand like The Scales. In fact, it makes total sense that this "couple" would flourish as business partners, cashing in on Johns and later making sweet love atop the filthy, stained sheets. If that's not a Libra's dream romance, I don't know what is! Just avoid spastic vigilante Scorpios in mohawks.