



May Whorescopes

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BULL et Proof

It's a bummer that none of your friends will loan you their vehicles anymore, Taurus—not even on your birthday when you're shit outta luck and trying to move a bed! But that'll teach you to sit in a borrowed truck playing Russian roulette with a gun you bought from The Sports Authority. It's not too late—you saved the receipt. You can still exchange that gun for rollerblades. (Definitely get a helmet.) Blow out your candles, Taurus—not your brains!

Can't We All Just GEMINI Along?

Concerned with recent immigration issues, you're turning your gaze from Texas borders to the tyranny of *color* television. After exhausting the debate of Mexican immigration options, you're more concerned lately with less-explored questions of bigotry. Such as, why are commercials for fast food so racist? The Burger King definitely has something up his sleeve, and as a horrified Gemini you'll find yourself asking, "Why is this creepy white king terrorizing all these black people?!"

Look deep within yourself for the answer, Gemini. (And then have a doctor look deep within *you* for those STD tests.)

It's a Tragedy When CANCER Strikes

All I have to report is that both Tom Cruise and George W. Bush are Cancers. Any of you Crabs who nod agreeing to this information should kill yourselves.

And I Will Always LEO ve You

I wanted a good warning for you, Lion, to scare you straight and get your creative energies focused so you don't end up living in your mom's basement...again. And that's when I realized that toothless, cracked-out Whitney Houston is one of your people. Once a beautiful Lioness, singing and dancing in cigarette pants, now poor Whitney is holed up in a lesbian crackhouse with no teeth. Even flakey, doormat Aquarius, Bobby Brown, has stopped saving all his love for her. My advice? Understand that yeah, crack *is* just for poor people. And avoid Kevin Costner—everything that troll touches turns to shit.

Avoid the Spicy Pork - Stick to VIRG L O Mein

You're so beautiful, baby, that I gotta squint my eyes to look at you! But it wasn't always like this, Virgo, and though you may not wanna

rehash the past, I gotta bring it up so you know just how far you've come. That dark, stormy night after you made ravenous, shameless love to the suburban Chinese restaurant buffet...it was quite a sight. But nothing could've prepared us for when you lost control of your bowels on the ride home. We're still telling that tale, but now it's behind your back because everybody wants to boink you after all the time you've spent sculpting your trigger-happy ass on the Stairmaster.

Snips and SCALES and Puppy-Dog Tails...

What are Libras made of? Known as both "The Homewrecker" and "The Asshole" of the zodiac, I'd like to give you a little more positive feedback. Libra has seen it all, and half of it hit before puberty struck. You've been such tough little bullies that you missed out on a good chunk of childhood that only recently has haunted you. So you indulged in buying a squishy toiletseat like the one your grandmother had, but Mom refused to buy. I encourage that return to your childhood, Scales, and believe it will soften your personality in the good way. However, that super-cute-puppy-print toilet paper you just gleefully discovered is only for *real* children—or retards.

Rotten to the SCORPIO

You're a clever sign. Has it occurred to you yet that saying unnecessarily cruel things to your exes might've rendered you alone and crying in the shower? *No?* Of course not. Those fucking bitches...you'll show them, you'll show them *all!* Don't waste too much time in front of the mirror practicing your evil laugh and monologues—you'll need a costume fitting to get all that red pleather in supervillain form in time to crash the governor's next big fundraiser.

The Award For ARCHER able Mention

Sagittarius is the most outgoing and lovable sign of the zodiac. Not only can you cheer up grouchy Libras, but you'll also tell Cancer to stop wearing those ass-fattening jeans in a way that will induce gratitude instead of tears! Though endearing to boot, it's becoming very obvious to everyone that modesty is not your strong suit—obvious to even you, Sag, exclaiming, "If I could just get this modesty thing down I'd be *perfect!*" Don't waste your time on humbling down or on that guy who told you it was "narcissistic" to float naked in a SoHo gallery's giant aquarium. You don't have time for any of this—you're too busy trying to keep your nipples hard for the camera.

GOAT ta Get It

Recently in my ongoing search for self-gratification, I came across Jimmyjane—a company that crafts 24K gold vibrators and the like, pricing as high as \$1,500 a pop! For a moment I was flabbergasted, wondering who the hell buys such things. Then I thought of you, Capricorn. Nobody loves sex toys more than The Goat, and now you can buy some worthy of placement on your mantle. I suggest purchasing the Minx vibrator with the fluffy, pink tail. You of all signs can afford the dry-cleaning bill for it.

WATER-BEARER Eye For The Straight Guy

The Rastafarian look isn't working for you, Aquarius. Gravity is not kind to your antenna-like dreadlocks. Your failed attempts to "phone home" are bringing everyone down—except your hair. And nobody likes the smell of patchouli unless they're a woodland creature—and you definitely shouldn't make such mammals your romantic pursuits. It's time for a makeover. Ask for assistance from whatever friend gives you the most grief about your current look—or see if Tyra Banks can squeeze you into the show this week.

FISH sticks Are Fast and Delicious!

You, Pisces, are represented by The Fish, which seemed especially appropriate as I read about the dolphin threeway at Clearwater Marine Aquarium last month. As two males frolicked around her, a female dolphin screamed so much that authorities rushed in thinking the two males were harming her when it was quite the contrary. I know what you're saying—dolphins aren't fish, they're mammals. But Pisces, you're missing my point—you, like the happy-go-lucky porpoise, have no shame. And remember—all your bedroom sound effects don't make up for your lack of performance, you lazy, smelly freaks.

d RAM a Queen

Oh, Aries, it's not easy to go from your career as that celebrated pie-in-the-face clown on *The Late Show* to working behind a desk under artificial lighting for a boss who forbids flavored coffee, believing it "unprofessional." The ultimate reality check is about to crash over you like a wave and I'm here to tell you not to *ram* a pair of scissors into your boss' leg—talk about unprofessional! Just take a few breaths and get in touch with your inner child who really didn't give a damn what you were when you grew up as long as you didn't have to brush your teeth every night. (Don't freak out at work—you can't afford to lose your dental plan.)