

# JEANE NIXON'S Your Horoscope



**HAPPY BIRTHDAY!** In the next year of your life: Hey, Bonehead get up and get yourself a job! This is no time to be wallowing around in self pity - snap out of it! Buy a duck farm or something; you can't live off Mummy's kudos forever you klutz!

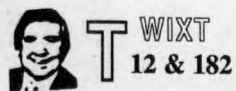
**CELEBRITIES BORN ON THIS DATE:** musical spoons impresario Jimmy Boggs, that man that invented the belly button fluff extractor and my pet stick insect, Spot.

**ARIES (March 21-April 19):** you despicable cretin! How dare you dump aspartame in the neighbour's fish pond - little Nigel nearly got eaten alive! As for your so called lover, did you know you were being sold short by that two-time slime pig that sells crack on the corner of King and York? Hah! And you think I'm overweight! Take a look at yourself lard-face!

**TAURUS (April 20-May 20):** Wow! An excellent day for beating your ugly bouine mush against a solid object, so go to it Igor! Everyone knows Taureans are so stupid that they think contraception is the name of an album by Yes, so lookout if you're doing anything more hazardous than making genitalia out of playdough. Remember what happened when you put the poodle in the microwave? You're a waste of breath scuzz-ball!

**GEMINI (May 21-June 20):** it's a known fact that 95% of all Gemini have had carnal knowledge of quadrupeds so don't take up the offer from your uncle to look after his pigs this summer. I know who you are and have polaroids to prove it. Romance colours your thoughts this afternoon, but only because of a chance visit to a pet shop. God, you disgust me!

**CANCER (June 21-July 22):** A good day for Crabs so why don't you start by trying to remove that metropolis that thrives in your underpants dirtbag! Yes, we all know that the rest of us with bad colds and sprained backs could get medical attention a lot quicker if it wasn't for you lousy bastards with the dripping appendages. Hey Klutz! Heard of rubbers? Try using them where they're appropriate instead of filling them up with custard and hurling them out of a window.



Dear Dr. Wallwash:

Please help me! I'm pregnant, and it could be any one or more of the guys I'm seeing. I don't want to have an abortion and I don't want to carry the fetus to term.

I always use contraceptive except when I'm having sex with a guy. My mother and father kicked me out of the house 6 years ago because of my cocaine and heroin habit. I killed all my other relatives in a homicidal rage last Easter. Please help me, I'm only 11 years old.

Judy  
Neill House, 4th floor  
UNB

Dear Judy:  
This column is only for people twix 12 and 182. You're too young. Write me next year.

For Dr. Wallwash's teen booklet, "Happiness After Puberty," please send \$50 plus an 8X10 glossy to "Twix 12 & 182," c/o this newspaper.

Dr. Wallwash will answer teen questions in his column.

**LEO (July 23-Aug. 22):** Hey Stinky! Take a bath or something already! Smells like you've been stalking antelopes for a week! Perhaps you have! From what I've heard that's probably all you can get! Yeah - it's you guys that have been peeling paint at the discos right? Call yourselves attractive? I'd rather see a slug in a bathing suit!

**VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22):** push a little harder to stay ahead of business competitors because quite frankly you're an incompetent dork! Brains? You ain't gottem air-head! A quitter atmosphere at work helps you reach decisions but don't let that fool you. You couldn't make a decision if your dinky depended on it dog breath! The financial picture shows slow but steady improvement -but only because somebody stupider than you tapes a five dollar bill to your backside.

**LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22):** a witty friend has great news to share. This comes as quite a surprise. Since you don't have any bloody friends let alone witty ones. As usual you are the butt of everyone's jokes, but don't despair because you will die of an incurable disease contracted at the swimming pool two years ago. Don't say I didn't tell you chump!

**SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21):** sometimes even YOU amaze me! That windfall you got last month? Blew it all on some sneakers that make you look like something from another planet didn't you? The planets actually suggest you should make intelligent concessions to mate. Ha-Ha-Ha! Don't make

**TODAY'S CHILD** is a really nasty little turd. Don't turn your back on this monster or like as not it will nail your head to the stereo. An Arian with the usual excess of horn and little in between, will invariably try and copulate with everything that doesn't move within any given thirty seconds. Look out! He's quick! Get the little shit some shock therapy before it's too late.

(To order an unrevised and outdated version of a Fat Old Tart's worst-selling book, "Yesterday, You Forgot, You Loser: How Being The Reject You Are Is Another Word For Sterilization," send \$1650.75 plus \$23.95 for updated postage and grappling to Dickson, Andrews and McFeel, P.O. Box 2369, Atlantis Under the Sea, Pacific Ocean, USA 09870 (make checks payable to Jimmy Swagfart's Home for Untrained Prostitutes).

me laugh! The last time you got your rocks off was with a coffee perculator wasn't it? An impressive track record Bozol After the cheese dispenser and the spaghetti thing you'll soon be moving up to industrial appliances!

**SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21):** Your enthusiasm is wonderful. About time too, jug-ears! You have to ponder on the subject for days before you even wipe your bum! Do not let an irritating phone call affect your temperament because they're right! No one believes you when you used the old "misplaced childhood" excuse besides who else would get a tattoo THERE!

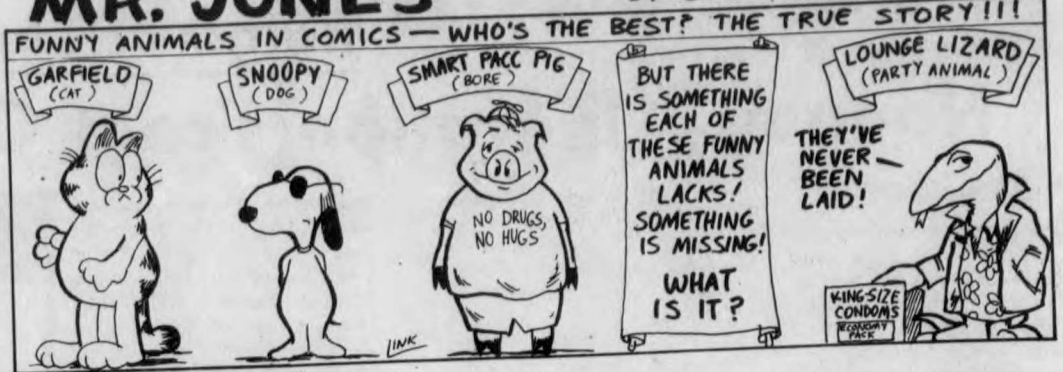
**CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19):** a display of creativity goes largely neglected because everybody can tie their own shoes these days lame-brain! Find ways to soothe someone who feels slighted and no, that doesn't mean throwing a tupperware orgy like the last time. Hey! This is the twentieth century! Get a grip on yourself! No, not literally you loser!

**AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18):** answer a backlog of correspondence and stop making crank calls to Jim Dowdy - he IS actually the president of UNB! Strange eh? But not as strange as those godawful clothes you wear. I mean, honestly! What's the point of those stupid beach shorts? It looks like someone threw up on your crotch! They probably did! Anything for a laugh eh?

**PISCES (Feb 19-March 20):** a short trip could prove highly profitable for your family and friends because they can't stand your guts Turkey! A close relative will probably offer assistance at the crucial moment - hopefully by feeding you into the document shredder at work. A decision must be made about romantic commitment and that decision is giving your hands a rest. The sores look extremely unsightly. Wear gloves if you must - and throw the binoculars away!

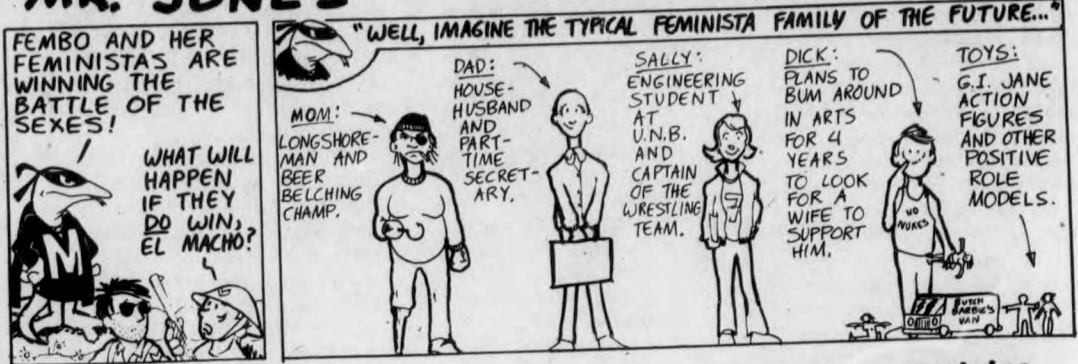
## MR. JONES

By BRIAN LINKLETER



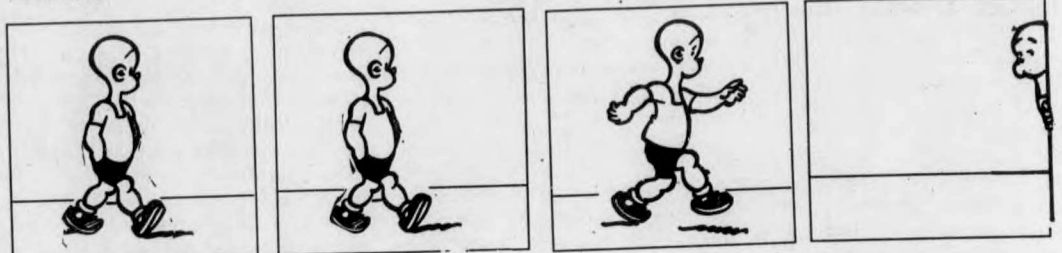
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By ick Dodgins

## ENRY



## Gloom County by Berke Breathless



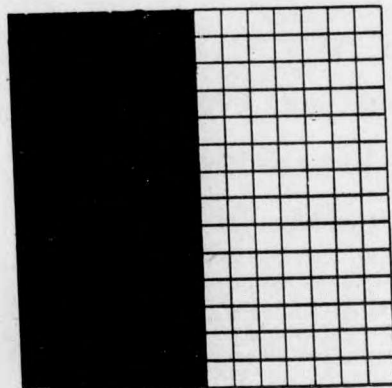
## WALNUTS by George Schultze



## TARGET

## SOUTH AFRICAN CROSSWORD

**Q** HOW many words of four letters or more can you make from the letter shown here? In making a word, each letter may be used once only. Each word must contain the large letter, and there must be at least one 1-letter word in the list. No plurals; no foreign words; no proper names.



## K-Wold on Bridge

The art of faking out an experienced player

By Tatiana K-wold

We start a series on underhanded tactics by telling you exactly how to keep beginning players out of your game. I have known protectionist players who simply will not allow anyone who was not born with a deck in their hands to play with them. This does not always work, because the more persistent beginner keeps it up. If you follow my favourite method, you can sufficiently demoralize them, and they will give up bridge altogether.

### Begin the Slaughter

You are East, the beginning player is your partner, West. This tactic only works if you are the partner, it cannot be implemented by the opposite partnership. However, some cooperation is needed from them.

The dealer is North, so you open. Of course, you know it takes 13 points to open. For this, make sure you have nothing bigger than a four-card suit and no more than ten points. Open 2 of your second-worst suit, preferable something with two points or less. South bids a pass. Hopefully, your partner will offer you another suit that you can set him up in. If, by chance, he is buoyed by confidence in your bid, and he returns your suit, you are not toast yet. North bids a pass, and you offer your worst suit in 4. South passes and your partner will give you his second-

best suit in 5. North passes, so put your partner in 6 of his suit.

The opposition has been cooperating by passing, and now they give you full support by doubling your partner's bid. Stupid as he would be, he redoubles.

The opposition should have a Monopoly on points. You have none, and beginners either do not know how to count, or do not know the point value of a bid. He is foolish enough to think he might win. In reality, he will be lucky to get a trick.

So, the beginner is left to play out the hand. He sees your cards, or lack thereof, and immediately panics. This will throw him off. Combined with his inability to play tactically, this nervousness, your absence of real cards and the power of the other players, he will screw this hand, royally.

Keep in mind, this is the first hand. Continue this throughout the game, throwing in some obscure conventions he will not know what to do with, and luckily, he will run off crying and never play again. Do not worry about your score, the end result will be worth it. You will be rid of one jerk-faced dweeb who is bent on F---ing up a perfectly good game by pretending to know how to play.

Tomorrow, the next article in the series, "How to Cheat by Hiding Aces in Your Beer and Bridge Mixture."

Dear Dr. Blunders:

Is it true you can catch Herpes from having sex? My friend thinks he might have it. He has been walking kind of funny lately. Everyone has warned us not to sit on public toilet seats, not to share a glass or a joint at parties, and not to lend our lipstick to anyone with a cold sore. We've been very careful, but my friend says he's developed a peculiar rash that Preparation H won't seem to cure. I'm worried because I had sex with him just last week! What will I tell my wife?! Could I have herpes too?

Itchy and Bitchy

Dear I & B:

Scratch 'n' sniff - time will tell!

Dear Dr. Blunders:

I'm very embarrassed to be writing to you but you're my only hope. My husband and I used to have a fantastic sex life but now

things have changed. He used to love me for my femininity, but lately he's been acting weird. First, he asked me to cut off my long hair and shave my head. I did. He bought me a weight set and persuaded me to work out. I now bench press 250 lbs. He bought me a bottle of Aqua Velva, saying her preferred the scent over my regular Passion. I like it too, but now I'm not so sure if it's for me. I must admit, the anchor tattoo he put on my arm is a real fashion statement, but here's the real problem. He's been giving me vitamin shots for my health, but they make my voice funny and my Neet just doesn't seem to do the job anymore. He's also been suggesting new positions for our love-making, and they're unlike I've ever heard of. I'm eager for variety, but his ideas aren't even listed in The Joy of Sex! Should I consent to his suggestions? I love him but something tells me this just isn't right.

Bridled Passion

Dear Bridled:

Get a divorce and find a new wife!

Dear Dr. Blunders:

Please help me! No matter what I say all the people around me agree! The pressure is too much for me to handle: I feel like I'm making all the decisions. What if I do something stupid? Would anyone tell me? This is a serious problem for me, please reply quickly.

Frank M.

Dear Frank:

I agree, you do have a serious problem.

Dear Readers: Do you have a problem? If so, I can help. Please write me in care of this newspaper, and I will make your life a little bit brighter.

Dr. Juice Blunders