



AQUARIUS (JANUARY 21 to FEBRUARY 19) While walking down the stairs you will fall flat on your ass. You see *Schindler's List* and love it. You can't wait till it's colorized.

PISCES (FEBRUARY 20 to MARCH 20) You are distressed to no end that Rob Lowe has once again been slighted by the Oscars. During a conversation with your best friend you suddenly start speaking in remarkably fluent Russian.

ARIES (MARCH 21 to APRIL 20) You're a loser.

TAURUS (APRIL 21 to MAY 21) You get 12 percent on your economics exam, eat two complete chocolate easter bunnies, get a massive sugar buzz, and run around asking people what they thought of *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*.

GEMINI (MAY 22 to JUNE 21) You get home and your parents are getting frisky on the couch and playing your new Soundgarden CD at an earthshaking volume. You go outside and play catch with your cat.

CANCER (JUNE to JULY 23) While reading the *X-Press* you are approached by the man of your dreams. He says, "Hm, horoscopes. What's it say for Leo?" You excitedly look it up.

LEO (JULY 24 to AUGUST 23) You approach an attractive woman and ask her to read your horoscope. Upon finishing reading it, she shifts her sitting position and loudly breaks wind. You never talk to her again.

VIRGO (AUGUST 24 to SEPTEMBER 23) An acquaintance from class strikes up a conversation with you in the Pit and starts bragging about famous people she knows, saying her uncle roomed with Conan O'Brien in art school. You say you think he's tremendously funny.

LIBRA (SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23) You are disappointed by the cheap gag that is your horoscope and search for the BLiK comics.

SCORPIO (OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22) You start the Nancy Kerrigan fan club. In your first editorial you call her "the finest role-model since Nancy Reagan."

SAGITTARIUS (NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 21) The couple upstairs always wake you up at 4:30 am with their loud lovemaking. You finally decide to go upstairs and ask them to please keep it down a little. You find a drunken eighteen-year-old male outside your room. You steal his wallet and go back to bed.

CAPRICORN (DECEMBER 22 to JANUARY 20) You listen to nothing but Bob Dylan records from after he discovered Jesus. You decide to grow a beard, but all that grows in is a Hitler-like moustache.

COLMAN THE O'HARIAN!

By **JOHN THUNDER** / Correspondent

UPEI English professor Colman O'Hare has transformed into a rampaging Celtic barbarian and laid waste to the campus bookstore in a fit of rage.

One worker, a surviving eyewitness, said "I've heard of slashing prices, but this is ridiculous!"

O'Hare, regarded by his peers as a quiet and professional colleague, was pushed over the edge by the fifth consecutive error in the ordering of his new Irish Gaelic textbooks. Friend and fellow Irishman Brendan O'Grady speculated as to the exact cause of O'Hare's terrible transformation: "Colman, though few know it, was lost in the wilderness for a time as a wee lad and raised by Irish wolfhounds. They instilled in him a love of all things of the emerald isle, as well as an unfortunate habit of turning around three times before sitting down. At any rate, some say they were a pack of lycanthropic leprechauns; others, that they were just a very strange group of big dogs. Regardless, their wild Irish spirit still courses through Colman's veins, and sometimes their influence supersedes his veneer of English civilization. This was one of those times.

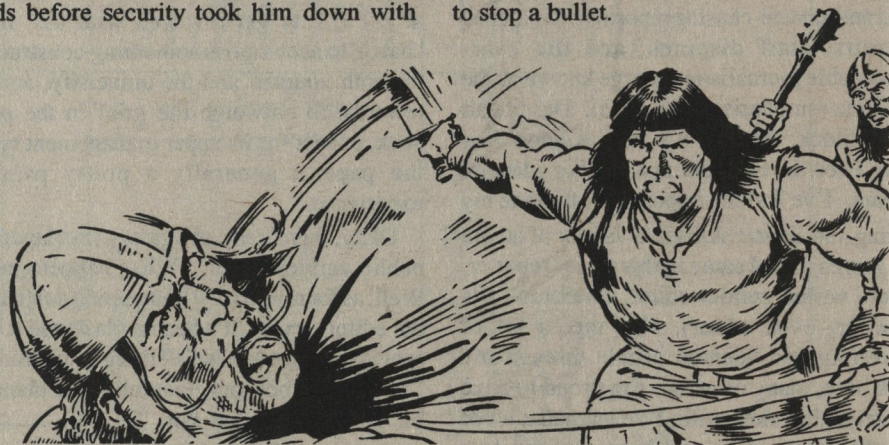
"He'd just gotten off the phone with the bookstore when he began to howl in Gaelic, simultaneously undergoing a mystical

metamorphosis by which he became a muscular engine of sword-wielding, Celtic vengeance. I had always told him that Lucky Charms and a pint of guinness for breakfast each day were bound to catch up with him eventually. He ran out, swearing by all the saints that the mercenary dogs would pay with their Anglo-Saxon blood."

Workers and customers then at the bookstore claim that the transformed O'Hare burst through the doors and vowed by the Book of Kells that our Island would be freed of the demon T-shirts as St. Patrick freed Ireland from the serpents. He then took his blade to the clothing displays, reducing the shop's inventory to shreds before security took him down with

Savage swordsman strikes back!

tranquilizer darts. O'Hare's lawyer is hoping for leniency with a temporary insanity plea. O'Hare, evidently still under sedation, said only that real oatmeal should be thick enough to stop a bullet.



(Dramatization) O'Hare vents his merciless rage!

Jimmy Hoffa's remains discovered on our campus!!!!

By **TENZIL KEM** / Correspondent

After decades of being the world's most famous missing corpse, the mystery of Jimmy Hoffa's disappearance was finally solved late last week. While relaxing under the new Student Union sign, an anonymous couple discovered a Teamster's ring and what appeared to be several finger bones protruding from the concrete base under the sign. Chemical analysis identified the remains as those of the late Union leader.

While the discovery solves one mystery, it raises another: how the heck did the remains end up on U.P.E.I.? A spokesperson for Local

New Student Union sign rests on a grisly foundation...

Concrete said, "We've traced the concrete mix used to a batch we bought back in the Seventies from a shifty character in a tie and truck." Asked why the mix is only now surfacing, the spokesperson shrugged and said simply, "It was one hell of a big batch."

The investigating officer is vague about whether charges are pending. "Who we gonna charge? There's so many people involved. If you ask me, all them there unions is working together."

The Student Union denies that they have any connection to the Teamsters. When asked if they planned to exhume the body and replace the foundation, the president of the Student Union said, "No. Mr. Hoffa can rest peacefully right where he is, and there's plenty of space on the sign for an epitaph. The best part is, if the sign is a grave site, the City Council can't move it! A ha ha ha ha ha ha..."

The young couple who discovered Hoffa said only that they thought it was gross, and that it really killed the mood.



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