

HOROSCOPE

BY SOUP
CAN SAM
STAFF
PSYCHIC**Aries (March 21-April 20)**

Peddling to the lowest common denominator is how you got yourself into this mess in the first place. Set your sights higher and you'll have no regrets.

Taurus (April 21-May 20) You. Are. Hopeless: if you keep on this path. You need to get off this merry-go-round and hop on another ride.

Gemini (May 21-June 21) Find another way to reach people. No one is listening to you. They don't seem to really care what you have to say or do, and they don't find your opinions that interesting. Your friends have already picked you, now you have to find a way to conform to their expectations.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) Stop chewing so loudly.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 23) There is little that matters inside Saturn's gaseous rings. There is little that doesn't inside your skull. Don't vaporize what's left of the grey matter.

Virgo (Aug. 24-Sept. 22) It's too early to push forward and too late to fall back. But the limbo you're in stretches for miles in either direction, so learn a new dance move for the time being, a sidestep perhaps.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) You're special, but you are not the only one. You never will be, and that is a blessing.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22) When you get older, things begin to grow on your body. Most of them are harmless and little. Those you can simply pick at for years until they give up and then one day they're gone. You'll miss them when they're gone. For the other ones, see a doctor.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 23) If you lose your sense of humor, start looking for a new one. Because humors don't tend to just get misplaced, they run away. So clear out its room and start looking for a new one. But don't take too long. Summer is almost here.

Capricorn (Dec. 24-Jan. 19) You have not always been who you are today and you will not always be as you are right now. You have a lot of change ahead of you, and the stars are eager to see you get a move on that. They have a few ideas, if you need some inspiration.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19) Walk as if you're walking toward the biggest adventure of your life. You are.

Pisces (Feb. 20-March 20) Try to smell nice this month. Or smell nice to others, anyway.

Rootie: His
cattin' days
are overBY LEE SQUIRREL
AVAILABLE FOR WEDDINGS

Last week, Rootie, the Street Roots cat, was full of opinions. Today, it seems, someone has swept the rug out from under him.

Where once he had two proud balls, now he has only a very sore spot. But don't feel too bad for the restless Tom, some would say he brought these changes on himself.

The bastard boy of an investment banker, Rootie began life nestled close to the warmer side of things, licking fish pate off of silver-lined china. A hot fire to curl up in front of, warm milk, his own down pillow to shed upon.

As a wily adolescent, the otherwise sweet-natured, somewhat sheltered Rootie met his first adversary – the other sex. It all began with a cute little pussy named Shiquita, the daughter of the family gardener. Shaquita had soft blonde fur,

VENDOR PROFILE
Rootie

white as pure snow, endless blue eyes and a full tail to match.

She didn't say much, but every so often she sashayed up along side, sniffing beneath his tail, and walking away with hardly a mew. This was all new to Rootie, and it was too much to resist. The world had changed and Rootie was becoming nihilistic. He had nothing else to live for, except food, perhaps, and that nice pillow at home. But beyond that, it was all about Shaquita.

But Rootie's Papa was not proud. Rootie was growing into a handsome cat, and Shaquita was nothing but a hussy living on the corner. She ate too much catnip, and skimmed the foam off shaken white Russians.

But you can't tell a teenager a thing. Did



Rootie, the Street Roots office cat, no longer is a slave to the ladies.

Rootie resist succubus number one? Of course not. And did he believe in birth control?

"Pfffsst," he says.

Rootie was in love, and the two of them would hang out at the jazz clubs, jamming with the strays. Even though she had no ear, he was seduced. But with jazz comes jazz musicians, and everyone knows what jazz musicians do.

Drugs. Sex. The sordid life.

Rootie stood two paws forward on a thick oriental rug the day he told his father he was moving out to follow his mews. He didn't care that there is no money in it, Rootie wanted to see the world from a jazzman's eyes, to rub his cheeks on the gates of the Waldorf-Astoria until the place belonged to him and him alone.

Rootie's lids grow heavy and he squeals recalling that fateful day.

Rootie and Shaquita shacked up and soon spit out a few litters of their own. But Rootie was young, and Shaquita had a lot of pretty friends. It wasn't long before Rootie was dipping in more than one pot at a time.

Shaquita went feral. Rootie was out on the street. For a while, he lost himself in a thick raw milk addition. He couldn't stay off the sauce. He wandered from town to town, never sticking around long enough to get tagged or chipped – or worse. But he couldn't run for ever. In a sorry state, he found himself under the floorboards of Israel Bayer's building, out of his wits, and with two swollen pom-poms of unreleased energy.

Used to a life of social service, Israel couldn't leave the addled animal to die on the streets. He convinced him to start selling the paper.

It changed his life, in many, many ways.

But now with a sober mind and steady pay, Shaquita was back on her kitten-daddy's hide. It seems Rootie was late with his cat support money.

Rootie groans on this point. With his humble earnings from paper sales, he could only help his litter a little bit at a time.

Shaquita acquiesced. He can keep the change, she told us, "I'll just take his balls."

Answers for puzzle
on page 16

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