

Beware of your horoscopes and "The Terror Within"

By **JOE BOB BRIGGS**
Syndicated Columnist

Today's Joe Bob Briggs Horrorscope:

ARIES: (March 21-April 19): You'll want to stay in bed until 3 p.m. Someone at the office will say "Where'd you get that hickey on your lip?" There's an excellent chance that you will die soon.

TAURUS: (April 20-May 20): You've been evasive lately and people are noticing. Enter the Federal Witness Protection Program. Your chart promises excitement, but only when nude in public. A good time to eat red meat and switch the buttons on your car radio.

GEMINI: (May 21-June 20): Your attention centers on a person of the opposite sex. Look for some excitement and changes in your life. You are probably a homosexual.

CANCER: (June 21-July 22): All of those money problems will be solved soon. Time to make that decision about your dwelling place and your legal affairs. The next three days are a good time to buy a handgun. If you feel nauseous any day this week, you have cancer.

LEO: (July 23-Aug. 22): Don't be surprised if you feel like you woke up in a sitcom. CBS is about to offer a contract! You are perceived as powerful, secure and in control. They're suckers, aren't they?

VIRGO: (Aug. 23-Sept. 22): On the inside you feel like Jello. On the outside you LOOK like Jello. Go to the health spa for a facial and body wrap.

LIBRA: (Sept. 23-Oct. 22): Your lunar aspect highlights sensuality,

travel, a stranger with a mole on his or her inner thigh, and a non-alcoholic pina colada. Soon one of your friends will start saying things behind your back and you'll have to be a jerk about it.

SCORPIO: (Oct. 23-Nov. 21): Time for a fresh start and a new look. Refuse to bathe today and dye your hair a pastel color. A former teacher will come back into your life and laugh at your briches.

SAGITTARIUS: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): You must get to the heart of the matter today. Pay attention to anyone who has a Japanese name, especially if they seem real stupid. At the office, no one will be watching the petty cash fund.

CAPRICORN: (Dec. 22-Jan. 19): Good day to kill anyone named "Jennifer" or "Brad." Otherwise, plant yourself on the couch for the day and imitate a garden vegetable.

AQUARIUS: (Jan. 20-Feb. 18): You have lost the Publishers Clearinghouse Sweepstakes. Nyah nyah nyah. Good day to cancel all the magazine subscriptions that didn't do you a damn bit of good.

PISCES: (Feb. 19-March 20): Moon in your sign corresponds to a deep secret about THAT THING that you did as a kid. EVERYONE is going to find out. You can't avoid it. The whole WORLD is going to know. You'll be HUMILIATED. Good day to start a hobby.

Speaking of grisly gunk spewing out of the newspaper, "The Terror Within" is a pretty decent new flick about what will happen when Khadafy fires up his new chemical-warfare plant, wipes out 99 percent of the earth, and we end up with George Kennedy and a bunch

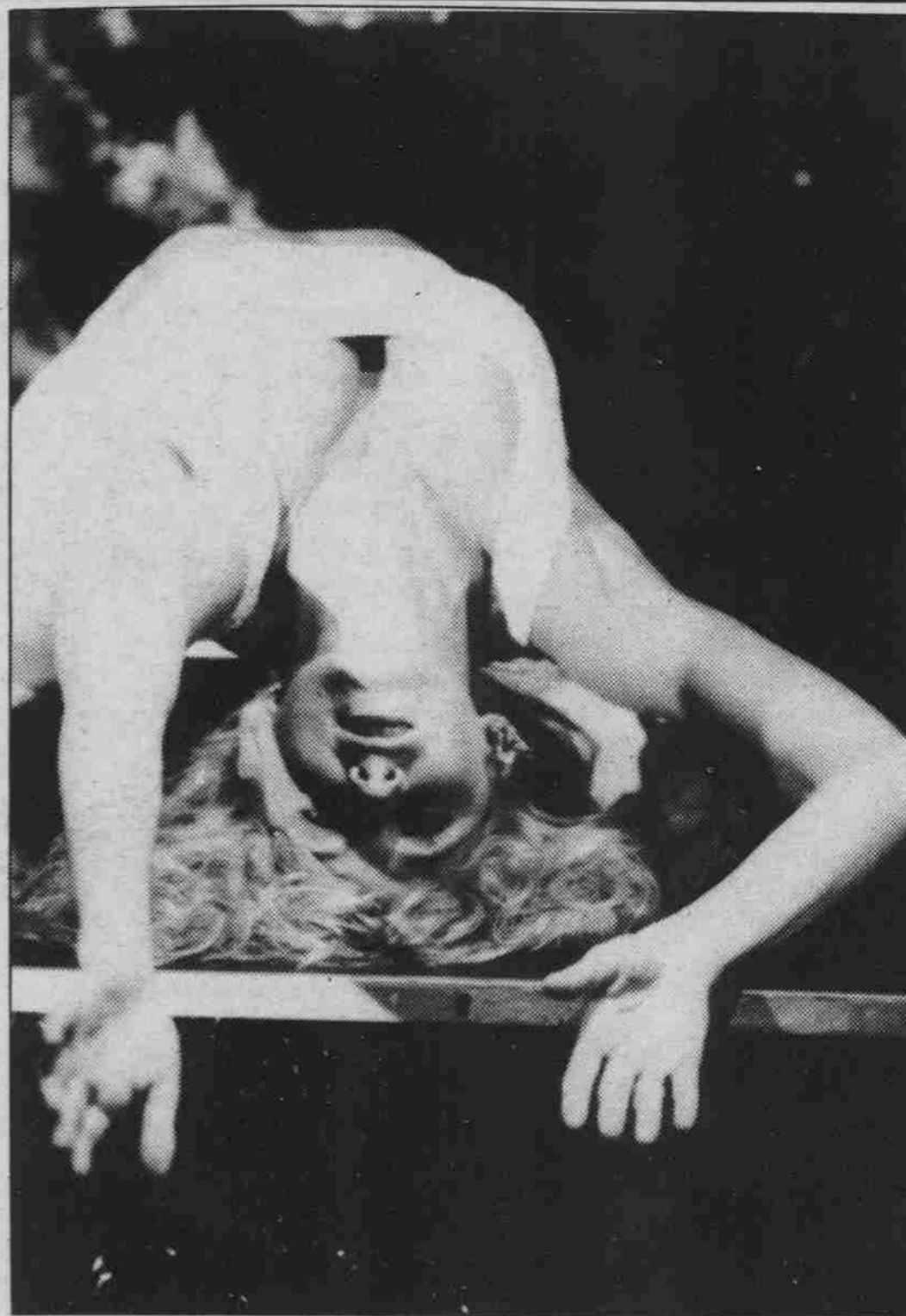
of TV movie actors living in an underground shelter in the Mojave Desert. I'll TELL you what's gonna happen. There will be these giant intestine-headed lizard-legged loonies roaming through the desert raping all the women so they can breed more genetic-DNA mucus monsters to populate the earth. And what's the only solution, to save us from these mutated mush-heads?

Andrew (son of Stella) Stevens! He has an abortion policy. Like he tells his girlfriend after she gets raped by a giant piece of protoplasm with legs: "We shouldn't really abort until we know it's not mine." The only problem is, these slime-sewer fetuses grow so fast that they're the size of Lincoln Continentals within 24 hours. That means that they're popping out through VOLUNTARY C-sections before anybody can pour Liquid Drano on em, and then they start marching through the scientific underground bunker, slashing people's throats open with their fangs.

There's only ONE THING that can stop em: A dog whistle.

You know, if people weren't such WEENIES about abortion these days, they would of had these three-ton color-cancer monsters dead before their slimy little heads chewed off their first finger. This movie should be required viewing for every member of the Supreme Court.

We're talking 17 dead bodies. No breasts. Snake-eating. Bloody fetus monster. Multiple throat slashing. Giant gargoyle rape. One self-abortion. Exploding sheds. Exploding gargoyles. Gratuitous



The gopher-guts star of "The Terror Within."

monster abortion scene, the best one since "It's Alive!" Buzzard Fu. Crossbow Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for George Kennedy, as Hall the laid-back boss, for saying "We must terminate at the first sign of abnormality"; Terri Treas, as the doctor, for saying "I guess we'll have to get rid of it"; Tommy Hinkle, as the fix-it-man, for saying "Turn it into a Crispy Critter!"; Starr Andreeff, as the monster-rapee, for screaming

"Please get rid of it! Soon!"; Andrew Stevens, as the professional slime-monster killer, for saying "I ain't sticking around to smell its breath"; and Roren Sumner, as the giant lizard-guts gargoyle, for getting harpooned, dog-whistled, sprayed, tripped, rammed, crow-barred, blow-torched, and cut into itty bitty pieces by a giant ceiling fan.

Three stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

Wisdom on Parade

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WISDOM ON PARADE

A previously unreleased transcript from the U.N. Security Council closed session on the Libyan dogfight.

"Mr. Secretary, I am Mohammed el-Mohammed Mohammed, representative of the sovereign Libyan people. You've probably noticed us, standing in front of the camera, jumping on one another's backs. Many of us have bad beards. I'm sure you've seen us. I have come here today to report that, in an unprovoked act of international terrorism, the imperialist United States Air Force fired seven nuclear rockets through the skies and two of our airplanes fell in the ocean trying to avoid them and they landed in Tripoli and killed 148 kindergarten students who were saying prayers at the time."

"Mr. Secretary! That's a lie! Two of our fighters were pursued by a couple MIG bogeys, so we locked

on their butts and blew some Russky metal out of the sky. That's all there was to it."

"In the name of Allah, if I might be allowed to speak — there were 14 American planes that flew directly into Libyan air space during afternoon prayers to Mecca, dropping napalm on Moslem holy men."

"Mr. Secretary, I would be happy to produce a film and tape which shows plainly that our top gun was pursued by Libyan MIG fighters, and that he took five separate evasive actions before deciding to launch a heat-seeking Sidewinder. And, I might add, you're gonna need Jacques Cousteau to find those Libyan planes."

"An Academy Award performance! A Hollywood production! This so-called film was produced at Universal Studios in California, and we have evidence that the two voices of the pilots were dubbed in by Rich Little and Casey Kasem. The whole thing is an obvious fake.

The airplane you see is actually a plastic model that's moved about through the air by tiny wires. If you take the Universal Studios tour, you can see the whole thing, how they do it."

"These people are obviously not sane, Mr. Secretary . . ."

"Oh yeah, and ANOTHER thing. I forgot. The Americans also bombed two Libyan cities with B-52s."

"We did not."

"Did, too. And also some fanks came in. Yeah, some tanks. They rolled in across the desert. Probably came for Egypt. And they shot an old lady."

"Mr. Secretary, there is no evidence to suggest that American armory of any sort carried out an incursion into Libya."

"Well, you DID. Because you're trying to destroy our factory, Mr. Secretary, we have this factory that we built last year where we make rag dolls for orphans in Africa. And the Americans have

been threatening to bomb it or destroy it for several months now."

"This is a silly fabrication. We have NOT made any move against that factory, and we happen to know that you're making chemical weapons in there and you're going to give them to people all over the world."

"Are not."

"Are, too."

"Rag dolls."

"Chemical weapons."

"Rag dolls. And sometimes we make paperweights with snow scenes in them."

"Chemical weapons factory."

"Mr. Secretary, the Americans obviously have the typical delusions of a superpower that fears anything in the Third World that doesn't agree with its Western dogma. This man has confused a RAG DOLL with a WEAPONS PLANT. I rest my case."

"Mr. Secretary, these North African maniacs have been provoking us for years. If we hadn't shot down those two fighters, our

have been destroyed. I did not come here today to discuss the factory, and I'm sorry the debate has taken this turn."

"You FORGOT what you came here to talk about, didn't you? Because you're a LIAR. You'll never TELL anybody about the old ladies you killed with artillery shells you launched from Chad, will you?"

"Mr. Secretary, once again, there are NO artillery shells."

"Are, too."

"Are not."

"Nyah nyah nyah."

"Shot you down, shot you down."

"Did not."

"Shot you down twice."

"Didn't get our factory."

"Our planes are better than your planes."

"Are not, are not."

(sound of scuffling, ripping cloth, voice of the General Secretary saying, "Can we have them both executed? Is that possible? No, I guess not, the U.N. can't do that, can we?")

(sound of two gunshots)

"I changed my mind."