

The magnetism of Jupiter's moons send your life into a tailspin this week. That annoying paternity test that cost you \$500 comes back to show that you are undeniably the father. And don't be surprised to discover it was a close relative who stole your anal beads and not that bitch with coffee stains and a unibrow working the graveyard shift at IHOP. The video store calls your house and accidentally informs your significant other that "Amateur Blondes 2" and "Asian Hardcore" are three weeks late. Also, your dog will get run over by a UPS truck. Lucky numbers this week: 17.