

50% Of The Horoscopes You Read Will Be True

Personally, I've never had coffee before. No idea what it tastes like. My friend Bobley Bobson does, though. He drinks nine cups a day. Minimum. He mostly drinks it in the morning, often while reading the newspaper, "The Daily Mumbo". That's his favourite. It's completely full of false stories, made-up charts and unbelievably unbelievable rumours. For instance:

"Lemons are Blue Sometimes"

Or

"Government Trying to Help Citizens"

The lovely people at Daily Mumbo, Inc. have just added a whole new feature. Fake horoscopes. Not labelled as fake of course, but fake all the same. Now, I know what you're thinking; "Aren't all horoscopes fake?" The answer to that is, of course, yes, but they all revolve around the same thing. The Mumbo's horoscopes don't go by this plan. They get their over-paid so-called "reporters" to make up the future of you or your family.

Interestingly, one of their horoscopes is

"50% Of The Horoscopes You Read Will Be True".

50% of that horoscope is true. Or at least for some people. Up until about two days ago I realised that while, yes, the horoscopes are indeed completely made-up, there is a chance that what they say can happen. While I don't believe in all of that Daily Mumbo stuff, I do know that every possible thing has to happen in the next 10 to the 10 to the 10 to the 2.08 years. I guess what happened is just one of those Planck recurrences.

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Two days ago . . . that's when the doorbell rang. I opened the door, of course, and saw a face that could have been out of a horror film. It wasn't ugly. At least, not THAT ugly. But it was tired, distressed and worrisome. It was, in two short words, Bobley Bobson.

"Hey, Petey," he said. Not too tired to greet me, at least.

"You OK?" I asked, "Because if something's up, you could have called me."

"No, no I couldn't," he retorted.

"Why?"

"You don't have a phone."

I brought him inside and sat him down at the table.

"Why do you look so tired?" I inquired.

"No coffee."

And he was off on a story about something from The Daily Mumbo. “The liquid you drink may have a slight chink,” the so-called “horoscope” claimed. I didn’t believe it. Bobley had been drinking coffee every day since he was born with ZERO side effects. Apart from the *slight* mental disorder. He believed it, though. So I sorted something out for him.

The first thing was to call his sister, Bobbette. She was a doctor, and she was Bobley’s polar opposite. She was so mean that I wouldn’t have bothered to call her if I hadn’t known she was the only person who could sort Bobley out. If there is one thing she was good at, it was psychology. She didn’t use orthodox procedures, however, and preferred to shout at her victims- er, patients, until they were convinced that she was right.

It also helps that she gave them three tanks of anaesthetic.

“Does that stuff work on annoying bosses?” I asked.

“Yeah, why? Do you have an annoying boss?”

“No. My boss is really nice. It’s my boss’s boss that’s the problem.”

Long story short, I sent them both on a taxi to the West Bobblington Mental Institution.

I figured they’d accept Bobbette as either a patient or a doctor. Neither would be a bad idea.

Meanwhile, however, in the taxi, Bobbette was yelling at the driver about his taxi’s conditions being “A hygienic hazard”. Mr. Hummawn, the taxi driver, did the rational thing and made a mental note to charge three times the amount he normally would. When they arrived, they walked into the Institution, Bobbette still complaining, right up to the Receptionist’s desk.

“Hello!” said the receptionist. He had a nametag saying “Always be happy!” followed by his name, Oliver Oliver. His parents most likely had to go to the Institution just for naming him that. “What are you here for?”

“My brother thinks a horoscope from a newspaper is actually true!!!” Bobbette screamed in the poor man’s general direction, a crazed look in her eye.

Of, course, poor Oliver thought that *she* was to be put in mental rehabilitation, which I did in fact expect, except he thought that Bobley was her guardian.

“Nurse?” Oliver called, “Could you get this... er... nice lady some calming tea? And, for that matter, any other calming thing you can find?”

The nurse, whose name was Unna Med, came and brought Bobbette away to a place labelled “Calming Dept.” The receptionist told Bobley to sit in the waiting room.

She tied Bobbette to a table and went on her laptop to find the recipe for “Calming Tea”.