April 20th – May 20th

You were thrust into this world unready, scared, different. Your parents weren't ready either, despite them thinking so. You were born under the Taurus. The bull. Everyone else was that day, but something felt special for you. You learned of your sign and fell in love with it. You weren't very strong, and your differences made you an outcast. The sign gave you mental strength. You were a bull, you could charge through anything, and nothing could stop you. Even if it did, you got up and charged with the same ferocity. At least that's what you thought.

Your mother tried to teach you right from wrong, tried to make it so you would be ready for the difficult road ahead for people like you. She did her best, but you can raise a child on good intentions either. There were a lot of lonely nights you spent in that basement apartment, it was so eerily quiet, you were forced to BE quiet, and you had nothing safe to latch on to. You were alone. You were forced to take the beatings and keep charging like the bull you were. She kept waving that red capote in your face to make you stronger, faster. With the capote, she taunted you, pulled your hair, bullied you, and made you cry. You felt so angry but so powerless. Even when you would get close to stopping the fight, she would just stab you, and win again. You didn't realize what effect it had on you then, but you do now. You don’t hate her for it, she's sheathed her sword now, and recognizes the mistakes she's made. Despite all that, it hurt you, and it's still hurting you. You kept going for years, pushing harder and harder, not realizing the push was killing you. You’re a bull, after all, you can't stop, you're tough, you don’t need a break. You kept pushing and pushing. When you lost both your father and your grandfather. You didn’t stop, you ignored the pain. Everyone else needed your strength, you COULDNT stop charging. You weren't allowed to. After all, you’re a bull, you’re strong.

Along the long road, you met many. Different people bearing different signs from different backgrounds. Along that road, you met someone bearing Virgo, the virgin, purity. She was beautiful, but you dismissed it, who could love someone like you, you didn’t deserve it. You struggled on and on until one day you learned that she liked you back, way more than you could have ever expected. She saw the beauty in your flaws, she looked past the negatives to see the positives, she pointed out your battle scars, both directly and indirectly, and did her best to heal them. Everything was great, you shared a lot of your first, and the two of you together were unstoppable. At least that’s what you thought.

It took a while for the honeymoon phase to end, and when it did everything came crashing down. You didn't know how to solve every problem, things seemed wrong, but that was just your rampant anxiety you didn't know how to cope with these feelings, you just tried charging ahead, it's all you knew. These issues were like a glassware shop, to get through it, you needed to be careful, but your emotions kept running rampant. You couldn't lose again; you wouldn't accept it. You smashed right through the problems, no matter the consequences. The consequences were heavy, however. Like a bull rushing through a fine china shop, there were a lot of things broken. Hearts, trust, promises, and you. The strong raging bull had lost everything. You went onwards with life, every day being agonizing as you had lost your way, you didn't know if life was even worth living anymore, every single day wondering if this was the day you'd be gone. Your horns had been dulled. You were tired and you wanted to disappear. You slept a lot during that time.

It was a normal sleep like any other, you awoke feeling pressure in the air like no other. Your head was throbbing. You were in a dark room; all the lights were off, and you could hear nothing. You felt the ground beneath you, it felt like concrete, but you really couldn't tell. Just as your eyes started to adjust, a very bright spotlight turned on. In that spotlight, you saw a humanoid figure. Fully clad in a green jacket lined with gold and red gems. His hat and boots matched this green with gold lining style, and white, tight-fitting pants. With a blade in the left hand, and a red capote in the other. This was a matador, yet he was different. He wasn't a man, but a skeleton. You were dazed and confused, and the spotlight turned into bright stage lights. You found your environment slowly changing to a bullring, the ground below you became sand, and the seats were filled with cheering fans, cheering for your death You felt afraid, and you didn't know why. Suddenly, the matador raised his sword at the ready. You could tell he was going to fight you, and your body charged before your mind could even catch up. You missed by a mile, as the matador waved his capote and dodged with ease. You kept charging; the matador kept dodging. You were getting angrier and angrier. You went faster and stronger, and even though it was closer, the matador still gracefully avoided you. Every single charge that missed caused the crowd to roar in applause. You were at your limits, you pushed with everything you possibly had, and despite your best efforts, the matador effortlessly dodged. With what breath you had left you asked, “Who ARE you?”

“Is it not obvious who I am, have you really lost yourself?” the matador replied still in a battle stance. The fans' bloodthirsty cheers roar louder and louder, increasing your fear.

“What does that mean? That doesn’t make any sense. Who are you?” you shout at the matador, but no response comes out. You charge him again out of anger, hoping for a different result. Once more, you fail to hit the matador, he’s just too fast. You lay down, accepting your fate. This was it; your death was deserved and inevitable. Instead, he walks up to you, dropping out of his battle stance

“You’ve known since you could understand others that you were a Taurus, a bull charging fiercely and stopping for no one. What you have lost is that control of your emotions, your control of that charge. Lost touch with me.

“But you're a matador, you're meant to kill me, right?” He shakes his head. With every passing minute, you understood less and less. You punched the sand and started crying, what was going on? You try to speak but no words come out. You were bleeding despite the matador not striking you ever, you felt broken.

 “When the time comes to be strong of heart, don’t lose the power that you have. Follow my capote and use my finesse alongside your power. You will be able to conquer the fights inside yourself you need to make.” Before you even open your mouth to reply, everything fades away, and your left back in the void of nothingness.

You woke up in a cold sweat. That was a dream, but something inside you felt like it was more than a dream. You hastily wrote what happened down, but you couldn’t sleep. All you could think about was what he said. Fights inside yourself.

You spent a lot of time pondering what the matador in your dream said repeatedly. It didn’t make any sense. You wanted to pass it off as just an ordinary dream but despite it all, you couldn’t. It kept nagging at you over and over whenever you had a spare moment. Why were you so gravely wounded despite nothing hitting you, and what did the matador mean by losing touch with him? If you weren't thinking about her, you were thinking about that dream. You sat in bed, watching bullfighting, you thought maybe seeing the real thing would help you understand. You would hear the cheers of the crowd, watch the bull rush forward with enormous power, and the matador dodge with grace and agility. Even with all the source material in the world, it didn’t make sense.

You took a walk down to the river nearby, the sounds of the water rushing by soothed your confused mind, and the feeling of the wind on your face helped you focus. You sat on the damp ground, it annoyed you a bit, but the feeling you got from being there took away that frustration, your mind was free, you felt free. The waves kept crashing and crashing, over and over. You pulled out a notebook and just started jotting. Someone said this was the best way to get your emotions out, so you relaxed, writing words and doodling. You wrote and wrote, jotting feelings onto the paper, and after a while decided to take a break. You closed our eyes for just a second and suddenly, it hit you. You jolted up and wrote the words “power and agility together”. You finally understood what the matador meant, what the entire dream meant. You put the notebook away and let your mind wander.

Several months have passed since you’ve understood what the matador has said. You heeded the advice to the best of your abilities. You’ve taken time to heal your broken heart and control your emotions even under duress. You’ve begun to pick up the pieces little by little and fix what happened. You’ve talked to her, and you've repented for the sins the best you can. It’s very difficult, but you're moving forward. You’re moving forward with the strength and tenacity of a bull but control the bull with the finesse of the matador.