



September Whorescopes

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Traveling VIRGO bond

Your pug T-shirt can't save you now, Virgo! You on the LAM, honey-child! How're you gonna celebrate your birthday constantly looking over your shoulder? Pick up that old mail at your mom's house to figure out how many people you owe money to, then find a good lawyer who doesn't mind ruining his reputation by taking your case. And don't forget—it's your birthday! Treat yourself to a new hat...or a REAL haircut.

Good For What SCALES Ya

Beef up your supply of vitamins this month and try not to be *quite* as alcoholic as usual since it weakens your immune system. Your defenses are down, both in health and mentality. Beware of vacation packages and pyramid schemes. Normally, it's Libra inventing such get-rich-quick shenanigans, but this month you appear to have been struck by lightning. Your clothes don't even match! And stop wearing shoes that don't fit you, Scales—it makes you walk like the Grinch.

My SCORPIO .com

Stop writing your super-fine ex through MySpace, you validation-hungry stalker. The first thing people do post-Scorpio is a spiritual detox! Then The Universe rewards them for tolerating your self-obsessed bullshit with a very attractive and loving counterpart, making their whole Scorpio experience seem like a bad dream. So you see, Scorpio, no matter how frequently you stalk your exes through MySpace and disgustingly write, "Cum to my show!" ...nobody's ever gonna.

National SAGurity Alert

Ignore the criticism of nay-sayers this month, Sagittarius, as you continue to raise your usual ruckus. Just like fellow fearless Archer Samuel L. Jackson does with his retardingly fantastic *Snakes On A Plane*, you continue to find fun in the simplest form. Who cares what the critics say? You realize better than anyone that life—much like an action movie—is not to be taken too seriously. Next time someone asks you a condescending question about the outcome of your actions, think of Sam telling reporters, "It's Snakes On A Plane! What do you think is gonna fucking happen?!" And let the Zen wash over you!

GOAT Away From Me

You love the smell of money, but nobody's gonna give you any if you don't work on your *own* smell first! Like a crotchety old man,

you claim the effectiveness of mouthwash is a farce. But Capricorn, that shit was invented for the likes of YOU! You've gotten used to your own odor, but the rest of us haven't. I know you don't care that "cleanliness is next to godliness" but with your worship of the dollar, you should reconsider.

Something So Strong Could AQUARIUS Away

From Mozart to Eddie Van Halen, you dear Water-Bearers were meant to infuse instruments with your own musical stylings. And you're really quite appealing onstage wearing your girlfriend's tight jeans. So what if your fans are ugly? Allow their deformities to make *you* feel more attractive. Just duck when those XL granny panties come flying at your head. They're horrible for your claustrophobia.

Royale With PISChESse

Lay off the sappiness, Pisces. It doesn't suit you. The few friends you have like you for the grit and twisted humor you provide with baby-in-a-blender jokes and such. Quit finding inspiration in Hallmark cards—you of all signs know the danger of cheese. Speaking of excessive dairy, you'd also have more opportunity to explore the profound meaning of your existence if you didn't waste so much time on the toilet studying what you wipe.

MastubARIES

According to your mother, you should be blind by now! But at least you've shied away from downloading porn all day and learned to rely on your imagination. Still, we're all very concerned with your personal progression, Ram—you're never gonna finish reading that one book, but it's for people like you that they invented Books-On-Tape. Even though it feels like you'll never come out of the basement, I have faith that one day you'll grow adventurous and emerge, hopefully before your grandparents die. But remember what Grandpa always says: "I like my kids unfertilized and all over my woman's chest!"

My BULLogna Has a First Name...

Listen Taurus, you might've made it to the second round of *American Idol*, but don't let it go to your head. How could those has-been judges resist your fabulous style and *I-don't-give-a-fuck* attitude? But before you call Mom and alert your entire home town, I need to warn you of what should be obvious: you are not mainstream material. Hell, you're the reason live television programmers invented the 30-second delay! Nobody knows what's gonna come out of your mouth next, but I'd love to see you play down your freak side long enough to hear you publicly out Simon's greasy hairpiece

in the final round!

It's a Nice GEMINIght For It

Before this warm season ends, you'll be overjoyed to partake in outdoor canoodling as you never have before. From rooftops to camping to city parks screening *Rocky*, you'll find that getting freaky-deaky in the showiness of nature only heightens your usual Gemini intensity! Stay out of the East River though, no matter how clean it looks at night and how eager that bimbo you met on MySpace is to jump in naked. Just bring the bug spray and watch out for poison oak (and nature lovers who bite!)

Artificial Sweetener May Cause CANCER

Lately, dear Crab, you're considering a much-needed change in career. And I encourage you to shed that Starbucks apron and write your book of essays in which you impersonate a deer. But if it ain't broke, don't fix it. What I'm trying to tell you, Crab, is that your job isn't *that* bad. You really do have time for other pursuits (like wearing your deer suit.) But if your desperation grows and spitting in lattes doesn't take the edge off like it used to, get outta that job before you save up enough tip money to purchase an automatic weapon and use it on the next person who orders a double soy frappe.

Don't Forget To Take Your RidiLION

Make all attempts to avoid caffeine and sugar this month, as you're already so annoying that those around you entertain fantasies of kicking you to death. Even your oral fixation loses its charm after all that baby-talk slops outta your mouth. Stop eating bowl after bowl of Capn' Crunch and sit your ass down! Please, for the love of those resisting the urge to kick you to death, at least sit still long enough to bleach your damn mustache!