

The Style Invitational

WEEK 66: THE SON-OF-SMITH LAW



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

This Week's Contest was suggested by a terrifying piece of correspondence that just arrived by e-mail. We thought it was a joke, a particularly cruel joke, until we checked it out and discovered it to be a particularly cruel fact. It was an entry to this week's contest, submitted by one "Chris Smith" of "Woodbridge." Mr. Smith, a college student, said he was tired of sitting idly by while his father reaped all the glory. Yes, The Son of Smith. Here is the frightening part: His entries were good enough to suck down a couple of honorable mentions. Clearly, things have gone too far. This week's contest: In 50 words or fewer, what do we do about the Chuck Smith problem? Winner gets a fabulous plaster bust of Richard Nixon, a value of \$75. Runners-up, as always, get the coveted Style Invitational losers' T-shirts. Honorable Mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper stickers. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to the Style Invitational, Week 65, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or fax them to 202-334-4312 or submit them via Internet at this address: losers@access.digex.net. Entries must be received on or before Monday, June 6. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. No purchase necessary. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 62,

in which we asked you for lines one would not like to hear from acquaintances, relatives etc.

But first, a cheery little aside. Two of the responses we got were from Washington-area doctors, who shared some hilarious things they like to say among themselves about patients who aren't long for this world. Like this knee-slapper: "He shouldn't buy any green bananas!" Or, this: "Better check the expiration date on that one!" Hahahaha. Kind of makes you want to go out and kiss a doctor all over, doesn't it? With herpes-suppurating lips.

◆ Fourth Runner-Up—**From your boss: "How long have you been with us now, not counting tomorrow?"** (Art Rottenborn, Fishersville)

◆ Third Runner-Up—**From your chiropractor: "I suggest you see a good tailor."** (Frank Mason, Fairfax)

◆ Second Runner-Up—**From your vice presidential candidate: "Who am I? Why am I here?"** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

◆ First Runner-Up—**From your proctologist: "Are you aware that you have a mole? No, no, I mean a real mole."** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

◆ *And the winner of the fabulous gorilla mask:*

From your new parrot: "Not my eyes, Polly! NO! NO! Not the eyes! ... Auuuggggghhh!" (Sarah Worcester, Bowie)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

From your child: "Daddy, why do we have the same mailman we had in California?" (Peyton Coyner, Afton)

From your flight attendant: "Do you have any flying experience?" (Steven King, Alexandria)

From your ear doctor: " 'm afr at 've ost uch or earing." (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

From a scientist: "We regret to inform you that our rare giant albatross with a restricted diet of fish guts and laxatives has escaped and is residing in the tree above your front door. He cannot possibly be moved until spring." (Gary F. Hevel, Silver Spring)

From your hunting buddy: "Great shot! Saaaay . . . do deer wear saddles?" (Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)

From the maitre d': "No, I'm positive, we do not have valet parking. Why do you ask?" (Chris Smith, Woodbridge; also Jamie Walker, Fairfax Station)

From your mother: "Come here, dear, you have a little spot on your cheek." (Harris Shettel, Rockville)

From a fellow elevator passenger: "Pffflurrppfft." (Steve Holman, Arlington)

From your fertility doctor: "Look, she has my eyes!" (Chris Rooney, Blacksburg; also, Robyn Kroll-Remick, Atlanta, Ga.)

From your new doctor: "You are on what? Interesting. I've never heard of that being prescribed for a human before ..." (Chris Smith, Woodbridge)

From your kid: "Daddy, I made the phone say, 'Bonjour.'" (Jonathan Fraim, Ellicott City)

From the chief justice of the United States: "Please repeat after me, 'I, J. Danforth Quayle, do solemnly swear...'" (James M. Vennett, Arlington)

From Alex Trebek: "Okay, gentlemen, the categories are: Famous Diet Plans, Romance Novelists, Color Selection for Draperies, Getting in Touch With Your Feelings, Tupperware Bestsellers and That Time of the Month." (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

From the racetrack announcer: "And they're off! Except one ..." (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

◆ And Last:

From a judge: "Compelling evidence having been presented to this court regarding the charges of failing to flush the people's toilet, we find the defendant guilty and remand him to the custody of Queenstown prison for imposition of the mandated penalty under the laws of the Nation of Singapore ..." (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

Next Week: **Bad About You.**