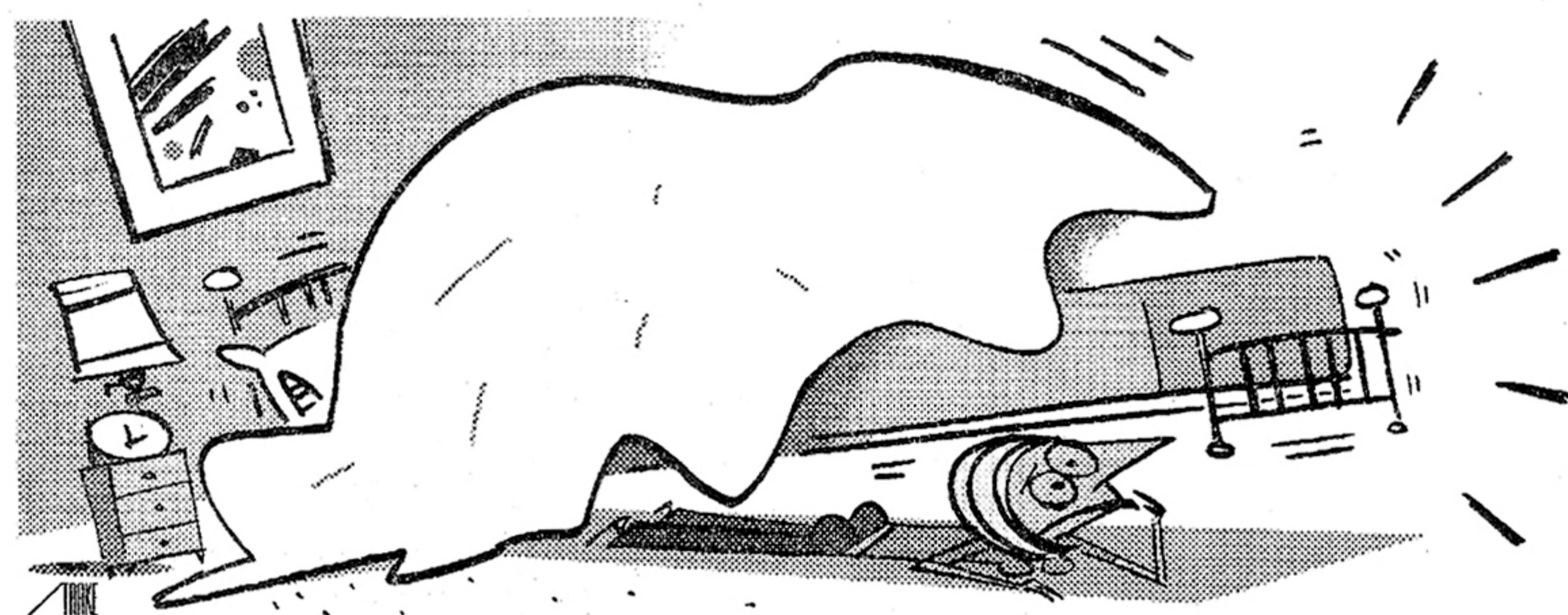


The Style Invitational

WEEK 194: ADVICE SQUAD

1. My mother-in-law still has photos of my husband's ex-wife on her mantel. Should I say anything? Signed, Miffed.
2. My daughter and son-in-law are always asking me to baby-sit my grandchildren. How can I graciously let them know they are taking advantage of me? Signed, Grumpy.
3. What is the proper way to formally introduce my son's live-in lover? Signed, Puzzled.
4. How should I tactfully inform guests that I don't wish them to smoke in my home? Signed, Happy Lungs.
5. I am afraid my boyfriend is being unfaithful to me. How can I find out for sure? Signed, Curious.



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Dear Curious: Hide under the bed.

This Week's Contest was suggested by Jean Sorensen of Herndon, who wins a CD entitled "Jewels of the Baroque Era," a homage to 17th-century Polish chamber music performed by Benigna Jaskulska, soprano. Jean suggests that

you become very, very bad newspaper advice columnists, answering any of the above questions unwisely. Maximum words per entry: 75. First-prize winner gets a vintage 1975 Pet Rock, still in its original packaging, a value of \$35.

Runners-up, as always, receive the coveted Style Invitational Loser's T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to The Style Invitational, Week 194, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, fax them to 202-334-4312 or submit them via Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Internet users: Please indicate the week number in the "subject" field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, Dec. 9. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, humor or appropriateness. No purchase necessary. The Faerie of the Fine Print & the Ear No One Reads wishes to thank Jonathan Paul of Garrett Park for today's Ear No One Reads. Also, to congratulate Laura K. Noell of Bethesda for writing this year's headline for Art Buchwald's Thanksgiving day column. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 191,

in which you were asked to come up with phrases from a foreign-language English phrasebook that would be of no practical help to persons visiting the United States.

- ◆ Seventh Runner-Up: **Is this the line for "Ishtar"?** (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)
- ◆ Sixth Runner-Up: **These leeches are not fresh!** (Paul Styrene, Olney)
- ◆ Fifth Runner-Up: **Yes, please, tell me about my salvation. Do you have any pamphlets for me?** (M.C. Boomgaard, Hyattsville)
- ◆ Fourth Runner-Up: **How much does that cost in goats?** (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)
- ◆ Third Runner-Up: **And where were you the exact moment you heard the ayatollah had died?** (Sarah Worcester, Bowie)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up: **The person reading this to you thinks he is asking for directions to the White House. Send him to the Blue Plains Sewage Treatment Plant.** (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- ◆ First Runner-Up: **I am seeking employment. I have experience as both a flogger and a beheader.** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)
- ◆ *And the winner of the Monopoly-like game featuring Baltimore-related real estate: You puny American, I am here to overthrow your government and thrust your nation into chaos! Myoo ha ha ha! May I borrow from you a dime for the parking meter?* (Jacob Harley, Landover)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

Your magnificent belch honors my family.

(Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

This gas station restroom is absolutely spotless! (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

Grosvenor is not my destination. I refuse to leave the train. (Bill Strider, Gaithersburg)

Is your pimp fully accredited?

(Gloria Miccioli, Vienna)

Kindly direct me to the opera house, you fish-eyed son of a streetwalker.

(Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

I wish to report myself to the INS as an illegal alien. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge; John Kammer, Herndon)

I claim this land in the name of the Queen of the Netherlands. (John Kammer, Herndon)

So pleased to make your acquaintance! I have always wanted to meet a typical American yuppie schmuck!

(Kelly Price, Annapolis)

I am recently purchasing the Key Bridge. Please to pay me \$3 for one way, or \$5 for round trip.

(Bill Strider, Gaithersburg)

Can you recommend a good wet nurse?

(Nicole Reeber, Silver Spring)

Quake in fear of me, you street robber.

(John Kammer, Herndon)

For \$1,618, I will sell you my Fibonacci System for Lotto picks.

(Joel Knanishu, Hyattsville)

Give me a pastrami on rye, Your Holiness.

(Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

Haven't we met before? Perhaps at the disemboweling? (Sarah Worcester, Bowie)

I would like to find a proctologist with knuckles the size of baseballs.

(T.J. Murphy, Arlington)

Hello! You must be Neil Sedaka!

(David Genser, Vienna)

My camel has schistosomiasis.

(Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

I am filled with nameless and unfathomable dread, and yet I am unable to scream.

(Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

It is my first offense. Please do not sever my hand. (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

I am here to purchase Redskins season tickets. (Jessica Steinhice, Washington)

No, driver, do not wait. I will visit this American slum, and then find another taxi to take me back to the hotel. (William M. Powell, Arlington)

The aluminum siding salesman has left the building. (Allen Shogren, Purcellville)

Hello, officer. May I videotape you beating the crap out of me?

(Sandra Hull, Arlington)

May PVC be used for pipe bombs?

(Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

It is not safe to let your wolfhound run ahead of your sleigh. (Miles D. Moore, Alexandria)

Could I have that ostrich rotisserie-style?

(Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

◆ And last:

if only I could obtain a Monopoly-like game featuring Baltimore-related areas.

(Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax)

Next Week: **Hill's Bills**