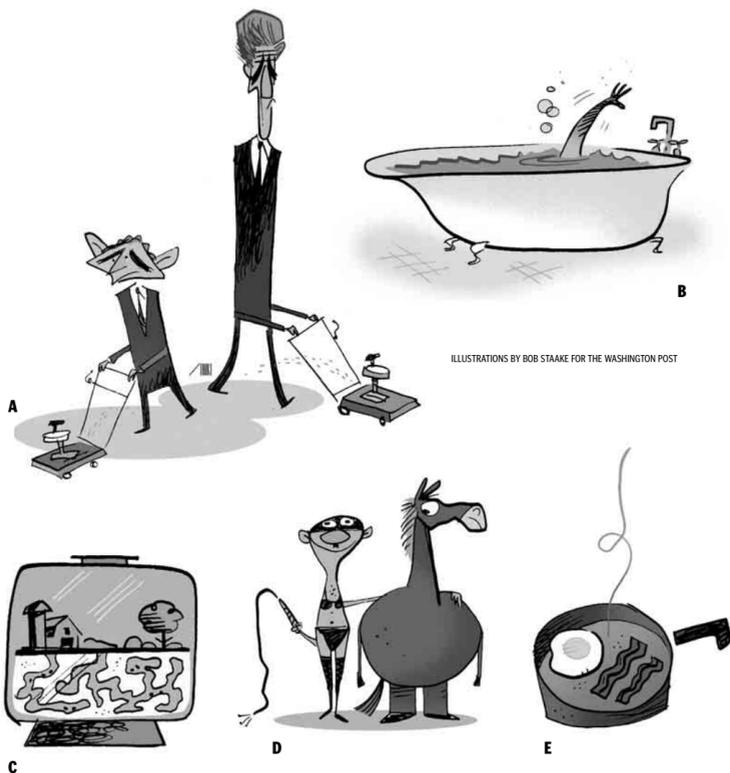


The Style Invitational

Week 567: A Running Gag



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

For **this week's contest**, explain how any of these typically bizarre cartoons by Bob Staake relates to the current presidential campaign. First-prize winner receives the Inker, the official Style Invitational Trophy. First runner-up wins an "Impala Skin Bushpen" donated to The Style Invitational ages ago by Robin Diallo of Lilongwe, Malawi. It seems to be a regular ball-point pen encased and capped with, well, impala skin. Pretty cool.

Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries via fax to 202-334-4312 or by e-mail to losers@washpost.com. Deadline is Monday, July 26. Put the week number in the subject line of your e-mail, or it risks being ignored as spam. Include your name, postal address and phone

number with your entry. Contests are judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Entries may be edited for taste or content. Results will be published Aug. 15. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. The revised title for next week's contest is by Stephen Dudzik of Olney.

Report from Week 563, in which we asked you to tell us how any two items on a 14-item list we supplied were different or alike. Of the 91 possible combinations of these items, the Empress received several entries comparing "Hung" and "horse." As in several plus a gazillion.

◆ **Fourth Runner-Up:**

The difference between the ranch in Crawford, Tex., and aromatherapy:

Saying "Let's put a W back in aromatherapy" makes no sense at all. (Helen Ward, Washington)

◆ **Third Runner-Up:**

The difference between the next Redskins season and the next Harry Potter movie: **I'll only have to watch the Redskins 16 times.** (Scott Campisi, Wake Village, Tex.)

◆ **Second Runner-Up:**

The difference between John Kerry's smile and \$2.39:

The latter is closer to a million dollars. (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

◆ **First Runner-Up, the winner of the educational children's book "The Gas We Pass: The Story of Farts":**

The difference between the next Redskins season and Ivory Soap:

With the soap, at the end the owner will end up with a ring. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

◆ **And the winner of the Inker:** *The difference between William Hung and the Eunuch of Abdera: Wait... it's coming to me... hold on... don't tell me... I've almost got it... (G.W.B., D.C.)* (Mark Young, Washington)

◆ **Honorable Mentions:**

The difference between John Kerry's smile and a pile of odd socks:

The socks might generate some electricity. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

Kerry's smile and the Eunuch of Abdera: **No one accuses the eunuch of faking it.** (Jerry Pannullo, Kensington)

Kerry's smile and the Stanley Cup playoffs: **There are no Caps in the Stanley Cup playoffs.** (Chuck Smith)

Kerry's smile has a total of more than seven teeth. (Steve Fahey, Kensington)

One involves getting a puck into the crease in the ice; the other requires getting a pucker into the crease in the ice. (Peter Jenkins, Washington)

Kerry's smile and mackerel ice cream: **One is augmented by Botox, while the other augments the buttocks.** (Jon Reiser, Hilton, N.Y.)

Kerry's smile and the next Redskins season: **They'll both fade in November.** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

Kerry's smile and the horse who beat Smarty Jones: **Kerry's smile is more likely to cause the bartender to ask, "Why the long face?"** (Marty McCullen, Gettysburg, Pa.; Jean Sorensen; Tom Witte)

William Hung of "American Idol" and the horse who beat Smarty Jones: **The horse spent only 2½ minutes making people sick to their stomachs.** (Marc Channick, Los Angeles)

There's no way that William Hung will get put on either side of a stamp. (Eric Murphy, Chicago)

The next Redskins season and the Stanley Cup playoffs: **You can't lose 12 games in the Stanley Cup playoffs.** (Russell Beland, Springfield)

The Eunuch of Abdera and the next Redskins season:

We don't know how one of these jokes will end. (Danny Bravman, Potomac)

The next Redskins season and mackerel ice cream: **The ice cream will ruin your sun-daes...** (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

The next Redskins season and the next Harry Potter movie:

Both will feature a bespectacled, self-important squirt named Daniel carrying on like he owns the joint. (Brendan Beary)

The next Redskins season and the ranch in Crawford: **You'll find them both below Dallas, and not getting any closer.** (Brendan Beary)

Ivory Soap and the Eunuch of Abdera: **The eunuch never had Marilyn Chambers attached to his front.** (G. Smith, Reston)

They're both safe to lather up with in the shower. (Cecil J. Clark, Arlington; Chris Doyle)

The Eunuch of Abdera and the horse who beat Smarty Jones: **Jockeys fit well on the horse.** (Peter Metrinko, Plymouth, Minn.)

A pile of odd socks and \$2.39: **They're equivalent in modulo 2.** (Evan Golub, College Park)

Mackerel ice cream and \$2.39: **Both will give you about a gallon of gas.** (G. Smith, Reston)

The ranch in Crawford and \$2.39: **You'll see bright, qualified presidents on the \$2.39.** (Annette Florence, Atlanta)

The next Redskins season and \$2.39: **Only one of them would be good for nine full quarters and would generate a bit of interest.** (Russell Beland; Jon Reiser)



BY KARL DEBLAKER—ASSOCIATED PRESS

Elizabeth and John Edwards in 2003 with children Jack, Emma Claire and Cate. Son Wade died in a car wreck at 16.

The Real Elizabeth Edwards

EDWARDS, From D1

She is not complaining. She is, in fact, having a blast, excited about the Democratic convention next week in Boston. She's romping through Manhattan on this day, shopping for convention clothes and still ebullient about John Kerry's decision to select her husband.

But Edwards is also acutely attuned to the abnormalities that descend (like Secret Service agents) when you achieve the rank of public property. This is apparent as she struggles to come up with something about herself that is not yet known, that will enrich and advance her profile, somehow.

"I had a banana!" she says, raising her voice in a burst of faux revelation about what she ate earlier that morning.

And now, The Washington Post has learned, she is eating two eggs over light on toast, no potatoes.

Back to the shorthand bio: In 1996, John and Elizabeth Edwards's 16-year-old son, Wade, was killed in a car crash, a blow that spurred John into politics and Elizabeth out of her law practice. Wade Edwards would have turned 25 today. Elizabeth often thinks of how much Wade, who had urged John to go into politics, would be loving all this. It's all so bittersweet, she says, "the adjective that will describe the whole rest of our lives, if we're lucky."

At 48, Elizabeth bore a daughter, Emma Claire (now 6) and, at 50, a son, Jack (now 4). Both were conceived with the help of fertility treatments, which we know because that, too, is part of the standard shorthand—as well as the tidbit that she dyes the gray out of her hair, struggles with her weight and is commonly described as approachable, outspoken and "real."

Edwards looks like any other woman eating breakfast in New York, except she has guys with earphones and black armored SUVs parked outside. She sits alone with a reporter—no press aide or entourage, just a tape recorder that she sets down on the table. She talks fast and giggles easily and is absolutely convincing when she says she can walk up to any stranger in this restaurant and strike up a discussion. She has a comfort with new faces that she derives from her childhood as a military brat.

Edwards is the daughter of a Navy pilot and lived in a dozen places by the time she was 18. "There is no better experience" in preparing someone for the madness of a presidential campaign, she says. "None of these people frighten me in any way," she says, surveying the half-filled diner.

Her eyes are blue, big and busy, conveying a presence and a sense of wakefulness. "Rest is overrated," is one of Edwards's mantras. She sleeps, on average, about five hours a night, and rarely for consecutive hours.

She is a lifelong insomniac. As a child in Japan, she would lie awake with a transistor radio hidden under her pillow and listen to "Gunsmoke" and "Have Gun—Will Travel" on Armed Forces Radio. She could never just close her eyes and turn off her mind. These days, she reads, watches C-SPAN or goes shopping online.

"I go periodically to the computer and Google my husband," she says.

This tendency accelerated in the days that preceded Kerry's selection of his running mate. On the night before he announced his decision, Elizabeth Edwards fell asleep around 11 and was awakened at 12:30 a.m. by a call from their older daughter, Cate, who had just graduated from Princeton and was in the process of moving. Elizabeth got out of bed and compiled lists of things to do. She wasn't tired. She went online and Googled. She found the now-laughable (but then unsettling) New York Post headline that said Kerry would pick Richard Gep-



FAMILY PHOTO VIA BLOOMBERG NEWS



John Edwards married Elizabeth Anania in 1977. They celebrate their anniversary at Wendy's, site of the first date. Elizabeth Edwards says childhood in a military family prepared her for campaigning with her husband and John Kerry, left.

BY GRANT HALVERSON—ASSOCIATED PRESS

hardt. She read this closely. She noted that the story was not sourced, that it said only, "The New York Post has learned" and that it didn't have a byline. She decided not to pay attention to the New York Post. Edwards has a sharp eye for the authentic and is easily offended by artifice. She was militant during the primaries about not putting John in any strange hats, poses or contrived settings. Once, the Edwards for President staff wanted to do a photo op of John flipping pancakes, but it didn't get past Elizabeth. "She said, 'He never does that in real life, why should he do it now?'" says Elizabeth's brother Jay Anania, a filmmaker who lives in New York. (Elizabeth notes that the pancake idea didn't get past John either.)

When people rave about how "real" Elizabeth Edwards is, it could be code for any number of things: It could be that she offsets the smooth, telegenic bearing of her husband. Or that she struggles for the balance between family and career, or that she looks like a real neighbor with whom you could have coffee (if she drank coffee), or that she calls herself "the anti-Barbie" and has dabbled in the South Beach Diet.

She is married to a multimillionaire trial lawyer-turned-senator, but Edwards is at her most impassioned when she describes herself as a player in a "regular American life." "John always uses the word regular," she says. "He used to say, 'That guy's a regular guy.' It's the nicest thing he could say about them. It means there's no artifice there."

Elizabeth Edwards was reading a newspaper story this morning about how Kerry needs to get a dog, how it would enhance his image. She is smirking as she mentions this "silliness, when you do something just for the impression it gives." (In fact, John Kerry and Teresa Heinz Kerry do own a dog, a German shepherd named Kim.)

She is fully aware that most people, if they bother to learn about her at all, will do it in shorthand form. They may learn that she was born in Jacksonville, Fla., and that she's 5-foot-2 and that Emma Claire likes Dora the Explorer and Jack likes the

Wiggles and that both kids have outgrown the Teletubbies.

And maybe one or two will notice when Edwards gets up from the breakfast table and heads off to buy an outfit or three for the convention, "something I'll look good in." She leaves with a determined smile and no fuss and a battalion of Secret Service agents who materialize out of nowhere, one of whom is asked by a waiter on his way out, "Is that lady famous?"

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Next Week: Redefine Print, or Spinning a New Webster