

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 778: Tied Games

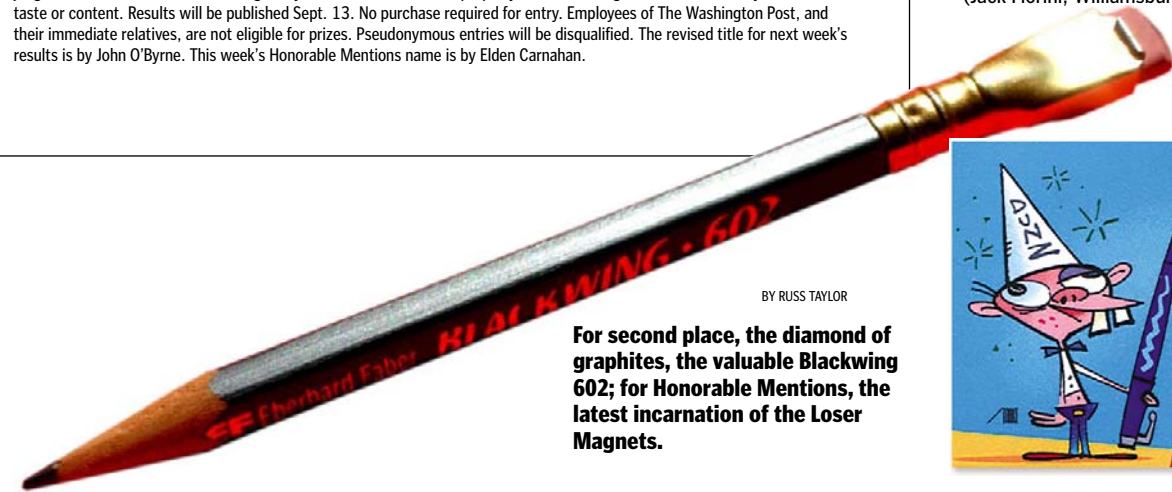


BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Okay, this year's Summer Olympics do include 302 events in 28 categories of sports. But naturally, that's nowhere enough for a true sports fan. For example, totally unrepresented at this year's Games is the fine sport of chess boxing, in which the opponents do not wrap chessboards in pretty cartons, but indeed alternate up to 11 rounds of, well, yes and yes. Which got X-Treme Loser Kevin Dopart — who just happened to be on vacation in Athens — thinking of a contest idea: **This week: Combine any two sports or nonathletic activities — we'll interpret this category broadly in cases of wild funniness — into a single sport or game, as in Kevin's example above.**

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place gets something that, for once, may have actual cash value: a pencil. A genuine Eberhard Faber Blackwing 602 pencil, courtesy of Joy H. Taylor of Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y., via Loser Russ Taylor of Vienna. This model of pencil, which pretty much looks like any other pencil to such ignoramiae as the Empress (except for the rectangular eraser and ferrule holding it), was no longer made after 1998 and is a cult item among pencil collectors, such as those who belong to, but of course, the American Pencil Collectors Society. You can buy one unused Blackwing 602 right now on eBay for \$39. This one is half-used, but entirely usable.

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt, classic or current version. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Loser Magnets. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to losers@washpost.com or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Aug. 18. Put "Week 778" 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 Sept. 13. 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 results is by John O'Byrne. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by Elden Carnahan.



BY RUSS TAYLOR

For second place, the diamond of graphites, the valuable Blackwing 602; for Honorable Mentions, the latest incarnation of the Loser Magnets.

REPORT FROM WEEK 774

In which we asked you to come up with a restaurant dish named for someone or some entity. This one from Christopher Lamora of Arlington didn't fit the contest, which specified a restaurant dish: "Barack Frozen Dinners: Purchase from supermarket because of its attractive package, without reading the fine print to find out what's really inside. Take home. Hope for the best."

4 Lick Jagger Ice Cream: It's only rocky road, but you'll like it. (Barbara Turner, Takoma Park)

3 Ted Williams Pancakes: Made from a frozen batter. (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

2 the winner of the action figure hanging from a parachute hanging from a kite: Prius Chili: Hours later, you'll still have plenty of gas. (Roger Dalrymple, Gettysburg, Pa.)

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

Moebius Strip Steak: Grilled on just one side but still cooked to a turn. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

GOURMAYBES: HONORABLE MENTIONS

The Freddie Mac: An oversize burger made with subprime beef. If you can't finish it, the government will eat it. (John Bunyan, Cincinnati)

Kimchi Jong II: A shred of cabbage nuked in a thousand-dollar microwave. (Larry Flynn, Greenbelt)

Mobster Thermidor: Filet of horse head served on ice. Overnight room service available. (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

The Streisandwich: Overpriced baloney, but crowds just eat it up. (Marcy Alvo, Annandale)

The Schwarzenegger: Extra-large serving of groper with an array of California fruits and nuts. (Andrea Kelly, Brookeville)

Sid Vichyssoise: Cold potato soup with tiny pieces of broken glass. Served with a sneer and a whack upside the head. (Jeff Brechlin)

The Stimulus Appetizer: Some crusts of bread, served in a portion just big enough to make you realize how hungry you are. (Jack Fiorini, Williamsburg)

Scarlett Johansson Dressing: The guys are always delighted to see this on the menu. (Beverly Sharp, Washington)

The AARP Late-Night Snack: Served daily, 5 to 7 p.m. (Russell Beland, Springfield)

Senator Byrd's West Virginia Pulled Pork: You won't find more pork — or more pull — anywhere! Guaranteed to leave your waistline in a mountainous state. (Larry Yungk, Arlington)

Tom Petit Fours: Pale, crusty snacks that sound much better than they look. (Russell Beland)

Snyder Slumgullion: Assemble 45 ingredients rejected or discarded from other people's kitchens, and serve at astronomical prices. (William Bradford, Washington)

Lobster ThermiGore: Somewhat inconvenient to prepare, this dish is cooked by raising the temperature of the entire Earth. Follow with Baked Alaska. (Robert Doherty, Daleville, Va.)

Decider Burgers: Begin cooking burgers. After two minutes, declare that the burgers are done and a success, but continue cooking anyway, no matter what anyone else says. Then turn off the lights and leave the whole

mess to the next chef. (Marc Boysworth, Burke)

The Mickey Mantle Home Run Special: Pickled liver. (Russell Beland)

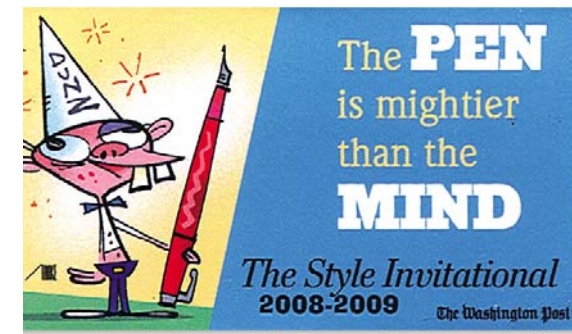
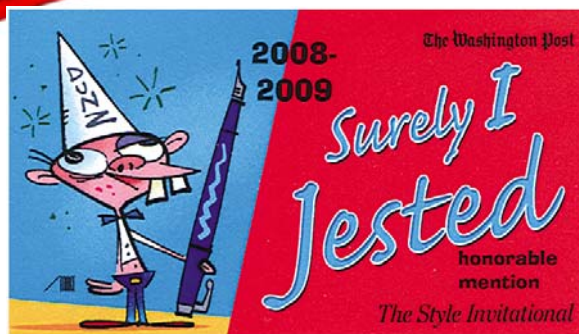
Rep. William Jefferson Cold Slaw: Frozen lettuce; serves 5 to 10. (Kevin Dopart)

Nino Scalia's Traditional Sausage: Strictly constructed according to a 221-year-old recipe (unless substitutions are convenient). Usually serves five. (Larry Yungk)

Ryanair Burger: \$2 if you can eat it Thursday morning at 6:45. If you want it Friday at 6:15 p.m. it's \$10, unless you can save it and eat it Saturday night; then it's only \$7. Bun is \$1 extra. Ketchup and mustard are free, but extra pickles are \$5. No, you can't have the whole can of soda. (Loren Bolstridge, Minneapolis)

And Last: Le Soufflé à l'Empresse: Prepare with the utmost care, using only the freshest ingredients. Follow the directions precisely. Then throw it in the garbage, because that's what she'd do with it anyway. (Roy Ashley, Washington)

Next Week: Ad-dition, or Commercial Breaks



David Carradine cleans up a bit from an otherwise disheveled appearance for a scene in "Kung Fu Killer," a two-part miniseries that begins tomorrow on Spike TV.



SPIKE TV PHOTOS

ASK AMY

Dear Amy:
I am friends with a group of six women. We go out several times a month and take turns driving. One woman, "Ginny," had a hip replacement 10 years ago and is in good health now. When it is her turn to drive, she pulls out her handicap hanging tag and places it on her car mirror so that she can park out front. She laughs and just says, "This comes in handy sometimes." None of the other women feels comfortable with this situation, but we don't know how we should approach this problem.
Tired of the Princess

Your friend's choice to soak up a spot designated for the handicapped means that a genuinely disabled person will have to haul herself a greater distance to get where she needs to go.

Let's stipulate that your friend is not disabled in any way and doesn't have an underlying health problem that would make it risky for her to navigate to and from a normal parking spot (not all disabilities are obvious). And let's stipulate that her handicap tag is left over from a time when she genuinely needed it (my understanding is that these tags expire and have to be renewed; if she has had it renewed when she doesn't need it, she is committing an even more serious offense).

What your friend is doing is unethical, and it should be easy for you and your friends to ask her to make a different choice. When she pulls into a handicap spot, you can say, "Ginny, really — this isn't right. Let's find a legitimate spot." If she laughs you off, you can emphasize your point by saying, "This makes me very uncomfortable, and I won't want to ride with you again if you do this."

Dear Amy:
I am 19. My best friend and I have been friends since third grade. She was dating this nice guy, and he broke up with her to ask me out. We went out, and I really like him. Now I don't know what to do. I don't want to ruin my friendship with my girlfriend; she is upset that they are broken up. She doesn't know about us. I am going to tell him that we need to wait until my friend is over him before we can date. Do you think this is a good way to handle this? He said that he has liked me for a long time and wanted to ask me out but I had a boyfriend.

As soon as he found out we broke up, he broke up with my friend.
Confused

If you really wanted to be scrupulous, you should have refused to go out with the guy in the first place. But affairs of the heart often cause us to scramble our scruples. The guy in question, for instance, was ethical enough not to interfere with your previous relationship, but not ethical enough to respect the bond between you and your friend. You should ask yourself if he is really the "nice guy" you think he is.

Everybody should take a month to simmer down. Spend that time imagining your world without your best friend in it — because unless she has an extraordinarily forgiving nature, she's going to have a problem with this.

If you choose to have a relationship with the guy, you should tell your friend you're interested in him, face her reaction head on, then do what you gotta do, but with your eyes wide open to the consequences.

Dear Amy:
I'm intrigued by the letter from "Third-Wheel Spouse," who questioned whether it was socially acceptable for her husband to kiss his 22-year-old daughter quickly on the lips.

Such kissing is a common daily practice in my constituent relations work for a nonprofit. I take my cue from the other person — some just shake hands, others go for a hug, some a peck on the cheek (some one cheek, others both cheeks). And some folks go for the glancing kiss full on the lips. I see and do it all the time in my profession, as well as in my social life, and it's entirely appropriate.
Clara in Colorado Springs

Whoa there. Hold on a minute. Kissing constituents on the lips? Yikes. Not for me. I would hope that constituents who like to kiss would also read social cues and be willing to settle for a warm handshake.

Write to Amy Dickinson at askamy@tribune.com or Ask Amy, Chicago Tribune, TT500, 435 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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'Kung Fu Killer': It'll Bore You to Death

PREVIEW, From C1

whole ordeal appears to be taking place in ancient feudal times anyway, but it's supposed to be the 1920s.

One key factor in the prevailing aura of logy listlessness is the film's star, old Mr. Fun Fu himself, David Carradine. Ages have indeed passed since he was being schooled in martial arts in a TV series that, we were later told (in the movie "Dragon," among other places) should have starred Bruce Lee.

Carradine, playing a character alternately called White Crane and the White Crane, brings new meaning to the word "disheveled." He looks like the bed got up on the wrong side of him. Scraggly, heavy-lidded and exuding ennui, he drags himself through both halves of the two-part film (airing tomorrow night at 11 and Monday at 10 p.m. on Spike TV) with even less enthusiasm than it deserves. In narration, he speaks of "the burden of revenge I carried, the darkness I was capable of," but he seems more like a guy who justifiably just wants some peace and quiet.

Executive producers Robert Halmi Sr. and Jr., who used to make windy historical pageants for the broadcast networks back in everybody's palmier days, utterly defy viewers to "stay tuned" for Part 2 by ratcheting the stakes and the drama way, way down, softening and mitigating the violence as if under orders from some peeved parental protest group. The effect is roughly comparable to a cheap version of "Spartacus" in which, following intermission, all the embittered slaves decide not to revolt after all and the Roman legions elect to beat their swords into plowshares literally.

While peace is wonderful in real life, it's not really all that compelling in an action movie, especially one with words like "Kung Fu" and "Killer" in the title.

Daryl Hannah brightens things up, in her own heavily muted way, as a nightclub singer whose



Daryl Hannah plays an inept nightclub singer.

first performances are bound to delight music-haters everywhere.

The obvious inspiration is the "Anything Goes" number with which Steven Spielberg opened "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom."

When the singing (mercifully) stops, Hannah hunkers down with Carradine for a philosophical colloquy or two. "What to do?" she asks him during one of these, prompting the reply "What not to do? Life follows its path; we follow life's path."

Some of his dialogue sounds like the goofy gibberish solemnly intoned by Maria Ouspenskaya in the Universal "Wolfman" movies of the 1940s. Maybe it's intentional homage, but somehow

that seems unlikely.

"Some men turn away from the shadows," Carradine says early in Part 2. "Others embrace it." It? What "it"? To be fair, he had mentioned "darkness" in a previous sentence, but it's still sloppy syntax for such a wise and thoughtful old wit. "You really do have ice water in your veins," an admirer says earlier, prompting the witty reply, "Yes."

The most likable actor, and character, in the film is Osric Chau as young Lang, an apprentice martial artist who does the kind of spry and showy stunts that Carradine could never do. Chau deserves considerably more screen time and Carradine considerably less.

We're not kidding about the violence, by the way. Be warned that it's R-rated and not just PG-13 — as when a decapitated head is rolled down a long, blood-soaked staircase, or when a hole made by an arrow in Carradine's chest is cauterized in close-up, or when somebody gets a large knife in the gut and the director cuts to a shot of the victim's messy entrails hitting the ground.

In early scenes, the filmmakers hold out the prospect that they're going to play it all for laughs, but the explicit bloodletting and turgid dialogue shoots that idea down in short order. Still, many viewers will get the giggles from an early shot of Carradine about to bring his hand down in a karate chop on a poor helpless tomato. Good heavens, he looks for all the world like the guy who sells slicers and dicers in those handy-dandy kitchen-helper commercials that air around 4 or 5 a.m.

Don't bother hoping that Carradine will end with a handful of squished tomato, however — though a face full of egg is definitely within the realm of possibility. In fact, it's a sure thing.

Kung Fu Killer: Part 1 (two hours) of the two-part miniseries airs tonight at 11 on Spike TV.