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The Washington Post

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She's sick of being pregnant and tired of being lectured

Adapted from a recent online discussion.

### **Dear Carolyn:**

I am a very unhappy pregnant woman and friends/family seem to be bothered by that. I actually had a friend practically give me a lecture the other day saying that I was ungrateful.

I love children and am really looking forward to bringing a child into my family. But why do I have to be happy about being pregnant? So far it's been about getting fat, being bloated, restricting what I can eat and drink, feeling sick, etc. I would gladly adopt five kids over having to do this again. Any words of wisdom to get me through this?

Miserable Pregnant Woman

Find a few outlets who you know won't mind your complaints, and save your complaints for them. Whining about pregnancy is akin to complaining about all the hangers-on who appeared after you won the lottery; to people who struggle to pay their bills and would kill to have your problems, you sound thoughtless. So, find other lottery winners and kvetch away.

And, as annoying as this suggestion will sound, please try to find some good in what's happening to you right now. Sickness, okay, there's nothing to sing about there. But your "getting fat, being bloated" is some people's "holy cow, I'm growing a person!"

The whole pregnancy business is plagued by extremes — the Miracle of Life extreme (but if it's such a miracle, why are there 6 billion of us?) and the Fat and Miserable extreme (but if you aren't awestruck by feeling those little kicks, what exactly do you find joyful?). The trick is, for your own peace of mind and for the goodwill of the people around you, please give at least a sporting attempt at finding the space in between.

What's happening to you is a big, fleeting deal; a moment. Your discomfort is real, for sure. But to reduce it to weight gain and (frankly, minimal) food restrictions strikes me as a tragic waste of that moment. Just the opinion of someone who has never lost the weight.

# THE STYLE INVITATIONAL

## **REPORT FROM WEEK 882**

our annual contest in which we ask for limericks featuring words from one sliver of the dictionary, this time words beginning with dr-: We received about 1,000 limericks, of which about 850 didn't contain the requisite hickory-dickory-dock / dickory-dock rhythm, didn't rhyme properly, and/or weren't very funny or witty. Fortunately, some of the greatest limericians on Earth are Style Invitational Losers.



A line, hint or clue: to my knees: A subject, a bomb and my fees; Off or out, in or by; The ball and my guy -Droppin' everything, even my g's. (Carole Lyons, Arlington)

Since I'm 3.14 15926 sheets to the wind." (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.) In feudal times, droit du seigneur Meant a lord could "invade" (filthy cur!) The bride of his vassal **Right there in the castle!** Predictably, no one asked HER. (Mae Scanlan, Washington)

The AAA-AA, I think, Is a merger – two clubs got in sync. (AAA is for cars; AA, too many bars.) It's for folks who are driven to drink. (David Goldberg, Pinckney, Mich., a First Offender)

# **AABBA DABBLING: HONORABLE MENTIONS**

When invited to dine with **Count Dracula**, I expected a menu spectacula: But d'you know what I got? Merely *blutwurst,* that's what! (I.e., "blood sausage" - that's the vernacula). (Hugh Thirlway, The Hague)

While the airlines denounce him emphatically, Seems the blogosphere lauds him fanatically: Steven Slater (with brewski).

Bid a fond "toodelooski" And then exited rather dramatically. (Craig Dykstra, Centreville

By chance, a tattooist named Scotty

**Encountered his client (a** hottie!). He had to think fast. So he drew from the past, Saying, "I have designs on your body!" (Beverley Sharp, Washington)

**Ground Zero should hallow** the dead. So Muslims now fill us with

dread By expecting to pray At a mosque blocks away. We should build a new strip club instead! (Chris Dovle) When Roy Pearson dropped off his dry-cleaning, No one knew what a tale we'd be gleaning. But with each new report Of his chutzpah in court, The word "pant-a-loon' gained a new meaning. (Nan Reiner, Alexandra)

As memories pass of the spill A BP executive, Phil, **Became a new dad** of a promising lad He aptly named Drill – Baby Drill. (Rob Cohen, Potomac) My name's Friday. I carry a

gun. And a badge. I'm a cop. It's no fun. I take calls at my desk.

My talk's Hemingwayesque. "This is Dragnet. You're busted." (I'm done.) (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

In the Draize test, a drug costing money Is put in the eyes of a bunny In numerous spurts

To see if it hurts. (This lim'rick's not going to be funny.) (Mae Scanlan)

As Rush Limbaugh's fourth

wedding drew near, In a liberal show of good cheer. He shelled out a million To rock crocodilian – A choice that his listeners thought queer. (David Lewis, Jeffersonville, Ind., a First Offender)

Are you feeling too focused while driving? Well, help from your dashboard's arriving: Use the Net in your car. Yes, wherever you are You can surf. But good luck with surviving. (Madeleine Begun Kane, Bayside, N.Y., a First Offender)

When she left me, I felt a great void, So I bought a new smartphone, a Droid. Would it cook, make the bed? I beseeched it. It said, "Not right now!" and it sounded annoyed. (Kannan Thiruvengadam, Boston, a First Offender)

More dr- limericks will be published Sept. 24.

Next week: Same difference, or Correspondence coarse

Online discussion Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join the لہل Style Conversational at washingtonpost.com/styleconversational.



BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

New Lawsuit to Challenge Laptop Searches 'I Beg Your PARDON!' No Longer Seen as Effective Deterrent to Gawking Co-Worker

he return of this week's contest – a hardy perennial – was prompted by a headline in last Sunday's Post: "Atlanta copes with becoming a one-race town." We were concerned for a moment that the Paragon of the New South had, overnight, undergone some horrible ethnic purge, until we realized that there will now be only one NASCAR Sprint Cup race in Atlanta every year, instead of two. This week: Take any headline, verbatim, appearing anywhere in The Post or on washingtonpost.com from Sept. 10 through Sept. 20 and reinterpret it by adding a "bank head," or subtitle (like the joke bank head offered under the actual Post headline above). You must include the date and page number of the print-paper headline; for Web articles, give the date and copy a sentence or two of the story (even better, just copy the URL). You don't have to use the entire length of the headline, but don't skip words or use misleading snippets; for example, you can't change "Teachers Pass Out New Assignments" to "Teachers Pass Out." Headlines in ads and subheads within an article (as well as actual bank heads) can be used, too, as can the one-line links on the home page to the articles.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place wins a vintage-looking dispenser of Executive Red Tape, a little roll of actual red tape, helpfully imprinted with "RED TAPE" throughout, donated by Kenneth Harkavy of Potomac. This item will surely be useful in any number of Losers' offices; to claim it, the winner need only submit a notarized Runner-Up Requisition 34(b) in triplicate. Photocopies will not be accepted.

Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Loser Magnets. First Offenders get a smelly, tree-shaped air "freshener" (Fir Stink for their First Ink). 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, Sept. 20. Put "Week 885" 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 to be published Oct. 9. 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 Kevin Dopart; this week's honorable-mentions subhead is by Brad Alexander.

#### IMOGEN QUEST BY OLIVIA WALCH

# **2** the winner of the pair of Handerpants tighty-whitey-motif gloves: When a mathematician named Lind Was informed he looked pie-eyed, he grinned: "I shan't drink anymore

### **Dear Carolyn:**

With the new Internet dating culture so prominent these days, how can one tell if the other party is simply killing time or is in it for a long-term relationship? My observation has been that people might not actually be trying to cheat the other party out, but rather are very suspicious and protective of themselves. Hard to pass over that roadblock at times . . Maryland

Online dating might make it easier for people to "kill time," but it has always been important to weigh someone's true intent - and that has been difficult since the dawn of dating. Using is not new. Suspicion is not new. Having high defenses is not new

All you can do is be cautiously receptive to what the other person is telling you about him- or herself, both verbally and non-, and also take a good, hard look at yourself, to make sure people are in good hands when they're on a date with you.

Read the whole transcript or join the discussion live at noon Fridays on www.washingtonpost.com/ discussions

Write to Tell Me About It, Style, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or tellme@washpost.com.



NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

# After 60 years, 'Peanuts' to get new syndicator

# **BY MICHAEL CAVNA**

Some things with "Peanuts," you could always count on. Charlie Brown would never actually kick the football. Linus would never see the Great Pumpkin. And one of the most successful strips in comics history would be distributed by the company that first syndicated it to a pre-Elvis America.

The characters' fates will never change in the fixed universe of "Peanuts Classics," but come February, a new syndicate will offer those reruns, which are carried by more than 2,200 newspapers worldwide. After 60 years, the "Peanuts" franchise is moving from United Press Syndicate to Universal Uclick.

"We feel Universal is a natural partnership for us," says Jean Schulz, wife of late "Peanuts" creator Charles M. "Sparky" Schulz and curator of the strip's legacy. "They already handle our [cartoon] books, they have a strong presence in the marketplace and they have a great reputation."

"We have enjoyed our long association with 'Peanuts' since the comic strip started on October 2, 1950, and we wish the Schulz family all the best for the future," the New York-based United Feature Syndicate said in a news release. "We value the incredible work ethic that [Schulz] demonstrated creating 'Peanuts' every day until he retired over 10 years ago."

Schulz died Feb. 12, 2000 - the same weekend that his final original "Peanuts" strip appeared.

"We're honored to be able to represent 'Peanuts' and its tradition of brilliance," said Lee Salem, president of the Kansas City-based Universal Uclick. "We believe the future of syndication - in print, online and in mobile - is especially promising for this timeless classic."

Jean Schulz said "Peanuts" is "playing catch-up" in terms of maximizing various media platforms for comics. The plan is for "Peanuts" to be available on mobile devices through the interface of GoComics, which is Universal Uclick's comics Web portal.

United Feature Syndicate - which launched "Peanuts" six decades ago in just seven U.S. newspapers - said it will no longer distribute "Peanuts" as of Feb. 26, 2011.

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# Winner of The Post's "America's Next Great Cartoonist" contest



# **DOONESBURY** BY GARRY TRUDEAU



# CUL DE SAC BY RICHARD THOMPSON



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