

EAST VALLEY OPINIONS

A bit of royal repartee for my subjects

Last year, when Sheriff Joe wasn't looking, I nominated myself King of the Valley and took on the thankless job of sorting out some of the Valley's, nay, the world's pesky questions, such as how many seats you are allowed to save in a theater and how to lure a Scottsdale into crossing a city border. (Hint: Tell them as they're crossing McKellips that it's safe because they're still on "Scottsdale Road," even though there are no more "art spaces" to be seen.)

My far-flung fan base (Hi, Mom!) responded with a flurry of their own beefs, gripes and, not surprisingly, suggestions that I be flung very far indeed. Somewhere along the line, people seem to have gotten the idea that I consider myself Mr. Thinks-He-Knows-Everything.

Having spent the December holidays stewing my prunes about this and otherwise probing the sordid soft underbelly of East Valley living, I've emerged from said entrails to respond to your queries.

Q. When did "No problem"



JIM VEIHDEFFER

Special for the Republic

become the substitute for "You're welcome" or "Glad to help?" (Jack B., San Francisco).

A. Never.

Q. Thanks.

A. No problemo.

Q. How about those voice-mail messages that are quite articulate during the verbiage portion when the speaker has to actually think, but when it comes to their phone number (the only part of the message they are confident about) they recite it at 98 mph? Now, I'm forced to replay the voice mail - sometimes more than once - to decipher the phone number. (Bill H., Glendale)

A. Could you say that again? I didn't quite catch all of it.

Q. Please take a look at those misguided "artists" who try to freestyle/jam/creatively enhance the national anthem at professional sport-

ing events. ("Uncle" Steve K., Phoenix)

A. This is allowable only at an Arizona Cardinals game, since technically it doesn't qualify as an actual professional sporting event.

Q. Why are you so unfair to Scottsdale, er, the people of Scottsdale? We leave town all the time. (Janis L., Scottsdale)

A. Thank you very much. It's much appreciated.

Q. It's about time you made royalty status. I know I've been wanting to crown you for years now. (Flo R., Erie, Pa.)

A. We are not amused.

Q. So you're the little voice in my head when I'm lollygagging down the left lane of the 101. (Ann S., Scottsdale)

A. Are you sure you're writing to the correct columnist?

Q. Are you saying that you have the right to tell people how to spell their names or live their lives? You are definitely not an "E.J. Montini." (Ann Onymous, Mesa)

A. That's "Mr. Not-An-E.J. Montini" to you.

Q. If you're not turning right at a stoplight, how about moving over to the left lane before the light so that all the

people behind you who are turning right can do so without waiting the whole @#&!% light? (Mack)

A. I agree, but I also think your girlfriend is right. You are wound pretty tight there, Mack.

Q. So, are you, like, an idiot or something? (Greg E., Chandler)

A. Do I get a choice?

Q. Your disrespectful remarks about the local post office contract stations show that you are whiny and spoiled. You evidently got just what you deserved by not having the understanding and patience to wait nine whole minutes (while the two employees had lunch) (A. Nonymous, Tempe)

A. I take umbrage at that. I am not spoiled.

Q. What's umbrage?

A. You're welcome.

Q. Huh?

A. No problem.

Jim Veihdeffer is a freelance public relations writer living in Tempe. Author of the e-book, *Stories I Never Told My Family*, he can be reached at VeedsJ@aol.com.