

His Newest Invention Smells Like Success

By RICH TOSCHES
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Michael Samonek of Cleveland has invented a unique cologne, one he says is based on the following observation: Nothing excites a woman quite like the smell of chocolate.

The exception would be my wife, who is enchanted by the smell of diamonds. (She's still steamed over her Christmas gift from me—a 64-ounce jug of Eau de Cubic Zirconia.)

Anyway, Samonek came up with the dab-on fragrance that smells just like chocolate. I sampled this fine product and can now make this announcement concerning the major changes it has made in my life: Dom DeLuise has been following me for nine days.

So to get more details about the cologne, I called Samonek at his home in Cleveland (official city motto: We Don't Know What That Smell Is Either, but We Don't Think It's Chocolate.)

"I'm an inventor," he said. "I was driving down the street with my wife

and we were sharing a Hershey bar."

Inventing, as you may already know, can have its share of low points in the area known as "income." (Like I should be making jokes about that!)

"She was really into it," he said. "It was ecstasy. She seemed to be inhaling the Hershey bar!"

And I think you can all figure out what happened next between these two young, healthy, consenting adults. That's right, Mike had to swerve to the side of the road and pull a candy bar out of his wife's nose.

No, really what happened is, she said to her inventor husband, "You should make a chocolate perfume!"

Mike: "I listened, and within two weeks I was in over my head!"

Me: "Let me get this straight—your wife gave you an idea for a new product and then you went *swimming*?"

Mike: "I've also invented a product I call Idiot Detector." (Click.)

When I called back later and pretended to be Walter Cronkite, Mike went on to tell me more: "It smells like a cross between milk

chocolate and fudge brownies."

This is a major step forward in the area of relationships. Men have always known that they could attract women with the marvelous fragrance of chocolate. The tough part has been keeping the women interested after they've found the brownies stuck behind our ears.

Mike said he got help from a perfume company and within two weeks of submitting his idea and some samples, a bottle of chocolate perfume arrived in his mailbox. (And just three weeks later, the postman stopped winking at him.)

The fragrance, it turns out, is also a great diet aid, according to Cleveland Plain Dealer fashion editor Janet McCue.

"Whenever I feel the urge for chocolate mousse," she said, "I open the bottle, hold it under my nose and take a big, deep breath.

"It gives me all the thrills of chocolate."

Chocolate perfume is not Mike's first success in the inventing world.

One was the "Special Effects Cookbook." "It taught children about

physical science," he said. "We had a cake in the shape of a volcano that spewed edible lava."

Many of those children are all grown up now, work for National Geographic magazine and have lost their tongues on Mt. St. Helens.

"And a few years ago I invented the Eat Your Face Jell-O Mold," he said, causing "Walter Cronkite" to drop the phone and blow 12 ounces of orange soda out his nose.

"What you do is make a mold of your face. You put straws in your nose to breathe, pour the mixture over your face and the mold hardens in about two minutes."

Then, you leave the straws in place, begin a series of bank heists in the Greater Los Angeles area and earn a police nickname such as "The Walrus Bandit."

(Or you can take the mask off and fill it with Jell-O.)

"You can use the kit to make molds of other body parts, too," Mike said, laughing.

With that news, I ordered the kit. And I told Mike he could keep the straws.