

The Style Invitational

WEEK 175: FOSSIL FOOLS.

A tree-shaped car
freshener.

A live cockroach.

Mount Rushmore.

A bowling trophy.

A computer mouse.

A copy of today's
Washington Post.

Plastic bubbles used for
packing boxes.

A brassiere.

A toilet.

An umbrella.

A D.C. taxi.

A Swiss Army knife.

A "WALK/DON'T WALK"
sign.

A Hefty bag.

"Hmm. It seems to have been a primitive society, inasmuch as the most sophisticated surviving weaponry is sort of a double-barreled slingshot. Rocks hurled at a target in such close proximity suggests that this MIGHT be a two-headed species..."



BY BOB STAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Today's contest is a variation on an idea submitted by several people over the last year. No one wins squat. The idea is that 2 million years from now, alien archaeologists visiting the desolation of a once-inhabited planet known as Earth discover only one remnant of our civilization. Select one from the list above.

Runners-up, as always, receive the coveted Style Invitational Loser's T-Shirt. Honorable Mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to The Style Invitational, Week 175, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, fax them to 202-334-4312 or submit them via Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Internet users: Please indicate the week number in the "subject" field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, July 29. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, humor or appropriateness. No purchase necessary. The Faerie of the Fine Print & the Ear No One Reads wishes to thank Robin D. Grove of Baltimore for today's Ear No One Reads. Washington Post employees and their families are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 172

in which we asked you to write Poeds, poems consisting of one line of six one-syllable words, one line of three two-syllable words, one line of two three-syllable words, and a final line containing one six-syllable word. Poeds ("Poems by Ed") must contain at least one rhyme.

Very hard contest. Much unseemly grouching and whining from regular entrants. Apparently, these individuals feel licensed to complain just because they have become virtually full-time employees of The Washington Post, albeit ones paid entirely in T-shirts, bumper stickers and the occasional Remote Controlled Fart Machine. Our favorite whine came from William Foster of Rockville, who finds us dreadfully lowbrow. William writes in iambic pentameter:

*'Tis clear, Style Invitational decides
its winners from submissions worst in taste.
And queer: Style Invitational derides
the brain, and lives with things below the waist.*

Hey, pal. Live with *this*.

And now to the Poeds:

◆ Fourth Runner-Up:
The world needs a new word
Meaning: chatting, smiling.
Handsomely advising—
Stephanopoulizing!
(David Smith, Greenbelt)

◆ Third Runner-Up:
If wed now, she'd choose a
hyphened, lengthy, awkward
cognomen: Juliet
Montague-Capulet.
(Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

◆ Second Runner-Up:
How is it that, with Bill,
Scandal eludes nation?
Gennifer, Whitewater . . .
Press-tidigitation?
(Marcy Dilworth, Fairfax)

◆ First Runner-Up:
If it's 2 long 2 st8
Abridge, abbrev., trunc8.
Acronym R&D,
Washingtonology.
(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

◆ *And the winner of the vintage*
Jimmy Carter toilet paper:
Mom, a Jew. Pop, a WASP.
Easter, Pesach, Christmas.
Communions, Tallises,
Psychoanalysis.
(Roger L. Browdy, Kensington)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

Buy the toys and see the
Disney summer movie.
Marketing strategies?
Quasimodalities.
(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

Catch. Run. Bunt. Slide. Hit. Throw.
Iron fellow's agile.
Orioles' security?
Supercalifragile.
(Helen E. Gallant, Silver Spring)

Can't get your sleep at night?
Torrid flashes awful?
Estrogen prescription!
Peri-menopausal.
(Beryl Benderly, Washington)

Damn you. Damn you. Damn you.
Dammit! Dammit! Dammit!
Damnation! Damnation!
Excommunication.
(David M. Johnston, Chapel Hill, N.C.)

Dreck Tex Mex—good as sex
Taco? Thanky mucho.
Burrito? Whizbanga!
Gimmechimichanga.
(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

like e.e., i too shun
elite upper cases.
egotist inflation!
capitalization.
(Susan Reese, Arlington)

Our lives are too laid back.
Human strivings sated.
Casual, lethargic.
Californicated.

(Sandra George, Washington)
Pink or blue? He or she?
Also factor rhesus.
Resolving mystery—
Amniocentesis.
(Lillian B. Broadwick, Monkton, Md.)

Been there, seen it, done that.
Jaded, jaundiced prism.
Yadadda regatta.
Existentialism.
(Sandra George, Washington)

Bring the child out o' me.
Tissue's almost tearing.
Physician! Incision!
Episiotomy.
(Sandra Hull, Arlington)

I must get rid of them:
Endless Loser's T-Shirts.
Sellable? Tradable?
Biodegradable?
(David Smith, Greenbelt)

◆ And Last:
The ear that no one reads,
Filling unknown terrain.
Close-guarded mystery
Andsoitshallremain.
(Carl Yaffe, Rockville)

Next Week: **Dead Reckoning**