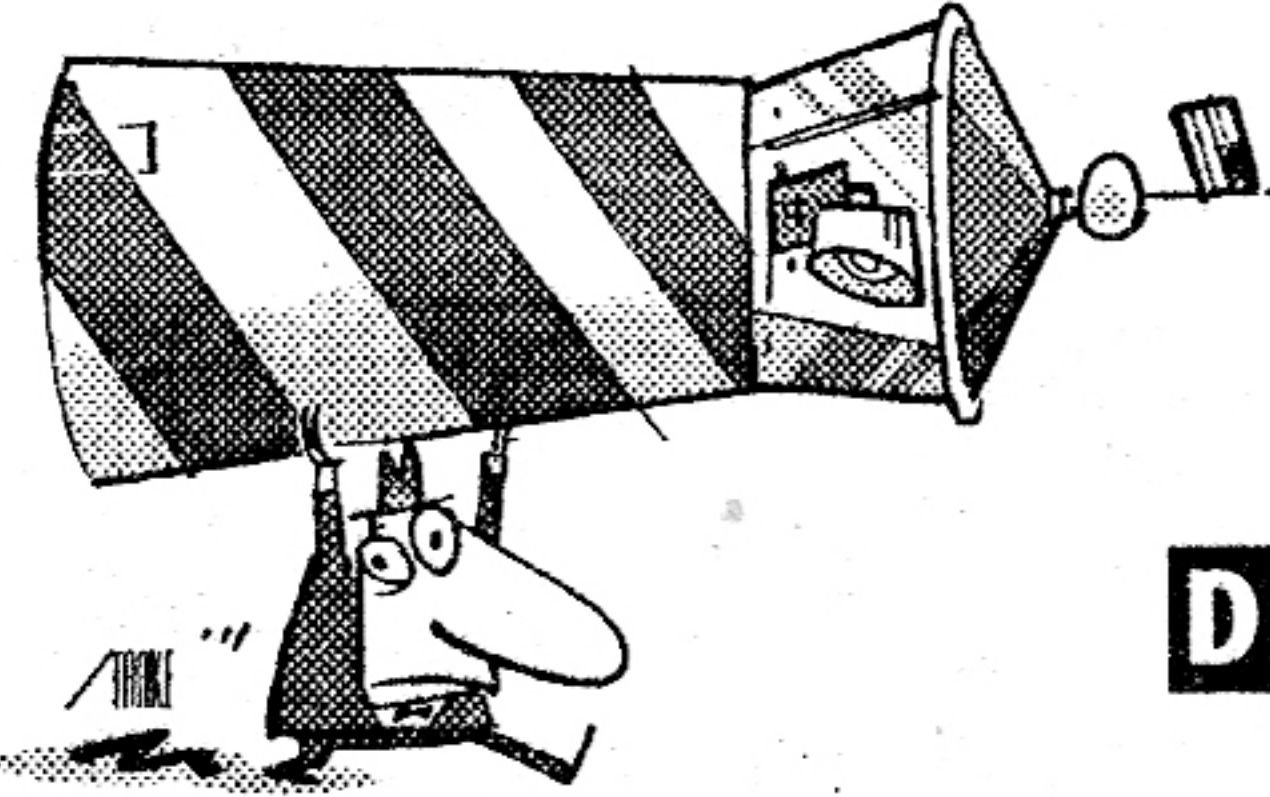
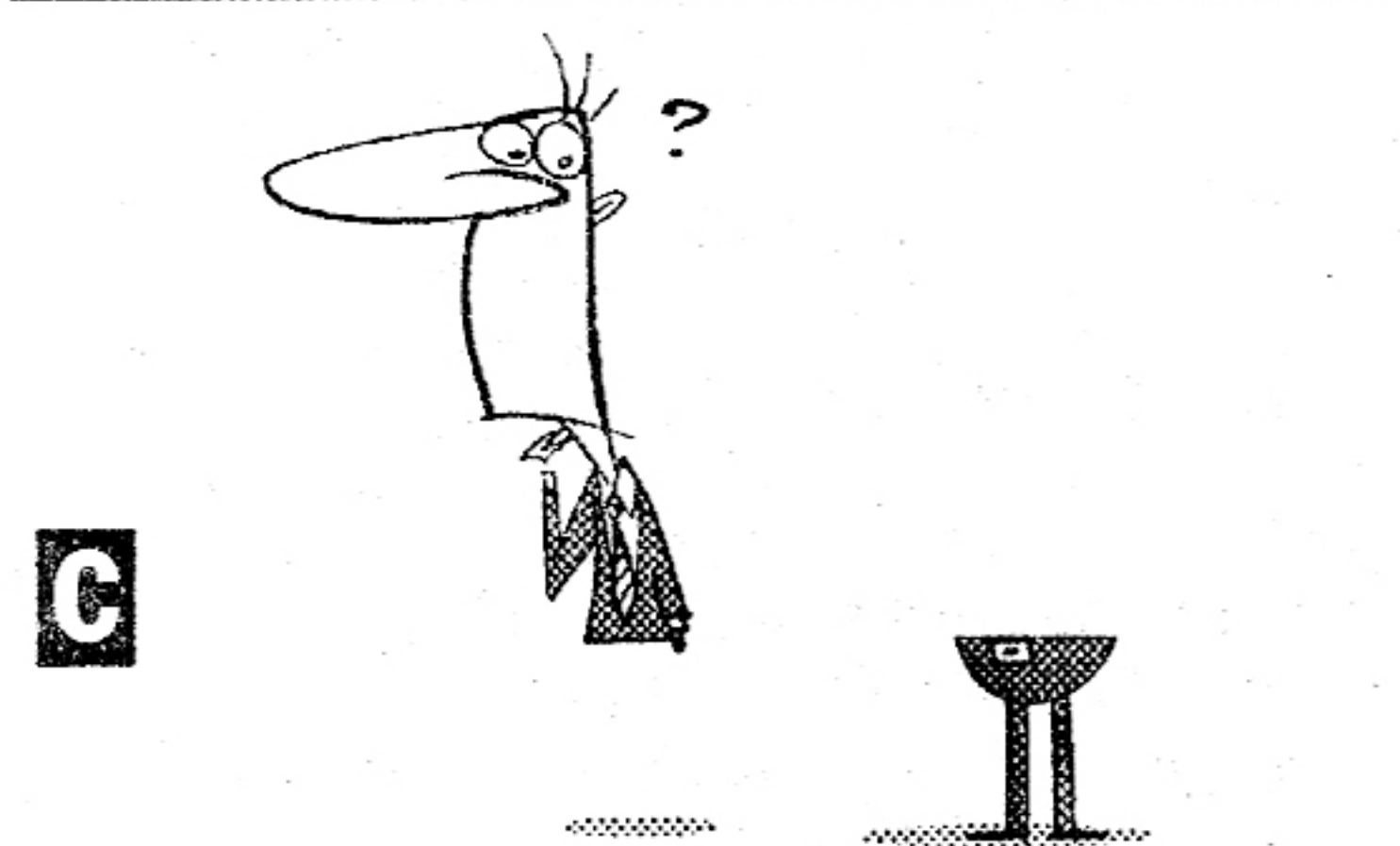
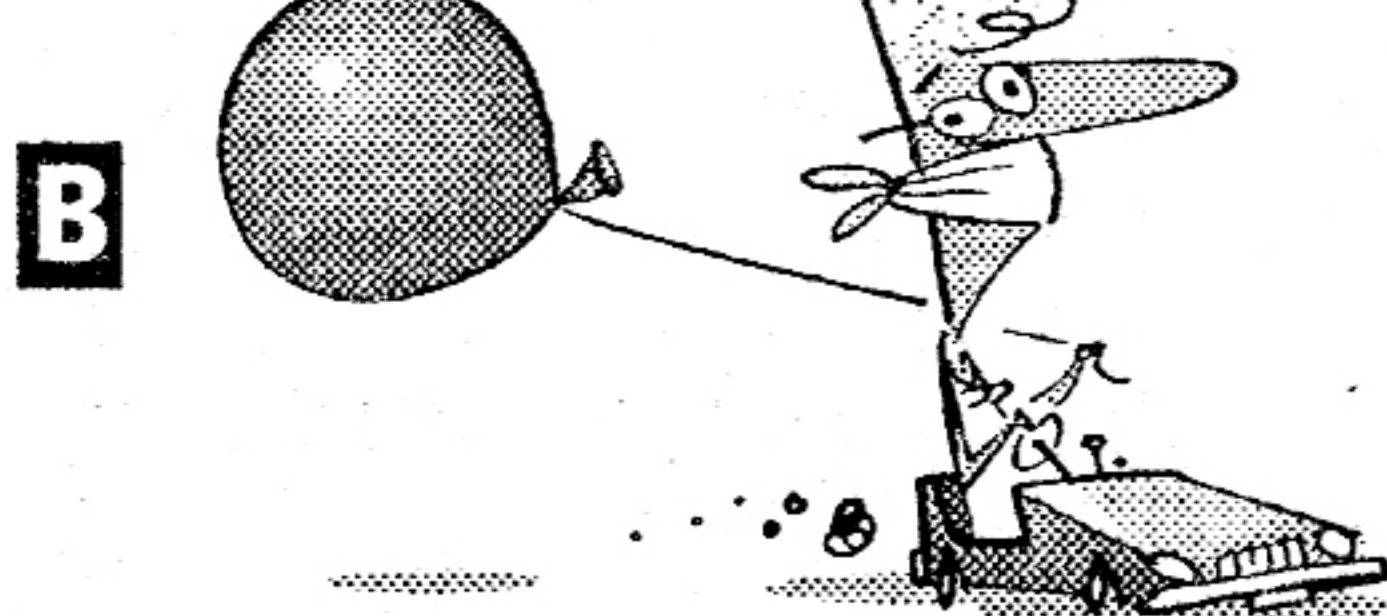
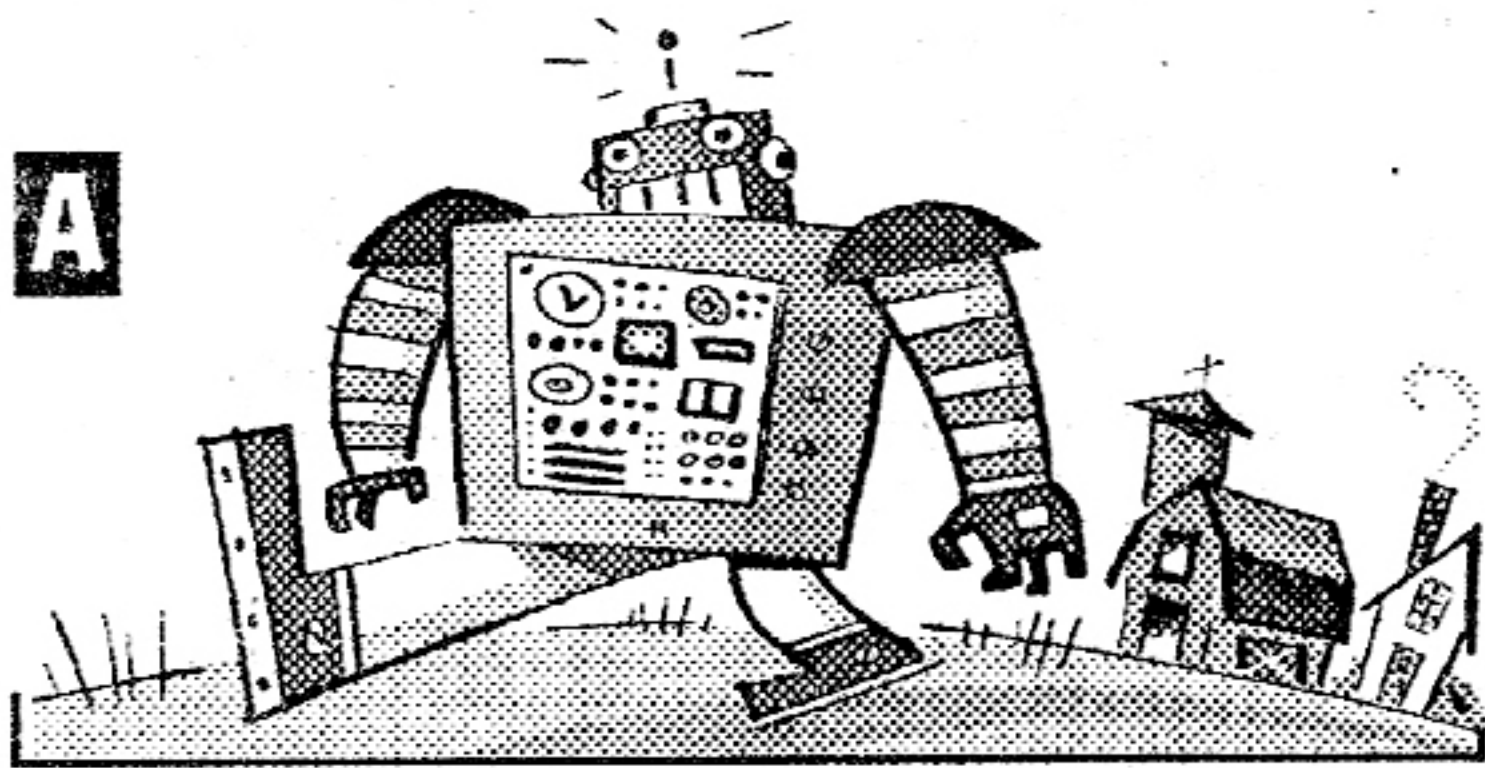


# The Style Invitational

WEEK 186: CALLING THE TOON



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

**This week's contest:** Who are these people? What are they doing? Answer one, or more than one. First-prize winner gets a vintage velour John F. Kennedy throw rug, a value of \$25.

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 186, 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, Oct. 14. 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 David Genser of Vienna for today's Ear No One Reads. We continue to solicit new candidates for the new Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, and names to call people with unusual physical attributes, such as nose hair. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

## REPORT FROM WEEK 183,

in which you were invited to come up with new versions of old London street chants, inventing rhymes to advertise modern-day services.

### ◆ Sixth Runner-Up—

#### **Tollbooth operator:**

Two bits, four bits, six for a truck!  
No waitin', guv'ner, drive right up!  
You pays yer money and takes yer chance  
Because I'm not wearin' any pants.  
(David Genser, Vienna)

### ◆ Fifth Runner-Up—

#### **Phone sales specialist:**

I am a telemarketer  
My product is a winner  
I'll call and tell you all about it  
When you're having dinner.  
(Jim Tierney, Fairfax Station)

### ◆ Fourth Runner-Up—

#### **Street mime:**

(Walks as if into the wind)  
(Now like he's in a box, pinned)  
(Limps like he's lame in the leg)  
(Doffs make-believe hat to beg)  
(Gary Patishnock, Laurel)

### ◆ And the winner of the Dwight Eisenhower presidential plate:

#### **D.C. paving crew:**

We're 14 guys who'll work for you.  
We're eight watching four helping two.  
City road crews make work for all:  
No job's too big; no job's too small. (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

### ◆ Honorable Mentions:

#### **Resume enhancer:**

... son of a gun  
We'll have some fun  
On the bio. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

#### **White-collar defense attorney:**

Hire me as your lawyer  
The judge will acquit thee.  
I'll find a glove  
That won't fit ye. (Michael D. Kane,  
Fort Collins, Colo.)

#### **Modernist poet:**

Oh would you care for some verse  
Metaphor, Imagery, Symbolism.  
But as a modern poet,  
Rarely does my work scan or rhyme.  
(Russell Beland, Springfield)

#### **Suicide doctor:**

Feeling fearful, down, depressed?  
I'll put those fears, and you, to rest.  
For you, my van is always handy,  
Hawking death like penny candy.  
(Mae Scanlon, Washington)

#### **Spin doctor:**

Who wants to get himself elected?  
I spin each issue, trend and pollster.  
I'm the hired gun that should be selected  
If I could just keep it in my holster.  
(Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

#### **Mortgage lender:**

Do you like this house, my dear?  
Sign here, and here, and here.  
And here, and here, and here, and here,  
And here, and here, and here.  
(Dave Curtis, Ijamsville)

#### **Management consultant:**

Total Quality Management Hack!  
I'm overpaid for doing jack. (Jonathan Paul,  
Garrett Park)

### ◆ Third Runner-Up—

#### **Televangelist:**

Want to get through that pearly gate?  
Just make sure my check's not late.  
Think how shameful it will be,  
Arriving in heaven COD  
(Susan Reese, Arlington)

### ◆ Second Runner-Up—

#### **Telephone sex operator:**

Dial 1-900 for some time with me  
Three dollars a minute is my fee  
My voice is so snuggly  
You'll never guess that I'm ugly.  
(Russell Beland, Springfield)

### ◆ First Runner-Up—

#### **Metrorail driver:**

Ferbl gut wash er ton.  
Brbble znpp grrersnor.  
Necher schtoop barhston  
Pleshzer stint kerr door.  
(Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

#### **London prostitute:**

Blimey!  
Try me. (Mae Scanlon, Washington)

#### **Urologist:**

Let me look  
Let me see  
Why it hurts  
When you pee. (Paul Styrene, Olney)

#### **Psychotherapist:**

Bring out your dread! Bring out your dread!  
For a hefty fee, I'll shrink your head!  
(Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

#### **Grocery checker:**

I'll ring your groceries really fast  
So you won't have conceptions,  
And I'll never yell "PRICE CHECK" and wave  
Your hemorrhoid prescriptions.  
(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

#### **Politician:**

My ethical standards are fraught  
With taboos against bribes and such stuff.  
Just remember: I cannot be bought  
Unless you should offer enough.  
(William E. Bradford, Washington)

#### **Proctologist:**

I am a happy vendor of health care proctological,  
Though I be the butt of jokes scatological,  
Treating polyps, I find, is oddly  
inspirational  
And fabulous training for the Style Invitational.  
(Michael Baird, Derwood)

### ◆ And Last—

#### **Rapper:**

I rap about bitches,  
And violence with guns.  
But I got some morals:  
I don't do no puns. (Paul Kondis, Alexandria)

Next Week: Ed Anguish