

The Style Invitational

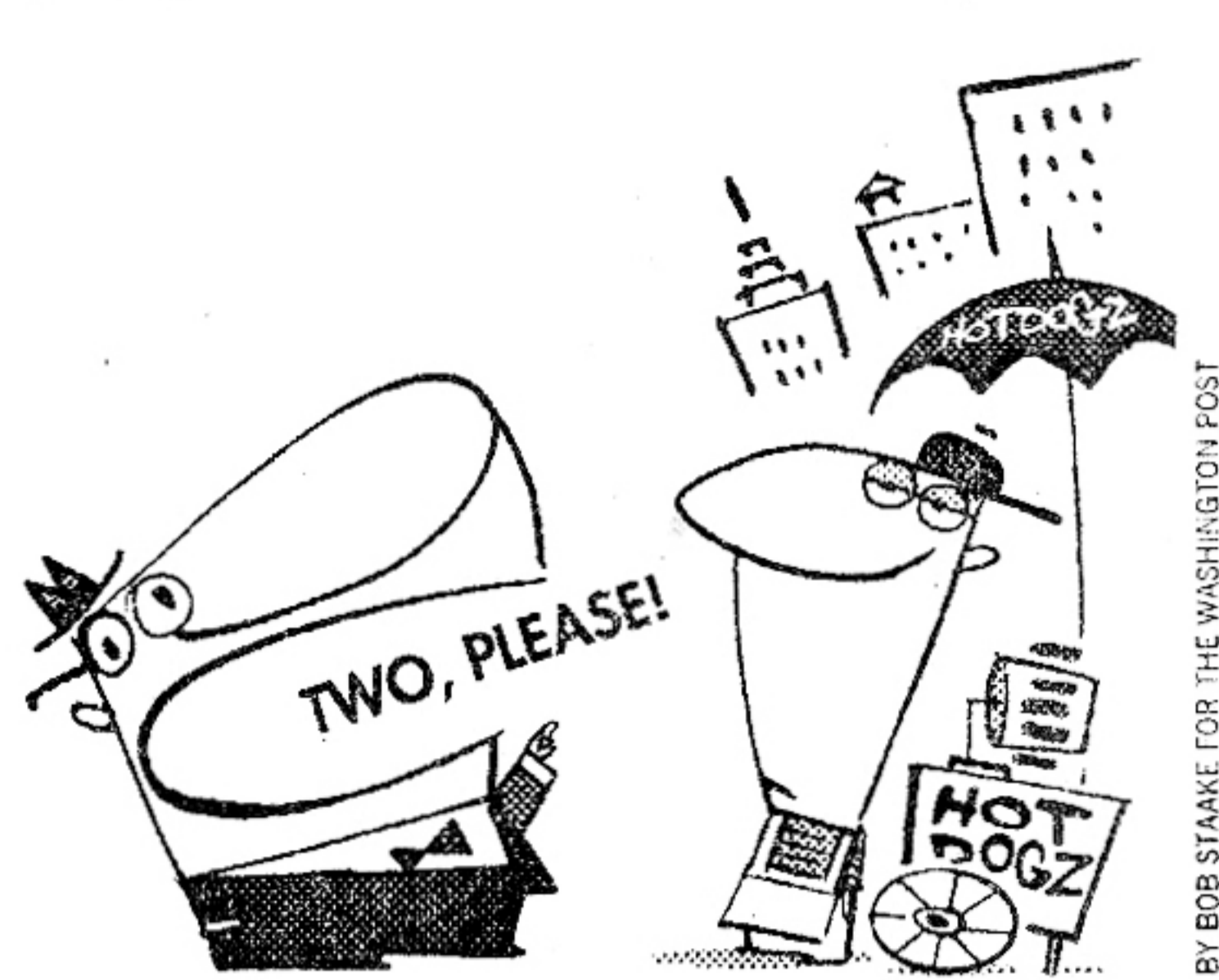
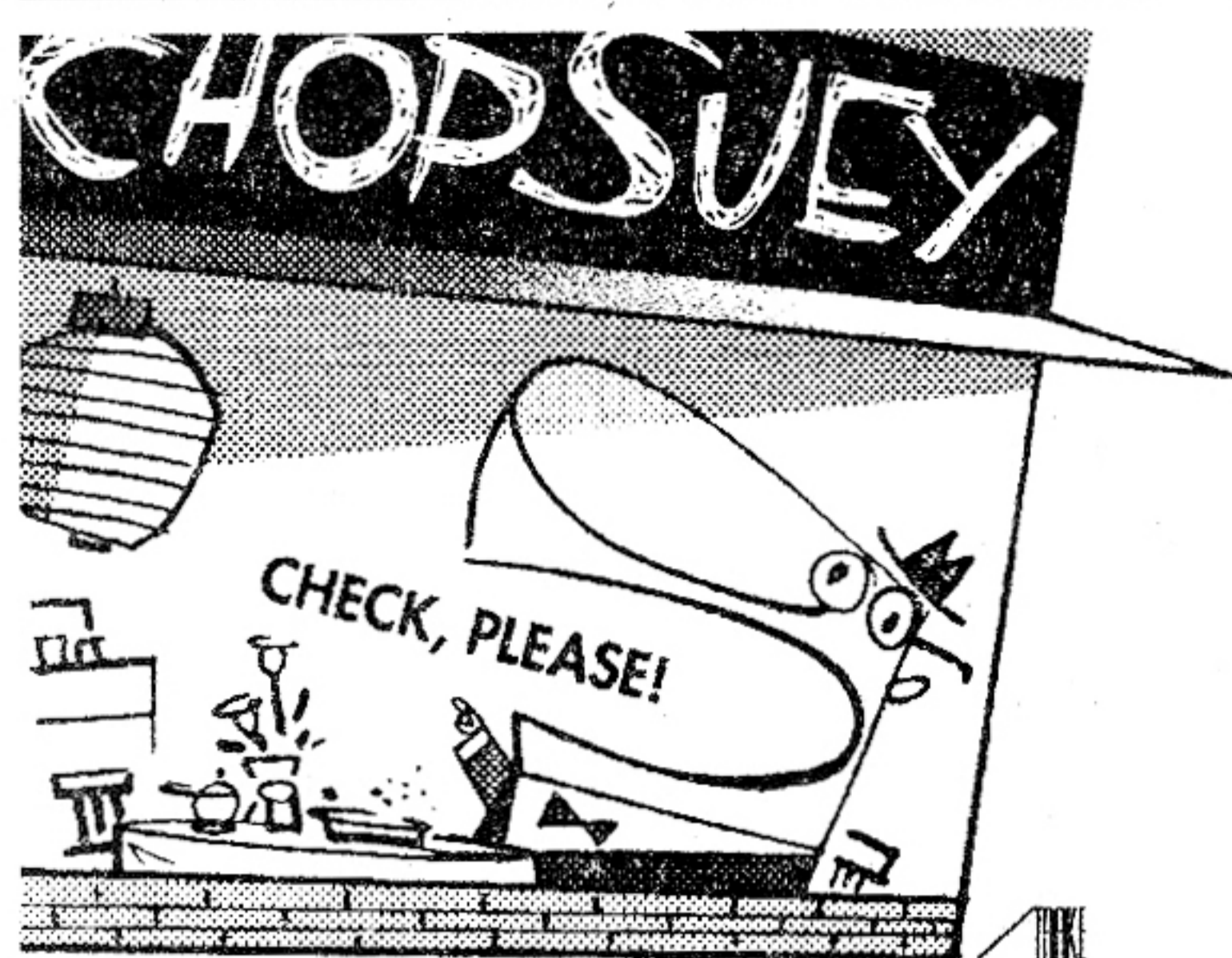
WEEK 208: SEND IN THE CLONES

If you have sex with your wife's clone, are you really being unfaithful?

If a president is elected for two terms and then his clone is elected president, would that violate the 22nd Amendment?

Would Boutros Boutros Ghali's clone be Boutros Boutros Boutros Boutros Ghali?

If your clone eats moo goo gai pan at 6:45 p.m., will you be hungry at 7:05 p.m.?



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

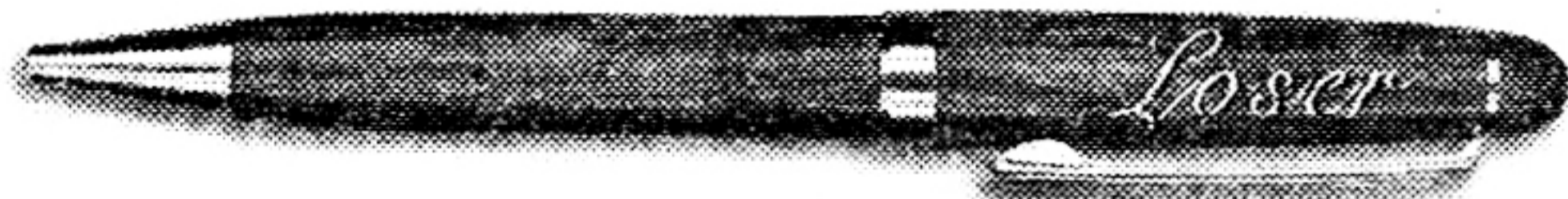
This week's contest was proposed by Ken Sandler of Arlington, who wins "Smelly Old History," a uniquely British, relentlessly cheerful scratch-'n'-sniff book featuring fetid odors from the march of civilization ("Every day, one thousand tons of horse dung were deposited on the streets of London! Scratch here to ..."). Ken

writes that since President Clinton has promised to empanel a commission to investigate the moral, legal and practical questions raised by cloning, we should give this commission some help. Suggest questions they might consider. First-prize winner gets a genuine "alarm chicken," a value of \$15 million.

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 208, 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 St. Patrick's Day. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced three weeks from today. 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 Elden Carnahan of Laurel for today's Ear No One Reads. Also, have you ever noticed that when newspapers correct errors, they make it sound really trivial, as in, "The name of the Governor of Arkansas was misspelled in a Style story on Tuesday; his name is Mike Huckabee," without ever mentioning that his name, as originally "misspelled," was "Barnaby 'The Big Spaz' Chockalewski?" Well, we would now like to report that we, um, misspelled the name of last week's donor of the canine fur coat. Her name is Tatiana Devins, not Tatiana Welldotcom, as we suggested. (Don't ask.) Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 205

in which we asked you to tell us why you, and you alone, deserve the plastic dancing pig, found in a dumpster in Miami Springs, Fla., that performs a jig to "La Bamba" and then falls over on its back twitching and vibrating. But first, to commemorate the start of the fifth year of the Style Invitational, we have come up with a new prize to be awarded to all first runners-up, the fabulous rosewood engraved "Loser" pen, a tasteful memento that would be a handsome addition to any bib overall.



As to the quest for the pork—we thank you for the many fine items you mailed us as inducements, including not one but two sets of ladies' undergarments. Many of you submitted photographs of your pets, threatening to kill them if we did not give you the pig. Sandy Campbell of Lake Ridge send us this picture of her dancing pig, a virtual clone of ours, and her Chihuahua. Shoot the dog, Sandy, and we will talk. Judith Daniel of Washington, who won the last beg-for prize by faking an orgasm in print, tried it again. Nice try, Judy. We appreciate the effort. We have photocopied your entry for distribution in the lobby of The Washington Post. We were tempted by the offer from Sarah Worcester of Bowie, who said that if we delivered the pig to her, she would within six months get it a pre-approved MasterCard. We are sending her another, similar item instead, and anxiously await the results.



◆ Runner-Up in the poetry division goes to Gloria Federico of Lovettsville:

**Swans sing with the moon.
A lotus petal floats by.
Give me the damn pig.**

◆ Best threat came from Russell Beland of Springfield:

That's a nice newspaper you work for. It would be a pity if it got ... broke.

◆ The winner in the shameless begging category, in which persons debase themselves for the prize, goes to Jennifer Hart of Arlington, who wrote in, simply:
I want the pig because it vibrates.

Now, the overall winners:

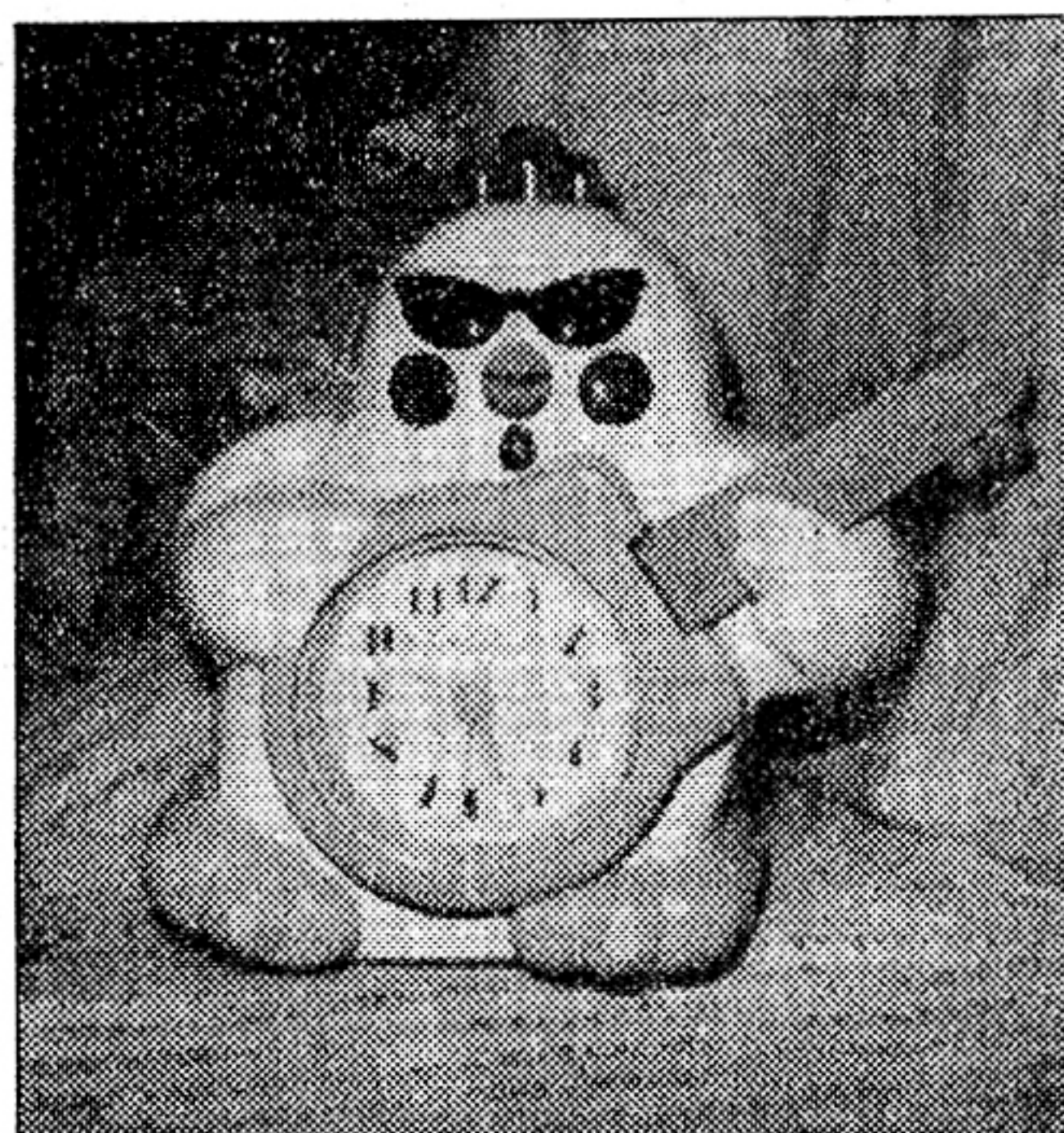
◆ First Runner-Up: **You got my pig, see? I gave it to a friend to transport to the United States as a gift for another person of my personal acquaintance. There was some confusion at the Miami Airport involving the police and it must of got temporarily thrown out in a dumpster. So you will please act in your best interests and send it back to myself. And don't mess with it none first.**
—Julio "Los Cojones" Castillo, Cali, Colombia. (Barry Blyveis, Columbia)

◆ *The Winner of The Pig:*

I am also the owner of a valuable work of art—an alarm chicken. As the attached photo shows, the chicken holds a turquoise guitar and wears sunglasses. Depressing the chicken's red comb opens his beak and activates the alarm. The chicken plays his guitar and sings in a drug-addled voice, "Wow, yeah, hey baby wake up, come and dance with me" over and over.

Recently, my cats have learned how to activate the alarm. They do so incessantly, in the middle of the night. I will gladly trade my singing chicken for your dancing pig. (Jon Williams, Washington)

[For a Sound Peck of this fine item, dial Post-Haste at 202-334-9000 and enter 8181.]



◆ And last, winning a special, preemptive award of the very first Style Invitational loser pen: **Give me the pig or I'll send back all the crap that I've won.** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Next Week: **Hyphen The Terrible II**