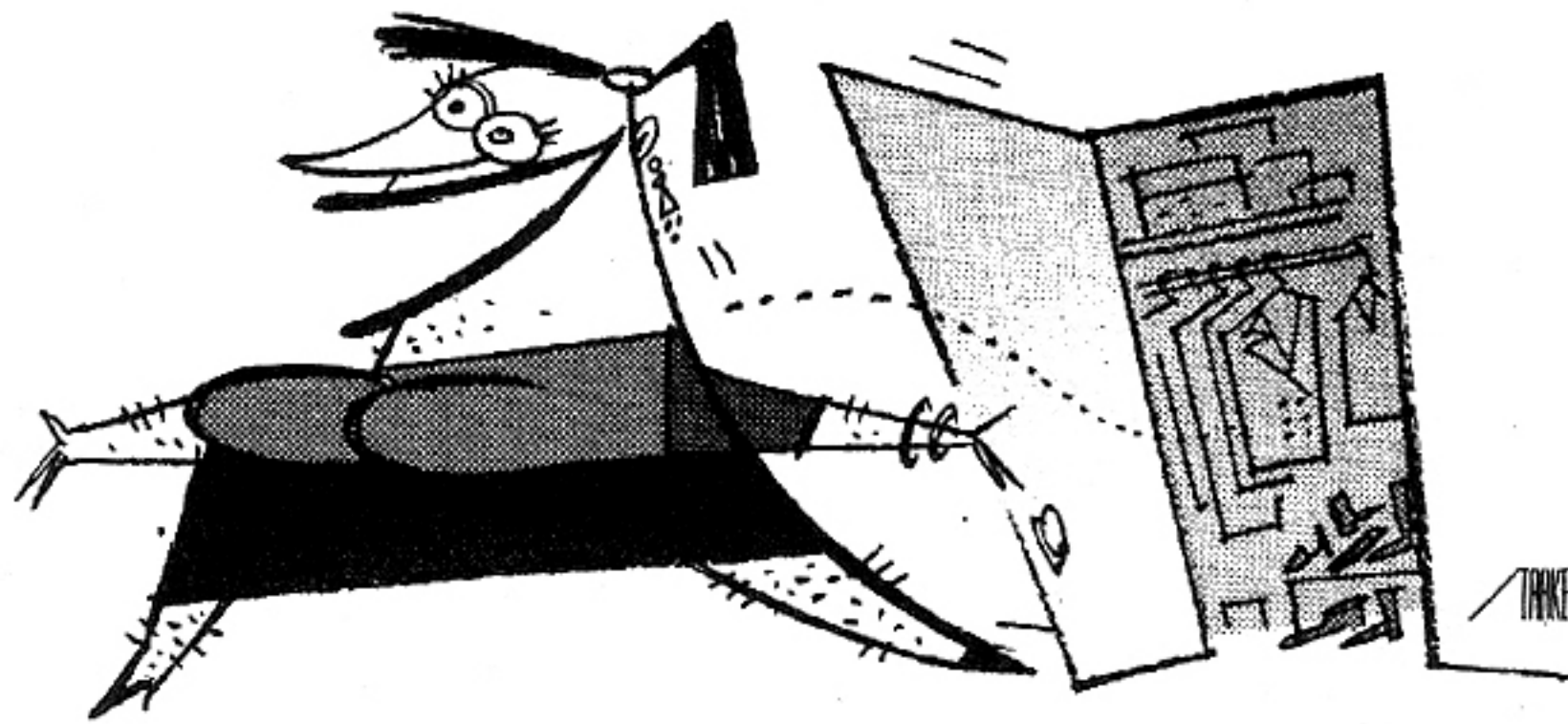


The Style Invitational

Week X: Eastwood Ho.

Good: **Your husband understands fashion.**
 Bad: **He's a cross-dresser.**
 Ugly: **He looks better than you.**



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Good: **Your son's finally maturing.**
 Bad: **He's involved with the woman next door.**
 Ugly: **So are you.**

Good: **You've finally lost weight.**
 Bad: **From an amputation.**
 Ugly: **Via pit bull.**

Good: **You have complete freedom of choice.**
 Bad: **But you're not crazy about the options.**
 Ugly: **Which are "hanging" or "lethal injection."**

This Week's Contest was proposed by Sarah W. Gaymon of Gambrills, who lifted the idea (and the first two examples) from the Net. Create a Good-Bad-Ugly progression, in the mold of those above. First-prize winner gets an antique plate commemorating the completion of the Panama Canal, inscribed, for some reason, "Compliments of Fred J. Harding, Utica, N.Y." This is worth \$25.

First runner-up wins the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-Shirt. The Uncle's Pick wins the yet-to-be-designed but soon-to-be-coveted "The Uncle Loves Me" T-shirt. Send your entries via fax to 202-334-4312, or by e-mail to losers@washpost.com, or by U.S. mail to The Style Invitational, Week X, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071. Deadline is Monday, April 10. All entries must include the week number of the contest and your name, postal address and a daytime or evening telephone number. E-mail entries must include the week number in the message field. Contests will be judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Editors reserve the right to edit entries for taste or content. Results will be published in four weeks. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK VI,

in which we asked you to come up with signs that a presidential candidate's campaign might be in trouble.

◆ Fourth Runner-Up: **All the women on his staff are visibly pregnant.**

(Fred Dawson, Beltsville)

◆ Third Runner-Up: **During speeches, instead of gazing at the candidate with an adoring smile, his wife rolls her eyes and makes little talky-talk hand gestures.**

(Frank Bruno, Alexandria)

◆ Second Runner-Up: **The candidate tells reporters he hopes to "beat the spread."**

(Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

◆ First Runner-Up: **The candidate admits to having shot heroin, but claims he "didn't metabolize it."**

(Bob Sorensen, Herndon)

◆ And the winner of the silent butler:

She . . . (Katharine M. Butterfield, Potomac)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

The campaign treasurer has a "Take a Penny, Leave a Penny" tray on her desk.

(Sue Lin Chong, Washington)

On the candidate's campaign buttons, his name is misspelled. No one notices.

(Fred Dawson, Beltsville; Ed Mickolus, Dunn Loring)

Instead of hats with his name on them, supporters start wearing paper bags with eyeholes.

(Susan Reese, Arlington)

Mothers start holding up their babies for the candidate to change.

(Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

In response to increasingly dire poll results, the candidate begins openly praying to the gods Moloch and Baal.

(Benjamin J. Cooper, Williamsburg)

In different states, the candidate introduces different women as his wife.

(Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

The candidate repeatedly emphasizes his heroic role in averting the Y2K disaster.

(Art Simpsen, Alexandria)

During a debate, the candidate asks to use his "phone a friend" lifeline.

(David A. Prevar, Annapolis; Bob Sorensen, Herndon; Noah Kady, Myersville)

Under increasing pressure to go negative, the candidate revises his theme to: "Working Together in Harmony, We Will Drink Blood From the Skulls of Our Enemy, Partake of His Women and Then Drive Them Lamenting Before Us Into the Wasteland, Thrust His Issue Screaming Into the Abyss, and Scour His Seed From the Face of the Earth Forever."

(Brian Broadus, Charlottesville)

Instead of kissing babies, the candidate starts biting them.

(Earl Gilbert, La Plata)

He is invited to be the commencement speaker at Clown College.

(Susan Reese, Arlington)

The candidate's war wounds turn out to have been inflicted by his own troops.

(Fred Dawson, Beltsville)

I start seriously considering voting for him.

(Jim Salvucci, Washington; David Genser, Arlington)

He offers to debate Alan Keyes "anywhere, any time."

(David Genser, Arlington)

The candidate's Secret Service detail has given him the code name "Loser One."

(Sue Lin Chong, Washington)

The candidate starts bragging he is the only one who can "save Earth from the asteroid."

(Brian Broadus, Charlottesville)

The campaign song changes from "Don't Stop Thinking About Tomorrow" to "No Particular Place to Go."

(Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

The candidate is deported.

(Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

The candidate starts telling the truth.

(Katharine M. Butterfield, Potomac)

The candidate keeps emphasizing his qualifications for vice president.

(John Held, Fairfax; Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

At contentious debates, the candidate starts to rely entirely too much on the "I'm rubber, you're glue" response.

(Bob Sorensen, Herndon)

The candidate frequently clutches chest, staggers.

(Brian Broadus, Charlottesville)

The candidate's solicitation letters for contributions begin: "Remove the top name from the list. Add your name to the bottom . . ."

(Bill Strider, Gaithersburg)

The centerpiece of his campaign is to hire 100,000 more IRS auditors.

(Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

At a news conference, the candidate announces, "I am a woman trapped in a man's body."

(Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.)

Slogan of "Let's stick it to the middle class" has not caught on.

(Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

The candidate begins showing questionable judgment, such as when he says of his opponent, "I'm going to beat him like Rodney King."

(Brian Broadus, Charlottesville)

The candidate sucker-punches Helen Thomas.

(Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

The candidate's campaign staff starts wearing "I'm With Stupid" T-shirts.

(Alex Roth and Peter Overby, Falls Church; Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

The candidate starts answering tough questions by invoking his Fifth Amendment rights.

(Brian Broadus, Charlottesville; Tom Witte, Gaithersburg; Chris Doyle, Burke)

The candidate insists that he wasn't a no-show at the debate, he merely forgot to turn off his cloaking device.

(Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

The slogan on the wall of the candidate's war room reads, "It's China's entry into the World Trade Organization, Stupid."

(Patrick Jones, Alexandria)

The campaign moves its national headquarters from Circle, Mont., to Kalispell, Mont., all but conceding the eastern Montana rancher vote.

(Tom Kreitzberg, Silver Spring)

The candidate claims his most recent physical was an alien anal probe, and he passed with flying colors.

(Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

The candidate's Democratic opponent is endorsed by the Washington Times.

(Gerald H. Smith, Kensington)

The candidate enters The Style Invitational just so he can get his name in The Washington Post.

(Alan Keyes, Maryland; Aaron Frank, Arlington)

◆ The Uncle's Pick:

The candidate greets the VFW with a feisty: "I just flew in from Andrews Air Force Base, and boy are my armies tired."

(Jimmy Roy Wilson, Washington)

(The Uncle Explains: This is both funny—because of the nifty arms-armies pun—and apt, because the candidate would indeed be in hot water for resorting to puns. The public dislikes puns, for some reason. I don't. I think puns are quite, well, ahem, "punny." My joke is turn funny because of the irony of making a pun that utilizes the word pun.)

Next Week: Ask Backwards