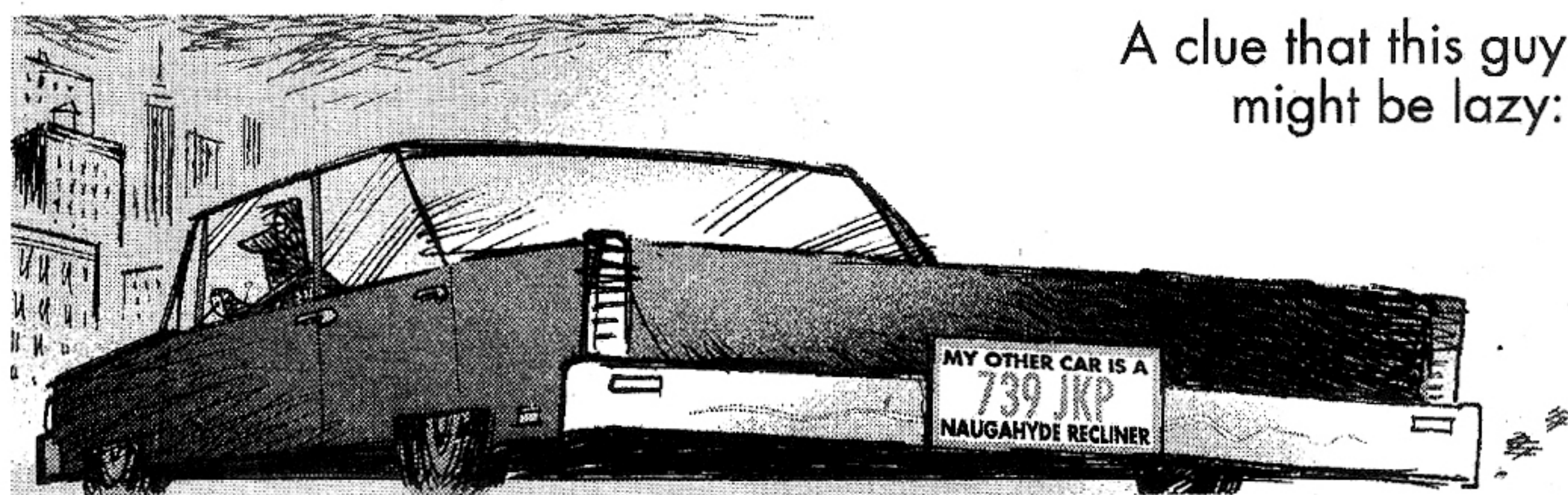


The Style Invitational

Week LIII: The Game of Clue



A clue that this guy might be lazy:

BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Stupid. Unhappily Married. Boorish. Lazy. Reckless. Jealous. Stubborn.

This week's contest: What are some clues that someone might be any of the above? Choose one or more. (Example: You can tell someone is stupid if she brings a scarf back to the store because it is too tight.) First-prize winner gets a framed, two-foot-long Band-Aid, a value of \$40.

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 shockingly ugly "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 LIII, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071. Deadline is Monday, Feb. 5. 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 subject 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 XLIX,

in which we asked for bad pickup lines.

◆ Second Runner-Up— Woman to Man:

"Hey, buy me a drink so I can wash down these damn Midol." (Jennifer Hart, Arlington; Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax)

◆ First Runner-Up— Man to Woman:

"My analyst says I need some help overcoming my misogyny. How about it, bitch?" (Rod Ewing, York, England)

◆ And the winner of the tumblers-on-a-chain:

Man to Woman:

"Hi. I'm the guy who moved 'Dilbert' to the business section." (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

Man to woman:

"I'd like very much to buy you a drink when I get back from the men's room. Say, would you happen to have any reading material on you?" (Jerry Ewing, Fairfax)

"Let's go to your place. They'd never look for me there." (Earl Gilbert, La Plata)

"Wait. Don't go anywhere. I just need to have a little more to drink." (Earl Gilbert, La Plata)

"Hi. I have a very fancy signature." (Howard Walderman, Columbia)

"You're under arrest for impersonating a Greek goddess. But not like one of those statues with the head knocked off, you know, one that's got all its arms and legs, and the nose isn't chipped, and she's just sort of standing there naked." (Colette Zanin, Greenbelt)

"I know what you're thinking. That I look like one of those crazed lunatics who'll become obsessed with you and root through your garbage and kill your pets, but really, I'm nothing like that anymore." (Colette Zanin, Greenbelt)

"People say I'm like a young Paul Newman. I can eat 50 eggs." (Rod Ewing, York, England)

"Hi. You've never been here before. I know that because I have been here every night for the past eight years." (Richard Crenshaw, Riva, Va.; Chris Shreves, Oak Hill, Va.)

"I know what you're thinking. How can this stud be attracted to ME?" (Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax)

"You look like you have a GREAT personality." (Andy Lees, Minneapolis)

"Hello, gorgeous. Lend me a ten-spot and I'll buy you a drink." (Vickie Fruehauf, Arlington)

"Are you going to drink the rest of that?" (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

"If you could be any of the living physicists who have not won the Nobel Prize, which one would it be?" (Jerry Pannullo, Kensington)

"Your eyes are like vapid pools." (Edward Mickolus, Dunn Loring)

"My buddies and I have a bet. Just how much do you weigh?" (Chris Doyle, Burke)

"You have the kind of alabaster skin between your eyebrows that is stunning when glimpsed between your veil and chador." (Steven Feder, Arlington)

"Greetings to you. I am wanting very much to be mating with your body." (Russ Beland, Springfield)

"Is this a banana in my pocket, or am I just glad to see you?" (Russ Beland, Springfield)

"Can I buy you a drink? My wife has been in labor for 12 hours, and I'm really stressed out." (Tom Cronin, Eugene, Ore.)

"You are exactly the same size as my last girlfriend. Would you like some of her clothes? I still have the key to her apartment." (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

Woman to man:

"You know how to whistle, don't you? Just put the QuickAlert Whistle in your lips and blow until the police come." (Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax)

"Is that a pencil / mini Tootsie Roll / toothpick / stringbean in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?" (Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring; Holly Hacker, St. Louis; Jennifer Hart, Arlington; David Genser, Arlington)

"Hi. Slip your tongue in my ear. I'm trying to annoy one of those bikers over there." (Chris Doyle, Burke)

"I finally realized I have to get over that louse and meet new people. So, what's YOUR name?" (Vickie Fruehauf, Arlington)

"Hi. I'm as fertile as Mesopotamia." (Tom O'Connor, St. Paul)

"Lose the sideburns, get your elbows off the bar and sit up straight. And hello." (Jean Sorensen, Herndon; Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

◆ The Uncle's Pick: Man to Woman:

"Hi! My name is both a palindrome and a fishing tool." (James Pierce, Charlottesville) The Uncle Explains: Ladies SAY they like smart men, but they'll always go for the football hero over the clever fellow like our friend . . . Bob."

Next Week: A Kinder, Gender Nation