

The Style Invitational »

REPORT FROM WEEK 808

in which we asked you to compose a poem or other funny writing using only the exact words in that week's Style Invitational. Despite the lofty source — we decided that the Bible, Shakespeare, etc., just weren't inspiring enough — many contestants failed to come close to the humor of the originals. And as always, there were the ostensibly rhyming verses with "rhymes" like "stimulus"/"humorous"; "eight"/"desperate"; and this week's worst poem, a seeming limerick attempting to rhyme "Vegas," "Genesis" and "lecture us." But to the Empress's relief, a handful of intrepid Losers with far too much time on their hands saved the day.

**THE
WINNER
OF THE
INKER**

2 the winner of the book "What's Your Poo Telling You?":
**Hips/tush surgery to the letter,
Implants fall below the sweater,
Foofy hair done to a T:
A trophy wife I hope to be.**
(Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

[First writing, original words, not edited.] To be or not to be? That is the . . . the . . . call it "the debate." Does one take hits or become a struggling man with no hope of success, only to get the [deleting of curse words] hit out of you?
(Russell Beland, Fairfax)

3 A desperate, fierce-ugly guy asks you to dinner. Your "I can't now" is more or less an alternative to:
■ "With you? Not in a million years."
■ "Back off, %&*#!"
■ "Just what have you been smoking?"
■ "Maybe with some reconstructive surgery you could get your head out of your butt."
(Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

4 Business is now down all drains,
We've taken it in the tush,
A million layoffs just this week —
But still, I don't miss Bush.
(Anne Paris, Arlington)

'VITERS' BLOCK: HONORABLE MENTIONS

Good: You are the winner of one million dollars.
Bad: . . . in Zimbabwe. (Chris Doyle)

Don't fall for the astonishingly imposing implants, the smoking hips, or the lusted-after tush. Or, at the end, St. Peter will not be saying, "Good job! Come in!"
(Beverly Sharp, Washington)

Could an ugly wife being taken to surgery be seen as an honorable task, or just a radical way to restore that lusted-after quality for the owner? (Vic Krysko, Suratthani, Thailand)

It's March 14? Then have some pie, all you number dorks! (Chris Doyle)

To the people of the U.S.: Our nation must have reconstructive surgery. (Some assembly required.) You will get the bill. — President Obama, M.D. (Beverly Sharp)

**Victoria's Secret? We get it; it's clear:
Be advised: After 50, you don't be-long here.** (Beverly Sharp)

Good: Your in-the-mood wife asks you to get into an unusual sexual position.
Bad: It's the one your buddy was just telling you is an "original" move of his. (Chris Doyle)

**Secret, pseudonymous Governor Spitzer, to Ashley, is only a Regular John.
Summoned for sexual Comfort, she's fast to get Down to the business of Getting it on.** (Chris Doyle)

"Back Words": Book unusual astonishingly an of title the here's. (Chris Doyle)

**Finally, a poem
With exact punctuation!
Let us write it's words down.**

No! Call off the celebration!
(Jay Shuck)

**That Wall Street guy was once imposing;
We now applaud his daily hosing.**
(Kevin Dopart, Washington)

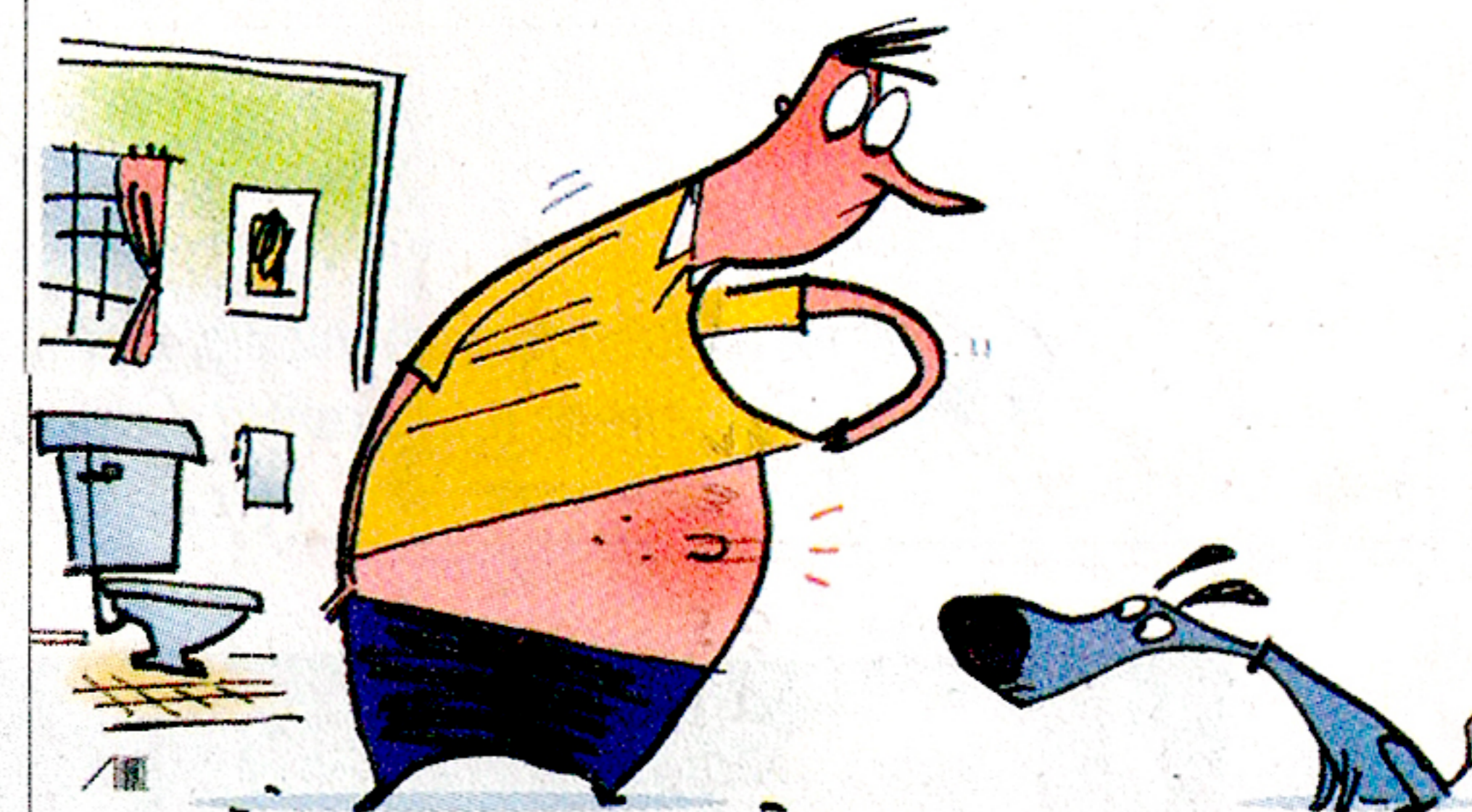
This week's contest appears to have bit. (Russell Beland)

And Last: For readers of Genesis, first came The Maker. Still, it may be that billions of years back, some energy erupts, and a single bit of hope appears in the smelly gop. More change, and after a longer time, a mammal, a man, and in the end, we get Russell Beland, Fairfax. Can this be on purpose? (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

Next Week: Unkindest Cutlines, or Gross Captioning

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 812: Rx-Rated Humor

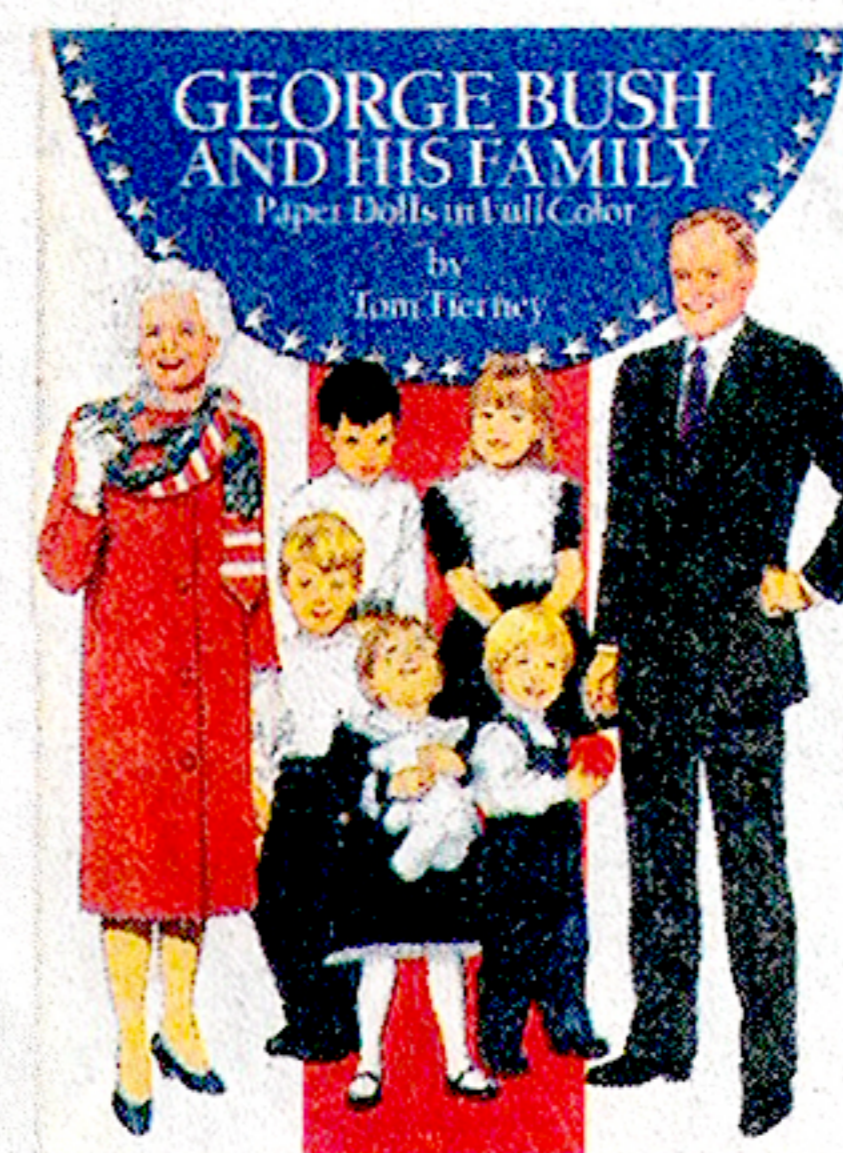


BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

If you hiccup, blink and urinate at the same time, your bellybutton will switch from an innie to an outie.

In The Style Invitational's ongoing quest to misinform the reading public, we again seek what we've been calling fictoids — fascinating facts that just happen to contain no truth whatsoever. Today, prompted by the suggestion of 25-time Loser Andrea Kelly, we enter the arena of the human body (or, for you more petite people, the cozy corner cafe of the human body). **This week: Offer up some entirely false medical or physiological "fact,"** as in Andrea's example above. No fair just going to the Internet and copying out the mountains of advice offered up by well-meaning and totally misinformed commenters who habituate medical Web sites.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a fabulous book of paper dolls of "George H. Bush and His Family," dated 1990 and featuring pictures of many family members, including a youthful-looking George W. and little-girl granddaughters Jenna and Barbara. Rather creepily for us, President 41 appears wearing only a T-shirt tucked into white briefs, and Mrs. Bush is downright come-hither in a form-fitting black slip and, of course, pearls. But there are 24 outfits you can put on them very quickly.



Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. First Offenders get a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener" (Fir Stink for their First Ink). One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to losers@washpost.com or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, April 20. Put "Week 812" in the subject line of your e-mail, or it risks being ignored as spam. Include your name, postal address and phone number with your entry. Contests are judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Entries may be edited for taste or content. Results will be published May 9. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by Tom Witte; the revised title for next week's results is by Barbara Turner.