

The Style Invitational »

REPORT FROM WEEK 829

In which we asked for limericks featuring words that begin with di-, in a nod to the ongoing efforts at Oedilf.com to assemble a whole dictionary's worth of five-line doggerel. And for hundreds of the almost 900 entries we received, the emphasis was on "dog," with people submitting such "rhymes" as "differential calculus / ridiculous," "diabolic / Catholic" and "middle / pickle." But as always, they were blown out of the water by the work of some inspired limericians, most of them veteran Invitational Losers but also some once-a-year visitors as well as a few First Offenders. Note the numerous across-the-pond Losers this week; hence rhymes like "ignore / law."

THE
WINNER
OF THE
INKER

She's a girl of outstanding dimensions
(Two of which were her surgeon's inventions).

She's got 36D-
22-33 . . .

And a PhD nobody mentions. (Andrew Burnet, Edinburgh, Scotland, a First Offender)

2 the winner of the bacon- and
cupcake-flavor dental floss, plus the
bacon mints:

A dimwitted local Fort Worth
Is a formerly vocal flat-Earther.

This yokel was due

To latch onto a new

Source of lunacy: Now he's a birther.

(Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

3 The new diet I'm on is a winner:
It's just sauerkraut, breakfast
through dinner.

The gas from both ends

Repels all of my friends,

So from farther away, I seem thinner!

(Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)

4 An ecdysiast twists at the hip,
Reaches down for a
hands-to-feet grip,

Then remains in that pose

While disrobing, which shows

The high art of the Möbius strip.

(Chris Doyle)

NOW DIRECT YOUR ATTENTIONS TO HON'RABLE MENTIONS

When one person's word is the law,
That's dictatorship. Do not ignore

Or contest the decrees

Addressed to you, please:

Just say "Yes, dear," and not a word more. (Hugh
Thirlway, The Hague)

Mixing cyanide, lye and dioxin,

You can make the world's second-worst toxin.

(If you're looking to go

For the ultimate, throw

My three teenagers' sneakers and socks in.) (Brendan
Beary)

You're sloshed, Al!" his lady admonished.

"Yer right, luv," he slurred. "I'm astonished!

I'd try to refute

That I'm drunk as a coot,

But that would be bein' dishonesht." (Mae Scanlan,
Washington)

Though she cheated on me, I can't blame her,

Since she'd warned me no marriage could tame her:

Repeating, "I do,"

She'd then whispered, "Not true."

(Maybe next time I'll heed the disclaimer.) (Jim Pettit,
Naples, Fla., a First Offender)

Mr. Waters? A call on the line,

With a gender I just can't define.

Someone born long ago

To an actor you know —

It's Chianti, the fruit of Divine. (Mike Turniansky,
Pikesville, Md.)

In and out of the bathroom all night.

Diarrhea: My stomach's not right.

All I ate was a Frito,

And then a Dorito:

Two chips that had passed in the night. (Scott Campisi,
Wake Village, Tex.)

"I just love Mister Springsteen," she flirted.

"Ma'am, your ticket is fake!" the guard blurted.

"But I'm in the front row!"

"Ma'am, you still have to go."

So she left, feeling quite disconcerted.

(Craig Dykstra, Centreville)

Archimedes excitedly raced

Through the town when the water displaced

Made him bellow, "Eureka!"

That Syracuse streaka

Showed off a lot more than poor taste. (Brendan Beary)

The promoters had sweetened the pot,

So the blues singers all made a lot,

Excepting young Bo,

Who would open the show.

No, they didn't pay Diddley squat. (Chris Doyle)

I've fitted my lamps with a dimmer

That reduces their light to a glimmer,

To protect my weak sight;

The result is, tonight,

That I can't see to finish this limer . . . (Hugh Thirlway)

And Last, an Anti-invitational:

Though disdain for the

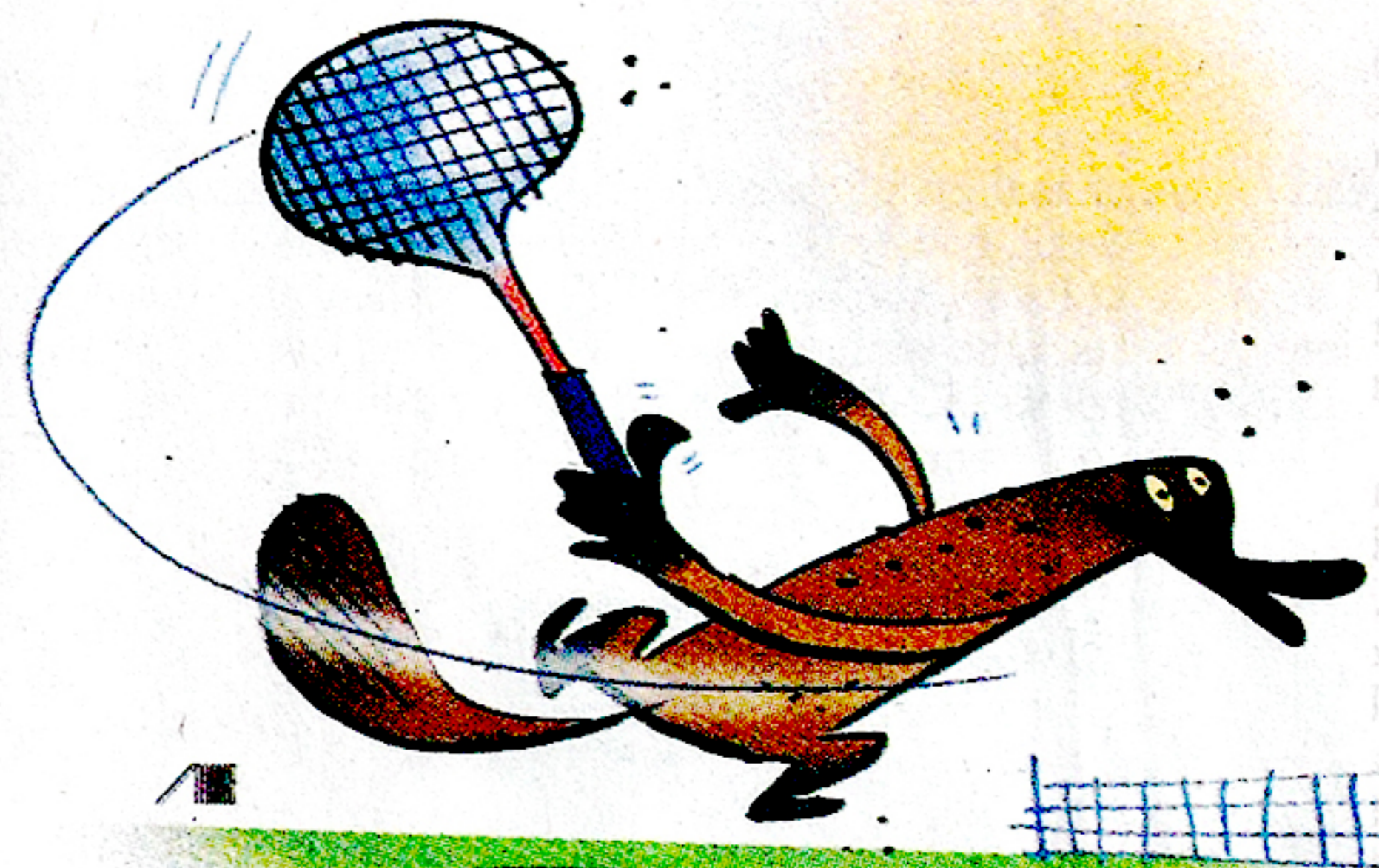
Rules is taboo, the Empress

Might print a haiku. (Chris Doyle)

See more Honorable Mentions (especially of the classic
not-quite-for-Aunt Mildred variety) at
washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational.

Next Week: Mess With Our Heads, or Black and White
and Misread All Over

THE STYLE INVITATIONAL »



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Week 833: Our Greatest Hit

Platyplus: A mammal with webbed feet, a duck bill and opposable thumbs. (Russell Beland, Springfield, 2003)

Doltergeist: A spirit that decides to haunt someplace stupid, such as your septic tank. (David Genser, Arlington, 1998)

It's the only contest for which the Empress receives unsolicited entries, year round, year after year, from people who've gotten the idea that this is all we do here in Invitetown. Let's hope they stumble on this year's version: **Start with a real word or multi-word term or name that begins with M, N, O or P; add one letter, subtract one letter, replace one letter or transpose two adjacent letters; and define the new word, as in the examples above.** Note that it's the original word, not the result, that must start with one of those letters.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place gets the Style Invitational International Delight Gourmet Gift Pak, which consists of a can of haggis (primary ingredients: lamb lungs and oatmeal), sent from Scotland by traveling Loser Drew Bennett of the Ozarks, who couldn't find any squirrel on the shelves in Edinburgh; and a can of the tasty fungus that Mexicans call huitlacoche and the less-marketing-inclined have termed corn smut, donated by occasional Loser Mike Czuhajewski.

Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. 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, Sept. 14. Put "Week 833" 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 Oct. 3. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. The revised title for next week's results is by Beverley Sharp; this week's Honorable Mentions name is by Kevin Dopart.

ON WASHINGTONPOST.COM

Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join the Style Conversational discussion at washingtonpost.com/styleconversational.