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Style

Style Invitational Week 936: Hoho Contendere – neologisms based on a foreign term; and the winning "your mama" jokes



Bob Staake/For The Washington Post (Bob Staake/For The Washington Post)

By **Pat Myers** September 9, 2011

Laissez-fairy: She thinks the market should determine the fair price for a lost tooth.

Non compos mantis: Bugging out.

It's our first neologism contest in 13 weeks, and it's straightforward, sort of: Slightly alter a well-known foreign-language term and define it, as Font of Contest Suggestions Malcolm Fleschner has done in the examples above. The hitch: What counts as a "foreign" language — given that so many foreign words and phrases have entered English essentially unchanged? Well, we'll make calls as we go along, but we promise to be generous; the terms you use should clearly come from a foreign language, and for a definition to work as a joke, it's important that the original term be clear and well-known enough to be recognized in your altered version.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second prize gets, courtesy of Loser Beverley Sharp, a can of Slap Ya Mama Cajun seasoning direct from Evangeline Parish, La., in honor of this week's results (Beverley didn't find it until after Week 932 was announced), as well as a tin of Albert Einstein's Relatively Strong Mints, which she picked up at the National Museum of Nuclear Science and History in Albuquerque. Beverley gets around.

Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable mentions get a lusted-after Loser magnet. First Offenders get a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener" (FirStink for their first ink). E-mail entries to losers@washpost.com or fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Sept. 19; results published Oct. 9 (Oct. 7 online).





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e-mail subject line, or it may be ignored as spam. Include your real name, postal address and phone number with your entry. See contest rules and guidelines at washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational. The revised title for next week's results is by Judy Blanchard; this week's honorable-mentions name is by Kevin Dopart.

Report from Week 932

in which we asked for original insult jokes in what we decorously call the "your mama" genre. The genre itself, though, isn't decorous in the least. They're insult jokes! As for originality, we Googled them as best we could, but if you've heard them before, laugh again.

The winner of the Inker:

Your mama's so lazy, Dan Snyder offered her a \$20 million signing bonus. (Ben Aronin, Arlington, Va.)

- 2. Winner of the scorpion-embedded lollipop plus the foam
 Instant Dinosaurs: Your mama's so ugly, the French made her wear a
 burqa. (Robert Schechter, Dix Hills, N.Y.)
- 3. Your mama's so ugly, even the Heritage Foundation doesn't want to invade her. (David Genser, Poway, Calif.)
- 4. Your mama's nose hair is so long, I can barely see her mustache. (Jim Reagan, Herndon)

Relatively insulting: Honorable mentions

Your mama's so fat, she wears A-line socks. (Dion Black, Washington)

Your mama's so ugly, she was thrown out of Congress for tweeting a picture of her face. (Robert Schechter)

Your mama's so fat, Superman has to take three bounds to leap over her. (Matt Monitto, Elon, N.C.)

Your mama's so dumb, she hired Casey Anthony to babysit. (Joe Neff, Warrington, Pa.)

Your mama's so ugly, when Bill Clinton denied sleeping with her, people believed him. (Mike Gips, Bethesda, Md.)

Your mama's so ugly, she puts the oy in gargle. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

Your mama's so big and hairy, Sarah Palin almost shot her. (Susie Wiltshire, Richmond, Va.)

Your mama's so dumb, the only way she passed eighth grade was by copying your answers. (Ben Aronin)

Your mama's so fat, she got wedged in the golden arches. (Rob Huffman, Fredericksburg, Va.)

Your mama's so fat, she wears Army boots — one on each toe. (Edmund Conti, Raleigh, N.C.)

Your mama's so fat, when she goes swimming, the Greenpeace boat comes to protect her. (Barbara Turner, Takoma Park, Md.)

Your mama's so dumb, she uses the binary system because she can't count to two. (Meg Smith, Gaithersburg, Md., a First Offender)

Your mama's such a wimp, she has a black belt in kowtow. (Barrie Collins,

just asking to be left afort

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Long Sault, Ontario)

Your mama's so old, she was at Abel's bris. (Bird Waring, Larchmont, N.Y.)

Your mama's makeup is so heavy, cupcakes are jealous. (Elise Jacobs, Silver Spring, Md.)

Your mama's so big, she doesn't have hot flashes, she has global warming. (Dudley Thompson, Cary, N.C.)

Your mama's so old, her only dating is carbon. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

Your mama's so fat, when she sat down on Chuck Norris he couldn't get up. (Valerie Matthews, Ashton, Md.)

Your mama's so ugly, that's not a birthmark on her neck, it's a bolt. (Lawrence McGuire, Waldorf, Md.)

Your mama's so ugly, her teeth fell out just to get away from her face.

(Wayne Rodgers. Satellite Beach, Fla.)

Your mama's so dumb, she doesn't like the Washington Monument because "it don't look like him at all!" (Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax, Va.)

Your mama's so stupid, they gave her a Rorschach test and she answered "ink blot" to every question. (Robert Schechter)

I'm not saying she's loose, but I heard Hasbro's changing the name to the "Your Mama Bake Oven." (Beth Baniszewski, Cambridge, Mass.)

Your mama's so fat, she buys her clothes at Macy's . . . parade float hangar. (Carol Passar, Reston, Va.)

Your mama's so tacky, the plastic Jesus on her truck's dashboard is a bobblehead. (Phil Frankenfeld, Washington)

Your mama's so vacuous, she thinks it's a compliment. (Judy Blanchard, Novi, Mich.)

Your mama's had the clap so many times, she walks into a room and all the lights go off. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)

Your mama's so crazy, even Newsweek won't put her on the cover. (Jeff Hazle, Woodbridge, Va.)

Whenever your mama gets undressed, Congress has to pass another TARP. (Judy Blanchard)

When your mama goes to McDonald's, you can watch the numbers change. (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

Your mama's so ugly, paper bags refuse to go over her head. (Dudley Thompson)

Your mama's so easy, she tattoos her boyfriends' names on herself in pencil. (Larry Yungk, Arlington, Va.)

Your mama's so ugly that as she was being born, the delivery nurse said, "Push, push! No, wait. PULL!" (Chris Doyle)

Your mama's so old, the first yo-mama joke was about her. (Elliott Schiff, Allentown, Pa.)

Your mama's so zen. (Doug Frank, Crosby, Tex.)

Your mama's so dumb she doesn't know "Mr. Obama, yous is dum" is an anagram for "Your mama's so dumb." She says it all the time, but she has no

idea (Drow Knohlauch Arlinaton)

And Last: Your mama's so pathetic, she raised a daughter who created a contest for insulting mothers. (*Michael Reinemer*, Annandale, Va.)

Visit the online discussion group The Style Conversational, where the Empress discusses today's new contest and results along with news about the Loser Community — and you can vote for your favorite among the inking entries, since you no doubt figured the Empress chose the wrong winner. If you'd like an e-mail notification each week when the Invitational and Conversational are posted online, write to the Empress at losers@washpost.com (note that in the subject line) and she'll add you to the mailing list. And on Facebook, join the lively group Style Invitational Devotees and chime in.

Next week: Stories that count (to 56) or We're not wordy! We're not wordy!



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Pat Myers

Pat Myers is editor and judge of The Style Invitational, The Washington Post's page for clever, edgy humor and wordplay. In the role since December 2003, she has posted and judged more than 700 contests. She also writes the weekly Style Conversational column and runs the Style Invitational Devotees page on Facebook. Follow

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