## The Style Invitational

## **WEEK 23: HAPPY ENDINGS**

You scratch my back and ... I'll slap you with a harassment suit.

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the ... street.

Read my lips. New taxes.

The only thing we have to fear is tractor-trailers exploding on the Beltway.

Watson, come here, I ...

Damn. Hang on, Watson, there's another call coming in.

This week's contest: Modernize an old quote or expression by altering its ending. First-prize winner receives what may be the ugliest clock ever manufactured, a value of about \$50. We will say only that it appears to be constructed entirely of licorice. Runners-up, as always, get the coveted Style invitational losers' T-shirts. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to the Style Invitational, Week 23, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or fax them to 202-334-4312. Entries must be received on or before Monday, August 16. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. No purchase necessary. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

in which we asked you to rewrite either of two 60-year-old comics, filling in the balloons with contemporary subject matter.

But first, a brief aside. We have received calls and letters requesting the name of the Czar of the Style Invitational. Regrettably, we cannot disclose this. At The Post, it is a closely guarded secret, like the identity of Deep Throat, which is known only to Bob Woodward and the Czar of The Style Invitational. Thank you.

First Runner Up:



(Mark Brackett, Laurel)

◆ And the Winner of the Vintage Typewriter and six tomatoes from Joel Achenbach's garden:



(Tom Gearty, Washington)

## Honorable Mentions:



(Paul Kondis, Alexandria)



(Jim Tucker, Charlottesville)



Voody Franke, Reston)

Next Week: A So-So Contest.