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 ...

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

This week's contest: Modernize an old idiom 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, or winners, get the coveted Style Invitational 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, 1130 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or fax them to (202) 34-6015. Entries must be received no later than Friday, August 19. 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 to join.

Flint Runner-Up:

REPORT FROM WEEK 20
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 expressing the concern of the name of the Caar of the Style Invitational. Regrettably, we cannot disclose this name. At The Post, it is a closely guarded secret, the identity of Dope Throat, which is known only to Bob Woodyard and the Caar of The Style Invitational. Thank you.

*First Runner-Up:

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

Honorable Mentions:

(Steve King, Alexandria)

(Paul Korda, Alexandria)

(Woody Franko, Reston)

Next Week: A So-So Contest.

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