The Style Invitational
WEEK 36: SCAM ON WRY

1. Chisel onto stone tablets Bill Clinton's inaugural speech, translated into Sanskrit, and bury it at the site of a present archaeological dig.
2. Walk into an ethnic restaurant and saunter past diners into the kitchen, carrying a cat in a cage.
3. Tell Bob Packwood that there is an attractive woman out there who forgives him and wants to date him. When he gets all lathered up, send over Lorena Bobbitt.

This week's contest: Come up with a prank you can play, for fun, profit, or deliverance of a well-needed comeuppance. This was inspired by an entry to last week's contest submitted by Mike Morman, of College Park. Mike wins some "Sweet Candy" in an attractive plastic nose. First-prize winner receives a plastic clock with a tasteful Last Supper motif, including plastic chalices, a value of $50. Runners-up, as always, get the coveted Style Invitational! T-shirts. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and surliness. Mail your entries to the Style Invitational, Week 36, The Washington Post, 1 100 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20001, or fax them to 202-334-4213. Entries must be received on or before Monday, Nov. 15. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. No purchase necessary. Hi. This is the Fare of the Fire Print, again. Any more darkeye middle names out there? Send us your middle name, with proof, and maybe win a loser's t-shirt. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

Report from Week 33,
In which we were asked to cover the moon landing, the Lincoln assassination or the stock market crash in the style of someone whose work regularly appears in the Washington Post.

One comment: You should all be lined up against a wall and shot.

شيرتاء رفرفة:

M orley Todd Lincoln has a suggestion for the folks at Ford's Attorney. Seems Mrs. Lincoln was attending a play at the theater last week when an assassin shot her husband. Mr. Lincoln believes the whole thing could have been avoided if Ford's adopted a policy requiring assassins to check their weapons. How 'bout it, Ford?

(Elizabeth C. Kelley, Silver Spring)

◆ Fourth Runner-Up:

◆ Third Runner-Up:

◆ Second Runner-Up:

◆ First Runner-Up:

Moonlight Becomes Me

A s a boy growing up in New York, I felt a certain possessiveness concerning the moon. It shone more brightly not just on me, but on friends and neighborhood as well. I vividly remember an important occasion involving the moon. The eve of my bar mitzvah. That night, trying on my very first new suit, a shiny blue serge job, I recall the moonlight reflecting off the material. I had become one with the eons. Years later, when Man actually walked on my moon, as an American I felt proud. Yet, somehow, violated. This dichotomy...

(Peter Charles, Alexandria)

◆ And the winner of Mickey's Clock Shop:

Bob Levy's Washington
Hey, folks! Here's this month's neologism contest:
You're a Wall Street stockbroker, and you've just been ruined in the big crash. Benefit of hope, you leap off the roof of your downtown office building. As you plummet toward certain death, that funny little tickly feeling you get in your stomach is called...
The winner receives an all-expense-paid lunch for two with yours truly at the soup kitchen of his or her choice.

(Paul Sabourin, Greenbelt)

Judy Mann
As I was reading The Washington Post today, noticing yet again that all the meaty articles were written by men, my daughter rushed over to tell me the news she had just heard on the TV set in the den. (Das! Such a masculine wordl!) A man had walked on the moon. I shouldn't be surprised that I had been doing the walking. Yes, men walk, leaving women to fend for themselves, while they go on to marry younger women...

(Barbara Rich, Charlottesville)

Gentle Walks on Moon
By Richard Cohen
While on vacation in Berlin last week—where, I might add, the women's couture is less dowdy than that of Washington, but lacks that certain gauche pizzazz—you may have heard, all Paris—I was reminded of the carefree days of my youth, some 25 years after Hitler invaded Poland...

(Kitty Thurer, Washington)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

◆ And Last: The Reliable Source, by Louis Romano
April was a bad month for Abraham Lincoln...

(Uoyce Small, Hernnd)

◆ The Federal Diary, by Mike Causey:
Civil Servants Walk on Moon (Dan Harbauebeich, Stephens City)

Next Week: Inspect a Gadget.

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