From Jeffrey Dahmer:

"SWM seeks a relationship to really sink his teeth into..."

From a leper:

"I'm a homebody, but a part of me likes to slip away from time to time..."

From a Siamese twin:

"...SWF, very close to her family..."

From a bulimic:

"...Easy to please, enjoys pretty much whatever comes up..."

This week's contest was suggested by the fact that Sunday Style today begins running personal classified ads, those earnest little tidbits of creative falsehood where people try to paint themselves in as favorable a light as possible without actually lying. So, in 40 words or fewer write a personal ad. It may be for a celebrity or for anyone in need of admirer euphemism. Winner gets an attractively cute 30-pound cement lawn sculpture of two kittens in a bedroom slipper, a value of $50. Runners-up, as always, get the coveted Style Invitational losers' T-shirts. Honorable Mentions get the misty satisfied Style Invitational bumper stickers. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to the Style Invitational, Week 65, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20001, or fax them to 202-334-4312 or submit them via internet at this address: losers@access.dgnet.net. Entries must be received on or before Monday, May 30. 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.

REPORT FROM WEEK 61:

in which we asked you to fill in the balloons for Marc Rosenthall's funny cartoons.

Sigh. We knew this would happen eventually. As we have said before, The Style Invitational does not seek or practice diversity. The Style Invitational is America's last remaining pure meritocracy. We choose winners based entirely on humor. We do not try for—oh, on the basis of ethnicity, geography, socioeconomics, or gender. We are objective, but we are not fair.

Sue us. Mary Ann The Lawyer eats sniveling, mewling whiners like you for breakfast.

There were 1,400 entries this week, submitted by 445 individuals. These were the winners:

• Fourth Runner-Up (Cartoon C): "I couldn't afford the little castle, so I let the fish swim in and out of my nose." (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

• Third Runner-Up (Cartoon C): "A one-piranha suicide is going to take some time." (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

• Second Runner-Up (Cartoon C): "I still think this is too much ether, but tell the psychologist I'm ready now." (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

• First Runner-Up (Cartoon D): "Yayp! With my new Hockey-Cat toy, I'll make millions!" (Tom Garity, Arlington)

• And the winner of the escapist magician's leg shackles (Cartoon C):

"Nondiff shampoos are okay, but they miss the nose hairs." (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Honorable Mentions:

Cartoon A: "Look, the headline says there's some guy running around strangling cats! I hope they catch him." (Mike White, Alexandria)

Cartoon B: "Lesson, I've carefully packaged the bomb with untraceable explosive, cleaned all fingerprints, and done a pretty good imitation of a real postmark. They'll never figure out who...hey, where the hell is my torpedow?" (Chuck Harmon, District Heights)

Cartoon C: "Yes, it does look bigger this way!" (Rod Reynolds, Bowie)

"By God, you're right. From inside the fishbowl, my cat does look like a poorly drawn knockout of Krazy Kat!" (Bill Ate, Bowie)

Cartoon D: "Who's the wise guy who said it was easier to stand on your head in water?" (Chuck Harmon, District Heights)

"You mean, you don't think The Post literally meant for me to go soak my head, do you?" (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

And Last (Cartoon B): "By removing my scalp and mailing my imagination directly to the Style Invitational editors, I can let them pick a winner for me every week and save time for really important stuff! Chuck Smith told his dog, Woodbridge." (Matt Wagner, Chantilly)

Next Week: Bad News Bearers.