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Entertainment

Style Invitational Week 1356: Ask Backwards 38

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We give you the answers; you write the questions. Plus steamy prose for unsteamy situations.



(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

By **Pat Myers**

Oct. 31, 2019 at 9:49 a.m. EDT

(Click [here to skip down](#) to the winning faux-racy prose)

- The middle seat in coach
- The next Crayola color
- Pierre Defecto
- 42-3
- Lynt
- Laft
- A box of Sharpies
- A Botoxed Shar-Pei
- A perfect call
- Ankle, ankle, hooray!
- The Washington Monument elevator

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1 Learn how AI can be harnessed to solve complex new business challenges.



2 How hybrid multicloud infrastructure can improve computing, storage and growth



3 Discover how IT modernization can be achieved with open-source systems.

- The Washington Monument elevator
- Iowa Man
- Lil Nas XL
- A 10-year-old jar of natural peanut butter
- Rudy Giuliani's more pensive moments
- A dress made of Loser magnets

If you've read The Style Invitational on any of 37 particular occasions since Week 24 in 1993 — most recently a year ago — then you know what we're doing here. If not: **Above are 16 “answers.” Tell us the questions**, up to a total of 25 A&Q's. Write the answer first, followed by the question.

Submit up to 25 entries at wapo.st/enter-invite-1356 (no capitals in the Web address).

Winner gets the [Lose Cannon](#), our Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a cute little desk toy called [Zen Garden Litter Box](#), which sets you on the path to enlightenment by letting you drag a little Barbie-size wooden rake through a bit of sand in a tiny tray and make exquisite designs in it — only you are to pretend that the sand is cat litter, which is why the kit comes with two itty-bitty toy cats. It also has “5 decorative rocks,” though in their feline context you'd be forgiven for thinking they're supposed to be, well, clumps. It even comes with a mini-book on “the Zen of litter box gardening.” At least it smells perfectly fine. Donated by Loser Drew Bennett, who is ever closer to reaching his twin goals of getting down to 200 pounds and getting up to 200 blots of ink; in fact, he's already printed himself a certificate to be signed by the Empress. Drew's right now at 202, he writes, but he still has 13 inks to go. Don't gain it back, Drew!

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Your clumpless path to enlightenment. This week's tiny second prize. (alwaysfits.com)

Other runners-up win our “[You Gotta Play to Lose](#)” Loser Mug or our “[Whole Fools](#)” Grossery Bag. Honorable mentions get one of our lusted-after Loser magnets, “[Too-Weak Notice](#)” or “[Certificate of \(de\) Merit](#).” First Offenders receive only a smelly tree-shaped air “freshener” ([FirStink](#) for their first ink).

Deadline is Monday, Nov. 11; results published Dec. 1 in print, Nov. 27 (Wednesday) online. See general

Most Read Arts & Entertainment

- 1 Review**
Buried deep in a disappointing Rembrandt and Velázquez show are two portraits that demand to be seen



- 2** The latest word on Planet Word: Downtown D.C.'s language museum is set to open in May



- 3 Review**
It's always a good time to revisit the brilliance of Elizabeth Bishop



- 4 Review**
As rock-star portrayals go, it doesn't get any better than Adrienne Warren as Tina Turner



- 5** Style Invitational Week 1357: It's parody time!



Read These Comments newsletter

The best comments and conversations at The Washington Post, delivered every Friday. Join the

contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/InvRules. The headline “Har-Core Humor” was submitted by both Bill Dorner and Kevin Dopart; Beverley Sharp wrote the honorable-mentions subhead. Join the lively Style Invitational Devotees group on Facebook at on.fb.me/invdev. “Like” the Style Invitational Ink of the Day on Facebook at bit.ly/inkofday; follow [@StyleInvite](https://twitter.com/StyleInvite) on Twitter.

The Style Conversational The Empress's weekly online column, published late Thursday afternoon, discusses each new contest and set of results. Especially if you plan to enter, check it out at wapo.st/conv1356.

[And from The Style Invitational four weeks ago . . .](#)

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Har-core humor: 'Steamy' prose from Week 1352

In [Week 1352](#) we asked for some steamy writing about decidedly unsteamy situations: in essence, double-entendres. Some of the entries were *so* porny-sounding that the Empress had to dab repeatedly at her tiara — even when the story turned out to be about slipping a Visa into the card-reading machine. Here are the best of the tamer accounts, followed after the first dozen or so by racier-sounding ones — but still, of course, not one of them is about sex. What kind of paper do you think we are?

4th place:

She was all over me the moment I walked in. She pressed and pressed me to stroke her, not to stop. We continued to fool around, right there on the floor . . . and I knew that I would be taking her home with me for more. Moments later I filled out the paperwork from the SPCA, and . . .

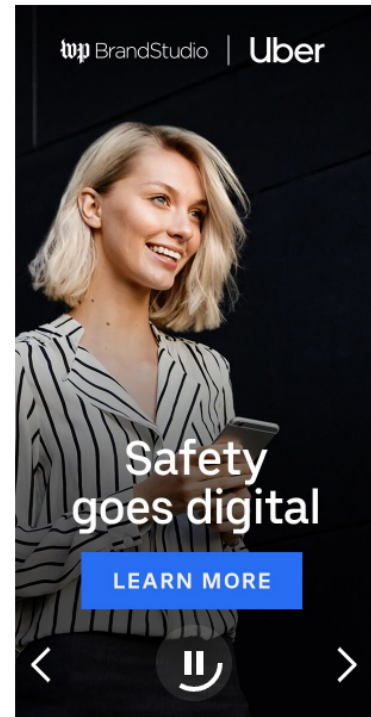
(Kevin Dopart, Washington)

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conversation.

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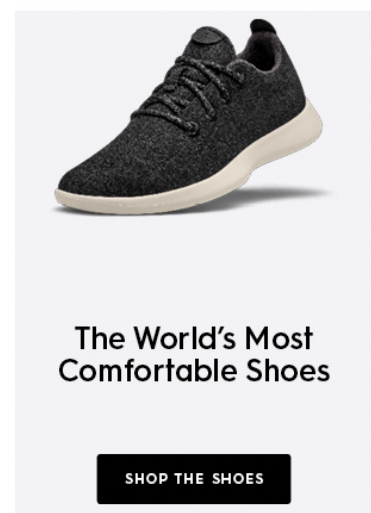
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3rd place:

My fingers slid across that spot, sensing its contours, then pressed gently but firmly. Did I have consent to go all the way? Not yet: "Wait," I heard — not "no," but "wait"! And so I shivered with anticipation, knowing that I would soon get the "walk" signal.

(Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase, Md.)

2nd place

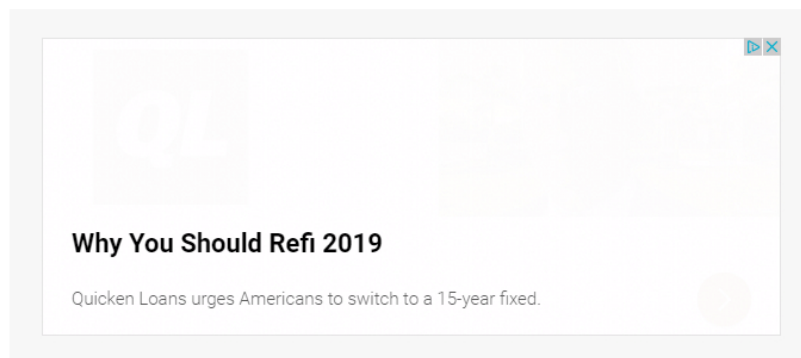
and the *Undies for Two four-holed bikini briefs*:

Is it wrong to take advantage of her? Though we'll both be sorry later, I know I'm making her hotter by the minute and I don't want to stop. We're co-dependent, Mother Earth. — Mankind, All-Over-You *(Kevin Dopart)*

And the winner of the Lose Cannon:

She dims the lights and prepares the device just for me. I wait with a mixture of curiosity and excitement as she moves it toward me, pressing it gently against my skin. She tries one setting, then another. "Is this better? Or this?" I reply, "Please could you do it again?" Again and again, until finally, "Yes! That!" "Perfect," she says. "Your new glasses should arrive within five business days."

(Jeff Strong, Fairfax, Va.)



Porn to lose: Honorable mentions

"My fingers clenched the sheets and I experienced one satisfying release after another . . . I just love popping bubble wrap!"

(Jesse Frankovich, Lansing, Mich.)

I was terrified, running as fast as I could, but he chased relentlessly. No matter which way I turned, he pursued. I could hear his panting as he drew closer, my own heart about to burst out of my heaving chest. Then I felt his massive arms grab me as he thrust me to the ground, the full weight of his muscular body crushing down upon me. I began to realize what the rest of the night held in store — it was still early in the first quarter. — Colt McCoy *(Drew Bennett, West Plains, Mo.)*

She had waited a long time for this precise moment. She knew that she would have him at last. Her actions were swift and sure — he could not elude her advances. She wanted him . . . she wanted him badly. She wanted him impeached. (*Ann Martin, Brentwood, Md.*)

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Home



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She looked at the bed, and him in it, and she began to feel hot all over. He was already sweating; he had stripped to almost nothing. Raw emotion overcame her. With a visible shudder, she cried: “When will we *ever* get all these dang weeds out of the begonias?” (*Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.*)

They had met only a few minutes ago, but he knew she was just what he needed. With confidence, she moved closer and slowly removed his belt with expert fingers. Then she reached in with both hands and said softly: “The alternator’s bad. You’re looking at about \$800 for parts and labor.” (*Kevin Dopart*)

She smiled proudly and displayed her enormous boobs. “My goodness, Mrs. Trump,” I said, “Don Junior and Eric sure have grown!” (*Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.*)

My need was urgent. Damn the consequences, I felt compelled like I never had before. Forget what it might mean for my job, my family, or anything else, I just had to wrap my lips around that whistle and blow. (*Sam Mertens, Silver Spring, Md.*)

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Tom pressed up hard behind David, whose muscular back was bent over in anticipation. Tom reached quickly between his tensed thighs. With firm assurance, Tom calmly looked over David’s broad shoulders and said, “On red, hut, hut, hut . . .” (*Jon Ketzner, Cumberland, Md.*)

George was resting on his back, his eyes closed. I wondered if he knew how much I loved him. As I leaned over and gave him a kiss, I couldn't help noticing how stiff he was A few moments later, what a mess my face was! I was spent and still shuddering with emotion. But I was still glad that I went to George's funeral. (*Jesse Frankovich*)

"I wanna 69," Danica told Aaron. "You sure you wanna 69?" her man answered with a sly smile. "Yep," cooed Danica. Aaron shrugged. "Okay, the 68 Camaro is the more classic, but it's your birthday." (*Jon Ketzner*)

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"We have to move on. Things change." I knew he was right, but I suggested that maybe we could do it just once more. "For old times' sake," I said with a wink. He slid it in gently, and I felt the pulsating rhythms, the insistent crescendo. And then, it was quiet. Afterward, he y whispered: "Seriously, babe, we have Spotify Premium. We don't need these CDs anymore." (*Hildy Zampella, Alexandria, Va.*)

He looked straight into her eyes. "Fellatio!" he almost shouted. Nancy accepted the challenge, she did her best, and he seemed satisfied when she was done. On to Round 4 of the spelling bee! (*Duncan Stevens*)

Everything about her was hot, but what got to me were her moves — exotic, even twisted. Gently but firmly she commanded and I obeyed, moving with her. Both of us now thoroughly radiating with heat, she turned me every way but loose until I finally shuddered and collapsed, completely spent. "What IS this?" I gasped. "The 10:30 Bikram Yoga class," she replied. "You should hydrate." (*Gary Crockett*)



Police Say To Carry This

Police say everyone should carry this new safety device that protects against attackers.

TrySafePersonalAlarm.com

The advertisement features a photograph of three teardrop-shaped personal alarms in white, blue, and pink. To the right of the image is a text box with the headline 'Police Say To Carry This' and a sub-headline 'Police say everyone should carry this new safety device that protects against attackers.' Below the text is a circular button with a right-pointing arrow. At the bottom left of the text box is the website 'TrySafePersonalAlarm.com'. The entire advertisement is set against a light gray background.

He was surprised to find her in the bedroom, with nothing but a teddy. "Madison!" he cried out. "Get your PJs back on, put Winnie away, and brush your teeth!" (*Duncan Stevens*)

your team: *(Duncan Stevens)*

“Take that top off and show what you’re working with! Ooh, look at that nice big can. Lift it up and show everyone, honey! Now shake it — shake it and let it all out!” I whipped out a crisp ten, waved it in appreciation and added, “Thank you very much. Here’s a tip.” I always show enthusiastic support for my local sanitation workers. *(Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn, Va.)*

He looked her body up and down in wonder, then entered her. Steve was 7 the first time he visited the Statue of Liberty. *(Jesse Rifkin, Arlington, Va.)*

He pushed it in as far as it would go, lingered for a moment, then eased it out slowly against that smooth tug of resistance. When the tip emerged, a glistening drop of liquid quivered and fell. “Hmm...a quart low.” *(Jack Doherty, Great Mills, Md., a First Offender)*

I put it in slowly and squeezed, squeezed hard. Then I squeezed more and more gently, waiting for just the right moment — and YES! I let go. Man, it feels so good when you stop the gas pump right on \$20.00. *(Jeff Shirley, Richmond, Va.)*

He circled slowly, around and around, my pulse racing faster and faster with building anticipation. And he finally found it — *the* spot. He eased in tentatively, and my breath caught — would he fit? Out, and then in again; not all the way — once more, holding our breath; it was so tight! Out again almost entirely, he then he slid in expertly — YES, YES! — and we both exhaled in exhilaration. “Wow!” I panted. “That was the most *amazing* parking job I’ve ever seen!” *(Marni Penning Coleman, Falls Church, Va.)*

And Last: I must confess my secret love. Let’s just call her “E.” I willingly submit to her over and over — sometimes more than 20 times a week. Alas, she cruelly denies me so often, leaving me perpetually unsatisfied with the occasional tease of gratification. I only wish I could submit to her even more!

(Tom Witte, Montgomery Village, Md.)

Still running — deadline Monday night, Oct. 28: Our perennial “air quotes” contest. See wapo.st/invite1355.

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 0 Comments

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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 [Twitter](#)

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The rapper said he accompanies his daughter to the doctor each year



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Root, root, root for rutabaga, turnips and those other unappreciated vegetables

We all know our carrots and sweet potatoes, but what about turnips, parsnips and parsley root?

We all know our carrots and sweet potatoes, but what about turnips, parsnips and parsley root?



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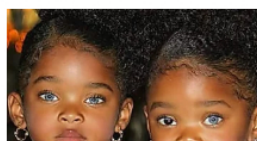
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