Ms. Johnson had spent three decades as a successful executive in the cable television industry. The funeral service will be next Saturday, sometime between 7 a.m. and 6 p.m.

A lifelong Redskins fan, Mr. Smith wanted his ashes spread on FedEx Field, just short of the goal line.
Every January, The Style Invitational runs a contest for poems in memory of particular notables who have died in the previous year. New Loser John Hutchins, who’s clearly caught the Invite bug, wrote to the Empress to suggest another idea: This week: Write a humorous line or two for someone’s obituary — either for a particular person (dead or not) or for a fictional or generic one, as in John’s examples above.

NEW: No more emailed entries! Instead, submit them at this website: subpl.at/INVITE1176. It’s super-easy.

Winner gets the Inkin’ Memorial, the Lincoln statue bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy. Speaking of Shriveled Beings No Longer With Us: Second place receives a pair of ceramic California Raisins figurines, part of that weird 1980s promotion featuring Claymation fruit depicted as blues singers. Donated by Sam Laudenslager.

Other runners-up win their choice of a yearned-for Loser Mug, the older-model “This Is Your Brain on Mugs” mug or a vintage Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get one of our lusted-after Loser magnets, “Magnet Dum Laude” or “Falling Jest...”
The verdict: not good. (Mary Kappus, Washington)

And last, The Jester:

On the rite:
The Pink-oh
The Queen
On the left:
The Quartet Looking for the American Crown

not well. (Jeff Shirley, Richmond, Va.)

One time, I did write “your” in place of “you’re” and the “word lovers” caught it and went off on me. Those people? There just

and the

mug depicting Princess Leia as Rosie the Riveter:

One time, I did write “your” in place of “you’re” and the “word lovers” caught it and went off on me. Those people? There just not well. (Jeff Shirley, Richmond, Va.)

And the winner of the Inkin’ Memorial:

The Quartet Looking for the American Crown

On the left:
The Queen — bride of a man we recall; did write a book; knew sergeants died.
The Pink-oh — off the Marx; children admire him.
On the rite:
The Jester: in tune with American rage; can fire every one; fat hands; foul.

And last, the Bible Lover’s Man: not American-born; singin’ “no levee”; no friend, no chance.

The verdict: not good. (Mary Kappus, Washington)
Do you remember all the fallout from that time when Miss Jackson revealed something real quick in her half-time dance on air while just about every American watched? Now that was a news *flash*! (Jesse Frankovich, Lansing, Mich.)

The space people came down from above and my "can" was (well, you know what they do). I clenched and cried but, good news! I'd dreamed it! Man, I can never be drinking perfume again before night time. (Jeff Shirley)

"Admire my hands!" said the man on the stage. No. Just No. (Todd DeLap, Fairfax, Va.)

I was looking for some one who can teach me: What is that "broncin'" word? I asked three people and all I got was:
— "Hell if I know."
— "Just 'broken,' but more so, maybe?"
— "Come off it, son — you been drinking?" (Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)

It was so sweet when the Dancin' Candlestick died, the cast of the play sang "Be Our Ghost." (Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

**He:** "Every time we made love, I saw to it that we practiced what the Holy Father and the church said to, and now we have ten children — all born in the last eight years!"

**She:** "He was into rhythm and I got the blues." (Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.)

**Jester:** "What can I do for you?"

**Jack:** "Whiskey."

**Jester:** "We have Bad Luck Whiskey, Deep Do Do Whiskey, Ole Gym Shoes Whiskey, and Die Slow and Lonely Whiskey."

**Jack:**

**Jester:** "Well?"

**Jack:** "Hell with it, make it a can of Carnation." (Jeff Shirley)

The one you were born from is so fat, she could be used as a levee! (Jesse Frankovich)

"Holy hell, that's some good grass, man! Now for more whiskey . . ."

"No, no — time for church, Father James!" (Brendan Beary)

I came, I saw, I couldn’t
Be for that man. I wouldn’t.
We just can’t have that you-know-who
As our crown god, for me and you.
There was a dig about his hands;
So be it. His, a jester dance.
That man is for the birds, write I;
The Devil’s own. For him, bye-bye. (Mae Scanlan, Washington)

Music of the Met: People die singing, and they take a long, long time to do so. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

**Me:** "Did you just flash the bride?"

**My friend:** "Well, I wouldn’t have, but I saw her admire my hands." (Mark Raaffman)
So good again? (Jesse Frankovich)

He helter and clenched her can, but she screamed and kicked him in the bell. “Buck you!” he cried. (Frank Osen)

**Miss:** “Jack, take me now and make me shiver with delight!”

**Jack:** “Miss? I do not know you, and what is more, James and I, we’ve been happy lovers for a while.”

**Miss:** “Oh. My bad.” (Jeff Shirley)

I was a king, but you kicked me out. Now you have Satan made mortal. Who is laughing now? (J. Boehner, Cincinnati) (Todd DeLap)

“How come you got ten years for just a broken light on your Chevy?”

“Oh, well, there was some more: I ‘borrowed’ that truck; I was high and had been drinking; and I was caught with what turned out to be the sergeant’s bride.” (John Hutchins, Silver Spring, Md.)

“We used to make love all day long,” the bride said to her friend. “But now the only real chance I have is when he tells me, ‘Half-time maybe …’ “ (Chris Doyle)

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**Entertainment Alerts**
Big stories in the entertainment world as they break.

**Sign up**

In my teenage years, I was in a band. I was high on grass and into drinking. And practiced in love as well — every night a pickup! Do my children know that? No! They only take me for a fat father from a played-out generation. (Mark Raffman)

People die every day, but for some who we admire for the music they made … man oh man, could we slow it down some? It is as if God got lonely and went looking for one hell of a rhythm-and-blues band. (Craig Dykstra, Centreville, Va.)

**And Last:** Miss My-years (that’s how you spell it, no?): If I read the paper and you have not used one of my own again, just know that this’ll make me die inside. (Jesse Frankovich, who gets to live inside at least one more week)

**Still running — deadline Monday night, May 23:** Our contest to create new words totaling 13 Scrabble points. See bit.ly/invite1175.

Remember, to enter the Week 1176 obit-line contest above, submit your entry or entries at subpl.at/INVITE1176.

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**Most Read**

1. Alan Young, actor who played Willllburrrr on ‘Mister Ed,’ dies at 96

2. George Lucas's dream of a Chicago lakefront museum faces choppy waters

4  ‘Uncharted 4: A Thief’s End’ review: This four-part series should have ended after Part One

5  Valar Morghulis: An illustrated guide to all 704 deaths in “Game of Thrones”

Our Online Games
Play right from this page

Mahjongg Dimensions
Genre(s): Strategy
It's 3D Mahjongg: you don't even need to wear 3D glasses!

The Sunday Crossword by Evan Birnholz
Genre(s): Word
Online crossword;

Spider Solitaire
Genre(s): Card
Spider Solitaire is known as the king of all solitaire games!

Daily Crossword
Genre(s): Word
Challenge your crossword skills everyday with a huge variety of puzzles waiting for you to solve.

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