Style Invitational Week 1219: Cast your Bred here — a new 4-line-poem contest

Plus the winning ‘so X that Y’ jokes, and introducing our new Loser Mug

(Click here to skip down to the inking “he’s so X that Y” jokes)

my name is Cow,
and wen its nite,
or wen the moon
is shiyning brite,
and all the men
haf gon to bed —
i stay up late.
i lik the bred.
— Sam Garland, a.k.a. Poem for Your Sprog

The sometimes mystifying social community Reddit has been enchanted hundreds of times over by Sam Garland, a postdoctoral student who took to posting comments on a wide variety of others’ Reddit posts — in the form of rhyming poems. Last October someone posted an amusing anecdote about a cow that had made her way into the kitchen of a re-created French fortress and started licking all the loaves of bread — and Sprog responded with the faux-Chaucerian doggerel above.

Almost instantly, according to the website Know Your Meme, “i lik the bred” sparked a new genre, with parodies and similar verses popping up all over Reddit and Tumblr blogs, in topics ranging from kittens to Tudor history. So let’s Invitize it: Write a Lik the Bred verse about someone in the news lately. For our own purposes, here are the parameters:
It begins with “My name is . . .” or some other first-person introduction.

It ends with “I [verb] the [noun].” You may substitute “we” for “I,” and “a” or “my” for “the,” etc.

It consists of four rhyming lines, A-A-B-B (Sprog breaks them into eight, but we will probably use a four-line format to save space). Thirty-two syllables total.

The meter is strongly iambic: ba-DUMP ba-DUMP ba-DUMP ba-DUMP. (My NAME is COW . . .)

The spelling may be faux Middle English but could also be modern; the Empress hopes to run both types. Either way, the verse shouldn’t be a slog to read.

Submit entries at this website: bit.ly/enter-invite-1219 (all lowercase).

Winner gets the Inkin’ Memorial, the Lincoln statue bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a brand-new Kreep-E, a two-inch-long, bright green electronic insectoid that scurries around with “realistic bug movement.” Well, it at least vibrates a lot. Donated by Loser Nan Reiner, who no doubt, like the Kreep-E, “self-corrects when flipped.”

Other runners-up win the new mug announced today or our Grossery Bag, “I Got a B in Punmanship.” Honorable mentions get one of our new lusted-after Loser magnets, “No Childishness Left Behind” or “Magnum Dopus.” First Offenders receive only a smelly tree-shaped air “freshener” (FirStink for their first ink). Deadline is Monday night, March 27; results published April 16 (online April 13). See general contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/InvRules. The headline for this week’s results is by Jesse Frankovich; the honorable-mentions subhead is by Roger Dalrymple. Join the lively Style Invitational Devotees group on Facebook at on.fb.me/invdev. “Like” Style Invitational Ink of the Day on Facebook at bit.ly/inkofday; follow @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/styleconv.

And from The Style Invitational four weeks ago . . .

AND ‘SO’ WIT WAS WRITTEN: REPORT FROM WEEK 1215
In Week 1215 the Empress sought one-liners of the form “X is so Y that . . .” Once again, she didn’t tell the Loser Community to sling gibes at our president, but once again, those are what mostly were slung, big league. Perhaps a dozen entries offered that Trump is so self-centered that he thought the song was about him.

4th place

The Trump White House is so brazen, it’s offering foreign donors a night in the Putin Bedroom. (Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

3rd place

My friend from Weight Watchers is so competitive that she always halves what I’m halving. (Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.)

2nd place

and the toilet-shaped mug:
Donald Trump’s hands are so tiny, the women he grabs don’t even notice. (Brian Allgar, Paris)

And the winner of the Inkin’ Memorial:

My chiropractor is so unscrupulous, he charges Paul Ryan the same price as people who have backbones. (Jeff Shirley, Richmond, Va.)

So close, yet so far: honorable mentions

“The Bachelor” is so fixed, it ought to be called “The Gelding.” (Lawrence McGuire, Waldorf, Md.)

Kellyanne Conway’s been so quiet lately that Richard Simmons is asking what’s happened to her. (Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

President Trump’s skin tone is so unusual, nothing rhymes with it. (Jesse Frankovich, Lansing, Mich.)

John McCain is such a bold, independent-thinking maverick, he complains about Trump’s nominees before voting for them. (Duncan Stevens)

Political correctness has gotten so out of control that the last time I ordered French toast at a diner, a millennial at the next table jumped up and started screaming, “Cultural appropriation! Cultural appropriation!” (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village, Md.)

Donald Trump is so great. #totallyriggedStyleInvitationalclaimsIbroketherules #aftereverythingIvedoneforthePost #suchanastyempress (Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.)

The crowd was so huge at Trump’s inauguration that the Park Police considered setting up a second Porta-John. (Hildy Zampella, Falls Church, Va.)

Kim Jong Un is so paranoid that his food taster has a food taster. (John O’Byrne, Dublin)

America’s lawyers have been getting so much love for their help fighting the immigration ban, cabbies are giving them free rides to chase ambulances. (Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

Mitch McConnell is such a negative guy that his bobblehead shakes its head no. (Pie Snelson, Silver Spring, Md.)
The insult was so trivial that even @realDonaldTrump wouldn’t respond to it. (Jeff Hazle, San Antonio)

The movie was so awful that everyone in the theater stopped texting to watch in disbelief. (Hildy Zampella)

Trump is so out of shape, he gets tired in conversations with foreign officials just pressing their buttons. (Dan Helming, Maplewood, N.J.)

Donald Trump is so reckless he asked Kim Jong Un to pick him up at the airport. (David Kleinbard, Mamaroneck, N.Y.)

Canadians are so angry about Trump’s travel ban, they are asking politely that it be repealed. (Mark Raffman)

Donald Trump is such an inept fascist, he can’t even make Metro run on time. (Mark Raffman)

The Old Woman in the Shoe had so many kids, she had to learn to multi-tsk. (Chris Doyle)

President Trump is so self-absorbed, he thinks the word “meme” has two syllables. (Jesse Frankovich)

Chuck Norris is so tough, his shower floor is strewn with Legos. (Chris Doyle)

The Democrats have been so shut out of the governing process, they’re writing letters to their congressmen. (Dan Helming)

The suspect’s rap sheet was so long that the police had to print it on the back of a CVS receipt. (Hildy Zampella)

Kids are so ungenerous these days that mine always want me to pay them back every time I borrow a couple hundred dollars for beer and cigarettes. (Ivars Kuskevics, Takoma Park, Md.)

Facebook is so polluted with political vitriol that my friends who voted for Trump and RUINED OUR COUNTRY (HOPE YOU’RE HAPPY NOW) don’t even pay attention to my posts anymore. (Mark Raffman)

Donald Trump’s hands are so large that his skin has to stretch really thin to cover them. (Steve Glomb, Alexandria, Va.)

Betty White is so old, she could pass as Monday’s Washington Post. (Ira Allen, Bethesda, Md.)

The night was so dark, democracy died. (Jeff Hazle)

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

Your Mama’s been used so much that even this contest doesn’t want to touch her. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

Keira Knightley is so thin, she could pass as Monday’s Washington Post. (Kevin Dopart)

The Style Invitational’s readership is comprised of people so nitpicky that they’ve already mentally corrected the first part of this sentence to “composed of.” (Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn, Va.)

And Last: The Empress is so objective that she reads entries with a blindfold on. (Kel Nagel, Salisbury, Md.)
