Style Invitational Week 1286: Mind your P’s and B’s (and more)


Barachute: Pack one of these to ensure a soft landing when the bouncer tosses you out of the tavern.

NBR: National Bubbly Radio: Specializing in good news about government and politics. (Airs 10 minutes per day.)

Philadelphia: You won't have a hot time in this old town tonight.

This week’s contest was suggested by Loser John Folse, who was inspired by IHOP’s name change (not really, except really stupid) to IHOB to promote the hamburgers on its menu. Replace one or more P’s in a word, name or multi-word term with a B or with another letter and define or describe the result, as in the examples above. Feel free to use it in a funny sentence. If the word has more than one P, you may leave one unchanged, but you can’t change the P’s into two different letters; as with all our change-a-letter neologism contests, the humor almost always works best when it’s clear what the original word was.
Submit entries at the website wapo.st/enter-invite-1286 (all lowercase).

Winner gets the Lose Cannon, our Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives, abrobos of this week’s contest, a triangular Poo Pina, emblazoned with the increasingly tiresome emoji. Presumably its name does not indicate what will be dumped on the person who cracks it open. Donated by Kyle Hendrickson, the longtime holder of the Cantinkersous trophy: That’s awarded each year to the Loser who has been published most often in the Invite without ever winning first place. Kyle, with 101 blots of always-a-bridesmaid ink, is truly a loser among Losers.

Other runners-up win our “You Gotta Play to Lose” Loser Mug or our Grossery Bag, “I Got a B in Funmanship.” Honorable mentions get one of our lusted-after Loser magnets, “We’ve Seen Better” or “Diot Card.” First Offenders receive only a smelly tree-shaped air “freshener” (FirStink for their first ink). Deadline is Monday night, July 9; results published July 29 (online July 26). See general contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/InvRules. The headline “Maim That Toon” is by Jesse Frankovich; Jesse also wrote the honorable-mentions subhead. 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 . . .

MAIM THAT TOON: WINNING CAPTIONS FROM WEEK 1282

In Week 1282, we once again asked the Loser Community to write captions for four Bob Staake cartoons for which he had nothing in mind — and yes, we ran this contest the week before the news broke about Scott Fruitt’s desire for a used mattress from the Trump International Hotel.

4th place

Picture A: The president fires yet another Cabinet member by tweet. (J. Larry Schott, West Plains, Mo.)

3rd place

Picture D: “I need to see the papers of the two Chihuahuas who live here.”
2nd place

and the Texas Blood Crawlers candy:

Picture B: “Jack, I still say a windshield and four tires for a mattress is a bad trade!” (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

And the winner of the Lose Cannon:

Picture C: “Well, Mom, if I had my own phone I could call 911.” (Rick Haynes, Ocean City, Md.)

The weak in pictures: Honorable mentions

PICTURE A:

(By Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

“It’d be sort of like Uber, but for babies.” (Chuck Helwig, Centreville, Va.)

“We’re all going for worms after work. I expect you to be there.” (Frank Mann, Washington)

“If your desk had long legs like mine, you wouldn’t be sitting down there on your tush.” (Roger Dalyrmple, Gettysburg, Pa.)

Ernest wasn’t happy with his watermelon bouquet from Edible Arrangements. (Barbara Turner, Takoma Park, Md.)

“I hunt and peck. Does that count?” (John McCooey, Rehoboth Beach, Del.)

“I was a much prouder mascot before NBC enabled Matt Lauer.” (Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn, Va.)

PICTURE B:
“I don’t care how thick it is, Scott, I’m not going to sleep on a used mattress from THAT hotel!” (Bill Dorner, Indianapolis; Jeff Strong, Fairfax, Va.)

“You said you were going to take the little shampooos, maybe a hand towel . . .” (Frank Mann)

“You’re still going too fast — Mom fell off again.” (Kenny Moore, Rocklin, Calif.)

“I thought you said you were taking a mistress.” (Warren Tanabe, Annapolis, Md.)

Marge couldn’t believe that she let her husband buy the tofu special at Costco. (Ralph Nitkin, Rockville, Md.; John Hutchins, Silver Spring, Md.)

“I’ve met some cheap pimps in my life, but . . . curb service?” (Elliott Jaffa, Arlington, Va.)

**PICTURE C:**

“Are you sure this is how they did it on ‘Breaking Bad’?” (Mark Richardson, Takoma Park, Md.; Kevin Dopart)

It was early in their career that the high-diving act of the Amazing Three
Wazudus became the Amazing Two Wazudus. (Drew Bennett, West Plains, Mo.)

“Hmm, it seems nine really is the limit.” (Robert Schechter, Dix Hills, N.Y.)

“Daddy, why do you have hair there?” (J. Larry Schott)

**PICTURE D:**

(By Bob Stoake for The Washington Post)

“I hate to complain, but your person keeps pooping on our lawn.” (Kathleen DeBold, Burtonsville, Md.)

“Hello, I’m here to apply for the belly masseur position.” (Jesse Frankovich, Grand Ledge, Mich.)

“I followed you home. Can you keep me?” (Dave Zarrow, Reston, Va.)

“Welcome home! Um, before you go inside, I’d like to remind you how uncomfortable you said those Ferragamo shoes were.” (Hildy Zampella, Alexandria, Va.)

“Being sent to the doghouse” means something entirely different in Beverly Hills. (Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

“What did you do with the door, Bailey?” (Jeff Shirley, Richmond, Va.)

You can’t get elected dogcatcher in this neighborhood. (Bill Lieberman, Ellicott City, Md.)

“I admit that I crossed a line. And I deeply regret calling you a ‘feckless runt.’ ” (Bill Dorner)

**PICTURES A, B, C and D:**

There’s never a good time to be told, “You’re fired.” (Art Grinath, Takoma Park, Md.)

Still running — deadline Monday night, July 2: Our contest for funny answers to trivia questions. See [wa.po.st/invite1285](wa.po.st/invite1285).
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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 👀

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The Post Recommends

**Perspective**

*Ever noticed chunks of trees on utility poles? What are they?*