Style Invitational Week 1336: Two ways about it — a double-entendre contest

Plus the winning acrostic limericks — and yes, a few spell out T-R-U ...

(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

By Pat Myers
June 13

(Click here to skip down to the winning acrostic limericks)

What’s something that could be said both among Style Invitational Losers and in bed?

“That’s okay, there’s always next week.” (Ward Kay)

“That’s the funniest thing I’ve ever seen!” (Jesse Frankovich)

“You’d better hurry up — the deadline is midnight Monday.” (Elden Carnahan)

“I like it best with the horses.” (Michelle Stupak)

“Not bad, but you’re no Jesse Frankovich.” (Jesse Frankovich)

This week’s contest was suggested by Loser Alex Blackwood, who helps the Empress out enormously in the Style Invitational Devotees group on Facebook as co-admin. Alex posited the question above to the Devotees a few days ago, generating a long string of double-entendres including the ones above.

Which got her thinking: What if we made a mix-and-match contest with
a bunch of other situations as well. **This week: What’s something (printable) you could say in two — or more — of these situations:**

- In bed
- On a game show
- At the supermarket
- During a haircut
- At a restaurant
- At Ikea
- At a doctor’s office
- In a job interview
- When Donald Trump visits your country
- Among Style Invitational Losers

Submit entries at **wapo.st/enter-invite-1336** (all lowercase).

Winner gets the **Lose Cannon**, our Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a **Loser Personal Care Three-Pack**, featuring a trio of perfectly normal toiletries with perfectly Loserly juvenile names: Boudreau’s Butt Paste, which is plain old zinc oxide rash ointment; Anti Monkey Butt, which is talcum powder and some calamine; and Moco de Gorila, or Gorilla Snot, which is of course hair gel. The Snot was donated by Valerie Holt; Elden Carnahan offered up the other two.

**Other runners-up** win our **“You Gotta Play to Lose” Loser Mug** or our **“Whole Fools” Grocery Bag**. Honorable mentions get one of our husted-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 night, June 24**; results published July 14 in print, July 11 online. See general contest rules and guidelines at **wapo.st/InvRules**. The headline for this week’s results is by Jesse Frankovich; 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** 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 . . .

**HA FIVES: ACROSTIC LIMERICKS FROM WEEK 1332**

Whoa, **Week 1332** proved more daunting than I’d expected; writing limericks that are both flawless and funny is hard enough — and then there was the extra challenge that they be acrostics: that the first letter of each line spelled out a pertinent word or name.

But you know: the Losers. They’re good.

4th place:

Put his principles off to the side;
Enthused, he accepted the ride.
No big deal that the Don
Cheats and lies — I’ll still fawn!”
Embarrassing, dude. Have some pride.
(Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

3rd place:
To the White House: good day
from Block C!

Really loving Cell 149.
Undisturbed and at ease,
My . . . achoo! Did I sneeze?
Pardon me, Mr. Prez, pardon me.
— P. Manafort, U.S. Penitentiary (Duncan Stevens)

2nd place and the mug with a ceramic rattlesnake head inside:
There now is a man (you know who)
Who pours out his heart on the loo
Each grudge he has held —
Emphatic, misspelled —
The musings of Whiny the Pooh.
(Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase, Md.)

And the winner of the Lose Cannon:
Cory B., Kirsten C., Harris, more:
Ryan, Sanders, in all twenty-four!
O’Rourke, Warren, Biden,
Will the field even widen? . . .
Don’t DARE, Hillary. Nope. Yeah, we’re sure.
(Hildy Zampella, Alexandria, Va.)

‘Rick pshaw: Honorable mentions
To the Prez: May I come by for tea?
Right there in the White House we’ll be;
Undisturbed, we will savor
Mugs of brew . . . hmmm, what flavor?
Peach and mint would be perfect for me. — E. Warren, U.S. Senate
(Duncan Stevens)
Baseball fans and the sport’s cognoscenti

Baseball fans and the sport’s cognoscenti
Really thought he already made plenty.
Yet he signed with the Phils —
Close to 300 mills —
Even though he is hitting .220.
(Dave Zarrow, Reston; since this was written, Harper is back up to .251)

Disqualified! My life’s ambition —
Equestrian race competition —
Ruined now: went astray,
Bumped a pal; now they say:
Your next Derby is tagged “Demolition.” — Maximum Security, Stable B

(Duncan Stevens)

Body language? I read it like Braille,
I’ll just muzzle your hair and inhale.
Donald’s term has been strange,
End it now, make a change!
Nominate me — old handsy white male.
(Bill Dorner, Indianapolis)

A POTUS with all the right stuff!
How on earth can we praise him enough?
Oh, what a rare bird!
Let’s now find a word
Evoking him . . . that’s not so tough.
(Brian Allgar, Paris)

Push the button and watch him say “YES!”
Every “Donald” begins with “God bless.”
Not a robot, but wired
’Cause he knows what’s required:
Eating up all the president’s mess.
(Frank Mann, Washington)

No-nonsense Pelosi is known
As the one who makes Trump look half-grown.
Nancy sets him down hard,
Catching Donnie off guard.
You can tell she’s had kids of her own.
(Jonathan Jensen, Baltimore)

“North Korea is now our good friend!
Ugly threats are no longer the trend.
Kim Jong Un (have you heard?)
Even gave me his word,
So I’m sure all that testing will end.” — D.T.
(Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)
Come and join me for dinner today!
Have a lobster, foie gras, a filet!
Even though it’s a date —
And it’s gonna be great! —
Perhaps you could offer to pay?
(Beverley Sharp)

Gosh dammit, Excel closed the sheet
And then froze. Once again I repeat
The third-finger salute,
End a task, and reboot.
Sick and tired of CTRL-ALT-DEL.
(Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.)

I can speak out, but nobody hears
Only cornstalks (because they have ears)
Whoa, it’s poles without end!
And each one my best friend.
No, really! Well, every four years.
(Gary Crockett)

Found on beach making sculptures obscene;
Laundered cash in a washing machine;
Made some meth, stole a boat,
Ate his ex-wife’s pet goat;
Now in prison for 10 to 15.
(Jesse Frankovich, Grand Ledge, Mich.)

Let others seek Pulitzer Prizes;
Our aim, for which each of us vies, is
Round on beach making sculptures obscene;
Laundered cash in a washing machine;
Made some meth, stole a boat,
Ate his ex-wife’s pet goat;
Now in prison for 10 to 15.
(Jesse Frankovich, Grand Ledge, Mich.)

Let others seek Pulitzer Prizes;
Our aim, for which each of us vies, is
Some new blots of ink —
Empress says we don’t stink! —
Rejoicing in crap she supplies us.
(Ann Martin, Brentwood, Md.)

Pat possesses a sizable case
Rich in trinkets that reek of disgrace.
If you don’t have enough
Zero-usefulness stuff,
Enter something that takes second place!
(Jesse Frankovich)

So I think I might know how to rhyme
Terrifically clever this time
Yet it stalls about here —
Lassitude, dude — it’s clear:
Everyone’s better than I’m.
May her praises be intergalactic;
Yes, extol her in phrases didactic!
Endless kudos proclaim,
Raise her glorious name!
Sucking up is my favorite tactic.

(David Schildkret, Chandler, Ariz.)