

The Style Invitational

WEEK 15: PUNCH US.



BY MARC ROSENTHAL FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

- 1** Sandra Day O'Connor, Abraham Lincoln and Woody Woodpecker are in a boat that capsizes. There is only one life preserver. Sandra says . . .
- 2** How do you know if Bill Clinton has been in your house? . . .
- 3** Knock knock. Who's there? Hillary. Hillary who? . . .
- 4** A nun, a rabbi and an atheist are taking a tour of the White House . . .
- 5** A man walks into a bar in Washington and orders a Kahlua and root beer fizz. He notices that the woman next to him has a chicken bone in her hair. "Hey," he says to the bartender . . .

This week's contest: Complete any of these jokes in 75 words or fewer. First-prize winner will receive several books of tasteless jokes, a value of about \$30.

Runners-up, as always, get the coveted Style Invitational losers' T-shirts. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to the Style Invitational, Week 15, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or fax them to 202-334-4312. Entries must be received on or before Monday, June 21. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. No purchase necessary. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

Report from Week 12,

. . . in which we asked you to write a limerick using any of these names:

George Stephanopoulos, Hillary Rodham Clinton, Jack Kevorkian or Bosnia-Herzegovina.

We offered a contest poetic.

The results, they were pretty pathetic.

'Twas the worst of our fears—

You all had tin ears!

And kept trying to stick in extra clunky words and committing rhymes that gave us a headache.

AND NOW THE WINNERS,

some of which have been lightly edited to improve their meter:

Third Runner-Up:

Hillary Rodham spent hours
Developing Bill Clinton's powers.
But she really got miffed
When she bought him a gift,
And he said that he'd rather
have Flowers.
(Scott Straub, Winchester, Va.)

First Runner-up:

The president's spokesman was out.
An afternoon lunch date, no doubt.
"Find George Stephanopoulos!
This crisis could topple us!
Al Gore's got termites, not gout!"
(Kevin Dunleavy, Fairfax)

Special award of a tin cup for the most pitiful attempt at a rhyme:

In a faraway jungle most populous
With elephant and rhinoceros,
George deemed it unsound
That we sleep on the ground
Because something big
might Stephanopoulos.
(C. Paul Mendez, Silver Spring)

Second Runner-Up:

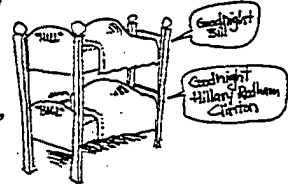
There are names that
are spoken with ease,
While others come out
like a sneeze.
By George, there's
a lot of us
Who think "Stephanopoulos"
Just sounds like a rare foot disease.
(Art and limerick, Andy Black, Reston)

And the winner of the twitching rubber rat caught in a trap:

Jack Kevorkian, Suicide Doc,
Awoke to a terrible shock.
His machine, it was broke!
"But folks want to croak!
I suppose I can use a blunt rock."
(Jimmy Nguyen, Rockville)

And last:

Ms. Clinton,
that's Hillary Rodham,
Into the White House,
she got him.
Now, when they're in bed,
Or so it is said,
She favors the top o'er the bottom.
(Art and limerick by Andy Black, Reston)



NEXT WEEK:

Anagrams—A Man's Rag.