

# The Style Invitational

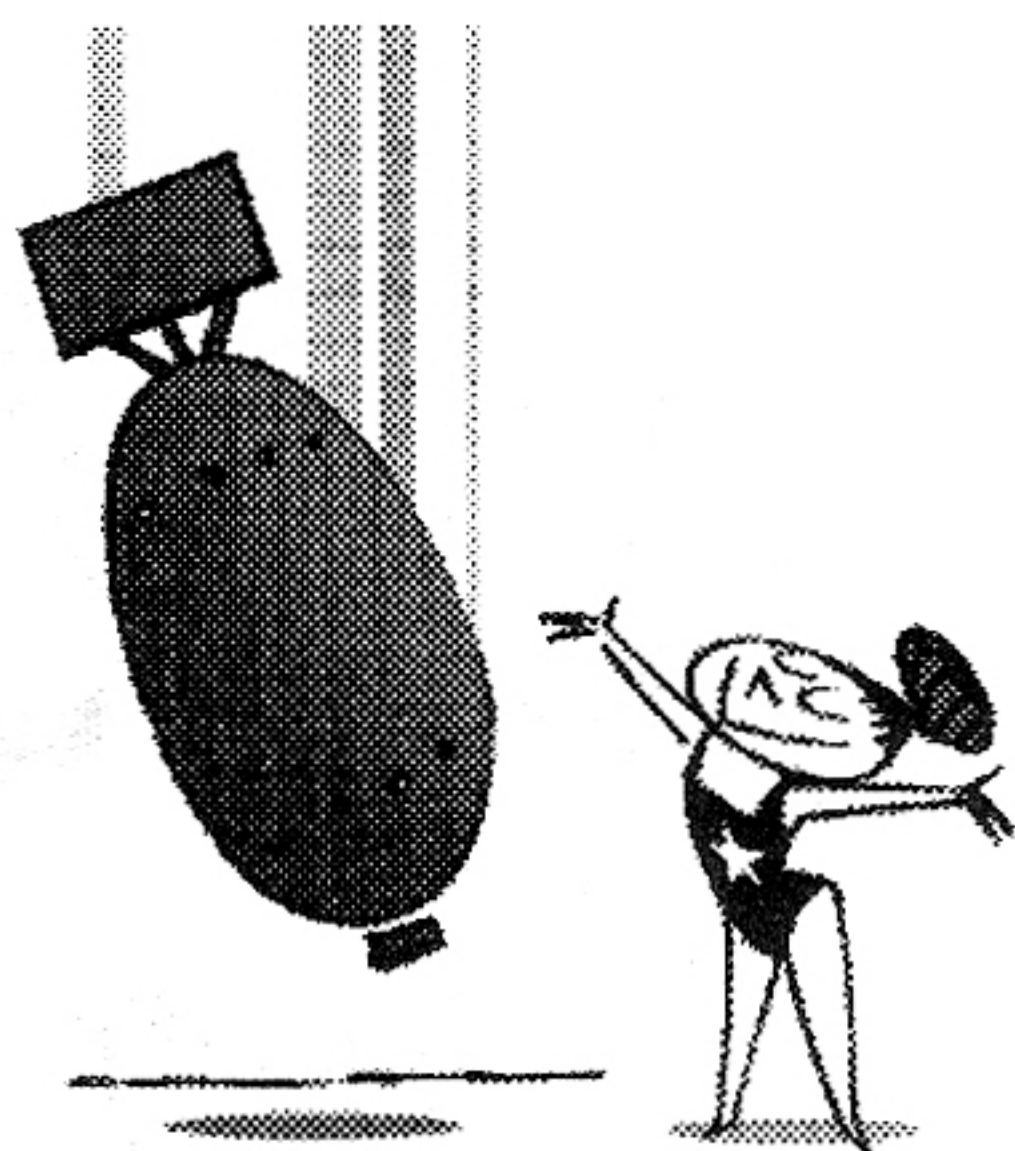
## WEEK 222: TRIP DEUCES

**Pest-Pet**—n. a domesticated insect, usu. a poor companion. "I don't know what to do with my pest-pet, Larry the anthrax bacillus. He keeps killing the cats."

**Publishers-Pumps**—n. Secret hydraulic devices used by newspapers to insert "hype" into stories.

**Golf-Gourmet**—adj., Disparaging term used to describe food that can give you a "stroke": French fries, butter pastries, etc.

**Gymnastics-Hair**—n. a short, perky coif affixed with mucilage. It can hold its shape after acrobatics, calisthenics, a 25-megaton nuclear strike, etc.



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

**This Week's Contest** was suggested by Tina Gibson of Fairfax, who wins a lollipop containing an embedded larval insect. ("Ingredients: Hydrogenated starch, artificial flavoring and coloring, may contain one or more of the following: Cricket, larva, asparagus fern, grass.") Tina suggests that you take the two subject listings at the top of any page of the Yellow Pages and create a dictionary definition

for the compound word they form. You may use it in a sentence, but you don't have to. The examples above are from the 1997 Bell Atlantic Yellow Pages for Northern Virginia and the District of Columbia. We will need to verify the listings; please indicate which book your entries come from. First-prize winner gets a Betty Boop clock and calendar, a value of \$35.

Runners-up, as always, receive the coveted Style Invitational Loser's T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to The Style Invitational, Week 222, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, fax them to 202-334-4312 or submit them via Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Internet users: Please indicate the week number in the "subject" field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, June 23. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced three weeks from today. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, humor or appropriateness. No purchase necessary. The Faerie of the Fine Print & the Ear No One Reads wishes to thank David Genser of Vienna and Steve Knack of Bethesda for today's Ear No One Reads. Employees of The Washington Post, and members of their immediate families, are not eligible for prizes.

### REPORT FROM WEEK 219,

in which we asked you to create verbs out of nouns, or, as several people put it, "to verb some nouns." This egregious linguistic trend is all around us, and many readers sent in recent sightings. The best was from Robin Perry Allen of Arlington, who heard this on a United Airlines flight: "Thanks for your patience. After the captain has turned off the seat belt sign, we will begin *beveraging*."

#### ◆ Third Runner-Up—

**Some men would like to die playing golf. Others would like to Rockefeller.** (Mike Genz, La Plata)

#### ◆ Second Runner-Up—

**Within weeks, the epidemic had Starbucked to every village in the province.** (David Genser, Arlington)

#### ◆ First Runner-Up—

**So desperate was Jonathan to see his name in print that he attempted to edible underpants his way into the contest.** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

#### ◆ And the winner of the Rosalynn Carter paperweight:

**I, William Jefferson Clinton, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully president the United States.** (Russ Beland, Springfield)

#### ◆ Honorable Mentions:

**Friends, Romans, countrymen, ear me.** (Russ Beland, Springfield)

**Piano it again, Sam.** (Nancy Manuszak, Washington)

**The Bullets Capitaled in the playoffs this year.** (Gregory Dunn and Karen Wright, Alexandria)

**She carpal tunneled herself right out of work.** (Russ Beland, Springfield)

**So excited were the Heaven's Gate people over the coming of Hale-Bopp that they Plathed out.** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

**Hey, Pa, I think I done Internetted me a girlfriend!** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

**Have you seen the new toilet? Please feel free to cheek it out.** (Russ Beland, Springfield)

**I had great seats for the concert until some guy sat down and Muresaned me.** (David Genser, Arlington)

**Milk: It goods a body.** (Russ Beland, Springfield)

**I'm sorry, sir, but this bank can't just Dole out money to anyone.** (David Genser, Arlington)

**She goes into the bathroom to Di her dinner because she is so afraid she will Fergie out.** (Susan Reese, Arlington)

**Smedley Funeral Home—The New Way to Coffin.** (Sandra Hull, Arlington)

**Pssst, need a fake ID that can Zsa Zsa a few years off your age?** (Sue Lin Chong, Washington)

**The cops looked everywhere, but the guy had simply Waldholtzed.** (Joel Knanishu, Hyattsville)

**Wow, you don't see many nuns penguin anymore.** (Russ Beland, Springfield)

**I'm afraid Marv Albert may have Pee-weed his career.** (Joseph Romm, Washington)

**We caught a cab and potholed across town.** (David Geoffry Lewis, Alexandria)

**After being in meetings all day, I really need to Garbo.** (Russ Beland, Springfield)

**He upscaled. He quit lobbying and started foyering.** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

**It used to be a good restaurant, but they radicchioed the menu and doubled the prices.** (Philip Delduke, Bethesda)

And Last:

**I told a poop joke and some guy Twenhafeled me.** (Joseph Romm, Washington)

Next Week: **RSVP**