

# The Style Invitational

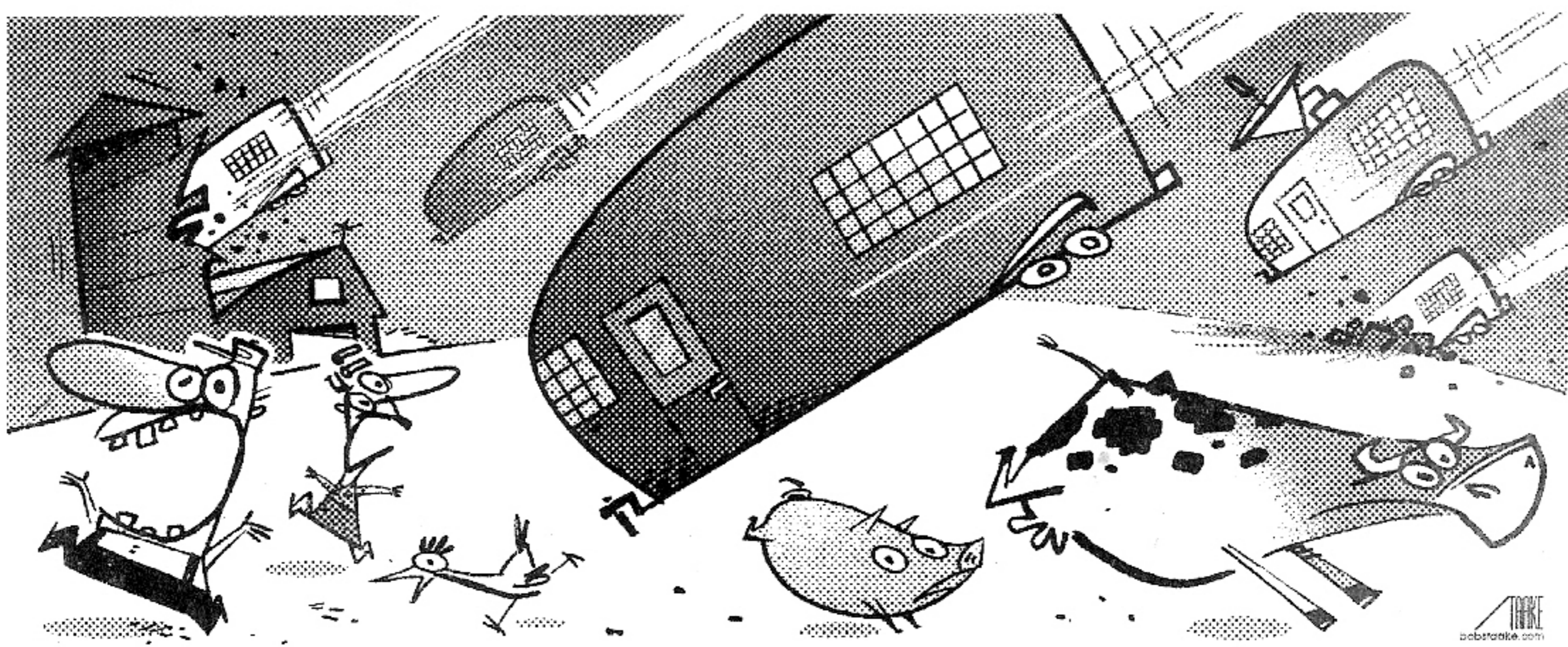
## WEEK 278: THE STALE INVITATIONAL

**Typewriter**—A word processor used in the production of cheap porn.

**Microsofa**—A new firm with the stated goal of controlling 90 percent of the world couch market.

**Bumbo**—A male bimbo. (See Fabio)

**Underpasts**—Men's underpants, still in circulation, that have been permitted to degrade until they are basically the texture and thickness of a facial tissue.



### Farmageddon—A Nebraska homestead destroyed by tornadoes.

**This Week's Contest:** Begin with a word. Add, subtract or change a single letter only, and then provide a new definition. First-prize

winner gets a two-foot-high baby bottle, which is worth \$20.

First runner-up gets the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up receive the coveted Style Invitational Loser 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 278, 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@washpost.com. Internet users: Please indicate the week number in the "subject" field. Also, please do not append "attachments," which tend not to be read. Entries must be received on or before Monday, July 20. Important: Please include your postal 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. Today's Index No One Needs was written by Richard Leiby of Silver Spring. Employees of The Washington Post and members of their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

### REPORT FROM WEEK 275,

in which you were asked to come up with limericks about someone who lives in the Washington area. One note: You showed yourselves to be clever and inventive, but not very lyrical. Your poems required substantial editing for rhyme and meter. We would conclude that you have "tin ears," but that would be unfair to tin, a perfectly nice substance. No, your ears are more like "phlegm-ears," or "Vaseline-and-catsup-ears," or "that-membrane-that-covers-your-dog's-eyeball-when-he-is-asleep-ears." Anyway, grading limericks is tough. When points are awarded for degree of difficulty, as they must be, some of the worst poems ever crafted can ooze their way into print, such as this ghastly mess by Elden Carnahan of Laurel:

**A yuppie who lived in Annapolis / Drank Evian to keep himself Snapple-less. / He wore Birkenstock hose, / And his sound system (Bose) / Played jazz, not John Tesh or that crap o' Liszt.**

◆ Third Runner-Up:

**There once was a dancer from Towson,  
Who shimmied without any blowson.  
Removing her raiment  
Brought annual payment  
Of sixty or seventy thowson.**  
(David Smith, Berkeley, Calif.)

◆ Second Runner-Up:

**Two Amish lads from McLean  
Had ambitions to deal in cocaine,  
They'd no cartel, just cart  
But their "cover" was smart.  
Now they're millionaires, simple and plain.**  
(Howard Walderman, Columbia)

◆ First Runner-Up:

**Ben, who was wanted in Cheverly,  
Evaded the cops rather cleverly.  
With the dragnet convergin'  
He consulted a surgeon,  
Now he's living in Fairfax as Beverly.**  
(Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

◆ *And the winner of the "Running for President" game:*

**An addled old dame from Ward 3  
Tells her chauffeur, "To Raleigh's, Henri—  
Then Garfinckel's next,  
And Lansburgh's, and Peck's,  
And Woodies on F Street for tea."**  
(Courtney Knauth, Washington)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

**There once was a man from Manassas,  
Who wed the most vengeful of lasses.  
You remember his name  
For, though fleeting is fame,  
Notoriety's what never passes.**  
(David Smith, Berkeley, Calif.)

**An impotent man out in Crofton,  
Desired his sex much more often.  
"Pay up, HMO ..."  
The insurer said no,  
Its firm stance on Viagra won't soften.**  
(Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

**There once was a girl from Chantilly  
Who was fiercely pursued by Slick Willie,  
Said she with a sigh,  
I'm not lord of your fly  
I'm as pure as Milli Vanilli.**  
(Howard Walderman, Columbia)

**William, of Capitol Heights,  
Is a minister, daytime and nights.  
Without hesitation  
His small congregation  
Dubbed him D.C.'s Bill of Rites.**  
(Mae Scanlan, Washington)

**A doyenne from Takoma Park  
Returning one evening at dark,  
Decided to take  
A jaunt by the lake,  
And encountered a ma'am-eating shark.**  
(Mary Jane Mitchell, Ellicott City)

**A hostess of note from McLean,  
Treated the help with disdain.  
Till, at one of her "do's"  
She noticed the booze  
Was too yellow by far for champagne.**  
(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**A Warrenton lass named McKinnon,  
Met a horseman who had a big grin on.  
"What county is this?"  
He asked, stealing a kiss.  
She said, "Fauquier, and the horse you rode  
in on."**  
(Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

**A sick gal from near Tysons Corner,  
Had insurance that made her forlorn.  
Despite fever and chills,  
It rejected her bills,  
All of her friends now must mourn her.**  
(Joseph B. Pincus, Springfield)

**There was a young lady from Cheltenham  
Who bought some new pants and looked  
sveltenham,  
If a little bit red.  
When asked why, she said,  
"It's because of how tightly I'm beltenham."**  
(David Smith, Berkeley, Calif.)

Next Week: **Spit the Difference**