

The Style Invitational

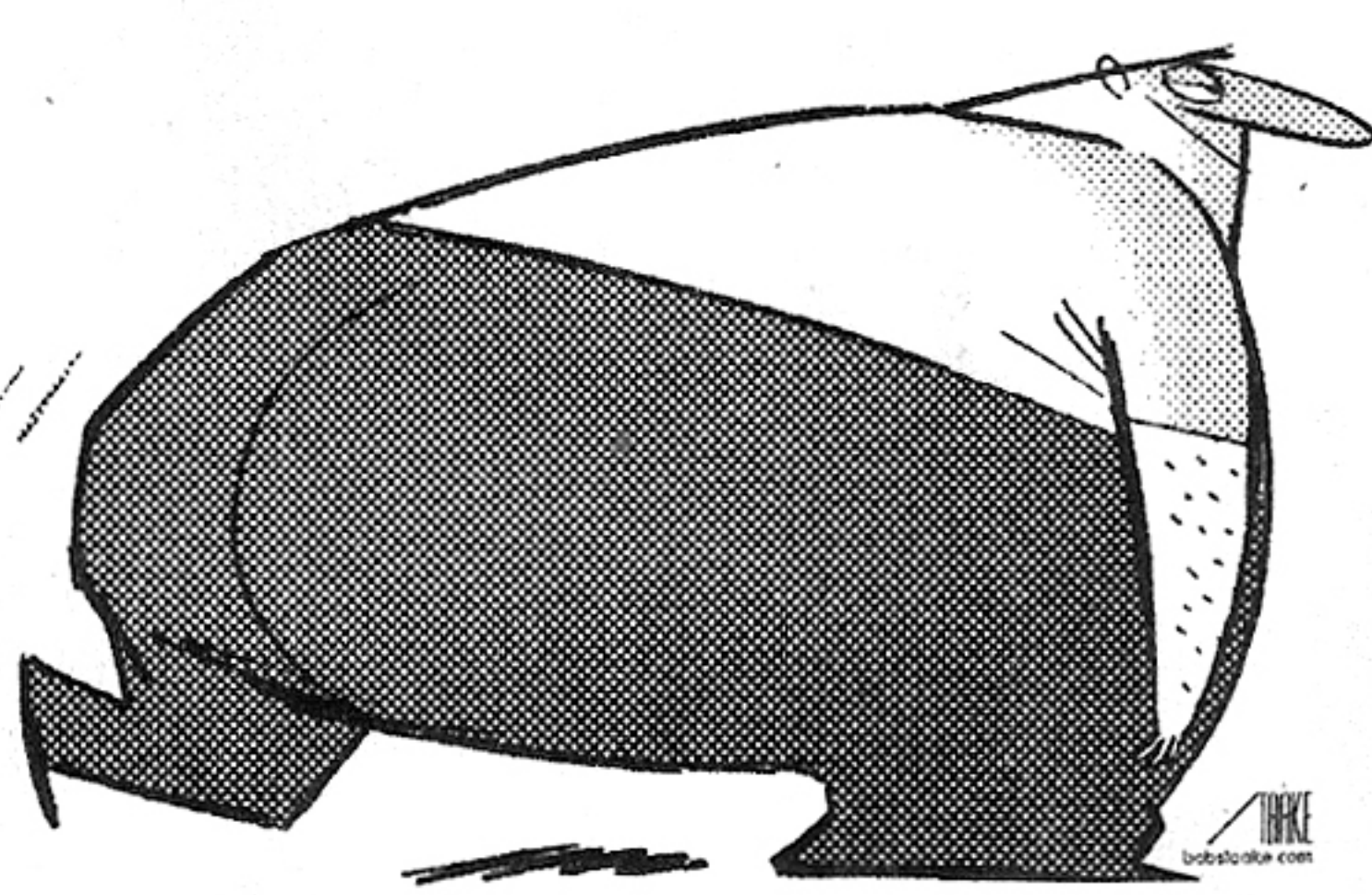
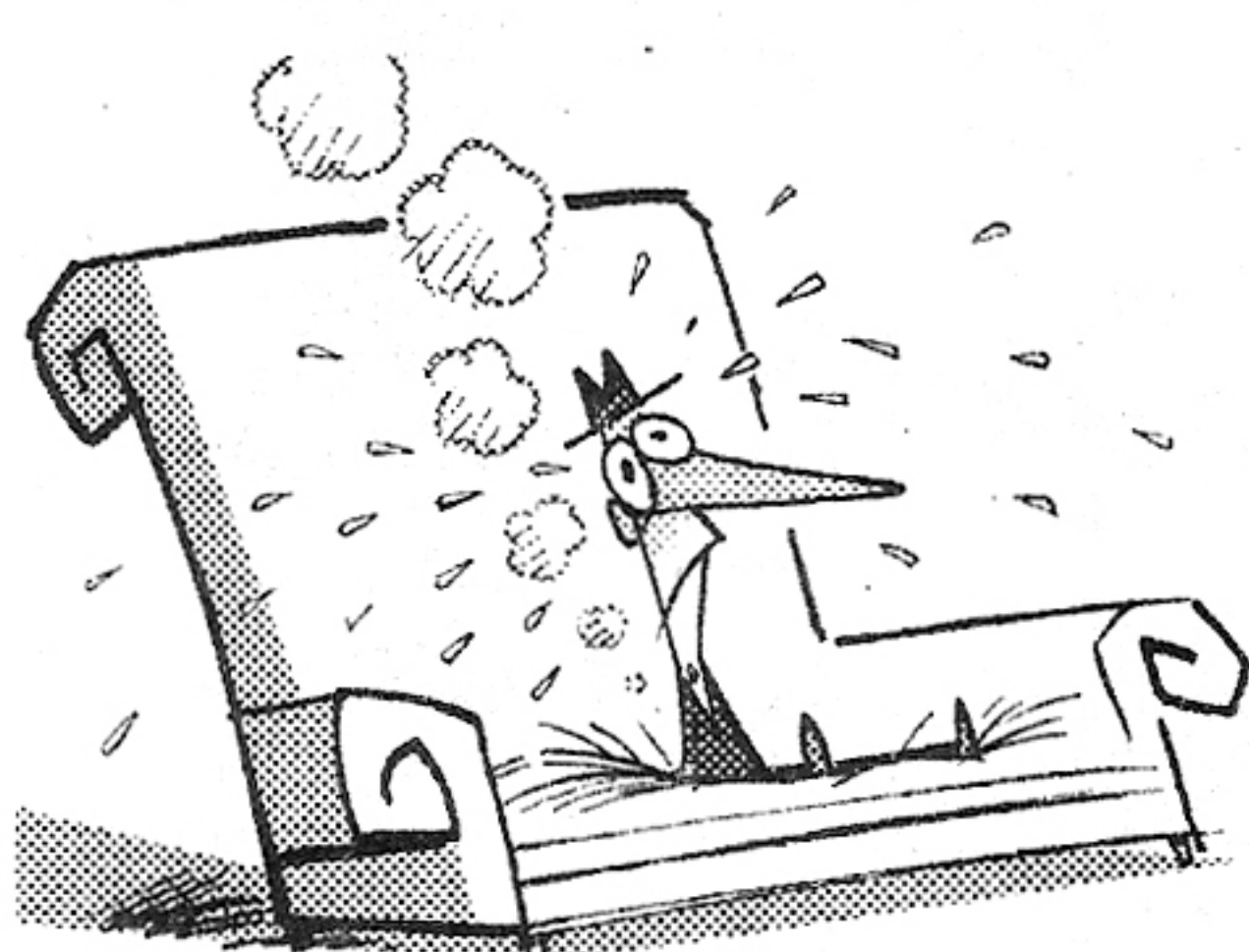
WEEK 310: IT'S LIKE THIS

The wind was howling like the wind.

He seemed oddly surly, like someone saying "Shirley" in that joke where they say, "Don't call me Surely."

That statement was as insensitive as a quadriplegic.

He was uncomfortably warm, like when you sit in a chair right after someone fat gets up.



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

This Week's Contest is to come up with really lame analogies; if these results are good enough, they will be pirated by the same pinheaded, thieving thugs who steal things from talented people and put them on the Internet without attribution. Nothing has been more foully pirated than the Style Invitational bad-analogy contest we ran several years ago, the spectacularly funny results of which appear, routinely, in newspapers and magazines as real examples of bad writing submitted to high school English classes. So we are doing it again, with the following caveat. Attention Dimwitted Internet Thieves Without the

Originality or Intelligence to Think of Anything Clever Yourself: The results of this contest are the sole property of The Washington Post. Any reproduction, re-transmission or other account of the results of this contest, without the express written consent of The Washington Post, will result in our finding you and publicly exposing you for the little soulless wheezebags you are. Thank you for your attention to this matter. First-prize winner gets a vacuum-sealed package of "Smoked Beef Rectum," a fine food product from Japan. The Mayor of Washington, an expert in finance, declares this a value of \$1,600.

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 310, 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, March 8. 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 Disclaimer No One Needs was written by Jonathan M. Kaye of Washington. Employees of The Washington Post and members of their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 307,

in which we asked you to come up with modern, rhyming two-line cautionary couplets, in the style of "Red sky at morning / Sailors take warning" or "Leaves of three / Don't touch me."

◆ Third Runner-Up:
**The food won't be no haute cuisine
If the waitress says, "Hi! I'm Lurleen."**
(David Genser, Arlington)

◆ Second Runner-Up:
**An unsteady moyl
Will turn your boy into a goyl.**
(T.J. Murphy, Arlington)

◆ First Runner-Up:
**Your intern'll
Keep a journal.**
(J. Larry Schott, Gainesville, Fla.)

◆ *And the winner of the genuine cow hoof flask:*
**Any further White House shenanigan
Must not involve the presidential bananigan.**
(Howard Walderman, Columbia)

◆ Honorable Mentions:
**Leaves of five
That's good stuff, man.**
(John Kammer, Herndon)

**A minor?
Decline her.**
(Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

**Rule by a lecherous knucklehead?
Better a country a eunuch'll head.**
(Ernest Lent, Washington)

**If it's mooing
Skip the wooing.**
(Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

**Is a colleague pregnant and starting to show?
Don't ask, fellas, unless you know.**
(David Genser, Arlington)

**Till you've seen McMahon with your own eyes
You have not won the Grand Prize.**
(Mike Genz, La Plata)

**If you can't do the time
Don't shoot the mime.**
(David Genser, Arlington)

**Canoe at Great Falls,
Rupture your spleen.**
(John Cushing, Washington)

**Forgive and forget is strictly for schmucks.
Hire a lawyer and rake in the bucks.**
(Earl Gilbert, La Plata)

**It's best to avoid words like "niggardly"
That haven't been used since Grant
out-triggered Lee.**
(B.P. Greenmont, Alexandria)

**Listen, bozo, don't peek at her arse
Now, there's a statement you don't need to parse.**
(J. Larry Schott, Gainesville)

**Stain on the dress?
You gotta confess.**
(Niels Hoven, Silver Spring)

**If the Chesapeake's near ya
Beware of pfiesteria.**
(Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

**President shouldn't be Monica's lover.
One good intern deserves another.**
(Mike Genz, La Plata)

**Nothing that great
Is mailed at bulk rate.**
(Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

**When senators say they're being cautious
Wear your galoshes.**
(Tony Whitmore, Keyser, W.Va.)

**Marlene's done mourning
Sailors take warning.**
(Sandra Hull, Alexandria)

**If you cover pass patterns,
Better pass on the slatterns.**
(Dan Dunn, Bethel, Conn.)

**Oral
Is not immoral.**
(Bill Clinton, Washington;
Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

**You will watch "Teletubbies."
You will watch "Teletubbies."**
(T.J. Murphy, Arlington)

◆ And Last:
**If the president's a satyr
It doesn't really matyr.**
(Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

Next Week: Give Us No Mo