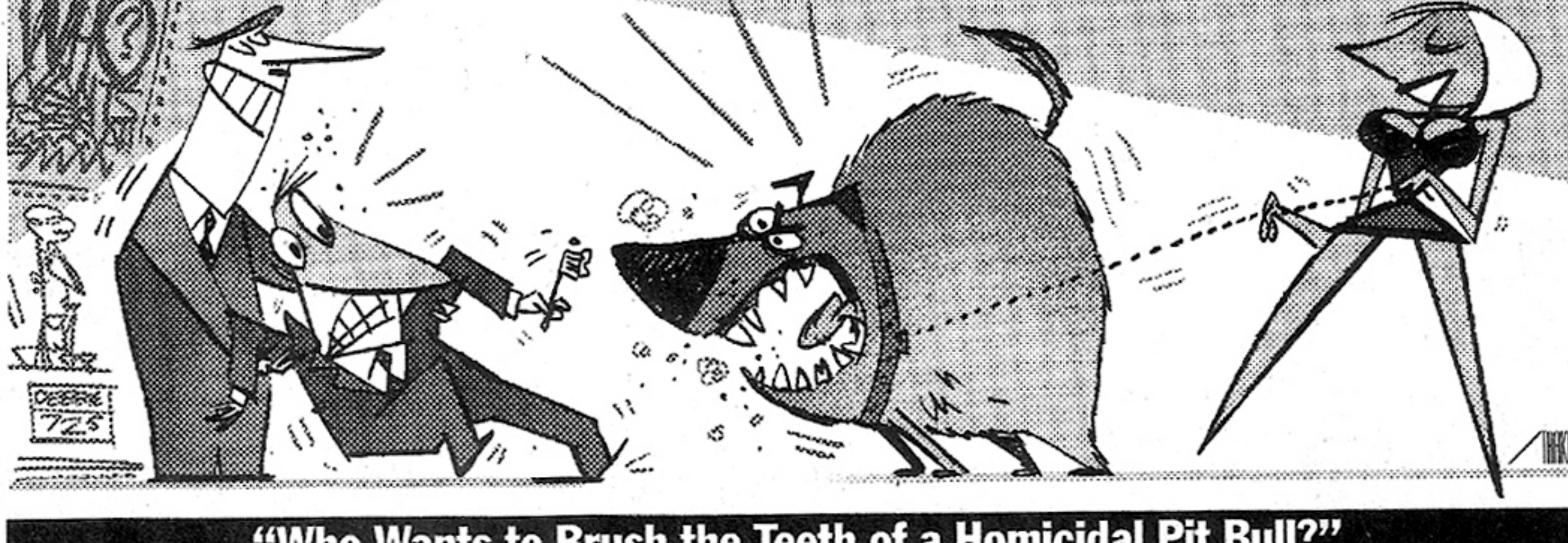


The Style Invitational

WEEK V: WHO WANTS TO WIN A TOILET?



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

"Who Wants to Brush the Teeth of a Homicidal Pit Bull?"

"Who Wants a Hamburger?"

Contestants will each be given a chainsaw, a Weber gas grill, a meat grinder, and a live cow . . .

"Abortion Auction!"

The Fox crew would bring a tuxedoed multi-millionaire to an abortion clinic waiting room. He would offer any woman in there \$2,000 to give her baby up for adoption instead. Then he would slowly raise the stakes by increments of \$1,000 until someone agreed. Hugs and tears all around!

"Who Doesn't Want to Marry Rick Rockwell?"

For a Free Isuzu Trooper and chance to get on national TV, 50 beautiful women get to quiz the square-jawed millionaire, who is dressed in a thong bathing suit, about his dreams and desires. They compete to ask him the most insulting and degrading questions so he won't be attracted to them. One by one, he eliminates the contestants until, in the end, he takes his unlucky bride. And then lets the air out of the tires of her new Trooper.

This Week's Contest: Propose even greater depths of shameless, tasteless sleaze to which Fox TV is likely to sink after the noisome debacle of "Who Wants to Marry a Multi-Millionaire?" First-prize winner does not get a Buzz Aldrin doll. Last week, in the first major error of The Restoration, we promised a prize that had

already been offered. So, for the record, the winner of last week's contest will get a second Genuine Hair Shirt, worth \$50, and the winner of *this* contest, Week V, receives a toilet bank that makes a real flushing noise when a coin is deposited, a value of \$25.

First runner-up wins the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-Shirt. The Uncle's Pick wins the yet-to-be designed but soon-to-be-coveted "The Uncle Loves Me" T-shirt. Send your entries via fax to 202-334-4312, or by e-mail to losers@washpost.com, or by U.S. mail to The Style Invitational, Week V, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071. All entries must be received by Monday, March 6. Please include the week number of the contest and your name, postal address and a daytime or evening telephone number. E-mail entries must include the week number in the message field. Contests will be judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Editors reserve the right to edit entries for taste or content. Results will be published in three weeks. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK II,

in which you were asked to come up with inept romantic sentiments for Valentine's Day.

- ◆ Third Runner-Up: **If we were cockroaches, I'd want to have all 456,938 of your children.** (Don Cooper, Burke)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up: **I love you for what's inside, except of course the chewed food sitting in your digestive tract in various stages of decomposition.** (Niels Hoven, Houston)
- ◆ First Runner-Up: **Baby, one of these days I'm going to marry a woman a lot like you.** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)
- ◆ **And the winner of the one-of-a-kind battery-operated Buzz Aldrin action figure: My darling, when assisted by highly supportive undergarments and, after factoring in the inevitable results of pregnancies combined with a genetic disposition toward excess weight in the hips and buttocks, for which you must be held blameless, you are still a strikingly lovely woman when compared with others in your age group.** (Ben F. Noviello, Fairfax)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

When I look in your eyes, I see the depth of your love. The width I hope will become apparent later, resulting in many more cubic feet of love. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

I love you as much as Captain Kirk loved the Joan Collins character in the episode titled "City on the Edge of Forever," whom he had to let die in order to prevent her from slowing our entry into World War II and thereby allowing the Nazis to win the war. (Joseph Romm, Washington)

Ooh, baby, if sex appeal were campaign funds, you'd be George W. Bush. (Sandra Hull, Arlington)

Your skin is as fair as Judge Wapner is fair. (Mike Genz, La Plata)

My love for you will grow forever, the way a tumor continues to multiply in size indefinitely, or at least until it gets to be the size of a cantaloupe. (Malcolm Visser, Clifton)

Your kisses are sweeter than wine, but without the paper bag. (Darcy Burrow, Great Mills)

I ache for your touch and want to make love to you as soon as the Redskins go up by two touchdowns. (David Genser, Columbia; Charlie Myers, Laurel)

You make me want to stalk you exclusively. (Sandra Hull, Arlington)

Please accept the enclosed as a token of my love. (V. van Gogh, Arles; Sarah W. Gaymon, Gambrills)

You make me forget about all the other women I have known, including Sarah Weintraub. (Mike Genz, La Plata)

I love you so much I will stop all negative advertising if you will. (Joseph Romm, Washington)

I will love you for quite some time. (Mike Genz, La Plata)

I am irrationally exuberant for you in the third quarter of my fiscal life, with rising indicators. (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

Seeing you gives me a lump in my throat, but it is a good lump, kind of like a Pez dispenser when you tilt its head back and it has this big thing sticking out of its throat, but instead of being really disgusting it's really cool candy. And you're like the candy, really cool, plus sometimes the dispensers are worth a lot of money. (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

Kiss it. (William J. Clinton, Washington; Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

You are as sweet as dried prunes. (Mike Genz, La Plata)

You've got it all, babe—friction and viscosity. (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

My love for you runs hotter than a '74 Nova with a V-8 engine and a busted water pump. (Don Cooper, Burke)

You're really somethin', and that ain't just the beer talking. (John Kammer, Herndon)

Size doesn't really matter, honey. Obviously. (Susan Devore, Gaithersburg)

Your eyes are like limpid pools of blue Ty-D-Bol water. (Beth Baniszewski, Columbia)

You're almost as sexy as the chicks in my computer games. (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

When I see you my heart almost skips a beat. It would skip a beat except as you know my pacemaker will not let it skip a beat. (Richard Kenney, Falls Church)

I want to stay in bed with you forever, except of course to pee. (Malcolm Visser, Clifton)

Your eyes sparkle like Coleman lanterns with newly installed mantles. (William M. Powell, Harlingen, Tex.)

You know how you feel when "Federal Government—Closed" shows up on the list of snow closings on TV? That's how you make me feel. (Mary Jo Clark, Alexandria)

Darling, you make me as hot as those hand dryers in a turnpike restroom. (Charlie Myers, Laurel)

Your eyes are like two pools, after the pool guy cleans them. (Darcy Burrow, Great Mills)

Your skin is as smooth as Formica. (Rick Sasaki, Arlington)

Oh, Stuart! Ride me like the horsies in front of the Kmart! (Kim Hampton, Waldorf)

I'd love to put you through the agony of childbirth. (David Genser, Columbia)

I love you for your mind. The mind is somewhere up above the jugs, right? (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Your limp is like a pool of eyelids. (David Genser, Columbia)

You are my love. You are my life. I would be honored if you would spend the rest of your life with me. Will you marry me? (Note: I have been told this is very romantic, but the women I say it to on the subway don't seem to think so.) (Paul Kondis, Alexandria)

I get a warm tingling sensation when you're near me. In fact, it's the same feeling I'd get if the Uncle of the Style Invitational dropped dead. (Tara Parker, Gaithersburg)

◆ The Uncle's Pick:

(This week The Uncle chooses the best response to his own Week II contest, which called for amusingly delightful surprise Valentine's gifts a man might give his wife.)

He gives her a washing machine. He waits for that slight involuntary look of disappointment, then he smiles indulgently and softly tells her to open the lid. She opens the lid, and snakes fly out! Then, oh so gently, he urges her to take another look inside. It's filled with nice lingerie! But the lingerie is soiled! He has stepped on it with muddy boots! So he gives her one last gift: a box of Tide! (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

(The Uncle explains: Women love surprises, and this is just one gag after another.)

Next Week: The 'Sty'le Invitational

DEAD PRESIDENTS

by Bill Strider, Gaithersburg



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Don't let Dead Presidents die! Send your ideas (describe, don't draw) to: Dead Presidents, Style, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or by e-mail to losers@washpost.com.