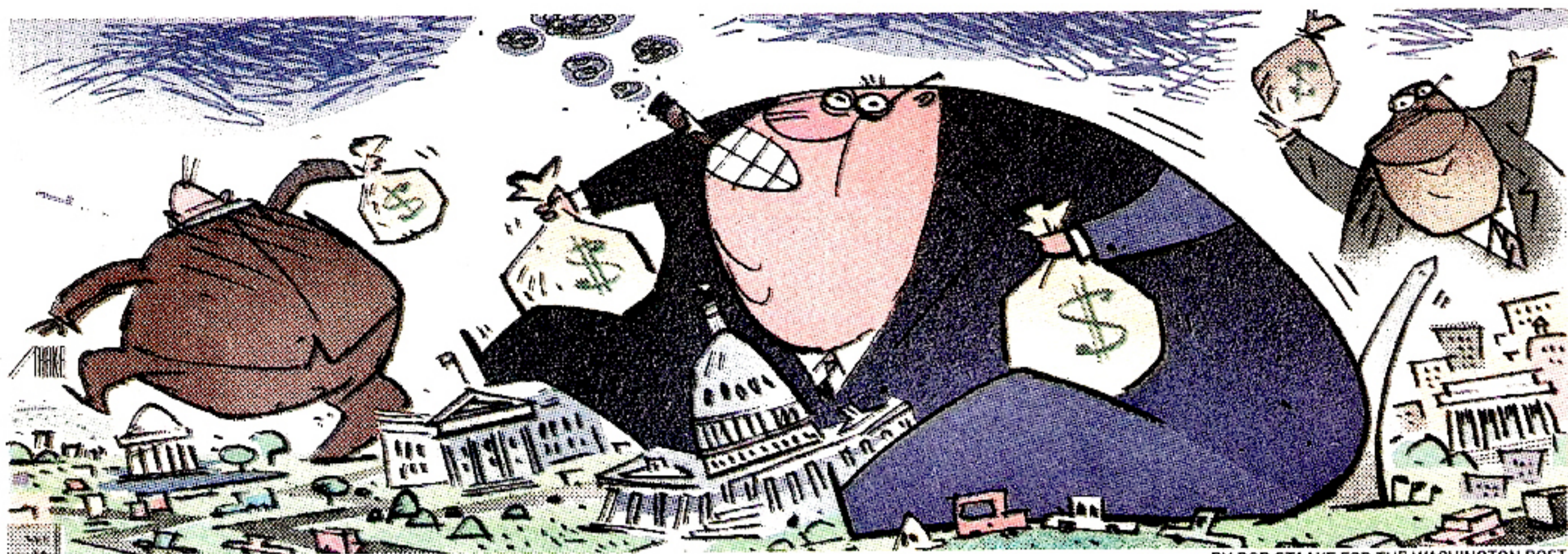


The Style Invitational

Week LXXII: The "Sty"le Invitational.

Washing"ton": Fat city.



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

The "rapist": A very, very bad psychoanalyst.
V "oy" eur: A Peeping Tom at a South Florida Leisure World.

V "id" eo: Porn.
F "right" ened: Jim Jeffords's state of mind prior to leaving the GOP.

This week's contest is a return of one of our favorites. Take any word—this may include people or places—put a portion of it in "air quotes" and redefine it, as in the examples above. You may not alter spelling. First-prize winner gets a genuine foul-smelling uncomfortable hair shirt made by the Hirsute Hairshirt Co., a value of \$50.

First runner-up wins the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. 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 LXXII, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071. Deadline is Monday, June 18. All entries must include the week number of the contest and your name,

postal address and telephone number. E-mail entries must include the week number in the subject field. Contests will be judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Entries may be edited for taste or content. Results will be published in four weeks. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. The revised title for next week's contest is by Chris Doyle of Burke.

REPORT FROM WEEK LXVIII

in which you were asked to come up with a sign of a dire condition, and then a sign of further deterioration thereof.

◆ Fourth runner-up: *Sign your career might be in jeopardy:*

You fracture a leg while running in the Super Bowl.

Sign your career might be in real jeopardy: **You fracture a leg while running in the Kentucky Derby.** (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

◆ Third runner-up: *Sign it might be time to stop breast-feeding:*

Your son is starting to talk.

Sign it really might be time to stop breast-feeding: **Your son is starting to talk about your "bodacious bazooms."** (Russell Beland, Springfield)

◆ Second Runner-Up: *Sign a horse trainer might not know what he is doing:*

The jockeys on his horses are too big.

Sign a horse trainer really might not know what he is doing:

... and they're made by Fruit of the Loom.

(Niels Hoven, Camperdown, Australia)

◆ First Runner-Up: *Sign you are getting old:* **You forget to zip.**

Sign you are really getting old: **You forget to unzip.**

(Chris Doyle, Burke; Alan Rubin, Delaplane, Va.)

◆ And the winner of the cloven-hoofed wine bottle holder:

Sign you're oversexed:

Your wife pretends to be asleep when you enter the bedroom.

Sign you're really oversexed: **Your wife pretends to be asleep when you enter the delivery room.** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

Sign your finances are in trouble: **Your stocks are plummeting off the charts.**

Sign your finances are really in trouble:

Your stockbroker is plummeting off his building. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington; Niels Hoven, Camperdown, Australia)

Sign the California energy crisis is getting serious: **L.A. residents can only cool their houses to 75 degrees.**

Sign the California energy crisis is really getting serious: **L.A. residents can only cool their wine to 75 degrees.**

(Ervin Stembol, Alexandria)

Sign your marriage is in trouble:

You have to get advice from a marriage counselor.

Sign your marriage is really in trouble: **You have to get advice from O.J.**

(Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

Sign you are overweight:

You cause floorboards to bend.

Sign you are really overweight:

You cause light rays to bend.

(Bob Sorensen, Herndon)

Sign you've lost your sense of humor: **You no longer get in the Style Invitational.**

Sign you've really lost your sense of humor: **You no longer get the Style Invitational.**

(Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

Sign you're dating a loser:

He pulls up in a clunker car.

Sign you're really dating a loser: **He pulls up in a clunker car that is being towed.**

(Kenny Burrow, Great Mills, Md.)

Sign you may need therapy:

You talk to yourself.

Sign you may really need therapy:

You talk to yourselves.

(Cindi Rae Caron, Lenoir, N.C.)

Sign you're getting forgetful:

You forget to send in your entry.

Sign you're really getting forgetful:

You send in your entry twice.

(Diane Graft, Centreville)

Sign you're poor:

You fantasize about tax cuts.

Sign you're really poor:

You fantasize about cold cuts.

(Howard Walderman, Columbia)

Sign you are a jerk: **You are sleeping with your girlfriend's mother.**

Sign you are really a jerk: **... and your girlfriend's mother is Mia Farrow.**

(Russell Beland, Springfield)

Sign you might be in trouble:

Your mother uses your middle name when she calls for you.

Sign you might really be in trouble:

The newspaper uses your middle name when it writes about you.

(Russell Beland, Springfield)

Sign your dot-com employer isn't doing well:

Stock options are provided in lieu of salary.

Sign your dot-com employer really isn't doing well:

Stock options are provided in lieu of toilet paper.

(Mike Berman, South Riding, Va.)

Sign your stockbroker is incompetent: **Last year, he recommended Pets.com.**

Sign your stockbroker is really incompetent:

Last week, he recommended Pets.com.

(Bruce W. Alter, Fairfax Station)

Sign your political future may be in trouble:

You are caught having lied under oath about your affair with one of your interns.

Sign your political future might really be in trouble:

You are caught not having filled out all the required paperwork for the nanny you once employed.

(Russell Beland, Springfield)

Sign it is hot out: **You see a dog chasing a cat, and they're both walking.**

Sign it is really hot out: **You see a dog e-mailing a threat to a cat.**

(Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

Sign you're a loser:

You're reading this.

Sign you're really a loser:

You wrote this.

(Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

Sign you're getting forgetful:

You forget to send in your entry.

Sign you're really getting forgetful:

You send in your entry twice.

(Diane Graft, Centreville)

Next Week: Beg Ink to Differ