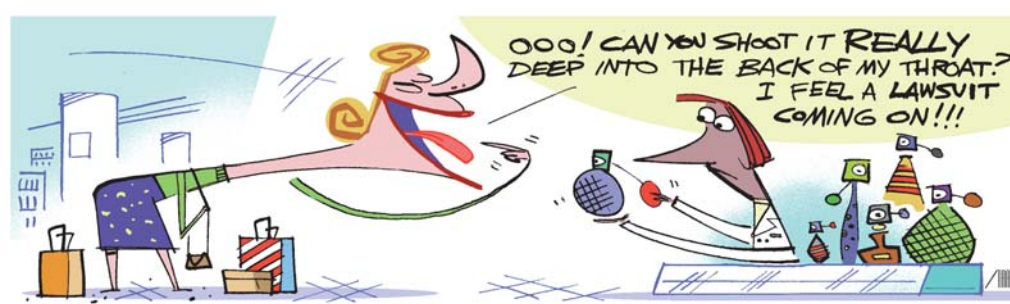


The Style Invitational

Week CXLVII: In No Uncertain Terminations



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Telemarketer: "So, like, what are you wearing?"

Panhandler: "No, I don't have spare change. But I need some. Have you any?"

Person with mayoral petition: "Sure, let me put my John Hancock on it. Actually my name IS John Hancock, and believe it or not my signature is remarkably similar to . . ."

This week's contest: Quick, no-nonsense ways to terminate annoying approaches. Choose an unwanted overture of any sort, as in those above, and come up with a way to stop it dead in its tracks. First-prize winner gets a 20-page lavishly illustrated travelogue, submitted by reader Helen Quinn, documenting the globe-hopping adventures of her Tea Boy mechanical tea-bag-dunking penguin, photographed in places like Malaysia, Vietnam and the Great Wall of China. No, we have no idea either, but there it is. It's nicer than most books, and far weirder. 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. U.S. mail entries are no longer accepted. Deadline is Monday, Nov. 25. 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. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified.*

Report From Week CXLIII, which asked you to coin "portmanteau words" by combining two words that overlap by two letters or more:

◆ Fourth Runner-Up: **Estrogenality: The attribute that compels women to go to the restroom in pairs.** (Joy Vizi, Sterling)

◆ Third Runner-Up: **Euphemistress: One's "niece."** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

◆ Second Runner-Up: **Nazionist: One truly mixed-up SOB.** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

◆ First Runner-Up: **Mulligangster: A hit man who is afforded a second shot when his first is not successful.** (Mike Genz, La Plata)

◆ And the winner of the human head replica: **Rhinoplasterisk: Indicates that a person's appearance on a "Most Beautiful" list may have been surgically assisted.** (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

◆ Honorable Mentions:
Abacadabacus: What magic bean counters use. (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)

Anapestimate: In auto repair, two small approximations followed by a much larger bill. (Michael Becraft, Reston)

Apocryphaltruism: Overstating one's charitable deductions. (Steve Fahey, Kensington)

Arroganthology: The Gore Vidal reader. (John Griessmayer, Roanoke)

Baseballoon: A coach who has "put on a few pounds" since playing in the outfield. (Toby Gottfried, Santa Ana, Calif.)

Bashcroft: The purpose of Washington Post articles about the attorney general. (Steve O'Rourke, Washington)

Begetcetera: Multiple births. (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

Brassiereprimand: "Hey, my face is up here." (G.T. Bowman, Falls Church)

Cicadaver: Deceased people who surface every four years or so, for a Chicago mayoral election. (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

Cirrhost: The bartender. (Ron Bottomly, Columbia)

Coleslawsuit: Legal action taken without a shred of evidence. (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

Communiqueaserasa: An unimportant message. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Conundrumbeat: Why are we going to war with Iraq again? (David E. Romm, Minneapolis)

Courtshipwreck: A dating error so disastrous it ends a relationship. Example: Sleeping with her sister. (Mel Loftus, Holmen, Wis.)

Daschlemiel: Senate Majority Wimp. (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

Defibrillatte: Really, really strong coffee. (John Griessmayer, Roanoke)

Dershowitzer: An expert in cannon law. (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

Dubyak: Not exactly the Gettysburg Address. (Milo Sauer, Fairfax)

Ethiccup: A brief, involuntary suspension of one's moral principles. (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

Expresso: A strong coffee drink made with breast milk. (Bruce Evans, Washington)

Foxymoron: A perfect 10 in looks and IQ. (Milo Sauer, Fairfax)

Frigidiot: Those shirtless guys at January football games. (Jimmy LaCaria, Watertown, N.Y.)

Genitaltruistic: A polite way of describing the promiscuous. (John Griessmayer, Roanoke)

Hemperor: A drug kingpin. (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

Humordure: Poopy jokes. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Impotentate: Saddam, before Viagra. (Paul Dudley, Ellicott City)

Internetherworld: Where failed dot-coms go. (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

Jihades: Where suicide bombers go. (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

Ketchupscale: Condiment made exclusively of tomahtoes. (Mike Genz, La Plata)

Kimchihuahua: Asian food made with secret special ingredients. (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

Leotarp: Plus-size workout wear. (Milo Sauer, Fairfax)

Liberalchemy: Tax plus spend equals happiness for all. (Steve Fahey, Kensington)

Malaproposition: "Hey, babe, want to preamble over to my place and copopulate?" (Dan Steinberg, Falls Church)

Manureporter: A gossip columnist. (Leni Steiner, Baltimore)

Monotontological: Relating to the dullness inherent in existence. (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)

Moulin Rouget's Thesaurus: A compendium of related words about truth, beauty, freedom but, above all, love. (David E. Romm, Minneapolis)

Mountaine'er-do-well: A hillbilly who makes Snuffy Smith seem like Laurence Olivier. (Sue MacDonald, Cincinnati)

Muslimbaugh: Islam's really conservative branch. (Frank Mullen III, Aledo, Ill.)

Necromantic: When you slip a ring on your lover's hand, then sacrifice a chicken so she can rise again and dance joyously with you to celebrate your eternal life together. (Beth Baniszewski, Cambridge, Mass.)

Orgasmithsonian: A museum of pornography. (John Holder, Rock Hill, S.C.)

Palindromedary: The camelemac, a two-humped beast of burden. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Penultimatum: I'm going to tell you this only one more time after this . . . (Dot Yufer, Newton, W. Va.)

Pestivate: To spend the summer sponging off relatives. (Mel Loftus, Holmen, Wis.)

Prostitution: A horrible way to pay for college. (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)

Pseudonymphomaniac: Mrs. John Smith (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

Punditto: Talking heads who keep agreeing with each other. (Joseph Romm, Washington)

Serpentateuch: In which Genesis is retold from the point of view of the snake. (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

Shagrin: Regret regarding whom one has just awakened next to. (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

Slothello: A quick tempered Moor who, overcome with jealousy, wants to kill his wife, his friend and himself, but never gets around to it. (Jordy Keith and Adam Bauerman, Canon City, Colo.)

Snydermatology: The controversial practice of removing unsightly blemishes on your Skins; sometimes does more damage than good. (Doug Burns, Falls Church)

Subterraneanerdthal: A subway groper. (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

Teatery: A Hooters restaurant. (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

Therapistemologist: One who asks, "How do you know that you know what you feel about that?" (Peter Carlton, Waldorf)

Trepanache: The ability to keep your head when someone is trying to drill holes in it. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Vivacuous: Describing a cheerleader. (John R. Shea, Philadelphia)

Zeppelingerie: Undergarments for the full-figured frau. (Frank Mullen III, Aledo, Ill.)



1- Composer, 1874-1951. 2- Another composer, 1882-1971. He & Schoenberg never met.

TELL ME ABOUT IT

TELL ME, From F1

But she's bonkers, too, for thinking you both can "forget."

It happened. Which means you can't pretend it happened. It says, to you at least, that she wasn't as upset as you were, and that hurts. Right? (It has nothing to do with her in any way betraying you or being damaged goods now, right?)

You also can't let pain make all your decisions for you, not unless you want your next and future intense emotional attachments to be with "SportsCenter."

And you also can't lose sight of the fact that this was one (1) apparently dead-end, post-breakup fling. I mean really.

The only reliable way to make an Issue disappear is to make sense of it—to leave nothing for your insomniac brain to gnaw on. When she left you last spring she was feeling . . . what? And this fling occurred . . . when? And it helped resolve her doubts . . . how? And she came back to . . . whom? And you are blowing this way out of proportion . . . why?

It's pass-fail. Penmanship doesn't count.

Dear Carolyn:

I am in a relationship with a wonderful guy. I very much believe he's committed to this relationship, but sometimes I feel threatened by his female friends. He has lots of them. During the past year, he became friends with a

woman who is single and very attractive. I happen to admire this woman myself, but I get this terrible knot in my stomach when I see the two of them together. I, too, value my friendships with members of the opposite sex. Should I come right out and say I'm jealous of this particular woman, or is this really an issue of trust?

—A.N.

If this must be an either-or question, then, yes.

Yes, it's entirely an issue of trust—in him to be honest, in the relationship to thrive or fail on its merits, in the female friends to respect your primacy. Mostly, though, it's about trusting yourself enough to realize that any relationship you have is about what you have to offer, or not. It's never about how you measure up to whatever else is out there. Think about it: Do you want to be described as the person he's with because he couldn't do any better?

And, yes, you should come right out and say you feel threatened by this woman, and that you don't know why, and that you'd like to talk about it. Better to flush it out than to fake it.

Write to Tell Me About It, Style, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or tellme@washpost.com, and join Carolyn's live discussion at noon Fridays at www.washingtonpost.com/liveonline.



YEAH, THAT'S TRUE. BUT I MAKE SURE ALL MY MALE FRIENDS ARE UGLY.

BY NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Next Week: A Load of Bulwer II