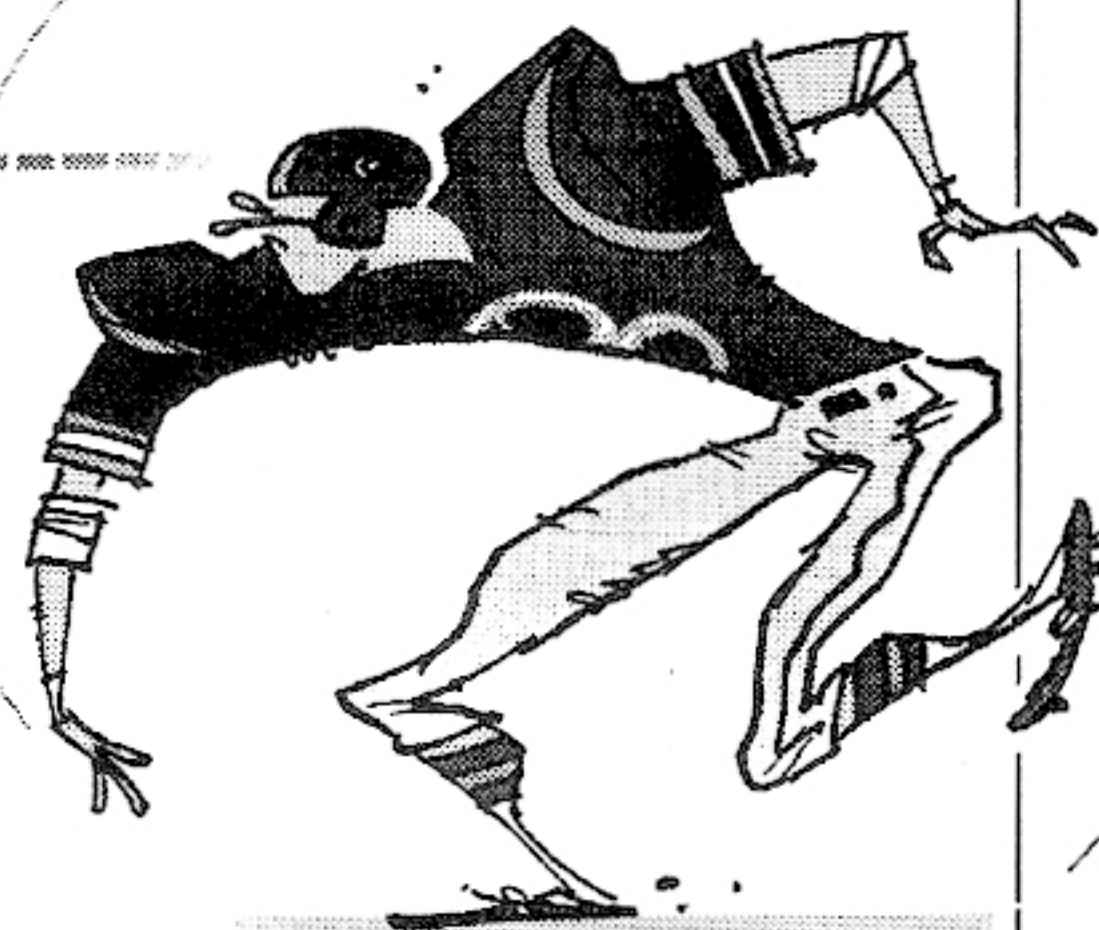


The Style Invitational

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 686: Thank It Over



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

The Redskins play just once a week.

Snot doesn't taste bad.

Not everybody at The Washington Post has mature judgment.

When we report the results of this contest four weeks from now, it'll be a few days before Thanksgiving. Russell Beland of Springfield suggested: To make sure you'll have something interesting to say when the relatives ask around the dinner table and put everyone on the spot: **Tell us some things to be thankful for.**

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. First runner-up receives a bobblehead presumably supposed to represent President Bush, wearing a flight suit. The base says "Mission Accomplished." It's from the same people who sent the Schwarzenegger-in-a-dress bobblehead some time ago. That one was better, but this one has a certain nothing as well.

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions (or whatever they're called this week) get one of the all-new lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to losers@washpost.com or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Oct. 30. Put "Week 686" in the subject line of your e-mail, or it risks being ignored as spam. Include your name, postal address and phone number with your entry. Contests are 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 Nov. 19. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. Both the Honorable Mentions name and the revised title for next week's contest are by Tom Witte of Montgomery Village.

REPORT FROM WEEK 682

In which we asked for songs for a product, company, organization or agency, set to any Beatles song: Every John, Paul, George and Ringo offered a jingle for Viagra set to "A Hard Day's Night," or a deodorant ad to the tune of "Do You Want to Know a Secret?"

3 For Rogaine (to "Help")
**When you were younger, so much younger than today,
 You never heeded any thought of wearing a toupee.
 But now your hair is merely tufts around your dome;
 It's not just thin — your next of kin refer to you as "Chrome."
 Don't let pattern baldness be your bane!
 We can save your disappearing mane!
 We can grow your hair back with Rogaine!
 Try Rogaine, you'll see.** (Bob Dalton, Arlington)

MERSEY KILLINGS

For the Whizzinator drug test cheating device (to "Come Together")

**He play pro baseball
 He chock full of steroids
 He take peptide hormones
 He got arms like tree trunks
 He say "Homers, I hit eighty-three!
 But it ain't worth nothin'
 If they sample my pee!"
 Whizzinator delivers perfect pee.** (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

The CIA (to the end of "I Will")

**... And when we waterboard you,
 Your cries will fill the air.
 'Fess out loud so we can hear you.
 There's no lawyer sitting near you.
 And the things you say — sincere, they will be!
 Ah, your guts you'll spill.** (Bob Dalton, Arlington)

*Dell Laptops Hey, dude, you got a Dell.
 It's the laptop of your desire.*

**Remember to trade the battery in,
 Lest it begin to catch on fire. . . .
 And anytime you feel the heat, hey dude, retreat,
 Don't think that they're only trying to test us.
 And don't you know that it's no joke —
 When you see smoke
 You'll wish that your clothing was asbestos.
 Ow ow ow ow ow, ow ow ow ow . . .** (David Smith, Santa Cruz, Calif.)

Maxwell House (to "Maxwell's Silver Hammer")

**Joe's a bit morose, virtually comatose,
 Doesn't want to work.
 Late night, early morn, his eyes drooping
 low-oh-oh-oh,
 Maxwell House's roast, drink it when you need it
 most,
 Sugar, cream or black.
 How'd you like it, Jack, that first cup of
 jo-o-o-oe? . . .
 Sip! Sip! Maxwell House's coffee
 Can get you out of bed.
 Slurp! Slurp! Maxwell House's coffee's
 Been known to wake the dead.** (Daniel Bahls, Brighton, Mass.)

2 *The winner of the jar of Sultan's Paste (for Energy): Ikea (to "Norwegian Wood")*

**These dressers and shelves,
 Though they look nice,
 Don't build themselves.
 Packed flat in a box,
 Tight as we could: Ikea wood.
 Wordless instruction sheets may have
 you pulling your hair;
 If you're not careful, your bookshelf may
 end up a chair.
 You'll, when you are done,
 Have a screw loose more ways than one.
 If something drove you
 Crazy for good, Ikea would.** (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)



AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

Mel Gibson's production company:
**He loves Jews, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!
 Mel sometimes will imbibe;
 What he said he didn't mean.
 He doesn't hate the tribe,
 He merely loves John 3:16!
 And when he argued
 That the Nazis weren't that bad,
 That was only
 His impression of his dad. Truuue!
 He loves Jews, yeah, yeah, yeah!
 He loves Jews, yeah, yeah, yeah!
 And with remorse like that,
 You know you can't stay mad.** (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

*Congressional Page Board
 (to "You've Got to Hide Your Love Away")*

**Act your age with a page
 When he's hot and young.
 Don't admire, don't inquire
 if he is well hung. . . .
 Hey, you've got to hide your lust away.
 Hey, whether you're straight or if you're gay.** (Barbara Sarshik and Andy Pike, McLean)

To "Norwegian Wood"

**i once had a girl, or should I say she once had me.
 She showed me her speedreadingtechnique,
 Isn't it good — Evelyn Wood.** (Vicki Zatarain, Washington)

Tanqueray gin (to "Yesterday")

**Yesterday, all my woes were drowned in
 chardonnay,
 Now I know I've found a smarter way:
 Oh, I believe in Tanqueray.
 Suddenly, one big bottle's all it takes, you see,
 This old sot need not awake to pee.
 Oh, Tanqueray's the drink for me.** (Tom Hafer, Arlington)

Cialis (to "Dear Prudence")

**Cialis restores my manly powers.
 I'll call the doctor if it lasts more than four hours.
 My whole world has a clear blue sky.
 The sun is up, and so am I.
 Cialis lets me come out to play.** (Harvey Smith, McLean)

Thorazine (to "Yellow Submarine")

**In the town where I was born
 Lived a man who was serene,
 And he told me of his life
 Taking phenothiazine.
 So I gave up all the tea,
 Said goodbye to nicotine.
 Now I'm calm as I can be,
 Using mellow Thorazine.
 We all live for our mellow Thorazine . . .** (Chris Doyle, right now in Beijing, we think)

Borden (to "Something")

**Something in the way she moos
 Attracts me as an udder lover.
 Something in the way she moos me.**

**I don't want to leave this cow,
 You know I believe this cow . . .** (George Vary, Bethesda)

Date.com (to "Eleanor Rigby")

**Poor lonely spinster,
 You'll be a princess with money to match.
 Oh, what a catch.
 Drug-addled dropout,
 You'll be James Bond with a boat and a master's
 degree.
 That's what they'll see.
 All those lonely people, where do they all come
 from?
 All you lonely people, who log on Date.com.** (Steve Fahey, Kensington)

Dermablend Dark Tone Cover Cream (To "Get Back")

**You know that Michael Jackson used to be a brother,
 Livin' out the pop star dream.
 He sang us "Black or White" and morphed into the
 other.
 Now he needs our special cream.
 Get Black. Get Black. Get Black the way that you
 belong.
 Get Black, Michael! (Howard Spindel, Portland, Ore.)**

NRA (to "Happiness Is a Warm Gun")

**So what's to change? — Wayne R. LaPierre, Arlington
 (Chris Doyle)**

*Transportation Security Agency (To "Helter Skelter" — and
 you didn't remember it even had a tune)*

**Now you put your computer in a bin and your bag on
 its side,
 Put them all on the belt and they'll go for a ride,
 And your shoes and your jacket — you might see
 them again.
 See that trash can, throw in your drink now,
 And your face cream; don't make me think now.
 Tell me, tell me, tell me any jokes, I'll get meaner.
 You can't get around me, I'm an airport screener.
 Helter skelter . . . (Valerie Matthews, Ashton)**

FOR LOTS MORE, EQUALLY SINGABLE
 Honorably Mentioned parodies, visit
washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational.

Next Week: Punkin'd, or The Gourds Must Be Crazy