

The Style Invitational

By the Empress

Week 752: The Might-Mates Rite

Saturday, February 9, 2008

"You just might be a . . . if . . .": It's a joke form so well worn that you can see right through to the polka dots on its boxer shorts. But then again, so is the three-panel comic strip -- and it can still yield plenty of original humor in the hand of the right creator. That would be you, yes? **This week: Fill out any of these five "you just might" joke-templates:**

You just might be an embarrassment to your child if . . .

You just might be from Georgetown if . . .

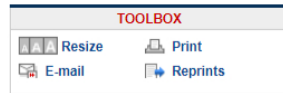
You just might not be an animal rights enthusiast if . . .

You just might have a substance abuse problem if . . .

You just might need a new car soon if . . .



(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)



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Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place gets this smolderin' cool J.S. Bach action figure, donated by Randy Lee of Burke. Okay, he may not be all that dynamic to look at, but he comes with a seriously sweet prop: a stool to sit on! Do that harpsichord thing, Sebastian!

Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable Mentions get one of the 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, Feb. 18. Put "Week 752" 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 March 8. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. This week's contest and Honorable Mentions name were both suggested by Kevin Dopart. The revised title for next week's contest is by Chris Doyle.

Report From Week 748

our annual contest in which we seek poems about those who died in the previous year: As usual, we had far too many outstanding verses than we could fit in the paper; you can find more of the Honorable Mentions at washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational.

4. Jerry Falwell:

**Not for being greatly good --
Not because he knew he would --
Jerry Falwell's gone above,
Unto his Creator's love,
Spending every night and day
With angels black and angels gay.
God our Father knows us all well;
Knows what's Hell for Jerry Falwell.**
(David Smith, Santa Cruz, Calif.)

3. Lady Bird Johnson:

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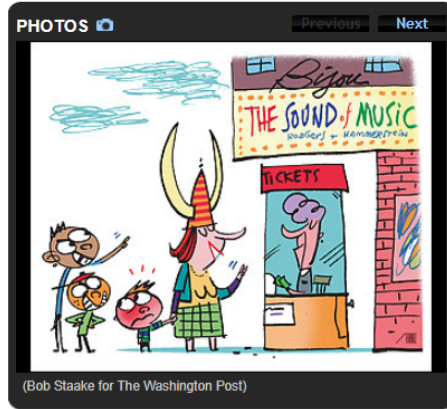
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Jackie's successor, a rather plain dresser,
Was viewed by the press as much duller.
For Lady Bird's way to enliven our day
Was for highways to sparkle with color.
A political wife, she spent most of her life
With a blind eye to what Hubby sinned in.
But on her ranch, though it slanted,
She successfully planted
Seven oak trees, four elms and one Lyndon. *(Christopher Lamora, Arlington)*



(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

2. winner of the Steve Irwin beanbag doll:

Carlo Ponti, movie producer and husband of Sophia Loren:

The Roman figure Ponti made great:
XXXVIII-XXIV-XXXVIII *(Ira Allen, Bethesda)*

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And the Winner of the Inker

Nonagenarian *Skinny McNabb*,
Who, as you'd expect, wasn't fat,
Whose stats with the Tigers were scanty and drab
(He whiffed in his only at-bat),
Has laid down his burden of tears and fatigue,
But now something sweeter he savors:
He plays every day in the Afterlife League,
Picked up by the Angels on waivers. *(Brendan Beary, Great Mills)*

Stiff Competition: Honorable Mentions

John Backus, developer of the Fortran programming language in early computers:

I had compiled my last regards
But then I dropped my batch of cards. *(Kevin Dopart, Washington)*

Barbaro, in Heaven, was asked by "the Shoe":
What's a crummy joint doing in a nice horse like you? *(Peter Metrisko, Chantilly)*

Benazir Bhutto:

She made herself a target
Too big to be ignored,
So Pakistan's onetime PM
Received Urdu reward.
-- P. Musharraf, Islamabad *(Brendan Beary)*

Benazir's protectors
Would have to be dismayed;
It's simpler killing leaders
Than covers of Parade. *(Kevin Dopart)*

Ernest Gallo:

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How often have I said, I wonder
now:

"A loaf of bread, a box of wine
and thou"? (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan,
Minn.)

Johnny Hart:

Higgledy piggledy
"B.C.'s" creator was
Sure his hereafter was
Shiny and bright:
Ultra-conservative,
Rigidly Christian, and
Smugly in Heaven now
(if he was right). (Anne Paris,
Arlington)



(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

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Advertisement *Leona Helmsley:*

Leona's checked out, and the throng of her former
Employees all hope she's now lodged somewhere
warmer:

A place where Beelzebub gets the last laugh
By treating his guests the way *she* treated staff. (Brendan Beary)

Molly Ivins:

Enjoy a calm retirement, Dubya;
Molly's not around to "Shrub" ya. (David Smith)

Marcel Marceau:

For you Marcel, O mime sublime,
Imaginary bells now chime.
Farewell to life and all its violence:
It's RIP for Bip -- the rest is _____. (Jeff Brechlin)

He listened to his mom's advice:
"If you can't say something nice . . ." (Kevin Dopart)

Luciano Pavarotti:

At last Pavarotti is resting in peace.
He'd let himself go, and it showed.
Let's face it, the guy had become so obese,
He had his own aria code. (Brendan Beary)

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Higgledy piggledy

Charles Nelson Reilly a-Mused us for decades, but Died in '07.

Brett Somers also died Coincidentally,

Henceforth ensuring

A Match Game in Heaven. (Sue Fialkoff, North Potomac, a First Offender)

Phil Rizzuto:

For Scooter, the years have exacted their toll.

Now this Hall of Fame shortstop plays deep in the hole. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

Mstislav Rostropovich:

Advertisement Saint Peter asked, "Can we admit this Rostropovich fellow?"

God said, smiling, in reply: "There's always room for cello." (Peter Metrinko)

Wally Schirra:

Bravely flew through space to probe it; Circled Earth, is now in obit.

Broke the bonds of life unhampered

And, you can be sure, un-Pampered. (Beverley Sharp, Washington)

Anna Nicole Smith:

Her life was weird and sad, and her death was even more so.

But when the tabloids leave, she'll still be famous for her torso. (Anne Paris)

Now Ike Turner's off the street;

They say he never missed a beat. (Beverley Sharp)

Whakahuihui Vercoe, New Zealand Anglican leader:

Archbishop Vercoe has at last been laid low,

And I hate to speak ill of a Kiwi,

But still, I just snicker to muse how a vicar

Gets by with the name "Whakahuihui." (Brendan Beary)



(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

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When *Helen Walton*, 87,
Knocks upon the gates of Heaven,
Sam, her husband, not Saint
Peter,
Stands inside to meet and greet
her. (*Chris Doyle*)

Boris Yeltsin:

On top of a vehicle, fist in the air,
His nose all beet red, there stood
Boris.
He called for democracy, said,
"Let's be fair!"
And appealed to that mass
Russian chorus.
He then ruled for eight years
until he resigned;
'Twas his time, then, to head for
the door.

So he picked up his vodka, left the Kremlin behind,
Saying, "I simply can't Putin no more." (*Christopher
Lamora*)

Advertisement *And Last:*

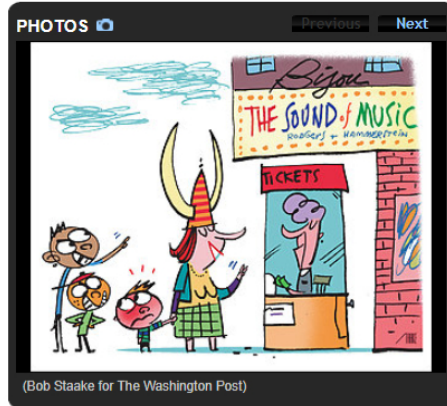
A tragic loss! Farewell to you:
Sunday Comics, Section 2. (*Jeffrey Contompassis, Ashburn*)

[Read more Honorable Mentions.](#)

Next Week: *Opus 266, No. 3*, or *Flexicology*

Aw, Shoot! **Photo Contest No. 4**

We're still accepting entries for our photo contest to illustrate, humorously, any of five captions we supplied. Deadline is Feb. 25; see the captions and the contest rules here: [Week 750](#).



(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

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