

Entertainment

Week 1134: The ‘Sty’le Invitational Red‘ux’

Plus ‘carpe BM’ and other winning puns on foreign phrases



It's the "Aw"ard for just being on the team: This week's challenge is to find more "air quotes" — words within other words. (Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

By Pat Myers July 23 [Follow @PatMyersTWP](#)

(Click [here to skip down](#) to this week's winning puns on foreign phrases.)

“Aw”ard: The trophy the team gives to the schlumpy kids just for participating. (Roger Dalrymple)

Ameri“can”: A butt larger than a size 18. (Barbara Turner)

Se“cret in”redient: A common marketing ploy targeting the pathologically gullible. (David Garratt)



This squirrel has no idea how ridiculous it looks!
Then again, it doesn't care — it's eating. This
feeder is this week's second prize.
(archiemcpee.com)

By personal request of the long-deposed but occasionally still indulged Czar of The Style Invitational, who maintains that the Empress has not redone this contest often enough — “you have never given them the love they deserve” — we bring you another encore of our “air quotes” contest, which last ran two years ago, and before that in 2009, 2001 and 2000. Exactly the same as before: **Put quotation marks around part of a word, name or phrase and define the result**, as in the inking entries above from [Week 1031](#) in 2013. (Links to the previous results appear in this week's Style Conversational at bit.ly/conv1134.)

Winner gets the [Inkin' Memorial](#), the Lincoln statue bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a [squirrel feeder](#) in the shape of a hollow horsehead; if the critters are going to eat up your seeds anyway, you might as well enjoy watching them look ridiculous while doing so. (Could a similar device be created for, say, tax auditors?) Donated by Loser Diane Wah.

Other runners-up win their choice of a yearned-for [Loser Mug](#) or the ardently desired “Whole Fools” [Grossery Bag](#). Honorable mentions get a lusted-after Loser magnet designed by Bob Staake: either “[The Wit Hit the Fan](#)” or “[Hardly Har-Har](#).” First Offenders receive a smelly tree-shaped air “freshener” ([FirStink](#) for their first ink). E-mail entries to losers@washpost.com or, if you were born in the 19th century, fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday night, Aug. 3; results published Aug. 23 (online Aug. 20). You may submit up to 25 entries per contest. Include “Week 1134” in your e-mail subject line or it might be ignored as spam. Include your real name, postal address and phone number with your entry. See contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/InvRules. The headline for this week's results is by Tom Witte; the honorable-mentions subhead is by Chris Doyle. Join the lively Style Invitational Devotees group on Facebook at on.fb.me/invdev. “Like” the Style Invitational Ink of the Day on Facebook at bit.ly/inkofday.

The Style Conversational: The Empress's weekly online column, published late Thursday afternoon, discusses each new contest and set of results. Especially if you plan to enter, check it out at wapo.st/styleconv.

[And the winners of the Style Invitational contest posted four weeks ago . . .](#)

MANQUÉ BUSINESS: THE FOREIGN-PHRASE PUNS OF WEEK 1130

In [Week 1130](#) we asked you to make a pun on a foreign term or phrase (or a foreign term that's become an English one) and describe the result. Here's *la crème* of about 1,700 entries. Not sure what the original term was? Clicking on a link below will show it to you.

4th place:

[Carpe BM](#): Clean up after your dog! (Neal Starkman, Seattle)

3rd place:

[Hate couture](#): Wrapping yourself in the Confederate flag. (Nan Reiner, visting Boca Raton, Fla.)

2nd place and the deck of “Aussie Sheila” cards:

In MoCo parentis: Calling Child Protective Services if you see some [kids walking down the street](#). (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

And the winner of the Inkin’ Memorial:

’Sup du jour: Whatever greeting is currently hip. “A fist bump followed by a low five and a quiet ‘yo’ is the ‘sup du jour in Flatbush. (Bird Waring, Larchmont, N.Y.)

Honorable Menschen (und Frauen):

Choreigami: The art of folding laundry. (Ben Aronin, Washington)

Paterfemalias: Caitlyn Jenner. (Mike Gips, Bethesda, Md.)

Liberté, égalité, maternité: The result of too much fraternité. (Stephen Gold, Glasgow, Scotland)

Huevos ranch eros: Breakfast on Brokeback Mountain. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

Ice versa: Giving back the engagement ring. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village, Md.)

Glamor vincit omnia: What Hillary Clinton sincerely hopes is not true. (Danielle Nowlin, Fairfax Station, Va.)

Amor vincit amnesia: Typical soap opera plot. (Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

Joie de Bieber: It feels pretty good to be 21 years old and worth 200 million dollars. (Tom Witte)

Jindalaya: A concoction that somehow manages to be both bland and offensive. (Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

Ho polloi: A cheap hooker. (Dave Prevar, Annapolis, Md.)

Hea culpa: It’s the other guy’s fault. (Jim Stiles, Rockville, Md.)

Maya culpa: It’s the Mexicans’ fault! — D. Trump (Todd DeLap, Fairfax, Va.)

Mayor culpa: Marion Barry, Vincent Cianci, Kwame Kilpatrick, Ray Nagin . . . (Warren Tanabe, Annapolis, Md.)

Plus ça change, plus c’est la même shows: The new sitcoms look a lot like the old ones. (Skip Livingston, Hopewell, N.J.)

De Plorabus Unum: The one thing we can all agree on is we don’t like each other. (Art Grinath, Takoma Park, Md.)

Répondez s’il vous play: An invitation on Tinder. (Dave Patton, Arlington, Va., a First Offender)

Non compass mentis: “Don’t worry, honey, I know exactly where we’re going.” (Matt Monitto, Bristol, Conn.)

Non compost mentis: “Did you just throw those perfectly good vegetable peels into the trash can? You must be out of your freaking mind!” (Danielle Nowlin)

Ad hock: Served with a special garnish to an obnoxious diner: After being ordered to “make it snappy,” Pierre served up the filet mignon ad hock.” (Jim Stiles)

Persona non gratuity: What the waiter will be if he serves the filet ad hock. (Jim Stiles)

Purse-owner non grata: It’s a man’s world. (Dudley Thompson, Cary, N.C.)

Ladenfreude: The collective American cheer when we learned that the Navy SEALs got their man. (Amy Harris, Charlottesville, Va.)

Rigor Morris: When a cat has used up its [nine lives](#). (Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn, Va.)

Peeanissimo: The quieter volume you get from aiming at the side of the toilet bowl. (Dave Prevar)

Bonk vivant: Someone who always wants to bed the life of the party. (Frank Osen)

Boudoirk: The opposite of a bonk vivant. (Frank Osen)

Veryboten: Not just out of the question, but OUT OF THE QUESTION. (Dudley Thompson)

Coup de grass: Lawn 1, mower 0. (Marni Penning Coleman, Falls Church, Va.)

Coitus interruckus: The upstairs neighbors are at it again. (Chris Doyle)

Cri decor: “What have you DONE to my HOUSE??” the HGTV contestant screamed. (Marni Penning Coleman)

La dolce feta: Greece, back in the day. (Sylvia Betts, Vancouver, B.C.)

Chargé d'affairs: Alimony. (John Burton, Herndon, Va.)

Summa cum loud: Letting everyone know, for the rest of your life, that you graduated at the top of the class. (Rick Haynes, Boynton Beach, Fla.)

Cad infinitum: Many a woman’s dating history. (Amy Harris)

Caveat emptier: Beware the overfull diaper pail. (Mark Richardson, Takoma Park, Md.)

Caveat hemptor: Dude, that might be oregano. (Jeff Shirley, Richmond, Va.)

Knobless oblige: A eunuch’s responsibility to the harem. (Jeff Shirley)

Sooey generous: The family-size barbecue platter. (Susan Thompson, Cary, N.C.)

Sinus qua non: The phlegm de la phlegm of nasal infections. (Kathy El-Assal, Middleton, Wis.)

Sheikh semper tyrannis: There’s not much democracy in some of those desert kingdoms. (John O’Byrne, Dublin)

Shlalom: The downhill path of Middle East peace. (Kevin Dopart, visiting Naxos, Greece)

Nom de fume: Your rants-only Twitter handle. (Pam Sweeney, Burlington, Mass.; Larry Neal, McLean, Va.)

Nom de prune: “California Dried Plums.” (Yuki Henninger, Vienna, Va.)

Veni, Vidi, Vichy: I came, I saw, I surrendered. (Neil Harris, Gaithersburg, Md., a First Offender)

Pox populi: Veni, VD, vici. (Jeff Contompasis)

Lardi Gras: An even fatter Tuesday. (Rob Huffman, Fredericksburg, Va.)

Tardi Gras: Fat Thursday. (John Glenn, Tyler, Tex.)

Stoat couture: Genuine furs at a lower price point. (John McCooey, Rehoboth Beach, Del.)

Entree nous: “I’m not that hungry — I’ll just have a little of yours.” (Marni Penning Coleman)

Tannenbomb: The Style Invitational [FirStink](#) “prize.” (Emily Davis, Bloomington, Ind.)

Still running — deadline Monday night, July 27: our contest for clerihews. See bit.ly/invite1133.

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