

Style Invitational Week 1208: A RIP-roaring year — write an obit poem

Plus the winning post-election 'silver linings' to comfort (or 'comfort') the despairing



The "date" that 16-year-old Barry Williams went on with his 36-year-old "Brady Bunch" mom seems to have been mostly in his own mind. (Bob Staake/for The Washington Post)

By Pat Myers • Entertainment December 29, 2016

(Click [here to skip down](#) to the post-election "silver linings" winners of Week 1204)

Florence Henderson (1934-2016)

"Marcia, Marcia, Marcia!" the other girls, they quipped.

**The senior Brady daughter was the cute one (says the script).
But just ask Greg, the eldest, which castmate was the bomb —
The hottie whom he pined for was his lovely on-screen mom.**

One death most of us can cheer about is the demise, finally, of the year 2016, which, in addition to such pesky distractions as the world falling apart, seemed to claim a weirdly high number of beloved entertainment figures. But their loss is our game, our annual one: **Write a humorous poem of no longer than eight lines about someone who died in 2016**, as in the example above by Washington Post Staff Tasteless Person Gene Weingarten. You're certain to find many lists of newly former people by Googling "deaths 2016" (without quotes). As always with our obit poems, being witty doesn't mean you have to be cruel; don't express glee over someone's death just because you didn't like her singing or his tax policies. Your poem isn't required to rhyme, but in the 14 previous times we did this contest, almost all the inking entries did.



This week's second prize: Maybe you can contribute this to the new Great Great Wall to our south.

Submit entries at this website: bit.ly/enter-invite-1208 (all lowercase).

Winner gets the [Inkin' Memorial](#), the Lincoln statue bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place gets, after our year of similarly great (if not similarly "great") upheaval, a genuine **"Authentic Cut taken directly from the heart of the Berlin Wall."** It comes complete with a little pouch, a declaration of authenticity, and a box — which is good, because otherwise it looks like a piece of gravel. Donated by Loser 4 Ever Elden Carnahan, who thought he was regifting an earlier prize but wasn't.

Other runners-up win the yearned-for ["This Is Your Brain on Mugs" Loser mug](#) or our Grossery Bag, ["I Got a B in Punmanship."](#) Honorable mentions get one of the last of our lusted-after Loser magnets, ["Magnet Dum Laude"](#) or ["Falling Jest Short,"](#) or a new model TBD. First Offenders receive a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener" ([FirStink](#) for their first ink). Deadline is Monday night, Jan. 9; results published Jan. 29 (online Jan. 26). See general contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/InvRules. The headline for this week's results is by Mark Raffman; the honorable-mentions subhead is by Jeff Contompasis. 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; follow [@StyleInvite](https://twitter.com/StyleInvite) on Twitter.

☛ **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 from The Style Invitational four weeks ago . . .](#)

COMFORT AND OY: THE 'SILVER LININGS' WINNERS OF WEEK 1204

In [Week 1204](#) the Empress asked for some post-election "silver linings" for those who were less than euphoric over the election results. Close to 20 Losers noted that we won't have to have our prime-time TV preempted next month, now

that the State of the Union address will be delivered as a tweet (“Believe me, it’s great!”) at 3 a.m.

4th place:

We can all look forward to Fireside Tweets. (Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

3rd place:

It’ll be fun to see Cabinet meetings televised and end with a firing. (Ward Kay, Vienna, Va.)

2nd place:

and the [Trump bobblehead](#):

With the ice caps melting, we can invade the North Pole and finally win the war on Christmas. (Art Grinath, Takoma Park, Md.)

And the winner of the Inkin’ Memorial:

From now on, everyone who says “Thanks, Obama” will really mean it. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

So long, succors: honorable mentions

At least now you can be sincere when you tell your children that “ANYONE (sigh) can grow up to be president.” (Neal Starkman, Seattle)

We can look forward to the debut of the 21st century’s first coal-powered car. (Terry Reimer, Frederick, Md.)

Saying “I told you so” may be not be gracious, but it never gets old. (Art Grinath)

At least we won’t have to watch this president’s hair go gray from the burdens of office. (Terri Berg Smith; Rockville, Md.; Eileen Doll, Gwynn Oak, Md., a First Offender)

Now it’s *your* turn to rag on the other party’s leadership every day, hour or minute. (Roger Dalrymple, Gettysburg, Pa.)

We won’t have to worry about how to pronounce FGOTUS. (Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn, Va.)

Thank God we don’t have to “go high” anymore! So bite me! (Sarah Jacobs, New York, a First Offender)

When the country files for bankruptcy, we’ll have an expert in office. (Keith Ord, Potomac, Md., a First Offender; Jesse Frankovich, Lansing, Mich.)

When we nuke Belgium, they probably won’t fight back. (Michael Rolfe, Cape Town, South Africa)

With Melania staying in New York, the Secret Service agents assigned to her will have a fun, vibrant place to get in trouble when they’re off duty. (Hildy Zampella, Falls Church, Va.)

Alec Baldwin will be so busy on “SNL” that he won’t be able to make a “Mercury Rising” sequel. (Dan Mauer, Washington)

Justice Ginsburg will receive the absolute best round-the-clock medical care. (Rob Cohen, Potomac, Md.)

At least the new administration has no connection with Anthony Weiner. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village, Md.)

Although some people may lose Medicare, Social Security or veterans' benefits, at least we now get to choose our own facts. (Kevin Dopart)

Billy Bush is off the air. (Stephen Dudzik, Olney, Md.)

Global warming won't be a problem anymore, what with nuclear winter. (Dave Matuskey, Sacramento; Ed Sobansky, Bowie, Md.)

A constant state of existential dread really makes those pounds come off! (Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

Tourists will have no trouble finding the White House once the giant neon TRUMP sign goes up. (Hildy Zampella)

Elon Musk will get many more applicants for his one-way trips to Mars. (Art Grinath; Allan Breon, Clarksville, Md.)

Private contracts cost the federal government \$500 billion a year. Just think how much we'll save with a president who knows how to stiff contractors! (Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.)

Evil clowns no longer have to hide in the woods. (Frank Osen)

What are you so sad about? I'm gonna be rich! (Mike Merrigan, Riverdale Park, Md., a First Offender)

We may finally end the long reign of terror inflicted on us by former Miss USAs, federal judges from Indiana, and Gold Star parents. (Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

These Cabinet appointments could get some bad hombres off Wall Street. (Dan Kinney, Charlottesville, Va.)

The middle class will finally disappear, so we won't have to worry anymore about what to do with them. (Roger Dalrymple)

No more Little Bo Poop on the White House lawn. (Ed Scarbrough, Germantown, Md.)

On April 15, instead of a check, I can send the IRS a notification that I am smart. (Robyn Carlson, Keyser, W.Va.)

We'll finally be able to stop talking about the Gore-Bush recount. (Chris Damm, Charles Town, W.Va.)

Think of the tremendous savings we'll get by combining the U.S. and Russian embassies around the world. (Jon Hensley, Arlington)

It will be fun watching it all unravel — particularly the single 10-mile-long hair strand. (Martin Bancroft, Bellevue, Wash.)

If you get axed from the EPA, don't worry, the Ministry of Truth is hiring! (Ben Aronin, Washington)

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That bomb shelter Grandpa built in 1962 is looking like a smart investment after all. (Rob Cohen)

Like loosening a belt after Thanksgiving dinner, dozens of politicians will enjoy the blissful feeling of relief by unleashing years of pent-up racism. (Dave Airozo, Silver Spring, Md.)

It's only 0.04 centuries until Election Day 2020. (Jesse Frankovich)

And Last: Since the president-elect doesn't read, The Style Invitational is safe from the bashing he gives "SNL." (Dave Prevar, Annapolis, Md.)

Still running — deadline Monday night, Jan. 2: Our reverse-crossword contest. See bit.ly/invite1207.

0 Comments

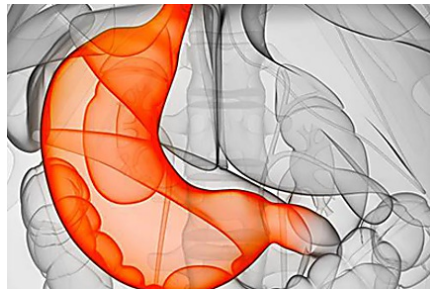
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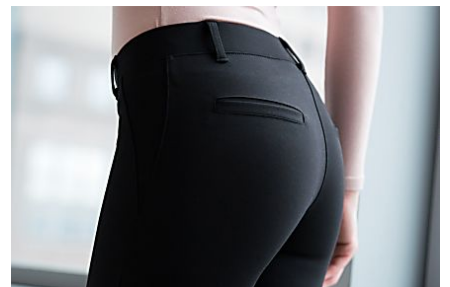
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