

The Style Invitational

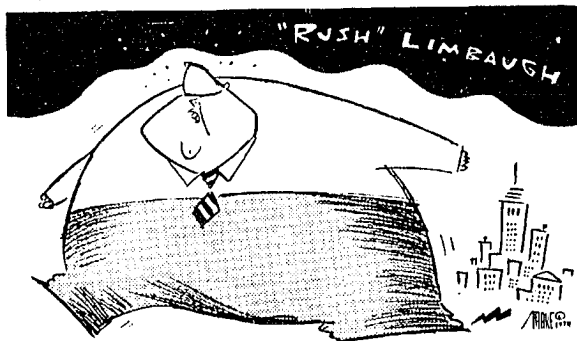
WEEK 78: SEEKING SMART MORONS

A Personal and Confidential Fax

District Government

Great Britain

Family Vacation



BY BOB STARR FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

This Week's Contest

was suggested by Tom C.

Korologos of Washington, who wins a skull-and-crossbones flag. Tom proposes that you come up with an oxymoron for our times: an expression made bogus by the fact that it combines incompatible, contradictory ideas. First-prize winner gets a spectacular, mint-condition wire hubcap from a 1986 Cadillac Fleetwood Brougham, purchased from and authenticated by none other than Dick Terselic, The Hubcap Man™ of Rockville Pike. This is a value, believe it or not, of \$84 and is suitable for framing or affixing onto the wheel of a 1986 Cadillac Fleetwood Brougham. Runners-up, as always, get the coveted Style Invitational losers' T-shirts. Honorable mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper stickers. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to the Style Invitational, Week 78, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, fax them to 202-334-4312, or submit them via the Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Entries must be received by Monday, Sept. 19. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, appropriateness or humor. No purchase necessary. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 75,

in which we asked you to come up with colorful curses in the great Yiddish tradition.

- ◆ Fourth Runner-Up: **May your hair never turn gray, so everyone thinks you dye it.** (Stephen Mather, College Park)
- ◆ Third Runner-Up: **May you be caught shoplifting by a security camera that adds 10 pounds to you in court.** (Sue Lin Chong, Washington)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up: **May the ladies on 14th Street call out your name as you drive by with your wife. And may your wife call back to them by theirs.** (Paul A. Alter, Hyattsville)
- ◆ First Runner-Up: **May you be a contestant on "Jeopardy!" playing against my 7-year-old son and the only categories are Power Rangers, X-Men and fart noises.** (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)
 - ◆ *And the Winner of the dorky Star Trek Pen:*
May your children be so clever they are acquitted of murdering you. (Joseph Romm, Washington)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

- May your final sight be buzzards fighting over your best parts.** (Chuck Hawkins, Oakton)
- May your yeast infection grow so large it will yield enough bread to feed all the starving of the world.** (Erica Hughes, McLean)
- May your teenage daughter's grades show radical improvement, but only in the classes in which she has a male teacher.** (Earl Gilbert, La Plata)
- May you be 72 hours away from being executed for a murder you didn't commit when the real killer confesses to authorities in a letter he mails from the District of Columbia.** (Bernie Harris, Woodbridge)
- May your ex-spouse's new lover work for the IRS.** (Starr Mayer, Hayes, Va.)
- May you own a mansion with 10 bedrooms, and on each bed may there lounge an unemployed son watching MTV.** (John Cushing, Washington)
- May your rock album be declared obscene and create a vast parental outcry across America, and still not sell.** (Paul Kondis, Alexandria)
- May you fall on your tuchus into a vat of Rogaine.** (Janet Millenson, Potomac)
- May you be so handsome your cellmates fight over you.** (Joseph Romm, Washington)
- May you die in a fiery crash with Jim Carrey and entry into Heaven depends on who can make the best faces.** (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)
- May you become wealthy when your wife writes a bestseller. May it be titled: "Size Isn't Everything: The Unlucky Married Woman's Guide to Somehow Finding Satisfaction."** (Jack Bross, Chevy Chase)
- May you get a call from Blockbuster because you returned a tape of you and your spouse instead of "The Firm."** (Steve Kent, Crofton)
- May your life be like a fairy tale. May you be eaten by a wolf.** (Jack Bross, Chevy Chase)
- May you become a poster child for Spontaneous Human Combustion.** (J. Calvin Smith, Laurel)
- May you grow old gracefully, just like Howard Metzenbaum.** (Jessie Gietl, Washington)
- May the O.J. Simpson verdict come in at the moment your news conference is scheduled.** (Karen Lubienicki, Laurel)
- May you see the dawning of an era of peace in which all men and women, of every nation, race and creed, come together, united by their hatred of you.** (Jacob Weinstein, McLean)
- May you become a serial killer, hoping for a cool nickname like "Zodiac Killer" or "Midnight Maniac," but instead be labeled something stupid like "The Noogie Murderer."** (Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax)
- May you be so beautiful and famous that Michael Jackson marries you just to prove he isn't an antisocial virgin or pervert-pedophile.** (Joseph Romm, Washington)
- May you become an insult comedian in Medellin, Colombia.** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
- May you be drafted by the Baltimore Orioles as their backup shortstop.** (Greg Arnold, Herndon)
- ◆ And Last:
May all your bat mitzvah gifts be the envy of the guy who shops for Style Invitational prizes. (Mike Thring, Leesburg)

Next Week: **August in Washington.**