

# The Style Invitational

## WEEK 305: ASK BACKWARD CMXVI<sup>2</sup>



BY ROB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

The Good, The Bad and the Icky-Doody

The Hon. William Rehnquist and Tinky Winky the Teletubby

Nipples on Men

1)  
2)  
3)

Congratulations! It's a Goy!

Cogito Ergo Something or Other

Jupiter, Venus, Mars and Gaithersburg

White House

Confucius, John Donne and that Wascawy Wabbit

A Llama and a Thermometer but not Elizabeth Dole

President William Jefferson Hernandez

Gold, Frankincense and Chiclets

**This week's contest:** You are on "Jeopardy!" These are the answers. What are the questions? Answer one or more. First-prize winner gets a genuine gas mask from Tel Aviv, still in its cardboard box, donated to the Style Invitational by Sarah Worcester of Bowie, newly married, who wins a seven-pack of disposable men's paper underpants,

manufactured in Japan and donated to the Style Invitational by Daniel Foster of Washington, who wins a pack of Twizzlers we just bought from the famed Washington Post commissary and which appears to have been manufactured sometime during the Anschluss.

First runner-up gets the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up receive the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to the Style Invitational, Week 305, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071; fax them to 202-334-4312; or submit them via Internet to this address: losers@washpost.com. Internet users: Please indicate the week number in the "subject" field. Also, please do not append "attachments," which tend not to be read. Entries must be received on or before Monday, Jan. 25. Important: Please include your postal address and phone number. Winners will be announced three weeks from today. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, humor or appropriateness. No purchase necessary. Today's Map No One Consults was written by David Culp of Annandale. Employees of The Washington Post and members of their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

### REPORT FROM WEEK 302,

in which we asked you to come up with lines that would never be uttered by a man, a woman, a telemarketer, a poet, a PR person, a Webhead or an 8-year-old.

#### ◆ Fourth Runner-Up:

**Something you'll never hear a woman say:** "Were you honking your horn at me because you find me attractive? Perhaps we could have a drink." (Mike Wilson, Montclair, Va.)

#### ◆ Third Runner-Up:

**Something you'll never hear a woman say:** "Fwww. Take that off. It's like having sex with a man who is taking a shower in a raincoat." (Jerry Pannullo, Kensington)

#### ◆ Second Runner-Up:

**Something you'll never hear a man say:** "That thingy in the engine is making a funny chink-a-chunka-chunka noise." (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

#### ◆ First Runner-Up:

**Something you'll never hear a telemarketer say:** "Hi! I'm a telemarketer, and ..." (Barry Blyveis, Washington)

#### ◆ And the winner of the goose-skin bottle:

**Something you'll never hear an 8-year-old say:** "Nana, will you spit on your hankie and wipe the gravy off my face?" (Beverly Miller, N. Clarendon, Vt.)

#### ◆ Honorable Mentions:

##### Things you'll never hear a man say:

"I hate my thick ankles." (J. Larry Schott, Gainesville)

"Before we get undressed, can we discuss where our relationship is heading?" (Tamara Wexler, Arlington)

"Honey, would you recommend a socket wrench or pliers for this job?" (Robin D. Grove, Arlington)

"There's nothing on TV but football!" (Ken Huck, Fairfax)

"I'm going to the bathroom. Want to come with me?" (Janet M. Hostetler, Canberra, Australia; Bill Strider, Gaithersburg)

"I hide my fear of sexual inadequacy through chauvinistic behavior." (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

"Okay, then on the 363 days a year there is no blizzard, what would I need a sport utility vehicle for?" (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

"I'll start out with 'Hair and Hair Products' for \$1,000, Alex." (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

Honey, don't you think that woman over there has a great butt?" (Joseph Romm, Washington)

"Find out what other people are wearing." (J. Larry Schott, Gainesville)

"I'm a winter." (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

##### Things you'll never hear a Webhead say:

"Was Captain Kirk the one with the pointy ears?" (David Genser, Arlington)

"The Web address is H-T-T-P colon, then that slash mark, then ..." (Paul Styrene, Olney)

##### Things you'll never hear a PR person say:

"It's not exactly a lie, but it's so close we probably shouldn't say it." (Brian Broadus, Charlottesville)

"I insist that my name be left off the project. Seeing the campaign succeed is reward enough." (Sandra Hull, Arlington)

"Let's go to the tractor pull and vote Republican." (Oh, wait. That would be an NPR person.) (David Genser, Arlington)

##### Things you'll never hear a pro athlete say:

"I regret that I spent so much time in college reading Proust that I neglected the German philosophers." (Nancy McWhorter, Columbia, S.C.)

"I guarantee we will beat the spread." (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

"Steve, do these shoulder pads make me look fat?" (David Genser, Arlington)

"I cannot accept your fabulously lucrative endorsement deal until I decide whether I like the product." (David Lewis, Springfield)

##### Things you'll never hear a telemarketer say:

"Hey, we spent a lot of money buying your name from a list. The least you could do is listen." (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

"If you don't buy this stuff, the Crips are gonna get me out in the exercise yard." (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

"Would you be interested in buying an anti-telemarketing device for your phone?" (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

##### Things you'll never hear a poet say:

"I want to buy 10,000 shares of Microsoft." (Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)

"Unlike the common man, the poet looks upon the world as, well, for want of a better expression, this really big place filled with stuff." (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

##### Things you'll never hear a woman say:

"I can't wait to get out of these sweat pants and into a pair of pantyhose." (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

"Would you just grab me a pair of shoes out of the closet, it doesn't matter which." (John Kammer, Herndon)

"Honey, I heard a scary thumping noise downstairs. Go back to sleep, I'll check it out." (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

"I'm a slut." (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

"Hey, your Majesty. Watch me fit this whole grapefruit into my mouth." (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

"No, I don't remember the time you hurt me deeply." (Don B. Cameron, Golden, Colo.)

"I don't have any children, at least none that I know of." (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

"I weigh exactly one-sixty-seven and a half." (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

"I find unemployed men really sexy." (Joseph Romm, Washington)

"Pull over, I gotta take a leak." (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

"You know, for a fabulously wealthy guy, you're not so hot in the sack." (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

##### Things you'll never hear an 8-year-old say:

"You gonna finish that liver and boiled carrots?" (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

"When I grow up, I want to be the Federal Reserve chairman." (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

"My prostate is bothering me again." (David Kleinbard, Washington)

"Isn't it about my bedtime?" (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

"P-O-T-A-T-O-E." (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

Next Week: Boom Times