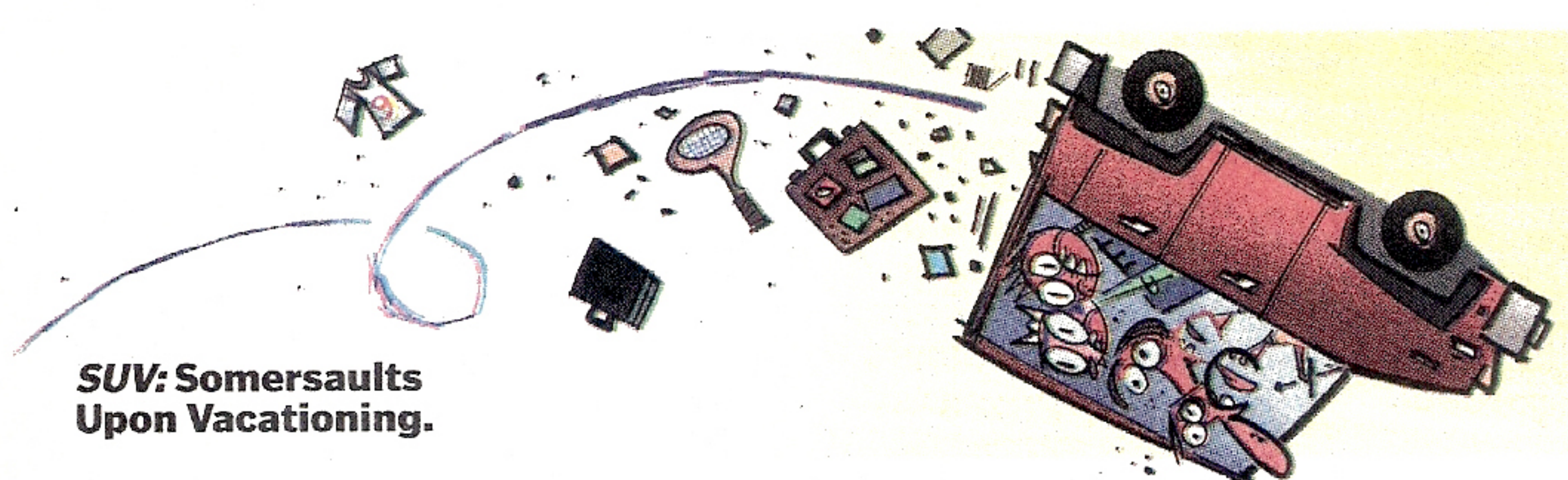


The Style Invitational

Week LXXXIV: Initially Mistaken



SUV: Somersaults Upon Vacationing.

BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Invitational: I Never Venture In. Taste aside, the immature offerings nauseate all literati.

Albert Gore: Attacked, lacerated, beaten, eviscerated, robed: The gang? O'Connor, Rehnquist, etc.

This Week's Contest is a game that we're pretty sure we just invented. Take any name of a person or thing, and construct an appropriate message using its letters, in order, as the first letters of the words of your message. First-prize winner gets a genuine extremely imitation

jade scorpion given to us by promoters of the new Woody Allen film, "The Curse of the Jade Scorpion," in the hope of bribing us into saying nice things about this feeble little failure. (They keep sending us this stuff. Isn't that great?)

First runner-up wins the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Send your entries via fax to 202-334-4312, by e-mail to losers@washpost.com, or by U.S. mail to The Style Invitational, Week LXXXIV, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071. Deadline is Monday, Sept. 10. All entries must include the week number of the contest and your name, postal address and telephone number. E-mail entries must include the week number in the subject field. Contests will be 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 in four weeks. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. The revised title for next week's contest is by Chris Doyle of Burke.

REPORT FROM WEEK LXXX,

in which we asked you to supply items for an underachiever's midlife list of goals. The contest had been proposed by Dave Zarrow of Herndon, whom we incorrectly identified as "The World's Funniest Office Products Dealer." Mrs. Dave wrote in to ask us to correct this error. On his letterhead, she said, Dave proclaims himself only *America's* Funniest Office Products Dealer. Apparently, there is a stapler salesman in Helsinki who is a total hoot. Anyway, this contest generated a huge response, which meant many worthy duplications, including: Find Waldo; circumnavigate the Beltway; visit London, Ont.; Paris, Tex.; Vienna, Va.; etc.; and, of course, become America's *second* funniest office products dealer.

◆ Seventh Runner-Up—
Memorize the capitals of all the letters.
(Mark Updike, Crownsville)

◆ Sixth Runner-Up—
Write the great American thank-you note.
(Gary Joseff, Reston)

◆ Fifth Runner-Up—
Live every moment like it is my next.
(Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

◆ Fourth Runner-Up—
Get a black belt in Hecht's.
(Jennifer Hart, Arlington; P.J. Siegel, Greenbelt)

◆ And the winner of the framed photo of Elvis and Nixon:
Marry the like of my life.
(Gail Fiorini, Reston)

◆ Honorable Mentions:
Track down, buy, and then completely restore a 1993 Honda Accord.
(Andrea Kelly, Brookeville)

Find out why in tarnation we don't call it "Congrefs" anymore.
(S. Thurmond, Charleston, S.C.; J.J. Gertler, Arlington)

Figure out how to turn off that stupid animated paper clip.
(Ken April, Arlington)

Refuse to pay a lot for this muffler.
(Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

Buy a pair of cargo pants and use every single pocket.
(Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

Seduce Congressman Condit.
(Dierdre Bond, Silver Spring)

Prevent the resurgence of the Whig party.
(Greg Pearson, Arlington)

Run behind the bulls at Pamplona.
(Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Become the next Mrs. Joey Buttafuoco.
(P.J. Siegel, Greenbelt)

Finally meet that "You've Got Mail" guy.
(Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

Make a hole in one, through the windmill and into the dinosaur's mouth.
(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

Get a star officially named after myself.
(Mike Genz, La Plata; Russell Beland, Springfield)

Read the Cliffs Notes to every great work of fiction.
(Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.)

Amass a vast Fortune magazine collection.
(Noah Meyerson, Washington)

Get to second base with a prostitute.
(Russell Beland, Springfield; Lloyd Duvall, Rosslyn)

Be the best-dressed person in the unemployment line.
(Matt, Steve and Chris Reali, Bowie)

Dare to drink milk that is past its expiration date.
(Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)

Invent a better placebo.
(Larry Riedman, Montgomery Village)

Take the Pepsi challenge.
(David White, Fredericksburg)

Meet someone who caught a foul ball at a Major League Baseball game.
(Stephen Samuels, Washington)

◆ Third Runner-Up—
Make Love to a Playboy centerfold, without injuring myself on the staple.
(Brian Broadus, Charlottesville)

◆ Second Runner-Up—
Defeat Garry Kasparov in a game of Candy Land.
(Elliott Schiff, Orefield, Pa.)

◆ First Runner-Up—
Win the admiration of my dog.
(Jean Lightner Norum, Charlottesville)

Make a major motion picture—the Saturday matinee, if possible.
(Mike Connaghan, Alexandria)

End hunger in my aquarium.
(Jean Lightner Norum, Charlottesville)

Forget how to ride a bike.
(Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

Prove conclusively that Richard Nixon wasn't Deep Throat.
(Nick Laflamme, Washington)

Climb to the top of the Vietnam Memorial.
(Russell Beland, Springfield)

Have one damn beer without getting arrested.
(J. and B. Bush, Austin, Tex.; Joe Kobylski, Gaithersburg)

Everyone talks about watching paint dry, but . . .
(Mike Connaghan, Alexandria)

Have an affair with a man who doesn't mind my D-cup.
(Sue Finger, Falls Church)

Figure out how to pat head and rub tummy simultaneously.
(Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

Sneak into FBI headquarters and steal some guns and a hard drive or two.
(Steve Gadd, Reston)

Learn to spell Mryanmnar.
(Cathy Shapleigh, Reston)

Get perfect strangers to call you by your first name on the telephone without an introduction.
(Dick Kovar, Reston)

Use that scary extra lane on Connecticut Avenue during rush hour.
(William Joyhner, Chapel Hill, N.C.)

Buy low. Sell medium.
(James Pierce, Charlottesville)

Finally make the pilgrimage to see the birthplace of Elvis Grbac, in Cleveland.
(Ron Nelson, Silver Spring)

Teach an illiterate child to do the Macarena.
(Bruce Carlson, Alexandria; Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

Wait until it is safe to turn off the computer.
(John Muehl, Springfield)

Reverse-engineer the Chinese finger trap.
(Roy Ashley, Washington)

Qualify for 8 free weeks of Washington Post daily delivery.
(Debby Tait, Alice Walz, Adele Roy, Mary Beth Oelkers-Keegan, Colonial Beach, Va.)

Next Week: Adding Insult to Inquiry