

# Style Invitational

BY PAT MYERS

## Report from Week 1033,

our 10th annual Limerixon contest for limericks that prominently feature words from one sliver of the dictionary, in this case “fa-.” If you entered and got ink, entered and didn’t get ink, or just thought of a fa- limerick right now, you’re welcome to submit it to OEDILF.com, the Omnificent English Dictionary in Limerick Form.

THE  
WINNER  
OF THE  
INKIN’  
MEMORIAL

A physicist/humorist, Nell,  
Had a comedy show where she’d tell  
Of her spreadsheeting gaffes —  
It drew thousands of laughs  
Because **force** equals math times Excel.  
(Matt Monitto, Elon, N.C.)

## Fa- below: honorable mentions

After reading a scathing review,  
A young **fashion** designer withdrew  
Her perfume, taking blame  
For not vetting the name  
Of the scent called Chanel No. 2.  
(Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex)

There once was a cook named  
McMurry  
Who earned a large raise in a hurry  
From her Indian boss  
For a **fabulous** sauce.  
And she did it by **favoring** curry.  
(Kirk Miller, Richardson, Tex., a First Offender)

Mr. Weiner did not think it wrong,  
But some Internet rules are quite  
strong.

So his **fans** became vexed  
When he sent out a text  
And he made his attachment too  
long. (Harvey Smith, McLean)

The **fattoush** of my girlfriend? Oh,  
my, it  
Is wonderful — why don’t you try it?  
Said Jamil, and I gasped.  
Well, how could I have grasped  
It’s a salad she makes for his diet?  
(Sheila Blume, South Setauket, N.Y.)

The graduate shielded his **face**  
From the couple’s impassioned  
embrace.  
As they sweated and thrusted.  
He said, quite disgusted:  
“You win, Mom — I’ll get my own  
place.” (Craig Dykstra, Centreville)

That he’s wordy is past all debate.  
Even so, I’ll say **Faulkner** is great  
Without any repentance;  
Just read this one sentence!

(It’s Chapters 6, 7 and 8.)  
(Brendan Beary)

A grammar **fanatic** would gripe  
To his wife about language, and  
snipe:  
“Ugh, your syntax is bad!”  
She’d respond, really mad:  
“I’ll divorce you if down you don’t  
pipe.”  
(Madeleine Begun Kane, New York)

I have hundreds of friends; come and  
greet them!  
To my deep and dark secrets I treat  
them!  
Why this awesome amount?  
It’s my **Facebook** account!  
And who knows? Maybe someday I’ll  
meet them.  
(Beverly Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

I once knew a blonde, fit and tanned,  
Who had breasts that were really  
quite grand.  
When I asked, “Are they **fake**?”  
She said, “No! Goodness’ sake!  
I made sure that I got a name brand.”  
(Paul VerNooy, Hockessin, Del.)

A Brooklyn bar owner, **fastidious**,  
Had barmaids whose outfits were  
hidious.  
While pouring some stout,  
He chewed them both out:  
“Shape up, or I’m gonna get ridiculous.”  
(Mae Scanlan)

At a Mexican **fat farm** one day,  
All the staff went on strike for more  
pay.  
When a dieting guest  
Asked how he had progressed,  
The attendant said: “No weigh, Jose.”  
(Mark Raffman, Reston)

There once was a mufti, Emir,  
Who issued a **fatwa** quite clear:

## 2 Winner of the audio-enhanced book “Farts: A Spotter’s Guide”:

Shaping cookies like books? Oh, what fun!  
Call them “bookies,” and when they are done,  
Eat ’em up . . . Drat! Or not!  
Guess my oven’s too hot  
Set at **Fahrenheit** 451.  
(Danielle Nowlin, Woodbridge)

3 In the bleachers, a Nats-loving man  
Got distracted when outfielder Span  
At bat, on the mark,  
Whacked one out of the park,  
And that’s when the hit hit the **fan**.  
(Mae Scanlan, Washington)

4 The French strippers know pleasing the rubes  
Is more art form than flashing one’s boobs,  
As opposed to the Dutch,  
Who will show you so much  
You can see their **fallopian tubes**.  
(Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

“His beard can be short,  
But she really can’t sport  
A form-fitting burqa that’s sheer.”  
(Kevin Dopart, Washington)

Mom’s on Metro? Her babe didn’t  
care,  
So she had to give birth then and  
there.  
Some time later, she shared,  
“I admit, I was scared . . .  
I’d be stuck there till I paid his **fare**.”  
(Nan Reiner)

After nursing in trains, planes and  
Camrys,  
In bistros, malls, playgrounds, and  
clammeries,  
The things that I bet  
I will never forget  
Are my babies’ teeth—**fangs** for the  
mammaries.  
(Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.)

At vegan cafes, trumpets blare  
Proclaiming the “moral food” there.  
Yes, it tastes rather bland,  
But the ethics are grand!  
(Or so says the **fair-fare fanfare**.)  
(Mark Richardson, Washington)

In his car, Lester wanted to show  
His pal Morris how **fast** they could  
go.  
As he raced with the train  
He tried something insane  
And so now there’s no Les and no  
Moe. (Craig Dykstra)

“The true Southern weddings require  
Black waiters in formal attire,”  
Said the **fatty**-food Deen  
As she went from the queen  
Of the frying pan into the fire.  
(Chris Doyle)

As people get older, they **fade**,  
Like blossoms too deep in the shade.



BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

## THIS WEEK’S CONTEST

# Week 1037: Outrage us

**Washington Nationals?** Note that several of their players come from the Dominican Republic, Venezuela and Colombia! The name is yet another example of presumptuous U.S. cultural hegemony. I propose that team be called the Internationals, or perhaps the Western Hemispherans . . .

Jujubes? Wikipedia notes that the original versions did “not have the strong and distinctive flavor of modern candies due to the expense of chemical flavorants at the time.” Thus this name brazenly perpetuates the insidious stereotype that Jews are cheap and miserly . . .

As momentum builds in the effort to get the Washington Redskins to change their name to something that’s not seen as a racial slur by large numbers of Native Americans, it’s time for the ranks of the more easily offended to step up with some new complaints about names. Loser Mike Gips — and shouldn’t we be calling him Mike *Roma*? — suggested this week’s contest: **Find something offensive about an inoffensive name of a product, organization, place, etc.,** as in Mike’s own examples above.

Winner gets the Inkin’ Memorial, the Lincoln statue bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives, appropriately for this contest, A book called “Holy Sh\*t [sic]: The World’s Weirdest Comic Books,” which samples everything from “Hansi; The Girl Who Loved the Swastika” to “All-Negro Comics.” Donated by Loser Pie Snelson, who notes that “this book is offensive to almost everybody: African Americans, Jews, gays, amputees, Aborigines, overweight people, religious followers and cows.”

**Other runners-up** win their choice of a yearned-for Loser Mug or the ardently desired Grossery Bag. Honorable mentions get a lusted-after Loser magnet. First Offenders receive a smelly, tree-shaped air “freshener” (FirStink for their first ink). E-mail entries to losers@washpost.com or fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Sept. 16; results published Oct. 6 (online Oct. 3). No more than 25 entries per entrant per week. Include “Week 1037” 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/inviterules](http://wapo.st/inviterules). The subhead for this week’s honorable mentions is by Kevin Dopart. Join the lively Style Invitational Devotees group on Facebook at [on.fb.me/invdev](http://on.fb.me/invdev).



**STYLE CONVERSATIONAL** Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join us at [washingtonpost.com/stylconversational](http://washingtonpost.com/stylconversational).

They droop, become faint,  
What they were, now they ain’t,  
And all of a sudden, they’re daid.  
(Mae Scanlan)

I’m a horrible **failure**, it’s true.  
I never see anything through.  
Beginnings are fun  
But before I am done  
I pretty much lose interest. (Robert Schechter, Dix Hills, N.Y.)

Sell The Post to a tech geek? Tee-hee!

That’s one thing we’re unlikely to see.  
Then along came Jeff Bezos  
With 2 billion pesos,  
And now it’s a **fait accompli**.  
(Nan Reiner, Alexandria)

Lots more limericks in the online Invite at [bit.ly/invite1037](http://bit.ly/invite1037).

**Still running — deadline Monday night: our contest to turn a place name into a regular word. See [bit.ly/invite1036](http://bit.ly/invite1036).**