

DIVERSIONS

THE STYLE INVITATIONAL

Thanksgoofing: Go around the table . . .

BY PAT MYERS

Just in time for Thanksgiving — or, for our print-edition readers, just in time to be too late for Thanksgiving — in Week 1251, we asked you to tell us things to be thankful for.

4th place

I'm thankful that turkey breasts don't have nipples. (Kell Nagel, Salisbury, Md.)

3rd place

I'm thankful for the tax cuts we'll be getting, because life can be unsettling if you don't know where your next billion is coming from. (Nancy Provorov, Silver Spring, a First Offender)

2nd place and the plush roast-turkey hat:

I'm thankful that you can't smell Twitter. (Dudley Thompson, Cary, N.C.)

And the winner of the Lose Cannon:

I'm thankful that Harvey won't ever be grabbing me again. — Oscar (John O'Byrne, Dublin)

No merci: Honorable mentions

I am thankful that Google doesn't ask, "Why do you want to know?" (Mark Raffman, Reston)

. . . for family! What, someone already said "family"? Damn you all. You suck. (Bird Waring, Larchmont, N.Y.)

. . . that the president's bone spurs didn't keep him from going to Vietnam this time. (Paul E. Milligan, Columbia, Md., a First Offender)

. . . that Ken Burns hasn't made a documentary about the Hundred Years' War. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

. . . that I live in a country where anyone can grow up to be president. In fact, you don't even NEED to grow up! (Larry McClemons, Annandale, Va.)

. . . that they invented the euphemism "toilet" paper. (Rob Huffman, Fredericksburg, Va.)

. . . that my generation is the first to be so cool, our kids always want us to go out with them and their friends . . . Wait, sweetie, I'm still putting on my Uggs! (Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.)

. . . that Grandpa no longer has the capacity to produce his usual flow of racist and sexist jokes. (Christy Tosatto, Brookeville, Md.)

. . . that I'm not famous, so when two celebrities die, I don't have to worry. (Steve McClemons, Arlington)

. . . that our constitutional democracy was strong enough to survive 44 presidents in a row. (Robert Schechter, Dix Hills, N.Y.)

. . . that my fellow woodworkers call me "Old Ten-Fingers." (Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase, Md.)

Bros everywhere are grateful to Harvey Weinstein for giving them a good reason not to watch Miramax films. "I'm sorry, honey, I just can't see 'The English Patient.' It's just a matter of principle for me." (Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

. . . that the current state of cellphone technology still lets me use the "I guess we got disconnected" excuse. (Frank Mann, Washington)

. . . that I don't live in a tiny, picturesque town in England, because I know from TV mysteries that half my neighbors would be murderers. (Melissa Balmain)

. . . that the president is a teetotaler because OMG CAN YOU IMAGINE?? (Danielle Nowlin, Fairfax Station, Va.)

. . . that Tofurky contains no toe fur. (Bill Dorner, Indianapolis)

. . . that we're expected to eat the mascot only for Thanksgiving and not Groundhog Day. (Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

. . . that Hershey's Kisses are wrapped in tinfoil, because otherwise they would all be melted by those mind-controlling radio signals. (Dudley Thompson)

. . . that I'm not Robert Mueller's food taster. (Duncan Stevens)



BOB STAKEY FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

New contest for Week 1255: Tour de Fours XIV: SANT is coming

INSANTA CLAUS: Mr. Kringle, it's cold out — please put your boots back on!

GYMNASTINESS: Whoa, it's not nice to spit on the tumbling mat . . .

KAKISTAN : A country ruled by its least qualified citizens. (Location unknown. Okay, known.)

Tour de Fours is an annual Invitational contest almost as old as the Empress's reign, run each time with a different set of four letters: Coin a word or multi-word term that contains the letter block S-A-N-T (since the results will run right before Christmas) and describe it, as in the examples above; the letters may be in any order, but there may be no other letters between them (you may insert a space or hyphen). You might include a funny example of how the term would be used; that's how you'd beat out another Loser who thought up the same term.

Submit entries at this website: wapo.st/enter-invite-1255 (all lowercase).

Winner gets the **Lose Cannon**, our Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives — maybe but probably not in time for Christmas — this special **Invite Holiday Pack** containing (a) a two-piece gift set of bath "fizzies" spelling out "HO," which the Empress snapped up immediately at a yard sale; (b) a "Christmas pickle" ornament, alleged to be an old German tradition in which whoever finds the pickle on the Christmas tree gets to open the first present, though, alas, it seems actually to have been thought up by an American marketer; and (c) a little red bag containing some pieces of fake coal, a promotion for some long-ago movie — and one piece of real coal.

Other runners-up win our "You Gotta Play to Lose" Loser Mug or our Grossery Bag, "I Got a B in Punmanship." Honorable mentions get one of our lusted-after Loser magnets, "No Childishness Left Behind" or "Magnum Dopus." First Offenders receive only a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener" (FirStink for their first ink). Deadline is Monday night, Dec. 4; results published Dec. 24 (online Dec. 21). See general contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/InvRules. The headline "Thanksgoofing" is by Jesse Frankovich; Jesse also wrote the honorable-mentions subhead. Join the Style Invitational Devotees group on Facebook at on.fb.me/invdev. "Like" Style Invitational Ink of the Day on Facebook at bit.ly/inkofday; follow @StyleInvite on Twitter.

THE STYLE CONVERSATIONAL The Empress's weekly online column discusses each new contest and set of results. Check it out at wapo.st/conv1255.



PAT MYERS/THE WASHINGTON POST

calendar again in 2062. (Mark Calandra, Sudbury, Mass.)

. . . that so many people in my phone exchange care enough to call me every day. (Chris Doyle)

. . . that the Internet allows me to buy ribbons for my manual typewriters. (Lawrence McGuire, Waldorf, Md.)

. . . that I'm naturally warm, because otherwise my cat wouldn't spend any time with me, since I am not tuna. (Dan Helming, Maplewood, N.J.)

. . . that Zargoth the Implacable is, as yet, unaware that I have escaped to your dimension. (Frank Osen)

. . . that Grandma never found out that my first Communion was also my last. (Jon Graft, Centreville, Va.)

. . . to President G.H.W. Bush for the Christmas goose. (Ward Kay, Vienna, Va.)

. . . that these oysters on the half-shell don't have faces. (Beverly Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

. . . that my ex's name is short enough to easily tattoo over. (Danielle Nowlin)

. . . for the advancement of human civilization — we had a pretty good run going there for a while. (Ivars Kuskevics, Takoma Park, Md.)

And last: Full of great thank I am

magnificent Russia not ever no

way infiltrate the Washington Post invitation to the Style. PS

glorious Empress, you get my

rubles? No yes? (Barbara Turner,

Takoma Park, Md.)

Still running — deadline Monday night, Nov. 27: Our contest to change the name of a business by one letter and

name the new one. See wapo.st/invite1254.

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