

# The Style Invitational

By the Empress

## Week 755: Take Another 'Whack

Saturday, March 8, 2008

[Lusted-after Style Invitational arugula](#): What we're considering for an alternative Honorable Mention prize

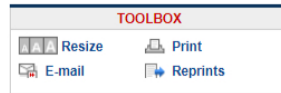
Back in 2004 -- so far back that the Empress *didn't* even have a case of tiara-hair yet -- we ran a contest asking for Googlewhacks: two-word phrases that produced one and only one Google hit. Of course, the realm of Google has expanded so enormously in the past four years that it's going to be a wayyyy tougher challenge (and vastly harder than last year's Googlenope contest to send in something that didn't get a hit), but so be it. **This week: Send us a phrase of two or more words that produces exactly one Web page on the Google search engine -- you may either use quotation marks around the phrase or omit them -- and describe the phrase.** You may disregard those Web pages that consist of nothing but lists of words, though if one of those produces your Googlewhack, that's fine. Please include, along with each entry, the address of the Web page where you found the Googlewhack; the page must be dated earlier than March 7, 2008, so don't go posting your own phrase and then just happen to find it.

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(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)



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Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives this double-life-size inflatable Chihuahua, donated by Loser Russ Taylor and currently sitting guard on the Empress's desk in the Style section newsroom. Squeeze its leg and it makes a sound only slightly less horrible than the sound an actual Chihuahua would make if you squeezed its actual leg.

Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to [losers@washpost.com](mailto:losers@washpost.com) or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, March 17. Put "Week 755" in the subject line of your e-mail, or it risks being ignored as spam. Include your name, postal address and phone number with your entry. Contests are 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 April 5. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. This week's contest was suggested by Kevin Dopart, who, despite his astonishing 300-plus inks, didn't start entering the Invitational until Week 626 and didn't know we'd done this contest in Week 566. The revised title for next week's results is by Drew Bennett. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by Russell Beland.

### Report From Week 752

*in which we asked for takes on the old "you just might be a . . ." joke form in various categories we supplied. Many parents offered that you just might be an embarrassment to your child "if you exist."*

**4. You just might be from Georgetown . . . if your basketball team can beat up your football team.** (Randy Lee, Burke)

**3. You just might need a new car soon . . . if every 3,000 miles, you change the duct tape.** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

**2. the winner of the J.S. Bach action figure:**

**You just might not be an animal rights enthusiast . . . if you had your dog put down for chewing on your fur coat.** (Pam Sweeney, Germantown)

### And the Winner of the Inker

**You just might not be an animal rights enthusiast . . . if your favorite animal is "wherever baby back ribs come from."** (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

**You just might deserve a magnet for . . .**

*You just might be an embarrassment to your child . . .*

. . . if you insist on taking your son's temperature with a rectal thermometer, despite his wife's protestations. (*Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.*)

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... if you send text messages letting your daughter's friends know that "she's a woman now." (Jeff Brechlin)

... if you decide to join in the fun and dress up as a wizard for the school parade -- and it's the Black History Month parade. (Anne Paris, Arlington)

... if on your sonogram, the fetus makes a "no pictures!" gesture with his hand. (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

... if the seat of your size 3X sweat pants says "Juicy." (Judith Cottrill, New York)

... if, when driving your 13-year-old and his girlfriend to the movies, you give them a lecture about unprotected sex. (Beverley Sharp, Washington)



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You just might be from Georgetown . . .

... if you find yourself instinctively grabbing a free parking place nowhere near your destination, because God knows when you'll find another one. And you're in Wichita. (Anne Paris)

... if the only Metro you've been on was in Paris. (Steve Fahey, Kensington)

... if the art in your house is worth more than the house. (Ira Allen, Bethesda)

... if you have an orthopedist, an allergist, a urologist, a gastroenterologist and an ophthalmologist on retainer. And that's for your cat. (Tom Murphy, Bowie)

You just might not be an animal rights enthusiast . . .

... if you consistently bowl over 200 when using armadillos. (Jeff Brechlin)

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... if you test all your cosmetics on your pets anyway. (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

... if your favorite toy as a child was a magnifying glass. (Horace LaBadie, Dunnellon, Fla.)

... if your parrot will speak only its name, rank and serial number. (Dave Prevar, Annapolis)

... if you wonder why anyone would pay more to take a cat to the vet than it costs to buy a new cat. (David Kleinbard, Jersey City)

You just might have a substance abuse problem...

... if Amy Winehouse tells you to go to rehab. (Pam Sweeney)

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... if you order the coq au vin and tell the waiter to hold the coq. (Gregory Dunn, Alexandria, not a First Offender but last heard from in 1997)

... if you go to the altar railing five times in a row at Mass, wearing various disguises, to partake of the chalice. (Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.)

... if each morning you need some hair of the horse tranquilizer that bit you. (Chuck Smith)

... if your chest X-ray comes out in sepia. (Chuck Smith)

... if you believe God gave you two livers for a purpose. (Jacob Aldridge, Gaythorne, Australia)

... if you called in sick to work three times in one morning. (Kurt Riefner, Fairbanks, Alaska)



(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

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*You just might need a new car soon*  
...

... if your current one is worth less than the bribe you have to pay to get an inspection sticker. *(Chris Doyle, on vacation in Aswan, Egypt)*

... if it is your father's Oldsmobile. *(Ira Allen)*

... if your mechanic is storing part of his CD collection in your glove box. *(Mike Pool, Vienna)*

... if hitting potholes is the only way to make the headlights come on. *(Rick Haynes, Potomac)*

... if your mechanic has to use his connections in Havana to get parts. *(Jim McClellan, Alexandria; Russ Taylor, Vienna)*

*Advertisement* ... if the panhandlers at red lights slip dollar bills in your window. *(Tom Murphy)*

... if the OnStar lady keeps directing you toward a ravine. *(Barbara Turner, Takoma Park)*

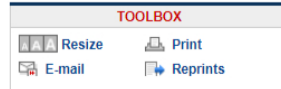
... if the fuzzy dice are the only original parts. The left one, anyway. *(Jay Shuck)*

... if the ashtrays in the back seat are full. -- P. Hilton, Los Angeles *(Russell Beland, Springfield)*

Next Week: Hit Us With Your Best Shot, or The F-Stops Here



(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)



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