

Style Invitational Week 1175: Get lucky with a 13-(Scrabble) point neologism

Plus winning song 'tailgaters' — a line from a song followed by a Loser's rhyming line



Hamnesia: forgetting what meat tastes like. It's also a 13-point Scrabble word (or would be, if it were in the Scrabble dictionary). What thirteener can you come up with? (Bob Staake/for The Washington Post)

By Pat Myers • Entertainment May 12

(Click [here to skip down](#) to the winning “tailgaters” — two-line rhymes whose first line is from a song)

HAMNESIA: A vegetarian's inability to recall what meat tastes like.

SNEIKH: A used-camel salesman.

ZIRI: A phone voice that, whatever you ask, answers: “Huh. Got me.”

Neologism time! This week's contest was suggested to the Empress *years* ago by Loser Mark Raffman, who was inspired by a barely related Invite entry by Beverley Sharp: “The agony and the XYZ: Losing at Scrabble because you can't get rid of those dang high-value consonants.” Mark's idea: **Make up a word whose Scrabble letter values add up to exactly 13, and define it**, as in Mark's examples above. (Why 13? Why not?) Anyway, your word cannot be eligible for English-language Scrabble; to check, just type in your word at scrabble.merriam.com to make sure it's not valid. As with all our neologism contests, you're welcome to use your word in a funny sentence to make your entry funnier, and not welcome to use your word in an unfunny sentence.

Scrabble letter values:

A, E, I, O, U, L, N, S, T, R: 1 point;

D, G: 2 points

B, C, M, P: 3 points;

F, H, V, W, Y: 4 points;

K: 5 points;

J, X: 8 points;

Q, Z: 10 points

You don't have to worry about how many of each tile are available in a Scrabble set.

Winner gets the [Inkin' Memorial](#), the Lincoln statue bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a device that the Empress wishes she had when her two scions were tykes: It's the "**I Said No**" Pen, a ballpoint with a horn-shaped speaker on the other end that, when you push a button, declaims "NO" in a dozen different ways, from little barking nos to long grunty nos. There's a YouTube clip to the whole repertoire of negativity at bit.ly/no-pen. Donated by Loser Dave Prevar. (The E must now return to simply shouting at stupid entries while she's judging.)

Other runners-up win their choice of a yearned-for [Loser Mug](#), the older-model "[This Is Your Brain on Mugs](#)" mug or a vintage Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get one of our lusted-after Loser magnets, "[Magnet Dum Laude](#)" or "[Falling Jest Short](#)." First Offenders receive a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener" ([FirStink](#) for their first ink).

ANNOUNCEMENT:

The Style Invitational is entering the 21st century!

Starting this week, you won't be sending your entries by email: Instead you'll submit them via the Internet, as with every other contest worth its gourmet sea salt. You'll still be able to put all your entries on a single form, and you'll get an auto-reply e-mail as a confirmation. This new method will ensure that you send us the necessary information and that you don't put the wrong week number on your submission, and it makes it easier for the Empress to hide your name when she's judging. (The field for bribe payments is entirely optional.) **TO ENTER THIS WEEK'S CONTEST, click on subpl.at/invite1175.**

Deadline is Monday night, May 23; results published June 12 (online June 9). You may submit up to 25 entries per contest. See contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/InvRules. The headline for this week's results was suggested by both Jeff Shirley and Chris Doyle, the honorable-mentions subhead by Doyle and Jesse Frankovich. Join the Style Invitational Devotees group on Facebook at on.fb.me/invdev. "Like" the Style Invitational Ink of the Day on Facebook at bit.ly/inkofday; follow [@StyleInvite](https://twitter.com/StyleInvite) on Twitter.

● **The Style Conversational:** The Empress's weekly online column discusses each new contest and set of results. Especially if you plan to enter, check it out at wapo.st/styleconv.

[And the winners of the Style Invitational contest that was announced four weeks ago . . .](#)

SWEET ADD-A-LINE: THE SONG TAILGATERS OF WEEK 1171

In Week 1171 we asked for song tailgaters: You choose a line from a song, then follow it with your own, rhyming line. While the Empress said the goal was to make a two-line mini-poem rather than a song parody, many of the entries below do match the songs' tunes (click on the links below for clips of the original songs).

4th place:

[Yellow matter custard dripping from a dead dog's eye](#) — (Lennon/McCartney)

Are you really going to give this "new cuisine" a try? (Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

3rd place:

Do, a deer, a female deer; re, a drop of golden sun; (Rodgers & Hammerstein)

Mi is me! Amazing me — fa ahead of everyone . . . — D. T. (Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

2nd place and the ‘professional-quality’ kazoo and instruction book:

If they say I never loved you, you know they are a liar, (Jim Morrison)

If I say I can write lyrics, so am I, or whate-vire. (Mark Raffman)

And the winner of the Inkin’ Memorial:

Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the morning, (Gus Kahn)

But if you are transgender and your fluids must surrender, here’s a warning . . . (Jesse Etelson, Rockville, Md., whose only previous Invite ink was an honorable mention — in Week 8, 1993)

Lyr-icks: honorable mentions

Well, I’m runnin’ down the road tryin’ to loosen my load, I’ve got seven women on my mind (Jackson Browne)

One is Megyn Kelly, two are kind of smelly, and four have got a big behind. — D.T. (Doug Wadler, Potomac, Md.)

On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair (the Eagles)

Didn’t put no pants on, cooled my derriere. (John Kammer, South Riding, Va.)

My bonnie lies over the ocean, my bonnie lies over the sea (traditional Scottish song)

And it’s clear from the Panama Papers, my bonnie’s been lying to me. (Stephen Gold, Glasgow, Scotland)

It’s not that you’re attractive, (Ira Gershwin)

I took a vasoactive. (Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

Oh, what a beautiful morning, oh what a beautiful day, (Rodgers & Hammerstein)

Metro is running so smoothly with only an hour’s delay. (Howard Walderman, Columbia, Md.)

Old man, look at my life, I’m a lot like you were. (Neil Young)

When I met your new wife, biblically I knew her. (Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase, Md.)

Regrets, I’ve had a few, but then again, too few to mention; (Paul Anka)

On votes, I trail, it’s true, but I’ve got plans for the convention! (Barry Koch, Catlett, Va.)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot (Robert Burns)

If Vegas was the hookup spot? (Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn, Va.)

We don’t need no education (Roger Waters)

Donald Trump is our salvation! (Jeff Shirley, Richmond, Va.)

When you’re weary, feeling small, (Paul Simon)

Don’t whine to me while I’m watching basketball . . . (Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)

Well, I’m runnin’ down the road tryin’ to loosen my load (Jackson Browne)

Good news is I won’t be slowed tryin’ to find a commode. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

Without your pulling it, the tide comes in . . . (Alan Jay Lerner)

But not so, sweetheart, for the garbage bin. (Michael Rolfe, Cape Town, South Africa)

I look at the floor and I see it needs sweeping, (George Harrison)

It’s a good thing you’re hot, ’cause you suck at housekeeping. (Mark Raffman)

[In my mind I'm going to Carolina](#) (James Taylor)

With proof that I was born with this vagina. (Gary Crockett; Robert Schechter, Dix Hills, N.Y.)

Entertainment Alerts

Big stories in the entertainment world as they break.

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[I am what I am, and what I am needs no excuses](#) (Jerry Herman)

I'm out of a job 'cause I'm a slob who hurls abuses. — [Curt Schilling](#) (Nan Reiner, Boca Raton, Fla.)

[I'm back in the saddle again](#) (Gene Autry)

Viagra is now my best friend. (Ira Allen, Bethesda, Md.)

[When the moon is in the seventh house, and Jupiter aligns with Mars](#) (Rado and Ragni)

We'll hold Supreme Court hearings — if POTUS is one of ours. (Gary Crockett)

[I am woman — hear me roar](#) : (Helen Reddy)

The toilet seat is up once more. (Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.)

[Let it go, let it go, can't hold it back anymore](#) (Lopez & Lopez)

Go on yell at the screen, like it's changing the score . . . (Charlie Dawson, Greenbelt, Md., a First Offender)

[Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling](#) — (Frederic Weatherly)

That stupid shower head needs reinstalling. (Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.)

[She got a big booty so I call her Big Booty](#) (2 Chainz)

For some reason lately she's been kind of moody . . . (John Hutchins, Silver Spring)

[O! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light](#) (Francis Scott Key)

You're up far too soon — we set the clocks back last night. (Ed Edwards, Worcester Park, England)

[Doo, doo, doo, lookin' out my back door](#) (John Fogerty)

What did I get two Newfoundlands for? (Nan Reiner)

[Strangers in the night, exchanging glances](#) (Singleton & Snyder)

Wondering in the night just where his pants is . . . (Dan O'Day, Alexandria, Va.)

[I'm a nominee of the GOP, or "Gop" —](#) (Cole Porter)

(That assumes my superdelegates don't hop.) (Frank Osen)

[Well, I guess it would be nice if I could touch your body](#) (George Michael)

And as pickup lines go, that one's pretty darn shoddy. (Chris Doyle)

[Don't go around tonight; well, it's bound to take your life:](#) (John Fogerty)

PMS controls your wife. (Jim Goins, Hampton, Va., a First Offender)

[Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition:](#) (Frank Loesser)

Gun control has not come to fruition. (Howard Walderman)

[We've got a lot of what it takes to get along](#) (Al Dubin)

That's why I wed the loudmouth with the tiny . . . hands. — Melania T., New York (Nan Reiner)

Still running — deadline Monday night, May 16: our "grandfoal" contest. See bit.ly/invite1174.

If you didn't see the link higher up, you can enter the Week 1175 contest [here](#).

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