

Entertainment

Style Invitational contest Week 1136: Gaah! It's Limerixicon XII!

And it's mind over meter for the winning clerihews of Week 1133



Not the picture of gaiety, but the “ga-” word was prominent enough in Chris Doyle’s classic 2006 limerick to serve as this year’s Limerixicon example. (Bob Staake for The Washington Post/Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

By Pat Myers August 13 at 11:40 AM

New contest for Week 1136:

Gaah! It's Limerixicon XII!

(Click [here to skip down](#) to the results of the Week 1133 clerihew contest)

The cardinal hates spontaneity;

He castigates us for our gaiety:

“The Devil’s within

And your laughter’s a sin . . .”

That’s no way to be treating a laity! (Chris Doyle, from Limerixicon 3, the contest for “ca-” words, 2006)

As we [hinted last week](#), we return once again to check up on Chris Strolin and company's inexorable climb up Mount Dictionary to learn that OEDILF.com — the Omnificent English Dictionary in Limerick Form, established 2004, predicted finish date Dec. 12, 2043 — has now trudged, 90,000 limericks strong, into the seventh letter of the alphabet. Just the beginning of it, of course. Let's give Chris and his fellow limericists their annual Loserly boost: **Supply a humorous, previously unpublished limerick significantly featuring any English word, name or term beginning with "ga-,"** as in the example above by the galumphingly gallant, galactically garrulous Chris Doyle. See wapo.st/InviteLim for our fairly strict rules on limerick rhyme and meter (in a nutshell: "perfect" rhyme, and a strong "hickory-dickory-dock" rhythm in Lines 1, 2 and 5; a "dickory-dock" in Lines 3 and 4; plus "weak" syllables on either side). See OEDILF.com about submitting limericks there after this contest is over.

Winner gets the [Inkin' Memorial](#), the Lincoln statue bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives yet another in our recurring Kitschy Shell Sculpture Prizes: a [pair of scallop shell owls](#) whose plastic eyes stare at you with with a mixture of shock, indignation and just plain creepiness. We highly recommend placing it on a child's nightstand, to give little Tyler a little jolt to the senses upon awakening. Donated by Florida thrift store habitue Nan Reiner.

Other runners-up win their choice of a yearned-for [Loser Mug](#) or the ardently desired "Whole Fools" [Grossery Bag](#). Honorable mentions get a lusted-after Loser magnet designed by Bob Staake: either "[The Wit Hit the Fan](#)" or "[Hardly Har-Har.](#)" First Offenders receive a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener" ([FirStink](#) for their first ink). E-mail entries to losers@washpost.com or, if you were born in the 19th century, fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday night, Aug. 24; results published Sept. 13 (online Sept. 10). You may submit up to 25 entries per contest. Include "Week 1136" 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/InvRules. The headline for this week's results is by Chris Doyle; the honorable-mentions subhead is by Kevin Dopart. Join the lively 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.



Owly terror! We didn't ask how much prize donor Nan Reiner shelled out for this fine sculpture. (Pat Myers/The Washington Post)

🗨 **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 results of the Style Invitational contest posted four weeks ago . . .](#)

MIND OVER METER: THE CLERIHEWS OF WEEK 1133

In Week 1133, we announced our second-ever contest for clerihews, a light-verse form coined a century ago by the humorist Edmund Clerihew Bentley.

The rules: Four lines rhyming AABB; a person's name ending the first line; and a meter that sounds like the worst entries for our contests in which we want *good* meter. The Empress received so many terrific clerihews that she'll run another set of winners three weeks from now (the less timely ones, as opposed to ones about the GOP candidates; who knows which of them will be standing on Sept. 6?).

4th place:

Bernie Sanders

Never panders,

Thinks for himself and speaks well.

He hasn't got a chance in hell. (J. Larry Schott, Gainesville, Fla.)

3rd place:

Madam Secretary Clinton, otherwise known as Hillary Rodham:

Qualifications to be president? Yes, she's got 'em.

But still Fox News refuses to acknowledge her as a viable contender.

Seems it's opposed to her agender.

(Nan Reiner, Alexandria, Va.)

2nd place

and the [tasteless U.K. souvenir shot glass](#):

Bill Cosby,

Whatever his flaws be,

At least wasn't like one of those selfish lugs

Who invite you over but don't share their drugs.

(Robert Schechter, Dix Hills, N.Y.)

And the winner of the Inkin' Memorial:

Antonin Scalia

Would very much like to see a

Return to the days when gentlemen wed only ladies;

In fact, he'd like time turned back to the 1780s.

(Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)

Boo 'hews: honorable mentions

Donald Trump

Is a horse's rump

And is apparently quite proud of it.

On second thought, he's not the rump, but what comes out of it. (Robert Schechter)

John Boehner

Couldn't make his position any plainer:

"This Iran treaty stinks; Congress will shred it!

I'll let you know why as soon as I've read it."

Max Gutmann, Cupertino, Calif.)

Hillary Clinton

Knew very well she'd make a mint in

Speaking fees, but she still claimed she was "broke"

And could therefore relate to the common folk.

(Robert Schechter)

John Ellis Bush

Is making a push

To be prez, which for even the most stout of us
Absolutely scares the Jebesus out of us.
(Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

Chris Christie

Was the Right's enlistee
For best bloviating bully on the stump.
Then came Trump.
(J. Larry Schott)

John Kerry

Is very
Amused to see someone on the Right mock a vet of the war.
That's so 2004.
(Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif)

The only way **Donald Trump**
Could be less of a chump
Is if he (the whole package: body! shirts! belts!)
Were somebody elts.
(Mae Scanlan, Washington)

Rick Santorum

Maintains his decorum
By never bugling
The top result of his ego-Googling. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

Hey! It's **Joaquin "El Chapo" Guzman!**
"Yeah, that's right, I'm on the loose, man.
But don't worry, I'm no threat to American law and order —
I'm one Mexican who doesn't want to cross the border.
(Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

David Cameron,

Like all pols, does lots of yammerin',
But even empty talk sounds nicer coated with the gloss
Of the British uppa closs.
(Brendan Beary)

American Pharoah

Is there in the A-row
With Secretariat, but in Row Z
In the spelling bee.
(Edmund Conti, Raleigh)
[The contest announcement said a clerihew had to be about "a person," but who cares?]

Osama bin Laden

Four years ago barely had time to utter "God in
Heaven! Is it . . ."
He'll never finish, nor will he get to visit.
(Matt Monitto, Bristol, Conn.)

Barack Obama

Confessed to the Dalai Lama
That meditating on some remote cliff
Was looking increasingly terrif. (Warren Clements, Toronto)

Were **Bono**

(Which rhymes not with “Oh, no,” but “Ah, no”)
And U2 to declare recording moratoria,
It would cause me U4ia.
(Frank Osen)

“The Little Mermaid” protagonist **Ariel**

Teaches young girls a lesson that’s no better than secretarial.
Solely for the purpose of nabbing a princely tenor,
She goes through a bigger change than Caitlyn Jenner.
(Matt Monitto)

A gifted writer is **Harper Lee,**

And I don’t mean to be a carper, gee,
But to believe that the manuscript of “Go Set a Watchman” published by Rupert Murdoch-owned HarperCollins and as reported in the
Murdoch-owned Wall Street Journal was just recently discovered by lawyer Tonja Carter —
C’mon, don’t you think we’re smarter?
(Roy Ashley, Washington)

Kardashian, Kim,

Is far from prim.
A stark reminder
Can be found behind her.
(Stephen Gold, Glasgow, Scotland)

Jackson Pollock

Was an inveterate alcoholock
And it was on the inside of his windshield that this drunken berk
Painted his last abstract expressionist work.
(Rob Stuart, Staines-Upon-Thames, England, a First Offender)

Edmund Clerihew Bentley

Created a form of verse that has never mocked gently.
In The Post, the poetic humor you seek’ll
Most likely, in quality and subject matter, be fecal.
(Matt Monitto)

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