

Entertainment

Style Invitational Week 1139: Sixty-fourplay – 64 different contests you can lose

Plus more clerihews from Week 1133 — call it the Dud Poets Society

A 0



“Michelangelo/ Turned the color of an unripe tangelo ...” begins Brendan Beary’s clerihew. (Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

By **Pat Myers** September 3 at 12:00 PM Follow @PatMyersTWP

(Click [here to skip down](#) to the clerihews from Week 1133.)

Formats:

1. A riddle (i.e., a question-and-answer joke)
2. A funny observation
3. An acrostic poem (the first letters of each line spell out a name)
4. A song parody

Subjects:

- A. Footwear

- B. Donald Trump's campaign
- C. The new thin Oreos
- D. A fad that is SO over

Limitations:

- (i) Must comprise exactly 64 words
- (ii) Must contain a word plus an anagram of that word
- (iii) Must contain all 26 letters of the alphabet
- (iv) Could be a tweet (i.e., may have no more than 140 characters including spaces)



A the second-place winner gets 190,000 prizes!
 Sorta: Four of the 84 triangles in Dr. Lakra's
 Mutant Laboratory. (Pat Myers/The Washington
 Post)

This week we reprise, for the first time, one of the oddest Style Invitational contests ever. Back in 2000, the Empress's predecessor, [the Czar](#), presented a contest called "[When We're LXIV](#)," which was sort of like 64 contests in one: a choice of four formats times a choice of four subjects times a choice of four limitations.

Loser Bruce Carlson reminded the E that about four weeks hence will be the Czar's 64th birthday, and so how about if we ran this contest again in his "honor," with a new set of choices?

Okay, Bruce. Plus, the E doesn't have to go out and get the Czar a silly tie or whatever. **This week: Fashion an entry by selecting one element from each menu group above. Make sure you indicate the combination you chose (e.g., 2-C-iii).**

The categories above were submitted by various Losers and Style Invitational Devotees when I asked for suggestions in the Aug. 6 Style Conversational column: Thanks to Doug Frank, Tim Livengood, Mike Gips, Marni Penning Coleman, Neal Starkman and Bruce Carlson. Nan Reiner suggested today's headline.

Winner gets the [Inkin' Memorial](#), the Lincoln statue bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place, incredibly apropos of this combo-contest, wins **Dr. Lakra's Mutant Laboratory**, a collection of 84 cardboard triangles each containing one quadrant of a mutant face. Mix and match 190,000 ways (well, not really, unless you don't mind, say, a neck where the ear would go). Donated by Dave Prevar, who doesn't quite look like ANY of those combinations.

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, Sept. 14; results published Oct. 4 (online Oct. 1). You may submit up to 25 entries per contest. Include "Week 1139" 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 Dave Prevar. 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.

☛ **The Style Conversational:** The Empress is surveying her overseas domains this week (actually, she's marrying off the Royal Scion), so no Convo this week, and probably not next week either. Earlier columns are at wapo.st/styleconv.

DUD POETS SOCIETY: MORE CLERIHIEWS FROM WEEK 1133

Four weeks ago, the Empress didn't put up a new contest so that this week she could be traipsing around the Italian coast (well, traipsing and judging limericks). So this gave her a chance to share more clerihews from Week 1133, with their ingenious rhyme combined with comically bad meter. See the first set of clerihews at bit.ly/invite1136.

Michelangelo

Turned the color of an unripe tangelo
As he stood in the Sistine Chapel, gazed fifty feet in the air
And said, "You want it painted WHERE?"
(Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)

Novak Djokovic

Has a powerful forehand stroke, of which
You may have heard; at Wimbledon he was the betterer
Of Roger Federer.
(Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)

To root for the team whose quarterback is **Robert Griffin**,
Your upper lip must stiffen.
Try not to weep about each soul-crushing loss,
Or their tree-cutting, journalist-suing, fan-gouging boss.
(Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

Antonin Scalia

Seems to have the idea
That life will be a bowl of tapas
If we always – no exclusions – adhere to the exact writings of the Founding Papas.
(Mae Scanlan, Washington)

President Obama

Hates drama.
Although he says we can't get screwed by his nuclear deal with Iran,
Yes We Can.
(Nan Reiner, Alexandria, Va.)

Here is petulant **Bibi Netanyahu**,
Whose cheer for Obama is no "huzzah;" who,
Calling him a "diplomatic midget,"
Extends a digit.
(Mark Raffman)

A dentist-hunter with a bow did slay the regal **Cecil**;
Fifty thousand dollars paid, a ranger-poacher's legal wrestle.
What should become of this Dr. Palmer, who thought a mere camera shoot banal?
Let him suffer through a painful root canal.
(Ming Ivory, Harrisonburg, Va., a First Offender)

Piet Mondrian

Had hung some plaid laundry on
An easel to dry, since it was still wet;
When a collector came in and bought the whole set.
(Brendan Beary)

I'm a big fan of **Alex Ovechkin**,
And though I don't mean to kvetch, can
You tell me why the Capitals annually
Fail to bring home the Cup of Stanually?
(Mark Raffman)

Germany's **Angela Merkel**
Has got the Greeks all hyster'cal!
How they stew! How they moan! How they whine!
Wait till the bankers tell them "nein." (Mark Raffman)

Caitlyn Jenner
Faces a difficult future, when her
Choice to live as a she
No longer interests reality TV.
(Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

Caitlyn Jenner is no longer Bruce;
For being called "sir," she has no more use.
Incredible as it is, she upstaged the Kardashians;
Maybe, finally, this is where the classy begins and the trashy ends.
(Neal Starkman, Seattle)

Marcus Antonius
Delivered a euphonious
Eulogy to a Roman crowd and earned the affection
Of everyone sitting in the Caesarean section.
(Chris Doyle)

Along with **Matthew McConaughey**
Last year's cast has gone away
From "True Detective,"
Rendering it defective.
(Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

In Re the Presidential aspirations of **John Ellis Bush**:
Seriously? Another one? You must be smoking Kush.
All the horrible decisions made by his big brother Dubya,
Don't they trubya?
(Nan Reiner)

Chris Christie
Has friendly pollsters who insist he
Has nationwide appeal despite the many slurs he
Faces from his constituents back home in New Jersey.

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

Donald Trump

Told the Republican rump
He's only enraptured
By soldiers who don't get captured.

(Chris Doyle)

Bernie Sanders

Is getting ganders
That might cause Hillary
To call out the artillery.

(Frank Osen)

NBC's Williams (Brian)

Lost his job because of lyin'.
Thus it happened that taking over in the next semester
Was Holt (Lester).

(Mae Scanlan)

Anna Karenina

Made the mistake of letting other men in her.
When she threw herself on the railway line, travelers were heard to complain,
"That blasted express from Moscow is late again!"

(Brian Allgar, Paris)

Johannes Brahms

Calms.
You can put to sleep both Caucasians and people of color by
Brahms's Lullaby.

(Mae Scanlan)

Madonna

Gonna
Be
Remembered for [something like virginity](#).

(Kevin Dopart)

David George Philip Cholmondeley,

7th Marquess of Cholmondeley, comely
Scarlet- and gold-clad Lord Great Chamberlain of the United Kingdom, gearless,
Is just David Rocksavage, peerless.

(Phil Battey, Alexandria, Va.)

The Empress, Pat Myers,

Inspires
Losers to work their brains into a funk
For junk.

(Mae Scanlan)

Still running — deadline Monday night, Sept. 7: Our elegant-insult contest. See bit.ly/invite1138.

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