

Entertainment

Style Invitational: Give us a bad name – plus this year’s winning limericks

For Week 1140: Tell us a real brand name that would be terrible for a different product

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(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

By Pat Myers September 10 Follow @PatMyersTWP

(Click [here to skip down](#) to the results of this year’s Limerixicon contest, Week 1136)

Antabuse is a good name for an alcoholism drug but a bad name for a magnifying glass. (Chris Doyle)

Rolling Rock is a good name for a beer but a bad name for an insurance company. (Jim Lyons)

The Chrysler Building is a good name for a skyscraper but a bad name for an SUV. (John Conti)

Wachovia is a good name for a bank but a bad name for a cemetery. (Michael Cisneros)

It’s the first repeat — after 11 years — of one of our funniest contests ever. It’s clear from the examples above, which all got ink in Week 547, mere weeks after the Empress dispatched the Czar and replaced the boar heads in the throne room with some delightful wall sconces. **This**

week: Cite a REAL brand name, past or present, note its original use, and then say what sort of product, organization, etc., that name would be bad for. The revival of this contest was suggested by Hopelessly Recidivist Loser Jeff Contompasis, who was reminded of it when he noted on the [Style Invitational Devotees](#) page on Facebook that “Target sells a house-branded Up & Up pregnancy test, but not condoms.” See the winners of the 2004 contest in this week’s Style Conversational column at bit.ly/conv1140. (The Conversational is posted a few hours after the Invite, late Thursday afternoon.)

Winner gets the [Inkin’ Memorial](#), the Lincoln statue bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a notepad with \$20 bills depicted on its pages. These are about twice the size of real \$20 bills, so they’re clearly worth \$40 each. Donated by rolling-in-dough Dave Prevar.

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. 21; results published Oct. 18 (online Oct. 15). You may submit up to 25 entries per contest. Include “Week 1140” 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 Kevin Dopart; the honorable-mentions subhead is by Chris Doyle. 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’s weekly online column, published late Thursday afternoon, 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 from four weeks ago . . .](#)

GA on our mind: This year’s top Limerixicon limericks

Week 1136 was our 12th annual Limerixicon, in which we aid and abet (or at least one of those things) the grand effort of OEDILF.com to compile limericks featuring all the words in the dictionary. This year’s sliver of the alphabet is for words beginning with “ga-”; the addition of these inking entries — selected from close to 1,000 — should push OEDILF’s total archive to more than 90,000 limericks. *A note:* Some of the words below are meant to be read with alternative, often British pronunciations, e.g., re-SPITE rather than RES-pit. They’re all listed in the dictionary, though.

4th place

On safari when hunting for **game**
There’s a way to avoid public shame.
Don’t shoot Cecils or Tiggers
Or Rovers or Triggers
Or anything else with a name. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

3rd place

Were I asked by a curious guy
Where my sexual preferences lie:
Am I straight? Am I **gay**?
Well, I guess I would say
That I do just enough to get bi. (Craig Dykstra, Centreville, Va.)

2nd place

and the [shell “sculpture” of two owls:](#)

Your Mama won’t talk when she’s dressed.
When clothed, she thinks silence is best.

But boy is she **garrulous**
When completely apparel-less,
As a thousand bored Johns can attest.
(Robert Schechter, Dix Hills, N.Y.)

And the winner of the Inkin' Memorial:

There's a pill that Big Pharma projects
Will make women more eager for sex.
(Till it makes men, en masse,
Cease to belch and pass **gas**,
It won't have the desired effects.) (Nan Reiner, Boca Raton, Fla.)

Excess GAggage: honorable mentions

If you think, "If my **gal** goes on Addyi,
When I ask her for sex she'll be gladdy!"
Get a clue. Save the money
On pills for your honey
And instead spend less time with your caddy.
(Danielle Nowlin, Fairfax Station, Va.)

Dr. Seuss had the story down pat:
A spoiled, unlikable brat
Had a gun that she'd stow
In her nanny's chapeau:
She called it the **Gat** in the Hat. (Mae Scanlan, Washington)

To spores of the plants I've befallen.
My eyes itch and water; it's **gallin'**.
I'm wheezin' and sneezin'
In hay fever season.
It's dreadful; Oh, Lord, it's a pollen. (Kirk Miller, Richardson, Tex.)

As a **gangster**, poor Nicky was lame,
Just as dense and as dumb as they came.
For example, I hear
That he neutered a deer,
'Cause they told him to go "fix the game."
(Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

I don't like my women too thin
I want more than just bones and skin
If she is so **gaunt**
She has nothing to flaunt
Then I won't be the yang to her yin. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village, Md.)

The candidates – **gad!** they're a million!
Make debates come across as vaudevillian,
And you can't help but stare
Right at Donald Trump's hair

And wish for a topside Brazilian. (Ben Aronin, Washington)

Plead for progress? Scalia'll reprove ya
With some jurisprudential effluvia,
Then, with scowling harrumph
And a baleful **galumph**,
He'll trudge homeward to Antediluvia. (Nan Reiner)

Both Americans and Britons pronounce it "jail," but the Brits spell it "gaol":

If one day you should find yourself **gaoled**,
It is likely because you have faoled
To obey certain laws
And it's also because
You lack bucks with which out to get baoled.
(Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase, Md.)

Gallant knight, **gallop** off if you must
But don't let your lady's lust rust
In a chastity belt
Round her loins sweet and svelte.
No, don't keep her trussed — keep her trust. (Ian Graham, Orp-Jauche, Belgium, a First Offender)

Dr. Spooner still **garbled** his words,
Though insisting, "I'm wetter with birds."
At a wedding, this freak
Was invited to speak
And delivered "a few wasteful turds." (Brian Allgar, Paris)

My friend's a **gastronomy** geek
But my own needs are simple and meek
Pâté and champagne
Are too fancy. Just plain
Peas and hominy's all that I seek. (Jon Gearhart, Des Moines)

Just to **gaze** every day on Denise
And her beauty affords me such peace —
(Or it did so before,
Till she spotted me, swore,
Pulled the blinds shut and phoned the police).
(Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)

If you hear "**gardyloo!**" then it's clear:
Overhead a big pail will appear.
Make your exit a quickie —
That garbage is icky! —
It's true, man: the yuck will slop here.
(Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

Said his lawyer, "I don't mean to cavil;
Your defense, though, is going to unravel
If you don't stop your chiding

Of the judge who's presiding,
And deriding the size of his **gavel**." (Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

Without pain, there's no **gain**, jocks have found,
But their reasoning's clearly unsound.
Just today, I have eaten
Ten eggs, lightly beaten,
And painlessly gained a whole pound. (Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.)

Those mariners ancient were rallyin'
To bring treasures home for the tallyin';
With no fear or panic
They braved the Atlannic
Going 6,000 miles on a **galleon**. (Jeff Loren, Seattle)

For flavor I'd heard it's a star fish,
So I thought I might try cooking **garfish**.
But things didn't go right
With the cooking that night,
And my guests ended up feeling barfish. (Hugh Thirlway, The Hague)

We encountered a **gaggle** of geese
While touring with friends down in Nice.
They nipped fingers and feet,
So we beat our retreat.
But at dinner? Three foie gras apiece! (Kathleen Cross, Silver Spring, Md., a First Offender)

As a billionaire tries to provoke
And calls foes he's debating "a joke,"
Two **gazillionaires** shelling
Out millions are telling
The rest: Things go better with Koch. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

The criminal, hooded and bound,
Took a flying leap onto the ground.
As the **gallows** he fled,
It is rumored he said:
"Well, there's no point in hanging around." (Beverley Sharp)

Regardless if blue or if red,
Campaign season fills one with dread.
The only respite:
All the **gaffes**, day and night.
Let's just hope they don't mean what they've said. (Parker Caldwell, Chicago, a First Offender)

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DONALD TRUMP DONALD TRUMP
DONALD TRUMP DONALD TRUMP DONALD TRUMP (gag) (Kel Nagel, Salisbury, Md.)

And last:

Once among the devoted perusers
In The Post, of the scribblings of Losers,
With an effort I tore free
From a sad **gallimaufry**
Of literary-substance-abusers. (Hugh Thirlway)

And even laster:

Would you like some ridiculous swag?
Or some dubious chances to brag?
By all means, stay awhile!
But be warned: At The Style
Invitational, all of us **gag**. (Nan Reiner)

Still running — deadline Monday night, Sept. 14: A contest that gives you 64 ways to lose. See bit.ly/invite1139.

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