

Which was handy, because he then did a cartoon of Jeff in conjunction with Week 1021. (Courtesy of Jeff Contompasis)

we'll have a musical twist, suggested by Loser Duncan Stevens, who happened to get his first blot of

Invitational ink [in that contest](#): **Take a line from any song and pair it with your own second line to make a humorous rhyming couplet; the second line should match the rhythm of the first, rather than the second line of the song itself**, as in Duncan's examples above. Be sure to include the title of the song you're quoting. (And please don't add your name at the end of each entry, like the ones above; the Empress tries to judge the contest without seeing who's written what. She'll put your name — or someone else's name — there when she prints the entry.)

Winner gets the [Inkin' Memorial](#), the Lincoln statue bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place appropriately receives a kit called "[How to Kazoo: User's Guide & Practitioner's Manual](#)," complete with "professional quality kazoo" and tips on playing songs of all genres. Best thing about a kazoo: The player can't sing at the same time.

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-over Loser magnets, "[Magnet Dum Laude](#)" or "[Falling Jest Short](#)." First Offenders receive a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener" ([FirStink](#) for their first ink). Email entries to losers@washpost.com. Deadline is Monday night, April 25; results published May 15 (one day after FaceBook at bit.ly/inkupday; follow [@StyleInvite](#) on Twitter).

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.

DINGDINGDING! IMPORTANT LOSER ANNOUNCEMENT!

It escaped the Empress's notice three weeks ago that Jeff Contompasis's joke about camel urine in the [Week 1164 results](#) was his [500th blot of ink](#) — thereby admitting JefCon to the den of iniquity that is the Style Invitational Hall of Fame, as its 11th member in the Invite's 23-year existence. Jeff, who's renowned for making fun of his own nerdiness — "Is it just me who interprets the restroom sign 'Wet Floor' as a command?" — tells a bit about himself, and about his weekly process of entering the Invite, in this week's Style Conversational at bit.ly/conv1171.

4 Oprah Winfrey picks prison memoir for her book club



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It was Jeff's idea for the ScrabbleGrams contest we've gone on to do every year — and Bob Staake immortalized him in Week 1021. (Jeff's words for those letters: biolust, subtoil and slutbio.) (Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

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

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LAUGH-LONG RELATIONSHIPS: REPORT FROM WEEK 1167

Week 1167 was one of our perennial compare-and-contrast contests in which the Empress listed [18 random items](#) and you had to explain how any two were similar, different or otherwise linked.

4th place:

The Cat in the Hat and **Hillary's emails**: In both situations you wonder where all the grownups are. (Danielle Nowlin, Fairfax Station, Va.)

3rd place:

The **Apple Store Employee of the Month** works hard to sell iPhones; **tiny hands** work hard to manufacture them. (Kristen Rahman, Silver Spring, Md.)

2nd place

and the winner of the "[Back to the Future](#)" **manure car**:

An all-you-can-eat buffet and **leftover Valentine's candy**: Oh, you Match.com Casanova, you! (Kathy El-Assal, Middleton, Wis.)

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKIN' MEMORIAL

Hillary's emails are just like **three inches of snow**: not enough to keep you from running for the office, but danged if they don't make the route hell. (Mike Ostapiej, Mount Pleasant, S.C.)

THEY BEGGED TO DIFFER: HONORABLE MENTIONS

Both **tiny hands** and **Hillary's emails**: The American people are sick and tired of hearing about yer damn . . . (Ellen Ryan, Rockville, Md.)

Both **the Cat in the Hat** and **seventh-grade boys** have an optimistic view of what your mother won't mind at all if you do. (Dudley Thompson, Cary, N.C., and father of two sons)

Hillary's emails vs. **an all-you-can-eat buffet**: The feeding frenzy brought on by the latter is somewhat more dignified. (Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

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President Taft's bathtub vs. **Leftover Valentine's candy** vs. **vinyl**

An all-you-can-eat buffet vs. **Hillary's emails**: It's unlikely that anyone will end up eating crow at the buffet. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

An all-you-can-eat buffet and **three inches of snow**: Each can lead to a run on toilet paper. (Kevin Dopart)

An all-you-can-eat buffet and **three inches of snow**: In D.C., there's a good chance that either will clog vital arteries. (Mike Gips, Bethesda, Md.)

At **the Pentagon**: rank on their shoulders; with **7th-grade boys**: rank in their armpits. (Dudley Thompson)

The windchill factors in when going out in **three inches of snow**. A winch'll factor in when getting out of **President Taft's bathtub**. (Chris Doyle)

The **Apple Store Employee of the Month** might get free Nats tickets. **Walmart mulch** might come with free gnats, ticks, etc. (Danielle Nowlin)

The last Cheeto in the bag vs. **Tiny Hands**: One is an unnatural orange mess that leaves a bad taste in your mouth; the other one isn't a nickname of mess that leaves a bad taste in your mouth, the other one isn't a nickname of someone running for president. (Paul Totman, Edmonton, Alberta, a First Offender)

The Pentagon vs. **Scrabble tiles**: You can usually get a comprehensible word out of Scrabble tiles. (Andy Bassett, New Plymouth, New Zealand)

For **three inches of snow** it's not worth firing up the big plow, but with your **tiny hands** you probably don't have a big plow anyway. (Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase, Md.)

Bunions: Unwanted trait of the feet.

Leftover Valentine's candy: Fate of the unwanted treat. (Jesse Frankovich, Lansing, Mich.)

Seventh-grade boys vs. **the Cat in the Hat**: The cat doesn't leave your house both destroyed and smelling of Axe body spray. (John Hutchins, Silver Spring, Md.)

An all-you-can-eat buffet and **embalming fluid**: You belly up to get one; you're belly up when you get the other. (Kevin Dopart)

An all-you-can-eat buffet and **Hillary's emails**: In both cases, using an official server might have kept things from getting out of hand. (Hildy Zampella, Falls Church, Va.)

An octagon vs. **three inches of snow**: Metrobuses run through a stop sign once in a while. (Kevin Dopart)

What's the difference between **Scrabble tiles** and **seventh-grade boys**? It takes at least a bit of skill for teenage girls to successfully manipulate Scrabble tiles. (John Hutchins)

With **an octagon**, you've got a figure that has eight sides. With **an all-you-can-eat buffet**, you lost your figure when you ate the sides. (Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

Eats & Drinks newsletter

The latest buzz on the D.C. area dining and bar scene, featuring restaurant critic Tom Sietsema, every Wednesday.

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The last Cheeto in the bag and bunions: Both are crunchy, zesty, delicious snacks! Oh, wait, that's Funyuns. (Bill Dorner, Indianapolis)

With **seventh-grade boys**, there's no such thing as **leftover Valentine's candy**. (George Smith, Frederick, Md.)

Still running — deadline Monday, April 18: Our famous foal name “breeding” contest. See bit.ly/invite1170.

0 Comments



Pat Myers is editor and judge of The Style Invitational, The Washington Post's page for clever, edgy humor and wordplay. In the role since December 2003, she has posted and judged more than 700 contests. She also writes the weekly Style Conversational column and runs the Style Invitational Devotees page on Facebook. [Follow @patmyersTWP](#)

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