

Style Invitational Week 1206: Do over the do-over — enter any of the year’s contests

Plus winning song parodies that have some (not always very sincere) lyrics of hope



DCayed: Having served in federal office too long. (Bob Staake/For The Washington Post)

By Pat Myers • Entertainment December 15 at 12:03 PM [✉](#)

(Click [here to skip down](#) to this week’s winning song parodies)

Winner of Week 1175, to coin a word whose letters add up to 13 points in Scrabble: **DCayed: Having served in federal office too long.** (Duncan Stevens)

Winner of Week 1163, to spell a word backward and define the result: **QARI: A deep hole the government throws billions into.** (Ellen Ryan)

Week 1170, to “breed” two horses nominated for this year’s Kentucky Derby and name their “foal”: **Perfect Saint x Caribbean = Francis Of A C Sea** (Danielle Nowlin)



This Trump Winery glass – direct from the winery in Virginia – is also useful for drinking Kool-Aid. This week's second prize. (Pat Myers/The Washington Post)

Last week the Empress announced her annual retrospective contest, for those who missed out on (or felt robbed in) any of the previous year's contests (plus a couple). This week: the very same thing — hey, we have 53 contests to cover, and maybe you've been a tad busy at this time of year: **Enter (or re-enter) any Style Invitational contest from Week 1149 to 1202, except for Week 1152, last year's do-over contest.** You may enter more than one contest as long as you don't submit more than 25 entries in all. For contests asking you to use that week's paper, use papers and online articles dated Dec. 15-26. For the obit poems, continue to write about people who died in 2015. Yes, you may resubmit non-inking entries from earlier contests.

How to find all these contests: Go to washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational and click on each contest (click on View More if you stop seeing contests). See this week's Style Conversational column (published late Dec. 15) for another method. And be sure to check the results of that week's contest (usually four weeks later) to make sure your idea didn't already get ink. Be sure to give the week number of the contest you're using.

Submit entries at this website: bit.ly/enter-invite-1206 (all lowercase).

Winner gets the [Inkin' Memorial](#), the Lincoln statue bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place gets a genuine wineglass with the Trump Vineyards logo — just in time for the Inauguration. Toast to the new regime, smash it into the fire, we don't care. Donated by The Post's Patricia Howard.

Other runners-up win the yearned-for “[This Is Your Brain on Mugs](#)” Loser mug or our Grossery Bag, “[I Got a B in Punmanship](#).” 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). Deadline is Monday night, Dec. 26; results published Jan. 15 (online Jan. 12). See general 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 Tom Witte. 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](#); follow [@StyleInvite](#) on Twitter.

The Style Conversational The Empress’s weekly online column discusses each new contest and results. Especially if you plan to enter, see [wapo.st/styleconv](#).

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

GRIN PAN ALLEY: HOPEFUL (OR ‘HOPEFUL’) SONGS

Four weeks ago, in **Week 1202**, the Empress put out a rather desperate call for songs that conveyed some sense of hope. But even in the daze of her post-election state, she was clear-eyed enough to realize she wouldn’t mind at least some less-than-noble hoping in the lyrics. Click on the links in the titles below for clips of the original songs, so you can listen to the melodies as you read the parody lyrics.

4th place:

To “[Diamonds Are a Girl’s Best Friend](#)”:

A gift in their names could be so consequential —
Planned Parenthood has two new friends!
Black lives, gays or dames? Something environmental?
Or the Bill of Rights?
Help ACLU win its fights.
They’ll feel swell at ADL
When they count up the dollars and cents.
The liberal nation can make its donation
In the names of Trump and Pence! (Jane Pacelli, Annandale, Va.)

3rd place:

To “[Be Our Guest](#)”:

Be not stressed! Be not stressed!
Recent setbacks? Just a test!
In the long run we’ll recover,
Even stronger as we’re pressed.
This guy Trump? Sure, he’s bad,
But there’s reason to be glad,
As a racist and a bigot,
He will open up the spigot

And our ranks will be swelled,
For the values that we've held,
In the end our cause is surely being blessed!
So let's not call it crisis
Over here in ISIS —
Be not stressed! Be not stressed! Be not stressed! (Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

2nd place

and the [man-shaped stress squeezer](#):

To “The Morning After”:

We're sailing off to new adventures,
Our Captain's tacking to the right,
So many folks sign on to join us,
So many different shades of white!

Let's show the world that we mean business,
Stand up, Americans, be proud!
And while you're up, go close our borders,
Who needs that scary foreign crowd?

Once we were great, now we're just middlin',
Each day brings new threats and scares.
Cut the tax rate! Profits are piddlin',
Let's help our poor billionaires.

This country will grow strong and prosper,
Things will get better year by year.
But just to keep us on the safe side,
We'll double up on our meds,
Then we'll start hoarding booze and beer! (Barry Koch, Catlett, Va.)

And the winner of the Inkin' Memorial:

To “Smile”:

Smile, though you're stunned and stumbling.
Smile, though your tummy's tumbling.
Though there's a louse in our president's house,
You can smile through the nutty raving,
The puerile misbehaving.
This horror could be for the best. Who guessed ...

That the Neanderthal'd win?
But, just like Alec Baldwin,
We'll squeeze the sweet out of each Orange Tweet.
Though the future could not be odder,
Think of the Loser fodder!
The Trumps will breed a bounteous pile . . .
So let's just smile. (Nan Reiner, Boca Raton, Fla.)

Nigh hopes: honorable mentions

To “YMCA”:

Oh, man, don't be down in the dumps
Though you know, man, that the White House is Trump's.
It may blow, man, to feel like you've been [schlonged](#)
But it won't last all that long and . . .
Hey, girl. things will turn out all right;
There's a way, girl, if you're old, male and white
And if you're not, you can still dry those tears
'Cause he's only here for four years. . .
We'll vote again when it's 2-0-2-0,
Bring someone new in when it's 2-0-2-0.
So don't whine and moan, put aside all that bull
'Cause our glass is always half full . . .

No fears, there's no need to feel sick,
We did eight years led by W and Dick,
And those hard times are a thing of the past
Cause this nation was built to last ...

One term, it's the blink of an eye,
And Ruth Ginsburg is still peppy and spry
And the Congress can stay gridlocked and slow|
With Chuck Schumer there to say no...
We'll vote again when it's 2-0-2-0,
Bring someone new in when it's 2-0-2-0
So we'll make it through if we hope for the best
And let Xanax handle the rest ... (Brad Kelly, Bethesda, Md., whose last Invite ink was in 1998)

To “Be Our Guest”:

There'll be mess! There'll be mess! My prediction — just a guess —
Is that this administration will malfunction under stress.
Ethics fails, petty feuds, Donald's grudges, whims and moods

Will derail the Trump agenda, send Hair Fuhrer on a benda,
Hard to make this land “great” with a gang that can’t shoot straight
And a leader who’ll antagonize the press;
There’ll be no time for plund’ring when there’s so much blund’ring;
There’ll be mess! There’ll be mess! There’ll be mess! (Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

To “Tonight” from “West Side Story”:

Election Day! The thrill that went away!
We saw our world collapsing by 9.
And yet, we stay, though Canada might say,
“Come and join us and you will be fine.”
We’ll try to hide the brimming tears, and wait through four more years
And hope that we’re okay.
Perhaps he’ll try to be a better guy, anyway.
Let’s pray!

We mourn, alas, this thing that’s come to pass
And wonder what our new world may hold.
As panic grows, we strike a yoga pose
While we’re watching our future unfold.
Before we take an angry stance now, let’s give the man a chance now
To bring a better day:
He may not fail; calm voices will prevail. come what may —
Let’s pray! (Rhoda Feigenbaum, Oakton, Va., a First Offender)

To “Wouldn’t It Be Lovely?”

There’s Christmas bells resounding loudly through the wintry mix, hmmm...
But this November fallout leaves us in an awful fix, hmmm...
Debaters call each other Communists and Bolsheviks, hmm-mm-mm-mm...
Santa, save our politics!

All we want is to stop this screed,
Someone else has to intercede.
One man is all we need,
Please, Santa, save our politics!
Democrats and the GOP
Split so far that they can’t agree.
He’ll bridge the boundary,
Yes, Santa save our politics!

Though no citizenship for Santa’s been established yet,
Check his stomach — how much more American can you get?

Tell your children across the land
We’ll be soon standing hand in hand;
The whole U.S. is grand
When Santa leads our politics! (Matt Monitto, Bristol, Conn.)

To “When You Wish Upon a Star”:

Hillary’s an also-ran,
Poleaxed by that awful man.
Seems the country’s in the can,
But don’t be blue.

Though you're of the loathed elite,
Condescending and effete,
Life can once again be sweet
For folks like you.

This morass, soon, it will surely pass.
A guy with so much gas
Can't help exploding.

When events have thus conspired,
And the people roar, "You're fired!"
Wrong, reviled and retired,
He'll fade from view. (Stephen Gold, Glasgow, Scotland)

To "For Me and My Gal":

I'm apprehensive ... for me and my land.
My fear's extensive for me and my land.
Our next president's showing
He is vulgar, unknowing,
And the danger is growing;
Flames of hatred are fanned.

But there's an answer: The answer is us.
We'll cure the cancer — just get on the bus,
And someday the tide is going to turn, and things will turn out grand,
With new hope for me and my land. (Mae Scanlan, Washington)

To "Three Little Birds" by Bob Marley

Don't worry about a thing,
'Cause every little thing gonna be all white,
Singin' don't worry about a thing,
'Cause every little thing gonna be alt-right ...

Woke up this mornin',
Look what the voters done!
Flipping the birdie from our doorstep!
Pollsters were wrong,
Now smug elites sure can stew ...
This is our message to you-oo-oo! ... — D.Duke, Metairie, La. (Mark Raffman)

To "It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas":

It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas
In twenty-thirty-one,
We can spend the day at the shore,
The temperature's 84

With palm trees gently swaying 'neath the sun!
It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas
Joy in every soul,
'Tis the season of hope and cheer
Since climate change came here
To this warm South Pole. (Rob Cohen, Potomac, Md.)

To "Silver Bells"

Facebook timelines, countless meme Vines,
Stressed with horrible bile.
In the air there's a scent: Armageddon.
Trump's in power from his Tower,
KKK leaders smile,
But down deep in our hearts we still hear ...

Give 'em hell! Give 'em hell! It's payback time in our country.
Stand and fight! It's our right! No one can take that away.

Stupid tweeties, bad graffitis,
Boy, those hotheads are mean,
As transition teams fill up with bigots.
Hear the new buzz, what the talk was
On John Oliver's screen,
And it's time for the people to cheer. ...(J. Calvin Smith, Ranger, Ga.)

To "Over the Rainbow":

Somewhere out on the Beltway, 'round D.C.,
Lines of cars at a standstill, and, at the end, there's me.
Somewhere out on the Beltway, tempers flare,
And I dream of a place that's anywhere else but there.

I curse the hours I have lost,
The toxic fumes from your exhaust, the honkers;
It's really getting quite absurd;
I'm watching drivers flip the bird
As they go bonkers...

Somewhere out on the Beltway, road rage rules;
But we'll come back tomorrow — just goes to show: we're fools!

But wait! There's hope! My strategy:
Get on the road at 4 a.m. ... or 3. (Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

To "The Colonel Bogey March":

Hopeful! That's how I feel each day!
Hopeful! All set to join the fray!
Hope is my only dope, since
I cannot cope when my hope goes away!
Grumpy! No, no, I just have brass!
Grumpy! No, no, just grab that lass:
Grumpy? Oh, Mr. Drumpf, he
Can kiss my lumpy and bumpy crevasse! (Bill Spencer, Cockeysville, Md.)

To "We Need a Little Christmas"

All out with folly,
There's no more need for us to act intelligent!

Keep up the slacking,
Clear out the bland politeness and expel a gent now!
Since the GOP is ruling, smarts are in the basement.
Intellect's unspooling, ego's its replacement.
Cogitation's far too grueling — throw it from the casement!
We're entering a generation
Of scholarly defenestration!

So rest up your brain cells,
Aspire to be like what a man who's famous is!
Spurn thought and manners,
And look: our land is full of ignoramuses now!
"Idiocracy's" prophetic! Brilliant's out of fashion.
Why be apathetic? Now's the time to cash in;
Let's embrace the new aesthetic! Who has time for passion?
Shallow minds are ruling now! (Matt Monitto)

To "I Will Survive":

When vote results were shared, we were horrified;
The panicked immigrants were fearing they should run and hide,
But then as Googlers sat there Googling, "Just how can I move abroad?"
They learned they're scrod. Can't move to Canada? Oh God!
But though we've cracked, we will not break,
We will move forward now and work so hard to keep our minds awake.
We'll keep our heads up high and keep our chins up off the floor
So that in four we can go and boot his orange butt out the door!
Yes, we, we will survive ... (Jon Gearhart, Des Moines)

To "Rockin' Robin":

He sits in his tower all day long
Grumblin' and stompin' when they do him wrong.
Nighttime comes and he's on the beat:
That's when Rockin' Donald goes tweet, tweet, tweet!
Rockin' Donald (tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet),
Shockin' Donald (tweet, tweedley tweet),
Oh Rockin' Donald, you're really gonna shock 'em tonight!

Some folks think that the guy's insane,
"There's just some funny circuits in his brain."
Four years of this, can we all cope?
Not real sure, but there's always hope ... (Kel Nagel, Salisbury, Md.)

To "New York, New York":

Our little old "swamp" will be drained away
We'll have a brand new POTUS soon
Who wants new feds!
After all the pomp, most usually stay
At agencies with work to do
For seasoned feds

They wake and head into the city to federal jobs,
But this new king of the hill thinks they're all slobs.

He's said we can't use

Those who know the way;
Let's make a brand new start of it
With all new feds!
We'll have so much more fun
If they don't know Step One, !
So we'll get all new, new feds, new feds! (Elizabeth McQueen, Alexandria, Va., a First Offender)

To “O Holy Night”:

Oh, holy crap, I didn't see him winning!
Just send a message, that's all I meant to do.
She was a shrew, enabled all Bill's sinning.
I voted Trump, and now that vote I rue.
Maybe there's hope, some constitutional limits;
He'll lose interest, forget that stuff he said.
Out on the street I hear protesters' voices,
They sound divine! A new passion is born.
Bring light, hold tight, and hold the line. (Maria LeBerre, Herndon, Va.)

To “Just You Wait” from “My Fair Lady”:

Bide your time, O my children, bide your time,
Though she faltered in her presidential climb
And Republicans may gloat so
Clinton got most of the vote, so
Bide your time, O my children, bide your time.

It's not “if,” O my children, it is “when”
That the Oval Office door will not read “MEN.”
In four years for president we
May learn foresight's twenty/twenty
It's not “if,” o my children, it is “when.”

You will yet see the nation realize
That it's not testosterone that qualifies
And the field from whom we pick be-
Come Elizabeth and Nikki
Then at last will the White House
Be a not-out-of-sight house!
Bide ... your ... time! (Elliott Shevin, Oak Park, Mich., a First Offender)

To “How High the Moon”:

The sky is falling, or so I'm told;
The earth is warming; that leaves me cold.
Why should I worry if the climate's a little bit hot
As long as it's not
Too hot to hit some golf balls at our favorite spot.

The brothers Koch say: No need to fret.
Go out and smoke a Kool cigarette.
Why should I care or wonder where some iceberg now shrinks
If out on the links
We keep on getting all those ice cubes in our drinks. (Jesse Etelson, Rockville, Md.)

To “Delilah”:

I dance a jig as the biggest of problems grow bigger,
Toot on my flute as the handbasket heads straight to hell.
No desperation

Can break down the walls of the halls where I've chosen to dwell.

Entertainment Alerts

Big stories in the entertainment world as they break.

[Sign up](#)

My, my, my denial.

Plain, close-eyed denial.

Long before reality breaks down the door

I'm drunk on denial, tuned out from the truth I deplore.

When all the gleams of your dreams become turds in a punch bowl,

Fished out and flushed down the crapper straight into the pits,

Dance, laugh and smile —

Denial may cost you the race but you'll still keep your wits.

My, my, my denial.

Why not try denial?

Who can cope when you've come to the end of your rope?

It's better to die in denial than live without hope. (Frank Mullen III, Aledo, Ill.)

And Last: To "Smile":

Style when the world is warring,

Style when your job is boring;

When you are down, you should try the SI

Read in Style if you're melancholy;

Style, and you'll feel more jolly—

We've got a pun regarding poo for you.

Light up your face with humor;

Hide every trace of gloom or

Fear things severe may be ever so near.

That's the time for a rhyme amusing;

Style—laugh through all your losing.

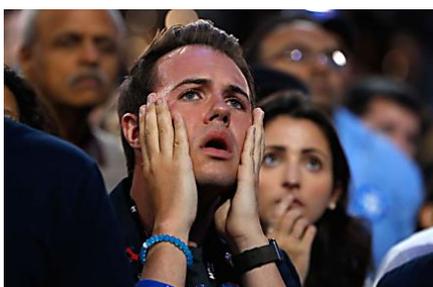
You'll find that life is still worthwhile

If you just Style. (Jesse Frankovich, Lansing, Mich.)

 0 Comments

PAID PROMOTED STORIES

Recommended by 



The Faces of Clinton's Supporters Who Can't Believe She Lost the Presidential Race

Gloriousa



17 Cars and Planes Donald Trump Owns

Journalistate



Awe Your Boss This Holiday With These 16 Awesome Gift Ideas

GQ



Donald Trump's Mortgage Payoff Tip Is Genius

Bills.com



4 Things One Guy Discovered After Wearing MeUndies for a Month

AskMen.com



Low Testosterone Symptoms and Treatments

Yahoo Search

Most Read

- 1** 'La La Land' hits a wrong note in Screen Actors Guild noms

- 2** One of the best performances in 'Rogue One' is by an actor who died in 1994

- 3** 19 books to help children find hope and strength in stressful times: A librarian's list

- 4** Here's what works — and what doesn't — about 'Rogue One: A Star Wars Story'

5 African American Museum changing visitor policies starting Dec. 19

Unlimited Access to The Post. **Just 99¢**

Our Online Games

Play right from this page



Mahjongg Dimensions
Strategy game



Spider Solitaire
Card game



Daily Crossword
Word game



washingtonpost.com

© 1996-2016 The Washington Post

[Help and Contact Us](#)

[Terms of Service](#)

[Privacy Policy](#)

[Print Products Terms of Sale](#)

[Digital Products Terms of Sale](#)

[Submissions and Discussion Policy](#)

[RSS Terms of Service](#)

[Ad Choices](#)