

Entertainment

Style Invitational Week 1274: Heading for a foal — our famed horse name contest

'Breed' any 2 names on our list and name the foal;
plus 5 x 5 poems for our 25th birthday



(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

By Pat Myers April 5 [Email the author](#)

(Click [here to skip down](#) to the winning 5x5 poems)

Walk in the Sun x Last Bad Habit = Walk in the Sin

Mr. President x Clever Mind = Never Mind

Choo Choo x Wisely = Train of Thought

Gold Town x Telekinesis = Mine Over Matter

Once again, it's Post Time: It's the 24th annual Style Invitational foal-naming contest, which if history is a guide will be our most popular of the year. The Empress usually ends up looking at about 4,000 entries, some from people who've been entering this contest (and only this contest) every year since 1995.

At the bottom of this page is a list of 100 of the 360 horses nominated for this year's Triple Crown races, the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont; your job is to **"breed" any two names and name the "foal" to reflect both names**, as in the examples above. (It matters not to us that all 100

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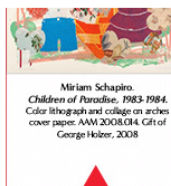
July 28 -
October 14, 2018



Miriam Schapiro.
Children of Paradise, 1983-1984.
Color lithograph and collage on arches
cover paper. AAM 2008.014. Gift of
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Most Read **Entertainment**

1

Review

The best science fiction and fantasy
to read this month



horses are male, and at least one is a gelding.) As in actual thoroughbred racing, **a name may not exceed 18 characters including spaces**, but one or more of the characters may be punctuation marks or numerals. You may run words together to stay within the length limit, but the name should be easy to read. **Make sure you (A) spell the original horse names correctly in your entry, and (B) use the “Name A x Name B = Foal Name” format as shown in the examples**, so that the thousands of entries will be properly sorted and the Empress will have a chance of preserving some small fraction of her sanity. As always, you may send as many as 25 entries.

Submit entries at the website wapo.st/enter-invite-1274 (all lowercase).

Winner gets the **Lose Cannon**, our Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives the **Farting Bubble Blaster**, a large squirt gun you arm with a canister of cherry-scented bubble fluid: “Sounds like farts — smells much better.” Plus battery-powered “FFRRRPT!” sounds. Not included but evidently for sale: bubble fluid that actually smells like farts. Donated by Loser Nan Reiner.

Other runners-up win our “**You Gotta Play to Lose**” Loser Mug or our Grossery Bag, “**I Got a B in Punmanship**.” Honorable mentions get one of our lusted-after Loser magnets, “**We’ve Seen Better**” or “**IDiot Card**.” First Offenders receive only a smelly tree-shaped air “freshener” (**FirStink** for their first ink). **Deadline is Monday night, April 16**; results published on Kentucky Derby weekend: May 6 in print, May 3 online. See general contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/InvRules. The headline “The Muse at 5” is by Chris Doyle; Chris and Jesse Frankovich both suggested the honorable-mentions subhead. Join the lively Style Invitational Devotees group on Facebook at on.fb.me/invdev.

The Style Conversational The Empress’s weekly online column — published late Thursday afternoon, April 5 — discusses the new contest and results. Especially if you plan to enter, visit wapo.st/styleconv.

[And from The Style Invitational four weeks ago . . .](#)

THE MUSE AT 5: WINNING 5x5 POEMS FOR OUR 25th

In **Week 1270** we celebrated the Invite’s 25th anniversary with a “5x5” poetry contest for any of three forms: 5 lines of 5 syllables each; 5 lines of 5 words; or 5 lines of iambic pentameter (ba-DUM five times over). We let hyphenated compounds count as either one or two words.

4th place:

5 lines x 5 words:

Dotard tweets his morning whine:

“Tillerson has crossed the line.

Calling me a moron? Fine.

But saying Putin poisoned Skripal?

That’s it for me, pal.”

(Nan Reiner, Boca Raton, Fla.)

3rd place:





5 lines of iambic pentameter:

Shall I compare thee to a lump of clay?

Thou are more agile (well, perhaps a bit);

Thou sleepest all the night and half the day;

When thieves break in, thou carest not a whit.

- 2 First glimpse of Kennedy Center’s much delayed expansion unveiled 
- 3 **Review**
Sex, politics and art painted in broad strokes in ‘Botticelli in the Fire’ 
- 4 Celebrities, fashion insiders react to death of Kate Spade 
- 5 Oprah Winfrey picks prison memoir for her book club 

Our Online Games

Play right from this page



Klondike Solitaire
Card game



Mahjongg Candy
Matching game



Word Wipe
Word game



Mahjongg Dimensions
Arcade game

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I love thee, dog, so I put up with it.
(Beverly Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

2nd place and the poop emoji pillow and slippers;

5 lines x 5 syllables

Some anagram fun:

"I've beaten the draft,"

Said Donald. "It's done."

The elder Trump laughed,

"BONE SPURS? SUPERB, SON!"

(Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.)

And the winner of the Lose Cannon:

Like socks need shoes, like gangsters seek out banks,

As forks want knives, or sick folk need a nostrum,

A weakling dreams of watching troops in ranks,

Parading while he preens atop a rostrum,

But should that happen here? We've said, "No tanks."

(Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

Nein to flves: Honorable mentions

5 SYLLABLES x 5 LINES

The Upside of Unsuccessful Negotiations With North Korea

If tête-à-têtes fail

And Doomsday draws nigh

With nuclear hail,

We're free to eat pie

And throw out the kale.

(Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.)



(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

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saying his prayers

The end of each day:

"At least Trump's not gay"?

(Rob Huffman, Fredericksburg, Va.)

5 WORDS x 5

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Initially happy to score me,
Endeavoring now to ignore me,
He paid me a sum
To stay quiet, the bum.
Beyond merely angry, I'm Stormy!
(Jesse Frankovich, Grand Ledge, Mich.)

At the NBA's big game,
Fergie, without fear or shame,
Heaped derision on her name.
Her [jazzed-up, breathy fare](#):
A bomb, bursting in air.
(Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

The Washington Redskins name's offensive,
Rude, repugnant and rancor-intensive,
Reminding us of something disgraceful.
Get a moniker less distasteful:
Call them the Mid-Atlantic Redskins.
(Connie Dobbins Akers, Radford, Va., a First Offender)

Czech snowboarder bombs the gates,
[Wins gold in skiing](#)! Celebrates!
Next time, donning figure skates?
Here's hoping that Ester Ledecka
Pulls off an Olympic trifecka. (Duncan Stevens)

Pruitt wants a soundproof chamber,
Carson wants a dining set,
Shulkin wants free family travel,
Mnuchin wants a private jet . . .
Are we draining swampland yet? (Nan Reiner)

IAMBIC PENTAMETER x 5:

Trump's lawyer swore she'd leave there on a gurney
When he took Stormy Daniels's deposition,
This wouldn't be some civil kid-glove tourney:
"Ma'am, you're a porn star by your own admission."
She said, "Yeah, so? You're Donald Trump's attorney." (Frank Osen)

The sad New York mortician, with a curse,
Complained his auto's knocks "do not sound good."
The car technician looked beneath the hood:
And said, "Alas, the news could not be worse:
To get to Broadway, sir, you must re-hearse."
(Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

"Good morning, Special Counsel's Office. How
May we be of assistance to you now?"
"Ms. Daniels? Two o'clock. We'll see you — ciao!"
"Rev Tillerson? Hi, welcome to the fold."

REA THOMPSON: HI, WELCOME TO THE FORD.

"Who's this? Mr. McCabe, could you please hold? . . ." (Nan Reiner)

I readily confess that I'm a glutton;
For me, a morning snack's a leg of mutton.
Oh, bloody hell! There goes another button.
Although they say that thin is sexier,
I'll never die from anorexia. (Brian Allgar, Paris)

If you were talented as Tennyson
And drank ambrosia by the liter, son,
You couldn't match the farce and menace in
The tale of fictive [Peggy Peterson](#)

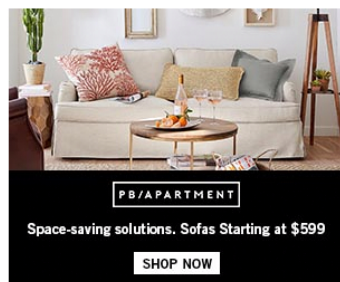
And fake, fake President, David Dennison. (Frank Osen)

And Last:

One score and five momentous years ago
'Twas not forefathers but a Czar who so
Inveigled us to write his jokes for free
And rack our brains for humor with no fee.
To celebrate this? Better you than me. (Dudley Thompson, Cary, N.C.) [This poem had originally begun "Two score" until reader Francis O'Donnell wrote in to point it out. We're glad *someone's* keeping score.]

Still running — deadline Monday night, April 9: Our contest to tell us who (or what) would be better for various federal jobs. See wapo.st/invite1273

DON'T MISS AN INVITE! [Sign up here](#) to receive a once-a-week email from the Empress as soon as The Style Invitational and Style Conversational go online every Thursday, complete with links to the columns.



THE 2018 STUD FARM

These 100 horses listed below were drawn from a list of this year's 360 Triple Crown nominees published by Churchill Downs; "breed" any two and name the foal for Week 1274, above. Submit entries at wapo.st/enter-invite-1274.

But first: Do the Empress — and yourself — a favor and . . .

• **Don't "breed" two names and use a third name from the list for the "foal."** People do this every year and never get ink because it's just too

the team. People do this every year and never get ink because it's just too easy to do. And just two horses at a time, please. (We're just romantic that way.)

- **Don't number your list of entries.** Numbers at the beginning of a line will give fits to our name-sorting system. You'll have to count to 25 on your 25 fingers.

- **Type each entry on a single line.** This is essential. If you have the parents' name on one line and the foal on another, little Junior is going to get lost from Mom and Dad when we do The Big Sort. Remember, use **this format: Horse A x Horse B = Foal Name**

- **Observe the 18-character limit**, including spaces and punctuation marks. In other Invite contests, the Empress has occasionally given ink to an entry that didn't technically fit the rules, if it was especially clever or funny. But there's no give on the letter limit on horse names — it's part of the challenge.

Ali

Alpha to Omega

Ark in the Dark

Arrival

Audible

Ax Man

B On Time

Bail Out

Beautiful Shot

Biblical

Big Brown Bear

Blame the Rider

Bolt d'Oro

Bravazo

Bugle Notes

Call a Cop

Candygram

Catholic Boy

Chaps

Choo Choo

Clever Mind

Combatant

Dawood

Demolition

Deputy Czar

Dream Friend

Dunk

Enjoy the Journey

Enticed

Evaluator

Exclamation Point

Explorer

Family Kitten

Firenze Fire

Flameaway

For Him

Gold Town

Good Magic

Gotta Go

Gronkowski

Heck Yeah

Hollywood Star

Ike

Justify

Last Bad Habit

Locomotion

Lone Sailor

Machismo

Magnum Moon

Maraud

Masked

Mendelssohn

Mississippi

Most Amusing

Mr. President

Mt. Rushmore

My Boy Jack

My Dream

Nero

Noble Indy

Numero Thirteen

Old Time Revival

One More Tom

Peppered

Personal Time

Pony Up

Private Eye

Promises Fulfilled

Quip

Replicator

Reride

Retirement Fund

Rucksack

Runaway Ghost

Scrapper

Seven Trumpets

Silver Hammer

Slot

Snapper Sinclair

Solomini

Somebody

Sporting Chance

Still Having Fun

Strike Power

Talent Scout

Talon

Tattooed

Telekinesis

Tenfold

The Money Dance

Times Square

Tiz Our Turn

Tough Times

Tres Equis

Vouch

Walk in the Sun

Wisely

World of Trouble

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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Yee Haw

Zing Zang

Source:[Churchill Downs](#)

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

The Post Recommends

My neighbors' bratty teen wants to baby-sit my kid and won't take no for an answer

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1 day ago



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Plus 'A Little Night Mucus' and other winning 'grandfoal' names

6 days ago



Opinion

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