



Entertainment

Style Invitational Week 1294: As the word turns — a neologism contest

‘Discover’ new terms hidden in this word search grid. Plus more winning neologisms.



“Dello” and “slangry” are just two of a zillion neologisms waiting to be found in this grid.

By **Pat Myers**, Style Invitational editor
August 23

(Click [here to skip down](#) to the winning Bob Levey-style neologisms from Week 1290.)

D-9: DELLO: There’s always room for this dessert even after a giant pastrami on pumpernickel.

N-5: SLANGRY: “You *&@# \$^ing *&@# \$^er!”

It’s been a year and a half since we last did a neologism contest based on a randomly assembled word search grid. In this fourth go-round, as before, the Empress clicked a bunch of times at WordGenerator.net to get a list of words ranging from “verbarmahooohoo” (white rhino) to “flat” (flat); then she fed those words into the cheerily helpful tool at Puzzle-Maker.com, which instantly worked them into the grid above. But we’re not asking you to find those words; we want you to discover new ones.

In typical word search grids, the target words are placed in a straight line in any direction, but we’re more flexible: **This week: “Discover” a word or multi-word term that consists of adjacent letters — in any direction or several directions — in the grid above, and provide a humorous definition**, as in the examples above. Don’t trace back over the



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humorous definition, as in the examples above. Don't trace back over the same letters. **You may also give a novel definition for an existing term.** And you may use the word in a sentence, if that makes your entry funnier. Even with this many possible words, the E always gets multiple entries for a single term, so it may be the description that wins the ink. (If you're having trouble printing out the grid, try it from [here](#).)

IMPORTANT: you *must* begin *each entry* with the coordinates of the first letter of your term (e.g., C-12) as above; the Emp can trace it from there. If you don't give me those coordinates, I'm going to skip your word.

Submit entries at the website wapo.st/enter-invite-1294 (all lowercase).

Winner gets the **Lose Cannon**, our new Style Invitational trophy. Second place wins **The Gas We Pass: The Story of Farts**, the now-classic matter-of-fact, educational easy-reader picture book by Shinta Cho, complete with both factoids (a healthy person farts about 17 ounces of gas per day) and sound effects ("brmm"). A brand-new hardcover donated by Edward Gordon. (Unsurprisingly, we also awarded this book as a prize in 2004 and 2010.)

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). In honor of Labor Day, **deadline is Tuesday night, Sept. 4;** results published Sept. 23 (online Sept. 20). See general contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/InvRules. The headline for this week's results is by Jesse Frankovich; Nan Reiner wrote the honorable-mentions subhead. Join the lively Style Invitational Devotees group on Facebook at on.fb.me/invdev. "Like" 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 set of results. Especially if you plan to enter, check it out at wapo.st/styleconv.

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

NEOLOGISMS FOR OLD TOM'S SAKE: REPORT FROM WEEK 1290

In **Week 1290** we honored Loser Since Week 7 Tom Witte — yes, pronounced "witty" — for his 1,500th blot of Invite ink. Since so much of that ink has been for coining punny new words — and because of his success back in the day with a similar contest given each month by Post metro columnist Bob Levey — we asked the Losers to come up with something that could use a good word to describe it, and of course to make up that word.

Some great neologism entries that turned out to be already in wide circulation: **hautemeal** for fancy cereal; **condominimum** for a tiny apartment; **ethic cleansing** for dismissing one's conscience; **grabbadocio** for being proud of assaulting women.

4th place:



Some people can make millions of dollars and spend every last cent of it. What **incomepoops!** (Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

3rd place:



("We" is not the Royal "We"; The Empress, of course, never does this. This week's second prize.)

It seems even the firmest nonbeliever will pray when the circumstances are dire enough, such as during severe turbulence on an airplane. This phenomenon could be called **foxholiness**.

(Tom Witte, Montgomery Village,

Md.)

2nd place

and the [offensive guitar-man bottle opener](#):

A co-worker comes in with a loud, chesty cough, having no concern for the health of everyone in the office. He's a literal **phlegmthrower**.

(Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.)

And the winner of the Lose Cannon:

It takes real nerve to admit that your son met with a Russian lawyer to get information on your election opponent — such **cahootzpah!**

(Jesse Frankovich, Grand Ledge, Mich.)

Half Wittes: Honorable mentions

Are you awake all night worrying that someone's peeking at your medical records? You just might be a **HIPAAchondriac**.

(Jon Gearhart, Des Moines)

Boy, U.S. farmers are just delighted with my trade policies, each and every one. They all tell me this trade war is **tariffic!** — D.J.T., Washington

(Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

Don't you hate it when someone who butts in and messes up your rhythm when you are telling an interesting story? This frustrating act could be called **quotus interruptus**.

(John O'Byrne, Dublin)

The Trump administration doesn't seem very interested in preventing future Russian election meddling. Their attitude is pretty **hackadaisical**. (Duncan Stevens)

An egomaniacal, unstable leader with his finger all too close to the Button: It's an **A-bombination**. (Drew Bennett, West Plains, Mo.)

What compels a president to express such contempt for Congress — *and* wear overly long ties? Could it be **executive shrivelege?**

(Kevin Dopart, Washington)

Those people who go to a game and dress top to bottom in the *visiting* team's regalia? They're the **fantagonists**. (Tom Witte)

It can be intimidating for a young lieutenant in the Army: If you've been ripped from one end to the other by your superior officer, you've had a **coloneloscopy**. (Beverley Sharp)

You tell someone off at the office for five minutes straight. The vent feels exhilarating — at the moment. And then, inevitably, come the repercussions, fast and furious. You never seem to learn: Don't throw a **boomharangue**. (Jon Gearhart)

That moment when an attractive woman spots you and realizes that you're always hanging out in the coffee shop that she frequents, but never drinking

any coffee? Oops, **stalkward!**

(Jeff Hazle, San Antonio)

“So does this smart thingy have the Twitter?” Older folks who don’t know how to use all these newfangled gizmos suffer from **thingamajignorance**.

(Jesse Frankovich)

A mom and dad are at odds over whether to circumcise their newborn son.

He says yes, she says no. They’re at **cross-prepuces**. (Chris Doyle)

I was a binge-drinker in college and spent many a late night “praying to the porcelain god” — **johnulecting**, you could call it. (Chris Doyle)

Many restaurants automatically add an additional percentage as a tip for a large party. Maybe they should also do it for a messy, annoying child — call it a **bratuity**. (Warren Tanabe, Annapolis, Md.)

In some states, even burly men with beards are ordered to use the ladies’ room, because of the anatomy they were born with — their **congenitalia**.

(Kevin Dopart)

Kevin decided against sneaking some cake before the party started when he noticed his mom slowly drawing a forefinger across her throat. That ominous gesture could be called a **pantomaim**.

(Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

To purge from your life a person who only pretends to like you means giving yourself a much-needed **frenema**.

(Lawrence McGuire, Waldorf, Md.)

You know how you have a series of extramarital affairs and then pay hundreds of thousands of dollars so the women won’t talk about them? Don’t we all? Of course you funnel that money along a convoluted path — call it **philaundering**.

(Dave Silberstein, College Park, Md.)

When you have “very fine people on both sides,” you have

kkkounterbalance.

(Pete Morelewicz, Fredericksburg, Va.)

You’ve never met in person, but your online chat is getting awfully friendly — and you haven’t mentioned it to your wife. Face it: You’re having a

textramarital affair.

(Rick Haynes, Ocean City, Md.)

When you play sports on grass fields, it’s inevitable that you’ll bring home clods of dirt stuck to your cleats: Call them **shoevenirs**. Or **swardifacts**.

Or a **stomp collection**. (Tom Witte)

There’s a new conspiracy theory floating around that Donald Trump is secretly waging war on an evil cabal of liberals who rig the elections, and run the CIA, and abduct children, and hid all the UFOs, and killed Princess Diana, and caused Hurricane Katrina, and . . . (you get the picture). There’s also a word for people who believe it: **Qrazy**. (Nan Reiner, Boca Raton, Fla.)

And Last: Continuing to enter the Invite week after week without success, and somehow expecting a different result this time. It’s **inksanity**, I tell you.

(William Kennard, Arlington, Va.)

Still running — deadline Monday night, Aug. 27: our contest for novel explanations for parts of the Constitution. See

wapo.st/invite1293. (Last week’s print edition lied and said the

deadline was Aug. 20 — so get back to work.)

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Pat Myers

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](#) 

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