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Style Invitational Week 1310: The Year in Redo, Part 2

Enter any Invite from the past 6 months. Plus zingy holiday-song parodies about the news.

By **Pat Myers**
December 13



Enter our contest for product warnings — or any of 24 others from the past six months — in this week's contest. (Bob Staake/for The Washington Post)

(Click [here to skip down](#) to the winning holiday-song parodies)

From Week 1288, product warnings/disclaimers:

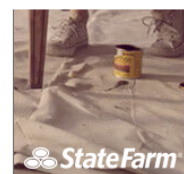
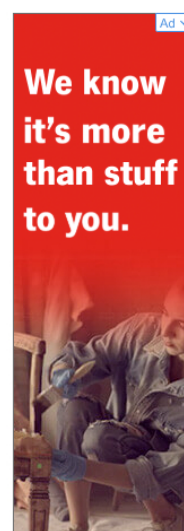
“This aircraft could plummet from the sky, falling thousands of feet and crashing in a fiery ball, spreading its contents over multiple acres, but that rarely happens.” (Russell Beland)

Winner of Week 1284, compare two items in a list we supplied:

The difference between the print Washington Post and Florida Man: I'm happy to find one of them lying on my doorstep at 5 a.m. (Jerome Uher)

It's Week 2 of our annual retrospective, in which you get to enter any of the previous year's contests. Last week we covered November to May; now we'll get the 25 newer ones, which include bogus trivia about animals; funny product warnings; anagrams of movie titles; limericks; and several neologism challenges, among other dubious pursuits — including the parodies we feature this week.

So this week: **Enter (or reenter) any Style Invitational contest from**



Most Read Entertainment

- 1 Perspective**
Michelle Obama can wear whatever she wants now. What she wants is sparkly thigh-high boots.



- 2** From Oprah to Andy Cohen, some



Week 1282 through Week 1306. You may enter multiple contests 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. 13-24 (and feel free to refer to more recent news in any of the contests). You may even resubmit non-inking entries from earlier contests.

How to find these contests? If you're a Post subscriber, you can go to washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational, where there's a list of the contests that you can click on one by one, starting from Week 1306. (Be sure to check the results of that week's contest, four weeks up the list, to make sure that your idea didn't already get ink for someone else.) If you're not — though [you should be](#), you know — or if you'd like to search through a plain-text version of all the contests at once, go to the Loser Community's own website, nrars.org, click on “Master Contest List,” and scroll way down to Week 1282 and below. See last week's Style Conversational column at wapo.st/conv1309 for more directions. Please give the week number plus a brief ID of the contest your entry is for (e.g., “Week 1304, what-if jokes”).



Our prize handy footy bottle opener; the other side advertises a funeral home. (Pat Myers/The Washington Post)

Submit entries at wapo.st/enter-invite-1310 (all lowercase) — NOT the entry forms for those old contests.

Winner gets the **Lose Cannon**, our new Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a little promotional **foot-shaped beer bottle opener** — with the hole for the bottle in the middle of the foot — that in gloriously tone-deaf fashion bears the imprint of a Virginia funeral home. As Jeff says: “It sends simultaneous messages of ‘pour one out for the recently departed’ and

‘you may already have one foot in the grave.’ Jeff also notes that it's magnetic so that you can keep it handily on your refrigerator, should you feel the sudden need or whim to call the funeral home.

Other runners-up win our “[You Gotta Play to Lose](#)” Loser Mug or our “[Whole Fools](#)” Grocery Bag. 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, Dec. 24;** results published Jan. 13 (online Thursday, Jan. 10). See general contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/InvRules. The headline for this week's results is by Jesse Frankovich; Jesse also wrote the honorable-mentions subhead. Join the Style Invitational Devotees 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, 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 from The Style Invitational four weeks ago . . .](#)

DECK THE LOLS: HOLIDAY PARODIES FROM WEEK 1306
In [Week 1306](#) the Empress asked for songs about things in the news lately,

wild moments happened on late-night TV on Thursday



3 Perspective
Why ‘Girl From the North Country,’ with Dylan songbook, is the best musical of 2018



4 ‘Die Hard’ isn't just a Christmas movie — it's the best ever, according to its Hollywood distributor



5 Travis Scott to perform with Maroon 5 at the Super Bowl? Like this entire halftime show lineup, it's a maybe.



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set to a Christmas, Hanukkah or New Year's tune. As always with our parody contests, the results were phenomenal; many Losers were cruelly robbed of ink because there are only so many songs a sane person can look at in one newspaper column. Fortunately, note that this week's retrospective contest includes Week 1306 as well.

4th place:

To "Good King Wenceslas":

Sulking Donald Trump looked out
On a bleak November,
When world leaders stood about.
The Great War to remember.
Gently fell the rain that day,
On their solemn meeting.
In his room Trump chose to stay,
Eating steak and tweeting.

All the leaders gathered there
Called him out together.
"Does he think his precious hair
Won't survive the weather?
Therefore, Mr. Trump, be sure,
You'll look vain and snooty
If you let your prized coiffure
Keep you from your duty."
(Jonathan Jensen, Baltimore)

3rd place:

To "Winter Wonderland":

Send the troops! It's a crisis!
Don't look now! Here comes ISIS!
I hear they were seen
With MS-13
Walking in a migrant caravan.

It's a huge, huge invasion!
None of them are Caucasian!
Get under your bed!
There's people to dread
Walking in a migrant caravan.

Don't you know my brand of elocution
Stresses that the boogeyman is near?
Let some lawyer cite the Constitution.
I'm content to rant and monger fear.

Build the wall with a doorway
In case some come from Norway.
We're going to gas
Bad hombres en masse
Walking in a migrant caravan.
(Bob Kruger, Rockville, Md.)

2nd place

and the [toilet ornament](#):

To "Let It Snow" :

Though the Saudis arranged a killing
And the evidence is chilling,
Don't want to offend them, so
Let it go, let it go, let it go.

Yes, the prince said, "Khashoggi ceases,"
And they cut him into pieces,
Does that mean we blame them? No!
Let it go, let it go, let it go!

Though the folks at the CIA
Say the hit order came from the crown,
Mr. Trump says that that's okay
If they keep oil prices down.

True, it's naughty to kill a critic,
But let's not get analytic,
Who's responsible? Who can know?
Let it go, let it go, let it go.
(Max Gutmann, Sunnyvale, Calif.)

And the winner of the Lose Cannon:

To "Frosty the Snowman":

Toss me the dough, man, there's a mistress with a tale,
She'll describe your groin — better give some coin,
Keep the tabloids off her trail.

Toss me the dough, man, there's a chick we need to pay,
Says she spanked your bum, dude, but she'll keep mum,
We'll just need an NDA.

There surely is some magic when we spread around the bucks,
We squelch the stories from the broads that the Donald goes and makes
love to.

Toss me the dough, man; we'll make sure these seeds don't sprout.
Pay a trifling fee, and you'll be home free, 'cause we'll never get found out.
(Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

Failz Navidad:

Honorable mentions

To "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing":

Crack! went Alex Smith's right leg,
Like the breaking of an egg!
Victim of a vicious sack
So gruesome all our jaws went slack.
More than halfway through the season,
Playoffs still were within reason.
'Skins held first; fans held hopes high,
Just to see those chances die.
Playoff hopes now aren't worth beans:
Smith smashed his leg to Smith-ereens.
(Tom Witte, Montgomery Village, Md.)

To "The Dreidel Song":

I have a feeling hate'll
Be ladled out today,

Yarkon, Yarkon's name and his fate...

when Trump's upset and fretting,

A spate'll come our way.

He'll bray, he'll bate, he'll prate, he'll

Berate, and he'll inveigh,

Then once we've been diverted, he'll cause a new melee.

(Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

To "Sleigh Ride":

Appointing Matthew Whitaker has a critic or three,

They say it's no more legal than appointing a beagle would be.

After polite refusal of each recusal review,

He has more underminings of Mueller's findings to do.

He used to [market patents](#) for folks who hadn't a clue.

He'd take inventors' money, but there wasn't a ton he would do.

This all was so appalling the Feds came calling, "Yoo hoo";

They told him, "You've been scamming — the doors we are slamming on you."

"I know Matt, I know Matt" is what POTUS said, on a foxy news show,

More showers in a land of PR snow.

"Don't know Matt, Don't know Matt," POTUS later said, revising his stand,

It's seeming like truth isn't truth in the White House's fairy land!

Now Matthew's cheeks are rosy and Trumpy-cozy is he.

They snuggled up together? Pretty hard to know whether we'll see.

Matt, there are lawsuits pending, things might be ending, boo hoo,

I think the nation's stronger when the AG no longer is you!

(Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase, Md.)

To "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer":

Elon the SpaceX cowboy says he'll fly us to the moon

And if it isn't this year, it will happen really soon.

All of the folks at NASA say his plans aren't going well;

They don't think that poor Elon has a snowball's chance in hell.

Then one stormy Christmas Eve, Santa's sleigh broke down.

"Elon, with your team so bright, won't you help my sleigh take flight?"

But all the little children saw no toys on Christmas Day.

Elon said, "Don't you worry, Santa will be there by May."

(Rob Cohen, Potomac, Md.)



(Sandy Riccardi, Petaluma, Calif.)

To "Christmas Time is Here":

Mistress time is here, former lays appear;

Girls he'll shtup — we'll hush them up;

Illicit funds we'll steal

THEY THINK WE'LL STOP.

Silence always pays when the Donald strays;
Chicks he'll boff — we'll buy them off,
Demanding NDAs.

Hope there's cash to spare — ladies everywhere
"Knew" the Don — we'll soldier on,
Denying each affair.

Mistress time is here; they might squeal, I fear.
If they tell, we'll serve a spell
Decked out in orange gear. — M. Cohen, New York (Duncan Stevens)

To "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town":

We better not pout, we better not cry:
We can't back out now and won't even try.
Amazon is coming to town.
They made out their list and checked it all twice,
Had to find out who'd pay the big price;
Amazon is coming to town.

Who cares about the traffic?
'Twas the deal we had to make.
So what if housing prices soar?
We'll cough up, for Bezos' sake!

We're happy to pay, strange though it may seem:
At least it's not for Dan's NFL team;
Amazon is coming to town!
(Perry Beider, Silver Spring, Md.)



(Rick Bromberg, Fairfax, Va., a First Offender)

The lyrics:

To "The Christmas Song" ("Chestnuts roasting . . ."):

California's like an open fire,
It's their fault, I'll tell you why,
They didn't rake all the leaves off the ground,
And that's why people had to die.
(What's more I'll tell you) Why we need the Army and Marines
Stationed on the border now,
I just love being commander in chief
And watching all the generals bow.

The caravan is on its way,
They're bringing drugs and ISIS soldiers to the fray,
And "caravan," it is an Arab word,
I learned that in a briefing from some nerd.

And so I'm offering this simple phrase,
For Latinos and Hispanics too,
If you come here, it's a cage for your kids
And a jail cell for you. (Rick Bromberg, Fairfax, Va., a First Offender)

To "*Blue Christmas*" (singing her own lyrics):

(as sung by the GOP congressional "Graduating Class" of 2018)

They'll have a blue Congress without us.
Their job they'll do, Congress, without us.
Folks in ball caps of red who once cheered us with glee,
They stayed in bed — no one came to vote for me.
In districts best we gerrymandered,
We vote-suppressed, hoodwinked and pandered.
What went wrong? Gee, we're stumped how our message got trumped . . .
Now they'll have a blue, blue, blue, blue Congress.
(Nan Reiner, Boca Raton, Fla.)

To "*Let It Snow*":

(Sung at the White House by Donald Trump)

Oh, the climate inside is frightful,
But to fire is so delightful!
My staffers? All friends-turned-foe;
Let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go.

And it doesn't show signs of stopping;
(Truth be told, I'm fond of chopping!)
I'll give 'em the old heave-ho;
Let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go.

When I've finally canned them all
And the White House is empty, you'll see
That the role that they played was small;
Nobody matters but ME!

So good riddance to Rex and Sessions
And the rest, for their transgressions;
(Hey, I'm saving the country dough!)
Let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go!
(Beverly Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

To "*Santa Baby*":

Mueller baby,
Slap subpoenas and a warrant on
The Don.
Been an awfully bad boy,
Mueller baby,
And hurry up at saving the world.

Mueller baby,
An early-morning FBI raid
Replayed
On the evening news,
Mueller baby,
And hurry up at saving the world.

Think of staying resolute:
Think of orange wattles in an orange suit.
And all of us will sure enthuse
If you just give that brute the boot.

...you just give them state the room
Mueller baby,
You drag them off to prison one day
And hey!
And Hanks is you on the screen,
Mueller baby,
And hurry up at saving the world.
(Marcus Bales, Cleveland)

To "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen":

God rest ye merry, Democrats, you've turned the House to blue;
It's time to get those tax returns and see what's really true.
Is Donald worth a billion bucks? Is Donald Jr. through?
Oh indictments bring comfort and joy, comfort and joy;
Oh indictments bring comfort and joy!

God rest ye merry, Democrats, Pelosi's back on top
Although she wasn't popular with this new freshman crop.
She whips the votes, she gets the bucks, she doesn't want to stop:
Oh indictments bring comfort and joy, comfort and joy;
Oh indictments bring comfort and joy!
(Trudie Cushing, Bethesda, Md., a First Offender)

Internet loses collective mind over odd White House Christmas decorating:

To "Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree":

Mock and surround a crimson tree with a dose of Photoshop;
Ridicule slung about with glee; online comments will not stop.
Mock and surround a crimson tree, let the criticism spring;
Later we'll try some wit that's wry and then take another swing.

You will view an ornamental failing when you see
People flinging one more volley:
Deck the halls with bits of folly.

Mock and surround a crimson tree, have a snarky kind of day,
Everyone roasting merrily in a nasty, flippant way.
(Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn, Va.)

The president pooh-poohs the White House's own [dire report](#) on climate change:

To "Let It Snow":

No, the future's not getting frightful,
Wet and windy and ignitable.
That stupid report must go.
(Bored me so, bored me so, bored me so.)

Tried reading it, but kept stopping,
When my eyelids started dropping.
Three pages were plenty, though —
This I know, this I know, this I know.

Soon they'll finally see I'm right,
'Cause in winter it still isn't warm,
Morning's bright and it's dark at night,
In summertime, heat is the norm!

The nerds claim we'll soon be frying,
But it's obvious they're lying:
From Boise to Buffalo,
We've got snow, we've got snow, we've got snow!

no re get shon, no re get shon, no re get shon.

(Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.)

FEMA responds to California fires:

To "O Little Town of Bethlehem":

O little town of Malibu, we hate to see you fry,
But we won't weep or make a peep as ashes cloud the sky.
Although your need is dire,
Because your state is blue,
We'll close our ears and grind our gears,
And blame it all on you.

(Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

To "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas":

Have yourself a Mar-a-Lago Christmas, just escape what's real.
Drenched in glitz, who cares what Mueller will reveal?
It's self-serving, Mar-a-Lago Christmas, golf or traipse the halls,
Validate yourself behind protective walls.

Self-enthroned like a monarch you
Miss the wan stark view we cast;
Couched in kitsch with your Grinchly sneer:
You to all appear half-assed.

Soon when the investigations fell you,
You will lose your power.
There you'll stay with gold and toadies, scowl dour:
Your final time will be your Mar-a-Lago hour.
(Phil Frankenfeld, Washington)

To "Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree":

Writing a Christmas parody
In the age of Donald Trump,
Everyone dancing merrily
While I'm feeling like a grump.
Writing a Christmas parody
Doesn't bring a happy smile
While there are folks on my TV
Tiki-torching to "Sieg heil!"

I just can't write entertaining lyrics when I hear:
"We will have so many great times
While we're out committing hate crimes!"

Writing a Christmas parody
When there's just one thing to say:
May we still have democracy
By the next Election Day.
(Barbara Sarshik, McLean, Va.)

Still running — deadline Monday night, Dec. 17: The Year in Redo, Part 1 — enter contests from Week 1255 through Week 1281. See wapo.st/invite1309.

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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](#)

The Post Recommends

Trump can't stop listening to the right. That's why the government might shut down.

He knows he's trapped, but he doesn't want to believe it.

13 hours ago



This is what happens when a stable

