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Entertainment

Style Invitational Week 1322: Back to the drawing board

Invent a not-well-thought-out invention. Plus winning (and AMAZING) anagrams.



(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

By **Pat Myers**

March 7

(Click [here to skip down](#) to this week's winning anagrams)

— A special security device for office buildings that recognizes someone by analyzing his spinal fluid. (Brian Broadus)

— Caramel-coated popcorn and peanuts, with a surprise algebra problem in every box. (Greg Dobbins)

— Home delivery of fresh milk, via a trailer of cows driven to customers' doors. (Russell Beland)

Here's a contest we did a full 20 years ago, and surely there are lots more bad ideas to be found since then. **This week: Come up with an idea for an invention that still needs a bug ironed out**, as in the inking examples above from Week 323 in 1999.



Hot



purple

Most Read Entertainment

Submit entries at wapo.st/enter-invite-1322 (all lowercase).

Winner gets the [Lose Cannon](#), our Style Invitational trophy.

And speaking of crappy inventions: Second place gets a fly swatter . . . well, it doesn't swat, exactly; you pull a trigger on this sort of gun, and a pair of cartoonish green plastic hands "claps" the insect to death. There's even an archery-style target on one of the palms, so that you can give yourself a score for accuracy. The Empress finds this prize far more tasteless than the poop emoji slippers and even the Trump brand coffee pods we've offered recently. Donated by Mike Creveling, a retired biology teacher and an active naturalist who wouldn't hurt a fly.

Other runners-up win our ["You Gotta Play to Lose"](#) Loser Mug or our ["Whole Fools"](#) Grossery 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, March 18**; results published April 7 (online April 4). See general contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/InvRules. The headline "Gram Scheme" is by Jesse Frankovich; Jesse and Chris Doyle both submitted the anagram of "honorable mentions." 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 . . .](#)

'GRAM SCHEME: REPORT FROM WEEK 1318

In [Week 1318](#) we asked you to produce anagrams — text with all the letters rearranged. Prepare for some serious mind-blowing.

4th place:






The opening of "A Tale of Two Cities": It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair.



For those who'd glory in catching flies with their hands, this week's 2nd prize.

Dopart, Washington)

Anagram: Sigh, how to begin? "It was London, it was Paris. It was the stain of weebegone teeth, it was the spot of armpit hair. It was the time of awful foods, it was the time of less cheeky help. It was wan, fetid cheeses, it was soft, soft cheeses." These spoofs: It is the far, far worse thing I do. (Kevin

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3rd place:

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.

Anagram: BS! I often itch to gnaw her hot love-tushy. (Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

2nd place

and the poop emoji slippers:

"I, Donald John Trump, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States."

"I, Donald J. Trump, attest that I will offend you, expel the White House staff, and fleece the country for side millions." (Jesse Frankovich, Grand Ledge, Mich.)

And the winner of the Lose Cannon:

A total anagram of the entire Gettysburg Address:

Dig this, my men. A few decades back, some hep, cool creative guys hath invented a sovereign country somewhere right around here that was devoted to increasing human equality. It's true, man; I saw, ah, documentation on the teevee. I call that radical! Too hot, hot, hot!

But now, there's definitely a bad vibe. Wretched indignation advanced to total hatred, bitter warfare, and terrible attrition. Thousands of hale men, both Northern-trained Federal and hotheaded, pro-apartheid Confederate, everyone frightened, fighting with revolvers and rifles to decide whether survival of that great, progressive doctrine of reform and human tolerance is necessary — or a total menace. We have gathered at the, ah, scene tonight to give high props to a thin, fantastic posse that hitherto laid it all ten-tenths down for the cause. That be word. Word is bond.

Nay, do listen to this oath, congregation: Whatever grateful oration we, ah, bother to deliver ain't near enough. Not near appropriate or worthwhile. Here, a dreaded Death flowered beneath the feet of, and collected, honored men. The, ah, righteous thugs and heroic hos that we celebrate achieved the whole deal; all we can do is riff charming, insignificant stuff that people will never recall. So we all gotta keep on keeping on, in order to see to it that things evolve better for our, ah, descendants so the worthwhile peeps rule twenty-four/seven. Be real. Yahoo. Whatever. (J.J. Gertler, Arlington, Va.)

MINOR LOONS BENEATH: Honorable mentions

Build the wall!

= White lad bull.

(Jonathan Jensen, Baltimore)

"We're building the wall":

= We draw in the gullible.

(Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.)

Make America great again!

= I make a migrant cage area.

(Bill Dorner, Indianapolis)

There was no collusion!

= So unethical loser won.

(Mark Calandra, Wenham, Mass.)

“There was no collusion!” says Trump

= A sorry, shameless Putin clown. Out! (Chris Doyle)

“Please inform him that I too have a Nuclear Button, but it is a much bigger and more powerful one than his.”

= A bitter orange buffoon thumbs nose at autocrat. Phallic euphemism thrived online. Huh, egomania writ.

(Luke Baker, Columbia, Md.)

Trump’s base

= Must reap BS.

(Jonathan Jensen)

Florida Man

= Random fail. (Chris Doyle)

First lady Melania

= Rats, I’m a fiend ally!

(Jon Ketzner, Cumberland, Md.)

Carpe diem:

= Crap! Me die!

(Ann Martin, Brentwood, Md.)

I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

= No more! My bold light is dead! Tip: Flee!

(Elliott Shevin, Oak Park, Mich.)

I never met a man I didn’t like

= Amend: I like tainted vermin. (Mark Raffman)

I do solemnly affirm that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my Ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.

= “Dote on tot Trump — I’ll need dynamo fixer staff,” puffed the fatty suit. “Coot help needed! Toady Michael Cohen and Sheriff Steve Bannon left.”

I’ll tweet to abet the fruitiest fictitious lies, sir, with style.”

(J. Larry Schott, West Plains, Mo.)

The Washington Nationals

= What, nothing sensational.

The Baltimore Orioles

= Hoo, ol’ team is terrible!

The New York Giants

= We groan, “They stink.”

(all by Jesse Frankovich)

Democracy Dies in Darkness

= Cry. America kissed Don’s end. (Kevin Doport) OR

= Dark money is caressed in D.C. (Jesse Frankovich) OR

= Damn! I scored sacred ink! Yes! (Chuck Helwig, Centreville, Va.)

The Style Invitational

THE STYLE INVITATIONAL

= That loveliest inanity (Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.; Jesse Frankovich) OR

= Have I not little sanity? (Duncan Stevens) OR

= Ain't it a silly event, tho? (Jesse Frankovich)

The Empress of the Style Invitational

= She is that fit, neat, lovely person I met.

= The flattery's vital. Is she open to mine? (Jesse Frankovich)

Just give yet another large bucket of ink to Jesse Frankovich this week.

= Geeky objective favors King of Nuts' cheekier wit. Uh, thanks a lot, jester. (Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn, Va.)

Oh, no need to check this one, Empress. I promise you it's an anagram.

= Success! Yea, I hope it gets me honor and ink, not more pain or shame. (Bill Dorner) [We checked.]


I am the master of my fate: I am the captain of my soul.

= Tip: I am the E, Yo Mama of fantastic Style humor fame. (Jon Gearhart, Des Moines)

Today's winning entry was also submitted to the ongoing [Anagrammy Awards](#) contest, and did not get ink! However, all its entries can be read online.

Still running — deadline Monday night, March 11: our contest for creative reviews of several boring household products. See wapo.st/invite1321.

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.

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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