

The Invitational Week 34: A Mirthday Party

Link two people who share a birthday. Plus winning 'ho-' limericks.

[PAT MYERS](#)

AND

[GENE WEINGARTEN](#)

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Born on Oct. 2: Mohandas Gandhi, of great works, and Stinky Rat, of lousy twerks.

Okay, here comes the new Invitational, suggested in the [Style Invitational Devotees](#) Facebook Group by Claire Keeler. **For Week 34: Make some humorous connection, in verse or otherwise, between two people, living or dead, who share the same birthday.** You can find coincidental birthdays all over the internet; we had luck Googling, not in quotes, things like **famous birthdays Sept 15.**

Mohandas K. Gandhi and StinkyRatTicTok

For both Mahatma Gandhi and this twerking [can of corn](#)

Fame arrived, approached and beckoned.
(Plus, we note that both were born
On October the second.)

We disclose that Oct. 2 also happens to be the birthday of the Invitational Czar, which deftly leads to the Czar's alternative example, not in rhyme, coinciding with the Nov. 24 birthday of the Empress: **"Pat Myers and former Beatle drummer Pete Best: Both vanished into ignominy and irrelevance because of unwise career choices."**

[Click here for this week's entry form](#), or go to **bit.ly/inv-form-34**. As usual, you can submit up to 25 entries for this week's contest, preferably all on the same entry form.

Deadline is Saturday, Sept. 2, at 4 p.m. ET. Results will run here in The Gene Pool on Thursday, Sept. 7.

The winner gets a birthday cake from a mix. Pick it up at the Empress's house, Mount Vermin. Alternatively, the Empress will eat the cake in your honor and you get instead a pair of **teeny earrings of a shark chewing on your earlobe**. They're on order but are supposed to look something like this.



Photo from Kawaiiandcute2008 on Etsy. Ours didn't cost \$46.

Runners-up get autographed fake money featuring the Czar or Empress, in one of [ten nifty designs](#). Honorable mentions get bupkis, except for a sweet email from the E, plus the [Fir Stink for First Ink](#) for those who've just lost their Invite virginity.

Ho-word Bound: Winning limericks from Week 32

In our [20th annual Limerixicon](#) — our first since being freed of the requirement not to offend any Washington Post readers — we asked you to create limericks featuring words beginning with “ho-.” We received perhaps a hundred honorably honed five-liners, hundreds more ho-hums, and a few dozen horrids. Now that we're announcing the results, feel free to submit your ho- limericks — inking or not — to [OEDILF.com](#), the Omnificent English Dictionary. (If you did get ink here, note that with your submission.)

Third runner-up:

For Matt Groening, success arrived slow.
Would he make it? The answer seemed no.
But then one day he drew
Homer Simpson and knew
From then on, he'd be rolling in d'oh!
(Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

Second runner-up:

The trailer for *Maestro* is out,
And now **Hollywood's** talking about
[A prosthesis so grand](#)
The Academy's planned
For the Oscar to go to a snout.
(Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.)

First runner-up:

Since Grandma was sick, nearly dead,

I poured thoroughbred pee in her bed.
When her doctor found out,
His response was to shout,
“You should put her in **HOSPICE**, I said!”
(Jesse Frankovich, Laingsburg, Mich.)

And the winner of the [two Bigfoot car air fresheners](#):
All the African countries, he tells
Us, are cesspools — a fact that compels
Us to note we can take
The word “shitholes” and make,
With its letters, the phrase “**HIS HOTELS.**”
(Chris Doyle)

Ho- contraire: Honorable mentions

On a yacht, in a luxury suite,
You can **hobnob** among the elite,
And the happiest thing:
They’re all super-right-wing!
And they say, “Justice T, it’s our treat!”
(Mark Raffman)

What they use in the food that we call
A **hot dog** is apt to appall.
Lips and gristle add taste
To the mystery paste;
Nothing’s wasted — the wiener takes all.
(Jesse Frankovich)

In Philly, a kid from Muskogee
Called ladies “old hag!” gents “old fogey!”
Shrugged the locals, “Let live!”
But they couldn’t forgive

When he ordered a “sub,” not a **hoagie**.
(Coleman Glenn, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.)

Said the critic on “**Horror** Film Chatter”:
“All the recent flicks couldn’t fall flatter.
Though resplendent in blood,
The plots land with a thud —
I’m just partial to mind over splatter.”
(Mark Raffman)

Even though you’ve done national harm,
I will toast you with requisite smarm
For the added excitement
Of your latest indictment —
Here’s **hoping** the fourth time’s the charm.
(Kevin Dopart, Washington, D.C.)

A **horse** who appeared in dismay
Found a bar and walked in. Right away,
The guy tending the place
Asked him, “Why the long face?”
He replied: “I proposed. She said neigh.”
(Jesse Frankovich)

“Today, I would like to begin on
The charges you soon will put spin on:
Your ludicrous claim
About witch hunts is lame,
So eff you and that **hoax** you rode in on.”
(Chris Doyle)

Even though he’d no interest in money,
Greedy Winnie-the-Pooh got a gun; he
Went into a store
And yelled, “Down on the floor!

It's a robbery! Show me the **honey!**"

(Jesse Frankovich)

My kid's teachers now all go by **Mx.**

Well and good – we're no MAGA-hat hx!

Yet I've nary a clue

How to say it — this new

Honorific puts me in a fx.

(Karen Lambert, Chevy Chase, Md.)

A **hoe** can be used among roses,

While a **ho** strikes some come-hither poses.

One makes garden tracks

While one jumps in all sacks,

But both **homonyms** work next to "hoses."

(Leif Picoult, Rockville, Md.)

What makes **Holmes** so exhausted he's plotzin'?

No, it's not his untangling the knots in

Each mystery and crime,

But the hours of time

That it takes to explain them to Watson.

(Chris Doyle)

"It's a **hoax!**" is the best line you've got

When your other defenses look shot.

Though the snowflakes won't buy it,

Your base will — just try it!

(Oh, also say "Hunter" a lot.) — D.J.T.

(Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.)

There once was a resident **horndog**

Who frequently misused a corndog.

She tended to slide it

Where no one should hide it

Until it became quite a worn dog.

(Leif Picoult)

Who plays **hockey**? The hardest souls!
While they're out on the ice scoring goals,
It's more odds than bad luck
They'll get hit with the puck,
So instead of some teeth they've got **holes**.

(Mark Raffman)

We gorge on the fattiest chow,
Like fried **hog** maws and bowls of kung pao,
Food that's dripping with grease.
We are uber-obese —
In the midst of Aporkalypse Now.

(Chris Doyle)

An optometrist working in Guelph
Had a grinder attached to a shelf.
Made a **horrible** squeal
When he fell on the wheel
And a spectacle out of himself.

(Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn, Va.)

The priest told the plumber, "A bit
Of an unpleasant smell. I admit
That the john, so to speak,
Hasn't flushed in a week."

"Yes, I see," plumber said. "**Holy** shit!"

(Rob Cohen, Potomac, Md.)

On our first wedded night, there were scenes:
My new bride wriggled out of her jeans
And revealed her bare rear
With a sticky gold smear.

“No, that’s *not*, dear, what **honeymoon** means.”
(Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)



Jesse Frankovich used his prize Week 28 Wicked Witch of the East socks at a soccer match. He’s looking for ruby cleats.

Said the pirate, his arm feeling sore
From a horrible moment of gore,
“I am going to look
For a suitable **hook**
In my neighborhood second-hand store.”
(Jesse Frankovich)

For a Valentine's Day sweet surprise,
I got Twinkies — a box, jumbo size.
So endlessly thrilling,
That sweet **Hostess** filling!
Now I wear his love on my thighs.
(Judy Freed, Deerfield Beach, Fla.)

“What's that smell that your work boots secrete?”
“Ankle-deep at the beer plant, my sweet,
Were those bittering flowers—
The cleanup took hours!
So that's why I've got **hoppy** feet.”
(Duncan Stevens)

This limerick's really a little
Bit silly—it's **hollow** — so it'll
Be missing the part in the middle. *(Jesse Frankovich gets 0.6 ink.)*

The headline “Ho-word Bound” is by Jesse Frankovich; Kevin Dopart wrote the honorable-mentions subhead.

Still running — deadline 4 p.m. ET Saturday, Aug. 26: **Our Week 33 Ask Backwards contest**. [Click here](#) or type in bit.ly/inv-week-33.