

The Invitational Week 56: Oh, Grandpa, Stop!

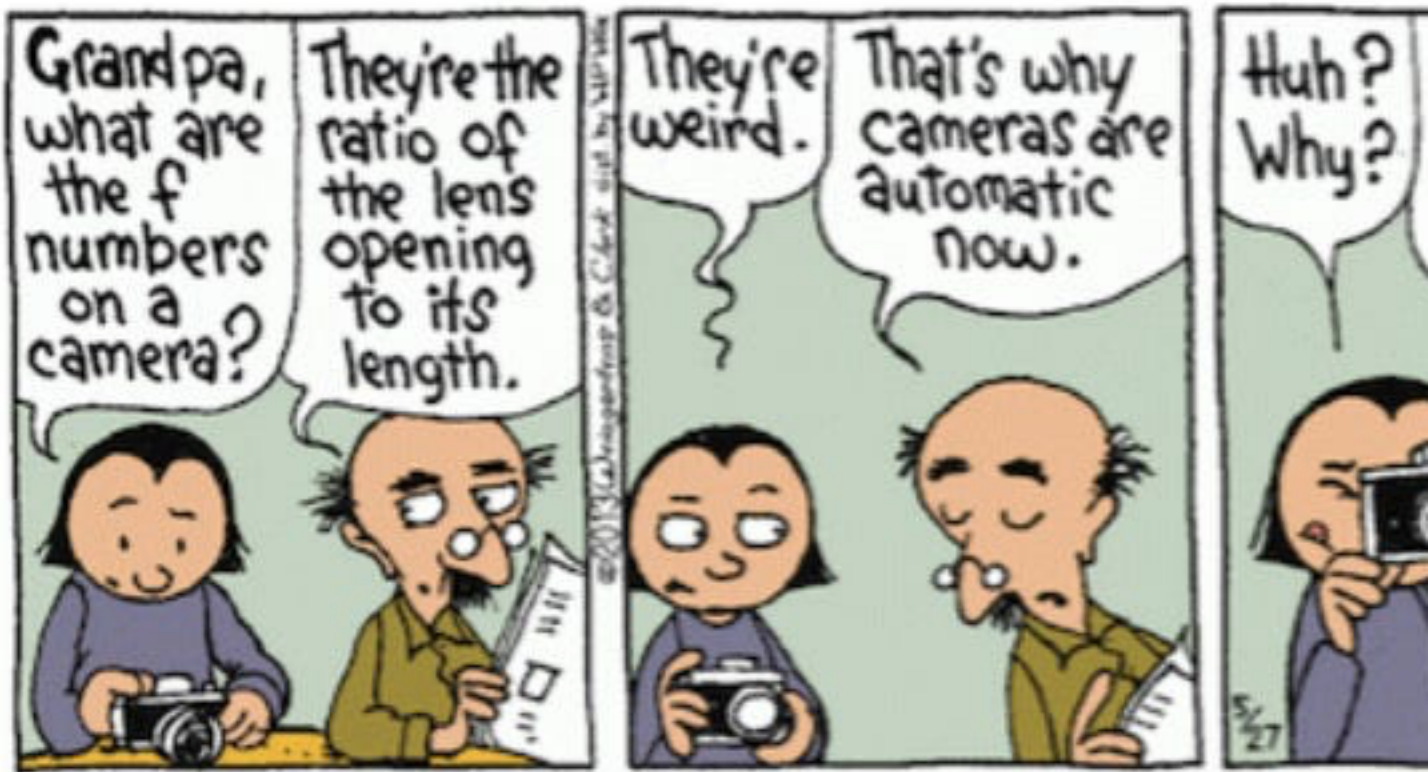
Turn a 'dad joke' into a less tame 'grandpa joke.' Plus 'K is for Kegels' and other alphabet rhymes.

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Hello. The sly figures above are Cynthia Pillsbury and her loving, cynical grandpa, Ebenezer Pillsbury, from the comic strip *Barney & Clyde*. (The above strip, from 2013, never ran in The Washington Post. It was killed for taste. You're reading it for the first time.) Cynthia is eleven. Ebenezer is old. He loves his granddaughter fiercely, but he doesn't feel a responsibility, as a father

would, to be proper and to see that *she* 's proper. In fact, he'd rather be her partner in a little subversiveness.

Hence his humor: Rather than bland, SFW dad jokes, Ebenezer likes to share what we'll call "grandpa jokes," as deemed by Barney & Clyde fan Valerie Holt, who suggested this contest.

For Invitational Week 56: Tell us a "dad joke" — an old one or your own original — and turn it into an edgy but not X-rated "grandpa joke."

"Dad jokes" — Google that and you'll see lists of hundreds — are usually short, wholesome Q&A riddles that involve a bland pun. Though we're not ruling out a very short joke in some other format, we're thinking of something like this one by Chris Doyle, recast from a similar Invitational contest in 2008 ([full results here](#)):

Q. When things go wrong, what can you always count on?

Dad joke: Your fingers.

Grandpa joke: Your toes, if the thing that went wrong was you lost your hands.

[Click here for this week's entry form](#), or go to tinyurl.com/inv-form-56. As usual, you may submit up to 25 entries for this week's contest, preferably all on the same form. **See the entry form** for formatting instruction.

Deadline is Saturday, Feb. 3, at 9 p.m. ET. Results will run here in The Gene Pool on Thursday, Feb. 8.

The winner gets, apropos of this contest, a spacious red **T-shirt reading "Greatest Fa—" and here the "TH" is overwritten with "RT" to produce "Greatest Farter."** Haha, what a gas. Donated by Ms. Pie Snelson, who is not a father and has never, to this day, farted.



What could be more boastful than a T-shirt emblazoned LOSER? Here we go!

Alphabetical Odor: The edgy couplets of Week 54

In **Invitational Week 54**, we asked you for adult versions of the “A is for ...”/ “B is for...” rhyming couplets of classic primers. Perhaps reflecting the attention span of your less obsessive Loser, we received a disproportionate number of A/B rhymes over the rest of the alphabet. And yes, we are taking some chances here.

Third runner-up:

F is for Fire—there’s smoke where it’s at.

G’s for George Santos, whose pants are on that. (*Jesse Frankovich, Laingsburg, Mich.*)

Second runner-up:

C’s for Compliance and following rules.

D’s for Don’t give a damn. (*Judy Freed, Deerfield Beach, Fla.*)

First runner-up:

A is for Apathy, lack of endeavor.

B is for Bleh, something-something, whatever. (*Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.*)

And the winner of the \$100 bill socks:

D’s for Depressed: Need a lift in your heart.

E’s for ED: Need a lift in your part. (*Judy Freed*)

Alphabested: Honorable mentions

A is for Ass-talk from Trump’s other noise-end.

B is the Blood he claims migrants have poisoned. (*Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.*)

B is for Boebert, she’s always on brand.

C, she is Cocksure her job’s well in hand. (*Kevin Dopart, Washington, D.C.*)

C is for Chatbot, like ChatGPT.

D's Dissertation it drafted for me. (*Jesse Frankovich*)

E's for Extremists, nursing their grudges.

F's for **Fifth Circuit**; they're known there as judges. (*Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.*)

E is for Elephants, mighty and gray.

F's for the Folks who will ask, "What were they?" (*Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.*)

F is the Fragrance that wafts through your rooms.

G is for Gastrointestinal fumes. (*Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.*)

F is a Florida man who just died.

G is the Gator he took as a bride. (*Chris Doyle*)

K's for Kill — grab your gun and be ready to show it.

L's for Life — pretty clear that you're not really Pro-it. (*Judy Freed*)

K is for Kegels. Just give a good squeeze.

L is for Leakage. And try not to sneeze. (*Judy Freed*)

K is for Kicking the back of my seat.

L is for Lopping off both of your feet. (*Malcolm Fleschner, Palo Alto, Calif.*)

L is for Lecture: "You're doing it wrong."

M is the Marriage that didn't last long. (*Judy Freed*)

L's for the Love of a son and his Pap.

M is for Mike Johnson's porn-tracking app. (*Judy Freed*)

L is for Leech: blood it happily sucks.

M's for Mechanic: "That's nine hundred bucks." (*Duncan Stevens*)

N's for your Novel, which all agents hate.

O's for Ovation – well, your mom thinks it's great. (*Leif Picoult, Rockville, Md.*)

R is for Reddit: Policing by mob.

S is for Substack: **You're Nazi? No prob.** (*Scott Ableman, McLean, Va.*)

W is for WaPo, where Losers did flutter.

X is for X-crement, formerly Twitter. (*Jeff Rackow, Bethesda, Md.*)

And Last: I's for the Invite — I'll write a knee-slapper!

J's for my Joke that winds up in the crapper. (*Beverley Sharp*)

And Even Laster: A's for AI, which has not won the 'Vite.

B is for Betting that someday it might. (*Chris Doyle — at least it said "Chris Doyle" ...*)

The headline "Alphabetical Odor" is by Jeff Shirley. Tom Witte wrote the honorable-mentions subhead.

Still running — deadline 9 p.m. ET Saturday, Jan. 27: **Our Week 55 contest for new terms containing some permutation of the letter block DUST. Click on the link below.**



The Invitational Week 55: Tour de Fours — Be STUD-ly

PAT MYERS AND GENE WEINGARTEN