

# The Invitational Week 85: Hu-boy, It's Limerixicon XXI

Write a limerick featuring a word beginning 'hu-' or 'hy-.' Plus winning translations of 'Fee-fi-fo-fump' and other sound-phrases.

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Hello. Welcome to the Invitational Gene Pool.

**Today we return to the limerick,  
A word that rhymes only with pimaric,  
A carbolic acid  
That's chemically flaccid  
Uh, limerick, limerick, limerick.**

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Okay, we admit good limericks are a challenge to write. But this next one is a gem, and it fits neatly with today's hu-, hy- contest:

**Beleaguered, a lion denied  
His own *hunger* and tried to provide  
For his litter of cubs,  
But they withered like scrubs,  
So he quit and just swallowed his pride. (Chris Doyle)**

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**Behold our yearly tribute to the indefatigable** Chris Strolin and his Life's Work: his project, now in its twenty-first year, to create a Omnificent English Dictionary in Limerick Form, in which every meaning of every word would be represented by a limerick. The Invitational has been following [OEDILF.com](http://OEDILF.com) since its infancy in 2004, dropping by every August to send out a call for top-flight limericks beginning with whatever sliver of the alphabet that Chris and crew are up to. (Current estimated completion date: June 17, 2066; current number of limericks: 124,000-plus from more than 1,100 contributors, many of them Invitational Losers.) Now we're up to ...

**Invitational Week 85: Supply a humorous, previously unpublished limerick significantly featuring any word, name, or term beginning with "hu-" through "hy-," as in the example above from an earlier Invite contest.**

**While we no longer have to worry about "family newspaper" restriction on risque limericks, we're still as strict as always about the limerick**

**form:** [“perfect” rhyme](#); a strong “**hickory-dickory-dock**” rhythm within Lines 1, 2, and 5; a “**dickory-dock**” in Lines 3 and 4; extra unaccented syllables on either side are fine. Say the example above with exaggerated accents, and you’ll get the hickory-thing.

For a lot more detail, you can read the Empress’s primer [“Get Your ’Rick Rolling.”](#) Or just absorb the classic ink from past Invites by going to the Losers’ [Master Contest List](#), searching on “limerick,” and clicking on the far-right column.

**Formatting this week:** As with all our poetry contests, just write your limerick as it ought to look when published. Don’t bother trying to boldface or italicize your hu-/hy- word, though; it won’t transmit in the entry form.

**Deadline is Saturday, Aug. 24, at 9 p.m. ET.** Results will run here in The Gene Pool on Thursday, Aug. 29. As usual, you may submit up to 25 entries for this week’s contest, preferably all on the same form.

[Click here for this week’s entry form](#), or go to [tinyURL.com/inv-form-85](http://tinyURL.com/inv-form-85).

**This week’s winner**, our top Loserbard, receives this lovely pair of lovers: **matching plush sperm and egg key chains**, or just doodads with little clips. We trust that if you carry both of them, you’ll put them discreetly in your pocket to give them a little privacy. Courtesy of Dave Prevar, the only person we know to be a sperm *and* egg donor.



Runners-up get autographed fake money featuring the Czar or Empress, in one of [eight nifty designs](#). Honorable mentions get bupkis, except for a personal email from the E, plus the [Fir Stink for First Ink](#) for First Offenders.

## Noise Will Be Noise: The sound-phrases of Week 83

In [Invitational Week 83](#), we presented a list of nonsense sounds and asked you to define them. As alluded to in some of the entries, a few of the sounds come from old songs: “Yip-yip-yip-yip, mum-mum-mum-mum” starts off the Silhouettes’ doo-wop classic “Get a Job”; “Gliddy glub gloopy” begins the hippy-dippy chorus of “Good Morning Starshine” from the musical “Hair.”

*Third runner-up:*

**Bang-whiz:** The two steps before shower-leave. (*Diana Oertel, San Francisco*)

*Second runner-up:*

**Bong bong bong boing:** The Jamaican trampoline team warms up. (*Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.*)

*First runner-up:*

**Gliddy glub gloopy, nibby nabby noopy:** Elon Musk's next six children. (*Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.*)

*And the winner of the [“In One Ear” and “Out the Other” earrings](#):*

**Bong bong bong boing:** Beethoven's Fifth played on a Jew's-harp. (*Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn, Va.*) (Note: In his entry, Jeff used the term “Jaw harp.”)

## **Sonic Doom: Honorable mentions**

### **Gliddy glub gloopy, nibby nabby noopy**

Nonsense lyric from the 2024 Olympic Opening Anthem that some misheard as “We are mocking Jesus and grooming your children.” (*Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.*)

Acceptance speech from the winner of the Spackling Paste Eating Challenge. (*Frank Osen*)

In 1967, “I Am the Walrus” was also released in its original walrus language. (*Tom Witte*)

Every order confirmation at a drive-thru. (*Leif Picoult, Rockville, Md.*)

Once the lyricists' hangovers had worn off, they listened to what they had written and considered changing the title to “Good Morning Moonshine.” (*Beverley Sharp; Kevin Dopart*)

When Biden gave this answer to a debate practice question, his aides should have been a bit more concerned. (*Jeff Contompasis*)

Trump swears this is what it said on the teleprompter and that the person responsible is “so fired.” (*Steve Geist, Mechanicsville, Va.*)

### **Abracadada**

“And for my final trick, I will magically create a father who changes the same number of diapers as the mother!” (*Karen Lambert, Chevy Chase, Md.*)

Barron’s futile early efforts to make his father disappear. (*Judy Freed, Deerfield Beach, Fla.*)

“And now I will turn this urinal into a work of art, right before your eyes!” (*Judy Freed; Gregory Dunn, Alexandria, Va.*)

Maury Povich’s interjection just before he reveals “You ARE the father!” (*Roy Ashley, Washington, D.C.; Jeff Contompasis*)

The Great Magico spells out for his son the potential danger of a one-night stand. (*Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.*)

### **Bada-bing, bada-bingo**

What a mobster says when he knocks off five guys in a row. (*Jesse Frankovich, Laingsburg, Mich.; Kevin Dopart, Naxos, Greece*)

Closing line to the song that begins, “There was a goombah had a dog...” (*Kevin Dopart*)

Something you hear a lot of in Italian nursing homes. (*Stephen Dudzik, Olney, Md.*)

### **Bang-whiz**

A sudden explosion that will scare the piss out of you. (*Rob Cohen, Potomac, Md.*)

The sound made by a PP gun. (*Jesse Frankovich*)

The sound of a woman slamming down the toilet seat so she can sit down and pee. (*Beverley Sharp*)

What some call “water sports.” (*Tom Witte, hiking in the Sierra Nevadas*)

Robert Oppenheimer. (*Kevin Dopart*)

## **Bong bong bong boing**

Ah, there's the bellhop! (*Jesse Frankovich*)

Followed by “Boeing,” the sound you don't want to hear during your flight. (*Rob Cohen*)

## **Fee-fi-fo-fump**

Someone's taking a giant dump. (*Jesse Frankovich*)

What comes before “I smell the defeat of Donald Trump” at a Harris rally. (*Beverley Sharp*)

The Giant catches Jack in his vacuum cleaner hose. (*Frank Osen*)

After Jack falls off the beanstalk and before the giant roars, “I hear the thud of an Englishman.” (*Chris Doyle*)

## **Oop-alley**

When you catch a basketball under the net and then throw it straight up through the hoop, and then it comes back down through the hoop. It counts for four points. (*Roy Ashley, Jesse Frankovich*)

Code word for diarrhea, from “yella poo” spelled backwards. (*Jesse Frankovich*)

## **Pa rum pum pum rump**

Me and my bum, me and my bum, me and my bum... (*Jesse Frankovich*)

When the neighbors couldn't take it anymore and smashed his drum, Little Boy resorted to the butt bongos. (*Michael Stein, Arlington, Va.; Jeff Contompasis*)

## **Tock-tick, tock-tick**

What happens if you connect a flux capacitor to a grandfather clock. (*Jon Ketzner, Cumberland, Md.; Dave Prevar, Annapolis, Md.*)

The sound made by a retronome. (*Jesse Frankovich*)

The sound made by one of those knockoff Rolexes they sell at flea markets. (*Leif Picoult*)

What you hear when you set a clock to “fall back” for winter. (*Jon Gearhart, Des Moines*)

## **Yip-yip-yip-yip, mum-mum-mum-mum**

For 75 years, the corgis and Charles vied for Queen Elizabeth’s attention. (*Kevin Dopart*)

What was heard after the Chihuahua encountered the mastiff. (*Neil Kurland, Elkridge, Md.*)

Opening lyric in Trump’s new campaign song, “Get a Black Job.” (*Chris Doyle*)

The first rule of Little Dog Fight Club is that there is no Little Dog Fight Club. (*Rob Huffman, Fredericksburg, Va.*)

What a miserable childless dog lady hears when her “fur baby” says yip-yip-yip-yip, yip-yip-yip-yip. — JD Vance (*Karen Lambert*)

## **Boo-hoo hooboy**

Minnesota shorthand for “There’s no use cryin’ over spilled milk — get a rag and wipe it up, whydontcha?” (*Mark Raffman*)

What owlets say to taunt younger owlets. (*Jon Ketzner*)



*The headline “Noise Will Be Noise” was submitted by both Jesse Frankovich and Seth Christenfeld; Tom Witte wrote the honorable-mentions subhead.*

**Still running — deadline 9 p.m. ET Saturday, Aug. 17:** our Week 84 contest to make certain sports more exciting or funnier. Click on the link below.