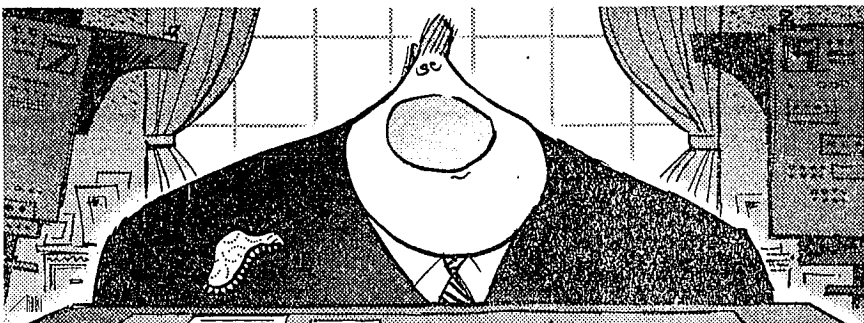


The Style Invitational
WEEK 254: DOUBLE JEOPARDY!

Answer: "She is now in jail, charged with aggravated battery and domestic battery."
Question: What happened to the woman who mugged the Energizer Bunny?

Answer: "A handkerchief edged in lace, resembling women's panties, to put in a man's breast pocket." Question: What would be a bad birthday present to get President Clinton?



This week's contest was suggested by Jacob Weinstein of Los Angeles, who wins the famous Mikhail Gorbachev squeak toy. Jacob proposes that you take any sentence appearing anywhere in today's Washington Post, and make up a question to which it could be a plausible answer. Please

specify the story you are quoting. The examples above are taken from today's Ann Landers column. First-prize winner gets a package of unbelievably cheesy Super Bowl XXXII promotional crap put out by Hallmark Cards and sent to newspapers in the hopes it will garner them some nice publicity.

First runner-up gets the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up receive the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to The Style Invitational, Week 254, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071; fax them to 202-334-4312; or submit them via Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Internet users: Please indicate the week number in the "subject" field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, Feb. 1. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced three weeks from today. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, humor or appropriateness. No purchase necessary. The clock struck thirteen. Freedom is slavery. Love is hate. Genser wrote the ear. Next week: Ogden Nash ear credit. Employees of The Washington Post, and members of their immediate families, are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 251

in which you were asked to change a famous quote by one letter, and reattribute it.

- ◆ Seventh Runner-Up: "What foods these mortals be!"—Jeffrey Dahmer (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
- ◆ Sixth Runner-Up: "Is that a pistol in your pocket, or are you just glad to see Mel?"—Vanessa Perlich to Marv Albert (David Kleinbard, Silver Spring)
- ◆ Fifth Runner-Up: "Hey Judge, don't make it bad."—Terry Nichols (Jose Cortina, Centreville)
- ◆ Fourth Runner-Up: "Some day my prince will cope."—Queen Elizabeth (Bobbie Miller, Laytonsville)
- ◆ Third Runner-Up: "Ruth is stranger than fiction."—Barry Aron (Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up: "Slaughter is the best medicine."—Saddam Hussein (Sandra Hull, Arlington)
- ◆ First Runner-Up: "Don't give up the shiv!"—O.J. Simpson (Anne V. Hamilton, Arlington)

◆ And the winner of the Ike and Mamie commemorative plate:
"Here's looking at your kid."—Michael Jackson (Meredith Robinson, Springfield)

Honorable Mentions:

- "What am I, chopped lover?"—John Bobbitt (Dudley Thompson, Silver Spring)
- "Wife's a bitch and then you die."—Harry Helmsley (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)
- "All me are created equal."—Dolly the sheep (David Genser, Arlington)
- "Perception is reality."—Donald Trump (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
- "Nice guys finish vast."—Chris Farley (David Genser, Arlington)
- "Come up and sue me sometime."—Bill Clinton (Joseph V. Truhe, Wheaton)
- "Live long and proper."—Miss Manners (Susan Reese, Arlington; Tim Vanover, Washington)
- "I thank, therefore I am."—Miss Manners (Tom Hamilton, Greenwood; Paul Laporte and Lee Mayer, Washington)
- "You can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."—Heloise (Susan Reese, Arlington)
- "Genius is 1 percent inspiration and 97 percent perspiration."—Dan Quayle (David Genser, Arlington)
- "If you don't got it, you don't get it."—Marla Maples (Kevin Mellema, Falls Church)
- "Two heads are better than none."—Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI (Murray Claytor, Garrett Park)
- "I cannot sell a lie."—Seymour Hersh (Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)
- "Take the money and rub."—Heldi Fleiss (Sarah Worcester, Bowie)
- "Keep on tucking."—Loni Anderson (Jeff Newman, Hollywood)
- "Id shall return."—Sigmund Freud (Kelli Midgley Biggs, Columbia)
- "There's no U in 'team.'"—P.J. Carlesimo to Latrell Sprewell (Dave Ferry, Leesburg)

- "Anybody who hates children and DOS can't be all bad."—Steve Jobs (Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)
- "A wind is a terrible thing to waste."—Steve Fossett, would-be balloonist (Bella Stander, Charlottesville)
- "The reports of my depth are greatly exaggerated."—Dan Quayle (Steven Liu, Charlottesville)
- "E=mx²"—David Twenhafel. See, this is funny because C in the original equation denotes a constant, whereas x is the quintessential variable! (Jessica Henig, Takoma Park)
- "We are not abused."—The Menendez brothers (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)
- "Coke up and see me sometime."—Marion Barry (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)
- "I made him an offer he couldn't refuse."—Ted Kaczynski (Larry Kessner, Bethesda; Jessica Steinhilch Mathews, Arlington)
- "Dad as I wanna be."—Cecil Jacobson (Mike Genz, La Plata)
- "Old soldiers never diet."—Norman Schwarzkopf (Bobbie Miller, Laytonsville; D.J. Donegan, Annapolis)
- "Marry in haste, repeat at leisure."—Larry King (Sandra Hull, Arlington)
- "The poop will always be with us."—Chuck Smith (David Genser, Arlington; Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)
- "I smell a rat."—The McCaugheys (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
- "My kingdom for horse."—Robert Downey Jr. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
- "Every clod has a silver lining."—Mrs. Bill Gates (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
- ◆ And Last:
"You gotta have Hart."—Style Invitational Czar (Saul Rosen, Rockville)

Next Week: Make Your Movie

Bridge

By Frank Stewart

Your score will be the same either way, but it's more satisfying to defeat a contract with a fine play of your own than to watch declarer beat himself. At one table of a team match, South ruffed the third heart and led a trump to West's jack and dummy's king. East took the ace and led a club. South won in dummy and could have led a trump to his queen, dropping the 10, and claimed the rest; but South decided West's jack of trumps had been a singleton and the only chance was a trump coup. South therefore led a trump and finessed with the nine. If the finesse worked, South planned to take the top clubs, ruff a club and cash three diamonds, ending in dummy. At Trick 12 he'd have the Q-8 of

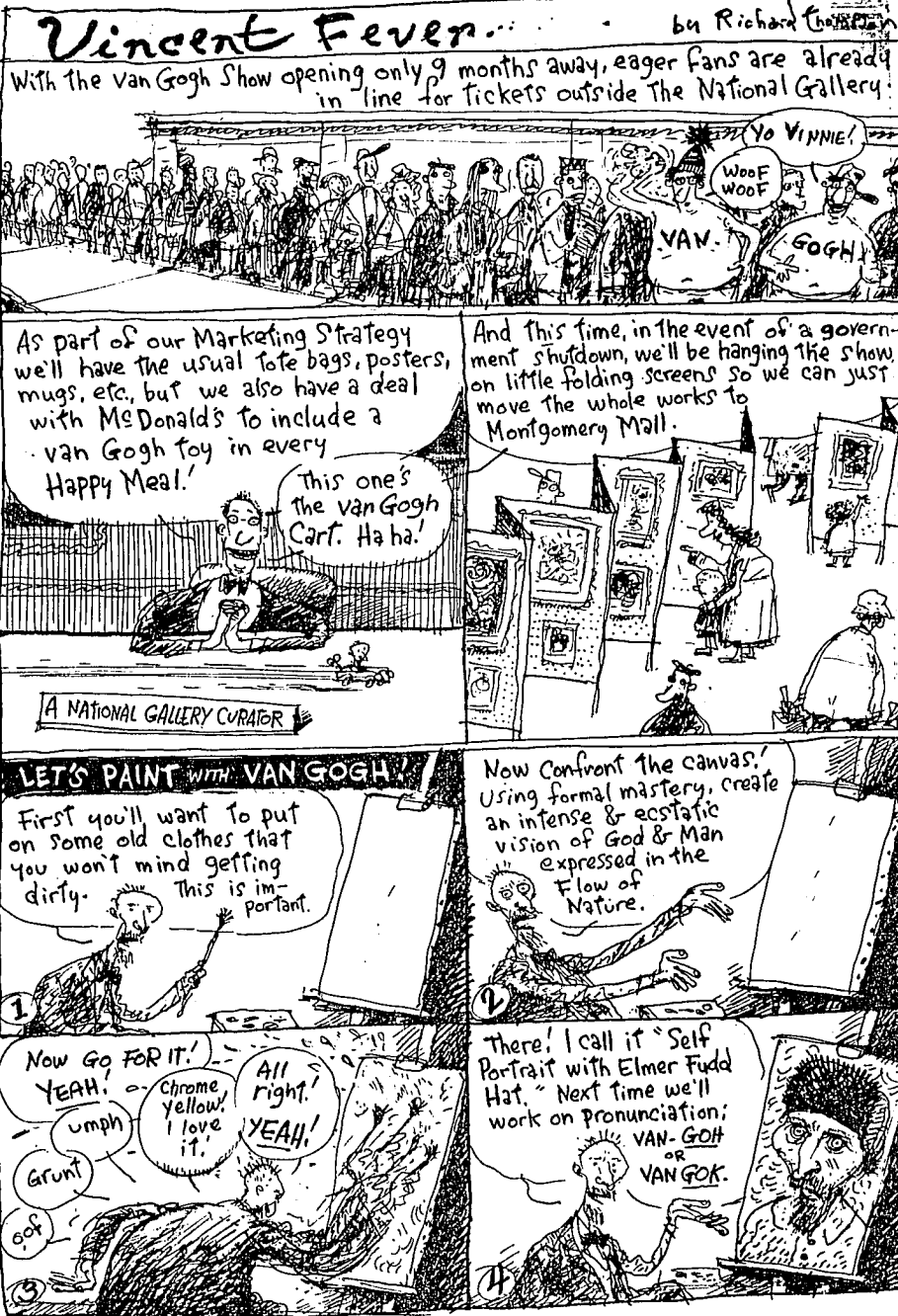
trumps behind East's J-7. It was a bold plan, but it failed when West produced the trump 10. "Maybe you should just hope he had the doubleton J-10," North remarked. "Your coup needed a lucky lie of the cards. For instance, if East had four hearts as well as four spades, you wouldn't make the contract." At the second table, East didn't wait for South to do something quixotic. When South led a trump to dummy's king at Trick 4, East played the 3. Now South was sure West had the ace of trumps; but South was safe if West had only the ace left. So South led another trump from dummy, and when East played low again, South played the nine and lost two trumps and two hearts.

E-W vulnerable

NORTH (D)			
♠ K2			
♥ K63			
♦ KQJ7			
♣ AK98			
WEST			
♠ J10			
♥ J1094			
♦ 982			
♣ Q1032			
EAST			
♠ A73			
♥ AQ87			
♦ 1043			
♣ J65			
SOUTH			
♠ Q98654			
♥ 52			
♦ A65			
♣ 74			

The bidding:
North East South West
1 ♣ Pass 1 ♠ Pass
2 NT Pass 3 ♠ Pass
4 ♠ All Pass
Opening lead — ♥ J

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Weather
Or Not

NOTED WITH, From F1

immediately causes all schools to close, but it melts as soon as it hits the ground.

"So I've got sunshine here, rain rocks there, and avalanche warnings downtown. How am I supposed to dress for work?"

"Dress for all three."
"Right. I'm thinking sunglasses and suntan lotion, umbrella and armor-plated vest, thermal underwear and snowshoes."

"You taking the Iditarod to work?"

"No. I Metro in."
Brad sighs. As my best friend and self-appointed mentor in Beltway mysteries, Brad puts up with my rants about the weather. But he just doesn't understand when I say I'm used to sipping margaritas on Venice Beach in January, watching muscled hunks with orange hair and pierced nipples trotting along the boardwalk. And those are just the pets.

But seriously. Every time I complain about D.C. weather, I hear the same refrain: Don't like it? Hang around, it'll change. One week, it's in the seventies, balmy and rainy with a good chance of subpoenas. The next week, it's mid-twenties, wind chill of minus-4, and icicles are forming on lawyers' briefs.

In L.A. the weather has changed three times in the last millennium—once on the set of "The Ten Commandments" when Chuck Heston smote an anti-gun protester with his Moses staff and miraculously unleashed the largest storm-flood-mudslide on record; once when Marlon Brando, Dom DeLuise and Rosie O'Donnell all turned on their saunas at exactly the same time, which precipitated global warming; and more recently when smoking and leaf blowers were banned, forcing the smog to relocate to Vegas, where it was immediately issued a gaming license for a casino and theme park.

In California, we have a simple way of knowing when the seasons have changed: The green plastic plants are replaced with brown plastic plants. Here, all the newspapers and Doppler-Accuweather TV guys have hundreds of little weather icons to tell you not only how wrong the forecast will be for the entire week, but how precisely wrong it will be. You've got your sunny day, your partly sunny day (with a cloud), your partly cloudy day (with a sun), your sleet, your partly sleet (with a rain), your cloudy part (with a sleety sun).

The weather's always the same in Minnesota. In Honolulu. In Beirut. Why does it have to change so much here? I know why. It's the powerful K Street weather lobby. Mother Nature is besieged by weasel-faced lawyers with fat envelopes from literally every corner of the globe who entice her with bribes of new and improved

icons, or bully her with threats that they'll pack up and send their drunk-driving diplomats home if *beaucoup* hometown weather isn't thrown their residents' way during the coming congressional session, er, year.

That's why Washington gets a little Afghan weather, a little Vietnamese weather and a little Norwegian weather each week. And everyone's happy. Except for one tiny, inconsequential, foreign contingent: transplanted Californians. Who speaks for us, now that Sonny Bono's gone to the great Palm Springs in the sky?

Where is our non-weather? The weeks and weeks of bland pleasantness, followed by massive downpours that cause mudslides to shear off parts of rap stars' Malibu beachfront property? Who grants these wishes?

I'll tell you who—and it's not El Nino. I'm appointing myself the new Weather Czar. Call me El Viejo (a.k.a. The Old Man). If you thought the kid was scary—some sort of alien-induced-millennium-meets-Nostradamus-phenomenon—wait till I unleash California's revenge. Mother Nature and her hot/cold flashes are finished in this town. El Viejo doesn't tolerate a thermometer that fluctuates like the Wizards' bail fund.

Palm trees along Pennsylvania Avenue? Sprouting as we speak. Beach volleyball on the Mall? League sign-ups start Monday. Convertible Metro cars? On order (the Red Line has already been changed to the Tan Line on newer maps). Buy your plastic plants now, folks. The Great Pleasantness is coming.

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