

The Style Invitational

Week CIV: The Telegraph Poll

Three boys are walking down the street. Their names are Jim, Tom and Kick-me-in-the-Butt . . .

A German, a Frenchman and a really, really, really stingy Scotsman are playing golf, and . . .



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

So aides to Tom Daschle and Tom Brokaw are snorting what they think is really powerful cocaine, when . . .

This week's contest: Tell us the beginning of a joke that badly telegraphs the punch line. First-prize winner gets a pair of disposable men's paper underpants from a vending machine in Tokyo. Yes, the Czar is back. First runner-up wins the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Send your entries via fax to 202-334-4312, or by e-mail to losers@washpost.com. U.S. mail entries have been canceled due to rabid, spit-flying fanaticism. Deadline is Monday, Jan. 28. All

entries must include the week number of the contest and your name, postal address and telephone number. E-mail entries must include the week number in the subject field. Contests will be judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. *Entries may be edited for taste or content. Results will be published in four weeks. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. The revised title for next week's contest is by Paul Kocak of Syracuse, N.Y.*

Report from Week XCV, in which we asked you to answer supposedly unanswerable questions in the voice of someone well-known. Many people reported that Capt. Hook believes the sound of one hand clapping is: "Ow. Ow. Ow." (And yes, we know that we are taking this week out of order. We have our reasons.)

◆ Fourth Runner-Up: *If a tree falls in the forest and there is no one around to hear it, does it make any noise?*

No, and no one will miss it, either. —Gale Norton (Peter Mansbach, Bethesda)

◆ Third Runner-Up: *If God is good, how can He permit evil?*

Don't get me started. —Job (John Griessmayer, Roanoke)

◆ Second Runner-Up: *Which came first, the chicken or the egg?*

The chegg. —Henry Clay (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

◆ First Runner-Up: *What is art?*

Without a doubt. —Magic 8 Ball (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

◆ And the winner of the half-gallon Texas "short beer" mug:

Which came first, the chicken or the egg?

In a faraway town in a single-room school
 A question was asked by old Miss O'Toole.
 She looked at the class and then called upon Greg,
 "Which came first," she asked, "Was it chicken or egg?"
 The class sat in silence, the clock was a-tickin',
 Greg thought for a while and responded with "Chicken."
 Then bossy Kay Beane shouted, "Greg, you're so dumb,
 The egg was here first. Where do chickens come from?"
 The debate got so loud Miss O'Toole had to say,
 "This discussion is over, let's call it a day."
 Now the children went home, back to where they reside.
 By the following morning, the whole town took up sides.
 Many battles were started, and the people got scared,
 "This town needs an answer," the mayor declared.
 "There's fighting in Whoville, and that's a disgrace.
 But I've got a solution: Let's have us a race!
 To stage the thing right, I'll ask Farmer Brown,
 He owns a big farm on the far side of town.
 The farm stands on ground filled with nuclear waste

Which means, for this contest, no one's better placed.

He's got human-size eggs that evolved to grow feet!

And mutated chickens raised on blue-colored wheat."

The mayor decided: "We'll just see how it goes:

Two-headed chicken versus big egg with toes.

The first to the finish will be crowned as the winner,

The other contestant will be tonight's dinner."

Oh, the children were happy they had off from school,

When the race was announced by their teacher, O'Toole.

Some were rooting for Egg, some cried out "Go, Bird!"

(A tree fell in the forest, but nobody heard.)

Everyone cheered as the runners loped by,

And when it was over the race was a tie.

The crowd cried as one, "What to do, Mayor Marvin?

We need to have dinner, our children are starvin'."

"Since none of them won," Marv said, "both of them lost,

So into the oven the two will be tossed."

It was a huge feast that the whole town did eat.

And to think that it happened on Mulberry Street.

—Dr. Seuss

(Elliott Schiff, Orefield, Pa.)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

If a tree falls in the forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make any noise?

Yes, it does. Cha-ching!

—Weyerhaeuser Co.

(Ralph Emerson Powe III, Germantown)

No, it does not make a noise. A noise is something rude, something that is disturbing to someone. The tree that falls in an empty forest makes a sound.

—Miss Manners

(Shaina Stark, Darnestown)

What is art?

Here in Afghanistan, we measure art by the amount of dynamite necessary to secure its destruction. —Mullah Omar

(Brian Broadus, Charlottesville)

The jerk who owns the Baltimore Ravens —Cleveland Browns fan

(Walt Smith, Wooster, Ohio)

I'll know it when I ban it. —Jesse Helms

(John Kammer, Herndon)

If God is good, how can He permit evil?

I have met God and looked into his soul, and I found out that He tries his best to make everything good.

—George W. Bush

(Daniel Mauer, Silver Spring)

A better question is, how can He permit tackiness? —Martha Stewart

(Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Wait, which God? —Odysseus

(Michael Biggs, Columbia)

How many angels can dance on the head of a pin?

Angel who dances on head of pin misses the point. —Confucius

(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

What is the sound of one hand clapping?

Dude, it's like this cl-cl-cl sound. Like, you never hear the ap-ap-ap part.

—Keanu Reeves

(Judith Cottrill, New York)

Which came first, the chicken or the egg?

The egg. The first chicken mutated from an animal that was not a chicken. That animal produced the egg that became the chicken. So, the egg came first. It is obvious, so please stop this stupid debate. —Charles Darwin

(Stan Horowitz, Falls Church; Frank Ierardi, Gaithersburg; Michael Biggs, Columbia)

It doesn't matter, as long as they both had fun and tried their best.

—The soccer coach at any Montessori school

(John Griessmayer, Roanoke)

Whichever was more arrrrrroused.

—Dr. Ruth Westheimer

(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

The kumquat. —Salvador Dali

(Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

Next Week: Fin de Cycle