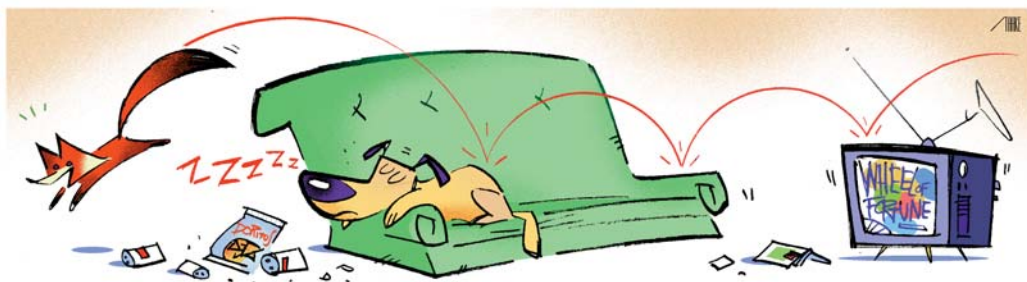


The Style Invitational

Week CXLI: Alphettering



BY BOB STAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

This Week's Contest is based upon an ongoing National Public Radio contest to come up with an "elegant" sentence that uses each letter of the alphabet at least once, to replace the clichéd example illustrated above. Now, we don't wish to tread on NPR's tastefully manicured toes, so we will amend our contest rules as such: Create a sentence that uses each letter of the alphabet at least once but that would never be heard on the politically correct, genteel, rarefied air of NPR. Maximum 50 letters; credit will be given for brevity. Here's a brilliant example, written by Washington Post art critic Paul Richard: **Bravo, the Jew fixed my zip guns quickly!** First-prize winner gets two jars of Trader Joe's Marionberry Spreadable Fruit, donated to The Style Invitational by Steve Offut of Arlington. (We always knew we could count on the erstwhile mayor to turn up in a jam.)

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 are no longer accepted. Deadline is Monday, Oct. 14. 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 Russell Beland of Springfield.*

Report from Week CXXXVII, in which we asked you to come up with and describe a commercial product containing a celebrity rhyme. There were a plethora of entries, but relatively few good ones, in part because you kept trying to rhyme, say, "plethora" with "urethra." How tin were your ears? Here's one actual entry: "Regis Philbin Vitamin." Here's another: "Boris Yeltsin Gelatin."

- ◆ Third Runner-up—**Hegel's Bagels:** *They control you, and even if you destroy them by eating them, in your very eating, they are controlling you.* (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up—**Susan McDougal Google:** *A search engine that allows you to hide documents rather than find them.* (Wendy Chien, Palo Alto, Calif.)
- ◆ First Runner-Up—**Ally McBeal Meal:** *One french fry and a ketchup packet full of Diet Pepsi.* (Amanda Dausman, Olney)
- ◆ And the winner of the coconut pocketbook:
Yogi Pirogi: *You'll like the filling because it's not filling.* (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

- Rene Descartes Dart:** *I think, therefore I aim.* (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- Bob Hope Dope:** *Cocaine so strong it's strictly a one-liner.* (Jack Held, Fairfax)
- Tralfacant's Underpants:** *They're cut a little crooked, so you might get pinched.* (Phyllis Kepner, Columbia)
- Vanilla Ice Rice:** *A pale imitation of Uncle Ben's.* (Mark Briscoe, Arlington)
- Calista Flockhart's Pop-Tarts:** *When you've just gotta try to eat something, honey.* (David L. Marsh, Reston)
- Osama's Pajamas:** *Highly irritating. Induces extreme discomfort. Keeps you awake nights.* (Cindy Lane Zorica, Montclair)
- Job Robe:** *The full-body hairshirt.* (Chris Doyle, Burke)
- Liberace Hibachi:** *Dupont Circle version of the George Foreman grill.* (John Griessmayer, Roanoke)
- Dolly Parton Carton:** *Like a chest, only bigger.* (John Griessmayer, Roanoke)
- Bill Gates Dates:** *Pretty good, but not as good as apples.* (John Griessmayer, Roanoke)
- Allah Challah:** *Bread that is definitely not kosher.* (Phil Frankenfeld, Washington)
- Sylvester Stallone Cologne:** *It generally stinks up the joint, but on some occasions it reeks only a little.* (Aaron Durst, Upper Marlboro)

- Dr. Laura Torah:** *All the Leviticus with none of the compassion.* (Frank Mullen III, Aledo, Ill.)
- King Lear Beer:** *Available only in daft.* (John O'Byrne, Dublin)
- J. Edgar Hoover Louver:** *The versatile ventilation device that swings both ways.* (Frank Mullen III, Aledo, Ill.)
- Jack Benny Penny:** *Pinched thinner than a dime.* (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
- Bob Dylan Penicillin:** *A folk remedy; administered nasally.* (Malcolm Fleschner, Arlington)
- Dorothy Parker Marker:** *Very sharp line, but runs out of ink after about 50 words.* (Mitch Mularz, Aberdeen, Wash.)
- Linda Lovelace Mace:** *Prevents men from coming onto you.* (Kurt Riefner, Fairbanks, Alaska)
- Catherine of Aragon Tarragon:** *Will not germinate seed in cooler climates.* (Mitch Mularz, Aberdeen, Wash.)
- Mick Jagger Dagger:** *No matter how old, it will never lose its edge.* (Ruthie Edelman, Silver Spring)
- Jimmy Carter Garter:** *A poor product that is too weak to do its job properly, but after you remove it you will find it useful for other things.* (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- David Souter Computer:** *Lifetime warranty, but its internal logic can be baffling.* (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

Next Week: **A Poor Excuse for Humor**

BRIDGE | Frank Stewart

Both sides vulnerable

NORTH			
♠	A 9 5 4		
♥	9 8 3		
♦	K 7 2		
♣	Q 7 4		
EAST			
♠	10 8 6 3 2		
♥	5		
♦	9 8 6 3		
♣	J 10 3		
SOUTH (D)			
♠	7		
♥	A K Q 7 6		
♦	A Q J 10 5		
♣	A 6		

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
2 ♣	Pass	2 NT	Pass
3 ♥	Pass	4 ♥	Pass
6 ♥	All Pass		

Opening lead: ♠ K

Cy the Cynic is one of those people who get by despite no visible means of support. His former occupation, if ever he had one, continues to be the subject of endless speculation at the club. The questions, and Cy's gag answers, keep coming.

"Cy, were you a stenographer?"

"No, I couldn't geht the hajing of itk."

"How about a counterfeiter, Cy?"

"Only part time for a while. I ran an after-dinner mint."

"Did you work as a prison guard?"

"I applied, but they said I hadn't read enough escape literature."

I watched Cy perform like an escape artist as declarer in today's deal.

Before you read on, see if you can do as well. At six hearts, you win the first trick with the ace of spades.

How do you continue?

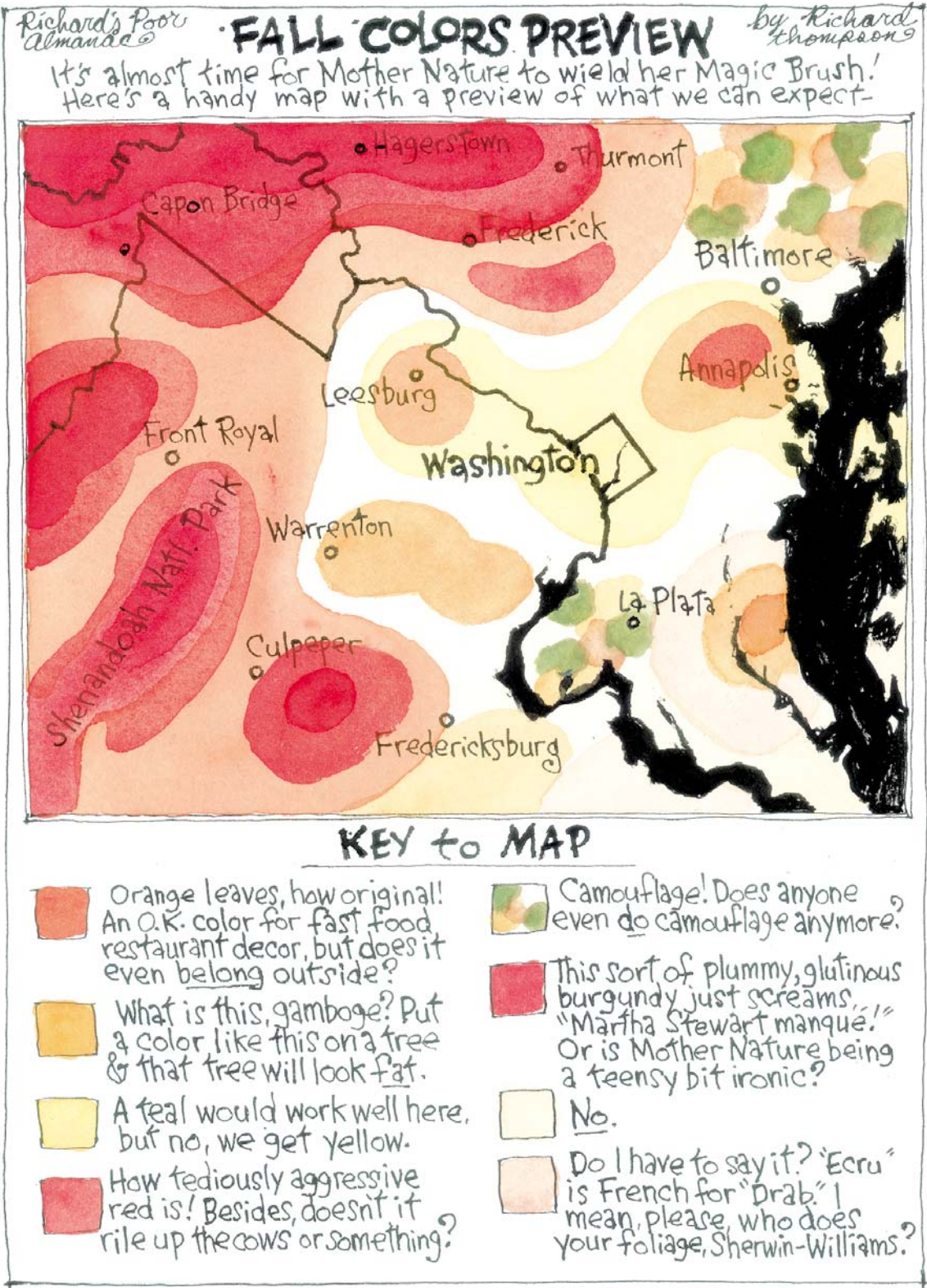
Suppose South takes the A-K of trumps next and sees East discard. South then cashes the queen of trumps and starts the diamonds, but West ruffs the second diamond and leads a high spade. South ruffs but loses a club.

When Cy was declarer, he ruffed a spade at the second trick, then took the A-K of trumps. When East showed out, Cy led a diamond to the king, ruffed another spade, cashed the queen of trumps and led good diamonds.

There was no escape for West. If he ruffed, he'd have only clubs left and would have to lead from the king; if he discarded on the diamonds, Cy would cash the ace of clubs at the 12th trick to fulfill the slam.

But unless South ruffs a spade at Trick Two, there is no escape for him.

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TELL ME ABOUT IT

TELL ME, *From F1*

Or else having one friend who takes her every Pap smear public would oblige us all to keep up, and that would just get ugly. Still, letting people in, judiciously, on an otherwise private struggle is a real show of faith in them, and makes them much closer friends.

I think that's what gnaws at you now. That's a matter of choice, though, not obligation. If you'd feel better to have one less secret, just pick your moment and blurt—to one at a time or the pile. Say you got used to not sharing with people since you've been that way all your life. Two revelations in one.

Carolyn:

I am getting married this January. Originally we planned on having a nice-size wedding, but we figured out quickly that it was more than either of us wanted to spend or ask my parents for. So we opted for a small ceremony in Maui this January. My mother was insistent on having a party, which we succumbed to. However, she also insists that I wear my wedding gown to this party. Can you give me guidance on how to convince her that it's tacky?

—Indianapolis

Dear Bride: You've pulled the hometown wedding out from under your mom.

Can you indulge her on this halfway? A white cocktail dress? That you and Ma shop for together?

Hi Carolyn:

I've been working on spending less of my energy on other people's problems, giving advice, etc.

Sometimes I just need to have a good response ready when someone says, "My life is hell," or "I'm a rotten person," that will allow me to be sympathetic, but NOT get sucked into 20 minutes of offering my advice/ear/shoulder. Short of agreeing with the whiners, can you suggest some pithy, yet kind, response?

—Pasadena, Calif.

If you think of one, let me know.

Amid naked grabs for attention, there is such a thing as too kind. Getting pithy, though, isn't a problem. Instead of knee-jerk comfort, offer a question: "Is there something specific behind this, or is it just an all-purpose whine?" I.e., they have your ear if they truly need one.

Write to Tell Me About It, Style, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071 or tellme@washpost.com, and join Carolyn's live discussion at noon Fridays at [washingtonpost.com/liveonline](http://www.washingtonpost.com/liveonline).



AND THIS IS WHAT MY DAUGHTER WOULD HAVE WORN IF SHE LOVED ME ENOUGH TO HAVE A REAL WEDDING.

BY NICK GALFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST