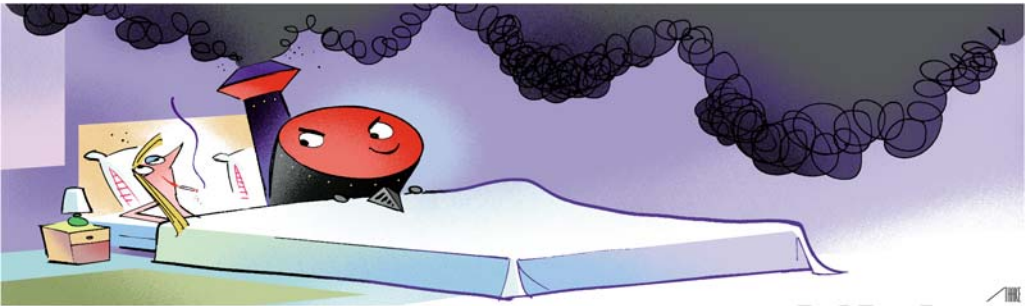


# The Style Invitational

Week CLIV: Eee! Rotica

She closed her eyes, saw his dark-treacle-coffee eyes gazing down at her. Weirdly he was clad in pinstripes at the same time as being naked. ("Tread Softly" by Wendy Perriam)



BY BOB STAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

The rising and falling of the train did all the work, but not more. ("White Mice" by Nicholas Blincoe)

"The forces of socialism are so much greater than the forces of imperialism. Oh, Chairman Mao!" ("Wild Ginger" by Anchee Min)

**This Week's Contest** was suggested by John O'Byrne of Dublin. The dreadful writings above are winners of the world's least coveted literary award. The Bad Sex in Fiction Prize is awarded annually by the prestigious British monthly magazine Literary Review, to the writer of a passage in a novel that ineptly describes hanky-panky. Your job is to come up with something worse. Fifty words max. Only printable entries, please. First-prize winner gets a state-of-the-art handbag that looks like, and smells like, a chewed wad of bubble gum. 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](mailto:losers@washpost.com). U.S. mail entries are no longer accepted. Deadline is Monday, Jan. 13. 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 Thos. Witte of Gaithersburg.*

**Report from Week CXLX**, in which we asked you to come up with tasteless but funny obituary headlines for celebrities, currently living or dead. Good entries too popular to reward with prizes: Bush Planted; Gore Gets Stiffer; Gore Gets Less Stiff; Spurrier Passes Away; Col. Sanders Kicks the Bucket. One of our favorites likewise gets no prize because we stipulated these had to be real people: "Wilbur the Pig Dies; Worst Case Scenario Feared" (Tom Greening, North Bethesda) One important note: The Style Invitational is prepared three days in advance; if any of the living people below happened to have died in the last three days, we are very, very, dreadfully sorry.

◆ Third Runner-Up: **Frank Perdue Gets to the Other Side** (Larry Kessner, Bethesda)

◆ Third Runner-Up: **Jacques Chirac Croaks** (Adam Stasio, Falls Church; Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

◆ Second Runner-Up: (John Mewshaw, Laurel)



◆ First Runner-Up: **Tiger Woods at Six Under** (Michael Colton, Silver Spring)

◆ And the winner of the fabulously bad painting of a duck or ducklike item:

**Mike Myers, 'Wayne's World' Star, Survives Cancer Scare—Not!** (Dan Steinberg, Falls Church)

◆ Honorable Mentions: **Melvil Dewey Biography Moved from 025.3 (Libraries; Organization) to 973.9 (History: United States: 1901-2000)** (Dan Steinberg, Falls Church)

**Colin Montgomerie Lost by a Stroke** (Joe Kobylski, Gaithersburg)

**Lee Iacocca Recalled by Maker** (Gary Michaels, Potomac; Joe Kobylski, Gaithersburg)

**The Other Shoe Drops for Nikita Khrushchev** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

**Rodney Dangerfield Dies; No One Expected at His Funeral** (Frank Balz, Silver Spring)

**George W. Bush Deceasifies** (Mark D. Alves, Arlington)

**Peter Mark Roget Dies, Expires, Succumbs, Departs, Perishes, Passes** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.; G.T. Bowman, Falls Church; Charlie Cordova, Reston)

**Paul Prudhomme: Stick a Fork in Him, He's Done** (Art Grinath, Takoma Park; Janice Simmons, Alexandria)

**Artist Formerly Known as Artist Formerly Known as Prince Now Former Artist Formerly Known as Artist Formerly Known as Prince** (Mike Horn-Mitchem, Hillsborough, N.J.)

**Clinton Doesn't Inhale** (Katherine Walkden, New York; Jonathan Alen Marks, Alexandria)

**Woody Allen Dies; Soon Yi Too Shall Pass** (Jeff Brechlin, Potomac Falls)

**Nixon Lies in State** (Sara Ulyanova, San Pedro Sula, Honduras)

**Johnnie Cochran Plays the Death Card** (Roy Ashley, Washington)

**Sophia Loren Dropped Dead Gorgeous** (Mariann Simms, Wetumpka, Ala.)

**Paul von Hindenburg: Death Creates Fuhrer** (Jeff Brechlin, Potomac Falls)

**Yogi Berra Wakes Up Dead** (Phil Frankenfeld, Washington)

**Yogi Berra: It's Over** (Andrew Green, Chevy Chase; Roger Berg, Waynesboro, Pa.)

**God Bids One No (Donald) Trump** (Greg Arnold, Herndon)

**Chuck Smith, Famed Humorist, Poops Out** (Diane Standiford, Great Falls; Roy Burrows, Nokesville, Va.)

**Autopsy Confirms Death of Keith Richards** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

**Edward Gibbon Is History** (Eve Tushnet, Washington)

**Sahl Mort** (Lindsay Durway, Austin)

**Meat Loaf Goes Cold** (Andrew W. Hoenig, Rockville)

**VA \_A HI\_E DEAD A \_A MA \_EREL** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**Madalyn Murray O'Hair Accepted Into Loving Arms of No One in Particular** (Dan Steinberg, Falls Church)

**Theodore 'Dr. Seuss' Geisel: Ted Is Dead.** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

**Illness, Old Age Conspire to Kill Oliver Stone** (Mike Genz, La Plata)

**Chevy Chase Is Dead and You're Not** (Joseph Romm, Washington)

**Thousands Regret Wuerffel's Passing; Funeral Arrangements Incomplete** (Michael Pablo, Alexandria; Howard Walderman, Columbia)

**Geraldo Rivera Dies; Fox Announces Opening of New Bureau in Hell** (Greg Pearson, Arlington)

**Conrad Hilton Checks Out** (Sara Ulyanova, San Pedro Sula, Honduras)

**Daed Si Luap** (Brendan Graves, Cheverly)

**Pow! Bang! Zap! Thud. Adam West Dies.** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**Ella Fitzgerald: It Must Be Memorex** (Margie Kwart, Fairfax)

**A-Tisket, A-Tasket, Ella's Right Inside This Casket** (Zachariah Love, Los Angeles)

**Martha Stewart Pushes Up Tasteful Arrangement of Daisies** (Jon Devine, Arlington)

**Ed McMahon's Relatives May Have Already Inherited TEN MILLION DOLLARS!** (William Jimenez and Ruth Auerbach, College Park)

**Isaac Newton's Body at Rest, Will Tend to Stay at Rest** (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

**N.Y. to Ford: You First** (Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)

**Now Mick Jagger Can Get Some Putrefaction** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

**Roger Ebert: 10 Toes Up** (Phyllis Kepner, Columbia)

**Bill Clinton Is Not Is** (Bob Wallace, Reston)

**Kevin Bacon Mourned by Widow's Brother's Co-worker's Neighbor's Friend's Son** (Brendan O'Byrne, Regina, Saskatchewan)

**Oprah Winfrey: She Went, Girl!** (Jackie Alexandrow, Springfield)

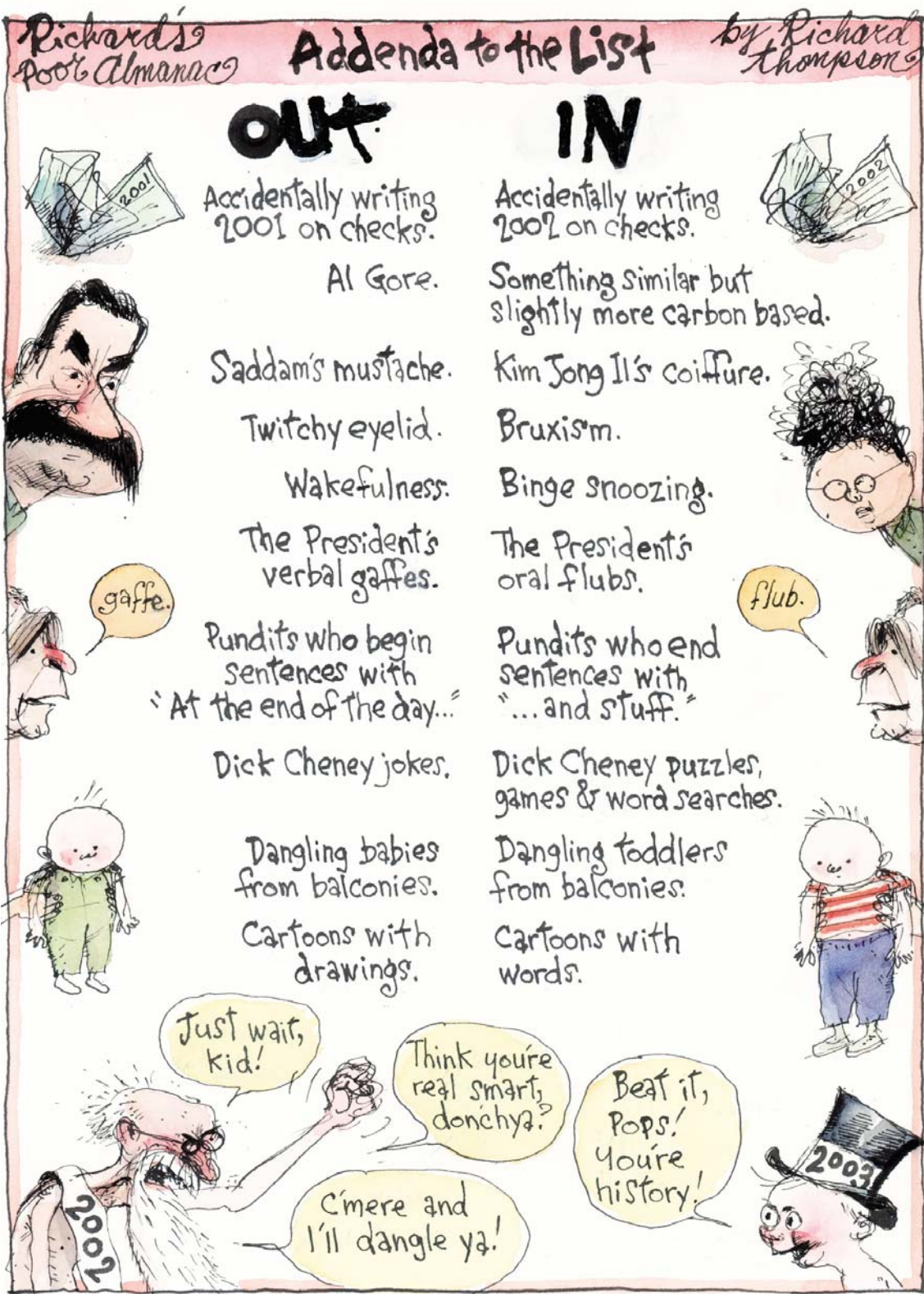
**Wouldn't 'Dave Barry Is Toast' Be a Great Name for a Rock Band?** (Toby Gottfried, Santa Ana, Calif.)

**Jean-Paul Sartre Finds Exit** (Doug Pinkham, Oakton)

**Noted Philosopher Rene Descartes Is No More as Doctors Confirm Cessation of Brain Activity** (Craig DuBose, Charlottesville)

**Dolly Parton Dies; Ta-Ta, Ta-Tas** (Bruce MacKechnie, Annandale)

**John Sotheby: Going, Going, Gone** (Michael Levy, Silver Spring)



## TELL ME ABOUT IT

TELL ME, From F1

marriage as there are lasting marriages, but "physically recoiling" and "coveting everyone else" rarely appear among them.

To be fair, plenty of people fall in love first, and then develop a surprise and enduring attraction later to someone who had initially appeared too plain/weird/short/tall/bald/hairy/lumpy/scrawny to be taken seriously as a love interest. One day, bam, those lumps look sublime. It happens.

Just not to you, I guess. If you're not sure, say to him, "I'm not sure," immediately, and suggest a protracted engagement. Otherwise, break it off—also immediately. Who knows, maybe absence makes the bod grow fonder.

Carolyn:

I was friends with a girl, then we dated for a year (we were both 24). We broke up about five months ago. We have been trying to regain the friendship, but it has been difficult. I am moving on nicely and have even met another girl. My ex is having trouble with the breakup. It has escalated to the point where she gets very drunk and does dangerous things, such as walking home (about eight miles) at 2 a.m. in November. She calls me at all hours to come pick her up, to the point that I now turn my phone off. I am concerned about her. I convinced her that she should seek professional help, but she would go only if I accompanied her. I agreed, but this whole situation is starting to wear on me. I am

also concerned that my presence is only making matters worse.

—Help Wanted

Let's play Spot the Theme: She's risking her life at 2 a.m. to get your attention. She's seeing a shrink to get your attention. She's living self-destructively in the past because it gets your attention.

I'd give you a few minutes, but you don't need them.

Yours are excellent concerns to have, because you're absolutely right—she is in trouble, and your presence is making matters worse. You need to stop giving her your attention for the simple reason that she has indicated she'll do whatever's necessary to get it, at whatever harm to herself. Her agreeing to therapy, for example, was a virtuoso bit of manipulation, since it provided her with a fresh new-you vein to tap after the drunk-en-phone-call vein collapsed.

When this one goes, you don't want to be around to find out what else she's willing to try. Find her a therapist, give her the name and number—and state clearly that this will be your last communication. Say you care about her, she needs to get well, and you're going to give her enough room to do it.

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



I PRETEND I'M DRUNK, I CALL HIM AT ALL HOURS "CRYING"—I HAVEN'T HAD THIS MUCH FUN IN YEARS.

BY NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Next Week: The Goods Must Be Crazy