

# The Style Invitational

Week 507: Crocktails



BY BOB STAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

The Department of Edjoocashun: **Skyv vodka, Absolut vodka, and Kool Aid.**

The Trent Lott: **White wine with bitters, on the rocks.**

The Strom: **Southern Comfort, Old Granddad and prune juice. Taken intravenously.**

**This week's contest** was proposed by Catherine Messina of Alexandria, who suggests that you follow the trend of trendier bars, which are creating interesting "signature" cocktails. Catherine invites you to come up with a drink named for something or someone associated with Washington, and to describe the drink, as in the examples above. First-prize winner gets a hand-crafted, limited-edition wooden replica, suitable for mounting, of the Casino Windsor in Windsor, Ontario. It was donated to the Style Invitational by:

*Signature*

No, we couldn't read it either.

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, June 2. 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 Phyllis Kepner of Columbia.

## Report from Week 503,

in which we asked you to produce Muldoons, in homage to the Pulitzer Prize-winning poem of Princeton professor Paul Muldoon: *With a toe in the water / and a nose for trouble / and an eye to the future / I would drive through Derryfubble*. Your Muldoon had to be a single quatrain containing at least one rhyme, two body parts, and a geographical location.

◆ Third Runner-Up:

**A diamond from Africa, financed from Ronnie,  
And the next seven years with your nose to the grindstone;  
But here's a suggestion: If you've got the honey  
Her finger would never suspect it's a rhinestone.**  
(Bill Strider, Gaithersburg)

◆ Second Runner-Up:

**With toes on my foot  
And my foot in a sock  
And a sock on my other foot,  
I wore shoes in Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwilllantysiliogogoch.**  
(Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

◆ First Runner-Up:

**This poem is stoopid, ungainly, perverse,  
It's leaden, and puerile, and couldn't be worse.  
But it rhymes, mentions "earlobe," "mustache" and "Milan"  
So send me my Pulitzer, quick as you can.**  
(Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

◆ And the winner of the Mcedo, a banana-leaf penis-cap from Malawi:

**A dyslexic  
In Pueblo  
Can't tell his sas  
From his eblow.**  
(Chris Doyle, Burke)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

**For a jab below the belly,  
Or a kick between the knees,  
Avoid a major owie  
With a mcedo from Malawi.**  
(Carl Katz, Potomac)

**Her birth month is October  
But she's hopin' that some dope'll  
Put diamonds on her ears or hand  
(She just Constantinople).**  
(Greg Arnold, Herndon)

**The candidate's got teary eyes,  
His liver's soaked with Hennessy,  
His depression's understandable,  
He lost his own state—Tennessee.**  
(Nick Dierman, San Francisco)

**I open my eyes—  
Las Vegas! How nice!  
But I'm missing a kidney  
And packed in ice.**  
(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**Rest your weary feet in  
Intercourse, Pee Ay.  
Let your eyes take in  
The land of the lay.**  
(Mark Young, Washington)

**Fevered brows, runny noses,  
Failing lungs, inflamed mucosas.  
Get out of Toronto  
Pronto.**  
(Chris Doyle, Burke)

**His hand on her knee,  
Orlando told Doris:  
"I'd sure like to tickle your  
Rectus femoris."**  
(Dr. Steve Fahey, Kensington)

**An agile young lass from Fort Hunt,  
Liked to crack open nuts as a stunt;  
Brazils with her toes,  
Pecans with her nose.**  
(Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

**With 12 toes in the water,  
And nine noses for trouble,  
And eight eyes to the future,  
I would blast Earth to rubble.  
(Eyakmahtanoj, Alpha Centauri)**  
(Jonathan M. Kaye, Washington)

**With some tripe about tonsils and  
toenails,  
And some crap about Cork and  
Kinnitty,  
I would sure put one over, begorra,  
On the Pulitzer voting committee.**  
(Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

**My head in the sand?  
My legs in the rubble?  
I'm in Samarkand.  
What you bombed was my double.**  
(Sandra Segal, Rockville)

**Our throats are not sore,  
Our cool brows feel like spring,  
Tourists please come to visit:  
No one's sick in Beijing.**  
(Jeff Brechlin, Potomac Falls)

**What a splendid old cosmos we live in!  
Its errant delights know no bounds.  
For the "Isles of Langerhans" are body  
parts  
And "Elbow" and "Gizzard" are towns.**  
(Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

◆ And Last:  
A special award of a T-shirt and corn  
plaster for:  
**Sand crud in my eyes,  
Long hikes, tired thighs.  
Blisters on feet—  
Get me out of Tikrit.**  
(Capt. J.C. Spugnardi,  
2nd Force Reconnaissance Company,  
1st Marine Expeditionary Force,  
Occupied Iraq)

Next Week: Do I Hear a Schmaltz?



## BRIDGE | Frank Stewart

N-S vulnerable  
**NORTH**  
♠ 7 6 5 4  
♥ K Q 6  
♦ A K Q  
♣ 8 6 5

**WEST**  
♠ Q 9  
♥ J 10 8 4 2  
♦ J 8 4  
♣ 10 9 7

**EAST**  
♠ 8 3 2  
♥ 7 5 3  
♦ 10 9 3 2  
♣ 4 3 2

**SOUTH (D)**  
♠ A K J 10  
♥ A 9  
♦ 7 6 5  
♣ A K Q J

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
2 ♣	Pass	2 ♣	Pass
2 NT	Pass	3 ♣	Pass
3 ♠	Pass	7 ♠	

All Pass  
Opening lead: ♥ J

In his fine new book, "Eddie Kantar Teaches Topics in Declarer Play," world champion Eddie Kantar tells this story:

"Years ago in Los Angeles lived a bridge wannabe named Patti. In a tournament, she and Alex, an expert, got to seven spades.

"Alex, South, won the first trick and led the ace of spades—and then, in perfect tempo, the king of CLUBS. The king of clubs coming so soon after the ace of spades looked like the king of spades to West, who had started with Q-x of spades. She pulled out the queen, visible to all.

"When West saw in horror that a club had been led, she tried to retract her play, but it was too late. Alex played the real king of spades next and made his slam. Patti was impressed; she remembered the play and waited patiently to use it.

"Two years later her chance arrived: She wound up at seven hearts on a similar deal. This time the dummy had 5 4, 9 6 3 2, Q 7 6 2, A K Q and Patti held A K Q, A K J 10, A K J 5, 4 3. To say Patti was ready would be an understatement. She took the first trick, led the ace of trumps and, just as Alex would, the king of DIAMONDS in tempo.

"West trumped. Good, thought Patti, a revoke. Patti mentioned to West that she had led a diamond.

"I know," said West. "I don't have any." (P.S.—East had Q-x of trumps.)

"Eddie Kantar Teaches Topics in Declarer Play" is ideal for brushing up on your dummy play. \$21.95 postpaid, autographed on request.

Send to Kantar, 2700 Neilson Way 334, Santa Monica, Calif. 90405.

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## DEAR ABBY

Dear Abby:

I am more than 60 years of age and have been married 25 years. My husband and I have been living apart for five years, but he will not agree to a legal separation. (We have no children.)

I have been forced to agree to minimal monthly support. However, our agreement has never been put in writing because my husband will not agree to anything formal, and I cannot afford to hire a lawyer to represent me. My husband is involved in another relationship now, but says he has no intention of divorcing me.

My problem: I filed for Social Security, and he reduced my monthly support payment by the same amount, thus leaving me in the same financial position I was in before—nothing left for savings or emergencies. I want to work, but he has threatened to further reduce the monthly payment by the amount I would receive from working. I would not be able to "hide" money I earn, because we file joint income tax returns. My husband's position with regard to this leaves me frustrated and without incentive.

Please give me some advice. A divorce will be very involved since there is a lot of money and property at stake. I have consulted two lawyers; each one asked for a significant retainer fee, not to mention the \$250 to \$350 just to consult with them. I am stuck. I really need help.

Prisoner in Southern California

I spoke with prominent California family law specialist Jill Greenspahn. I think you will be interested in what she has to say:

1. Your husband doesn't have to "agree" for you to have a legal separation.
2. If you can't afford a lawyer, check into hiring

a paralegal.

3. You don't "have" to file a joint tax return. You can file separately if you wish.

4. Since there is money and property to divide in your divorce, you can pledge a portion of it as payment for legal fees. But even more important, in California, the earner—in your case, that's your husband—MUST PROVIDE LEGAL FEES FOR THE WIFE'S REPRESENTATION—and any lawyers worth their salt know that!

I'm pulling for you, dear lady.

Dear Abby:

I always overeat when I'm watching television. I watch TV only at mealtime on weekends—when I'm alone and tired from attending classes and doing homework. My parents work on the weekends, so I end up eating by myself.

I don't eat as much during the week because I have dinner with school friends, but when I'm alone I continue to eat—even when I am full.

Abby, how can I control my desire to eat when I'm alone watching TV? Anny in South Korea

By understanding that what you are doing is feeding loneliness, and NOT your appetite. One way to break the habit would be to invite friends to join you for dinner on the weekends. Another way would be to refrain from watching TV while eating your dinner. Good luck.

Dear Abby is written by Abigail Van Buren, also known as Jeanne Phillips, and was founded by her mother, Pauline Phillips. Write Dear Abby at [www.DearAbby.com](http://www.DearAbby.com) or P.O. Box 69440, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.

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See WHAT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO TOLERATE

The Family Filmgoer. Friday. Weekend.

If it's important to you, it's important to us.  
The Washington Post

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