

# The Style Invitational

Week 512: Live On, Sweet, Earnest Reader



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Al Gore: **A LOSER!** Game over, robotic environmentalist.  
 Rumsfeld: "Real unilateralism means spanking France *en la derriere*."  
 Bob Dole: "Buy old blue, dysfunction's over, love Elizabeth."

**This week's contest** was proposed by Malcolm Fleschner of San Mateo, Calif. Malcolm suggests that you take the name of any person—living, dead, fictional—and use the letters of his name, in succession, to form the first letters of an expression appropriate to that person. Yes, it's hard. First-prize winner gets a spangly, furry, hootchy-kootchy outfit that Charo might agree to wear if she were really, really plastered. 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, July 7. 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 Seth Brown of Williamstown, Mass.

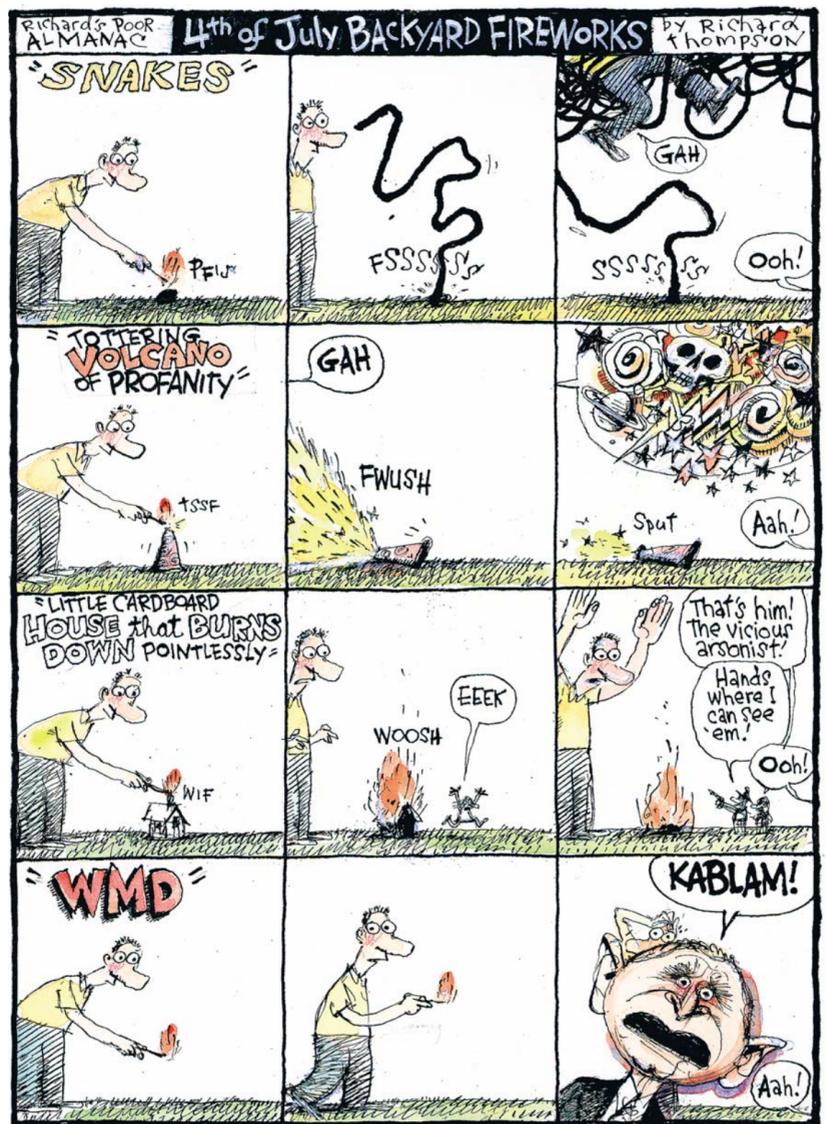
**Report from Week 508**, in which you were asked to take any word, add, subtract or alter a single letter, and redefine the word.

- ◆ Sixth Runner-Up: **Philauderer: He may hop from bed to bed, but he always washes the sheets.** (Malcolm Fleschner, San Mateo, Calif.)
- ◆ Fifth Runner-Up: **Guiltar: A musical instrument whose strings are pulled by your mother.** (Frank Mullen III, Aledo, Ill.)
- ◆ Fourth Runner-Up: **Whorde: A group of prostitutes.** (Bird Waring, New York)
- ◆ Third Runner-Up: **Bigmoidoscope: A very scary doctor's instrument.** (M.K. Phillips, Falls Church)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up: **Errorist: A member of a radical Islamic cult who blows himself up in a mannequin factory.** (Barry Blyveis, Columbia)
- ◆ First Runner-Up: **Palindromeo: Casanova von Asac, a legendary 18th-century seducer, later revealed to have gone both ways.** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
- ◆ And the winner of the artsy place mats depicting people eating lamb chops: **The Fundead: Corpses who walk around at night with lampshades on their heads.** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

- ◆ Honorable Mentions:
  - Tskmaster: An ineffective slave driver.** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)
  - Forkplay: A lavish dinner date, in the hope of getting lucky.** (Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)
  - Calculust: Figuring out exactly how much to spring for forkplay.** (Joe Cackler, Falls Church)
  - Grbc: A quarterback who is the consonant professional.** (Tom Greening, North Bethesda)
  - Persuede: To convince a person with a little gentle kidding.** (Tom Greening, North Bethesda)
  - Apocalypso: Day-o, me-day-day-day-o. Doomsday come, and me want to go home.** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
  - Nimby-pamby: Not being able to decide what to keep out of one's back yard.** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)
  - Hippopotamush: Love letters from Marlon Brando to Star Jones.** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)
  - Spentiments: Afterglow.** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)
  - Defizit: It's big, it's ugly, it keeps growing, and it's only going to get more painful.** (Bill MacDonald, Alexandria)
  - Páténa: A euphemism for liver spots.** (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)
  - Siddhartha: A young Indian mystic who discovers the true meaning of life as a ferryman serving only the finest in freshly caught, hickory-grilled and lightly lemon-seasoned fillets.** (Robin D. Grove, Pasadena, Md.)
  - Horspice: A glue factory.** (Dan Steinberg, Falls Church)
  - Satisfaction: A fatal heart attack suffered during intercourse.** (Dan Steinberg, Falls Church)
  - Nominatrix: A spike-heeled woman who controls the selection of candidates for party whip.** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
  - Concupiscience: Conducting an empirical study of Internet porn for, um, a doctoral thesis. Yeah, that's it.** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
  - Wiseneifer: A calf who sneaks up and tips over sleeping cows.** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
  - Idiotarod: An annual Alaskan race in which morons pull huskies sitting on sleds.** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
  - Sitcoma: Typical TV fare.** (John O'Byrne, Dublin)
  - Amenstruation: The answer to prayers about a potential surprise pregnancy.** (Bruce Carlson, Alexandria)
  - Dummy: An unnecessary explanation of a patently obvious concept. (e.g.: "Dummy: an unnecessary explanation of a patently obvious concept.")** (Mark Bowers, Alexandria)

- Diddleman: A person who adds nothing but time to an effort.** (Mark Bowers, Alexandria)
- Origasmi: The Japanese art of folding paper marital aids.** (Philip M. Cohen, Washington)
- Urinpal: A guy who uses the one right next to you even though all the others are unoccupied.** (Dominic Casario, Tampa)
- Rescute: Saving the attractive women, children and puppies first.** (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- Teim: Well, okay, now there's an I in team, but . . .** (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- Platyplus: A mammal with webbed feet, a duck bill, and opposable thumbs.** (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- Masturpiece: The best-picture winner in the Porn Awards.** (Mark Young, Washington)
- Inmomnia: When a woman lies awake all night, waiting for you to call, just like she's waiting through backaches and morning sickness, for nine months.** (Mark Young, Washington)
- Claptop: A portable computer that's been infected by a virus.** (Luke Wassum, Washington)
- Frognostication: The science of predicting what day the following month that France will surrender.** (Gary Krakower, New York)
- Washington Pist: The Letters to the Editor page.** (Marc Leibert, New York)
- Precrastinate: "Do I eat the cookie before I watch 'American Idol' before I do my homework, or do I watch 'American Idol' before I eat?"** (Marc Leibert, New York)
- Restitution: The justification for stealing everything you can from the college dining hall.** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- Compensate: To buy a red Porsche for reasons you don't quite understand.** (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)
- Efficient: Extremely efficient.** (Chris Said, Baltimore)
- Politician: Same as politician.** (Joe Braverman, Silver Spring)
- Nuclear: Referring to atomic energy. (George W. Bush, Washington)** (Roy Ashley, Washington)
- Pestidigitation: How the exterminator makes the cockroaches magically disappear, then reappear soon after he leaves.** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- Chuck U. Smith: What people say every time they read the Invitational and their entry isn't in.** (John Kupiec, Springfield)
- Vamplitude: A measurement of female seductive talent.** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Next Week: Hallmark of Bad Taste



## DEAR ABBY

**Dear Abby:**  
 My mother has a gambling problem. She plays bingo every night. She even took a lower-paying part-time job to devote more time to the game. She's close to retirement and has already gone through her life savings. She now lives off my deceased father's small pension.  
 I am the oldest of Mom's three sons. She routinely calls each of us to complain that she can't pay her bills. We give her what we can, but it has started causing problems between our spouses and us. We all work hard to support our families. Mother refuses to see how much trouble she's causing everyone.  
 We have tried talking to her about the gambling. She claims bingo is the only thing in life she enjoys and doesn't think she should have to give it up. What's the solution?  
*Stressed-Out Son in Oklahoma*

As with any addiction, your mother cannot be helped unless she admits she has a problem. Under no circumstances should any of you accommodate her requests for money.  
 Encourage her to contact Gamblers Anonymous, P.O. Box 17173, Los Angeles, Calif. 90017, or call 213-386-8789. The Web site is [www.gamblersanonymous.org](http://www.gamblersanonymous.org).  
 An alternative would be the National Council on Problem Gambling, a nonprofit organization. It refers gamblers to qualified mental health professionals who have been trained to work with gamblers and their families.  
 The hot line number is 800-522-4700; the Web site is [www.ncpgambling.org](http://www.ncpgambling.org).  
 The next time your mother asks for money, tell her only if it pays for her therapy.

**Dear Abby:**  
 I have been living with my boyfriend, "Bobby," for almost two years. We moved in together after dating for only one month. Bobby and I love each other, and I think we belong together, but it doesn't take much for one of us to get mad at the other.  
 When it happens, it turns into a screaming match. On more than one occasion, one of us has packed our bags and threatened to move out. At

that point, we usually stop and try to talk things out—but nothing is ever truly resolved.  
 I now have an opportunity to move in with a girlfriend who is renting a house nearby. I have to give her an answer ASAP or she'll find another roommate.  
 I think my relationship with Bobby MIGHT survive if we take a break from living together and date others. It would give us a chance to miss each other. Bobby disagrees. He says if I move out, it's over.  
 The truth is, I believe we will eventually break up whether I move out now or stay a little longer. Either way, I lose. Please help me make the right choice.  
*Tired of the Tension on the Florida Coast*

Listen to your intuition and move in with your girlfriend. That little voice is telling you your relationship with Bobby is winding down, not moving forward. Trust me, this is the right choice.

**Dear Abby:**  
 For years I've seen news stories about people on vacation who lose their children, or who get injured and need to be rescued.  
 Before venturing into the great outdoors, everyone should buy a small whistle that can be used to alert others if help is needed. It could be worn on a string around the neck or kept in a pocket. Thanks, Abby—a little whistle could save a life.  
*Gives a Toot in Point Arena, Calif.*

I agree that a whistle can be handy to have in an emergency.  
 However, I do NOT think that one should be placed around the neck of a small child.  
 It's too easy for the cord to become tangled in something and cause a choking accident. Better to attach it to a keychain and attach the keychain to a belt loop.

*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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## BRIDGE | Frank Stewart

Both sides vulnerable

NORTH  
 ♠ A 2  
 ♥ A 7 6 4  
 ♦ K J 6  
 ♣ A 10 5 2

WEST  
 ♠ K J 5 3  
 ♥ Q  
 ♦ 8 5 4 3  
 ♣ J 9 8 6

EAST  
 ♠ None  
 ♥ K J 9 8 5 2  
 ♦ A Q 10 9 2  
 ♣ 7 4

SOUTH  
 ♠ Q 10 9 8 7 6 4  
 ♥ 10 3  
 ♦ 7  
 ♣ K Q 3

The bidding:  
 North East South West  
 1 NT 2♥ 4♠ All Pass

Opening lead: ♥ Q

It was the Old Master's birthday, and as he relaxed in his chair, with a dozen admirers hovering about, the recollections rolled forth.  
 "It's a game of such irony," the Old Master murmured. "I recall a deal from a match years ago when that point was brought home to me."  
 The Old Master scribbled today's deal on a napkin that had held his cake and coffee.  
 "At four spades, I took the ace of hearts and blithely cashed the ace of trumps. When East discarded, I had one chance: I had to take four club tricks to discard a loser—and West had to follow suit. So I led the K-Q and then a club to dummy's ten. All was well. East showed out, and I threw a diamond on the ace and led a trump. The defense got two trumps and a heart."  
 "And at the other table?" someone asked.

"The declarer at four spades was more perceptive than I," the Old Master said. "He took the ace of hearts and suspected that East's hand, long in hearts, was short in spades. So South led a club to his king and let the queen of spades ride.  
 "South next took the ace of trumps and reverted to clubs, but he didn't need to find West with four clubs, only with three. So South took the queen and ace. It was hard for him to play East for only two clubs when East had no spades.  
 "So South's good play in trumps cost him in the end. He lost two trumps, a diamond and a heart.  
 "How lucky you were!" exclaimed an onlooker.  
 "It is one of those ironies," the Old Master nodded. "If you want a luckless game, find another."

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