

The Style Invitational

Week 513: It's Delete We Can Do



BY BOB STANKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Want to get an advanced degrie?
See grandmas in the altogether!
We know a gerbil with a secret crush on YOU!

This week's contest was proposed by Jean Sorensen of Herndon. Your job is to come up with very bad subject lines for spam e-mail—lines that will guarantee instant deletion, sight unseen. First prize winner gets a fabulous prize: a necktie promoting knowledge of colorectal cancer! It is a nice blue, and features hundreds of little representations of the human colon and rectum. 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, July 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 Stephen Dudzik of Olney.

Report from Week 509, in which you were asked to write Hallmark Card rhymes for non-Hallmark occasions.

◆ Fourth Runner-Up:
**We feel your loss, it's surely no fun,
Worse than fire, or flood, or a gash
when you're shaving,
But what's done is done, and cannot
be undone—
You Ctrl-Alt-Deleted without saving.**
(Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

◆ Third Runner-Up:
**Sorry the rats you bought, Stanley
and Iris,
Gave you and your family the
monkeypox virus,
I regret that unfortunate fever and
rash,
But returns are for store credit only,
no cash.**
(Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)

◆ Second Runner-Up:
**You wanted no truck so
You got something dumber,
You parked like a schmuck so
We booted your Hummer.**
(Sugar Strawn and Jack Welsch, Alexandria)

◆ Honorable Mentions:
**It's bad your misdeeds all precede
you,
You're both jackass and hyena—
I've chased you round, all over town
Congrats on this subpoena.**
(David Whitten, Annandale)

**Although your crime
Was shocking and venal,
Here's hoping your sentence
Isn't too . . . penal.**
(Dave Scott, Broadway, Va.)

**All my best for accepting
Jesus as your savior.
Perhaps when He returns
You'll be out on good behavior.**
(Michael Gips, Bethesda)

**Life seldom is fair,
It sticks in our gizzards
To hear of your trade
To the Washington Wizards.**
(Edward C. Nykwest, Reston)

**Son, we're proud of you
As we kin be
That you done passed
Your GED.**
(Russell Beland, Springfield)

**Two hundred seventy-seven days
Plus fifty-four years
Would seem an odd age to praise
(But I am bold.)
Mankind can define its periods
In whatever way we wish
You've just reached two myriads,
(Twenty thousand days old!)**
(Kenneth S. Gallant, Little Rock)

**Though your copied copy
Made your editor sick,
We hope you will survive
And get real, quick.**
(Bill Moulden, Frederick)

**You won't miss a minute
Of the playoff.
There's always a bright side . . .
Happy layoff.**
(Tara Kennedy, Silver Spring)

**When I spew exclamations like
"Sweet Holy Lord!"
You will have to excuse my
vernacular.
What I'm trying to say in my own
special way
Is "Congrats! The new boobs are
spectacular!"**
(Scott Campisi, Wake Village, Tex.)

**A miracle like this
Bespeaks some real endurance,
I'm thrilled to hear you saved
Fifteen percent or more on car
insurance.**
(Ezra Deutsch-Feldman, Bethesda)

◆ First Runner-Up:
**Snip, tuck, sew, tie, hips, butt, nose,
eye.
Congratulations on your surgery.
Your face may be a small white lie,
But your body's flagrant perjury.**
(Josh Tucker, Kensington)

◆ And the winner of the thong panties and T-shirt with the likeness of the former Iraqi minister of information:

**Although you were never charged
with a crime
We want to thank you for serving
your time
For weeks, for months, for over a
year
How could your freedom compete
with our fear?**

**How could we doubt the
Department of Justice
Saying "no need for evidence, you'll
just have to trust us."
Until finally you walked out the
door,
And though we've done nothing to
apologize for
Please accept from us, a grateful
nation,
Our thanks for your incarceration.**
(Joe Cackler, Falls Church)

**I had my doubts—
You aren't able,
But congrats on assembling
Your Ikea table.**
(Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

**I try to be subtle and gentle
But my subtlety always gets
trumped
By the fact that you're totally
mental,
So consider yourself gently
dumped.**
(Scott Campisi, Wake Village, Tex.)

**No more mortgage, toil or strife,
No more trying to get ahead.
You've earned your respite from
this life,
Congrats on finally being dead.**
(Keith Thorne, Alexandria)

**We ex-employees have taken to
drinkin'
And it's only 'bout you that we
(burp) talk.
So it's only of you we'll be sittin'
round thinkin'
As we toast your upcoming perp
walk.**
(Jason R. Meyers, Charlottesville)

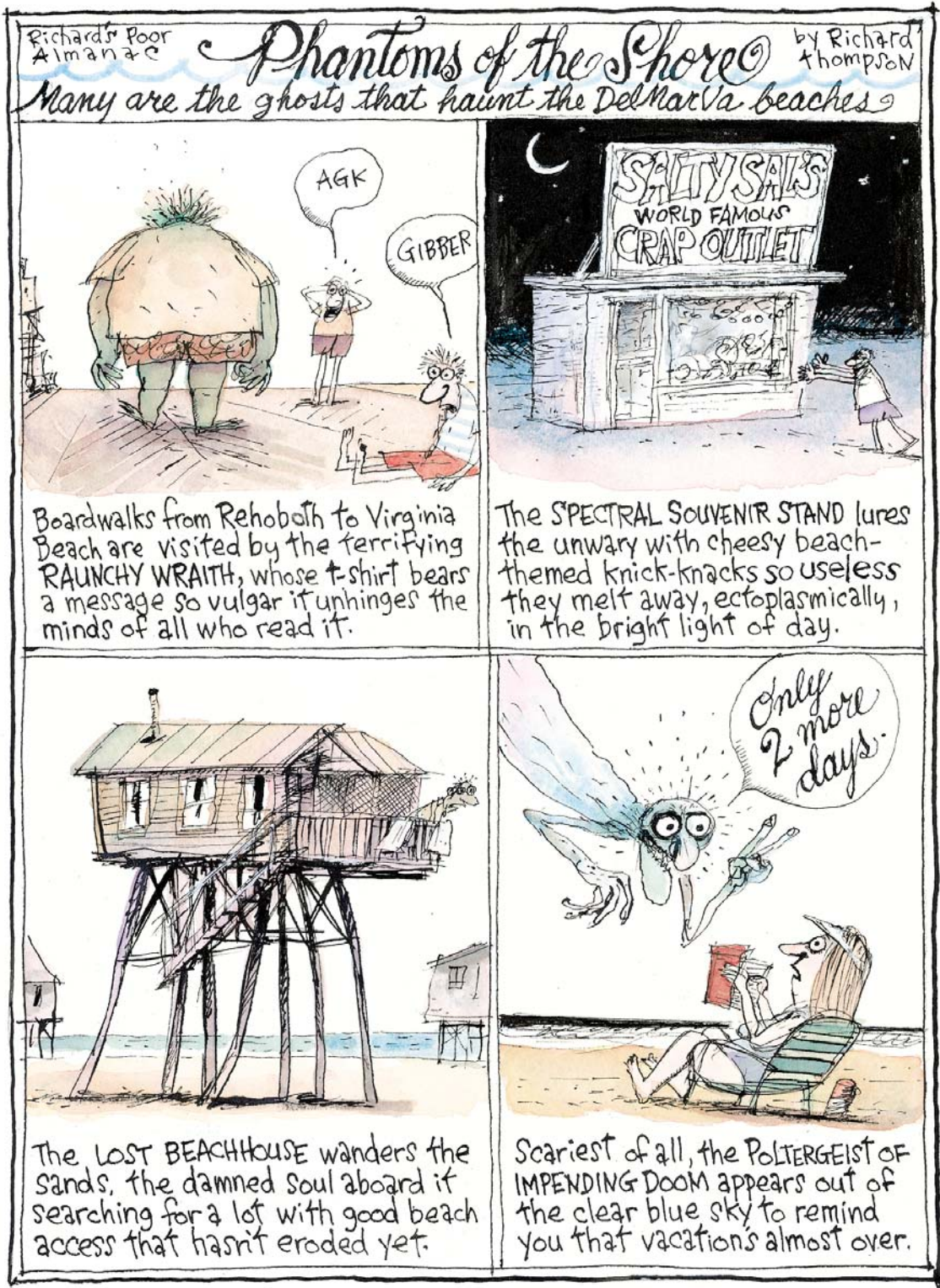
**Of penis enlargement news
You'll soon be a fount.
Best wishes on the occasion
Of your new Hotmail account.**
(Steve Denyszyn, Toronto)

**Good news from the good Dr. Tweak,
gynecology,
Your pap smear reveals a quite
normal cytology,
But, oops, more results here, and
lest we forget it,
It appears that you're pregnant,
obese, and herpetic.**
(Jan Verrey, Alexandria)

**We just got cussed out by the
hospital doc,
And we think that on us you're too
hard,
Who knew that a flare-up of insulin
shock
Could be caused by a real Hallmark
card?**
(Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

**A thousand thank-yous can't convey
My gratitude and great surprise
I'm flattered that you would select
My article to plagiarize.**
(Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

**Your paranoia's cured!
You must feel brand new!
Please accept my best wishes.
Sincerely . . . guess who?**
(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)



DEAR ABBY

Dear Abby:
I am a 29-year-old married woman, and I dearly love my husband and child. However, I think I've fallen head over heels for my "first love" (I'll call him Cliff) all over again.
I recently ran into Cliff at the hardware store, and after talking a while, we went riding around in his car—just like we did when we were in high school. Then we parked and started making out.
Cliff confessed that for the past 10 years he's felt he was meant to be my husband, and letting me go was the biggest mistake of his life. The terrible thing is, now I'm wishing I had married him, too.
For the past month, we've been secretly meeting downtown three times a week. All we do is drive around, park and neck—nothing more. When I'm with him, I feel like a teenager again. I still love him, Abby, and I'm so confused I cry in my pillow.
Back in Lovers' Lane

You may be just "two teenagers in love" in your fantasies, but in reality you're two adults who are begging for trouble. You're playing a dangerous game that could devastate your husband and affect your child.
Before any more clandestine meetings, it's time to sort out what's really important to you. Counseling can help you discover what is missing in your marriage that has made a second adolescence so appealing. Don't put it off.

Dear Abby:
I need some advice. My boyfriend and I have been together for two years. He was adopted by loving parents who gave him everything. But he has just found his birth mother, and they seem to want to catch up on lost time.
My problem is I can't seem to stop resenting that his mother came back into his life.
I feel very left out and as if my time has been usurped by another woman. Don't get me wrong. I

am happy for him, but I no longer feel that I am his No. 1 priority.
I tried talking to my boyfriend about this, and he acts like he understands my feelings — but he also says it seems I want him to choose.
How can I stop feeling this way?
Left Out in Laredo

First of all, understand that what is going on is not about you; it's all about him and his need to understand who he is and where he came from. Like any new relationship, it is distracting in the beginning, but will subside in time. So be patient. Realize that what a man feels for his mother is not what he feels for his girlfriend. Don't take this personally, and above all, do not allow yourself to be put into a "her or me" situation. If you do, you might win the battle, but you'll surely lose the war.

Dear Abby:
I am a 16-year-old male student and I have a huge crush on my summer school teacher, "Miss Bodacious." She doesn't notice me and it's driving me crazy. I'm losing my mind. I hate it! Please help. What should I do to calm my raging hormones?
Got It Bad for "Bod" in Delaware

In a word, *sublimate*. It's time to take the energy you are devoting to fantasizing about your teacher and channel it into something else—like sports activities. Not only will it give you less time to think about "Miss Bodacious," but you'll be so tired when you're done that you won't have the energy. (Cold showers also help.) 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 or P.O. Box 69440, Los Angeles, CA 90069.
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BRIDGE | Frank Stewart

Both sides vulnerable

NORTH			
♠	J 7 4	♥	K Q J 3
♦	A 9 3	♣	K 7 4
WEST			
♠	A 9 6 3	♥	8 7 6
♦	10	♣	10 7 6 4
♠	Q 5 2	♥	10 8 6
♣	A Q J 9 2	SOUTH (D)	
		♠	Q 10 5
		♥	A 9 5 4 2
		♦	K J 8
		♣	5 3
The bidding:			
South	West	North	East
Pass	1 ♣	Dbt	Pass
2 ♣	Pass	2 NT	Pass
3 ♣	Pass	4 ♥	All Pass
Opening lead: ♣ A			

Even the most cautious player would open the bidding as today's West. West has 13 points, good defensive values and a desire for a club lead if North-South buy the contract.
But say West's queen of diamonds were a low diamond. Would you open?
After West opened and South landed at four hearts, West led the ace of clubs and next the queen. South took the king, drew trumps, took the ace of diamonds and finessed with the jack.
West won, and the defense got two spades.
"You know East has a spade honor," North informed South. "If West had the A-K, his opening lead would have been a high spade. So West needed the queen of diamonds to have an opening bid. Lead the jack for a backward fi-

nesse. If the queen covers, win and return a diamond to your eight."
South wouldn't retire without a fight. "I'd open without the queen of diamonds," he insisted. "I'd still have the basic requirements. So what if I were a queen short of having 13 high-card points?"
My experience suggests light opening bids are long-run losers—partner often misjudges—but I can understand opening some 11-point hands. If you don't set sail until all dangers are past, you'll never leave port. If the long suit were a major, I'd certainly open.
As for South's play, I think he should have placed West with the queen of diamonds and made the game. West had opened the bidding. Maybe he didn't need the queen to open, but the odds were that he had it.
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