THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 731: Doo Process

he Empress, for whom coffee constitutes the top three levels of the food pyramid (popcorn forms the base), recently learned about the most expensive joe in the world: Kopi luwak, or civet coffee. It sells for literally hundreds of dollars a pound, because it's not just a matter of Juan Valdez out there picking each Colombian coffee bean: To produce civet coffee, the Asian palm civet — a cute little tree-dwelling mammal — snarfs up the beans, gives them a splash of a special tasty enzyme as they pass through its innards, then poops them out to be harvested and roasted, producing, according to the Tastes of the World Web site, a taste that is "earthy, musty and exotic with syrupy body and

This week's contest, suggested by Loser Mark Eckenwiler of Washington: **Describe for us a** wildly inefficient and ridiculous way to produce or prepare an ordinary dish or

(Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

(Bruce Carlson, Alexandria)

We introduce the 2007-08 lusted-after Style Invitational

Magnets for honorable mentions, created as always by The

Invitational's own Bob Staake. The texts were submitted as

entries for the recent contest to decorate the Loser T-shirt

and mug. We may go back to the same well for next year's

slogans, but other ideas are always welcome in the interim.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives this fabulous Post by the Gospel Music Channel and rescued by the Empress from the mailroom wastebasket. Push a button and the lamb's hoofs wave (somewhat feebly) as a man's energetic baritone leads a funky

Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable Mentions (or whatever they're called that week) get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to losers@washpost.com or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Sept. 24. Put "Week 731" in the subject line of your e-mail or it risks being ignored as spam. Include your name, postal address and phone number with your entry. Contests are 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 entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for The revised title for next week's contest is by Roy Ashley of Washington, This week's Honorable

Winner gets the Inker, the official electronic stuffed lamb, sent to The choir, very loudly and for a very long

REPORT FROM WEEK 727

In which we asked you to speculate on the effects of The Style Invitational's move from Sundays to Saturdays, or to give us some promotional announcements that we wouldn't have to pay professionals to write. (You corporations that are using amateur videos in your commercials, we're way ahead of you on the exploitation front.)

Many people lamented no longer being able to read the brand-new Invitational results during the minister's sermon, while others looked forward to reading them during the rabbi's sermon. Some people predicted they'd hear them as part of the sermon. Numerous others rejoiced that they'd have perfect fish-wrapping paper awaiting them the morning after Friday night's dinner.

Aside from that, well, we're afraid that this wasn't one of the Losers' more fruitful weeks. In fact, the contest was pretty much a bust, perhaps showing that maybe there really isn't any interesting effect to speak of — even imaginary — in moving The Style Invitational to Saturdays. Except for the gag prize, we'll just give out magnets this week, thus saving The Washington Post even

At least the Empress was comforted by these encouraging words from Bill Moulden of Frederick, one of The Invitational's most venerable and loyal readers: "This, my dear, is the kiss of death. I hope you have a backup job somewhere. I hear McDonald's is hiring."

THE WINNER OF THE CUSTOM-MADE **LOSER EAR PICKER:**

Promo slogan: The Style **Invitational: Now taking up** an even larger percentage of the newspaper! (Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.)

TO BE READ WHILE WATCHING CARTOONS

Post management can bring the "I Moved Dilbert to the Business Section" booby prize out of retirement. (Thad Humphries, Castleton, Va.; Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

At least that all-important 78-91 demographic will still see The Invitational. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

The extra day before the deadline means that if we don't submit polished entries, it will be no one's fault but our ow. (Elwood Fitzner, Valley City, N.D.)

This is a positive change

because we Style Invitational writers will be getting our royalty payments a day earlier. (Peter Metrinko, Chantilly) If it ain't broke, find a way to

break it. We're moving to Saturdays! (Patrick Mattimore, San Francisco) It's a good thing The Invitational

moved to Saturdays: As a contest calling shouting lamb. for wit and brainpower, The Invitational couldn't hope to hold a candle to the new Washington Post Magazine feature where you have to find all the differences between two pictures. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Spared from having to read derisive jokes about them on game day, the Redskins will learn to relax, feel better about themselves, and not let boneheaded ineptitude get in the way of a positive self-image. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

I don't like it: This thin Saturday paper makes my entry look fat. (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

I won't see The Style Invitational any longer, since I do not read the Saturday paper. (Ken Glaser, Oakton, who won't be seeing this)

> I'll no longer feel so bad about throwing the rest of the paper away, since it's smaller. (Art

Alas! What a great loss there will be to learning Before the cycle of the moon is completed. Fire, great floods, by more

ignorant rulers: How long the centuries until it is seen to be restored. - Actual Nostradamus quote, obviously predicting the move of The Invitational to Saturdays (Peter Metrinko)

Russian agents who have been hiding coded messages in their entries will need to alert Moscow of the change. Also, the blue geese will fly low in September. (Russell Beland, Springfield)

Pro: I'll have an extra day to think of two or three more entries. Con: Russell Beland will have an extra day to think of two or three hundred more entries. (Michael Mason, Fairfax)

Next Week: Tour de Fours, or STAR Wars

ASK AMY

Dear Readers: ran a letter from "Fleeting," who posed a very provocative question when he asked what people should do with any surprising, "interesting" and potentially upsetting possessions that might be uncovered upon a per-

son's death. I followed up by asking readers to tell me about their secret possessions, and also to share any opinions and experiences they have had about discovering "surprises" after a loved one's death.

As usual, readers have responded with enjoyable, informative, tender, touching and insightful stories. I'm delighted to share them.

Dear Amv:

"Fleeting" needs to get himself a "shovel buddy." This is a person whom you tell where to find all the things in your home that you do not want anyone else to find, should you meet an untimely incapacitation or

The obvious assumption here is that there is nothing illegal, only

KENTLANDS STADIUM

These things should be removed and buddy." It's also obvious that this should be the person whom you trust the most not to forget his or her duties and carry them out with the utmost discretion. My shovel buddy is one of my closest friends. who I know would never let me

The Ace of Spades

Dear Amv:

I don't like being the bearer of bad news, but yes, you will die, so be prepared with documents, talk with your kids about your last wishes, distribute your heirlooms before death to minimize feuding, and please discard all items you do not want found by a loved one. I work as an estate liquidator.

Julie in North Carolina

Dear Amy:

"Fleeting's" unintended legacy problem reminds me of my 86-year-old father-in-law's death a

IULTIPLEX CINEMAS

Among his belongings was a wife was appalled, but I was delighted.

Like clockwork about a month after his death, here comes the next issue. Her reaction was to call Playboy to get a refund for the rest of the subscription.

My comment was "How many more magazines could arrive? Surely someone his age will only have a one-year subscription." As usual, she didn't listen and

collected a check for eight years' worth of the undelivered magazines. I always thought the world of

him, but now he's my hero. Doug in New Orleans

I recently lost my 22-year-old son in an accident. While cleaning out his room (he still lived at home after having been away at college for several years), I found a number of items that, while not surprising for

a normal young man, were not the to see (e.g., Playboy-type pornography and marijuana paraphernalia).

Although this was not pleasant, it made not the least difference in my feelings for my dear son — it was so insignificant next to my feelings of love and loss. He was human, and he made some mistakes, and I will always love him.

Susan, a Loving Mom

Dear Amv:

Grandpa died more than 10 years ago, and Grandma has recently gone into assisted living. This has left my mom, aunt and the grandchildren to go through things at the house.

My grandmother seemingly had nothing to hide — nothing juicy in her dressers, no hidden cache of naughty bits. My grandpa, however, left marijuana joints hidden in desk drawers and in his toolboxes.

We figure that these came from

his brother, also long deceased, yard. We also found porn in the garage tucked in with repair manuals — and pictures of naked Army buddies sunbathing in Fiji during World War II; all of this from a pretty strict Catholic.

This week's prize,

the gospel-

People are human. They have vices. None of us was disgusted, shocked or appalled at what we found. I'm going to leave behind something, I'm sure, that others will raise their evebrows at. Who cares? You're gone. It'll give those left behind a chuckle and one last thing to talk about.

Not Ashamed

Dear Amv:

I think the most surprising thing that our kids will find in our drawers (I mean, our dresser drawers) when

we die is that we had a very

I hope that will give them something to talk and laugh about, while going through our stuff and figuring out who gets what.

Jackie & Bob From Anytown,

Dear Readers:

Thank you so much for sharing your opinions and experiences. Now I have to go and clean out a few drawers.

Write to Amv Dickinson at askamy@tribune.com or Ask Amy, Chicago Tribune, TT500, 435 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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