

Style Invitational

BY PAT MYERS

Report from Week 913

in which we asked you to move the last letter of a word to the beginning of the word, then define the result. As usual with neologisms, the results tend to relate somehow to the original. So you have to puzzle them out a little. Most frequently submitted: Dozens of definitions for "Aliby."



Snipple: Babies agree: the Best Stuff on Earth. (Kyle Bonney, Fairfax)

2 Winner of the View-Master with pictures of Graceland:

Norso Swelle: A former wunderkind who, in retrospect, maybe wasn't so great after all. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)

3 Lb.-age: What you'll add from overeating breakfast carbs. (John McCooey, Rehoboth Beach, Del.)

4 O-ring: A band that holds a group together but is the weakest part of it. (Craig Dykstra, Centreville)

Braceland, Fairfax, a First Offender)

Eautomobil: The long-awaited car that runs on water. (Doug Frank, Crosby, Tex.)

Soriolo: A Baltimore fan after 13 straight losing seasons. (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

Rishta: A measure of a movie's lousiness. "Tom Cruise's latest is a 7 on the Rishta scale." (Craig Dykstra)

P-poo: The only naughty word left in the "family" version of "The King's Speech." (Mike Creveling, La Plata)

Splatypu: A disgusting mess found on Australian highways. (Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

I-jacuzz: Who peed in the hot tub? (Pam Sweeney, Burlington, Mass.)

Scatalog: Improvised toilet paper. (Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn)

Wafterglo: A post-flatulent feeling of satisfaction. (Christy Tosatto, Olney, a First Offender)

Tenlistmen: Letterman's army of writers. (Kevin Dopart)

Eon-C: The epoch in which all fairy tales take place. (Stan McLeroy, Herndon, a First Offender)

Yessa: Giving the English teacher exactly what the English teacher asked for. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village; Amanda Yanovitch, Midlothian, Va.)

Linguina: Bulbous pasta whose Italian name means "little hernias." (Tony Phelps, Washington)

Otomat: A coin-operated vegetable stand. (Barbara Turner, Takoma Park)

And last: Sinker: Someone who'd lower himself to send stupid potty jokes to win some cheap prize. (Dave Prevar, Annapolis)

Next week: Foaling around, or Horsefathers

would still be as sweet. (Craig Dykstra)

Skid: When a woman's career slides to a stop, often to her delight. (Heather Hancock, Leesburg, a First Offender)

Demeral: Besides the poppies, another opiate openly available in Oz. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

Oh: "My son has told me so much about you." (Judy Blanchard)

COPE: A consortium of oil princes who get by on just a few billion a year. (Barrie Collins, Long Sault, Ontario)

Amani: A passion for fashion. (Mike Turniansky, Pikesville, Md.)

Krappahannoc: Virginia's dirtiest river. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

Sexodu: The Old Testament abridged to focus on all the "begat" bits. (Brendan Beary)

Sher: Consistent answer to the wife's request for whatever you have. (Joe

Back-ups: Honorable mentions

Lil-lega: Ringer on a kids' baseball team. (Loris McVittie, Rockville, a First Offender)

Okimon: What men say to women in Tokyo bars. (Mae Scanlan, Washington)

Tap-art-men: Your upstairs neighbors. (Erik Wennstrom, Bloomington, Ind.)

Achin': How the United States feels about its trade deficit. (Xin Yu, Columbus, Ohio, a First Offender)

Scus: "Pardon my French." (Judy Blanchard, Novi, Mich.)

Dbu: Former world leader also known as "the Light." (Edmund Conti, Raleigh, N.C.)

Aide: Where the boss's idea came from. (Roger Hammons, North Potomac)

Eros: That which by any other name

POP CD REVIEW

In Flagranti WORSE FOR WEAR



If you're an LCD Soundsystem fanatic who has been feeling weepy ever since James Murphy broke up his beloved disco-rock troupe after a three-hour farewell concert at Madison Square Garden last month, I pass you this album like an extra-large box of three-ply, aloe-scented facial tissues.

"Worse for Wear," the latest disc from underrated European duo In Flagranti, is brimming with

outsider disco tracks that proudly bounce alongside LCD Soundsystem at its most luxe. Producers Sasha Crnobrnja and Alex Gloor have learned how to execute that magical Murphy-ian switcheroo, making electronic instrumentals feel warm, loose and organic. On the nine-minute hustle of "Three-Piece Suit," drum machines go rubbery and synthesizers sound like touch-tone phones dialing in tongues.

Fans of LCD's popular, Nike-commissioned exercise mix "45:33" will especially love this stuff. If anything, "Worse for Wear" should keep us all on the treadmill until Murphy decides to get his band back together.

— Chris Richards

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Week 917: Wryku

Hi there, you tourists! Those pink things happen each year. Please walk to the right.

In honor of last month's Cherry Blossom Festival, The Washington Post invited readers to submit haiku musing on the annual bloomfest. There were lots of lovely thoughts published online, such as "Witness the blush of springtime" and "Winter loosens its cold grasp," but precious few with humor or wryness (the one above, by the poet identified only as "theturtle," was a rare exception). That's okay; that's what we're here for. **This week: Write a haiku — which we'll too broadly define as a sentiment that can be broken into three lines with exactly five syllables in the first line, seven in the second, five in the third — on any subject that's been in the news in the past couple of weeks.** You may add a title in addition to the three lines.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a set of Fighting Granddads, a pair of wind-up bearded codgers that swing canes at each other. (See video in the online Week 917 at washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational/.) Donated by Rick Haynes.

Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable mentions get a lusted-after Loser magnet. First offenders get a smelly, tree-shaped air "freshener" (Fir Stink for their First Ink). E-mail entries to losers@washpost.com or fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, May 9; results to be published May 29 (May 27 online). Include "Week 917" in the subject line of your e-mail, or it may be ignored as spam. Include your real name, postal address and phone number with your entry. See more rules at washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational/. The revised title for next week's results was submitted separately by Tom Witte and Jeff Contompasis; this week's honorable mentions subhead is by Judy Blanchard.



STYLE CONVERSATIONAL Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join us at washingtonpost.com/styleconversational/.

BIG BREAKING NEWS!



Thousands of clueless strangers carrying maps will be wandering downtown Washington on June 5, making complete fools of themselves in public.

No, not the tourists. That wouldn't be news. We are talking about you, the participants in the fourth annual Post Hunt, which recently won its 19th Pulitzer Prize in the category of Stupid Reader Participation Events.

For the uninitiated, the Hunt is an afternoon of wild adventure that makes strong men weep like girlies

and girlies weep like strong men weeping like girlies. It transforms downtown into a gigantic game board for a race to solve brain teasers cooked up by Dave Barry, Gene Weingarten and Tom Shroder. It's all explained in the June 5 Washington Post Magazine.

Everyone except Donald Trump is invited to join in this mass-participation contest. It helps to work as a team, so gather your friends or family and join us in Freedom Plaza (on the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue NW between 13th and 14th streets). The action begins at noon sharp.

Hunters have three hours to solve the five puzzles stationed around

the neighborhood. They're funny, and hard, but a lot of people suss them out. Then comes the world renowned End Game, which is "a bit harder," in the sense that a bowling ball is "a bit harder" than a fresh Peep. (Still, every year, some team nails this thing and wins the grand prize of two grand.)

Again, the full instructions will be in the June 5 magazine. If you want to, you can bone up by checking out the videos that explain last year's Hunt puzzles at washingtonpost.com/posthunt/.

(And, yes, we realize the Donald will probably show up because we said he wasn't invited. He will be turned away.)