

BY PAT MYERS

Report from Week 917

in which we asked for haiku (in its loosest definition of any 5-7-5-syllable poem) referring to recent news. The contest ran in the May 1 Post. In the preceding days, some people had a big wedding and President Obama had had fun embarrassing Donald Trump. And right on May 1, the president appeared on on TV with something else to write about.

**THE
WINNER
OF THE
INKER**

Where's Hillary?
The man who edits
Photographs for Di Zeitung
Is a son of a
(Danny Bravman, Chicago)

2 Winner of the pair of Fighting Granddads:

Joyous wedding tears
For Kate, replaced with fears of
Kids with Grandpa's ears. (Brad
Alexander, Wanneroo, Australia)

3 Springtime in D.C.!
Two things ruin outdoor fun:
Mosquitoes and Nats. (Mae Scanlan,
Washington)

4 When Kate wed William,
"For richer or for poorer"
Was more howl than vow. (Howard
Walderman, Columbia)

twiiiiittt." (Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase)

Mr. President,
Where did your mom's water break?
Show us the birth stain! (Yvonne
Yoerger, Annandale, a First Offender)

Escalator ride
Cut short by an unsealed hatch:
Metro opens floors. (Jeff Contompasis,
Ashburn)

Cracken attacking?
Cruel orthodontic device?
No, it's just Bea's hat. (Christy Tosatto,
Brookeville)

Pity football fans:
For us, unlike in baseball,
One strike and we're out. (Craig
Dykstra, Centreville)

NFL lockout:
Expect the 'Skins to have their
Best season in years. (Kevin Dopart,
Washington)

BIG HEADLINES ON ICE!
A FIRST-ROUND ROMP FOR THE CAPS!
THEN . . . drat . . . lowercase.
(“Manny Banuelos,” revealed after the
judging to be The Post's Gene
Weingarten; he wins no prize)

Tornadoes wiped out
Our power. Can't watch Fox News.
Don't know what to think. (Matt Egan,
Reston, a First Offender)

Newspapers' use of
"Enhanced interrogation"
Tortures the language. (Chris Doyle,
Ponder, Tex.)

"We must raise taxes!"
"No, we must lower taxes!"
Budget: Can't budge it. (Dave Prevar,
Annapolis)

Doomsday came and went.
Looks like my haiku is still
alive and kicking. (Amanda Yanovitch,
Midlothian, Va.)

Next week: Colt following, or Once more
with foaling

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Week 921: Give Us Willies

**Little Willie, oh, so shy,
Poked a stick in father's eye,
Mother yelled, "Now don't you bawl,
You darned old fool — you've seen it all."**

We found the inspiring bit of verse above at RuthlessRhymes.com as an example of a "Little Willie" poem — a venerable four-line genre in which Master W. does some nasty thing and, well, doesn't tend to learn to Be a Good Boy by poem's end. Ms. Less, whose role as her family's genealogist keeps her looking through old newspapers, found that one, by a Claude Miller, in the Nevada State Journal of Feb. 1, 1932. (You think bad taste in newspaper copy is some recent development?) We learned about these poems by busy contest-suggester Malcolm Fleschner, who remembers his grandmother telling them. **This week: Write an original Little Willie poem**, perhaps reflecting our current era. Don't submit it to Ruthless Rhymes until after these results run in four weeks; we won't publish it here if it's already there.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a purple coffee mug featuring the logo of Scoop Away, "America's No. 1 Clumping Cat Litter." Donated by 110-time Loser Phil Frankenfeld.

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, June 6; results published June 26 (June 24 online). Include "Week 921" in your e-mail subject line, or it may be ignored as spam. Include your real name, postal address and phone number with your entry. Complete rules at washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational. The revised title for next week's results is by Andrew Hoenig; this week's honorable mentions subhead is by Chris Doyle.

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

Nice tryku: Honorable mentions

"Burial at sea":
The ultimate jettison.
But doesn't scum float? (Elise Jacobs,
Silver Spring)

Welcome, Osama!
We hope you don't mind sharing
a room with Adolf. (Miles Moore,
Alexandria)

That hopey-changey
Thing, Sarah, is working out
Fine. Thanks for asking. (Anne Paris,
Arlington)

GOP budget
Gives all 54-year-olds
Cardiac arrest. (J.S. Hedegard, Skokie,
Ill., a First Offender)

Donald Trump is rich.
But if he were president,
There'd be hell toupee. (Lindsey Elling,
Millersville, an 11th-grader whose
English teacher assigned the contest to
her class; a First Offender)



SLOGAN BY TOM WITTE/ART BY BOB STAAKE

One of our new prize magnets.

"Trump, as requested
I have the long form for you:
Yooooouuu aaaaarrrr suuuch aaaa

POP CD REVIEW

Eddie Vedder UKULELE SONGS



It's hard to be somber when you're strumming a ukulele, even when you're Eddie Vedder,

part-time Pearl Jam frontman and full-time king of pain. Vedder's second solo release, the joyful and strange "Ukulele Songs," delivers pretty much what it promises: original songs and covers, played on ukulele and very little else.

Vedder's gravelly baritone is heavy enough to ground these

plucky, gorgeous songs and to ensure that "Ukulele" avoids both Tiny Tim Syndrome and its dreaded, novelty song cousin, Don Ho Disease, focusing instead on the sort of moderately hopeful love songs Vedder's band usually avoids.

Included are covers of Pearl Jam's "Can't Keep" (somehow more thunderous than in its original rock incarnation), "Dream a Little Dream" and "Tonight You Belong to Me," popularized by Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters in "The Jerk" and featuring Cat Power sitting in for Peters. It's the weirdest, most wondrous thing here, and that's saying something.

—Allison Stewart



DANNY CLINCH

NEW GEAR: One of grunge's kings, Eddie Vedder has a new sound.

**DEALS AND
TIPS IN
THE SUNDAY
TRAVEL SECTION.**

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OF WAYS THE POST HELPS YOU.**

The Washington Post
If you don't get it, you don't get it.

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