

Style Invitational

BY PAT MYERS

THE
WINNER
OF THE
INKER

Report from Week 922

in which we asked you to write a song — on any subject — set to the tune of “The Star-Spangled Banner”: For video clips of the parodies — plus a wide variety of honorable mentions — see the online version of this column at washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational.

Send your tired, your poor,
Huddled masses also,
And your refuse that's wretched
From shores that are teeming.
If to breathe free they yearn,
Here's the place they should go,
Send them here, to the land
Of which they have been dreaming.
And we'll send them away,
We'll deport them today
(Unless they're from Cuba,
In which case okay).
We've all gone xenophobic,
All foreigners we now eschew.
We're afraid they'll take our jobs —
Jobs we don't want to do.
(Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase)

2 Winner of the fake brake pedal for a back-seat driver:

Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas and Alabam'
Let you buy some cool things that up here are illegal.
Some of them go kaboom and some others go blam,
As American as Uncle Sam or the eagle.
Bottle rockets so gay, cherry bombs they purvey
That can cremate your thumbs or ignite your toupee;
They'll fly up your pants leg or put out your eye
To proclaim our liberty on the Fourth of July. (Valerie Matthews, Ashton, Md.)

3 Oh, Dan, can't you see why the fans are irate?
Our once-dominant team is now just barely breathing.
We're the joke of the league, being last is our fate,
And the choices you've made have us silently seething.
And the parking lot sucks! And a beer costs 10 bucks!
Each team that comes here thinks we're all sitting ducks.
So hey, is our Redskins team past the point of ever savin'?'
Should I finally drive up north to the home of the Raven? (Craig Dykstra, Centerville)

4 Anthem of the USA . . . Network
Oh say, can you see: All our programs will work
With a formula used that is never defective.
Take an average guy, then you give him a quirk;
If he needs a good job, he should be a detective.
This one's got OCD, this guy fakes ESP;
A felon-turned-cop — all are found on TV.
Oh say, won't you honor this Independence Day;
Sit back upon the couch and turn on USA! (Matt Monitto, Myrtle Beach, S.C.)

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST: WEEK 926

Outrageous fortunes

We did this contest a million years ago (well, 824 weeks ago), but we were prompted to do it again at the suggestion of Loser Andrew Hoenig, who showed us some of the “Worst Fortune Cookies You Can Get” posted on Smosh.com by Francesco Marciuliano — the guy who's turned the “Sally Forth” comic strip family into borderline nutcases. Can we top Francesco's best effort (pictured in our cartoon this week)? **This week: Come up with a fortune cookie line that you'd like to see.**

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place wins a little bottle of Loo-pourri, a “preemptive bathroom scent” spray aimed to keep people from knowing what you're capable of producing behind the bathroom door. At least they didn't name it Poo-pourri. Donated by Beverley Sharp.



BOB STAAKE
FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

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, July 11; results published July 31 (July 29 online). Include “Week 926” 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. See contest rules and guidelines at washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational. The revised title for next week's results is by Kevin Dopart; this week's honorable-mentions subhead was submitted by both Jeff Contompasis and Kevin Dopart.

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

An' them: Honorable mentions

Hey, I think I could see, when I
squinched my eyes tight,
The Siberian shore with its snow-
covered ice floes.
I could watch like a hawk, every
morning and night
For the Soviet threat (they were not
very nice foes).
Since there's no more red scare, I
don't have to watch there:
I'll head farther south to the sun and
warm air.
So say, if you watch from my
Scottsdale balcony,
What Juanita, Marisol or Jose can you
see? (David Schildkret, Chandler, Ariz.,
a First Offender)

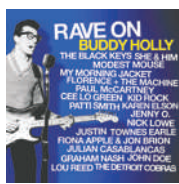
Howard Camping's *Sorry Summer*
Oh, how can it be that the world is
still here?
I was so sure that we wouldn't live to
see Sunday.
Now the world's all abuzz that I'm
quite a poor seer,
And the day after naught was a rather
un-fun day.
So the sandwich-board guys are all
rolling their eyes
That I was mistaken predicting our
demise.
I pray please forgive me, I made a
bad call.
But I know this time I'm right — we'll
be raptured this fall. (Christopher
Lamora, Guatemala City)

Oh, hey, can you see by the
congressman's tweet
How he proudly displays his insanely
buff body?
Sculpted pecs and tight abs seem a
tad indiscreet,
But his package? Oy, vey! That goes
way beyond naughty.
It's a sexting affair in the media's
glare.
This goof's a big joke on the news
everywhere.
Oh say, has that Anthony Weiner no
shame?
Here's a man who found a way to live
up to his name. (Chris Doyle, Ponder,
Tex.)

**Next week: Chemical wordfare, or
Laughing matter**

POP CD REVIEW

Various artists RAVE ON BUDDY HOLLY



Buddy Holly's songs, masterpieces of three-chord minimalism, don't lend themselves to tinkering in the way that, say, a Pink Floyd song might.

On the long-overdue Holly tribute disc “Rave On Buddy Holly,” a grab-bag assortment of old-timers, garage rockers and hipsters tackle his most-loved tracks. Those who fare best stick close to home: Fiona Apple's

“Everyday” is tentative and lovely; Karen Elson's one-woman girl-group version of “Crying, Waiting, Hoping” is sublime, as is Justin Townes Earle's Marshall Crenshaw-like take on “Maybe Baby.”

The farther afield the artists venture, the worse things get. How else to explain Modest Mouse's conversion of the formerly trim “That'll Be the Day” into such a needlessly complicated slog? Or the terrible thing Paul McCartney did to “It's So Easy”?

The sole exception is Kid Rock, who turns “Well All Right” into a Detroit soul rave-up and gets away with it.

—Allison Stewart



ASSOCIATED PRESS

ALL HAIL: Buddy Holly's music is highlighted on the tribute CD.

SCIENCE

Curator helps discover 7 new species of mice

Scientists working in the cloud forests of the Philippines have found what they describe as a small but new branch on the Tree of Life.

Finding a single new species of mammal is a rare event, but Lawrence Heaney, curator of mammals at Chicago's Field Museum, reported identifying seven new species of mice, all part of a mouse subgenus not known before to science.

“It has been at least 30 to 40 years since seven new mammal species were discovered in a single publication,” said Heaney, whose findings appeared in the Field's peer-reviewed journal, *Fieldiana*. “It is rather common for insects, mites and fish, but not common for mammals.”

In the 30 years Heaney and a team of Filipino scientists have been studying the highland cloud forests, they have described 17 new mammals found nowhere else. Heaney paints a picture of a biologically rich country boasting a diversity of unique species.

—Chicago Tribune