Fa-below: Honorables

After reading a scathing review, A young fashion designer withdrew Her perfume, taking blame For not vetting the name Of the scent called Chanel No. 2. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

There once was a cook named McMurry Who earned a large raise in a huny From her Indiana boss For a fabulous sauce. And she did it by favoring curry. (Kirk Miller, Richardson, Tex., a First Offender)

Mr. Weiner did not think it wrong, Of the scent called Chanel No. 2. (Madeleine Begun Kane, New York)

So his fans became vexed When he sent out a text And he made his attachment too long. (Harvey Smith, McLean)

The fattoush of my girlfriend: Oh, my, it Is wonderful — why don’t you try it?” (Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

I once knew a blonde, fit and tanned, Who had breasts that were really quite grand. When I asked, “Are they fake?” She said, “Not Goodness’ sake!” (Paul VerNooy, Hockessin, Del.)

A Brooklyn bar owner, fastidious, Had barmyads whose outfits were ridous. While pouring some stout, He chewed them both out: “Shape up, or I’ll get you ridiculous.” (Made Scannlan)

At a Mexican fat farm one day, All the staff went on strike for more pay. When a dieting guest Asked how he had progressed, The attendant said: “No weigh, Jose.” (Mark Raffman, Reston)

There once was a mufti, Emir, Who issued a fatwa quite clear: “His beard can be short, But she really can’t sport A form-fitting burqa that’s sheer.” (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

Mom’s on Metro? Her babe didn’t care, So she had to give birth then and there. Some time later, she shared, “I admit, I was scared . . . I’d be stuck there till I paid his fare.” (Nan Reiner)

After nursing in trains, planes and Canyrs, In bistros, malls, playgrounds, and clammeries, The things that I bet ./ You'll never forget Are my babies’ teeth—fangs for the mammarys. (Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.)

At vegan cafes, trumpets blare Proclaiming the “moral food” there. “Yes, it tastes rather bland, But the ethics are grand!” (Or so says the fair-fare fanfare.) (Mark Richardson, Washington)

In his car, Lester wanted to show His pal Morris how fast they could go. As he raced with the train He tried something insane And so now there’s no Les and no Moe. (Craig Dykstra, Centreville)

The Washington Nationals? Note that several of their players come from the Dominican Republic, Venezuela and Colombia! The name is yet another example of presumptuous U.S. cultural hegemony. I propose that team be called the Internationals, or perhaps the Western Hemispherans . . .

Jujubes: Wikipedia notes that the original versions did “not have the strong and distinctive flavor of modern candies due to the expense of chemical flavorants at the time.” Thus this name brazenly perpetuates the insidious stereotype that Jews are cheap and miserly . . .

As momentum builds in the effort to get the Washington Redskins to change their name to something that’s not seen as a racial slur by large numbers of Native Americans, it’s time for the ranks of the more easily offended to step up with some new complaints about names. Loser Mike Gips — and shouldn’t we be calling him Mike Roma? — suggested this week’s contest: Find something offensive about an inoffensive name of a product, organization, place, etc., as in Mike’s own examples above.

Winner gets the Inkin’ Memorial, the Lincoln statute bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives, appropriately for this contest, a book called “Holy Sh*t (sic): The World’s Weirdest Comic Books,” which samples everything from “Hansi; The Girl Who Loved the Swastika” to “All-Negro Comics.” Donated by Loser Pie Snelson, who notes that “this book is offensive to almost everybody: African Americans, Jews, gays, amputees, Aborigines, overweight people, religious followers and cows.”

Other runners-up win their choice of a yearned-for Loser Mug or the ardently desired Grossery Bag. Honorables mentions get a hustled-after Loser magnet. First Offenders receive a smelly, tree-shaped air “freshener” (FireStink for their first ink). E-mail entries to losers@washpost.com or fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Sept. 16; results published Oct. 6 (online Oct. 3). No more than 25 entries per entrant per week. Include “Week 1037” in your e-mail subject line or it might be ignored as spam. Include your real name, postal address and phone number with your entry. See contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/inviterules. The subhead for this week’s honorable mentions is by Kevin Dopart. Join the lively Style Invitational Devotees group on Facebook at on.fb.me/invdv.