

I thought a thought.
But the thought I thought
wasn't the thought I
thought I thought.



One-One was a
racehorse. Two-Two was
one, too. When One-One
won one race, Two-Two
won one, too.



Say this sharply,
Say this sweetly,
Say this shortly,
Say this softly.

(Say this sixteen times very quickly)



Silly Sally swiftly shooed seven
silly sheep. The seven silly sheep
Silly Sally shooed Shilly-shallied
south. These sheep shouldn't
sleep in a shack; Sheep should
sleep in a shed.



Comical economists.

Peter Piper picked a peck of
pickled peppers. A peck of
pickled peppers Peter Piper
picked. If Peter Piper picked a
peck of pickled peppers, where's
the peck of pickled peppers
Peter Piper picked?



Sascha sews
slightly slashed
sheets shut.



The sixth sick
sheik's son slept.



The Leith Police
dismisseth us.



A tutor who tooted the lute,
tried to teach two young
tooters to toot. Said the two
to the tutor 'Is it easier to
toot or to tutor two tutors to
toot?'

Betty Botter bought some
butter, but it made her batter
bitter. So she bought some
better butter and it made her
batter better.

'Are you copper
bottoming 'em my man?'
'No, I'm aluminiuming
'em ma'am'.

Peggy Babcock.

Peggy Babcock.

Peggy Babcock.



Honorificabilitudinatibus

(From Shakespeare's Love's Labours Lost)



A proper pot of
coffee in a proper pot
of coffee pot



He thrusts his fists
against the posts and
still insists he sees the
ghosts.



If two witches were
watching two watches,
which witch would watch
which watch?

The sick sister's zither
ceaseth; therefore she
sufficeth us.



Imagine an imaginary
menagerie manager
imagining managing an
imaginary menagerie



To sit in solemn silence in a dull dark dock
In a pestilential prison with a life-long lock
Awaiting the sensation of a short sharp
shock

From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big
black block



She stood on the balcony,
inexplicably mimicking
him hiccupping, and
amicably welcoming him
home.



Amidst the mists and fiercest frosts,
With barest wrists and stoutest
boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the post,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.



I am not a pheasant plucker,
but a pheasant plucker's son.

And I am only plucking
pheasant's 'till the pheasant
plucker comes.