Tongue Twisters

To sit in solemn silence

On 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

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?

Denise sees the fleece,

Denise sees the fleas.

At least Denise could sneeze

And feed and freeze the fleas.

How much wood could Chuck Woods’ woodchuck chuck, if Chuck Woods’

Woodchuck could and would chuck wood? If Chuck Woods’ woodchuck could and

would chuck wood, how much wood could and would Chuck Woods’ woodchuck

Chuck? Chuck Wood’s woodchuck would chuck, he would, as much as he could, and chuck as much wood as any woodchuck would, if a woodchuck could and would chuck wood.

Through three cheese trees three free fleas flew.

While these fleas flew, freezy breeze blew.

Freezy breeze made these three trees freeze.

Freezy trees made these trees’ cheese freeze.

That’s what made these three free fleas sneeze.

Out in the pasture the nature watcher watches the catcher. While the catcher watches

The pitcher who pitches the balls. Whether the temperature’s up or whether the

temperature’s down, the nature watcher, the catcher and the pitcher are always

around. The pitcher pitches, the catcher catches and the watcher watches. So whether

the temperature rises or where the temperature falls the nature watcher just

watches the catcher who’s watching the pitcher who’s watching the balls.

A tree toad loved a she-toad,

Who lived up in a tree.

He was a three-toed tree toad,

But a two-toed toad was she.

The three-toed tree toad tried to win,

The two-toed she-toad’s heart,

For the three-toed tree toad loved the ground,

That the two-toed tree toad trod.

But the three-toed tree toad tried in vain.

He couldn’t please her whim.

From her tree toad bower,

With her two-toed power,

The she-toad vetoed him.

What a to do to die today at a quarter or two to two.

A terrible difficult thing to say but a harder thing still to do.

The dragon will come at the beat of the drum

With a rat-a-tat-tat a-tat-tat a-tat-to

At a quarter or two to two today,

At a quarter or two to two.

Ed Nott was shot and Sam Shott was not. So it is better to be Shott than Nott. Some say Nott was not shot. But Shott says he shot Nott. Either the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or Nott was shot. If the shot Shott shot shot Nott, Nott was shot. But if the shot Shott shot shot Shott, the shot was Shott, not Nott. However, the shot Shott shot shot not Shott – but Nott. So Ed Nott was shot and that’s Hot! It is not?

Moses supposes his toeses are roses,

But Moses supposes erroneously.

For Moses, he knowses his toeses aren’t roses,

As Moses supposes his toeses to be.

Give me the gift of a grip-top sock,

A clip drape shipshape tip top sock.

Not your spinslick slapstick slipshod stock,

But a plastic, elastic grip-top sock.

None of your fantastic slack swap slop

From a slap dash flash cash haberdash shop.

Not a knick knack knitlock knockneed knickerbocker sock

With a mock-shot blob-mottled trick-ticker top clock.

Not a supersheet seersucker rucksack sock,

Not a spot-speckled frog-freckled cheap sheik’s sock

Off a hodge-podge moss-blotched scotch-botched block.

Nothing slipshod drip drop flip flop or glip glop

Tip me to a tip top grip top sock.