

**SILLY TONGUE-TWISTER EXERCISES
FOR THE ENGLISH CONVERSATION CLASS
PEKING UNIVERSITY/SPRING SEMESTER 2007**

- 1) Ends of words must all be said, said Ed, who read with dread the final consonants put there to break his head.
- 2) Violent Willy vividly wishes his windows were very wide.
- 3) Very wild are Veronica's wildflowers—waving to the west and towards the watery, willowy woods.
- 4) Largely likeable, lanky Lucy leaves her longings in the lobby of the Paradise Pavilion in the Park, and leads her limpid, leotard-ed leopards to the liberating Ark.
- 5) Mushroom Mary knows her knees are needing lots of cream, because they creak and crack and cramp and creep and crouch; and every time she bends, she cries out, "Ouch!"
- 6) I wonder if dear Wanda feels the vibes that Victor weaves, when watering verdant violets that dot the dangerous den of thieves.
- 7) See sunny, silly Sara, sensing Celia's sinuous, sensuous Siren songs; and showing off her Chifforobe of slinky, snappy, slickly slit, Sarongs.
- 8) The Titanic tinted tots had tied their toes behind their ears, and drowned their sorrows every night by drinking Chinese beers.
- 9) Barry brought the things he bought and biked them to the ballroom for the big band bash; then brightened as he bunkoed all the big boys, and broke the bank of all its crass Casino cash.
- 10) Katie can't continue counting cakes or carrots for that cranky Witch, crass Caroline, the sloth— whose glitch has always been to hide her stash of cash in closets lined with cloth.
- 11) Frankly cranky, Frankie, in a frank and freaky mood, vowed to never vouch for floozies, as they crouched and slouched and scratched their scoochies—in that foul flirtatious manner that's so crude.

12) Enough of eating everything in easy English eateries, where Elephants all egress to the Exit in the east; and aging, ailing, alligators frolic in the foam of every frightful fish-fry feast.

13) The Gestapo said “gesundheidt” as it gestured to the gutter; then gerrymandered loaves of bread, and smeared them all with bilious butter.

14) Good gracious, Garland! Grab that grub from Grandma’s grasping groupies—(ungracious, graying gremlins that all hate); groveling on the grassy ground, and gravitating to the graveyard, and towards those geeks who gripe and grip the gruesome, greasy gate.

15) Harry hates the hairy hinges on the hoary henhouse doors; but loves the happy hoedowns of the highfalutin’ whores.

16) It so intrigues the interests of insightful ironmongers, joshing to the jokes from all the Jakes and Jacks; ‘bout men who get to break their backs from inundated injuries, while filling with epoxy glue the mile-deep earthquake cracks.

17) When Warren went West, who should he find but Vincent Winnebago at a whacky Whole Foods Warehouse, listening to “The Who,” while whitewashing a whale and feeding it a marinated mouse.

18) Supposing Jocelyn justly jousted with Justin’s jolly jowl-pots, and justified his jangled high-jinks’ jokes, in the jocund jangle-jungles of his jovial jotting snot-jots. . .—What then, men?

19) Karen cracks her knuckles on Kitty’s colorful kite, while Kathy cringes crankily and hides her snarly, sneaky, snaky bite.

20) Marigolds and masquerades make Margie Minkus micromanage mastodons and midgets, more and more; but mini Mums and Myrtle mire Mary Mingots in the murky, misty moat, meandering through the mushy, manic, Massachusetts’ Moor—and through her Massapequa door.

21) Onward Ophthalmologists! Ontario is outsourced—an occurrence quite insane; indeed, inane—and occult occurrences outfox the other online others on the outer oxymoron plain.

22) So what if public parks preserve the plosive pancreas of the pancreatic puns . . . or brighten Bilabial bang-battles on the brutal briny buns . . . or, quickly quiet, clang their quirky quiches, resting so redundantly in steep and schlepping, shiny, sunny suns. . .—So what?

23) Terrible Terracotta is tearing up the tiles, and teasing Tessy Trimble-Tracy in the Church's Churchy aisles.

24) When Zorro scratched his itching zits, his opponent, Zingarella Zarathustra, in her languid, but blood-thirsty lust, lunged and picadored the masked swordsman in the stem of his stern sternum, with one seemingly seamless, turgid, trusty, thrusty thrust.

25) Zounds! But Zoot Suits and corrugated curls were silly and stupid—in those vanilla vanished vitriolic days of Valium and warring worlds!

26) Anna took her analytic longings with her on the ancient expedition to the ailing Archipelago, and rowed out many miles on stormy surf—then, summoning all her “nerf,” she parked her plumps on Arnie's ancient anorexic turf and, smarting from his evil arts, they say, she frizzled all her frightening fears away.

NAUGHTY TWISTERS FOR THE TONGUE

—Licentious Larry longs to talk to Labia Lilly, tête-à-tête; but randy Randy Lingam had already tête *that* tête; so, Larry slinks his longing ding-dong schlong away, to find a shady spot where he can frig his friggin' forlorn frog, and fret.

—Wu Lang Wang would whack his wanger sometimes weeks on end. Don't ever let Wang watch you in the shower, as you bend!

—Why not let Peaches Puta pet the pubic thicket of Penelope Cricket? Would you prefer that Peaches beg permission of Penelope Cricket to lick it?

