Easy tongue twisters
Listen to the tongue twister and practice saying it. How fast can you say it?

- "Eleven owls licked eleven little liquorice lollipops."
- "Greek grapes, Greek grapes, Greek grapes..."
- "I scream you scream we all scream for ice cream..."
- "She sells sea shells by the sea shore."
- "Kitty caught the kitten in the kitchen."
- "Whether the weather is warm, whether the weather is hot, we have to put up with the weather, whether we like it or not."
- "Zebras zig and zebras zag."
- If two witches were watching two watches, which witch would watch which watch?"
- "The big bug bit the little beetle, but the little beetle bit the big bug back."
- "Red lorry, yellow lorry."
- "If you want to buy, buy, if you don't want to buy, bye bye!"
- "Fuzzy wuzzy was a bear. Fuzzy wuzzy had no hair. Fuzzy wuzzy wasn't very fuzzy, was he?"
- "The blue bluebird blinks."
- "A tricky frisky snake with sixty super scaly stripes."
- "I can think of six thin things, but I can think of six thick things too."
- "Toy phone, Toy phone, Toy phone..."
- "Give papa a cup of proper coffee in a copper coffee cup."
• "Three free throws."
• "How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood"
• "A big black bug bit a big black dog on his big black nose."
• "Red leather yellow leather."
• "Quick kiss, quick kiss, quick kiss."
• "Friendly fleas and fireflies."
• "Fresh fried fish, fish fresh fried, fried fish fresh, fish fried fresh."
Advanced tongue twisters

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.

Something in a thirty-acre thermal thicket of thorns and thistles thumped and thundered threatening the three-D thoughts of Matthew the thug - although, theatrically, it was only the thirteen-thousand thistles and thorns through the underneath of his thigh that the thirty year old thug thought of that morning.

There was a fisherman named Fisher
who fished for some fish in a fissure.
Till a fish with a grin,
pulled the fisherman in.
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

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!
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!
A dull, dark dock, a life-long lock,
A short, sharp shock, a big black block!
To sit in solemn silence in a pestilential prison,
And awaiting the sensation
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block!

Luck's duck licks lakes.
One-one was a race horse.
Two-two was one too.
One-one won one race.
Two-two won one too.

**How many cookies** could a good cook cook
If a good cook could cook cookies?
A good cook could cook as much cookies as a good cook who could cook cookies.

Bobby Bippy bought a bat.
Bobby Bippy bought a ball.
With his bat Bob banged the ball
Banged it bump against the wall
But so boldly Bobby banged it
That he burst his rubber ball
"Boo!" cried Bobby
Bad luck ball
Bad luck Bobby, bad luck ball
Now to drown his many troubles
Bobby Bippy's blowing bubbles.

**How many berries** could a bare berry carry,
if a bare berry could carry berries?
Well they can't carry berries
(which could make you very wary)
but a bare berry carried is more scary!

2 Y's U R.
2 Y's U B.
I C U R.
2 Y's 4 me!

**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's rises or whether the temperature falls the nature watcher just watches the catcher who's watching the pitcher who's watching the balls.
I see a sea down by the seashore.
But which sea do you see down by the seashore?

I'm not the fig plucker,
nor the fig plucker's son,
but I'll pluck figs
till the fig plucker comes.

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.

But a harder thing still to do.
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.

Love's a feeling you feel when you feel
you're going to feel the feeling you've never felt before.

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Johnson, after great consideration, came to the conclusion that the Indian nation beyond the Indian Ocean is back in education because the chief occupation is cultivation.
As he gobbled the cakes on his plate,
the greedy ape said as he ate,
the greener green grapes are,
the keener keen apes are
to gobble green grape cakes,
they’re great!

A fly and flea flew into a flue,
said the fly to the flea 'what shall we do?'
'let us fly' said the flea
said the fly 'shall we flee'
so they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Betty Botter bought some butter but, said she, the butter’s bitter.
If I put it in my batter, it will make my batter bitter.
But a bit of better butter will make my bitter batter better.
So she bought some better butter, better than the bitter butter,
put it in her bitter batter, made her bitter batter better.
So 't was better Betty Botter bought some better butter.

There once was a man who had a sister; his name was Mr. Fister. Mr. Fister's sister sold sea shells by the sea shore. Mr. Fister didn't sell sea shells, he sold silk sheets. Mr. Fister told his sister that he sold six silk sheets to six shieks. The sister of Mr. Fister said I sold six shells to six shieks too!

She sells sea shells on the sea shore;
The shells that she sells are sea shells I’m sure.
So if she sells sea shells on the sea shore,
I’m sure that the shells are sea shore shells.

A twister of twists once twisted a twist.
and the twist that he twisted was a three-twisted twist.
now in twisting this twist,
if a twist should untwist,
would the twist that untwisted untwist the twists?

Whether the weather be fine
or whether the weather be not.
Whether the weather be cold
or whether the weather be hot.
We’ll weather the weather
whether we like it or not.
Theophilus Thadeus Thistledown, the successful thistle-sifter, while sifting a sieve-full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now, if Theophilus Thadeus Thistledown, the successful thistle-sifter, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, while sifting a sieve-full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb.

Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

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! Is it not?

If Dr. Seuss were a Technical Writer.....
Here’s an easy game to play.
Here’s an easy thing to say:
If a packet hits a pocket on a socket on a port,
And the bus is interrupted as a very last resort,
And the address of the memory makes your floppy disk abort,
Then the socket packet pocket has an error to report!
If your cursor finds a menu item followed by a dash,
And the double-clicking icon puts your window in the trash,
And your data is corrupted 'cause the index doesn't hash,
then your situation's hopeless, and your system's gonna crash!
You can't say this? What a shame, sir!
We'll find you another game, sir.

If the label on the cable on the table at your house,
Says the network is connected to the button on your mouse,
But your packets want to tunnel on another protocol,
That's repeatedly rejected by the printer down the hall,
And your screen is all distorted by the side effects of gauss,
So your icons in the window are as wavy as a souse,
Then you may as well reboot and go out with a bang,
'Cause as sure as I'm a poet, the sucker's gonna hang!
When the copy of your floppy's getting sloppy on the disk,
And the microcode instructions cause unnecessary risk,
Then you have to flash your memory and you’ll want to ram your rom.
Quickly turn off the computer and be sure to tell your mom!

Oh, the sadness of her sadness when she's sad.
Oh, the gladness of her gladness when she's glad.
But the sadness of her sadness,
and the gladness of her gladness,
Are nothing like her madness when she's mad!

**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 slip glop
Tip me to a tip top grip top sock.
I bought a bit of baking powder and baked a batch of biscuits. I brought a big basket of biscuits back to the bakery and baked a basket of big biscuits. Then I took the big basket of biscuits and the basket of big biscuits and mixed the big biscuits with the basket of biscuits that was next to the big basket and put a bunch of biscuits from the basket into a biscuit mixer and brought the basket of biscuits and the box of mixed biscuits and the biscuit mixer to the bakery and opened a tin of sardines.

The Final Fixing of the Foolish Fugitive
Feeling footloose, fancy-free and frisky, this feather-brained fellow finagled his fond father into forking over his fortune. Forthwith, he fled for foreign fields and frittered his farthings feasting fabulously with fair-weather friends. Finally, fleeced by those folly filled fellows and facing famine, he found himself a feed flinger in a filthy farm-lot. He fain would have filled his frame with foraged food from fodder fragments.

"Fooey! My father's flunkies fare far fancier," the frazzled fugitive fumed feverishly, frankly facing fact.

Frustrated from failure and filled with forebodings, he fled for his family. Falling at his father's feet, he floundered forlornly. "Father, I have flunked and fruitlessly forfeited further family favors . . ."

But the faithful father, forestalling further flinching, frantically flagged his flunkies to fetch forth the finest fatling and fix a feast.

But the fugitive's fault finding frater, faithfully farming his father's fields for free, frowned at this fickle forgiveness of former falderal. His fury flashed, but fussing was futile.

His foresighted father figured, "Such filial fidelity is fine, but what forbids fervent festivities? The fugitive is found! Unfurl the flags! With fanfare flaring, let fun, frolic and frivolity flow freely, former failures forgotten and folly forsaken."

Forgiveness forms a firm foundation for future fortitude.
**Never trust**
a sloppy crust,
a squally gust,
ships that rust,
or girls with lust.
But if you must,
you may trust
to go bust,
and back to dust,
which serves you just.

**A sad story about Nobody**
This is a story about four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody. There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody’s job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realised that Everybody wouldn’t do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody, when Nobody did, what Anybody could have done.

**Mr Knott and Mr Watt on the Phone**
Hello?
Who’s calling?
Watt.
What’s your name?
Watt’s my name.
Yes, what is your name?
My name is John Watt.
John what?
Yes.
... I’ll call on you this afternoon.
All right, are you Jones?
No, I’m Knott.
Will you tell me your name, then?
Will Knott.
Why not?
My name is Knott.
Not what?
Not Watt. Knott.
What?
Which Witch snitched the Snitch Witch?
Or did the Snitch Witch snitch the Witch?
If the Snitch Witch snitched the Witch
then which Witch did the Snitch Witch snitch?

A maid named Lady Marmalade
made mainly lard and lemonade.
M’lady lamely never made
a well-named, labeled marmalade.