

Practice with Homophones. Mark each incorrectly used homophone and write the correct word. Sea if ewe Cannes finned awl 140 soundalikes.

See you can find all

How Eye One the Wore

I herd a wrap on the door. "Come inn," I said. It was a navel man.

"It's fore ewe, kernel," he said.

"This male is late, isn't it, sun?" I demanded.

"They mist the early run."

"That doesn't make cents." I could tell he was a fakir and kept an eye on him. The question was weather the message was fore reel ore knot. I tact the communicate to a timbre and red it allowed:

BERRY CANON ON BEECH (STOP)

WILL BREWS ENEMY (STOP)

GORILLAS IN JAMB (STOP)

MISSALS ON WEIGH (OVER)

I wanted to pull out my hare; I couldn't Handel the stress. "Weed better make a decision," I said.

"Yule have to make it, sir," the sailer replied.

I racked my mined. I didn't know what to due. I chaste every lead, sum twice. Every mussel in my body was taught. And my tick was acting up again. I wade the options, but there was so little thyme. I felt like morning.

"Care for a little tee?" I asked, stalling.

"You sleigh me, sir," he responded.

I paste back and fourth a moment, inwardly preying.

There was something I didn't like about this fellow's presents.

"Awl I know is --"

"How far is barren Bjorn from the boarder?" I interrupted.

"He was on my tale, but I don't no how far down the rode they tract me. I realize these are tents daze. What we need is trussed."

"Clothes your mouth, buoy."

"Butt--" he braid.

I raised my hand and he duct. As I did, though, my fingers got tangled in a chord. While I pride free, it happened. It may have been the way the pail light shown on the carrots in my wring, I don't no. During the paws, I saw through his guys. "Frieze!" I barked. He went for his pistil. I seam to recall the seen only through a hays. Did I chute hymn? He released a horse grown and fell. When he hit the floor, the bored let out a creek. I watched the retch dye. These are not deer memories. Offal, in fact. But in combat that's what you fined. It makes you feel positively vial at times... oar cheep, if you sew chews.

I shed no tiers for the man. I felt no pane in my heart, because I had a job to dew. I traced the clews back to the source of the leek. I gnu the manor in which these things occur. My miner roll proved significant in the major victory. As a result of what eyed guest to bee true, our plains got threw and wee beet them.

It took a lot of patients, but I figured out the meaning of the cymbals, so I wasn't suede by the false info when it came my tern to react. I was almost soled a bill of goods! There was a lot at steak and it would have throne off our hole effort.

In the end, we mustard all our strength for the rayed and with a coral of hoops kept marching strait ahead till we war them out. We took some hard knocks, but all tolled, they got the wurst.

At ate a piece packed was penned on the peer and a fryer cried, "Strike up the banned!"

Ah, suite victory.

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