

A Story in Anagrams

ANSWER KEY

A fun method of playing the game of anagrams is to write short stories, putting the anagram in a sentence appropriate to it, and drawing a line under it to show which is the anagram. Read the following story and decode each underlined anagram.

Thinking of you, dear neat chair, would soon come to the red nuts and gin of what I write you in a rag man of my visits with a crymangle on the I hire parsons. As we were walking along, talking about the good deeds of Flit on cheering angel, we suddenly met a crowd around the moon starrer. Asking him if it was a rare mad frolic, he said, "Tis no demon's art," and that he was holding his the bar watching the moon shining up with oil soap and trying to enlighten the ten tea pots of different countries." We did not take much stock in their real fun or to love ruin. Two sly ware came up to us and said, "We don't see much the law in this." We had never sympathized with the doctrines of Sin sat on a tin tar tub. Our first call was on a popular house rats, who had just returned from an horse cart concert. We had a pleasant call, and as we came out we saw a go nurse and Dr. Rich able man driving at full speed. In great no stern action we followed them, and found a just master hurt by the cars. When the excitement was over, we were Tim in a pet to return home, so that ended our visits to the I hire parsons.

Thinking of you, dear Catherine, would soon come to the understanding of what I write you in anagram of my visits with a clergyman on the parishioners. As we were walking along, talking about the good deeds of Florence Nightingale, we suddenly met a crowd around the astronomer. Asking him if it was a radical reform, he said, "Demonstration," and that he was holding his breath watching the moon shining up with sapolio and trying to enlighten the potentates of different countries. We did not take much stock in their funeral or revolution. Two lawyers came up to us and said, "We don't see much wealth in this." We had never sympathized with the doctrines of transubstantiation. Our first call was on a popular authoress, who had just returned from an orchestra concert. We had a pleasant call, and as we came out we saw a surgeon and Dr. Chamberlain driving at full speed. In great consternation we followed them, and found James Stuart hurt by the cars. When the excitement was over, we were impatient to return home, so that ended our visits to the parishioners.