English

SUGGESTIONS for ANSWERS

Punctuation and poetry.

Lesson 3

Lipograms.

A **lipogram** is a kind of [constrained writing](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Constrained_writing) or [word game](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Word_game) consisting of writing paragraphs or longer works in which a particular letter or group of letters is avoided. Writing a lipogram may be a trivial task when avoiding uncommon letters like [*Z*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Z), [*J*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/J), [*Q*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Q), or [*X*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/X), but it is much more challenging to avoid [common letters](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Letter_frequency) like [*E*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/E), [*T*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/T), or [*A*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A) in the [English language](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/English_language), as the author must omit many ordinary words.

So today we are going to write some lipograms. You can’t just leave out the letter you have to find a different way of saying the same thing without using the missing letter.

For example:

*The Quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.*

Becomes this when rewritten as a lipogram in o

*The quick russet Reynard jumps in the air, thus passing the lazy canine.*

Your task is to rewrite these sentences as lipograms.

1. Lipogram in A:

*The apple never falls far from the tree.*

*The fruit of the genus quince never tumbles long inches from the tree*

1. Lipogram in E

 *The spare bear was over there.*

 *An additional ursa was a way off.*

1. Lipogram in O

*On some days the orange sun slowly sets.*

*Irregularly the ginger-gilded sun crawls as it sets*

Hint: you might need to use a thesaurus.

Lesson 4 -5

This is a bigger task you have to rewrite this passage, first as a lipogram in A and then tomorrow as a lipogram in E.

**Grandma**

I’m going shopping in the village,’ George’s mother said to George on Saturday morning. ‘So be a good boy and don’t get up to mischief.’

This was a silly thing to say to a small boy at any time. It immediately made him wonder what sort of mischief he might get up to.

‘And don’t forget to give Grandma her medicine at eleven o’clock, the mother said. Then out she went, closing the back door behind her.

Grandma, who was dozing in her chair by the window, opened one wicked little eye and said, ‘Now you heard what your mother said, George. Don’t forget my medicine.’

‘No Grandma,’ George said.

‘And just try to behave yourself for once while she’s away.’

‘Yes, Grandma’ George said.

George was bored to tears. He didn’t have a brother or sister. His father was a farmer and the farm they lived on was miles away from anywhere, so there were never any children to play with. He was tired of staring at pigs and hens and cows and sheep. He was especially tired of having to live in the same house as that grizzly old grunion of a Grandma. Looking after her all by himself was hardly the most exciting way to spend a Saturday morning.

Lipogram in A

Mother’s Mother

I’m going shopping in the town,’ George’s mother mentioned to George on the weekend morning. ‘So be good boy; don’t get up to mischief.’

This is the silliest thing to say to minute boys, just then he begun to wonder what sort of mischief he might get up to.

‘Remember! Don’t forget to give your mother’s mother her medicine right on eleven o’clock, the mother reminded. Then out she went, closing the door which didn’t belong in the front of the house behind her.

His mother’s mother, who was dozing in her chair by the window, opened one wicked little eye and sneered, ‘Now your listening holes perceived what your mother ordered, George. Don’t forget my medicine.

No my mother’s mother,’ George replied.

‘Now just try to be good yourself for once while she’s gone.’

‘Yes, mother’s mother’ George replied.

George was bored to wet trickling from his eyes. He didn’t own either brother or sister. His old geezer ploughed the land on which they lived, uncounted miles long from everywhere, so there were never other children to run with. He’d become tired of scrutinizing the pigs, hens, cows including sheep. He’d become super tired of being forced to live in the not different house with that grizzly old grunion of his mother’s mother. Looking over her on his own could hardly be the most exciting proposition for spending his weekend morning.

Lipogram in E

**Grandma**

I’m going shopping in a local small town,’ Boy with Albion’s patron saint’s tag’s mum said to him on Saturday morning. ‘So stay a good boy and don’t do no silly work.’

This was a silly thing to say to a small boy at any point on a clock. It straight away brought him to think about what sort of silly work a boy might want to do.

‘And don’t blank out about giving Grandma that potion at two plus four and a half and four and half o’clock, his matriarch said. Following this, out his matriarch shot, closing a back door with aplomb.

Grandma, who was dozing in a chair by a window, unblinking a nasty little vision gap said, ‘Now you know what your matriarch said, Boy with Albion’s patron saint’s tag. Don’t blank out my potion.’

‘No Grandma,’ Boy with Albion’s patron saint’s tag said.

‘And just try to not do nasty things boy, on this occasion as your mum is away.’

‘Yes, Grandma’ Boy with Albion’s patron saint’s tag said.

Boy with Albion’s patron saint’s tag found this stultifying to trickling salty vision drips. Boy with Albion’s patron saint’s tag had no siblings to run with. His dad was a farming man and his farm was far away from all things, so no kids did that boy play with. Thus that boy was so down on staring at pigs and poultry and cows and lambs. That boy was angrily down on having to stay in that gaff with that grizzly old grunion of a Grandma. Looking out for Grandma all on his own was hardly a most blood racing way to occupy a Saturday morning.