

I Have A Spelling Checker Resources

The original poem, written by Dr. Jerrold Zar

Candidate for a Pullet Surprise

I have a spelling checker.
It came with my PC.
It plane lee marks four my revue
Miss steaks aye can knot sea.

Eye ran this poem threw it,
Your sure reel glad two no.
Its vary polished inn it's weigh.
My checker tolled me sew.

A checker is a bless sing,
It freeze yew lodes of thyme.
It helps me right awl stiles two reed,
And aides me when aye rime.

Each frays come posed up on my screen
Eye trussed too bee a joule.
The checker pours o'er every word
To cheque sum spelling rule.

Bee fore a veiling checkers
Hour spelling mite decline,
And if we're lacks oar have a laps,
We wood bee maid too wine.

Butt now bee cause my spelling
Is checked with such grate flare,
Their are know faults with in my cite,
Of nun eye am a wear.

Now spelling does knot phase me,
It does knot bring a tier.
My pay purrs awl due glad den
With wrapped words fare as hear.

To rite with care is quite a feet
Of witch won should bee proud,
And wee mussed dew the best wee can,
Sew flaws are knot aloud.

Sow ewe can sea why aye dew prays
Such soft wear four pea seas,
And why eye brake in two averse
Buy righting want too pleas.

A simpler version (below) might be more accessible for younger students.

Eye Halve a Spelling Chequer

Eye halve a spelling chequer
It came with my pea sea
It plainly marques four my revue
Miss steaks eye kin knot sea.

Eye strike a quay and type a word
And weight four it two say
Weather eye am wrong oar write
It shows me strait a weigh.

As soon as a mist ache is maid
It nose bee fore two long
And eye can put the error rite
Its really ever wrong.

Eye have run this poem threw it
I am shore your pleased two no
Its letter perfect in it's weigh
My chequer tolled me sew.

(Sauce unknown)

Such plays on words did not start with the age of computers.

See overleaf for a much older example.

The following exercise in misspelling, by Elizabeth T. Corbett originally appeared in the children's magazine St. Nicholas in 1893. As with Jerrold Zar, the poem was widely reprinted with various titles, often without attribution.

Elizabeth T. Corbett is best known today for her nonsense poem "Three Wise Old Women"
<http://www.sheerpoetry.co.uk/junior/junior-poetry-library/in-the-classroom-part-one/three-wise-old-women>.

A Misspelled Tail

A little buoy said: "Mother, deer,
May I go out too play?
The son is bright, the heir is clear;
Owe, mother, don't say neigh!"

"Go fourth, my sun," the mother said.
The ant said, "Take ewer slay,
Your gneiss knew sled awl painted read,
But dew not lose your weigh."

"Ah, know," he cried, and sought the street
With hart sew full of glee--
The weather changed--and snow and sleet
And reign, fell steadily.

Threw snowdrifts grate, threw watery pool,
He flue with mite and mane--
Said he, "Though I wood walk by rule,
I am not rite, 't is plane."

"I'd like to meat sum kindly sole,
For hear gnu dangers weight,
And yonder stairs a treacherous whole--
Two sloe has been my gate.

"A peace of bred, a nice hot stake,
I'd chews if I were home,
This crewel fete my hart will brake,
Eye love knot thus to roam.

"I'm week and pail, I've mist my rode,"
But here a carte came past,
He and his sled were safely toad
Back two his home at last.