

All Words Begin With the Sound of W

We once wisely wondered whether William Wordsworth's words would work when whispered while waltzing with wild women wearing wonderfully woven white woolly wigs.

Whenever wickedly waltzed, one wacky woman, woozy with whisky, washed with warm well water while watching woody woodpecker wantonly whistling with weird, whip-wielding witches whipping whales with wicker wands.

Woodcutters who worried when work waned wondered whether wages would withstand weakened workloads. What work would warrant worthwhile wages? Worried woodworkers would whittle worn wormwood wishing woebegone wallabies would walk willingly with winsome weasels wielding wildflowers.

What wizardry we witnessed when wretched weirdoes wore wiry walrus whiskers while waging war with wheezing wolverines whacking whirling wombats. Whereupon we woefully wandered westward, weary, wasted, weeping without Wordsworth's wistful wisdom.

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