in the 1960s, my father's hobby was inventing games. although none of his games was ever accepted by a major publishing company, a few were printed locally and sold for a short time in the central michigan area. one of his games, unfortunately named izzat so by the publishers (another edition was called wud-u-blev), was my particular favorite. in izzat so, players reassembled proverbs which had been printed on small cardboard tiles and divided into three pieces.

incredibly, my future husband's parents bought a copy of the game, and this copy i proudly presented to my own daughters recently, explaining how grandpa and mommy had spent hours playtesting and developing this wonderful game. it was while i was teaching my oldest daughter, megan, to play izzat so that i rediscovered what had given me the most joy 25 years ago. what fun it was to rearrange the tiles and form new proverbs—maxims with a ring of, well, not-quite-truth, such as beauty is but skin deep, and beauty is the best cook.

even my six-year-old, jericho, enjoys this variation of the game; for example, she coined the saying don't bite before spilled milk.

following are some of my favorite neo-adages. i formed them in several ways: in group a, the initial tiles were switched; in group b, the middle tiles; in group c, the final tiles; and in group d, i just fiddled around until i came up with something appealing, often combining more than three tiles. part of the charm, of course, is imagining a context in which these "new saws" might be spoken, with appropriate grandmotherly wisdom.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Group A</th>
<th>Group B</th>
<th>Group C</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Don't bite a pig in a poke</td>
<td>The early hands make the worm</td>
<td>The early bird gets big ears</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every dog has the disease</td>
<td>One rotten bird gets the barrel</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Misery begins at home</td>
<td>Curiosity knocks the cat</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't cry in a storm</td>
<td>Rome was sleeping in a day</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time is but skin deep</td>
<td>A bad broom comes back</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beggars teach an old dog new tricks</td>
<td>Pride loves to hear a fall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Beggars can’t be in one basket
What goes up must grind slowly
One rotten apple spoils the worm
Every mule loves to hear fertilizer
Don’t put all our eggs in the mouth

All your eggs are a devil’s broom
A fool and a pig grind slowly
Pitchers have no moss in the mouth
No fool goeth before the wheels
Never buy a pig in a poke
Little of the pudding killed the worm
A gift horse glitters like an apple spoils
If the best cook can’t be at home, there is smoke
Sleeping together in one basket heals all
Big ears don’t look in a workshop

For those of you who are unable to recognize all of the proverbs by their components, the entire list of Izat So proverbs is given below. I hope some other Word Ways readers are fortunate enough to own a copy of Bob Worful’s game. If you do not, perhaps you’ll enjoy creating your own neo-adages. I’d like to hear about your favorites; write me at 808 North Cherry St., Three Oaks MI 49128.

Hunger is the best cook
Beauty is but skin deep
Look before you leap
Don’t cry over spilled milk
Never buy a pig in a poke
Every dog has his day
Misery loves company
Charity begins at home
Any port in a storm
Time heals all wounds

Beggars can’t be choosers
The early bird gets the worm
Many hands make light work
Curiosity killed the cat
Rome was not built in a day
Let sleeping dogs lie
A bad penny always comes back
A new broom sweeps clean
Pride goeth before a fall
Opportunity knocks but once
Little pitchers have big ears
Honesty is the best policy
What goes up must come down
No fool is like an old fool
A watched pot never boils
If the shoe fits, wear it
Still waters run deep
A stitch in time saves nine
A calm portends a storm

Don’t bite the hand that feeds you
The cure is worse than the disease
One rotten apple spoils the barrel
Every mule loves to hear himself bray
The wheels of justice grind slowly
Snow is the poor man’s fertilizer
Don’t look a gift horse in the mouth
Idle hands are a devil’s workshop
A fool and his money are soon parted
A rolling stone gathers no moss
Make hay while the sun shines

When the cat’s away the mice will play
The proof of the pudding is in the eating
All that glitters is not gold
Where there is smoke there is fire
Birds of a feather flock together
The pen is mightier than the sword
You can’t tell a book by its cover
A penny saved is a penny earned
You can’t teach an old dog new tricks
Time and tide wait for no man
A great ship asks deep waters
Those who play with fire get burned
Strike while the iron is hot
Too many cooks spoil the broth
Variety is the spice of life
An apple a day keeps the doctor away
There is small choice in rotten apples
Don’t put all your eggs in one basket

IMMEASURE

DON LAYCOCK
Canberra, Australia

In a world where being standard is hard not to gloriously err or be seen as candareens. Here is the task.

The barrier is not the question; can the

1 Bag

1 Book

1 Cat

1 Dog

1 Kid

1 Life

1 Love

1 Money

1 Need

1 Person

1 Problem

1 Solution

1 Time