All sentences in this chapbook are printed by permission of the author(s) and may not be reprinted without express written permission of the author. Some authors have chosen to use pseudonyms. To reprint their sentences, please contact Laura Hoopes.

This PDF, but not the original sentences, © 2012 Laura L M Hoopes
by Joyce B
Maurice was able to assuage his avarice for avian Life List acquisition by tracking and adoration of the apricot colored prothonotary warbler.

by Cathy B
The bellicose bigamist was arrested for his bombastic outburst at the bullrush festival finale.

by Laura L Mays Hoopes
Walking along the cliff, Lorelei thought of the chambered nautilus as she watched waves carom and crash and heard the cries of the curlew.

by Meredith S
The dusty, drab, dingy ring sparkled anew each morning after Susan gave it a daily polish with a droplet of morning dew.
by Sharon Wolfgang
Under the elm tree, the egret waits eagerly to hatch her emerald egg.

by Bismarck
Unable to avoid being a frump, Caterina donned her fustian flummery smelling of mothballs, and went to the party, causing her cousin Dellara to say Caterina could flummox a saint and to fume about her to all their friends.

by Cheryl Hoopes
The Wound-Up Goose Chronicle: The garrulous goose gawked, then galumphed to gain the grain for gathering, but he got nothing. The Cinnamon-garnished gander got there first.

by Cathy M
The heavenly smile of the homeless man as he produced the parade of verse with the homonym chorus made Henry address him as "The Honorable Poet."
It is indubitable that the industrious ibises have an indestructible integument to their ileum so they can eat practically anything.

Luke the jester danced on the jute rug, tossing jujubes into his mouth through a hoop, wearing jewels on every possible location on his body, stopping to joke with people passing by.

Clark picked the extra keratin off the kink in his fingernail while his kinfolk got in a kerfluffle about the whole kaboodle.

In the first light of dawn, lotus petals lay around the feet of the stone lion and clung to its lips.
by Cheryl Hoopes
After motoring from Munich to Dachau on a Sunday morning, and touring the murder museum mounded with memories of malevolence without mercy, we stood in front of the monument with the words, "Nie Vieter," in many languages, mourning in the morning sun, moved and mute as we mused about the monumental message while a myriad of teenagers, filled with mirth, gathered around for a photo op; we had to move on.

by Nanette
Norris Mailer said, "We're north far enough to be afraid of the nor'easter, but there has been none here nevertheless.

by Laura L Mays Hoopes
The ornery former filly defied the obstetrical efforts, kicked over the orrery, disrupted the monks saying "om," and reared up in an attempt to break out the oriel window.

by Laura L Mays Hoopes
Aha, thought Hades, my plunder, Penelope, is plastered over the pomegranate and won't notice my pronounce rupture of the earth to grab her.
by Cathy M

If you had a quantum of decency, you'd take your queenly quarantine of my quince marmalade and put it in your ear with a Q-tip.

by Isabelle P

In the midst of the river, a log is revolving as the restless water, rushing by, continues roaming out of its banks.

by Robert

The pit bull had to slobber the smelly sludge, but the soldier ignored him and stared at the rocket that would soon be shot into space.

by Cheryl Hoopes

Twelve tweezers twinkling twilight: twaddle.
By Sharon Wolfgang
Until the wind blew my umbrella inside out and tore it from my hand to roll down the uneven road and land upside down in a ditch - until then, I had never been really unhappy.

by Cheryl Hoopes
The vapid, vitiated votary's view was that the vision and practice were valid, but he was blinded by the leader's vulpine verve, which caused him to miss the underlying vacuousness of the program, which was also completely devoid of integrity.

by Cheryl Hoopes
Weak with worry, the wounded woman worked out her weeping into the lump of dough on the counter in front of her, wondering what time her wandering fifteen-year-old daughter would return, yet wanting to welcome her with the bread's winsome aroma of home.

by Cheryl Hoopes
The xanthic-haired xylographer could make no determination about the authenticity of the relic, since the poor condition of the xeroxed copy of it made it impossible to assess even the material used: xyloid or xylograph? Who knew?
by Sharon Wolfgang
They yelled, "Why is your yarrow yellow?", and I just yawned.

By Cheryl Hoopes
It was the zenith of a wonderfully relaxed day on a summer evening with a warm zephyr ruffling the edges of the tablecloth on the table set out in the garden just behind the zinnias, and Zelda was looking forward to a quiet culinary benediction, which was why she said, "Let's keep it simple, Andy; we'll just light the candles and have dessert," so with zabaglione served, and with Zinfandel poured, that's exactly what they did, with a toast from Andy to Zelda, "It's been great; and now, a sweet goodnight."

Laura L Mays Hoopes acknowledges with gratitude the lovely model provided by Fiona Robyn and Kaspalita in their "River of Stones" project and the support of my husband, Michael and daughter, Heather.

This Project required those who posted to submit their choice of postings after the conclusion of Alphabetaphila, and LLMH regrets that time did not permit some of those who posted frequently to submit their work for this collection.