

Rindercella and the Prandsome Hince

Here is a silly story created by scrambling syllables. Try to unscramble it, or make up one of your own.

Here is a story that will make your **resh fleep!** It will give you **poose gimples!** Think of a poor little **glip** of a **surl, prerry vitty**, who, just because she had two **sisty uglers**, had to **flop** the **moor**, clean the **stitchen kove**, and do all the other **chasty nores**, while her **somely histers** went to a **drancy bess fall**. Isn't that a **shirty dame?**

Well, to make a long **shorry stort**, this **youngless hapster** was **chewing** her **doors** one day when who should suddenly appear but a **gairy fodmother!** **Beeling** very **fadly** for this **witty praif**, she **happed** her **clands**, said a couple of **wagic merds**, and in the **ash** of a **flybrow**, **Rindercella** was transformed into a **bavaging reauty**.

Out on the **sturbcone** stood a **nagmificent colden goach**. It was made out of a **pipe rellow yumpkin**. The **gairy fodmother** told her to hop in and **dive** to the **drance**, but added that she must positively be **mid** by **homenight**. So, **overmoash** with **eccumtion**, she **fanked** the **thairy** from the **hottom** of her **bart** and **bimed acoard**. The driver **whacked** his **crip**, and off they went in a **dowd** of **clust**.

Soon, they came to a **casterful wondel**, where a **prandsome hince** was **possing** a **tarty** for the **teeple** of the **pown**. **Rindercella** alighted from the coach and **hanked** her **dropperchief**. Out ran the **prandsome hince**. He had been peeking at her from a **widden hindow**. The **sisty uglers** stood **bylently sigh**, not recognizing **Rindercella** in her **goyal rarments**.

Well, to make a long **shorty storer**, the **nince** went absolutely **pruts** over the **provely liness**. After several **dours** of **ansing**, he was **ayzier** than **crever** about her. At the **moke** of **stridnight**, **Rindercella** suddenly screamed and the **disapprinted pounce dike** to **lied!** He had forgotten to ask the **niness** her **prame**. As she went **stunning** down the long **reps**, she **slopped** off one of the glass **drippers** she was wearing and the **pounce prined** upon it with **eeming glize**.

The next day he **tied** all over **trown** to find the **lainty daydy** whose foot **slitted** that **flipper**. The **ditty prame** with the only **fit** that **footed** was none other than **Rindercella**. She **parried** the **mince** and they **happed livily after ever**.