**Candidate for a Pullet Surprise  
by Mark Eckman and Jerrold H. Zar**

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 in 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 eye 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 checker's  
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 fault's 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 word's 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 flaw's 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.