




The Parrots of  
Telegraph Hill



What a bunch of noisy birds! They just sit there all day and repeat phrases back and forth. It's like a giant game of telephone . . . uh, I mean, "telegraph." Or, maybe I mean both?


P \_ \_ \_ \_ W \_ \_ \_ \_ A \_ C \_ \_ \_ \_

*(Named parrot desires single baked wafer)*




R \_ \_ \_ \_ M \_ \_ \_ M \_ \_ \_ W \_ \_ \_

*(Cooking over open fire causes gas measuring device to heat up)*



E \_ \_ ' \_ T \_ \_ \_ M \_ \_ \_ M \_ \_ A \_ \_ A \_ \_

*(Ms. Watson's god-like creature causes males to target appendage)*



T \_ \_ \_ \_ M \_ \_ M \_ \_ S \_ \_ R \_ \_ \_



*(Kitchen appliance representative (male) fulfilled the expected rice wine proportions)*

T \_ \_ N \_ \_ A \_ \_ \_ M \_ \_ M \_ \_



*(Hallux-dwelling baby louse rouses house servant dog)*



T \_ R \_ \_ , D \_ \_ R \_ \_ G \_ \_



*(Giving the weapons back to Ms. Coulter requires that you darken that ruby)*

O \_ \_ M \_ \_ A \_ \_ T \_ \_



*(Sea-dwelling giant rays expand their territory to include Egyptian boy-king)*

