

PHONICS: Mayor Zee Dotes!

Agent Sylvia "Syl" Ehbull has information of note running through her head quite a bit! As such, her attempts to transcribe some data from correspondent Montgomery Greene via two-way radio have become a bit garbled...can you help make things safe and sound?

-Ike connect, lie, cast tar--Ike, Ed, con begin mine, he's. (6 4)

-Old win, meet Ty. Hurt, then? Might dare! Here (raunchy) ins. (6 6 [3 1 4 2 2])

-Lie, keg. Aim, Shogun Tess. Aim, tent width apart, ink iffed. (3-6)

-Heed rings! A log heard her ring--keyed rings aside herd rink. (11)

-Cozy ingot? Nope! Odd, the dirt tool is in, tool is in. (4 [2 2 3 2 2 3])

-Pin knees? Thin end times four? Ack! His! (4 2 5)

-Ood ad, heed ear. Ewe? No, ewe worst! Hill, numb (brrr)...grunt won. (5 4 5 4 3)

-Soft--Hef ewer relay bog meat. Hten aisle. SEGA? Hood buy! (7)

-Whiff, salmon, direct horde at mice. Smooch, coo, alert, then Mayan. (2 3 5 4 4 7 4 8)

-Sly, dip her shawl 'round a bell. He, Fay, Sid? Ow! None, duh. Matt? Trish? (4-7 4)

-Got bliss? Ma Thorne ate, sure...cheese, sassin' gull, whom in doors two. (3 7 3)