

1 riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend
2 of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to
3 Howth Castle and Environs.
4 Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fr'over the short sea, had passen-
5 core rearrived from North Armorica on this side the scraggy
6 isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor
7 had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselfe
8 to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their mumper
9 all the time: nor avoice from afire bellowsed mishe mishe to
10 tauftauf thuartpeatrick not yet, though venissoon after, had a
11 kidscad buttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all's fair in
12 vanessy, were sosie sesthers wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a
13 peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and rory
14 end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface.
15 The fall (bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronntonner-
16 ronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntooohooorderenthur-
17 nuk!) of a once wallstrait oldparr is retaled early in bed and later
18 on life down through all christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the
19 offwall entailed at such short notice the pftjschute of Finnegan,
20 erse solid man, that the humptyhillhead of humself promptly sends
21 an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumptytumtoes:
22 and their upturnpikepointandplace is at the knock out in the park
23 where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since dev-
24 linsfirst loved livvy.

1 What clashes here of wills gen wonts, oystrogods gaggin fishy-
2 gods! Brékkek Kékkek Kékkek Kékkek! Kóax Kóax Kóax! Ualu
3 Ualu Ualu! Quaouauh! Where the Baddelaries partisans are still
4 out to mathmaster Malachus Micgranes and the Verdons cata-
5 pelting the camibalistics out of the Whoyteboyce of Hoodie
6 Head. Assiegates and boomerangstroms. Sod's brood, be me fear!
7 Sanglorians, save! Arms apeal with larms, appalling. Killykill-
8 killy: a toll, a toll. What chance cuddleys, what cashels aired
9 and ventilated! What bidimetoloves sinduced by what tegotetab-
10 solvers! What true feeling for their's hayair with what strawng
11 voice of false jiccup! O here here how hoth sprowled met the
12 duskt the father of fornicationists but, (O my shining stars and
13 body!) how hath fanespanned most high heaven the skysign of
14 soft advertisement! But was iz? Iseut? Ere were sewers? The oaks
15 of ald now they lie in peat yet elms leap where askes lay. Phall if
16 you but will, rise you must: and none so soon either shall the
17 pharce for the nunce come to a setdown secular phoenish.

18 Bygmester Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand, freemen's mau-
19 rer, lived in the broadest way immarginable in his rushlit toofar-
20 back for messuages before joshuan judges had given us numbers
21 or Helviticus committed deuteronomy (one yeastyday he sternely
22 struxk his tete in a tub for to watsch the future of his fates but ere
23 he swiftly stook it out again, by the might of moses, the very wat-
24 er was eviparated and all the guenneses had met their exodus so
25 that ought to show you what a pentschanjeuchy chap he was!)
26 and during mighty odd years this man of hod, cement and edi-
27 fices in Toper's Thorp piled bildung supra bildung pon the
28 banks for the livers by the Soangso. He addle liddle phifie Annie
29 ugged the little craythur. Wither hayre in honds tuck up your part
30 inher. Oftwhile balbulous, mithre ahead, with goodly trowel in
31 grasp and ivoroiled overalls which he habitacularly fondseed, like
32 Haroun Childeric Eggeberth he would caligulate by multiplicab-
33 les the alltitude and malltitude until he seesaw by neatlight of the
34 liquor wheretwin 'twas born, his roundhead staple of other days
35 to rise in undress maisonry upstanded (joygrantit!), a waalworth
36 of a skyerscape of most eyeful hoyth entowerly, erigenating from

1 next to nothing and celescalating the himals and all, hierarchitec-
2 titiptitoptloftical, with a burning bush abob off its baubletop and
3 with larrons o'toolers clittering up and tombles a'buckets clotter-
4 ing down.

5 Of the first was he to bare arms and a name: Wassaily Boos-
6 laeugh of Riesengeborg. His crest of huroldry, in vert with
7 ancillars, troublant, argent, a hegoak, poursuivant, horrid, horned.
8 His scutschum fessed, with archers strung, helio, of the second.
9 Hootch is for husbandman handling his hoe. Hohohoho, Mister
10 Finn, you're going to be Mister Finnagain! Comeday morm and,
11 O, you're vine! Sendday's eve and, ah, you're vinegar! Hahahaha,
12 Mister Funn, you're going to be fined again!

13 What then agentlike brought about that tragoady thundersday
14 this municipal sin business? Our cubehouse still rocks as earwitness
15 to the thunder of his arafatas but we hear also through successive
16 ages that shebby choruysh of unkalified muzzlenimiissilehims that
17 would blackguardise the whitestone ever hurtleturtled out of
18 heaven. Stay us wherefore in our search for tighteousness, O Sus-
19 tainer, what time we rise and when we take up to toothmick and
20 before we lump down upown our leatherbed and in the night and
21 at the fading of the stars! For a nod to the nabir is better than wink
22 to the wabsanti. Otherways wesways like that provost scoffing
23 bedoueen the jebel and the jpysian sea. Cropherb the crunch-
24 bracken shall decide. Then we'll know if the feast is a flyday. She
25 has a gift of seek on site and she allcasually ansars helpers, the
26 dreamydeary. Heed! Heed! It may half been a missfired brick, as
27 some say, or it mought have been due to a collupsus of his back
28 promises, as others looked at it. (There extand by now one thou-
29 sand and one stories, all told, of the same). But so sore did abe
30 ite ivvy's holired abbles, (what with the wallhall's horrors of rolls-
31 rights, carhacks, stonengens, kisstvanes, tramtrees, fargobawlers,
32 autokinotons, hippohobillies, streetfleets, tournintaxes, mega-
33 phoggs, circuses and wardsmoats and basilikerks and aeropagods
34 and the hoyse and the jollybrool and the peeler in the coat and
35 the mecklenburk bitch bite at his ear and the merlinburrow bur-
36 rocks and his fore old porecourts, the bore the more, and his

1 blightblack workingstacks at twelvepins a dozen and the noobi-
2 busses sleighding along Safetyfirst Street and the derryjellybies
3 snooping around Tell-No-Tailors' Corner and the fumes and the
4 hopes and the strupithump of his ville's indigenou romekeepers,
5 homesweepers, domecreepers, thurum and thurum in fancymud
6 murumd and all the uproor from all the aufroofs, a roof for may
7 and a reef for hugh butt under his bridge suits tony) wan warn-
8 ing Phill filt tipping full. His howd feeled heavy, his hoddit did
9 shake. (There was a wall of course in erection) Dimb! He stot-
10 tered from the latter. Damb! he was dud. Dumb! Mastabatoom,
11 mastabadtomm, when a mon merries his lute is all long. For
12 whole the world to see.

13 Shize? I should shee! Macool, Macool, orra whyi deed ye diie?
14 of a trying thirstay mournin? Sobs they sighdid at Fillagain's
15 chrissormiss wake, all the hoolivans of the nation, prostrated in
16 their consternation and their duodisimally profusive plethora of
17 ululation. There was plumbs and grumes and cheriffs and citherers
18 and raiders and cinemen too. And the all gianed in with the shout-
19 most shoviality. Agog and magog and the round of them agrog.
20 To the continuation of that celebration until Hanandhunigan's
21 extermination! Some in kinkin corass, more, kankan keening.
22 Belling him up and filling him down. He's stiff but he's steady is
23 Priam Olim! 'Twas he was the dacent gaylabouring youth. Sharpen
24 his pillowscone, tap up his bier! E'erawhere in this whorl would ye
25 hear sich a din again? With their deepbrow fundigs and the dusty
26 fidelios. They laid him brawdawn alanglast bed. With a bockalips
27 of finisky fore his feet. And a barrowload of guenesis hoer his head.
28 Tee the tootal of the fluid hang the twoddle of the fuddled, O!

29 Hurrah, there is but young gleve for the owl globe wheels in
30 view which is tautalogically the same thing. Well, Him a being
31 so on the flounder of his bulk like an overgrown babeling, let wee
32 peep, see, at Hom, well, see peegee ought he ought, platterplate.
33 Hum! From Shopalist to Bailywick or from ashtun to baronoath
34 or from Buythebanks to Roundthehead or from the foot of the
35 bill to ireglint's eye he calmly extensolies. And all the way (a
36 horn!) from fiord to fjell his baywinds' oboboos shall wail him

1 rockbound (hoahoahoah!) in swimswamswum and all the livvy-
2 long night, the delldale dalppling night, the night of bluerybells,
3 her flittaf flute in tricky trochees (O carina! O carina!) wake him.
4 With her issavan essavans and her patterjackmartins about all
5 them inns and ouses. Tilling a teel of a tum, telling a toll of a tea-
6 ry turty Taubling. Grace before Glutton. For what we are, gifs
7 a gross if we are, about to believe. So pool the begg and pass the
8 kish for crawsake. Omen. So sigh us. Grampupus is fallen down
9 but grinny sprids the boord. Whase on the joint of a desh? Fin-
10 foeform the Fush. Whase be his baken head? A loaf of Singpan-
11 try's Kennedy bread. And whase hitched to the hop in his tayle?
12 A glass of Danu U'Dunnell's foamous olde Dobbelin ayle. But,
13 lo, as you would quaffoff his fraudstuff and sink teeth through
14 that pyth of a flowerwhite bodey behold of him as behemoth for
15 he is noewhemoe. Finiche! Only a fadograph of a yestern scene.
16 Almost rubicund Salmosalar, ancient fromout the ages of the Ag-
17 apemonides, he is smolten in our mist, woebecanned and packt
18 away. So that meal's dead off for summan, schlook, schlice and
19 goodridhirring.

20 Yet may we not see still the brontoichthyan form outlined a-
21 slumbered, even in our own nighttime by the sedge of the trout-
22 ling stream that Bronto loved and Brunto has a lean on. *Hic cubat*
23 *edilis. Apud libertinam parvulam.* Whatif she be in flags or flitters,
24 reekierags or sundyechosies, with a mint of mines or beggar a
25 pinnyweight. Arrah, sure, we all love little Anny Ruiny, or, we
26 mean to say, lovelittle Anna Rayiny, when unda her brella, mid
27 piddle med puddle, she ninnygoes nannygoes nancing by. Yoh!
28 Brontolone slaaps, yoh snoores. Upon Benn Heather, in Seeples
29 Isout too. The cranic head on him, caster of his reasons, peer yu-
30 thner in yondmist. Whooth? His clay feet, swarded in verdigrass,
31 stick up starck where he last fellowem, by the mund of the maga-
32 zine wall, where our maggy seen all, with her sisterin shawl.
33 While over against this belles' alliance beyind Ill Sixty, ollol-
34 lowed ill! bagsides of the fort, bom, tarabom, tarabom, lurk the
35 ombushes, the site of the liffing-in-wait of the upjock and hock-
36 ums. Hence when the clouds roll by, jamey, a proudseye view is

1 enjoyable of our mounding's mass, now Wallinstone national
2 museum, with, in some greenish distance, the charming water-
3 loose country and the two quitewhite villagettes who hear show
4 of themselves so gigglesomes minxt the follyages, the prettilees!
5 Penetrators are permitted into the museomound free. Welsh and
6 the Paddy Patkineses, one shelenk! Redismembers invalids of old
7 guard find poussepousse pousseyptram to sate the sort of their butt.
8 For her passkey supply to the janitrix, the mistress Kathe. Tip.
9 This the way to the museyroom. Mind your hats goan in!
10 Now yiz are in the Willingdone Museyroom. This is a Prooshi-
11 ous gunn. This is a ffrinch. Tip. This is the flag of the Prooshi-
12 ous, the Cap and Soracer. This is the bullet that byng the flag of
13 the Prooshious. This is the ffrinch that fire on the Bull that bang
14 the flag of the Prooshious. Saloos the Crossgunn! Up with your
15 pike and fork! Tip. (Bullsfoot! Fine!) This is the triplewon hat of
16 Lipoleum. Tip. Lipoleumhat. This is the Willingdone on his
17 same white harse, the Cokenhape. This is the big Sraughter Wil-
18 lingdone, grand and magentic in his goldtin spurs and his ironed
19 dux and his quarterbrass woodyshoes and his magnate's gharthers
20 and his bangkok's best and goliar's goloshes and his pullupon-
21 easyan wartrews. This is his big wide harse. Tip. This is the three
22 lipoleum boyne grouching down in the living detch. This is an
23 inimyskilling inglis, this is a scotcher grey, this is a davy, stoop-
24 ing. This is the bog lipoleum mordering the lipoleum beg. A
25 Gallawghurs argaumunt. This is the petty lipoleum boy that
26 was nayther bag nor bug. Assaye, assaye! Touchole Fitz Tuo-
27 mush. Dirty MacDyke'. And Hairy O'Hurry. All of them
28 arminus-varminus. This is Delian alps. This is Mont Tivel,
29 this is Mont Tipsey, this is the Grand Mons Injun. This is the
30 crimealine of the alps hooping to sheltershock the three lipoleums.
31 This is the jinnies with their legahorns feinting to read in their
32 handmade's book of strategy while making their war undisides
33 the Willingdone. The jinnies is a cooin her hand and the jinnies is
34 a ravin her hair and the Willingdone git the band up. This is big
35 Willingdone mormorial tallowscoop Wounderworker obscides
36 on the flanks of the jinnies. Sexcaliber hrosspower. Tip. This

1 is me Belchum sneaking his phillippy out of his most Awful
2 Grimmet Sunshat Cromwelly. Looted. This is the jinnies' hast-
3 ings dispatch for to irrigate the Willingdone. Dispatch in thin
4 red lines cross the shortfront of me Belchum. Yaw, yaw, yaw!
5 Leaper Orthor. Fear siecken! Fieldgaze thy tiny frow. Hugact-
6 ing. Nap. That was the tictacs of the jinnies for to fontannoy the
7 Willingdone. Shee, shee, shee! The jinnies is jillous agincourting
8 all the lipoleums. And the lipoleums is gonn boycottoncrezy onto
9 the one Willingdone. And the Willingdone git the band up. This
10 is bode Belchum, bonnet to busby, breaking his sedred word with a
11 ball up his ear to the Willingdone. This is the Willingdone's hur-
12 old dispitchback. Dispitch deployed on the regions rare of me
13 Belchum. Salamangra! Ayi, ayi, ayi! Cherry jinnies. Figtreeyou!
14 Damn fairy ann, Voutre. Willingdone. That was the first joke of
15 Willingdone, tic for tac. Hee, hee, hee! This is me Belchum in
16 his twelvemile cowchooks, weet, tweet and stampforth foremost,
17 footing the camp for the jinnies. Drink a sip, drankasup, for he's
18 as sooner buy a guinness than he'd stale store stout. This is Roo-
19 shious balls. This is a trinch. This is mistletropes. This is Canon
20 Futter with the popynose. After his hundred days' indulgence.
21 This is the blessed. Tarra's widdars! This is jinnies in the bonny
22 bawn blooches. This is lipoleums in the rowdy howses. This is the
23 Willingdone, by the splinters of Cork, order fire. Tonnerre!
24 (Bullsear! Play!) This is camelry, this is floodens, this is the
25 solphereens in action, this is their mobbily, this is panickburns.
26 Almeidagad! Arthiz too loose! This is Willingdone cry. Brum!
27 Brum! Cumbrum! This is jinnies cry. Underwetter! Goat
28 strip Finnlambs! This is jinnies rinning away to their ouster-
29 lists dowan a bunkersheels. With a nip nippy nip and a trip trip-
30 py trip so airy. For their heart's right there. Tip. This is me Bel-
31 chum's tinkyou tankyou silvoor plate for citchin the crapes in
32 the cool of his canister. Poor the pay! This is the bissmark of the
33 marathon merry of the jinnies they left behind them. This is the
34 Willingdone branlish his same marmorial tallowscoop Sophy-
35 Key-Po for his royal divorsion on the rinnaway jinnies. Gam-
36 bariste della porca! Dalaveras fimmieras! This is the pettiest

1 of the lipoleums, Toffeethief, that spy on the Willingdone from
2 his big white harse, the Capeinhope. Stonewall Willingdone
3 is an old maxy montrumeny. Lipoleums is nice hung bushel-
4 lors. This is hiena hinnessy laughing about at the Willing-
5 done. This is lipsyg dooley krieging the funk from the hinnessy.
6 This is the hinndoo Shimar Shin between the dooley boy and the
7 hinnessy. Tip. This is the wixy old Willingdone picket up the
8 half of the threefoiled hat of lipoleums fromoud of the bluddle
9 filth. This is the hinndoo waxing ranjymad for a bombshoob.
10 This is the Willingdone hanking the half of the hat of lipoleums
11 up the tail on the buckside of his big white harse. Tip. That was
12 the last joke of Willingdone. Hit, hit, hit! This is the same white
13 harse of the Willingdone, Culpenhelp, wagging his tailoscrupp
14 with the half of a hat of lipoleums to insoult on the hinndoo see-
15 boy. Hney, hney, hney! (Bullstrag! Foul!) This is the seeboy,
16 madrashattaras, upjump and pumpim, cry to the Willingdone:
17 Ap Pukkaru! Pukka Yurap! This is the Willingdone, bornstable
18 ghentleman, tindere his maxbotch to the cursigan Shimar Shin.
19 Basucker youstead! This is the dooforhim seeboy blow the whole
20 of the half of the hat of lipoleums off of the top of the tail on the
21 back of his big wide harse. Tip (Bullseye! Game!) How Copen-
22 hagen ended. This way the museyroom. Mind your boots goan
23 out.

24 Pheew!

25 What a warm time we were in there but how keling is here the
26 airabouts! We nowhere she lives but you mussna tell annaone for
27 the lamp of Jig-a-Lantern! It's a candlelittle houthse of a month
28 and one windies. Downadown, High Downadown. And num-
29 mered quaintlymine. And such reasonable weather too! The wa-
30 grant wind's awalt'zaround the piltdowns and on every blasted
31 knollyrock (if you can spot fifty I spy four more) there's that
32 gnarlybird ygathering, a runalittle, doalittle, preealittle, pouralittle,
33 wipealittle, kicksalittle, severalittle, eatalittle, whinealittle, kenalittle,
34 helfalittle, pelfalittle gnarlybird. A verytableland of bleakbardfields!
35 Under his seven wrothschiends lies one, Lumproar. His glav toside
36 him. Skud ontorsed. Our pigeons pair are flewn for northcliffs.

1 The three of crows have flapped it southerly, kraaking of de
2 baccle to the kvarters of that sky whence triboos answer; Wail,
3 'tis well! She niver comes out when Thon's on shower or when
4 Thon's flash with his Nixy girls or when Thon's blowing toom-
5 cracks down the gaels of Thon. No nubo no! Neblas on you liv!
6 Her would be too moochy afreet. Of Burymeleg and Bindme-
7 rollingeyes and all the deed in the woe. Fe fo fom! She jist does
8 hopes till byes will be byes. Here, and it goes on to appear now,
9 she comes, a peacefugle, a parody's bird, a peri potmother,
10 a pringlpik in the ilandiskippy, with peewee and powwows
11 in beggybaggy on her bickybacky and a flick flask fleckflinging
12 its pixylighting pacts' huemeramybows, picking here, pecking
13 there, pussypussy plunderpussy. But it's the armitides toonigh,
14 militopucos, and toomourn we wish for a muddy kissmans to the
15 minutia workers and there's to be a gorgeups truce for happinest
16 childher everwere. Come nebo me and suso sing the day we
17 sallybright. She's burrowed the coacher's headlight the better to
18 pry (who goes cute goes siocur and shoos aroun) and all spoiled
19 goods go into her nabsack: curtrages and rattlin buttins, nappy
20 spattees and flasks of all nations, clavicures and scampulars, maps,
21 keys and woodpiles of haypennies and moonled brooches with
22 bloodstaned breeks in em, boaston nightgarters and masses of
23 shoesets and nickelly nacks and foder allmicheal and a lugly parson
24 of cates and howitzer muchears and midgers and maggets, ills and
25 ells with loffs of toffs and pleures of bells and the last sigh that
26 come fro the hart (bucklied!) and the fairest sin the sunsaw
27 (that's cearc!). With Kiss. Kiss Criss. Cross Criss. Kiss Cross.
28 Undo lives 'end. Slain.
29 How bootifull and how truetowife of her, when strengly fore-
30 bidden, to steal our historic presents from the past postpropheti-
31 cals so as to will make us all lordy heirs and ladymaidesses of a
32 pretty nice kettle of fruit. She is livving in our midst of debt and
33 laffing through all plores for us (her birth is uncontrollable), with
34 a naperon for her mask and her sabboes kickin arias (so sair! so
35 solly!) if yous ask me and I saack you. Hou! Hou! Gricks may
36 rise and Troysirs fall (there being two sights for ever a picture)

1 for in the byways of high improvidence that's what makes life-
2 work leaving and the world's a cell for citters to cit in. Let young
3 wimman run away with the story and let young min talk smooth
4 behind the butteler's back. She knows her knight's duty while
5 Luntum sleeps. Did ye save any tin? says he. Did I what? with
6 a grin says she. And we all like a marriedann because she is mer-
7 cenary. Though the length of the land lies under liquidation
8 (floote!) and there's nare a hairbrow nor an eyebush on this glau-
9 brous pface of Herrschuft Whatarwelter she'll loan a vesta and
10 hire some peat and sarch the shores her cockles to heat and she'll
11 do all a turfwoman can to piff the business on. Paff. To puff the
12 blaziness on. Poffpoff. And even if Humpty shell fall frumpty
13 times as awkward again in the beardsboosoloom of all our grand
14 remonstrancers there'll be iggs for the brekkers come to mourn-
15 him, sunny side up with care. So true is it that therewhere's a
16 turnover the tay is wet too and when you think you ketch sight
17 of a hind make sure but you're cocked by a hin.

18 Then as she is on her behaviourite job of quainance bandy,
19 fruting for firstlings and taking her tithe, we may take our review
20 of the two mounds to see nothing of the himples here as at else-
21 where, by sixes and sevens, like so many heegills and collines,
22 sitton aroont, scentbreeched ant somepotreek, in their swisha-
23 wish satins and their taffetaffe tights, playing Wharton's Folly,
24 at a treepurty on the planko in the purk. Stand up, mickos!
25 Make strake for minnas! By order, Nicholas Proud. We may see
26 and hear nothing if we choose of the shortlegged bergins off
27 Corkhill or the bergamoors of Arbourhill or the bergagambols
28 of Summerhill or the bergincellies of Miseryhill or the country-
29 bossed bergones of Constitutionhill though every crowd has its
30 several tones and every trade has its clever mechanics and each
31 harmonical has a point of its own, Olaf's on the rise and Ivor's
32 on the lift and Sitric's place's between them. But all they are all
33 there scraping along to sneeze out a likelihood that will solve
34 and salve life's robulous rebus, hopping round his middle like
35 kippers on a griddle, O, as he lays dormont from the macroborg
36 of Holdhard to the microbirg of Pied de Poudre. Behove this

1 sound of Irish sense. Really? Here English might be seen.
2 Royally? One sovereign punned to petery pence. Regally? The
3 silence speaks the scene. Fake!
4 So This Is Dyoublong?
5 Hush! Caution! Echoland!
6 How charmingly exquisite! It reminds you of the outwashed
7 engravure that we used to be blurring on the blotchwall of his
8 innkempt house. Used they? (I am sure that tiring chabelshovel-
9 ler with the mujikal chocolat box, Miry Mitchel, is listening) I
10 say, the remains of the outworn gravemure where used to be
11 blurried the Ptollmens of the Incabus. Used we? (He is only pre-
12 tendant to be stugging at the jubalee harp from a second existed
13 lishener, Fiery Farrelly.) It is well known. Lokk for himself and
14 see the old butte new. Dbln. W. K. O. O. Hear? By the mauso-
15 lime wall. Fimfim fimfim. With a grand funferall. Fumfum fum-
16 fum. 'Tis optophone which ontophanes. List! Wheatstone's
17 magic lyer. They will be tuggling foriver. They will be lichening
18 for allof. They will be pretumbling forover. The harpsdischord
19 shall be theirs for ollaves.
20 Four things therefore, saith our herodotary Mammon Lujius
21 in his grand old historiorum, wrote near Boriorum, bluest book
22 in baile's annals, f.t. in Dyfflinarsky ne'er sall fail til heathersmoke
23 and cloudweed Eire's ile sall pall. And here now they are, the fear
24 of um. T. Totities! *Unum*. (Adar.) A bulbenboss surmounted up-
25 on an alderman. Ay, ay! *Duum*. (Nizam.) A shoe on a puir old
26 wobban. Ah, ho! *Triom*. (Tamuz.) An auburn mayde, o'brine
27 a'bride, to be desarted. Adear, adear! *Quodlibus*. (Marchessvan.) A
28 penn no weightier nor a polepost. And so. And all. (Succoth.)
29 So, how idlers' wind turning pages on pages, as innocens with
30 anaclete play popeye antipop, the leaves of the living in the boke
31 of the deeds, annals of themselves timing the cycles of events
32 grand and national, bring fassilwise to pass how.
33 1132 A.D. Men like to ants or emmets wondern upon a groot
34 hwide Whalfisk which lay in a Runnel. Blubby wares upat Ub-
35 lanium.
36 566 A.D. On Baalfire's night of this year after deluge a crone that

1 hadde a wickered Kish for to hale dead tunes from the bog look-
2 it under the blay of her Kish as she ran for to sothisfeige her cow-
3 rieosity and be me sawl but she found hersell sackvulle of swart
4 goody quickenshoon ant small illigant brogues, so rich in sweat.
5 Blurry works at Hurdlesford.

6 (Silent.)

7 566 A.D. At this time it fell out that a brazenlockt damsel grieved
8 (sobralasolas!) because that Puppette her minion was ravisht of her
9 by the ogre Puropeus Pious. Bloody wars in Ballyaughacleeagh-
10 bally.

11 1132. A.D. Two sons at an hour were born until a goodman
12 and his hag. These sons called themselves Caddy and Primas.
13 Primas was a santryman and drilled all decent people. Caddy
14 went to Winehouse and wrote o peace a farce. Blotty words for
15 Dublin.

16 Somewhere, parently, in the ginnandgo gap between antedilu-
17 vious and annadominant the copyist must have fled with his
18 scroll. The billy flood rose or an elk charged him or the sultrup
19 worldwright from the excelsissimost empyrean (bolt, in sum)
20 earthspake or the Dannamen gallous banged pan the bliddy du-
21 ran. A scribicide then an there is led off under old's code with
22 some fine covered by six marks or ninepins in metalmen for the
23 sake of his labour's dross while it will be only now and again in
24 our rear of o'er era, as an upshoot of military and civil engage-
25 ments, that a gynecure was let on to the scuffold for taking that
26 same fine sum covertly by meddlement with the drawers of his
27 neighbour's safe.

28 Now after all that farfatch'd and peragrine or dingnant or clere
29 lift we our ears, eyes of the darkness, from the tome of *Liber Li-*
30 *vidus* and, (toh!), how paisibly eirenical, all dimmering dunes
31 and gloamering glades, selfstretches afore us our fredeland's plain!
32 Lean neath stone pine the pastor lies with his crook; young pric-
33 ket by pricket's sister nibbleth on returned viridities; amaid her
34 rocking grasses the herb trinity shams lowliness; skyup is of ever-
35 grey. Thus, too, for donkey's years. Since the bouts of Hebear
36 and Hairyman the cornflowers have been staying at Ballymun,

1 the duskrose has choosed out Goatstown's hedges, twolips have
2 pressed together them by sweet Rush, townland of twinedlights,
3 the whitethorn and the redthorn have fairygeyed the mayvalleys
4 of Knockmaroon, and, though for rings round them, during a
5 chiliad of perihelygangs, the Formoreans have brittled the too-
6 ath of the Danes and the Oxman has been pestered by the Fire-
7 bugs and the Joynts have thrown up jerrybuilding to the Kevan-
8 ses and Little on the Green is childsfather to the City (Year!
9 Year! And laughtears!), these paxsealing buttonholes have quad-
10 rilled across the centuries and whiff now whafft to us, fresh and
11 made-of-all-smiles as, on the eve of Killallwho.

12 The babbelers with their thangas vain have been (confusium
13 hold them!) they were and went; thigging thugs were and hou-
14 hnhymn songtoms were and comely norgels were and pollyfool
15 fiansees. Menn have thawed, clerks have surssurhummed, the
16 blond has sought of the brune: Elsekiss thou may, mean Kerry
17 piggy?: and the duncledames have countered with the hellish fel-
18 lows: Who ails tongue coddeau, aspace of dumbillsilly? And they
19 fell upong one another: and themselves they have fallen. And
20 still nowanights and by nights of yore do all bold floras of the
21 field to their shyfaun lovers say only: Cull me ere I wilt to thee!
22 and, but a little later: Pluck me whilst I blush! Well may they
23 wilt, marry, and profusedly blush, be troth! For that saying is as
24 old as the howitts. Lave a whale a while in a whillbarrow (isn't
25 it the truath I'm tallin ye?) to have fins and flippers that shimmy
26 and shake. Tim Timmycan timped hir, tampting Tam. Fleppety!
27 Flippety! Fleapow!

28 Hop!

29 In the name of Anem this carl on the kopje in pelted thongs a
30 parth a lone who the joebiggar be he? Forshapen his pigmaid
31 hoagshead, shroonk his plodsfoot. He hath locktoes, this short-
32 shins, and, Obeold that's pectoral, his mammamuscles most
33 moustierious. It is slaking nuncheon out of some thing's brain
34 pan. Me seemeth a dragon man. He is almonthst on the kiek
35 fief by here, is Comestipple Sacksoun, be it junipery or febrew-
36 ery, marracks or alebrill or the ramping riots of pouriose and

1 froriose. What a quhare soort of a mahan. It is evident the mich-
 2 indaddy. Lets we overstep his fire defences and these kraals of
 3 slitsucked marrogbones. (Cave!) He can prapsposterus the pil-
 4 lory way to Hirculos pillar. Come on, fool porterfull, hosiered
 5 women blown monk sewer? Scuse us, chorley guy! You toller-
 6 day donsk? N. You tolkatiff scowegian? Nn. You spigotty an-
 7 glease? Nnn. You phonio saxo? Nnnn. Clear all so! 'Tis a Jute.
 8 Let us swop hats and excheck a few strong verbs weak oach ea-
 9 ther yapyzard abast the bloody creeks.

10 Jute. — Yutah!
 11 Mutt. — Mukk's pleasurad.
 12 Jute. — Are you jeff?
 13 Mutt. — Somehards.
 14 Jute. — But you are not jeffmute?
 15 Mutt. — Noho. Only an utterer.
 16 Jute. — Whoa? Whoat is the mutter with you?
 17 Mutt. — I became a stun a stummer.
 18 Jute. — What a hauhauhauhauddible thing, to be cause! How,
 19 Mutt?
 20 Mutt. — Aput the buttle, surd.
 21 Jute. — Whose poddle? Wherein?
 22 Mutt. — The Inns of Dungtarf where Used awe to be he.
 23 Jute. — You that side your voise are almost inedible to me.
 24 Become a bitskin more wiseable, as if I were
 25 you.
 26 Mutt. — Has? Has at? Hasatency? Urp, Boohooru! Booru
 27 Usurp! I trumple from rath in mine mines when I
 28 rimimirim!
 29 Jute. — One eyegonblack. Bisons is bisons. Let me fore all
 30 your hasitancy cross your qualm with trink gilt. Here
 31 have sylvan coyne, a piece of oak. Ghinees hies good
 32 for you.
 33 Mutt. — Louee, louee! How wooden I not know it, the intel-
 34 lible greytcloak of Cedric Silkyshag! Cead mealy
 35 faulty rices for one dabblin bar. Old grilsy growlsy!
 36 He was poached on in that eggtentical spot. Here

1 where the liveries, Monomark. There where the mis-
 2 sers moony, Minnikin passe.
 3 Jute. — Simply because as Taciturn pretells, our wrongstory-
 4 shortener, he dumptied the wholeborrow of rubba-
 5 ges on to soil here.
 6 Mutt. — Just how a puddinstone inat the brookcells by a
 7 riverpool.
 8 Jute. — Load Allmarshy! Wid wad for a norse like?
 9 Mutt. — Somular with a bull on a clompturf. Rooks roorum
 10 rex roome! I could snore to him of the spummy horn,
 11 with his woolseley side in, by the neck I am sutton
 12 on, did Brian d' of Linn.
 13 Jute. — Boildoyle and rawhoney on me when I can beuraly
 14 forsstand a weird from sturk to finnic in such a pat-
 15 what as your rutterdamrotter. Onheard of and um-
 16 scene! Gut aftermeal! See you doomed.
 17 Mutt. — Quite agreem. Bussave a sec. Walk a dun blink
 18 roundward this albutisle and you skull see how olde
 19 ye plaine of my Elters, hunfree and ours, where wone
 20 to wail whimbrel to peewee o'er the saltings, where
 21 wilby citie by law of isthmon, where by a droit of
 22 signory, icefloe was from his Inn the Byggning to
 23 whose Finishthere Punct. Let erehim ruhmuhrmuhr.
 24 Mearmerge two races, swete and brack. Morthering
 25 rue. Hither, craching eastuards, they are in surgence:
 26 hence, cool at ebb, they requiesce. Countlessness of
 27 livestories have netherfallen by this plage, flick as
 28 flowflakes, litters from aloft, like a waast wizzard all of
 29 whirlworlds. Now are all tombed to the mound, isges
 30 to isges, erde from erde. Pride, O pride, thy prize!
 31 Jute. — 'Stench!
 32 Mutt. — Fiatfuit! Hereinunder lyethey. Llarge by the smal an'
 33 everynight life olso th'estrange, babylone the great-
 34 grandhotelled with tit tit tittlehouse, alp on earwig,
 35 drukn on ild, likeas equal to anequal in this sound
 36 seemetry which iz leebez luv.

1 Jute. — 'Zmorde!
 2 Mutt. — Meldundleize! By the fearse wave behoughted. Des-
 3 pond's sung. And thanacestross mound have swollup
 4 them all. This ourth of years is not save brickdust
 5 and being humus the same returns. He who runes
 6 may rede it on all fours. O'c'stle, n'wc'stle, tr'c'stle,
 7 crumbling! Sell me sooth the fare for Humblin! Hum-
 8 blady Fair. But speak it allsosiftly, moulder! Be in
 9 your whisht!
 10 Jute. — Whysht?
 11 Mutt. — The gyant Forficules with Amni the fay.
 12 Jute. — Howe?
 13 Mutt. — Here is viceking's graab.
 14 Jute. — Hwaad!
 15 Mutt. — Ore you astoneaged, jute you?
 16 Jute. — Oye am thonthorstrok, thing mud.
 17 (Stoop) if you are abcedminded, to this claybook, what curios
 18 of signs (please stoop), in this allaphbed! Can you rede since
 19 We and Thou had it out already) its world? It is the same told
 20 of all. Many. Miscegenations on miscegenations. Tieckle. They
 21 lived und laughed ant loved end left. Forsin. Thy thingdome is
 22 given to the Meades and Porsons. The meandertale, aloss and
 23 again, of our old Heidenburgh in the days when Head-in-Clouds
 24 walked the earth. In the ignorance that implies impression that
 25 knits knowledge that finds the nameform that whets the wits that
 26 convey contacts that sweeten sensation that drives desire that
 27 adheres to attachment that dogs death that bitches birth that en-
 28 tails the ensuance of existentiality. But with a rush out of his
 29 navel reaching the reredos of Ramasbatham. A terricolous vively-
 30 onview this; queer and it continues to be quaky. A hatch, a celt,
 31 an earshare the pourquose of which was to cassay the earthcrust at
 32 all of hours, furrowards, bagawards, like yoxen at the turnpaht.
 33 Here say figurines billycoose arming and mounting. Mounting and
 34 arming bellicose figurines see here. Futhorc, this liffle effingee is for
 35 a firefing called a flintforfall. Face at the eased! O I fay! Face at the
 36 waist! Ho, you fie! Upwap and dump em, ʀface to ʀace! When a

1 part so ptee does duty for the holos we soon grow to use of an
2 allforabit. Here (please to stoop) are selveran cued peteet peas of
3 quite a pecuniar interest inaslittle as they are the pellets that make
4 the tomtummy's pay roll. Right rank ragnar rocks and with these
5 Rox orangotangos rangled rough and rightgorong. Wisha, wisha,
6 whydidtha? Thik is for thorn that's thuck in its thoil like thum-
7 fool's thraitor thrust for vengeance. What a mnice old mness it
8 all mnakes! A middenhide hoard of objects! Olives, beets, kim-
9 mells, dollies, alfrids, beatties, cormacks and daltons. Owlets' eegs
10 (O stoop to please!) are here, creakish from age and all now
11 quite epsilene, and oldwolldy wobblewers, haudworth a wipe o
12 grass. Sss! See the snake wurrums everyside! Our durlbin is
13 sworming in sneaks. They came to our island from triangular
14 Toucheaterre beyond the wet prairie rared up in the midst of the
15 cargon of prohibitive pomefructs but along landed Paddy Wip-
16 pingham and the his garbagecans cotched the creeps of them
17 pricker than our whosethere outofman could quick up her whats-
18 thats. Somedivide and sumthelot but the tally turns round the
19 same balifuson. Racketeers and bottloggers.

20 Axe on thwacks on thracks, axenwise. One by one place one
21 be three dittoh and one before. Two nursus one make a plaus-
22 ible free and idim behind. Starting off with a big boaboa and three-
23 legged calvers and ivargraine jadesses with a message in their
24 mouths. And a hundreadfilled unleavenweight of liberorumqueue
25 to con an we can till all horrors eve. What a meanderthalltale to
26 unfurl and with what an end in view of squattor and anntisquattor
27 and postproneauntisquattor! To say too us to be every tim, nick
28 and larry of us, sons of the sod, sons, littlesons, yea and lealittle-
29 sons, when usses not to be, every sue, siss and sally of us, dugters
30 of Nan! Accusative ahnsire! Damadam to infinities

31 True there was in nillohs dieybos as yet no lumpend papeer
32 in the waste, and mightmountain Penn still groaned for the micies
33 to let flee. All was of ancentry. You gave me a boot (signs on
34 it!) and I ate the wind. I quizzed you a quid (with for what?) and
35 you went to the quod. But the world, mind, is, was and will be
36 writing its own wrunes for ever, man, on all matters that fall

1 under the ban of our infrarational sense fore the last milch-
2 camel, the heartvein throbbing between his eyebrowns, has still to
3 moor before the tomb of his cousin charmian where his date is
4 tethered by the palm that's hers. But the horn, the drinking, the
5 day of dread are not now. A bone, a pebble, a ramskin; chip them,
6 chap them, cut them up allways; leave them to terracook in the
7 muttheringpot: and Gutenmorg with his cromagnom charter,
8 tintingfast and great primer must once for omniboss step rub-
9 brickredd out of the wordpress else is there no virtue more in al-
10 cohoran. For that (the rapt one warns) is what papyr is meed
11 of, made of, hides and hints and misses in prints. Till ye finally
12 (though not yet endlike) meet with the acquaintance of Mister
13 Typus, Mistress Tope and all the little tytopies. Fillstup. So you
14 need hardly spell me how every word will be bound over to carry
15 three score and ten toptypsical readings throughout the book of
16 Doublends Jined (may his forehead be darkened with mud who
17 would sunder!) till Daleth, mahomahouma, who oped it closeth
18 thereof the. Dor.

19 Cry not yet! There's many a smile to Nondum, with sytty
20 maids per man, sir, and the park's so dark by kindlelight. But
21 look what you have in your handself! The movibles are scrawl-
22 ing in motions, marching, all of them ago, in pitpat and zingzang
23 for every busy eerie whig's a bit of a torytale to tell. One's upon
24 a thyme and two's behind their lettuce leap and three's among the
25 strubbely beds. And the chicks picked their teeth and the domb-
26 key he begay began. You can ask your ass if he believes it. And
27 so cuddy me only wallops have heels. That one of a wife with
28 folty barnets. For then was the age when hoops ran high. Of a
29 noarch and a chopwife; of a pomme full grave and a fammy of
30 levity; or of golden youths that wanted gelding; or of what the
31 mischievmiss made a man do. Malmarriedad he was reverso-
32 gassed by the frisque of her frasques and her prytty pyrrhique.
33 Maye faye, she's la gaye this snaky woman! From that trippiery
34 toe expectungpelick! Veil, volantine, valentine eyes. She's the
35 very besch Winnie blows Nay on good. Flou inn, flow ann.
36 Hohore! So it's sure it was her not we! But lay it easy, gentle

1 mien, we are in rearing of a norewhig. So weenybeen-
2 veenyteeny. Comsy see! Het wis if ee newt. Lissom! lissom!
3 I am doing it. Hark, the corne entreats! And the larprotes
4 prittle.
5 It was of a night, late, lang time agone, in an auldstane eld,
6 when Adam was delvin and his madameen spinning watersilts,
7 when mulk mountynotty man was everybully and the first leal
8 ribberrobber that ever had her ainway everybuddy to his love-
9 saking eyes and everybilly lived alove with everybiddy else, and
10 Jarl van Hooter had his burnt head high up in his lamphouse,
11 laying cold hands on himself. And his two little jimnies, cousins
12 of ourn, Tristopher and Hilary, were kickaheeling their dummy
13 on the oil cloth Flure of his homerigh, castle and earthenhouse.
14 And, be dermot, who come to the keep of his inn only the niece-
15 of-his-in-law, the prankquean. And the prankquean pulled a rosy
16 one and made her wit foreninst the dour. And she lit up and fire-
17 land was ablaze. And spoke she to the dour in her petty perusi-
18 enne: Mark the Wans, why do I am alook alike a poss of porter-
19 pease? And that was how the skirtmisshes began. But the dour
20 handworded her grace in dootch nossow: Shut! So her grace
21 o'malice kidsnapped up the jiminy Tristopher and into the shan-
22 dy westerness she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl van Hooter war-
23 lessed after her with soft dovesgall: Stop deaf stop come back to
24 my earin stop. But she swaradid to him: Unlikelihud. And there
25 was a brannewail that same sabboath night of falling angles some-
26 where in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years'
27 walk in Tourlemonde and she washed the blessings of the love-
28 spots off the jiminy with soap sulliver saddles and she had her
29 four owlers masters for to tauch him his tickles and she convor-
30 ted him to the onesure allgood and he became a luderman. So then
31 she started to rain and to rain and, be redtom, she was back again
32 at Jarl van Hooter's in a brace of samers and the jiminy with
33 her in her pinafrond, lace at night, at another time. And where
34 did she come but to the bar of his bristolry. And Jarl von Hoo-
35 ther had his baretholobruised heels drowned in his cellarmalt,
36 shaking warm hands with himself and the jimminy Hilary and

1 the dummy in their first infancy were below on the tearsheet,
2 wringing and coughing, like brodar and histher. And the prank-
3 quean nipped a paly one and lit up again and redcocks flew flack-
4 ering from the hillcombs. And she made her witter before the
5 wicked, saying: Mark the Twy, why do I am alook alike two poss
6 of porterpease? And: Shut! says the wicked, handwording her
7 madesty. So her madesty a forethought' set down a jiminy and
8 took up a jiminy and all the lilipath ways to Woeman's Land she
9 rain, rain, rain. And Jarl von Hoother bleethered atter her with
10 a loud finegale: Stop domb stop come back with my earring stop.
11 But the prankquean swaradid: Am liking it. And there was a wild
12 old grannewwail that laurency night of starshootings somewhere
13 in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in
14 Turnlemeem and she punched the curses of cromcruwell with
15 the nail of a top into the jiminy and she had her four larksical
16 monitrix to touch him his tears and she provorted him to the
17 onecertain allsecure and he became a tristian. So then she started
18 raining, raining, and in a pair of changers, be dom ter, she was
19 back again at Jarl von Hoother's and the Larryhill with her under
20 her abromette. And why would she halt at all if not by the ward
21 of his mansionhome of another nice lace for the third charm?
22 And Jarl von Hoother had his hurricane hips up to his pantry-
23 box, ruminating in his holdfour stomachs (Dare! O dare!), ant
24 the jiminy Toughertrees and the dummy were belove on the
25 watercloth, kissing and spitting, and roguing and poghuing, like
26 knavepaltry and naivebride and in their second infancy. And the
27 prankquean picked a blank and lit out and the valleys lay twink-
28 ling. And she made her wittest in front of the arkway of trihump,
29 asking: Mark the Tris, why do I am alook alike three poss of por-
30 ter pease? But that was how the skirtmishes enduppded. For like
31 the campbells acoming with a fork lance of-lightning, Jarl von
32 Hoother Boanerges himself, the old terror of the dames, came
33 hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened arkway of his
34 three shuttoned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic chol-
35 lar and his allabuff hemmed and his bullbraggin soxangloves
36 and his ladbroke breeks and his cattegut bandolair and his fur-

1 framed panuncular cumbottes like a rudd yellan gruebleen or-
2 angeman in his violet indigonation, to the whole length of the
3 strength of his bowman's bill. And he clopped his rude hand to
4 his eacy hitch and he ordurd and his thick spch spck for her to
5 shut up shop, dappy. And the duppy shot the shutter clup (Per-
6 kodhuskurunbargruauyagokgorlayorgromgremmitghundhurth-
7 rumathunaradidillifaititillibumullunukkunun!) And they all drank
8 free. For one man in his armour was a fat match always for any
9 girls under shurts. And that was the first peace of illiterative
10 porthery in all the flamend floody flatuous world. How kirssy the
11 tiler made a sweet unclose to the Narwhealian captol. Saw fore
12 shalt thou sea. Betoun ye and be. The prankquean was to hold
13 her dummyship and the jimminies was to keep the peacewave
14 and van Hoother was to git the wind up. Thus the hearsomeness
15 of the burger felicitates the whole of the polis.

16 O foenix culprit! Ex nickylow malo comes mickelmassed bo-
17 num. Hill, rill, ones in company, billeted, less be proud of. Breast
18 high and bestride! Only for that these will not breathe upon
19 Norronesen or Irenean the secrest of their soorcelossness. Quar-
20 ry silex, Homfrie Noanswa! Undy gentian festyknees, Livia No-
21 answa? Wolkencap is on him, frowned; audiurient, he would
22 evesdrip, were it mous at hand, were it dinn of bottles in the far
23 ear. Murk, his vales are darkling. With lipth she lithpeth to him
24 all to time of thuch on thuch and thow on thow. She he she ho
25 she ha to la. Hairfluke, if he could bad twig her! Impalpabunt,
26 he abhears. The soundwaves are his buffeteers; they trompe him
27 with their trompes; the wave of roary and the wave of hooshed
28 and the wave of hawhawhawrd and the wave of neverheedthem-
29 horseluggarsandlisteltomine. Landloughed by his neaghboormis-
30 tress and petrified in his offspring, sables and suckers, the
31 moaning pipers could tell him to his faceback, the louthly one
32 whose loab we are devorers of, how butt for his hold halibutt, or
33 her to her pudor puff, the lipalip one whose libe we drink at, how
34 biff for her tiddywink of a windfall, our breed and washer givers,
35 there would not be a holey spier on the town nor a vestal flout-
36 ing in the dock, nay to make plein avowels, nor a yew nor an eye

1 to play cash cash in Novo Nilbud by swamplight nor a' toole o'
2 tall o' toll and nobby hint to the convaynience.
3 He dug in and dug out by the skill of his tilth for himself and
4 all belonging to him and he sweated his crew beneath his auspice
5 for the living and he urned his dread, that dragon volant, and he
6 made louse for us and delivered us to boll weevils amain, that
7 mighty liberator, Unfru-Chikda-Uru-Wukru and begad he did,
8 our ancestor most worshipful, till he thought of a better one in
9 his windower's house with that blushmantle upon him from ears-
10 end to earsend. And would again could whispring grassies wake
11 him and may again when the fiery bird disembers. And will
12 again if so be sooth by elder to his youngers shall be said. Have
13 you whines for my wedding, did you bring bride and bedding,
14 will you whoop for my deading is a? *Wake? Usgueadbaugham!*
15 Anam muck an dhou! Did ye drink me doornail?
16 Now be aisy, good Mr Finnimore, sir. And take your laysure
17 like a god on pension and don't be walking abroad. Sure you'd
18 only lose yourself in Healiopolis now the way your roads in
19 Kapelavaster are that winding there after the calvary, the North
20 Umbrian and the Fivs Barrow and Waddlings Raid and the
21 Bower Moore and wet your feet maybe with the foggy dew's
22 abroad. Meeting some sick old bankrupt or the Cottericks' donkey
23 with his shoe hanging, clankatachankata, or a slut snoring with an
24 impure infant on a bench. 'Twould turn you against life, so
25 'twould. And the weather's that mean too. To part from Devlin
26 is hard as Nugent knew, to leave the clean tanglesome one lushier
27 than its neighbour enfranchisable fields but let your ghost have
28 no grievance. You're better off, sir, where you are, primesigned
29 in the full of your dress, bloodeagle waistcoat and all, remember-
30 ing your shapes and sizes on the pillow of your babycurls under
31 your sycamore by the keld water where the Tory's clay will scare
32 the varmints and have all you want, pouch, gloves, flask, bricket,
33 kerchief, ring and amberulla, the whole treasure of the pyre, in the
34 land of souls with Homin and Broin Baroke and pole ole Lonan
35 and Nobucketnozzler and the Guinnghis Khan. And we'll be
36 coming here, the ombre players, to rake your gravel and bringing

1 you presents, won't we, fenians? And il isn't our spittle we'll stint
2 you of, is it, druids? Not shabby little imagettes, pennydirts and
3 dodgemyeyes you buy in the soottee stores. But offerings of the
4 field. Mieliodories, that Doctor Faherty, the madison man,
5 taught to gooden you. Poppypap's a passport out. And honey is
6 the holiest thing ever was, hive, comb and earwax, the food for
7 glory, (mind you keep the pot or your nectar cup may yield too
8 light!) and some goat's milk, sir, like the maid used to bring you.
9 Your fame is spreading like Basilico's ointment since the Fintan
10 Lalors piped you overborder and there's whole households be-
11 yond the Bothnians and they calling names after you. The men-
12 here's always talking of you sitting around on the pig's cheeks
13 under the sacred rooftree, over the bowls of memory where every
14 hollow holds a hallow, with a pledge till the drengs, in the Salmon
15 House. And admiring to our supershillelagh where the palmsweat
16 on high is the mark of your manument. All the toethpicks ever
17 Eirenesians chewed on are chips chepped from that battery
18 block. If you were bowed and soild and letdown itself from the
19 oner of the load it was that paddyplanters might pack up plenty and
20 when you were undone in every point fore the laps of goddesses
21 you showed our labourlasses how to free was easy. The game old
22 Gunne, they do be saying, (skull!) that was a planter for you, a
23 spicer of them all. Begog but he was, the G.O.G! He's dudd-
24 andgunne now and we're apter finding the sores of his sedeq
25 but peace to his great limbs, the buddhoch, with the last league
26 long rest of him, while the millioncandled eye of Tuskar sweeps
27 the Moylean Main! There was never a warlord in Great Erinnes
28 and Brettland, no, nor in all Pike County like you, they say. No,
29 nor a king nor an ardking, bung king, sung king or hung king.
30 That you could fell an elmstree twelve urchins couldn't ring
31 round and hoist high the stone that Liam failed. Who but a Mac-
32 cullaghmore the reise of our fortunes and the faunayman at the
33 funeral to compass our cause? If you was hooglebully itself and
34 most frifty like you was taken waters still what all where was
35 your like to lay the cable or who was the batter could better
36 Your Grace? Mick Mac Magnus MacCawley can take you off to

1 the pure perfection and Leatherbags Reynolds tries your shuffle
2 and cut. But as Hopkins and Hopkins puts it, you were the pale
3 eggynaggy and a kis to tilly up. We calls him the journeyall
4 Buggaloffs since he went Jerusalemfaring in Arssia Manor. You
5 had a gamier cock than Pete, Jake or Martin and your archgoose
6 of geese stubbled for All Angels' Day. So may the priest of seven
7 worms and scalding tayboil, Papa Vestray, come never anear you
8 as your hair grows wheater beside the Liffey that's in Heaven!
9 Hep, hep, hurrah there! Hero! Seven times thereto we salute
10 you! The whole bag of kits, falconplumes and jackboots incloted,
11 is where you flung them that time. Your heart is in the system
12 of the Shewolf and your crested head is in the tropic of Copri-
13 capron. Your feet are in the cloister of Virgo. Your olala is in the
14 region of sahuls. And that's ashore as you were born. Your shuck
15 tick's swell. And that there texas is tow linen. The loamsome
16 roam to Laffayette is ended. Drop in your tracks, babe! Be not
17 unrested! The headboddylwatcher of the chempel of Isid,
18 Totumcalmum, saith: I know thee, metherjar, I know thee, sal-
19 vation boat. For we have performed upon thee, thou abramana-
20 tion, who comest ever without being invoked, whose coming
21 is unknown, all the things which the company of the precentors
22 and of the grammarians of Christpatrick's ordered concerning
23 thee in the matter of the work of thy tombing. Howe of the ship-
24 men, steep wall!

25 Everything's going on the same or so it appeals to all of us,
26 in the old holmsted here. Coughings all over the sanctuary, bad
27 scrant to me aunt Florenza. The horn for breakfast, one o'gong
28 for lunch and dinnerchime. As popular as when Belly the First
29 was keng and his members met in the Diet of Man. The same
30 shop slop in the window. Jacob's lettercrackers and Dr Tipple's
31 Vi-Cocoa and the Eswuards' desippated soup beside Mother Sea-
32 gull's syrup. Meat took a drop when Reilly-Parsons failed. Coal's
33 short but we've plenty of bog in the yard. And barley's up again,
34 begrained to it. The lads is attending school nessans regular, sir,
35 spelling beesknees with hathatansy and turning out tables by
36 mudapplication. Allfor the books and never pegging smashers

1 after Tom Bowe Glassarse or Timmy the Tosser. 'Tisraeli the
2 truth! No isn't it, roman pathoricks? You were the doublejoynted
3 janitor the morning they were delivered and you'll be a grandfer
4 yet entirely when the ritehand seizes what the lovearm knows.
5 Kevin's just a doat with his cherub cheek, chalking oghres on
6 walls, and his little lamp and schoolbelt and bag of knicks, playing
7 postman's knock round the diggings and if the seep were milk
8 you could lieve his olde by his ide but, laus sake, the devil does
9 be in that knirps of a Jerry sometimes, the tarandtan plaidboy,
10 making encostive inkum out of the last of his lavings and writing
11 a blue streak over his bourseday shirt. Hetty Jane's a child of
12 Mary. She'll be coming (for they're sure to choose her) in her
13 white of gold with a tource of ivy to rekindle the flame on Felix
14 Day. But Essie Shanahan has let down her skirts. You remember
15 Essie in our Luna's Convent? They called her Holly Merry her
16 lips were so ruddyberry and Pia de Purebelle when the redminers
17 riots was on about her. Were I a clerk designate to the Williams-
18 woodsmenufactors I'd poster those pouters on every jamb in the
19 town. She's making her rep at Lanner's twicenightly. With the
20 tabarine tamtammers of the whirligimagees. Beats that cachucha
21 flat. 'Twould dilate your heart to go.

22 Aisy now, you decent man, with your knees and lie quiet and
23 repose your honour's lordship! Hold him here, Ezekiel Irons, and
24 may God strengthen you! It's our warm spirits, boys, he's spoor-
25 ing. Dimitrius O'Flagonan, cork that cure for the Clancartys! You
26 swamped enough since Portobello to float the Pomeroy. Fetch
27 neahere, Pat Koy! And fetch nouyou, Pam Yates! Be nayther
28 angst of Wramawitch! Here's lumbos. Where misties swaddlum,
29 where misches lodge none, where mystries pour kind on, O
30 sleepy! So be yet!

31 I've an eye on queer Behan and old Kate and the butter, trust me.
32 She'll do no juggywuggly with her war souvenir postcards to
33 help to build me mural, tippers! I'll trip your traps! Assure a
34 sure there! And we put on your clock again, sir, for you. Did or
35 didn't we, sharestutterers? So you won't be up a stump entirely.
36 Nor shed your remnants. The sternwheel's crawling strong. I

1 seen your missus in the hall. Like the queenoveire. Arrah, it's
2 herself that's fine, too, don't be talking! Shirksends? You storyan
3 Harry chap longa me Harry chap storyan grass woman plelthy
4 good trout. Shakeshands. Dibble a hayfork's wrong with her only
5 her lex's salig. Boald Tib does be yawning and smirking cat's
6 hours on the Pollockses' woolly round tabouretcushion watch-
7 ing her sewing a dream together, the tailor's daughter, stitch to
8 her last. Or while waiting for winter to fire the enchantement,
9 decoying more nesters to fall down the flue. It's allavalonche that
10 blows nopussy food. If you only were there to explain the mean-
11 ing, best of men, and talk to her nice of guldenselver. The lips
12 would moisten once again. As when you drove with her to Fin-
13 drinny Fair. What with reins here and ribbons there all your
14 hands were employed so she never knew was she on land or at
15 sea or swooped through the blue like Airwinger's bride. She
16 was flirtsome then and she's fluttersome yet. She can second a
17 song and adores a scandal when the last post's gone by. Fond of
18 a concertina and pairs passing when she's had her forty winks
19 for supper after kanekannan and abbely dimpling and is in her
20 merlin chair assotted, reading her Evening World. To see is
21 it smarts, full lengths or swaggers. News, news, all the news.
22 Death, a leopard, kills fellah in Fez. Angry scenes at Stormount.
23 Stilla Star with her lucky in goingaways. Opportunity fair with
24 the China floods and we hear these rosy rumours. Ding Tams he
25 noise about all same Harry chap. She's seeking her way, a chickle
26 a chuckle, in and out of their serial story, *Les Loves of Selskar*
27 *et Pervenche*, freely adapted to *The Novvergin's Viv*. There'll
28 be bluebells blowing in salty sepulchres the night she signs her
29 final tear. Zee End. But that's a world of ways away. Till track
30 laws time. No silver ash or switches for that one! While flattering
31 candles flare. Anna Stacey's how are you! Worther waist in the
32 noblest, says Adams and Sons, the wouldpay actionneers. Her
33 hair's as brown as ever it was. And wivvy and wavy. Repose you
34 now! Finn no more!
35 For, be that samesake sibsubstitute of a hooky salmon, there's
36 already a big rody ram lad at random on the premises of his

1 haunt of the hungred bordles, as it is told me. Shop Illicit,
2 flourishing like a lordmajor or a buaboabaybohm, litting flop
3 a deadlop (aloose!) to lee but lifting a bennbranch a yardalong
4 (Ivoeh!) the breezy side (for showm!), the height of Brew-
5 ster's chimpney and as broad below as Phineas Barnum; humph-
6 ing his share of the showthers is senken on him he's such a
7 grandfallar, with a pocked wife in pickle that's a flyfire and three
8 lice nittle clinkers, two twilling bugs and one midgit pucelle.
9 And aither he cursed and recused and was everseen doing what
10 your fourfootlers saw or he was never done seeing what you cool-
11 pigeons know, weep the clouds aboon for smiledown witnesses,
12 and that'll do now about the fairyhees and the frailyshees.
13 Though Eset fibble it to the zephiroth and Artsa zoom it round
14 her heavens for ever. Creator he has created for his creatured
15 ones a creation. White monothoid? Red theatrocrat? And all the
16 pinkprophets cohaleting? Very much so! But however 'twas
17 'tis sure for one thing, what sherif Toragh voucherfors and
18 Mapqiq makes put out, that the man, Humme the Cheapner,
19 Esc, overseen as we thought him, yet a worthy of the naym,
20 came at this timecoloured place where we live in our paroqial
21 fermament one tide on another, with a bumrush in a hull of a
22 wherry, the twin turbane dhow, *The Bey for Dybbling*, this
23 archipelago's first visiting schooner, with a wicklowpattern
24 waxenwench at her prow for a figurehead, the deadsea dugong
25 updipdripping from his depths, and has been repreching him-
26 self like a fishmummer these siktyten years ever since, his shebi
27 by his shide, adi and aid, growing hoarish under his turban and
28 changing cane sugar into sethulose starch (Tuttut's cess to him!)
29 as also that, batin the bulkihood he bloats about when innebbi-
30 ated, our old offender was humile, commune and ensectuous
31 from his nature, which you may gauge after the bynames was
32 put under him, in lashons of languages, (honnein suit and
33 praisers be!) and, totalisating him, even hamissim of himashim
34 that he, sober serious, he is ee and no counter he who will be
35 ultimendly respunchable for the hubbub caused in Eden-
36 borough.

1 Now (to forebare for ever solittle of Iris Trees and Lili O'Ran-
2 gans), concerning the genesis of Harold or Humphrey Chimp-
3 den's occupational agnomen (we are back in the presurnames
4 prodromarith period, of course just when enos chalked halltraps)
5 and discarding once for all those theories from older sources which
6 would link him back with such pivotal ancestors as the Glues, the
7 Gravys, the Northeasts, the Ankers and the Earwickers of Sidles-
8 ham in the Hundred of Manhood or proclaim him offsprout of
9 vikings who had founded wapentake and seddled hem in Herrick
10 or Eric, the best authenticated version, the Dumlat, read the
11 Reading of Hofed-ben-Edar, has it that it was this way. We ate
12 told how in the beginning it came to pass that like cabbaging
13 Cincinnatus the grand old gardener was saving daylight under his
14 redwoodtree one sultry sabbath afternoon, Hag Chivychas Eve,
15 in prefall paradise peace by following his plough for rootles in the
16 rere garden of mobhouse, ye olde marine hotel,when royalty was
17 announced by runner to have been pleased to have halted itself on
18 the highroad along which a leisureloving dogfox had cast fol-
19 lowed, also at walking pace, by a lady pack of cocker spaniels. For-
20 getful of all save his vassal's plain fealty to the ethnarch Humphrey
21 or Harold stayed not to yoke or saddle but stumbled out hotface
22 as he was (his sweatful bandanna loose from his pocketcoat) hast-
23 ing to the forecourts of his public in topee, surcingle, solascarf and
24 plaid, plus fours, puttees and bulldog boots ruddled cinnabar with

1 flagrant marl, jingling his turnpike keys and bearing aloft amid
2 the fixed pikes of the hunting party a high perch atop of which a
3 flowerpot was fixed earthside hoist with care. On his majesty, who
4 was, or often feigned to be, noticeably longsighted from green
5 youth and had been meaning to inquire what, in effect, had caused
6 yon causeway to be thus potholed, asking substitutionally to be
7 put wise as to whether paternoster and silver doctors were not
8 now more fancied bait for lobstertrapping honest blunt Harom-
9 phreyld answered in no uncertain tones very similarly with a fear-
10 less forehead: Naw, yer magggers, aw war jist a cotchin on thon
11 bluggy earwuggers. Our sailor king, who was draining a gugglet
12 of obvious adamale, gift both and gorban, upon this, ceasing to
13 swallow, smiled most heartily beneath his walrus moustaches and
14 indulging that none too genial humour which William the Conk
15 on the spindle side had inherited with the hereditary whitelock
16 and some shortfingeredness from his greataunt Sophy, turned to-
17 wards two of his retinue of gallowglasses, Michael, etheling lord
18 of Leix and Offaly and the jubilee mayor of Drogheda, Elcock,
19 (the two scatterguns being Michael M. Manning, protosyndic of
20 Waterford and an Italian excellency named Giubilei according to
21 a later version cited by the learned scholarch Canavan of Can-
22 makenoise), in either case a triptychal religious family symbolising
23 puritas of doctrina, business per usuals and the purchypatch of
24 hamlock where the paddish preties grow and remarked dilsydul-
25 sily: Holybones of Saint Hubert how our red brother of Pour-
26 ingrainia would audibly fume did he know that we have for sur-
27 trusty bailiwick a turnpiker who is by turns a pikebailer no sel-
28 tomer than an earwigger For he kinned Jom Pill with his court
29 so gray and his haunts in his house in the mourning. (One still
30 hears that pebble crusted laughta, japijap cheerycherrily, among
31 the roadside tree the lady Holmpatrick planted and still one feels
32 the amossive silence of the cladstone allegibelling: Ive mies outs
33 ide Bourn.) Comes the question are these the facts of his nom-
34 inigentilisation as recorded and accolated in both or either of the
35 collateral andrewpaulmurphyc narratives. Are those their fata
36 which we read in sibylline between the fas and its nefas? No dung

1 on the road? And shall Nohomiah be our place like? Yea, Mulachy
2 our kingable khan? We shall perhaps not so soon see. Pinck
3 poncks that bail for seeks alicence where cumsceptres with scen-
4 taurs stay. Bear in mind, son of Hokmah, if so be you have me-
5 theg in your midness, this man is mountain and unto changeth
6 doth one ascend. Heave we aside the fallacy, as punical as finikin,
7 that it was not the king kingself but his inseparable sisters, un-
8 controllable nighttalkers, Skertsiraizde with Donyahzade, who
9 afterwards, when the robberers shot up the socialights, came down
10 into the world as amusers and were staged by Madame Sudlow
11 as Rosa and Lily Miskinguette in the pantalime that two pitts
12 paythronosed, Miliodorus and Galathee. The great fact emerges
13 that after that historic date all holographs so far exhumed ini-
14 tialled by Haromphrey bear the sigla H.C.E. and while he was
15 only and long and always good Dook Umphrey for the hunger-
16 lean spalpeens of Lucalizod and Chimbers to his cronies it was
17 equally certainly a pleasant turn of the populace which gave him
18 as sense of those normative letters the nickname Here Comes
19 Everybody. An imposing everybody he always indeed looked,
20 constantly the same as and equal to himself and magnificently well
21 worthy of any and all such universalisation, every time he con-
22 tinually surveyed, amid vociferatings from in front of *Accept these*
23 *few nutties! and Take off that white hat!, relieved with Stop his Grog*
24 *and Put It in the Log and Loots in his (bassvoco) Boots*, from good
25 start to happy finish the truly catholic assemblage gathered together
26 in that king's treat house of satin alustrelike above floats and foot-
27 lights from their assbawveldts and oxgangs unanimously to clap-
28 plaud (the inspiration of his lifetime and the hits of their careers)
29 Mr Wallenstein Washington Semperkelly's immergreen tourers
30 in a command performance by special request with the courteous
31 permission for pious purposes the homedromed and enlivened
32 performance of problem passion play of the millentury, running
33 strong since creation, *A Royal Divorce*, then near the approach
34 towards the summit of its climax, with ambitious interval band
35 selections from *The Bo' Girl and The Lily* on all horserie show
36 command nights from his viceregal booth (his bossaloner is ceil-

1 inged there a cuckoospit less eminent than the redritualhoods of
2 Maccabe and Cullen) where, a veritable Napoleon the Nth, our
3 worldstage's practical jokepiece and retired cecelticocommediant
4 in his own wise,this folksforefather all of the time sat,having the
5 entirety of his house about him, with the invariable broadstretched
6 kerchief cooling his whole neck, nape and shoulderblades and in
7 a wardrobe panelled tuxedo completely thrown back from a shirt
8 well entitled a swallowwall, on every point far outstarching the
9 laundered clawhammers and marbletopped highboys of the pit
10 stalls and early amphitheatre. The piece was this: look at the lamps.
11 The cast was thus: see under the clock. Ladies circle: cloaks may
12 be left. Pit, prommer and parterre, standing room only. Habituels
13 conspicuously emergent.

14 A baser meaning has been read into these characters the literal
15 sense of which decency can safely scarcely hint. It has been blur-
16 tingly bruited by certain wisecrackers (the stinks of Mohorat are
17 in the nightplots of the morning), that he suffered from a vile
18 disease. Athma, unmanner them! To such a suggestion the one
19 selfrespecting answer is to affirm that there are certain statements
20 which ought not to be, and one should like to hope to be able to
21 add, ought not to be allowed to be made. Nor have his detractors,
22 who, an imperfectly warmblooded race, apparently conceive him
23 as a great white caterpillar capable of any and every enormity in
24 the calendar recorded to the discredit of the Juke and Kellikek
25 families, mended their case by insinuating that, alternately, he lay
26 at one time under the ludicrous imputation of annoying Welsh
27 fusiliers in the people's park. Hay, hay, hay! Hoq, hoq, hoq!
28 Faun and Flora on the lea love that little old joq. To anyone who
29 knew and loved the christlikeness of the big cleanminded giant
30 H. C. Earwicker throughout his excellency long vicefreegal exis-
31 tence the mere suggestion of him as a lustsleuth nosing for trou-
32 ble in a boobytrap rings particularly preposterous. Truth, beard
33 on prophet, compels one to add that there is said to have been
34 quondam (pfuit! pfuit!) some case of the kind implicating, it is
35 interdum believed, a quidam (if he did not exist it would be ne-
36 cessary quoniam to invent him) abhout that time stambuling ha-

1 round Dumbaling in leaky sneakers with his tarrk record who
2 has remained topantically anonymos but (let us hue him Abdul-
3 lah Gamellaxarksky) was, it is stated, posted at Mallon's at the
4 instance of watch warriors of the vigilance committee and years
5 afterwards, cries one even greater, lbid, a commender of the
6 frightful, seemingly, unto such as were sulhan sated, tropped head
7 (pfiat! pfiat!) waiting his first of the month froods turn for
8 thatt chopp pah kabbakks alicubi on the old house for the charge-
9 hard, Roche Haddocks off Hawkins Street. Lowe, you blondy
10 liar, Gob scene you in the narked place and she what's edith ar
11 home defileth these boyles! There's a cabful of bash indeed in
12 the homeur of that meal. Slander, let it lie its flattest, has never
13 been able to convict our good and great and no ordinary Southron
14 Earwicker, that homogenius man, as a pious author called him, of
15 any graver impropriety than that, advanced by some woodwards
16 or regardsers, who did not dare deny, the shomers, that they had,
17 chin Ted, chin Tam, chinchin Taffyd, that day consumed their
18 soul of the corn, of having behaved with ongentilmensky im-
19 modus opposite a pair of dainty maidservants in the swoolth of
20 the rushy hollow whither, or so the two gown and pinner's plead-
21 ed, dame nature in all innocency had spontaneously and about the
22 same hour of the eventide sent them both but whose published
23 combinations of silkinlaine testimonies are, where not dubiously
24 pure, visibly divergent, as wapt from wept, on minor points touch-
25 which was admittedly an incautious but, at its wildest, a partial ex-
26 ing the intimate nature of this, a first offence in vert or venison
27 posure with such attenuating circumstances (garthen gaddeth green
28 hwere sokeman brideth girling) as an abnormal Saint Swithin's
29 summer and, (Jesses Rosasharon!) a ripe occasion to provoke it.
30 We can't do without them. Wives, rush to the restyours! Of-
31 man will toman while led is the lol. Zessid's our kadem, villa-
32 pleach, vollapluck. Fikup, for flesh nelly, el mundo nov, zole flen!
33 If she's a lilyth, pull early! Pauline, allow! And malers abushed,
34 keep black, keep black! Guiltless of much laid to him he was
35 clearly for once at least he clearly expressed himself as being with
36 still a trace of his erstwhile burr sod hence it has been received of

1 us that it is true. They tell the story (an amalgam as absorbing as
2 calzium chloereydes and hydrophobe sponges could make it) how
3 one happygogusty Ides-of-April morning (the anniversary, as it
4 fell out,of his first assumption of his mirthday suit and rights in
5 appurtenance to the confusioning of human races) ages and ages
6 after the alleged misdemeanour when the tried friend of all crea-
7 tion, tigerwood roadstaff to his stay, was billowing across the
8 wide expanse of our greatest park in his caoutchouc kepi and
9 great belt and hideinsacks and his blaufunx fustian and ironsides
10 jackboots and Bhagafat gaiters and his rubberised inverness, he
11 met a cad with a pipe. The latter, the luciferant not the oriulate
12 (who, the odds are, is still berting dagabout in the same straw
13 bamer, carryin his overgoat under his schulder, sheepside out, so
14 as to look more like a coumfry gentleman and signing the pledge
15 as gaily as you please) hardily accosted him with: Guinness thaw
16 tool in jew me dinner ouzel fin? (a nice how-do-you-do in Pool-
17 black at the time as some of our olddaisers may still tremblingly
18 recall) to ask could he tell him how much a clock it was that the
19 clock struck had he any idea by cock's luck as his watch was
20 bradys. Hesitency was clearly to be evitated. Execration as cleverly
21 to be honnisoid. The Earwicker of that spurring instant, realising
22 on fundamental liberal principles the supreme importance, nexally
23 and noxally, of physical life (the nearest help relay being pingping
24 K. O. Sempatrick's Day and the fenian rising) and unwishful as
25 he felt of being hurled into eternity right then, plugged by a soft-
26 nosed bullet from the sap, halted, quick on the draw, and reply-
27 in that he was feelin tipstaff, cue, prodooced from his gunpocket
28 his Jurgensen's shrapnel waterbury, ours by communionism, his
29 by usucapture, but, on the same stroke, hearing above the skirl-
30 ing of harsh Mother East old Fox Goodman, the bellmaster, over
31 the wastes to south, at work upon the ten ton tonuant thunder-
32 ous tenor toller in the speckled church (Couhounin's call!) told
33 the inquiring kidder, by Jehova, it was twelve of em sidereal and
34 tankard time, adding, buttall, as he bended deeply with smoked
35 sardinish breath to give more pondus to the copperstick he pre-
36 sented (though this seems in some cumfusium with the chap-

1 stuck ginger which, as being of sours, acids, salts, sweets and
2 bitters compounded, we know him to have used as chaw-
3 chaw for bone, muscle, blood, flesh and vimvital,) that where-
4 as the hakusay accusation againstm had been made, what was
5 known in high quarters as was stood stated in Morganspost, by
6 a creature in youman form who was quite beneath parr and sever-
7 al degrees lower than yore triplehydrad snake. In greater sup-
8 port of his word (it, quaint 'anticipation of a famous phrase, has
9 been reconstricted out of oral style into the verbal for all time
10 with ritual rhythemics, in quiritary quietude, and toosammen-
11 stucked from successive accounts by Noah Webster in the re-
12 daction known as the Sayings Attributive of H. C. Earwicker,
13 prize on schillings, postlots free), the flaxen Gygas tapped his
14 chronometrum drumdrum and, now standing full erect, above
15 the ambijacent floodplain, scene of its happening, with one Ber-
16 lin gauntlet chopstuck in the hough of his ellboge (by ancientest
17 signlore his gesture meaning: ∃!) pointed at an angle of thirty-
18 two degrees towards his *duc de Fer's* overgrown milestone as
19 fellow to his gage and after a rendypresent pause averred with
20 solemn emotion's fire: Shsh shake, co-comeraid! Me only, them
21 five ones, he is equal combat. I have won straight. Hence my
22 nonation wide hotel and creamery establishments which for the
23 honours of our mewmew mutual daughters, credit me, I am woo-
24 woo willing to take my stand, sir, upon the monument, that sign
25 of our ruru redemption, any hygienic day to this hour and to
26 make my hoath to my sinnfinners, even if I get life for it, upon
27 the Open Bible and before the Great Taskmaster's (I lift my hat!)
28 and in the presence of the Deity Itself andwell of Bishop and
29 Mrs Michan of High Church of England as of all such of said
30 my immediate withdwellers and of every living sohole in every
31 corner wheresoever of this globe in general which useth of my
32 British to my backbone tongue and commutative justice that
33 there is not one tittle of truth, allow me to tell you, in that purest
34 of fibfib fabrications.

35 Gaping Gill, swift to mate errthors, stern to checkself, (diag-
36 nosing through eustacetube that it was to make with a markedly

1 postpuberal hypertituitary type of Heidelberg manneich cavern
2 ethics) lufted his slopingforward, bad Sweatagore good mur-
3 rough and dublnotch on to it as he was greedily obliged, and
4 like a sensible ham, with infinite tact in the delicate situation seen
5 the touchy nature of its perilous theme, thanked um for guilders
6 received and time of day (not a little token abock all the same that
7 that was owl the God's clock it was) and, upon humble duty to
8 greet his Tyskminister and he shall gildthegap Gaper and thee
9 his a mouldy voids, went about his business, whoever it was,
10 saluting corpses, as a metter of corse (one could hound him out
11 had one hart to for the monticules of scalp and dandruff drop-
12 pings blaze his trail) accompanied by his trusty snorler and his
13 permanent reflection,verbigracious; I have met with you, bird,
14 too late, or if not, too worm and early: and with tag for ildiot repeated
15 in his secondmouth language as many of the bigtimer's verbaten
16 words which he could balbly call to memory that same kveldeve,
17 ere the hour of the twattering of bards in the twitterlitter between
18 Druidia and the Deepsleep Sea, when suppertide and souvenir to
19 Charlatan Mall jointly kem gently and along the quiet darkenings
20 of Grand and Royal, ff, flitmansfluh, and, kk, 't crept i' hedge
21 whenas to many a softongue's pawkytalk mude unswer u sufter
22 poghyogh, Arvanda always aquiassent, while, studying castelles
23 in the blowne and studding cowshots over the noran, he spat in
24 careful convertedness a musaic dispensation about his *hearthstone*,
25 if you please, (Irish saliva, *mawshe dho hole*, but would a respect-
26 able prominently connected fellow of Iro-European ascendances
27 with welldressed ideas who knew the correct thing such as Mr
28 Shallwesigh or Mr Shallwelaugh expectorate after such a callous
29 fashion, no thank yous! when he had his belcher spuckertuck in his
30 pucket, pthuck?) musefed with his thockits after having supped
31 of the dish sot and pottage which he snobbishly dabbed Peach
32 Bombay (it is rawly only Lukanpukan pilzenpie which she knows
33 which senaffed and pibered him), a supreme of excelling peas,
34 balled under minnshogue's milk into whitemalt winesour, a pro-
35 viant the littlebilker hoarsely relished, chaff it, in the snevel season,
36 being as fain o't as your rat wi'fennel; and on this celebrating

1 occasion of the happy escape, for a crowning of pot valiance,
2 this regional platter, benjamin of bouillis, with a polish olive to
3 middlepoint its zaynith, was marrying itself (porkograso!) ere-
4 busqued very deluxiously with a bottle of Phenice-Bruerie '98,
5 followed for second nuptials by a Piessporter, Grand Cur, of
6 both of which cherished tablelights (though humble the bounquet
7 'tis a leaman's farewell) he obdurately sniffed the cobwebcruled
8 corks.

9 Our cad's bit of strife (knee Bareniece Maxwellton) with a quick
10 ear for spittoons (as the aftertale hath it) glaned up as usual with
11 dumbestic husbandry (no persicks and armelians for thee, Pome-
12 ranzia!) but, slipping the clav in her claw, broke of the matter
13 among a hundred and eleven others in her usual curtsey (how
14 faint these first vhespers womanly are, a secret pispigliando, amad
15 the lavurdy den of their manfolker!) the next night nudge one
16 as was Hegesippus over a hup a ' chee, her eys dry and small and
17 speech thicklish because he appeared a funny colour like he
18 couldn't stood they old hens no longer, to her particular reverend,
19 the director, whom she had been meaning in her mind primarily
20 to speak with (hosch, intra! jist a timblespoon!) trusting, between
21 cuppled lips and annie lawrie promises (mighshe never have
22 Esnekerry pudden come Hunanov for her pecklapitschens!) that
23 the gossip so delivered in his epistolear, buried teatoastally in
24 their Irish stew would go no further than his jesuit's cloth, yet
25 (in vinars venitas! volatiles valetotum!) it was this overspoiled
26 priest Mr Browne, disguised as a vincentian, who, when seized
27 of the facts, was overheard, in his secondary personality as a
28 Nolan and underreared, poul soul, by accident—if, that is, the
29 incident it was an accident for here the ruah of Ecclectiastes
30 of Hippo outpuffs the writress of Havvah-ban-Annah—to
31 pianissime a slightly varied version of Crookedribs confidentials,
32 (what Mere Aloyse said but for Jesuphine's sake!) hands between
33 hahands, in fealty sworn (my bravor best! my fraur!) and, to the
34 strains of *The Secret of Her Birth*, hushly pierce the rubiend
35 aurellum of one Philly Thurnston, a layteacher of rural science
36 and orthophonethics of a nearstout figure and about the middle

1 of his forties during a priestly flutter for safe and sane bets at the
2 hippic runfields of breezy Baldoyle on a date (W. W. goes
3 through the cald) easily capable of remembrance by all pickers-
4 up of events national and Dublin details, the doubles of Perkin
5 and Paullock, peer and prole, when the classic Encourage Hackney
6 Plate was captured by two noses in a stablecloth finish,ek and nek,
7 some and none, evelo nevelo, from the cream colt Bold Boy
8 Cromwell after a clever getaway by Captain Chaplain Blount's
9 roe hinny Saint Dalough, Drummer Coxon, nondepict third, at
10 breakneck odds, thanks to you great little, bonny little, portey
11 little, Winny Widger! you're all their nappies! who in his never-
12 rip mud and purpular cap was surely leagues unlike any other
13 phantomweight that ever toppitt our timber maggies.

14 'Twas two pisononse Timcovos (the wetter is pest, the renns are
15 overt and come and the voax of the turfur is hurled on our lande)
16 of the name of Treacle Tom as was just out of pop following the
17 theft of a leg of Kehoe, Donnelly and Packenham's Finnish pork
18 and his own blood and milk brother Frisky Shorty, (he was, to be
19 exquisitely punctilious about them, both shorty and frisky) a tip-
20 ster, come off the hulks, both of them awful poor, what was out
21 on the bumaround for an oofbird game for a jimmy o'goblin or
22 a small thick un as chanced, while the Seaforths was making the
23 colleenbawl, to ear the passon in the motor clobber make use of
24 his law language (Edzo, Edzo on), touchin the case of Mr Adams
25 what was in all the sundays about it which he was rubbing noses
26 with and having a gurgle off his own along of the butty bloke in
27 the specs.

28 This Treacle Tom to whom reference has been made had
29 been absent from his usual wild and woolly haunts in the land
30 of counties capalleens for some time previous to that (he was, in
31 fact, in the habit of frequenting common lodginghouses where
32 he slept in a nude state, hailfellow with meth, in strange men's
33 cots) but on racenight, blotto after divers tots of hell fire, red
34 biddy, bull dog, blue ruin and creeping jenny, Eglandine's choic-
35 est herbage, supplied by the Duck and Doggies, the Galop-
36 ping Primrose, Brigid Brewster's, the Cock, the Postboy's Horn,

1 the Little Old Man's and All Swell That Aimswell, the Cup and
2 the Stirrup, he sought his wellwarmed leababobed in a hous-
3 ingroom Abide With Oneanother at Block W.W., (why didn't
4 he back it?) Pump Court, The Liberties, and, what with
5 moltapuke on voltapuke, resnored alcoh alchoho alcoharently to
6 the burden of *I come, my horse delayed*, nom num, the sub-
7 stance of the tale of the evangelical bussybozzy and the rusinur-
8 bean (the 'girls' he would keep calling them for the collarette
9 and skirt, the sunbonnet and carnation) in parts (it seemed he
10 was before the eyots of martas or otherwales the thirds of fossil-
11 years, he having beham with katya when lavinias had her mens
12 lease to sea in a psumpship doodly show whereat he was looking
13 for fight niggers with whilde roarses) oft in the chilly night (the
14 metagonistic! the epickthalamorous!) during uneasy slumber in
15 their hearings of a small and stonybroke cashdraper's executive,
16 Peter Cloran (discharged), O'Mara, an exprivate secretary of no
17 fixed abode (locally known as Mildew Lisa), who had passed
18 several nights, funnish enough, in a doorway under the blankets
19 of homelessness on the bunk of iceland, pillowed upon the stone
20 of destiny colder than man's knee or woman's breast, and
21 Hosty, (no slouch of a name), an illstarred beachbusker, who,
22 sans rootie and sans scrapie, suspicioning as how he was setting
23 on a twoodstool on the verge of selfabyss, most starved, with
24 melancholia over everything in general, (night birman, you served
25 him with natigal's nano!) had been towhead tossing on his shake-
26 down, devising ways and manners of means, of what he loved
27 to ifidalicence somehow or other in the nation getting a hold of
28 some chap's parabellum in the hope of taking a wing sociable
29 and lighting upon a sidewheel dive somewhere off the Dullkey
30 Downlairy and Bleakrooky tramaline where he could throw true
31 and go and blow the sibicidal napper off himself for two bits to
32 boldywell baltitude in the peace and quitybus of a one sure shot
33 bottle, he after having being trying all he knew with the lady's
34 help of Madam Gristle for upwards of eighteen calanders to get
35 out of Sir Patrick Dun's, through Sir Humphrey Jervis's and
36 into the Saint Kevin's bed in the Adelaide's hosspittles (from

1 these incurable wellslays among those uncarable wellasdays
2 through Sant Iago by his cocklehat, goot Lazar, deliver us!)
3 without after having been able to jerrywangle it anysides. Lisa
4 O'Deavis and Roche Mongan (who had so much uncommon,
5 epipsychidically; if the phrase be permitted *hostis et odor insuper*
6 *petroperfractus*) as an understood thing slept their sleep of the
7 swimborne in the one sweet undulant mother of tumblerbunks
8 with Hosty just how the shavers in the shaw the yokels in the
9 yoats or, well, the wasters in the wilde, and the bustling tweeny-
10 dawn-of-all-works (meed of anthems here we pant!) had not been
11 many jiffies furbishing potlids, doorbrasses, scholars' applecheeks
12 and linkboy's metals when, ashhopperminded like no fella he go
13 make bakenbeggfuss longa white man, the rejuvenated busker (for
14 after a goodnight's rave and rumble and a shinkhams topmorning
15 with his coexes he was not the same man) and his broadawake
16 bedroom suite (our boys, as our Byron called them) were up
17 and ashuffle from the hogshome they lovenaned The Barrel, cross
18 Ebblinn's chilled hamlet (thrie routes and restings on their then
19 superficies curiously correspondant with those linea and puncta
20 where our tubenny habenny metro maniplumbs below the ober-
21 flake underrails and stations at this time of riding) to the thrum-
22 mings of a crewth fiddle which, cremoaning and cronauning, levey
23 grevey, witty and wevey, appy, leppy and playable, caressed the
24 ears of the subjects of King Saint Finnerty the Festive who, in
25 brick homes of their own and in their flavory fraiseberry beds,
26 heeding hardly cry of honeyman, soed lavender or foyneboyne
27 salmon alive, with their priggish mouths all open for the larger
28 appraisatiOn of this longawaited Messiagh of roaratorios, were
29 only halfpast atsweeeeep and after a brisk pause at a pawnbroking
30 establishment for the prothetic purpose of redeeming the song-
31 ster-s truly admirable false teeth and a prolonged visit to a house
32 of call at Cujas Place, fizz, the Old Sots' Hole in the parish of
33 Saint Cecily within the liberty of Ceolmore not a thousand or one
34 national leagues, that was, by Griffith's valuation, from the site
35 of the statue of Primewer Glasstone setting a match to the march
36 of a maker (last of the stewards peut-être), where, the tale rambles

1 along, the trio of whackfolthediddlers was joined by a further—
2 intentions—apply—tomorrow casual and a decent sort of the
3 hadbeen variety who had just been touching the weekly insult,
4 phewit, and all figblabbers (who saith of noun?) had stimulants
5 in the shape of gee and gees stood by the damn decent sort after
6 which stag luncheon and a few ones more just to celebrate yester-
7 day, flushed with their firestufffostered friendship, the rascals came
8 out of the licensed premises, (Browne's first, the small p.s. ex-ex-
9 executive capahand in their sad rear like a lady's postscript: I want
10 money. Pleasend), wiping their laughleaking lipes on their sleeves,
11 how the bouckaleens shout their roscan generally (seinn fion,
12 seinn fion's araun.) and the rhymers' world was with reason the
13 richer for a wouldbe ballad, to the balledder of which the world
14 of cumannity singing owes a tribute for having placed on the
15 planet's melomap his lay of the vilest bogeyer but most attrac-
16 tionable avatar the world has ever had to explain for.

17 This, more krectly lubeen or fellow — me — lieder was first
18 poured forth where Riau Liviau riots and col de Houdo humps,
19 under the shadow of the monument of the shouldhavebeen legis-
20 lator (Eleutheriodendron! Spare, woodmann, spare!) to an over-
21 flow meeting of all the nations in Lenster fullyfilling the visional
22 area and, as a singleminded supercrowd, easily representative,
23 what with masks, whet with faces, of all sections and cross sections
24 (wineshop and cocoahouse poured out to brim up the broaching)
25 of our liffeyside people (to omit to mention of the mainland mino-
26 rity and such as had wayfared via Watling, Ernin, Icknild and
27 Stane, in chief a halted cockney car with its quotal of Hardmuth's
28 hacks, a northern tory, a southern whig, an eastanglian chroni-
29 cler and a landwester guardian) ranging from slips of young
30 dublinos from Cutpurse Row having nothing better to do than
31 walk about with their hands in their kneepants, sucking air-
32 whackers, weedulicet, jumbobricks, side by side with truant
33 officers, three woollen balls and poplin in search of a croust of
34 pawn to busy professional gentlemen, a brace of palesmen with
35 dundrearies, nooning toward Daly's, fresh from snipehitting and
36 mallardmissing on Rutland heath, exchanging cold sneers, mass-

1 going ladies from Hume Street in their chairs, the bearers baited,
2 some wandering hamalags out of the adjacent cloverfields of
3 Mosse's Gardens, an oblate father from Skinner's Alley, brick-
4 layers, a fleming, in tabinet fumant, with spouse and dog, an aged
5 hammersmith who had some chisellers by the hand, a bout of
6 cudgel players, not a few sheep with the braxy, two bluecoat
7 scholars, four broke gents out of Simpson's on the Rocks, a
8 portly and a pert still tassing Turkey Coffee and orange shrub in
9 tickeyes door, Peter Pim and Paul Fry and then Elliot and, O,
10 Atkinson, suffering hell's delights from the blains of their annui-
11 tants' acorns not forgetting a deuce of dianas ridy for the hunt, a
12 particularist prebendary pondering on the roman easter, the ton-
13 sure question and greek uniates, plunk em, a lace lappet head or
14 two or three or four from a window, and so on down to a few good
15 old souls, who, as they were juiced after taking their pledge over at
16 the uncle's place, were evidently under the spell of liquor, from the
17 wake of Tarry the Tailor a fair girl, a jolly postoboy thinking off
18 three flagons and one, a plumodrole, a half sir from the weaver's
19 almshouse who clings and clings and chatchatchat clings to her, a
20 wholedam's cloudhued pittycloth, as child, as curiolater, as Caoch
21 O'Leary. The wararrow went round, so it did, (a nation wants
22 a gaze) and the ballad, in the felibrine trancoped metre affectioned
23 by Taioccebo in his *Casudas de Poulichinello Artahut*, stump-
24 stampaded on to a slip of blancovide and headed by an excessively
25 rough and red woodcut, privately printed at the rimepress of
26 Delville, soon fluttered its secret on white highway and brown
27 byway to the rose of the winds and the blew of the gaels, from
28 archway to lattice and from black hand to pink ear, village crying
29 to village, through the five pussyfours green of the united states
30 of Scotia Picta—and he who denays it, may his hairs be rubbed
31 in dirt! To the added strains (so peacifold) of his majesty the
32 flute, that onecrooned king of inscrewments, Piggott's purest, ciello
33 alsoliuto, which Mr Delaney (Mr Delacey?), horn, anticipating
34 a perfect downpour of plaudits among the rapsods, piped
35 out of his decentsoort hat, looking still more like his purseiful
36 namesake as men of Gaul noted, but before of to sputabout, the

1 snowcrested curl amoist the leader's wild and moulting hair,
 2 'Ductor' Hitchcock hoisted his fezzy fuzz at bludgeon's height
 3 signum to his companions of the chalice for the Loud Fellow,
 4 boys' and *silentium in curia!* (our maypole once more where he rose
 5 of old) and the canto was chanted there chorussed and christened
 6 where by the old tollgate, Saint Annona's Street and Church.

7 And around the lawn the rann it rann and this is the rann that
 8 Hosty made. Spoken. Boyles and Cahills, Skerretts and Pritchards,
 9 viersified and pierisified may the treeth we tale of live in stoney.
 10 Here line the refrains of. Some vote him Vike, some mote him
 11 Mike, some dub him Llyn and Phin while others hail him Lug
 12 Bug Dan Lop, Lex, Lax, Gunne or Guinn. Some apt him Arth,
 13 some bapt him Barth, Coll, Noll, Soll, Will, Weel, Wall but I
 14 parse him Persse O'Reilly else he's called no name at all. To-
 15 gether. Arrah, leave it to Hosty, frosty Hosty, leave it to Hosty
 16 for he's the mann to rhyme the rann, the rann, the rann, the king
 17 of all ranns. Have you here? (Some ha) Have we where? (Some
 18 hant) Have you hered? (Others do) Have we whered? (Others dont)
 19 It's cumming, it's brumming! The clip, the clop! (All cia) Glass
 20 crash. The (klikkakkaklaskaklopatzklatschabattacreppycrotty-
 21 graddaghsemihhsammihnouithappluddyappladdyknonpkot!).


{ Ardite, ardit!
 { Music cue

24 "THE BALLAD OF PERSE O'REILLY."

25 
 Have you heard of one Hump-ty Dump-ty how he

26 
 fell with a roll and a rum-ble and curled up like Lord O-la-fa

27 
 Crum-ple by the butt of the Mag-a-zine Wall of the

28 
 Mag-a-zine Wall Hump-hel-met and all Da Capo

1 Have you heard of one Humpty Dumpty
2 How he fell with a roll and a rumble
3 And curled up like Lord Olofa Crumple
4 By the butt of the Magazine Wall,
5 (Chorus) Of the Magazine Wall,
6 Hump, helmet and all?
7
8 He was one time our King of the Castle
9 Now he's kicked about like a rotten old parsnip.
10 And from Green street he'll be sent by order of His Worship
11 To the penal jail of Mountjoy
12 (Chorus) To the jail of Mountjoy!
13 Jail him and joy.
14
15 He was fafafather of all schemes for to bother us
16 Slow coaches and immaculate contraceptives for the populace,
17 Mare's milk for the sick, seven dry Sundays a week,
18 Openair love and religion's reform,
19 (Chorus) And religious reform,
20 Hideous in form.
21
22 Arrah, why, says you, couldn't he manage it?
23 I'll go bail, my fine dairyman darling,
24 Like the bumping bull of the Cassidys
25 All your butter is in your horns.
26 (Chorus) His butter is in his horns.
27 Butter his horns!
28
29 (Repeat) Hurrah there, Hosty, frosty Hosty, change that shirt
30 [on ye,
31 Rhyme the rann, the king of all ranns!
32
33 *Balbaccio, balbuccio!*
34 We had chaw chaw chops, chairs, chewing gum, the chicken-
35 [pox and china chambers
36 Universally provided by this soffsoaping salesman.

1 Small wonder He'll Cheat E'erawan our local lads nicknamed him
 2 When Chimpden first took the floor
 3 (Chorus) With his bucketshop store
 4 Down Bargainweg, Lower.
 5
 6 So snug he was in his hotel premises sumptuous
 7 But soon we'll bonfire all his trash, tricks and trumpery
 8 And'tis short till sheriff Clancy'll be winding up his unlimited
 9 [company
 10 With the bailiff's bom at the door,
 11 (Chorus) Bimbam at the door.
 12 Then he'll bum no more.
 13
 14 Sweet bad luck on the waves washed to our island
 15 The hooker of that hammerfast viking
 16 And Gall's curse on the day when Eblana bay
 17 Saw his black and tan man-o'-war.
 18 (Chorus) Saw his man-o'-war.
 19 On the harbour bar.
 20
 21 Where from? roars Poolbeg. Cookingha'pence, he bawls Donnez-
 22 [moi scampitle, wick an wipin'fampiny
 23 Fingal Mac Oscar Onesine Bargearse Boniface
 24 Thok's min gammelhole Norveegickers moniker
 25 Og as ay are at gammelhore Norveegickers cod.
 26 (Chorus) A Norwegian camel old cod.
 27 He is, begod.
 28
 29 Lift it, Hosty, lift it, ye devil ye! up with the rann, the rhyiming
 30 [rann!
 31
 32 It was during some fresh water garden pumping
 33 Or, according to the *Nursing Mirror*, while admiring the mon
 34 [keys
 35 That our heavyweight heathen Humpharey
 36 Made bold a maid to woo
 37 (Chorus) Woohoo, what'll she doo!
 38 The general lost her maidenloo!

1 He ought to blush for himself, the old hayheaded philosopher,
2 For to go and shove himself that way on top of her.
3 Begob, he's the crux of the catalogue
4 Of our antediluvial zoo,
5 (Chorus) Messrs. Billing and Coo.
6 Noah's larks, good as noo.
7
8 He was joulting by Wellinton's monument
9 Our rotorious hippopotamuns
10 When some buggar let down the backtrap of the omnibus
11 And he caught his death of fusiliers,
12 (Chorus) With his rent in his rears.
13 Give him six years.
14
15 'Tis sore pity for his innocent poor children
16 But look out for his missus legitimate!
17 When that frew gets a grip of old Earwicker
18 Won't there be earwigs on the green?
19 (Chorus) Big earwigs on the green,
20 The largest ever you seen.
21
22 Suffoclose! Shikespower! Seudodanto! Anonymoses!
23
24 Then we'll have a free trade Gaels' band and mass meeting
25 For to sod the brave son of Scandiknavery.
26 And we'll bury him down in Oxmanstown
27 Along with the devil and Danes,
28 (Chorus) With the deaf and dumb Danes,
29 And all their remains.
30
31 And not all the king's men nor his horses
32 Will resurrect his corpus
33 For there's no true spell in Connacht or hell
34 (bis) That's able to raise a Cain.

1 Chest Cee! 'Sdense! Corpo di barragio! you spooof of visibility
2 in a freakfog, of mixed sex cases among goats hill cat and plain
3 mousey, Bigamy Bob and his old Shanvocht! The Blackfriars
4 treacle plaster outrage be liddled! Therewith was released in that
5 kingsrick of Humidia a poisoning volume of cloud barrage indeed.
6 Yet all they who heard or redelivered are now with that family
7 of bards and Vergobretas himself and the crowd of Caraculacticors
8 as much no more as be they not yet now or had they then not-
9 ever been. Canbe in some future we shall presently here amid
10 those zouave players of Inkermann the mime mumming the mick
11 and his nick miming their maggies, Hilton St Just (Mr Frank
12 Smith), Ivanne Ste Austelle (Mr J. F. Jones), Coleman of Lucan
13 taking four parts, a choir of the O'Daley O'Doyles doublesixing
14 the chorus in *Fenn Mac Call and the Serven Feeries of Loch Neach,*
15 *Galloper Tropler and Hurleyquinn* the zitherer of the past with his
16 merryman all, zimzim, zimzim. Of the persins sin this Eyrawyg-
17 gla saga (which, thorough readable to int from and, is from tubb
18 to buttom all falsetissues, antilibellous and nonactionable and this
19 applies to its whole wholume) of poor Osti-Fosti, described as
20 quite a musical genius in a small way and the owner of an
21 exceedingly niced ear, with tenorist voice to match, not alone,
22 but a very major poet of the poorly meritary order (he began
23 Tuonisonian but worked his passage up as far as the we-all-
24 hang-together Animandovites) no one end is known. If they

1 whistled him before he had curtains up they are whistling him
2 still after his curtain's doom's doom. Ei fù. His husband, poor old
3 A'Hara (Okaroff?) crestfallen by things and down at heels at the
4 time, they squeak, accepted the (Zassnoch!) ardree's shilling at
5 the conclusion of the Crimean war and, having flown his wild
6 geese, alohned in crowds to warnder on like Shuley Luney,
7 enlisted in Tyrone's horse, the Irish whites, and soldiered a bit
8 with Wolsey under the assumed name of Blanco Fusilovna Buck-
9 lovitch (spurious) after which the cawer and the marble halls
10 of Pump Court Columbarium, the home of the old seakings,
11 looked upon each other and queth their haven evermore for it
12 transpires that on the other side of the water it came about that on
13 the field of Vasileff's Cornix inauspiciously with his unit he
14 perished, saying, this papal leafless to old chap give, rawl chaw-
15 clates for mouther-in-louth. Booil. Poor old dear Paul Horan,
16 to satisfy his literary as well as his criminal aspirations, at the
17 suggestion thrown out by the doomster in loquacity lunacy, so
18 says the Dublin Intelligence, was thrown into a Ridley's for
19 inmates in the northern counties. Under the name of Orani he
20 may have been the utility man of the troupe capable of sustain-
21 ing long parts at short notice. He was. Sordid Sam, a dour decent
22 deblander, the unwashed, haunted always by his ham, the unwished,
23 at a word from Israfel the Summoner, passed away painlessly
24 after life's upsomdowns one hallowe'en night, ebbrous and in
25 the state of nature, propelled from Behind into the great Beyond
26 by footblows coulinclouted upon his oyster and atlas on behanged
27 and behooved and behicked and behulked of his last fishandblood
28 bedscrappers, a Northwegian and his mate of the Sheawolving
29 class. Though the last straw glimt his baring this stage thunkhard
30 is said (the pitfallen gagged him as 'Promptboxer') to have
31 solemnly said — as had the brief thot but fell in till his head like
32 a bass dropt neck fust in till a bung crate (cogged!): Me drames,
33 O'Loughlins, has come through! Now let the centuple celves of
34 my egourge as Micholas de Cusack calls them, — of all of whose
35 I in my hereinafter of course by recourse demission me — by
36 the coincidance of their contraries reamalgamerge in that indentity

1 of undiscernibles where the Baxters and the Fleshmans may
2 they cease to bidivil uns and (but at this poingt though the iron
3 thrust of his cockspurt start might have prepared us we are well-
4 nigh stinkpotthered by the mustardpunge in the tailend) this
5 outandin brown candlestock melt Nolan's into peese! *Han var.*
6 Disliken as he was to druriodrama, her wife Langley, the prophet,
7 and the decentest dozentest short of a frusker whoever stuck his
8 spickle through his spoke, disappeared, (in which toodoing he
9 has taken all the French leaves unveilable out of Calomne-
10 quiller's Pravities) from the sourface of this earth, that austral
11 plain he had transmariad himself to, so entirely spoorlessly (the
12 mother of the book with a dustwhisk tabularasing his obliteration
13 done upon her involucrum) as to tickle the speculative to all but
14 opine (since the Levey who might have been Langley may have
15 really been a redivivus of paganinism or a volunteer Vousden)
16 that the hobo (who possessed a large amount of the humoresque)
17 had transtuled his funster's latitat to its finsterest interrimost. Bhi
18 she. Again, if Father San Browne, tea and toaster to that quaint-
19 esttest of yarnspinners is Padre Don Bruno, treu and troster to
20 the queen of Iar-Spain, was the reverend, the sodality director,
21 that eupeptic viceflayer, a barefaced carmelite, to whose palpi-
22 tating pulpit (which of us but remembers the rarevalent and
23 hornerable Fratomistor Nawlanmore and Brawne.) sinning society
24 sirens (see the [Roman Catholic] presspassim) fortunately became
25 so enthusiastically attached and was an objectionable ass who very
26 occasionally cockaded a raffles ticket on his hat which he wore all
27 to one side like the hangle of his pan (if Her Elegance saw him
28 she'd have the canary!) and was semiprivately convicted of mal-
29 practices with his hotwashed tableknife (glossing over the cark
30 in his pocket) that same snob of the dunhill, fully several year-
31 schaums riper, encountered by the General on that redletter
32 morning or maynoon jovesday and were they? *Fuitfuit.*

33 When Phishlin Phil wants throws his lip 'tis pholly to be fortune
34 flonting and whoever's gone to mix Hotel by the salt say water
35 there's nix to nothing we can do for he's never again to sea. It
36 is nebuless an autodidact fact of the commonest that the shape of

1 the average human cloudyphiz, whereas sallow has long daze
2 faded, frequently altered its ego with the passing of the showers
3 (Not original!). Whence it is a slopperish matter, given the wet
4 and low visibility (since in this scherzarade of one's thousand one
5 nightinesses that sword of certainty which would indentifide the
6 body never falls) to idendifine the individuone in scratch wig,
7 squarecuts, stock lavaleer, regattable oxeter, baggy pants and
8 shufflers (he is often alluded to as Slypatrick, the lad in the llane)
9 with already an incipience (lust!) in the direction of area baldness
10 (one is continually firstmeeting with odd sorts of others at all
11 sorts of ages!) who was asked by free boardschool shirkers in
12 drenched coats overawall, Will, Conn and Otto, to tell them
13 overagait, Vol, Pov and Dev, that fishabed ghoatstory of the
14 haardly creditable edventyres of the Haberdasher, the two Cur-
15 chies and the three Enkelchums in their Bearskin ghoats! Girles
16 and jongers, but he has changed alok syne Thorkill's time! Ya, da,
17 tra, gathery, pimp, shesses, shossafat, okodeboko, nine! Those
18 many warts, those slummy patches, halvesinster wrinkles, (what
19 has come over the face on wholebroader E?), and (shrine of
20 Mount Mu save us!) the large fungopark he has grown! Drink!

21 Sport's a common thing. It was the Lord's own day for damp
22 (to wait for a postponed regatta's eventualising is not of Battlecock
23 Shettledore - Juxta - Mare only) and the request for a fully
24 armed explanation was put (in Loo of Pat) to the porty (a native
25 of the sisterisle — Meathman or Meccan? — by his brogue, ex-
26 race eyes, lokil colour and lucal odour which are said to have
27 been average clownturkish (though the capelist's voiced nasal
28 liquids and the way he sneezed at zees haul us back to the craogs
29 and bryns of the Silurian Ordovices) who, the lesser pilgrimage
30 accomplished, had made, pats' and pigs' older inselt, the south-
31 east bluffs of the stranger stepshore, a *regifugium persecutorum*,
32 hence hindquarters) as he paused at evenchime for some or so
33 minutes (hit the pipe dannyboy! Time to won, barmon. I'll take
34 ten to win.) amid the devil's one duldrum (Apple by her blossom
35 window and Charlotte at her toss panomancy his sole admirers,
36 his only tearts in store) for a fragrend culubosh during his week-

1 end pastime of executing with Anny Oakley deadliness (the con-
2 summatory pairs of provocatives, of which remained provokingly
3 but two, the ones he fell for, Lili and Tutu, cork em!) empties
4 which had not very long before contained Reid's family (you ruad
5 that before, soaky, but all the bottles in sodemd histry will not
6 soften your bloodathirst!) stout. Having reprimed his repeater
7 and resiteroomed his timespiece His Revenances, with still a life
8 or two to spare of the space of his occupancy of a world at a time,
9 rose to his feet and there, far from Tolkaheim, in a quiet English
10 garden (commonplace!), since known as Whiddington Wild, his
11 simple intensive curolent vocality, my dearbraithers, my most
12 dearbrathairs, as he, so is a supper as is a sipper, spake of the
13 One and told of the Compassionate, called up before the triad of
14 precoxious scaremakers (scoretaking: Spegulo ne helpas al mal-
15 bellulo, Mi Kredas ke vi estas prava, Via dote la vizago rispondas
16 fraulino) the now to ushere mythical habiliments of Our Farfar
17 and Arthor of our doyne.

18 Television kills telephony in brothers' broil. Our eyes de-
19 mand their turn. Let them be seen! And wolfbone balefires blaze
20 the trailmost if only that Mary Nothing may burst her bibby
21 buckshee. When they set fire then she's got to glow so we may
22 stand some chances of warming to what every soorkabatcha,
23 tum or hum, would like to know. The first Humphrey's latitu-
24 dinous baver with puggaree behind, (calaboose belong bigboss
25 belong Kang the Toll) his fourinhand bow, his elbaroom surtout,
26 the refaced unmansionables of gingerine hue, the state slate
27 umbrella, his gruff woolselywellesly with the finndrinn knopfs
28 and the gauntlet upon the hand which in an hour not for him
29 solely evil had struck down the might he mighthavebeen d'Est-
30 erre of whom his nation seemed almost already to be about to
31 have need. Then, stealing his thunder, but in the befitting le-
32 gomena of the smaller country, (probable words, possibly said, of
33 field family gleaming) a bit duskish and flavoured with a smile,
34 seein as ow his thoughts consisted chiefly of the cheerio, he aptly
35 sketched for our soontobe second parents (sukand see whybe!)
36 the touching seene. The solence of that stilling! Here one might

1 a fin fell. Boomster rombombonant! It scenes like a landscape
2 from Wildu Picturescu or some seem on some dimb Arras, dumb
3 as Mum's mutyness, this mimage of the seventyseventh kusin of
4 kristansen is odable to os across the wineless Ere no dor nor
5 mere eerie nor liss potent of suggestion than in the tales of the
6 tingmount. (Prigged!)

7 And there oftafter, jauntyjogging, on an Irish visavis, instea-
8 dily with shoulder to shoulder Jehu will tell to Christianier, saint
9 to sage, the humphriad of that fall and rise while daisy winks at
10 her pinker sister among the tussocks and the copoll between the
11 shafts mocks the couple on the car. And as your who may look
12 like how on the owther side of his big beltry your tyrs and cloes
13 your noes and paradigm maymay rererise in eren. Follow we up
14 his whip vindicative. Thurston's! Lo bebold! La arboro, lo
15 petrusu. The augustan peacebetothem oaks, the monolith rising
16 stark from the moonlit pinebarren. In all fortitudinous ajaxious
17 rowdinoisy tenuacity. The angelus hour with ditchers bent upon
18 their farm usetensiles, the soft belling of the fallow deers (*doereh-*
19 *moose genuane!*) advertising their milky approach as midnight
20 was striking the hours (letate!), and how brightly the great tri-
21 bune outed the sharkskin smokewallet (imitation!) from his
22 frock, kippers, and by Joshua, he tips un a topping swank
23 cheroot, none of your swellish soide, quoit the reverse, and how
24 manfally he says, pluk to pluk and lekan for lukan, he was to just
25 pluggy well suck that brown boyo, my son, and spend a whole
26 half hour in Havana. Sorer of the kreeksmen, would not thore be
27 old high gothsprogue! Wherefore he met Master, he mean to say,
28 he do, sire, bester of redpublicans, at Eagle Cock Hostel on
29 Lorenzo Tooley street and how he wished his Honour the ban-
30 nocks of Gort and Morya and Bri Head and Puddyrick, yore
31 Loudship, and a starchboxsitting in the pit of his St Tomach's,
32 — a strange wish for you, my friend, and it would poleaxe your
33 sonson's grandson utterly though your own old sweatandswear
34 floruerunts heaved it hoch many as the times, when they were
35 turrified by the hitz.
36 Chee chee cheers for Upkingbilly and crow cru cramwells

1 Downaboo! Hup, boys, and hat him! See! Oilbeam they're lost
2 we've fount rerembrandtsers, their hours to date link these heirs
3 to here but wowhere are those yours of Yestersdays? Farseeing-
4 therich and Poolaulwoman Charachthercuss and his Ann van
5 Vogt. D.e.e.d! Edned, ended or sleeping soundlessly? Favour
6 with your tongues! *Intendite!*

7 Any dog's life you list you may still hear them at it, like sixes
8 and seventies as eversure as Halley's comet, ulemamen, sobran-
9 jewomen, storthingboys and dumagirls, as they pass its bleak and
10 bronze portal of your Casaconcordia: Huru more Nee, minny
11 frickans? Hwoorledes har Dee det? Losdoor onleft mladies, cue.
12 Millecientoctogintadue scudi. Tippetty, kyrie, tippetty. Cha kai
13 rotty kai makkar, sahib? Despenseme Usted, senhor, en son suc-
14 co, sabez. O thaw bron orm, A'Cothraige, thinkinthou gaily?
15 Lick-Pa-flai-hai-pa-Pa-li-si-lang-lang. Epi alo, ecou, Batiste, tu-
16 vavn'r dans Lptit boing going. Ismeme de bumbac e meias de por-
17 tocallie. O.O. Os pipos mios es demasiada guararso por O pic-
18 colo pocchino. Wee fee? Ung duro. Kocshis, szabad? Mercy, and
19 you? Gomagh, thak.

20 And, Cod, says he with mugger's tears: Would you care to
21 know the prise of a liard? Maggis, nick your nightynovel! Mass
22 Travener's at the mike again! And that bag belly is the buck
23 to goat it! Meggeg, m'gay chapjappy fellow, I call our univalse
24 to witness, as sicker as moyliffey eggs is known by our good
25 househalters from yorehunderts of mamooth to be which they
26 commercially are in ahoy high British quarters (conventional!)
27 my guesthouse and cowhaendel credits will immediately stand
28 ohoh open as straight as that neighbouring monument's fabrica-
29 tion before the hygienic gllll (this was where the reverent sab-
30 both and bottlebreaker with firkalk forthstretched touched upon
31 his tricoloured boater, which he uplifted by its pickledhoopy (he
32 gave Stetson one and a penny for it) whileas oleaginosity of an-
33 cestralolosis sgocciolated down the both pendencies of his mut-
34 sohito liptails (Sencapetulo, a more modestuous conciliabulite
35 never curled a tom pocketmouth), cordially inwiting the adul-
36 lescence who he was wising up to do in like manner what all did

1 so as he was able to add) lobe before the Great Schoolmaster's.
2 (I tell you no story.) Smile!
3 The house of Atreox is fallen indeedust (Ilyam, Ilyum! Mae-
4 romor Mournomates!) averging on blight like the mundibanks of
5 Fennyana, but deeds bounds going arise again. Life, he himself
6 said once, (his biografiend, in fact, kills him verysoon, if yet not,
7 after) is a wake, livit or krikrit, and on the bunk of our bread-
8 winning lies the crospe of our seedfather, a phrase which the
9 establisher of the world by law might pretinately write across
10 the chestfront of all manorwombanborn. The scene, refreshed,
11 reroused, was never to be forgotten, the hen and crusader ever-
12 intermutuomergent, for later in the century one of that puisne
13 band of factferreters, (then an excivily (out of the custom huts)
14 (retired), (hurt), under the sixtyfives act) in a dressy black modern
15 style and wewere shiny tan burlingtons, (tam, homd and dicky,
16 quopriquos and peajagd) rehearsed it, pippa pointing, with a
17 dignified (copied) bow to a namecousin of the late archdeacon
18 F. X. Preserved Coppinger (a hot fellow in his night, may the
19 mouther of guard have mastic on him!) in a pullwoman of our
20 first transhibernian with one still sadder circumstance which is a
21 dirkandurk heartskewerer if ever to bring bouncing brimmers
22 from marbled eyes. Cycloptically through the windowdisks and
23 with eddyng awes the round eyes of the rundreisers,back to back,
24 buck to buck, on their airish chaunting car, beheld with in-
25 touringistg anteredstenedness the clad pursue the bare, the bare the
26 green, the green the frore, the frore the cladagain, as their convoy
27 wheeled encirculingly about the gigantig's lifetree, our fire-
28 leaved loverlucky blomsterbohm, phoenix in our woodlessness,
29 haughty, cacuminal, erubescant (repetition!) whose roots they be
30 asches with lustres of peins. For as often as the Archicadenus,
31 pleacing aside his *Irish Field* and craving their auriculars to re-
32 cepticle particulars before they got the bump at Castlebar (mat
33 and far!) spoke of it by request all, hearing in this new reading
34 of the part whereby, because of Dyas in his machina, the new
35 garrickson's grimacing grimaldism hypostasised by substintua-
36 tion the axiomatic orerotundity of that once grand old elrington

1 bawl, the copycus's description of that fellowcommuter's play
2 upon countenants, could simply imagine themselves in their bo-
3 som's inmost core, as *pro tem locums*, timesported acorss the yawning
4 (abyss), as once they were seasiders, listening to the cockshy-
5 shooter's evensong evocation of the doomed but always ventri-
6 loquent Agitator, (nonot more plangorpond the billows o'er
7 Thounawahallya Reef!) silkhouatted, a whallrhosmightiadd, a-
8 ginsst the dusk of skumring, (would that fane be Saint Muezzin's
9 calling — holy places! — and this fez brimless as brow of faithful
10 toucher of the ground, did wish it were — blessed be the bones!
11 — the ghazi, power of his sword.) his manslayer's gunwielder
12 protended towards that overgrown leadpencil which was soon,
13 monumentally at least, to rise as Molyvdokondylon to, to be, to
14 be his mausoleum (O'dan stod tillsteyne at meisies aye skould
15 show pon) while olover his exculpatory features, as Roland rung,
16 a wee dropeen of grief about to sillonise his jouejous, the ghost
17 of resignation diffused a spectral appealingness, as a young man's
18 drown o'er the fate of his waters may gloat, similar in origin and
19 akkurat in effective to a beam of sunshine upon a coffin plate.

20 Not olderwise Inn the days of the Bygning would our Travel-
21 ler remote, unfriended, from van Demon's Land, some lazy
22 skald or maundering pote, lift wearywilly his slowcut snobsic
23 eyes to the semisigns of his zootec and lengthily lingering along
24 flaskneck, cracket cup, downtrodden brogue, turfsod, wild-
25 broom, cabbageblad, stockfisch, longingly learn that there at the
26 Angel were herberged for him poteen and tea and praties and
27 baccy and wine width woman wordth warbling: and informally
28 quasi-begin to presquesm'ile to queasithin' (Nonsense! There
29 was not very much windy Nous blowing at the given moment
30 through the hat of Mr Melancholy Slow!)

31 But in the pragma what formal cause made a smile of *that* to-
32 think? Who was he to whom? (O'Breen's not his name nor the
33 brown one his maid.) Whose are the placewheres? Kiwasti, kis-
34 ker, kither, kitnabudja? Tal the tem of the tumulum. Giv the gav
35 of the grube. Be it cudgelplayers' country, orfishfellows' town or
36 leeklickers' land or panbpanungopovengreskey. What regnans

1 raised the rains have levelled but we hear the pointers and can
2 gauge their compass for the melos yields the mode and the mode
3 the manners plicyman, plansiman, plousiman, plab. Tsin tsin tsin
4 tsin! The forefarther folkers for a prize of two peaches with
5 Ming, Ching and Shunny on the lie low lea. We'll sit down on
6 the hope of the ghoully ghost for the titheman troubleth but his
7 hantitat hies not here. They answer from their Zoans; Hear the
8 four of them! Hark torroar of them! I, says Armagh, and a'm
9 proud o'it. I, says Clonakilty, God help us! I, says Deansgrange,
10 and say nothing. I, says Barna, and whatabout it? Hee haw! Be-
11 fore he fell hill he filled heaven: a stream, alplapping streamlet,
12 coyly coiled um, cool of her curls: We were but thermites then,
13 wee, wee. Our antheap we sensed as a Hill of Allen, the Barrow
14 for an People, one Jotnursfjaell: and it was a grummelung among
15 the porktroop that wonderstruck us as a thunder, yunder.

16 Thus the unfacts, did we possess them, are too imprecisely
17 few to warrant our certitude, the evidencegivers by legpoll too
18 untrustworthily irreperible where his adjugers are semmingly
19 freak threes but his judicandees plainly minus twos. Neverthe-
20 less Madam's Tshowus waxes largely more lifeliked (entrance,
21 one kudos; exits, free) and our notional gullery is now com-
22 pletely complacent, an exegious monument, aerily perennial.
23 Oblige with your blackthorns; gamps, degrace! And there many
24 have paused before that exposure of him by old Tom Quad, a
25 flashback in which he sits sated, gowndabout, in clericalease ha-
26 bit, watching bland sol slithe dodgsomely into the nethermore,
27 a globule of maugdleness about to corrugitate his mild dewed
28 cheek and the tata of a tiny victorienne, Alys, pressed by his
29 limper looser.

30 Yet certes one is. Eher the following winter had overed the
31 pages of nature's book and till Ceadurbar-atta-Cleath became
32 Dablerna Tertia, the shadow of the huge outlander, maladiik, mult-
33 vult, magnoperous, had bulked at the bar of a rota of tribunals in
34 manor hall as in thieves' kitchen, mid pillow talk and chithouse
35 chat, on Marlborough Green as through Molesworth Fields, here
36 sentenced pro tried with Jedburgh justice, there acquitted con-

1 testimony with benefit of clergy. His Thing Mod have undone
2 him: and his madthing has done him man. His beneficiaries are
3 legion in the part he created: they number up his years. Greatwheel
4 Dunlop was the name was on him: behung, all we are his bisaacles.
5 As hollyday in his house so was he priest and king to that: ulvy
6 came, envy saw, ivy conquered. Lou! Lou! They have waved his
7 green boughs o'er him as they have torn him limb from lamb.
8 For his muertification and uxpuration and dumnation and annu-
9 hulation. With schreis and grida, deprofound souspirs. Steady,
10 sullivans! Mannequins pause! Longtong's breach is fallen down
11 but Graunya's spreed's abroad. Ahdostay, feedailyones, and feel
12 the Flucher's bawls for the total of your flouts is not fit to fan his
13 fettle,O! Have a ring and sing wohl! Chin, chin! Chin, chin!
14 And of course all chimed din width the eatmost boiviality. Swip-
15 ing rums and beaunes and sherries and ciders and negus and cit-
16 ronnades too. The strongers. Oho, oho, Mester Begge, you're
17 about to be bagged in the bog again. Bugge. But softsies seuf-
18 sighed: Eheu, for gassies! But, lo! lo! by the threnning gods,
19 human, erring and condonable, what the statues of our kuo, who
20 is the messchef be our kuang, ashu ashure there, the unforgettable
21 treeshade looms up behind the jostling judgements of those, as
22 all should owe, malrecapturable days.

23 Tap and pat and tapatagain, (fire firstshot, Missiers the Refusel-
24 eers! Peingpeong! For saxonlootie!) three tommix, soldiers free,
25 cockaleak and cappapee, of the Coldstream. Guards were walking,
26 in (*pardonnez-leur, je vous en prie, eh?*) Montgomery Street. One
27 voiced an opinion in which on either wide (*pardonnez!*), nod-
28 ding, all the Finner Camps concurred (*je vous en prie, eh?*). It
29 was the first woman, they said, souped him, that fatal wellesday,
30 Lili Coninghams, by suggesting him they go in a field. Wroth
31 mod eldfar, ruth redd stilstand, wrath wrackt wroth, confessed
32 private Pat Marchison *retro*. (Terse!) Thus contenters with san-
33 toys play. One of our coming Vauxhall ontheboards who is
34 resting for the moment (she has been callit by a noted stagey ele-
35 cutioner a wastepacket Sittons) was interfeud in a waistend pewty
36 parlour. Looking perhaps even more pewtyflushed in her cherry-

1 derry padouasoys, girdle and braces by the halfmoon and Seven
2 Stars, russets from the Blackamoor's Head, amongst the climbing
3 boys at his Eagle and Child and over the corn and hay emptors
4 at their Black and All Black, Mrs F . . . A . . . saidaside, half in
5 stage of whisper to her confidante glass, while recoopering her
6 cartwheel chapot (ahat! — and we now know what thimbles a
7 baquets on lallance a tall's mean), she hoped Sid Arthar would
8 git a Chrissman's portrout of orange and lemonsized orchids with
9 hollegs and ether, from the featre of the Innocident, as the
10 worryld had been uncained. Then, while it is odrous comparison-
11 ing to the sprangflowers of his burstday which was a virid-
12 able goddinpotty for the reinworms and the charlattinas and all
13 branches of climatitis, it has been such a wanderful noyth untirely,
14 added she, with many regards to Maha's pranjapansies. (Tart!)
15 Prehistoric, obitered to his dictaphone an entychologist: his pro-
16 penomen is a properismenon. A dustman nocknamed Seven-
17 churches in the employ of Messrs Achburn, Soulpetre and
18 Ashreborn, prairmakers, Glintalook, was asked by the sisterhood
19 the vexed question during his midday collation of leaver and
20 buckrom alternatively with stenk and kitteney phie in a hash-
21 housh and, thankeaven, responsed impulsively: We have just been
22 propogandering his nullity suit and what they took out of his ear
23 among my own crush. All our fellows at O'Dea's sages with
24 Aratar Calaman he is a cemented brick, buck it all! A more nor
25 usually sober cardriver, who was jauntingly hosing his runabout,
26 Ginger Jane, took a strong view. Lorry hosed her as he talked
27 and this is what he told rewritemen: Irewaker is just a plain pink
28 joint reformee in private life but folks all have it by brehemons
29 laws he has parliamentary honours. Eiskaffier said (Louigi's, you
30 know that man's, brillant Savourain): *Mon foie*, you wish to ave
31 some homelette, yes, lady! Good, mein leber! Your hegg he must
32 break himself See, I crack, so, he sit in the poele, umbedimbt!
33 A perspirer (over sixty) who was keeping up his tennises panted
34 he kne ho har twa to clect infamatios but a diffpair flannels climb
35 wall and trespassing on doorbell. After fullblown Braddon hear
36 this fresky troterella! A railways barmaid's view (they call her

1 Spilltears Rue) was thus expressed: to sympathisers of the Dole
2 Line, Death Avenue, anent those objects of her pity-prompted
3 ministrance, to wet, man and his syphon. Ehim! It is ever too
4 late to whistle when Phyllis floods her stable. It would be skar-
5 lot shame to jailahim in lockup, as was proposed to him by the
6 Seddoms creature what matter what merrytricks went off with
7 his revulverher in connections with ehim being a norphan and
8 enjoining such wicked illth, ehim! Well done, Drumcollakill!
9 Kitty Tyrrel is proud of you, was the reply of a B.O.T. official
10 (O blame gnot the board!) while the Daughters Benkletter mur-
11 mured in uniswoon: Golforgilhisjurylegs! Brian Lynsky, the cub
12 curser, was questioned at his shouting box, Bawlonabraggat, and
13 gave a snappy comeback, when saying: Paw! Once more I'll
14 hellbow! I am for caveman chase and sahara sex, burk you! Them
15 two bitches ought to be leashed, canem! Up hog and hoar hunt!
16 Paw! A wouldbe martyr, who is attending on sanit Asitas where
17 he is being taught to wear bracelets, when grilled on the point,
18 revealed the undoubted fact that the consequence would be that
19 so long as Sankya Moondy played his mango tricks under the
20 mysttetry, with shady apsaras sheltering in his leaves' licence and
21 his shadowers torrified by the potent bolts of indradiction, there
22 would be fights all over Cuxhaven. (Tosh!) Missioner Ida Womb-
23 well, the seventeenyearold revivalist, said concerning the coinci-
24 dent of interfizzing with grenadines and other respectable and
25 disgusted peersons using the park: That perpendicular person is
26 a brut! But a magnificent brut! 'Caligula' (Mr Danl Magrath,
27 bookmaker, wellknown to Eastrailian poorusers of the Sydney
28 Parade Ballotin) was, as usual, antipodal with his: striving todie,
29 hopening tomellow, Ware Splash. Cobbler. We have meat two
30 hourly, sang out El Caplan Buycout, with the famous padre's
31 turridur's capecast, meet too ourly, matadear! Dan Meiklejohn,
32 precentor, of S.S. Smack and Olley's was probiverbal with his
33 upsiduxit: *mutatus mutandus*. Dauran's lord ('Sniffpox') and Moir-
34 gan's lady ('Flatterfun') took sides and crossed and bowed to
35 each other's views and recrossed themselves. The dirty dubs upin
36 their flies, went too free, echoed the dainly drabs downin their

1 scenities, una mona. Sylvia Silence, the girl detective (*Meminerva*,
2 but by now one hears turtlings all over Doveland!) when supplied
3 with informations as to the several facets of the case in her cozy-
4 dozy bachelure's flat, quite overlooking John a'Dream's mews,
5 leaned back in her really truly easy chair to query restfully through
6 her vowelthreaded syllabelles: Have you ewew thought, wepow-
7 tew, that sheew gweatness was his twadgedy? Nevewtheless ac-
8 cording to my considewed attitudes fow this act he should pay
9 the full penalty, pending puwsuance, as pew Subsec. 32, section
10 11, of the C. L. A. act 1885, anything in this act to the contwawy
11 notwithstanding. Jarley Jilke began to silke for he couldn't get
12 home to Jelsey but ended with: He's got the sack that helped him
13 moult instench of his gladsome rags. Meagher, a naval rating,
14 seated on one of the granite cromlech setts of our new fish-
15 shambles for the usual aireating after the ever popular act, with
16 whom were Questa and Puella, piquante and quoitte, (this had a
17 cold in her brain while that felt a sink in her summock, wit's
18 wat, wot's wet) was encouraged, although nearvanashed himself,
19 by one of his co-affianced to get your breath, Walt, and gobbit
20 and when ther chidden by her fastra sastra to saddle up your
21 pance, Naville, thus cor replied to her other's thankskissing: I
22 lay my two fingerbuttons, fiancee Meagher, (he speaks!) he was
23 to blame about your two velvetthighs up Horniman's Hill — as
24 hook and eye blame him or any other piscman? — but I also
25 think, Puellywally, by the siege of his trousers there was some-
26 one else behind it — you bet your boughtem blarneys — about
27 their three drummers down Keysars Lane. (Trite!).

28 Be these meer marchant taylor's fablings of a race referend
29 with oddman rex? Is now all seenheard then forgotten? Can it
30 was, one is fain in this leaden age of letters now to wit, that so
31 diversified outrages (they have still to come!) were planned and
32 partly carried out against so staunch a covenanter if it be true
33 than any of those recorded ever took place for many, we trow,
34 beyessed to and denayed of, are given to us by some who use
35 the truth but sparingly and we, on this side ought to sorrow for
36 their pricking pens on that account. The seventh city, Urovivla,

1 his citadear of refuge, whither (would we believe the laimen and
2 their counts), beyond the outraved gales of Atreeatic, changing
3 clues with a baggermalster, the hejirite had fled, silentioussue-
4 meant under night's altosonority, shipalone, a raven of the wave,
5 (be mercy, Mara! A he whence Rahoulas!) from the ostmen's
6 dirtby on the old vic, to forget in expiating manslaughter and,
7 reberthing in remarriment out of dead seekness to devine previ-
8 dence, (if you are looking for the bilder deep your ear on the
9 movietone!) to league his lot, palm and patte, with a papishee.
10 For mine qvinne I thee giftake and bind my hosenband I thee
11 halter. The wastobe land, a lottuse land, a luctuous land, Emerald-
12 illuim, the peasant pastured, in which by the fourth commandment
13 with promise his days apostolic were to be long by the abundant
14 mercy of Him Which Thundereth From On High, murmured,
15 would rise against him with all which in them were, franchisab-
16 les and inhabitands, astea as agora, helotsphilots, do him hurt,
17 poor jink, ghostly following bodily, as were he made a curse for
18 them, the corruptible lay quick, all saints of incorruption- of-an
19 holy nation, the common or ere-in-garden castaway, in red re-
20 surrection to condemn so they might convince him, first pha-
21 roah, Humpheres Cheops Exarchas, of their proper sins. Busi-
22 ness bred to speak with a stiff upper lip to all men and most occa-
23 sions the Man we wot of took little short of fighting chances but
24 for all that he or his or his care were subjected to the horrors of
25 the premier terror of Errorland. (perorhaps!)

26 We seem to us (the real Us!) to be reading our Amenti in the
27 sixth sealed chapter of the going forth by black. It was after the
28 show at Wednesbury that one tall man, humping a suspicious
29 parcel, when returning late amid a dense particular on his home
30 way from the second house of the Boore and Burgess Christy
31 Menestrels by the old spot, Roy's Corner, had a barkiss revolver
32 placed to his faced with the words: you're shot, major: by an un-
33 knowable assailant (masked) against whom he had been jealous
34 over, Lotta Crabtree or Pomona Evlyn. More than that Whenn
35 the Waylayer (not a Lucalizod diocesan or even of the Glenda-
36 lough see, but hailing fro' the prow of Little Britain), mention-

1 ing in a bytheway that he, the crawsopper, had, in edition to
2 Reade's cutless centiblade, a loaded Hobson's which left only twin
3 alternatives as, viceversa, either he would surely shoot her, the
4 aunt, by pistol, (she could be okaysure of that!) or, failing of such,
5 bash in Patch's blank face beyond recognition, pointedly asked
6 with gaeilish gall wodkar blizzard's business Thornton had with
7 that Kane's fender only to be answered by the aggravated
8 assaulted that that that was the snaps for him, Midweeks, to sultry
9 well go and find out if he was showery well able. But how trans-
10 paringly nontrue, gentlewriter! His feet one is not a tall man, not
11 at all,man. No such parson. No such fender. No such lumber. No
12 such race. Was it supposedly in connection with a girls, Myramy
13 Huey or Colores Archer, under Flaggy Bridge (for ann there is
14 but one liv and hir newbridge is her old) or to explode his
15 twelvechamber and force a shrievalty entrance that the heavybuilt
16 Abelbody in a butcherblue blouse from One Life One Suit (a
17 men's wear store), with a most decisive bottle of single in his
18 possession, seized after dark by the town guard at Haveyou-
19 caught-emerod's temperance gateway was there in a gate's way.

20 Fifthly, how parasoliloquisingly truetoned on his first time of
21 hearing the wretch's statement that, muttering Irish, he had had
22 had o'gloriously a'lot too much hanguest or hoshoe fine to
23 drink in the House of Blazes, the Parrot in Hell, the Orange Tree,
24 the Glibt, the Sun, the Holy Lamb and, lapse not leashed, in
25 Ramitdown's ship hotel since the morning moment he could
26 dixtinguish a white thread from a black till the engine of the
27 laws declosed unto Murray and was only falling fillthefluthered
28 up against the gatestone pier which, with the cow's bonnet
29 a'top o'it, he falsetook for a cattlepillar with purest peaceablest
30 intentions. Yet how lamely hobbles the hoy of his then pseudo-
31 jocax axplanation how, according to his own story, he vas a
32 process server and was merely trying to open zozimus a bottlop
33 stoub by mortially hammering his *magnum bonum* (the curter the
34 club the sorer the savage) against the bludgey gate for the boots
35 about the swan,Maurice Behan, who hastily into his shoes with
36 nothing his hald barra tinnteack and came down with homp,

1 shtemp and jumphet to the tiltyard from the wastes a'sleep in his
2 obi ohny overclothes or choker, attracted by the norse of guns
3 playing Delandy is cartager on the raglar rock to Duly, said
4 war' prised safe in bed as he dreamed that he'd wealthes in mor-
5 mon halls when wokenp by a fourth loud snore out of his land
6 of byelo while hickstrey's maws was grazing in the moonlight
7 by hearing hammering on the pandywhank scale emanating from
8 the blind pig and anything like it (oonagh!oonagh!) in the
9 whole history of the Mullingcan Inn he never. This battering
10 babel allower the door and sideposts, he always said, was not in
11 the very remotest like the belzey babble of a bottle of boose
12 which would not rouse him out o' slumber deep but reminded
13 him loads more of the martiallawsey marsed of foreign musi-
14 kants' instrumongs or the overthrewer to the third last days of
15 Pompery, if anything. And that after this most nooningless
16 knockturn the young reine came down desperate and the old
17 liffopotamus started ploring all over the plains, as mud as she
18 cud be, ruinating all the bouchers' schurts and the backers'
19 wischandtugs so that be the chandeleure of the Rejaneyjailey
20 they were all night wasching the walters of, the weltering walters
21 off. Whyte.

22 Just one moment. A pinch in time of the ideal, musketeers!
23 Alphos, Burkos and Caramis, leave Astrelea for the astrollajerries
24 and for the love of the saunces and the honour of Keavens pike
25 puddywhackback to Pamintul. And roll away the reel world, the
26 reel world, the reel world! And call all your smokeblushes,
27 Snowwhite and Rosered, if you will have the real cream! Now for
28 a strawberry frolic! Filons, filoosh! *Cherchons la flamme!* Famm-
29 famm! Fammfamm!

30 Come on, ordinary man with that large big nonobli head, and
31 that blanko berbecked fischial ekksprezzion Machinsky Scapolo-
32 polos, Duzinasco or other. Your machelar's mutton leg's getting
33 musclebound from being too pulled. Noah Beery weighed stone
34 thousand one when Hazel was a hen. Now her fat's falling fast.
35 Therefore, chatbags, why not yours? There are 29 sweet reasons
36 why blossomtime's the best. Elders fall for green almonds when

1 they're raised on bruised stone root ginger though it winters on
2 their heads as if auctumned round their waistbands. If you'd had
3 pains in your hairs you wouldn't look so orgibald. You'd have
4 Colley Macaires on your lump of lead. Now listen, Mr Leer!
5 And stow that sweatyfunnyadams Simper! Take an old geeser
6 who calls on his skirt. Note his sleek hair, so elegant, tableau
7 vivant. He vows her to be his own honeylamb, swears they will
8 be papa pals, by Sam, and share good times way down west in a
9 guaranteed happy lovenest when May moon she shines and they
10 twit twinkle all the night, combing the comet's tail up right and
11 shooting popguns at the stars. Creampuffs all to dime! Every
12 nice, missymackenzies! For dear old grumpapar, he's gone on
13 the razzledar, through gazing and crazing and blazing at the stars.
14 Compree! She wants her wardrobe to hear from above by return
15 with cash so as she can buy her Peter Robinson trousseau and cut
16 a dash with Arty, Bert or possibly Charley Chance (who knows?)
17 so tolloll Mr Hunker you're too dada for me to dance (so off she
18 goes!) and that's how half the gels in town has got their bottom
19 drars while grumpapar he's trying to hitch his braces on to his
20 trars. But old grum he's not so clean dippy between sweet you
21 and yum (not on your life, boy! not in those trousers! not by a
22 large jugful!) for someplace on the sly, where Furphy he isn't by,
23 old grum has his gel number two (bravevow, our Grum!) and he
24 would like to canoodle her too some part of the time for he is
25 downright fond of his number one but O he's fair mashed on
26 peaches number two so that if he could only canoodle the two,
27 chivee chivoo, all three would feel genuinely happy, it's as simple
28 as A. B. C., the two mixers, we mean, with their cherrybum
29 chappy (for he is simply shamming dippy) if they all were afloat
30 in a dreamlifeboat, hugging two by two in his zoo-doo-you-doo,
31 a tofftoff for thee, missymissy for me and howcameyou-e'enso for
32 Farber, in his tippy, upindown dippy, tiptoptippy canoodle, can
33 you? Finny.

34 Ack, ack, ack. With which clap, trap and soddenment, three to
35 a loaf, our mutual friends the fender and the bottle at the gate seem
36 to be implicitly in the same bateau, so to singen, bearing also

1 several of the earmarks of design, for there is in fact no use in
2 putting a tooth in a snipery of that sort and the amount of all
3 those sort of things which has been going on onceaday in and
4 twiceaday out every other nachtistag among all kinds of pro-
5 miscious individuals at all ages in private homes and reeboos
6 publikiss and allover all and elsewhere throughout secular
7 sequence the country over and overabroad has been particularly
8 stupendous. To be continued. Federals' Uniteds' Transports'
9 Unions' for Exultations' of Triumphants' Ecstasies.

10 But resuming inquiries. Will it ever be next morning the postal
11 unionist's (officially called carrier's, Letters Scotch, Limited)
12 strange fate (Fierceendgiddyex he's hight, d.e., the losel that
13 hucks around missivemaids' gummibacks) to hand in a huge
14 chain envelope, written in seven divers stages of ink, from blanch-
15 essance to lavandaiette, every pothook and pancrook bespaking
16 the wisherwife, superscribed and subpencilled by yours A Laugh-
17 able Party, with afterwite, S.A.G., to Hyde and Cheek, Eden-
18 berry, Dubblenn, WC? Will whatever will be written in lappish
19 language with inbursts of Maggyer always seem semposed, black
20 looking white and white guarding black, in that siamixed twoa-
21 talk used twist stern swift and jolly roger? Will it bright upon us,
22 nightle, and we plunging to our plight? Well, it might now, mircle,
23 so it light. Always and ever till Cox's wife, twice Mrs Hahn, pokes
24 her beak into the matter with Owen K. after her, to see whawa
25 smutter after, will this kiribis pouch filled with litterish frag-
26 ments lurk dormant in the paunch of that halpbrother of a herm,
27 a pillarbox?

28 The coffin, a triumph of the illusionist's art, at first blench
29 naturally taken for a handharp (it is handwarp to tristinguish
30 jubabe from jabule or either from tubote when all three have just
31 been invened) had been removed from the hardware premises of
32 Oetzmann and Nephew, a noted house of the gonemost west,
33 which in the natural course of all things continues to supply
34 funeral requisites of every needed description. Why needed,
35 though? Indeed needed (wouldn't you feel like rattanfowl if you
36 hadn't the oscar!) because the flash brides or bride in their lily

1 boleros one games with at the Nivynubies' finery ball and your
2 upright grooms that always come right up with you (and by jingo
3 when they do!) what else in this mortal world, now ours, when
4 meet there night, mid their nacket, me there naket, made their
5 nought the hour strikes, would bring them rightcame back in the
6 flesh, thumbs down, to their orses and their hashes.

7 To proceed. We might leave that nitrience of oxagiants to take
8 its free of the air and just analectralyse that very chymerical com-
9 bination, the gasbag where the warderworks. And try to pour
10 somour heiterscene up thealmostfere. In the bottled heliose case
11 continuing, Long Lally Tobkids, the special, sporting a fine breast
12 of medals, and a conscientious scripturereader to boot in the brick
13 and tin choorch round the coroner, swore like a Norewheezian
14 tailliur on the stand before the proper functionary that he was up
15 against a right querrshnorrt of a mand in the butcher of the blues
16 who, he guntinued, on last epening after delivering some car-
17 casses mattonchepps and meatjutes on behalf of Messrs Otto
18 Sands and Eastman, Limericked, Victuallers, went and, with his
19 unmitigated astonissment, hickicked at the dun and dorass against
20 all the runes and, when challenged about the pretended hick (it
21 was kickup and down with him) on his solemn by the imputant
22 imputed, said simply: I appop pie oath, Phillyps Captain. You
23 did, as I sostressed before. You are deepknee in error, sir, Madam
24 Tomkins, let me then tell you, replied with a gentlewomanly
25 salaam MackPartland, (the meatman's family, and the oldest in
26 the world except nick, name.) And Phelps was flayful with his
27 peeler. But his phizz fell.

28 Now to the obverse. From velveteens to dimities is barely a
29 fivefinger span and hence these camelback excesses are thought
30 to have been instigated by one or either of the causing causes of
31 all, those rushy hollow heroines in their skirtsleeves, be she ma-
32 gretta be she the posque. Oh! Oh! Because it is a horrible thing
33 to have to say to say to day but one dilalah, Lupita Lorette, short-
34 ly after in a fit of the unexpectednesses drank carbolic with all
35 her dear placid life before her and paled off while the other
36 soiled dove that's her sister-in-love, Luperca Latouche, finding

1 one day while dodging chores that she stripped teasingly for binocu-
2 lar man and that her jamps were jimjoyed to see each other, the
3 nautchy girly soon found her fruitful hat too small for her and
4 rapidly taking time, look, she rapidly took to necking, partying
5 and selling her spare favours in the haymow or in lumber closets
6 or in the greenawn ad huck (there are certain intimacies in all
7 ladies' lavastories we just lease to imagination) or in the sweet
8 churchyard close itself for a bit of soft coal or an array of thin
9 trunks, serving whom in fine that same hot coney *a la Zingara*
10 which our own little Graunya of the chilired cheeks dished up
11 to the greatsire of Oscar, that son of a Coole. Houri of the coast
12 of emerald, arrah of the laccessive poghue, Aslim-all-Muslim, the
13 resigned to her surrender, did not she, come leinster's even, true
14 dotter of a dearmud, (her pitch was Forty Steps and his perch old
15 Cromwell's Quarters) with so valkirry a licence as sent many a
16 poor pucker packing to perdition, again and again, ay, and again
17 sfidare him, tease fido, eh tease fido, eh eh tease fido, toos top-
18 ples topple, stop, dug of a dog of a dgiaour, ye! Angealousmei!
19 And did not he, like Arcoforty, farfar off Bissavolo, missbrand
20 her behaveyous with iridescent huecry of down right mean false
21 sop lap sick dope? Tawfulsdreck! A reine of the shee, a shebeen
22 quean, a queen of pranks. A kingly man, of royal mien, regally
23 robed, exalted be his glory! So gave so take: Now not, not now!
24 He would just a min. Suffering trumpet! He thought he want.
25 Whath? Hear, O hear, living of the land! Hungreb, dead era,
26 hark! He hea, eyes ravenous on her lippling lills. He hear her voi
27 of day gon by. He hears! Zay, zay, zay! But, by the beer of his
28 profit, he cannot answer. Upterputty till rise and shine! Nor needs
29 none shaft ne stele from Phenicia or Little Asia to obelise on
30 the spout, neither pobalclock neither folksstone, nor sunkeness
31 in Tomar's Wood to bewray how erpressgangs score off the rued.
32 The mouth that tells not will ever attract the unthinking tongue
33 and so long as the obseen draws theirs which hear not so long
34 till allearth's dumbnation shall the blind lead the deaf. Tatcho,
35 tawney yeeklings! The column of lumps lends the pattrin of the
36 leaves behind us. If violence to life, limb and chattels, often as

1 not, has been the expression, direct or through an agent male, of
2 womanhid offended, (ah! ah!), has not levy of black mail from
3 the times the fairies were in it, and fain for wilde erthe blothoms
4 followed an impressive private reputation for whispered sins?

5 Now by memory inspired, turn wheel again to the whole of
6 the wall. Where Gyant Blyant fronts Peannlueamoore There was
7 once upon a wall and a hooghoog wall a was and such a wall-
8 hole did exist. Ere ore or ire in Aaarlund. Or you Dair's Hair or
9 you Diggin Mosses or your horde of orts and oriorts to garble
10 a garthen of Odin and the lost paladays when all the eddams ended
11 with aves. Armen? The doun is theirs and still to see for menags
12 if he strikes a lousaforitch and we'll come to those baregazed
13 shoeshines if you just shoodov a second. And let oggs be good
14 old gaggles and Isther Estarr play Yesther Asterr. In the drema
15 of Sorestost Areas, Diseased. A stonehinged gate then was for
16 another thing while the suroptimist had bought and enlarged
17 that shack under fair rental of one yearlyng sheep, (prime) value
18 of sixpence, and one small yearlyng goat (cadet) value of eight-
19 pence, to grow old and happy (hogg it and kidd him) for the re-
20 minants of his years; and when everything was got up for the
21 purpose he put an applegate on the place by no means as some
22 pretext a bedstead in loo thereof to keep out donkeys (the pig-
23 dirt hanging from the jags to this hour makes that clear) and just
24 thenabouts the iron gape, by old custom left open to prevent
25 the cats from getting at the gout, was triplepatlockt on him on
26 purpose by his faithful poorters to keep him inside probably and
27 possibly enaunter he felt like sticking out his chest too far and
28 tempting gracious providence by a stroll on the peoplade's egg-
29 day, unused as he was yet to being freely clodded.

30 O, by the by, lets wee brag of praties, it ought to be always
31 remembered in connection with what has gone before that there
32 was a northroomer, Herr Betreffender, out for his zimmer hole-
33 digs, digging in number 32 at the Rum and Puncheon (Branch of
34 Dirty Dick's free house) in Laxlip (where the Sockeye Sammons
35 were stopping at the time orange fasting) prior to that, a Kom-
36 merzial (Gorbotipacco, he was wreaking like Zentral Oylrubber)

1 from Osterich, the U.S.E. paying (Gaul save the mark!) 11/- in
2 the week (Gosh, these wholly romads!) of conscience money in
3 the first deal of Yuly wheil he was, swishing beesnest with bles-
4 sure, and swobbing broguen eeriesh myth brockendootsch, mak-
5 ing his reporterage on Der Fall Adams for the Frankofurto Siding,
6 a Fastland payrodicule, and er, consstated that one had on him
7 the Lynn O'Brien, a meltoned lammswolle, disturbed, and wider
8 he might the same zurichschicken other he would, with tosend
9 and obertosend tonnowatters, one monkey's damages become.
10 Now you must know, franksman, to make a heart of glass, that
11 the game of gaze and bandstand butchery was merely a Patsy
12 O'Strap tissue of threats and obuses such as roebucks rough at
13 pinnacle's peak and after this sort. Humphrey's unsolicited visitor,
14 Davy or Titus, on a burgley's clan march from the middle west,
15 a hikely excellent crude man about road who knew his Bullfoost
16 Mountains like a starling bierd, after doing a long dance untidled
17 to Cloudy Green, deposend his bockstump on the waityoumay-
18 wantme, after having blew some quaker's (for you! Oates!) in
19 through the houseking's keyhole to attract attention, bleated
20 through the gale outside which the tairor of his clothes was hog-
21 calling, first, be the hirsuiter, that he would break his bulshey-
22 wigger's head for him, next, be the heeltapper, that he would
23 break the gage over his lankyduckling head the same way he
24 would crack a nut with a monkeywrench and, last of all, be the
25 stirabouter, that he would give him his (or theumperom's or any-
26 bloody else's) thickerthanwater to drink and his bleday steppe-
27 brodhar's into the bucket. He demanded more wood alcohol to
28 pitch in with, alleging that his granfather's was all taxis and that
29 it was only after ten o'connell, and this his isbar was a public
30 oven for the sake of irsk irskusky, and then, not easily dis-
31 couraged, opened the wrathfloods of his atillarery and went on at
32 a wicked rate, weathering against him in mooxed metaphores
33 from eleven thirty to two in the afternoon without even a lunch-
34 eonette interval for House, son of Clod, to come out, you jew-
35 beggar, to be Executed Amen. Earwicker, that patternmind, that
36 paradigmatic ear, receptoretentive as his of Dionysius, longsuffer-

1 ing although whitening under restraint in the sititout corner of
2 his conservatory, behind faminebuilt walls, his thermos flask and
3 ripidian flabel by his side and a walrus whiskerbristle for a tusk-
4 pick, compiled, while he mourned the flight of his wild guineese,
5 a long list (now feared in part lost) to be kept on file of all abusive
6 names he was called (we have been compelled for the rejoicement
7 of foinne loidies ind the humours of Milltown etcetera by Joseph-
8 ine Brewster in the collision known as Contrastations with Inker-
9 mann and so on and sononward, lacies in loo water, flee, celestials,
10 one clean turv): *Firstnighter, Informer, Old Fruit, Yellow Whigger,*
11 *Wheatears, Goldy Geit, Bogside Beauty, Yass We've Had His*
12 *Badannas, York's Porker, Funnyface, At Baggotty's Bend He*
13 *Bumped, Grease with the Butter, Opendoor Ospices, Cainandabler,*
14 *Ireland's Eighth Wonderful Wonder, Beat My Price, Godsoilman,*
15 *Moonface the Murderer, Hoary Hairy Hoax, Midnight Sunburst,*
16 *Remove that Bible, Hebdromadary Publocation, Tummer the Lame*
17 *the Tyrannous, Blau Clay, Tight before Teatime, Real Your*
18 *Pantojoke, Acoustic Disturbance, Thinks He's Gobblasst the Good*
19 *Dook of Ourguile, W.D.'s Grace, Gibbering Bayamouth of Dublin,*
20 *His Farther was a Mundzucker and She had him in a Growler,*
21 *Burnham and Bailey, Artist, Unworthy of the Homely Protestant*
22 *Religion, Terry Cotter, You're Welcome to Waterfood, signed the*
23 *Ribbonmen, Lobsterpot Lardling, All for Arthur of this Town,*
24 *Hooshed the Cat from the Bacon, Leathertogs Donald, The Ace*
25 *and Deuce of Paupering, O'Reilly's Delights to Kiss the Man*
26 *behind the Borrel, Magogagog, Swad Puddlefoot, Gouty Ghibeline,*
27 *Loose Luther, Hatches Cocks' Eggs, Muddle the Plan, Luck before*
28 *Wedlock, I Divorce Thee Husband, Tanner and a Make, Go to*
29 *Hellena or Come to Connies, Piobald Puffpuff His Bride, Purged*
30 *out of Burke's, He's None of Me Causin, Barebarean, Peculiar*
31 *Person, Grunt Owl's Facktotem, Twelve Months Aristocrat,*
32 *Lycanthrope, Flunkey Beadle Vamps the Tune Letting on He's*
33 *Loney, Thunder and Turf Married into Clandorf, Left Boot Sent*
34 *on Approval, Cumberer of Lord's Holy Ground, Stodge Arschmann,*
35 *Awnt Yuke, Tommy Furlong's Pet Plagues, Archdukon Cabbanger,*
36 *Last Past the Post, Kennealey Won't Tell Thee off Nancy's Gown,*

1 *Scuttle to Cover, Salary Grab, Andy Mac Noon in Annie's Room,*
2 *Awl Out, Twitchbratschballs, Bombard Street Bester, Sublime*
3 *Porter, A Ban for Le King of the Burgaans and a Bom for Ye Sur*
4 *of all the Ruttledges, O'Phelim's Cutprize, And at Number Wan*
5 *Wan Wan, What He Done to Castlecostello, Sleeps with Feathers*
6 *end Ropes, It is Known who Sold Horace the Rattler, Enclosed*
7 *find the Sons of Fingal, Swayed in his Falling, Wants a Wife and*
8 *Forty of Them, Let Him Do the Fair, Apeegeequanee Chimmuck,*
9 *Plowp Goes his Whastle, Ruin of the Small Trader, He — —*
10 *Milkinghoneybeaverbrooker, Vee was a Vindner, Sower Rapes,*
11 *Armenian Atrocity, Sickfish Bellyup, Edomite,—'Man Devoyd of*
12 *the Commoner Characteristics of an Irish Nature, Bad Humborg,*
13 *Hraabhraab, Coccoohandler, Dirt, Miching Daddy, Born Burst Feet*
14 *Foremost, Woolworth's Worst, Easyathic Phallusaphist, Guilty-*
15 *pig's Bastard, Fast in the Barrel, Boose in the Bed, Mister Fatmate,*
16 *In Custody of the Polis, Boawwill's Alocutionist, Deposed, but anar-*
17 *chistically respectful of the liberties of the noninvasive individual,*
18 *did not respond a solitary wedgeword beyond such sedentarity,*
19 *though it was as easy as kissanywhere for the passive resistant in*
20 *the booth he was in to reach for the hello gripes and ring up Kim-*
21 *mage Outer 17.67, because, as the fundamentalist explained, when*
22 *at last shocked into speech, touchin his woundid feelins in the*
23 *fuchsiar the dominican mission for the sowsealist potty was on at*
24 *the time and he thought the rowmish devowtion known as the*
25 *howly rowsary might reeform ihm, Gonn. That more than*
26 *considerably unpleasent bullocky before he rang off drunkishly*
27 *pegged a few glatt stones, all of a size, by way of final mocks*
28 *for his grapes, at the wicket in support of his words that he was*
29 *not guilphy but, after he had so slaunga vollayed, reconnoi-*
30 *tring through his semisubconscious the seriousness of what he*
31 *might have done had he really polished off his terrible intentions*
32 *finally caused him to change the bawling and leave downg the*
33 *whole grumus of brookpebbles pangpung and, having sobered*
34 *up a bit, paces his groundould diablen lionndub, the flay the*
35 *flegm, the floedy fleshener, (purse, purse, pursyfurse, I'll splish*
36 *the splume of them all!) this backblocks boor bruskiy put out*

1 his langwedge and quite quit the paleologic scene, telling how
2 by his selfdenying ordnance he had left Hyland on the dissenting
3 table, after exhorting Earwicker or, in slightly modified phrase-
4 ology, Messrs or Missrs Earwicker, Seir, his feminisable name of
5 multitude, to cocoa come outside to Mockerloo out of that for
6 the honour of Crumlin, with his broody old flishguds, Gog's
7 curse to thim, so as he could brianslog and burst him all dizzy,
8 you go bail, like Potts Fracture did with Keddle Flatnose and
9 nobodyatall with Wholyphamous and build rocks over him, or
10 if he didn't, for two and thirty straws, be Cacao Campbell, he
11 didn't know what he wouldn't do for him nor nobody else no-
12 more nor him after which, batell martell, a brisha a milla a stroka
13 a boola, so the rage of Malbruk, playing on the least change of
14 his manjester's voice, the first heroic couplet from the fuguall
15 tropical, Opus Elf, Thortytoe: *My schemes into obeyance for This*
16 *time has had to fall:* they bit goodbye to their thumb and, his
17 bandol eer his solgier, dripdropdrap on pool or poldier, wishing
18 the loff a falladelfian in the morning, proceeded with a Hubble-
19 forth slouch in his slips backwards (*Et Cur Heli!*) in the directions
20 of the duff and demb institutions about ten or eleven hundred
21 years lurch away in the moonshiny gorge of Patself on the Bach.
22 Adyoe!

23 And thus, with this rochelly exetur of Bully Acre, came to
24 close that last stage in the siegings round our archicitadel which
25 we would like to recall, if old Nestor Alexis would wink the
26 worth for us, as Bar-le-Duc and Dog-an-Doras and Bangen-op-
27 Zoom.

28 Yed he med leave to many a door beside of Oxmanswold for
29 so witness his chambered cairns a cloudletlitter silent that are at
30 browse up hill and down coombe and on eolithostroton, at
31 Howth or at Coolock or even at Enniskerry, a theory none too
32 rectiline of the evolution of human society and a testament of
33 the rocks from all the dead unto some the living. Olivers lambs
34 we do call them, skatterlings of a stone, and they shall be ga-
35 thered unto him, their herd and paladin, as nubillettes to cumule,
36 in that day hwen, same the lightning lancer of Azava Arthur-

1 honoured (some Finn, some Finn avant!), he skall wake from
2 earthsleep, haught crested elmer, in his valle of briers of Green-
3 man's Rise O, (lost leaders live! the heroes return!) and o'er dun
4 and dale the Wulverulverlord (protect us!) his mighty horn skall
5 roll, orland, roll.

6 For in those deyes his Deyus shall ask of Allprohome and call
7 to himm: Allprohome! And he make answer: Add some. Nor
8 wink nor wunk. *Animadiabolum, mene credidisti mortuum?*
9 Silence was in thy faustive halls, O Truiga, when thy green
10 woods went dry but there will be sounds of manymirth on the
11 night's ear ringing when our pantriarch of Comestowntonobble
12 gets the pullover on his boots.

13 Liverpoor? Sot a bit of it! His braynes coolt parritch, his pelt
14 nassy, his heart's adrone, his bluidstreams acrawl, his puff but a
15 piff, his extremeties extremely so: Fengless, Pawmbroke, Chil-
16 blaimend and Baldowl. Humph is in his doge. Words weigh no
17 no more to him than raindrops to Rethfernhim. Which we all
18 like. Rain. When we sleep. Drops. But wait until our sleeping.
19 Drain. Sdops.

1 As the lion, in our teargarden remembers the nenuphars of his
2 Nile (shall Ariuz forget Arioun or Boghas the baregams of the
3 Marmarazalles from Marmeniere?) it may be, tots wearsense full
4 a naggin in twentyg have sigilposted what in our briefingbust,
5 the besieged bedreamt him stil and solely of those lililiths un-
6 deveiled which hat undone him, gone for age, and knew not
7 the watchful treachers at his wake, and theirs to stay. Fooi, fooi,
8 chamermisssies! Zeepzyzoepy, larcenlads! Zijnzijn Zijnzijn! It may
9 be, we moest ons hasten selves te declareer it, that he reglimmed?
10 presaw? the fields of heat and yields of wheat where corngold
11 Ysit? shamed and shone. It may be, we habben to upseek a bitty
12 door our good township's courants want we knew't, that with
13 his deepseeing insight (had not wishing oftebeen but good time
14 wasted), within his patriarchal shamanah, broadsteyne 'bove citie
15 (Twillby! Twillby!) he conscios of enemies, a kingbilly white-
16 horsed in a Finglas mill, prayed, as he sat on anxious seat, (kunt
17 ye neat gift mey toe bout a peer saft eyeballds!) during that three
18 and a hellof hours' agony of silence, *ex profundis malorum*, and
19 bred with unfeigned charity that his wordwounder (an engles to
20 the teeth who, nomened Nash of Girahash, would go anyold where
21 in the weeping world on his mottled belly (the rab, the kreepons-
22 kneed!) for milk, music or married missusses) might, mercy to
23 providential benevolence's who hates prudencies' astuteness, un-
24 fold into the first of a distinguished dynasty of his posteriors,

1 blackfaced connemaras not of the fold but elder children of his
2 household, his most besetting of ideas (*pace* his twelve predama-
3 nant passions) being the formation, as in more favoured climes,
4 where the Meadow of Honey is guestfriendly and the Mountain
5 of Joy receives, of a truly criminal stratum, Ham's cribcracking
6 yeggs, thereby at last eliminating from all classes and masses with
7 directly derivative decasualisation: *sigarius* (sic!) *vindicat urbes*
8 *terrorum* (sicker!): and so, to mark a bank taal she arter, the
9 obedience of the citizens elp the ealth of the ole.

10 Now gode. Let us leave theories there and return to here's here.
11 Now hear. 'Tis gode again. The teak coffin, Pughglasspanelfitted,
12 feets to the east, was to turn in later, and pitly patly near the
13 porpus, materially effecting the cause. And this, liever, is the
14 thingowe. Any number of conservative public bodies, through
15 a number of select and other committees having power to add to
16 their number, before voting themselves and himself, town, port
17 and garrison, by a fit and proper resolution, following a koorts
18 order of the groundwet, once for all out of plotty existence, as
19 a forescut, so you maateskippey might to you cuttinrunner on a
20 neuw pack of klerds, made him, while his body still persisted,
21 their present of a protem grave in Moyelta of the best Lough
22 Neagh pattern, then as much in demand among misonesans as
23 the Isle of Man today among limniphobes. Wacht even! It was
24 in a fairly fishy kettlekerry, after the Fianna's foreman had taken
25 his handful, enriched with ancient woods and dear dutchy deep-
26 linns mid which were an old knoll and a troutbeck, vainyvain of
27 her osiery and a chatty sally with any Wilt or Walt who would
28 ongle her as Izaak did to the tickle of his rod and watch her
29 waters of her sillying waters of and there now brown peater
30 arripple (may their quilt gild lightly over his somnolulent
31 form!) Whoforyou lies his last, by the wrath of Bog, like the
32 erst curst Hun in the bed of his treubleu Donawhu.

33 Best. This wastohavebeen underground heaven, or mole's
34 paradise which was probably also an inversion of a phallopharos,
35 intended to foster wheat crops and to ginger up tourist trade
36 (its architect, Mgr Peurelachasse, having been obcaecated lest

1 he should petrifake suchanevver while the contractors Messrs
2 T. A. Birkett and L. O. Tuohalls were made invulnerably vener-
3 able) first in the west, our misterbilder, Castlevillainous, openly
4 damned and blasted by means of a hydromine, system, Sowan and
5 Belting, exploded from a reinvented T.N.T. bombingpost up
6 ahoy of eleven and thirty wingrests (*circiter*) to sternboard out
7 of his aerial thorpeto, Auton Dynamon, contacted with the ex-
8 pectant minefield by tins of improved ammonia lashed to her
9 shieldplated gunwale, and fused into tripupcables, slipping
10 through tholse and playing down from the conning tower into
11 the ground battery fuseboxes, all differing as clocks from keys
12 since nobody appeared to have the same time of beard, some
13 saying by their Oorlog it was Sygstryggs to nine, more holding
14 with the Ryan vogt it was Dane to pfife. He afterwards whaan-
15 ever his blaetther began to fail off him and his rough bark was
16 wholly husky and, stoop by stoop, he neared it (wouldmanspare!)
17 carefully lined the ferroconcrete result with rotproof bricks and
18 mortar, fassed to fossed, and retired beneath the heptarchy of
19 his towerettes, the beauchamp, byward, bull and lion, the white,
20 the wardrobe and bloodied, so encouraging (insteppen, alls als
21 hats belief!) additional useful councils public with hoofd off-
22 dealings which were welholden of ladykants te huur out such as the
23 Breeders' Union, the Guild of Merchants of the Staple et, a.u.c. to
24 present unto him with funebral pomp, over and above that, a stone
25 slab with the usual Mac Pelah address of velediction, a very fair-
26 worded instance of falsemeaning adamelegy: We have done ours
27 gohellit with you, Heer Herewhippit, overgiven it, skidoo!

28 But t'house and allaboardshoops! Show coffins, winding sheets,
29 goodbuy bierchepes, cinerary urns, liealoud blasses, snuffchests,
30 poteentubbs, lacrimal vases, hoodendoses, reekwaterbeckers,
31 breakmiddles, zootzaks for eatlust, including upyourhealthing
32 rookworst and meathewersoftened forkenpootsies and for that
33 matter, javel also, any kind of inhumationary bric au brac for
34 the adornment of his glasstone honophreum, would, met these
35 trein of konditiens, naturally follow, halas, in the ordinary course,
36 enabling that roundtheworlder wandelingswight, did suches pass

1 him, to live all safeathomely the presenile days of his life of
2 opulence, ancient ere decrepitude, late lents last lenience, till
3 stuffing stage, whaling away the whole of the while (*hypnos*
4 *chilia eonion!*) lethelulled between explosion and reexplosion
5 (Donnaurwatteur! Hunderthunder!) from grosskopp to megapod,
6 embalmed, of grand age, rich in death anticipated.

7 But abide Zeit's sumonserving, rise afterfall. Blueblitzbolted
8 from there, knowing the hingeworms of the hallmirks of habita-
9 tionlesness, buried burrowing in Gehinnon, to proliferate through
10 all his Unterwealth, seam by seam, sheol om sheol, and revisit
11 our Uppercrust Sideria of Utilitarios, the divine one, the hoar-
12 der hidden propaguting his plutorpopular progeniem of pots and
13 pans and pokers and puns from biddenland to boughtenland, the
14 spearway fore the spoorway.

15 The other spring offensive on the heights of Abraham may
16 have come about all quite by accident, Foughtarundser (for
17 Breedabrooda had at length persuaded him to have himself to be
18 as septuply buried as the murdered Cian in Finntown), had not
19 been three monads in his watery grave (what vigilantes and ridings
20 then and spuitwyne pledges with aardappel frittling!) when
21 portrification, dreyfussed as ever, began to ramp, ramp, ramp, the
22 boys are parching. A hoodenwinkle gave the signal and a bless-
23 ing paper freed the flood. Why did the patrizien make him scares
24 with his gruntens? Because the druiven were muskating at the
25 door. From both Celtiberian camps (granting at the onset for the
26 sake of argument that men on the two sides in New South Ire-
27 land and Vetera Uladh, bluemin and pillfaces, during the ferment
28 With the Pope or On the Pope, had, moors or letts, grant ideas,
29 grunted) all conditions, poor cons and dives mor, each, of course,
30 on the purely doffensive since the eternalns were owlwise on their
31 side every time, were drawn toowards their Bellona's Black
32 Bottom, once Woolwhite's Waltz (Ohiboh, how becrimed,
33 becursekissed and bedumbtoit!) some for want of proper feeding
34 in youth, others already caught in the honourable act of slicing
35 careers for family and carvers in conjunction; and, if emaciated
36 nough, the person garrotted may have suggested to whomever he

1 took the ham of, the plain being involved in darkness, low cirque
2 waggery, nay, even the first old wugger of himself in the flesh,
3 whiggissimus incarnadined, when falsesighted by the ifsuchhewas
4 bully on the hill for there had circulated freely fairly among his
5 opposition the feeling that in so hibernating Massa Ewacka, who,
6 previous to that demidetached life, had been known of barmi-
7 cidal days, cook said, between soups and savours, to get outside
8 his own length of rainbow trout and taerts atta tarn as no man
9 of woman born, nay could, like the great crested brebe, devour
10 his threescoreten of roach per lifeday, ay, and as many minnow a
11 minute (the big mix, may Gibbet choke him!) was, like the salmon
12 of his ladderleap all this time of totality secretly and by suckage
13 feeding on his own misplaced fat.

14 Ladies did not disdain those pagan ironed times of the firs;
15 city (called after the ugliest Danadune) when a frond was a friend
16 inneed to carry, as earwigs do their dead, their soil to the earth-
17 ball where indeeth we shall calm decline, our legacy unknown.
18 Venuses were giggibly temptatrix, vulcans guffawably eruptious
19 and the whole wives' world frockful of fickles. Fact, any human
20 inyon you liked any erenoon or efter would take her bare godkin
21 out, or an even pair of hem, (lugod! lugodoo!) and prettily pray
22 with him (or with em even) everyhe to her taste, long for luck,
23 tapette and tape petter and take pettest of all. (Tip!) Wells she'd
24 woo and wills she's win but how the deer knowed where she'd
25 marry! Arbour, bucketroom, caravan, ditch? Coach, carriage,
26 wheelbarrow, dungcart?

27 Kate Strong, a widow (Tiptip!)—she pulls a lane picture for
28 us, in a dreariodreama setting, glowing and very vidual, of old
29 dumplan as she nosed it, a homelike cottage of elvanstone with
30 droppings of biddies, stinkend pusshies, moggies' duggies, rotten
31 witchawubbles, festering rubbages and beggars' bullets, if not
32 worse, sending salmofarious germs in gleefully through the
33 smithereen panes—Widow Strong, then, as her weaker had
34 turned him to the wall (Tiptiptip!), did most all the scavenging
35 from good King Hamlaugh's gulden dayne though her lean
36 besom cleaned but sparingly and her bare statement reads that,

1 there being no macadamised sidetracks on those old nekropolitan
2 nights in, barring a footbatter, Bryant's Causeway, bordered
3 with speedwell, white clover and sorrel a wood knows, which
4 left off, being beaten, where the plaintiff was struck, she
5 left down, as scavengers, who will be scavengers must, her
6 filthdump near the Serpentine in Phornix Park (at her time called
7 Finewell's Keepsacre but later tautaubaptossed Pat's Purge),
8 that dangerfield circling butcherswood where fireworker oh
9 flaherty engaged a nutter of castlemallards and ah for archer
10 stunned's turk, all over which fossil footprints, bootmarks,
11 fingersigns, elbowdints, breechbowls, a. s. o. were all succes-
12 sively traced of a most envolving description. What subtler
13 timeplace of the weald than such wolfsbelly castrament to will
14 hide a leabhar from Thursmen's brandihands or a loveletter,
15 lostfully hers, that would be lust on Ma, than then when ructions
16 ended, than here where race began: and by four hands of fore-
17 thought the first babe of reconciliation is laid in its last cradle
18 of hume sweet hume. Give over it! And no more of it! So pass
19 the pick for child sake! O men!

20 For hear Allhighest sprack for krischnians as for propagana
21 fidies and his nuptial eagles sharpened their beaks of prey: and
22 every morphyl man of us, pome by pome, falls back into this
23 terrine: as it was let it be, says he! And it is as though where
24 Agni araflammed and Mithra monished and Shiva slew as maya-
25 mutras the obluvia waters of our noarchic memory withdrew,
26 windingly goharksome, to some hastyswasty timberman torch-
27 priest, flamenfan, the ward of the wind that lightened the fire that
28 lay in the wood that Jove bolt, at his rude word. Posidonius
29 O'Fluctuary! Lave that bloody stone as it is! What are you
30 doing your dirty minx and his big treeblock way up your path?
31 Slip around, you, by the rare of the ministers'! And, you, take
32 that barrel back where you got it, Mac Shane's, and go the way
33 your old one went, Hatchettsbury Road! And gish! how they
34 gushed away, the pennyfares, a whole school for scamper, with
35 their sashes flying sish behind them, all the little pirllypettes!
36 Issy-la-Chapelle! Any lucans, please?

1 Yes, the viability of vicinals if invisible is invincible. And we
2 are not trespassing on his corns either. Look at all the plotsch!
3 Fluminian! If this was Hannibal's walk it was Hercules' work.
4 And a hungried thousand of the unemancipated slaved the way.
5 The mausoleum lies behind us (O Adgigasta, *multipopulipater!*)
6 and there are milestones in their cheadmilies faltering along
7 the tramestrack by Brahm and Anton Hermes! Per omnibus
8 secular seekalarum. Amain. But the past has made us this present
9 of a rheadarhod. So more boher O'Connell! Though rainy-
10 hidden, you're rhinohide. And if he's not a Romeo you may
11 scallop your hat. Wereupunder in the fane of Saint Fiacre! Halte!

12 It was hard by the howe's there, plainly on this disoluded and a
13 buchan cold spot, rupestric then, resurfaced that now is, that
14 Luttrell sold if Lautreill bought, in the saddle of the Brennan's
15 (now Malpasplace?) pass, versts and versts from true civilisation,
16 not where his dreams top their traums halt (Beneathere! Bena-
17 there!) but where livland yontide meared with the wilde, saltlea
18 with flood, that the attackler, a cropatkin, though under medium
19 and between colours with truly native pluck, engaged the Adver-
20 sary who had more in his eye than was less to his leg but whom for
21 plunder sake, he mistook in the heavy rain to be Oglethorpe or
22 some other ginkus, Parr apparrently, to whom the headandheel-
23 less chickenestegg bore some Michelangiolesque resemblance,
24 making use of sacrilegious languages to the defect that he would
25 challenge their hemosphores to exterminate them but he would
26 cannonise the b — y b — r's life out of him and lay him out
27 contritely as smart as the b — r had his b — y nightprayers
28 said, three patrecknocksters and a couplet of hellmuirries (*tout*
29 *est sacré pour un sacreur, femme à barbe ou homme-nourrice*) at the
30 same time, so as to plugg well let the blubbywail ghoats out of
31 him, catching holst of an oblong bar he had and with which he
32 usually broke furnitures he rose the stick at him. The boarder
33 incident prerepeated itself. The pair (whethertheywere Nippo-
34 luono engaging Wei-Ling-Taou or de Razzkias trying to recon-
35 noistre the general Boukeleff, man may not say), struggled
36 apairntly for some considerable time, (the cradle rocking equally

1 to one and oppositely from the other on its law of capture and
2 recapture), under the All In rules around the booksafe, fighting
3 like purple top and tipperuhry Swede, (Secremented Servious of
4 the Divine Zeal!) and in the course of their tussle the toller man,
5 who had opened his bully bowl to beg, said to the miner who
6 was carrying the worm (a handy term for the portable distillery
7 which consisted of three vats, two jars and several bottles though
8 we purposely say nothing of the stiff, both parties having an
9 interest in the spirits): Let me go, Pautheen! I hardly knew ye.
10 Later on, after the solstitial pause for refreshmeant, the same
11 man (or a different and younger him of the same ham) asked in
12 the vermicular with a very oggly chew-chin-grin: Was six vic-
13 tolios fifteen pigeon takee offa you, tell he me, stlongfella, by
14 picky-pocky ten to foul months behindaside? There were some
15 further collidabanter and severe tries to convert for the best part
16 of an hour and now a woden affair in the shape of a webley (we
17 at once recognise our old friend Ned of so many illortemperate
18 letters) fell from the intruser who, as stuck as that cat to that
19 mouse in that tube of that christchurch organ, (did the imnage of
20 Girl Cloud Pensive flout above them light young charm, in
21 ribbons and pigtail?) whereupon became friendly and, saying not
22 his shirt to tear, to know wanted, joking and knobkerries, all
23 aside laying, if his change companion who stuck still to the in-
24 vention of his strongbox, with a tenacity corrobberating their
25 mutual tenitorial rights, happened to have the loots change of
26 a tenpound crickler about him at the moment, addling that hap
27 so, he would pay him back the six vics odd, do you see, out of
28 that for what was taken on the man of samples last Yuni or Yuly,
29 do you follow me, Capn? To this the other, Billi with the Boule,
30 who had mummied and mauled up to that (for he was hesitency
31 carried to excelcism) rather amusedly replied: Woowoo would
32 you be grossly surprised, Hill, to learn that, as it so happens, I
33 honestly have not such a thing as the loo, as the least chance of
34 a tinpanned crackler anywhere about me at the present mohomoment
35 but I believe I can see my way, as you suggest, it
36 being Yuletide or Yuddanfest and as it's mad nuts, son, for you

1 when it's hatter's hares, mon, for me, to advance you something
2 like four and sevenpence between hopping ar-d trapping which
3 you might just as well have, boy baches, to buy J. J. and S. with.
4 There was a minute silence before memory's fire's rekindling and
5 then. Heart alive! Which at very first wind of gay gay and whisk-
6 wigs wick's ears pricked up, the starving gunman, strike him
7 pink, became strangely calm and forthright sware by all his lards
8 porsenal that the thortree of sheol might ramify up his Sheo-
9 fon to the lux apointlex but he would go good to him suntime
10 marx my word fort, for a chip off the old Flint, (in the Nichtian
11 glossery which purveys aprioric roots for aposteriorious tongues
12 this is nat language at any sinse of the world and one might as
13 fairly go and kish his sprogues as fail to certify whether the
14 wartrophy eluded at some lives earlier was that somethink like a
15 jug, to what, a coctable) and remarxing in languidoily, seemingly
16 much more highly pleased than tongue could tell at this opening
17 of a lifetime and the foretaste of the Dun Bank pearlmothers
18 and the boy to wash down which he would feed to himself in
19 the Ruadh Cow at Tallaght and then into the Good Woman at
20 Ringsend and after her inat Conway's Inn at Blackrock and, first
21 to fall, cursed be all, where appetite would keenest be, atte,
22 funeral fare or fun fain real, Adam and Eve's in Quantity Street
23 by the grace of gamy queen Tailte, her will and testament: You
24 stunning little southdowner! I'd know you anywhere, Declaney,
25 let me truthfully tell you in or out of the lexinction of life and
26 who the hell else, be your blanche patch on the boney part!
27 Goalball I've struck this daylit dielate night of nights, by golly!
28 My hat, you have some bully German grit, sundowner! He
29 spud in his faust (axin); he toped the raw best (pardun); he
30 poked his pick (a tip is a tap): and he tucked his friend's leave. And,
31 with French hen or the portlifowlium of hastes and leisures, about
32 to continue that, the queer mixture exchanged the pax in embrace
33 or poghue puxy as practised between brothers of the same breast,
34 hillelulia, killelulia, allenalaw, and, having ratified before the
35 god of the day their torgantruce which belittlers have schmall-
36 kalled the treatyng to cognac, turning his fez menialstrait in the

1 direction of Moscas, he first got rid of a few mitsmillers and
2 hurooshoos and levanted off with tubular jurbulance at a bull's
3 run over the assback bridge, spitting his teeth on rooths, with the
4 seven and four in danegeld and their humoral hurlbat or other
5 uncertain weapon of *lignum vitae*, but so evermore rhumanasant of
6 a toboggan poop, picked up to keep some crowplucking ap-
7 pointment with some rival rialtos anywheres between Pearidge
8 and the Littlehorn while this poor delaney, who they left along
9 with the confederate fender behind and who albeit ballsbluffed,
10 bore up wonderfully wunder all of it with a whole number of
11 plumsized contusiums, plus alasalah bruised coccyx, all over him,
12 reported the occurance in the best way he could, to the flabber-
13 gaze of the whole lab, giving the Paddybanners the military
14 salute as for his exilicy's the O'Daffy, in justifiable hope that,
15 in nobiloroman review of the hugely sitisfactuary conclusium
16 of their negotiations and the jugglemonkysh agripment dein-
17 derivative, some lotion or fomentation of poppyheads would be
18 jenniferously exhibited to the parts, at the nearest watchhouse in
19 Vicar Lane, the white ground of his face all covered with diagon-
20 ally redcrossed nonfatal mammalian blood as proofpositive of the
21 seriousness of his character and that he was bleeding in self
22 defience (stanch it!) from the nostrils, lips, pavilion and palate,
23 while some of his hitter's hairs had been pulled off his knut's
24 head by Colt though otherwise his allround health appeared to
25 be middling along as it proved most fortunate that not one of
26 the two hundred and six bones and five hundred and one muscles
27 in his corso was a whit the whorse for her whacking. Herwho?

28 Nowthen, leaving clashing ash, brawn and muscle and brass-
29 made to oust earthernborn and rockcrystal to wreck isinglass but
30 wurming along gradually for our savings backtowards mother-
31 waters so many miles from bank and Dublin stone (olympiading
32 even till the eleventh dynasty to reach that thuddysickend Ham-
33 laugh) and to the question of boney's unlawfully obtaining a
34 pierced paraflamme and claptrap fireguard there crops out the
35 still more salient point of the politish leanings and town pursuits
36 of our forebeer, El Don De Dunelli, (may his ship thicked stick

1 in the bottol of the river and all his crewsers stock locked in the
2 burral of the seas!) who, when within the black of your toenail,
3 sir, of being mistakenly ambushed by one of the uddahveddahs,
4 and as close as made no matter, mam, to being kayoed offhand
5 when the hyougono heckler with the Peter the Painter wanted
6 to hole him, was consistently practising the first of the primary
7 and imprescriptible liberties of the pacific subject by circulating
8 (be British, boys to your bellybone and chuck a chum a chance!)
9 alongst one of our umphrohibited semitary thrufahrts, open to
10 buggy and bike, to walk, Wellington Park road, with the curb
11 or quaker's quacknostrum under his auxter and his alpenstuck in
12 his redhand, a highly commendable exercise, or, number two of
13 our *acta legitima plebeia*, on the brink (beware to baulk a man at
14 his will!) of taking place upon a public seat, to what, bare by
15 Butt's, most easterly (but all goes west!) of blackpool bridges, as
16 a public protest and naturlikevice, without intent to annoy either,
17 being praisegood thankfully for the wrathbereaved ringdove and
18 the fearstung boaconstrictor and all the more right jollywell
19 pleased, which he was, at having other people's weather.

20 But to return to the atlantic and Phenitia Proper. As if that
21 were not to be enough for anyone but little headway, if any, was
22 made in solving the wasnotto be crime cunundrum when a child
23 of Maam, Festy King, of a family long and honourably associ-
24 ated with the tar and feather industries, who gave an address in
25 old plomansch Mayo of the Saxons in the heart of a foulfamed
26 potheen district, was subsequently haled up at the Old Bailey
27 on the calends of Mars, under an incompatibly framed indictment
28 of both the counts (from each equinoxious points of view, the one
29 fellow's fetch being the other follow's person) that is to see, flying
30 cushats out of his ouveralls and making fesses immodst his forces
31 on the field. Oyeh! Oyeh! When the prisoner, soaked in methyl-
32 ated, appeared in dry dock, appatently ambrosiaurealisied, like
33 Kersse's Korduroy Karikature, wearing, besides stains, rents and
34 patches, his fight shirt, straw braces, souwester and a policeman's
35 corkscrew trowswers, all out of the true (as he had purposely torn
36 up all his cymtrymanx bespokes in the mamertime), deposing for

1 his exution with all the fluors of sparse in the royal Irish vocabulary
2 how the whole padderjagmartin tripiezite suet and all the sulfeit
3 of copperas had fallen off him quatz unaccountably like the
4 chrystalisations of Alum on Even while he was trying for to stick
5 fire to himcell, (in feacht he was dripping as he found upon strip-
6 ping for a pipkin ofmalt as he feared the coold raine) it was
7 attempted by the crown (P.C. Robort) to show that King, elois
8 Crowbar, once known as Meleky, impersonating a climbing boy,
9 rubbed some pixes of any luvial peatsmoor o'er his face, plucks
10 and pussas, with a clanetourf as the best means of disguising him-
11 self and was to the middlewhite fair in Mudford of a Thoorsday,
12 feishts of Peeler and Pole, under the illassumed names of
13 Tykingfest and Rabworc picked by him and Anthony out of a
14 tellafun book, ellegedly with a pedigree pig (unlicensed) and a
15 hyacinth. They were on that sea by the plain of Ir nine hundred
16 and ninety-nine years and they never cried crack or ceased from
17 regular paddlewicking till that they landed their two and a
18 trifling selves, amadst camel and ass, greybeard and suckling,
19 priest and pauper, matrmatron and merrymeg, into the meddle
20 of the mudstorm. The gathering, convened by the Irish Angri-
21 cultural and Prepostoral Ouraganisations, to help the Irish muck
22 to look his brother dane in the face and attended thanks to
23 Larry by large numbers, of christies and jew's totems, tospite of
24 the deluge, was distinctly of a scattery kind when the bally-
25 bricken he could get no good of, after cockofthewalking through
26 a few fancyfought mains ate some of the doorweg, the pikey
27 later selling the gentleman ratepayer because she, Francie's sister,
28 that is to say,ate a whole side of his (the animal's) sty, on a
29 struggle Street, *Qui Sta Troia*, in order to pay off, hiss or lick,
30 six doubloons fifteen arrears of his, the villain's not the rumbler's
31 rent.

32 Remarkable evidence was given, anon, by an eye, ear, nose
33 and throat witness, whom Wesleyan chapelgoers suspected of
34 being a plain clothes priest W.P., situate at Nullnull, Medical
35 Square, who, upon letting down his rice and peacegreen cover-
36 disk and having been sullenly cautioned against yawning while

1 being grilled, smiled (he had had a onebumper at parting from
2 Mrs Molroe in the morning) and stated to his eliciter under his
3 morse mustaccents (gobbless!) that he slept with a bonafides and
4 that he would be there to remember the filth of November,
5 hatinaring, rowdy O, which, with the jiboulees of Juno and the
6 dates of ould lanxiety, was going, please the Rainmaker, to
7 decembs within the ephemerides of profane history, all one with
8 Tournay, Yetstoslay and Temorah, and one thing which would
9 pigstickularly strike a person of such sorely tried observational
10 powers as Sam, him and Moffat, though theirs not to reason why,
11 the striking thing about it was that he was patrified to see, hear,
12 taste and smell, as his time of night, how Hyacinth O'Donnell,
13 B.A., described in the calendar as a mixer and wordpainter, with
14 part of a sivispacem (Gaeltact for dungfork) on the fair green
15 at the hour of twenty-four o'clock sought (the bullycassidy of
16 the friedhoffer!) to sack, sock, stab and slaughter singlehanded
17 another two of the old kings, Gush Mac Gale and Roaring
18 O'Crian, Jr., both changelings, unlucalised, of no address and
19 in noncommunicables, between him and whom, ever since wal-
20 lops before the Mise of Lewes, bad blood existed on the ground
21 of the boer's trespass on the bull or because he firstparted his
22 polarbeeber hair in twoways, or because they were creepfoxed
23 andt grousuppers over a nippy in a noveletta, or because they
24 could not say meace, (mute and daft) meathe. The litigants, he
25 said, local congsmen and donalds, kings of the arans and the dalk-
26 eys, kings of mud and tory, even the goat king of Killorglin,
27 were egged on by their supporters in the shape of betterwomen
28 with bowstrung hair of Carrothagenuine ruddiness, waving crim-
29 son petties and screaming from Isod's towertop. There were
30 cries from the thicksets in court and from the macdublins on the
31 bohernabreen of: Mind the bank from Banagher, Mick, sir! Pro-
32 dooce O'Donner. Ay! Exhibit his relics! Bu! Use the tongue
33 mor! Give lip less! But it oozed out in Deadman's Dark Scenery
34 Court through crossexanimation of the casehardened testis that
35 when and where that knife of knives the treepartied ambush was
36 laid (roughly spouting around half hours 'twixt dusk in dawn,

1 by Waterhose's Meddle Europeic Time, near Stop and Think,
2 high chief evervirens and only abfalltree in auld the land) there
3 was not as much light from the widowed moon as would dim a
4 child's altar. The mixer, accordingly, was bluntly broached, and
5 in the best basel to boot, as to whether he was one of those
6 lucky cocks for whom the audible-visible-gnosible-edible world
7 existed. That he was only too cognitively conatively cogitabun-
8 dantly sure of it because, living, loving, breathing and sleeping
9 morphomelosophopancreates, as he most significantly did, when-
10 ever he thought he heard he saw he felt he made a bell clipper-
11 clipperclipperclipper. Whether he was practically sure too of his
12 lugs and truies names in this king and blouseman business? That
13 he was pediculously so. Certified? As cad could be. Be lying! Be
14 the lonee I will. It was Morbus O' Somebody? A'Quite. Szer-
15 day's Son? A satyr in weddens. And how did the greeneyed
16 mister arrive at the B.A.? That it was like his poll. A cross-
17 grained trapper with murty odd oogs, awflorated ares, inquiline
18 nase and a twithcherous mough? He would be. Who could bit
19 you att to a tenyerdfuul when aastalled? Ballera jobbera. Some
20 majar bore too? Iguines. And with tumblerous legs, redipnomi-
21 nated Helmingham Erchenwyne Rutter Egbert Crumwall Odin
22 Maximus Esme Saxon Esa Vercingetorix Ethelwulf Rupprecht
23 Ydwalla Bentley Osmund Dysart Yggdrasselmann? Holy Saint
24 Eiffel, the very phoenix! It was Chudley Magnall once more
25 between the deffodates and the dumb scene? The two childspies
26 waapreessing him auza de Vologue but the renting of his rock
27 was from the three wicked Vuncouverers Forests bent down
28 awhits, arthou sure? Yubeti, Cumbilum comes! One of the ox-
29 men's thingabossers, hvad? And had he been refresqued by the
30 founts of bounty playing there — is — a — pain — aleland in
31 Long's gourgling barral? A loss of Lordedward and a lack of sir-
32 philip a surgeonet showeradown could suck more gargling
33 bubbles out of the five lamps in Portterand's praise. Wirrgeling
34 and maries? As whose wouldn't, laving his leaftime in Black-
35 pool. But, of course, he could call himself Tem, too, if he had
36 time to? You butt he could anytom. When he pleased? Win and

1 place. A stoker tempted by evesdripping against the driver who
2 was a witness as well? Sacred avatar, how the devil did they
3 guess it! Two dreamyums in one dromium? Yes and no error.
4 And both as like as a duel of lentils? Peacisely. So he was pelted
5 out of the coram populo, was he? Be the powers that be he was.
6 The prince in principel should not expose his person? Mac-
7 chevuole! Rooskayman kamerad? Sooner Gallwegian he would
8 say. Not unintoxicated, fair witness? Drunk as a fishup. Askt to
9 whether she minded whither he smuked? Not if he barkst into
10 phlegms. Anent his ajaciulations to his Crosscann Lorne, cossa?
11 It was corso in cursu on coarser again. The gracious miss was
12 we not doubt sensible how yellowatty on the forx was altered?
13 That she esually was, O'Dowd me not! As to his religion, if
14 any? It was the see-you-Sunday sort. Exactly what he meant by
15 a pederast prig? Bejacob's, just a gent who prayed his lent. And
16 if middleclassed. portavorous was a usual beast? Bynight as useful
17 as a vomit to a shorn man. If he had rognarised dtheir gcourts
18 marsheyls? Dthat nday in ndays he had. Lindendelly, coke or
19 skillies spell me gart without a gate? Harlyadrope. The grazing
20 rights (Mrs Magistra Martinetta) expired with the expiry of the
21 goat's sire, if they were not mistaken? That he exactly could not
22 tell the worshipfuls but his mother-in-waders had the recipis for
23 the price of the coffin and that he was there to tell them that
24 herself was the velocipede that could tell them kitcat. A maun-
25 darin tongue in a pounderin jowl? Father ourder about the
26 mathers of prenannciation. Distributary endings? And we recom-
27 mends. *Quare hircum?* No answer. *Unde gentium fe . . . ?* No ah.
28 Are you not danzzling on the age of a vulcano? Siar, I am deed.
29 And how olld of him? He was intendant to study pulu. Which
30 was meant in a shirt of two shifts macoghamade or up Finn,
31 threehatted ladder? That a head in thighs under a bush at the
32 sunface would bait a serpent to a millrace through the heather.
33 Arm bird colour defdum ethnic fort perharps? Sure and glomsk
34 handy jotalpheson as well. Hokey jasons, then, in a pigeegeeses?
35 On a pontiff's order as ture as there's an ital on atac. As a gololy
36 bit to joss? Leally and tululy. But, why this hankowchaff and

1 whence this second tone, son-yet-sun? He had the cowtaw in his
2 buxers flay of face. So this that Solasistras, setting odds evens at
3 defiance, took the laud from Labouriter? What displaced Tob,
4 Dilke and Halley, not been greatly in love with the game. And,
5 changing the venders, from the king's head to the republican's
6 arms, as to the pugnaxities evinxed from flagfall to antepost
7 during the effrays round fatherthyme's becksides and the regents
8 in the plantsown raining, with the skiddystars and the morkern-
9 windup, how they appealed to him then? That it was wildfires
10 night on all the bettygallaghers. Mickmichael's soords shrieking
11 shrecks through the wilkinsees and neckanicholas' toastingforks
12 pricking prongs up the tunnybladders. Let there be fight? And
13 there was. Foght. On the site of the Angel's, you said? Guinney's
14 Gap, he said, between what they said and the pussykitties. In the
15 middle of the garth, then? That they mushn't toucht it. The de-
16 voted couple was or were only two disappointed solicitresses on
17 the job of the unfortunate class on Saturn's mountain fort? That
18 was about it, jah! And Camellus then said to Gemellus: I should
19 know you? Parfaitly. And Gemellus then said to Camellus: Yes,
20 your brother? Absolutely. And if it was all about that, egregious
21 sir? About that and the other. If he was not alluding to the whole
22 in the wall? That he was when he was not eluding from the whole
23 of the woman. Briefly, how such beginall finally struck him now?
24 Like the crack that bruck the bank in Multifarnham. Whether he
25 fell in with what they meant? Cursed that he suppoxed he did.
26 Thos Thoris, Thomar's Thom? The rudacist rotter in Roebuck-
27 dom. Surtopical? And subhuman. If it was, in yappanoise lan-
28 guage, ach bad clap? Oo! Ah! Augs and ohrs with Rhian O'-
29 kehley to put it tertianly, we wrong? Shocking! Such as turly
30 pearced our really's that he might, that he might never, that he
31 might never that night? Treely and rurally. Bladyughfoulmoeck-
32 lenburgwhurawhorascortastrumpapornanennykocksapastippata-
33 ppatupperstrippuckputtanach, eh? You have it alright.

34 Meirdreach an Oincuish! But a new complexion was put upon
35 the matter when to the perplexedly uncondemnatory bench
36 (whereon punic judgship strove with penal law) the senior

1 king of all, Pegger Festy, as soon as the outer layer of stuccko-
2 muck had been removed at the request of a few live jurors,
3 declared in a loudburst of poesy, through his Brythonic inter-
4 preter on his oath, mhuith peisth mhuisse as fearra bheura muirre
5 hriosmas, whereas take notice be the relics of the bones of the
6 story bouchal that was ate be Cliopatricks (the sow) princess
7 of parked porkers, afore God and all their honours and king's
8 commons that, what he would swear to the Tierney of Dundal-
9 gan or any other Tierney, yif live thurkells follaged him about
10 sure that was no steal and that, nevertheless, what was deposited
11 from that eyebold earbig noseknaving gutthroat, he did not fire
12 a stone either before or after he was born down and up to that
13 time. And, incidentalising that they might talk about Markarthy
14 or they might walk to Baalastartey or they might join the nabour
15 party and come on to Porterfeud this the sockdologer had the
16 neck to endorse with the head bowed on him over his outturned
17 noreaster by protesting to his lipreaders with a justbeencleaned
18 barefacedness, abeam of moonlight's hope, in the same trelawney
19 what he would impart, pleas bench. to the Llwyd Josus and the
20 gentlemen in Jury's and the four of Masterers who had been all
21 those yarns yearning for that good one about why he left
22 Dublin, that, amreeta beaker coddling doom, as an Inishman was
23 as good as any cantonnatal, if he was to parish by the market steak
24 before the dorming of the mawn, he skuld never ask to see sight or
25 light of this world or the other world or any either world, of Tyre-
26 nan-Og, as true as he was there in that jackabox that minute, or
27 wield or wind (no thanks t'yous!) the inexousthausthible wassail-
28 horn tot of iskybaush the hailth up the wailth of the endknown ab-
29 god of the fire of the moving way of the hawks with his heroes in
30 Warhorror if ever in all his exchequered career he up or lave a
31 chancery hand to take or throw the sign of a mortal stick or stone
32 at man, yoelamb or salvation army either before or after being
33 puptised down to that most holy and every blessed hour. Here,
34 upon the halfkneed castleknocker's attempting kithoguishly to
35 lilt his holymess the paws and make the sign of the Roman God-
36 helic faix, (Xaroshie, zdrst! — in his excitement the laddo had

1 broken exthro Castilian into which the whole audience perse-
2 guired and pursued him *olla podrida*) outbroke much yellach-
3 ters from owners in the heall (Ha!) in which, under the mollifi-
4 cation of methaglin, the testifighter reluctantly, but with ever so
5 ladylike indecorum, joined. (Ha! Ha!)

6 The hilariohoot of Pegger's Windup cumjustled as neatly
7 with the trititone of the Wet Pinter's as were they isce et ille
8 equals of opposites, evolved by a onesame power of nature or of
9 spirit, iste, as the sole condition and means of its himundher
10 manifestation and polarised for reunion by the symphysis of
11 their antipathies. Distinctly different were their duasdestinies.
12 Whereas the maidies of the bar, (a pairless trentene, a lunarised
13 score) when the eranthus myrrmyrred: Show'm the Posed:
14 fluttered and flattered around the willingly pressed, nominating
15 him for the swiney prize, complimenting him, the captivating
16 youth, on his having all his senses about him, stincking thyacinths
17 through his curls (O feen! O deur!) and bringing busses to his
18 cheeks, their masculine Oirisher Rose (his neece cleur!), and
19 legando round his nice new neck for him and pizzicagnoling his
20 woolywags, with their dindy dandy sugar de candy mechree me
21 postheen flowns courier to belive them of all his untiring young
22 dames and send treats in their times. Ymen. But it was not un-
23 observed of those presents, their worships, how, of one among
24 all, her deputised to defeme him by the Lunar Sisters' Celibacy
25 Club, a lovelooking leapgirl, all all alonely, Gentia Gemma of the
26 Makegiddyculling Reeks, he, wan and pale in his unmixed admir-
27 ation, seemed blindly, mutely, tastelessly, tactlessly, innamorate
28 with heruponhim in shining aminglement, the shaym of his hisu
29 shifting into the shimmering of her hers, (youthsy, beautsy, hee's
30 her chap and they'll tell memmas when she gays whom) till the
31 wild wishwish of her sheeshea melted most musically mid lthe
32 dark deepdeep of his shayshaun.

33 And whereas distracted (for was not just this in effect which
34 had just caused that the effect of that which it had caused to oc-
35 cur?) the four justicers laid their wigs together, Untius, Mun-
36 cius, Punchus and Pylax but could do no worse than promulgate

1 their standing verdict of Nolans Brumans whereoneafter King,
2 having murdered all the English he knew, picked out his pockets
3 and left the tribunal scotfree, trailing his Tommeylommey's tunic
4 in his hurry, thereinunder proudly showing off the blink pitch to
5 his britgits to prove himself (an't plase yous!) a rael genteel. To
6 the Switz bobbyguard's curial but courtlike: Commodore valley O
7 hairy, Arthre jennyrosy?: the firewaterloover rertured with such a
8 vinesmelling fortytudor ages rawdownhams tanyouhide as would
9 the latten stomach even of a tumass equinous (we were prepared
10 for the chap's clap cap, the accent, but, took us as, by surprise
11 and now we're geshing it like gush gash from a burner!) so that all
12 the twofromthirty advocatesses within echo, pulling up their briefs
13 at the krigkry: Shun the Punman!: safely and soundly soccered
14 that fenemine Parish Poser, (how dare he!) umprumptu right-
15 oway hames, much to his thanks, gratiasagam, to all the wrong
16 donatrices, biss Drinkbattle's Dinky Dwellings where (for like
17 your true venuson Esau he was dovetimid as the dears at
18 Bottome) he shat in (zoo), like the muddy goalbind who he was
19 (dun), the chassetitties belles conclaming: You and your gift of
20 your gaft of your garbage abaht our Farvver! and gaingridando:
21 Hon! Verg! Nau! Putor! Skam! Schams! Shames!

22 And so it all ended. Artha kama dharma moksa. Ask Kavya for
23 the kay. And so everybody heard their plaint and all listened to
24 their plause. The letter! The litter! And the soother the bitther!
25 Of eyebrow pencilled, by lipstipple penned. Borrowing a word
26 and begging the question and stealing tinder and slipping like
27 soap. From dark Rosa Lane a sigh and a weep, from Lesbia
28 Looshe the beam in her eye, from lone Coogan Barry his arrow
29 of song, from Sean Kelly's anagrim a blush at the name, from
30 I am the Sullivan that trumpeting tramp, from Suffering Duf-
31 ferin the Sit of her Style, from Kathleen May Vernon her Mebbe
32 fair efforts, from Fillthepot Curran his scotchlove machree-
33 ther, from hymn Op. 2 Phil Adolphos the weary O, the leery,
34 O, from Samyouwill Leaver or Damyouwell Lover thatjolly
35 old molly bit or that bored saunter by, from Timm Finn again's
36 weak tribes loss of strength to his sowheel, from the wedding

1 on the greene, agirlies, the gretnass of joyboys, from Pat Mullen,
2 Tom Mallon, Dan Meldon, Don Maldon a slickstick picnic made
3 in Moate by Muldoons. The solid man saved by his sillied woman.
4 Crackajolking away like a hearse on fire. The elm that whimpers
5 at the top told the stone that moans when stricken. Wind broke
6 it. Wave bore it. Reed wrote of it. Syce ran with it. Hand tore
7 it and wild went war. Hen trieved it and plight pledged peace.
8 It was folded with cunning, sealed with crime, uptied by a harlot,
9 undone by a child. It was life but was it fair? It was free but was
10 it art? The old hunks on the hill read it to perlection. It made
11 ma make merry and sissy so shy and rubbed some shine off Shem
12 and put some shame into Shaun. Yet Una and Ita spill famine
13 with drought and Agrippa, the propastored, spells tripulations
14 in his threne. Ah, furchte fruchte, timid Danaides! Ena milo melo-
15 mon, frai is frau and swee is too, swee is two when swoo is free,
16 ana mala woe is we! A pair of sycopanties with amygdaleine
17 eyes, one old obster lumpky pumpkin and three meddlars on
18 their slies. And that was how framm Sin fromm Son, acity arose,
19 finfin funfun, a sitting arrows. Now tell me, tell me, tell me then!

20 What was it?

21 A

22 ? O!

23 So there you are now there they were, when all was over
24 again, the four with them, setting around upin their judges'
25 chambers, in the muniment room, of their marshalsea, under the
26 suspices of Lally, around their old traditional tables of the law
27 like Somany Solans to talk it over rallthesameagain. Well and
28 druly dry. Suffering law the dring. Accourting to king's evelyns.
29 So help her goat and kiss the bouc. Festives and highajinks and
30 jintyaun and her beetyrossy bettydoaty and not to forget now
31 a'duna o'darnel. The four of them and thank court now there
32 were no more of them. So pass the push for port sake. Be it soon.
33 Ah ho! And do you remember, Singabob, the badfather, the
34 same, the great Howdoyoucallem, and his old nickname, Dirty
35 Daddy Pantaloons, in his monopoleums, behind the war of the
36 two roses, with Michael Victory, the sheemen's preester, before

1 he caught his paper dispillsation from the poke, old Minace and
2 Minster York? Do I mind? I mind the gush off the mon like Bal-
3 lybock manure works on a tradewinds day. And the O'Moyly
4 gracies and the O'Briny rossies chaffing him bluchface and play-
5 ing him pranks. How do you do, todo, North Mister? Get into
6 my way! Ah dearome forsailoshe! Gone over the bays! When
7 ginabawdy meadabawdy! Yerra, why would he heed that old
8 gasometer with his hooping coppin and his dyinboosycough and
9 all the birds of the southside after her, Minxy Cunningham, their
10 dear divorcee darling, jimmies and jonnies to be her jo? Hold
11 hard. There's three other corners to our isle's cork float. Sure, 'tis
12 well I can telemell him H₂ C E₃ that would take a township's
13 breath away! Gob and I nose him too well as I do meself, heav-
14 ing up the Kay Wall by the 32 to 11 with his limelooking horse-
15 bags full of sesameseed, the Whiteside Kaffir, and his sayman's
16 effluvium and his scentpainted voice, puffing out his thundering
17 big brown cabbage! Pa! Thawt I'm glad a gull for his pawsdeen
18 fiunn! Goborro, sez he, Lankyshied! Gobugga ye, sez !! O
19 breezes! I sniffed that lad long before anyone. It was when I was
20 in my farfather out at the west and she and myself, the redheaded
21 girl, firstnighting down Sycomore Lane. Fine feelplay we had
22 of it mid the kissabetts frisking in the kool kurkle dusk of the
23 lushiness. My perfume of the pampas, says she (meaning me)
24 putting out her netherlights, and I'd sooner one precious sip at
25 your pure mountain dew than enrich my acquaintance with that
26 big brewer's belch.

27 And so they went on, the fourbottle men, the analists, ungu-
28 am and nunguam and lunguam again, their anschluss about her
29 whosebefore and his whereafters and how she was lost away
30 away in the fern and how he was founded deap on deep in anear,
31 and the rustlings and the twitterings and the raspings and the
32 snappings and the sighings and the paintings and the ukukuings
33 and the (hist!) the springapartings and the (hast!) the bybyscutt-
34 lings and all the scandalmunkers and the pure craigs that used to
35 be (up) that time living and lying and rating and riding round
36 Nunsbelly Square. And all the buds in the bush. And the laugh-

1 ing jackass. Harik! Harik! Harik! The rose is white in the darik!
2 And Sunfella's nose has got rhinoceritis from haunting the roes
3 in the parik! So all rogues lean to rhyme. And contradrinking
4 themselves about Lillytrilly law pon hilly and Mrs Niall of the
5 Nine Corsages and the old markiss their besterfar, and, arrah,
6 sure there was never a marcus at all at all among the manlies and
7 dear Sir Armoury, queer Sir Rumoury, and the old house by the
8 churpelizod, and all the goings on so very wrong long before
9 when they were going on retreat, in the old gammeldags, the
10 four of them, in Milton's Park under lovely Father Whisperer
11 and making her love with his stuffstuff in the languish of flowers
12 and feeling to find was she mushymushy, and wasn't that very
13 both of them, the saucicisstes, *a drahereen o machree!*, and (peep!)
14 meeting waters most improper (peepette!) ballround the garden,
15 trickle trickle trickle triss, please, miman, may I go flirting?
16 farmers gone with a groom and how they used her, mused her,
17 licksed her and cuddled. I differ with ye! Are you sure of your-
18 self now? You're a liar, excuse me! I will not and you're an-
19 other! And Lully holding their breach of the peace for them. Pool
20 lol! Lolly! To give and to take! And to forego the pasht! And
21 all will be forgotten! Ah ho! It was too too bad to be falling
22 out about her kindness pet and the shape of OOOOOOOO
23 Ourang's time. Well, all right, Lelly. And shakeahand. And
24 schenkusmore. For Craig sake. Be it suck.

25 Well?

26 Well, even should not the framing up of such figments in the
27 evidential order bring the true truth to light as fortuitously as
28 a dim seer's setting of a starchart might (heaven helping it!) un-
29 cover the nakedness of an unknown body in the fields of blue
30 or as forehearingly as the sibspeeches of all mankind have foli-
31 ated (earth seizing them!) from the root of some funner's stotter
32 all the soundest sense to be found immense our special mentalists
33 now holds (*securus iudicat orbis terrarum*) that by such playing
34 possum our hagogous curious encestor bestly saved his brush with
35 his posterity, you, charming coparcenors, us, heirs of his tailsie.
36 Gundogs of all breeds were beagling with renounced urbiandor-

1 bic bugles, hot to run him, given law, on a scent breathhigh,
2 keen for the worry. View! From his holt outratted across the
3 Juletide's genial corsslands of Humfries Chase from Mullinahob
4 and Peacockstown, then bearing right upon Tankardstown, the
5 outlier, a white noelan which Mr L wensteil Fitz Urse's basset
6 beaters had first misbadgered for a bruin of some swart, led
7 bayers the run, then through Raystown and Horlockstown and,
8 louping the loup, to Tankardstown again. Ear canny hare for
9 doubling through Cheeverstown they raced him, through
10 Loughlinstown and Nutstown to wind him by the Boolies. But
11 from the good turn when he last was lost, check, upon Ye Hill
12 of Rut in full winter coat with ticker pads, pointing for his room-
13 ing house his old nordest in his rolltoproyal hessians a deaf fuch-
14 ser's volponism hid him close in covert, miraculously ravenfed
15 and buoyed up, in rumer, reticule, onasum and abomasum, upon
16 (may Allbrewham have his mead!) the creamclotted sherriness of
17 cinnamon syllabub, Mikkelraved, Nikkelsaved. Hence hounds
18 hied home. Preservative perseverance in the reeducation of his
19 intestines was the rebuttal by whilk he sort of git the big bulge
20 on the whole bunch of spasoakers, dieting against glues and gra-
21 vies, in that sometime prestreet protown. Vainly violence, viru-
22 lence and vituperation sought wellnigh utterly to attax and a-
23 bridge, to derail and depontify, to enrate and inroad, to ongoad
24 and unhume the great shipping mogul and underlinen overlord.

25 But the spoil of hesitants, the spell of hesitency. His atake is
26 it ashe, tittery taw tatterytail, hasitense humponadimply, heyhey-
27 heyhey a winceywencky.

28 Assembly men murmured. Reynard is slow!

29 One feared for his days. Did there yawn? 'Twas his stom-
30 mick. Eruct? The libber. A gush? From his visuals. Pung? De-
31 livver him, orelode! He had laid violent hands on himself, it was
32 brought in Fugger's Newsletter, lain down, all in, fagged out,
33 with equally melancholy death. For the triduum of Saturnalia
34 his goatservant had paraded hiz willingsons in the Forum while
35 the jenny infanted the lass to be greeted raucously (the Yardstat-
36 ed) with houx and epheus and measured with missiles too from

1 a hundred of manhood and a wimpering of weibes. Big went
2 the bang: then wildewide was quiet: a report: silence: last Fama
3 put it under ether. The noase or the loal had dreven him blem,
4 blem, stun blem. Sparks flew. He had fled again (open shun-
5 shema!) this country of exile, sloughed off, sidleshomed via the
6 subterranean shored with bedboards, stowed away and ankered
7 in a dutch bottom tank, the Arsa, *hod* S.S. Finlandia, and was
8 even now occupying, under an islamitic newhame in his seventh
9 generation, a physical body Cornelius Magrath's (badoldkarak-
10 ter, commonrorong canbung) in Asia Major, where as Turk of
11 the theater (first house all flatty: the king, eleven sharps) he had
12 bepiastered the buikdanseuses from the opulence of his omni-
13 box while as arab at the streetdoor he bepestered the bumbashaws
14 for the alms of a para's pence. Wires hummed. Peacefully general
15 astonishment assisted by regrettitude had put a term till his exis-
16 tence: he saw the family saggarth, resigned, put off his remain-
17 ders, was recalled and scrapheaped by the Maker. Chirpings
18 crossed. An infamous private ailment (vulgovarioveneral) had
19 claimed endright, closed his vicious circle, snap. Jams jarred.
20 He had walked towards the middle of an ornamental lilypond
21 when innebriated up to the point where braced shirts meet knic-
22 kerbockers, as wangfish daring the buoyant waters, when rod-
23 men's firstaiding hands had rescued un from very possibly several
24 feel of demifrish water. Mush spread. On Umbrella Street where
25 he did drinks from a pumps a kind workman, Mr Whitlock,
26 gave him a piece of wood. What words of power were made fas
27 between them, ekenames and auchnomes, acnomina ecnumina?
28 That, O that, did Hansard tell us, would gar ganz Dub's ear
29 wag in every pub of all the citta! Batty believes a baton while
30 Hogan hears a hod yet Heer prefers a punsil shapner and Cope
31 and Bull go cup and ball. And the Cassidy — Craddock rome
32 and reme round e'er a wiege ne'er a waage is still immer and
33 immor awagering over it, a cradle with a care in it or a casket
34 with a kick behind. Toties testies quoties questies. The war is
35 in words and the wood is the world. Maply me, willowy we,
36 hickory he and yew yourselves. Howforhim chirrupeth evereach-

1 bird! From golddawn glory to glowworm gleam. We were
2 lowquacks did we not tacit turn. Elsewere there here no con-
3 cern of the Guinnesses. But only the ruining of the rain has
4 heard. *Estout pourportera!* Cracklings cricked. A human pest
5 cycling (pist!) and recycling (past!) about the sledgy streets, here
6 he was (pust!) again! Morse nuisance noised. He was loose at
7 large and (Oh baby!) might be anywhere when a disguised ex-
8 nun, of huge standbuild and masculine manners in her fairly fat
9 forties, *Carpulenta Gygasta*, hattracted hattention by harbitrary
10 conduct with a homnibus. Aerials buzzed to coastal listeners of
11 an oertax bror collector's budget, fullybiggs, sporrans, tie, tuft,
12 tabard and bloody antichill cloak, its tailor's (Baernfather's) tab
13 reading V.P.H., found nigh Scaldbrothar's Hole, and divers
14 shivered to think what kaind of beast, wolves, croppis's or four-
15 penny friars, had devoured him. C. W. cast wide. Hvidfinns lyk,
16 drohneth svertgleam, Valkir lockt. On his pinksir's postern, the
17 boys had it, at Whitweekend had been nailed an inkedup name
18 and title, inscribed in the national cursives, accelerated, regres-
19 sive, filiform, turreted and envenomoloped in piggotry: Move
20 up. Mumpy! Mike room for Rumpy! By order, Nickekellous
21 Plugg; and this go, no pentecostal jest about it, how gregarious
22 his race soever or skilful learned wise cunning knowledgable
23 clear profound his saying fortitudo fraught or prudentiaproven,
24 were he chief, count, general, fieldmarshal, prince, king or Myles
25 the Slasher in his person, with a moliamordhar mansion in the
26 Breffnian empire and a place of inauguration on the hill of Tully-
27 mongan, there had been real murder, of the rayheallach royghal
28 raxacraxian variety, the MacMahon chaps, it was, that had done
29 him in. On the fidd of Verdor the rampart combatants had left
30 him lion with his dexter handcoup wrestered in a pureede
31 paumee bloody proper. Indeed not a few thick and thin well-
32 wishers, mostly of the clontarfminded class, (Colonel John Bawle
33 O'Roarke, fervxamplus), even ventured so far as to loan or beg
34 copies of D. Blayncy's trilingual triweekly, Scatterbrains' Aften-
35 ing Posht,so as to make certain sure onetime and be satisfied of
36 their quasicontribusodalitarian's having become genuinely quite

1 beetly dead whether by land whither by water. Transocean
2 atalacclamoured him; The latter! The latter! Shall their hope then
3 be silent or Macfarlane lack of lamentation? He lay under leagues
4 of it in deep Bartholoman's Deep.

5 Achdung! Pozor! Attenshune! Vikeroy Besights Smucky
6 Yung Pigeschoolies. Tri Paisdinernes Eventyr Med Lochlanner
7 Fathach I Fiounnisgehaven. Bannalanna Bangs Ballyhooly Out
8 Of Her Buddaree Of A Bullavogue.

9 But, their bright little contemporaries notwithstanding, on
10 the morrowing morn of the suicidal murder of the unrescued ex-
11 patriate, aslike as asnake comes sliduant down that oaktree onto
12 the duke of beavers, (you may have seen some liquidamber exude
13 exotic from a balsam poplar at Parteen-a-lax Limestone. Road
14 and cried Abies Magnifica! not, noble fir?) a quarter of nine,
15 imploring his respiency, saw the infallible spike of smoke's jutstiff
16 punctual from the seventh gable of our Quintus Centimachus'
17 porphyroid buttertower and then thirsty p.m. with oaths upon
18 his lastingness (*En caecos harauspices! Annos longos patimur!*) the
19 lamps of maintenance, beaconsfarafield innerhalf the zuggurat, all
20 brevetnamed, the wasting wyvern, the tawny of his mane, the
21 swinglowswaying bluepaw, the outstanding man, the lolllike lady,
22 being litten for the long (O land, how long!) lifesnight, with
23 suffusion of fineglass transom and leadlight panes.

24 Wherefore let it hardly by any being thinking be said either or
25 thought that the prisoner of that sacred edifice, were he an Ivor
26 the Boneless or an Olaf the Hide, was at his best a onestone par-
27 able, a rude breathing on the void of to be, a venter hearing his
28 own bauchspeech in backwards, or, more strictly, but tristurned
29 initials, the cluekey to a worldroom beyond the roomwhorld, for
30 scarce one, or pathetically few of his dode canal sammenlivers
31 cared seriously or for long to doubt with Kurt Iuld van Dijke
32 (the gravitational pull perceived by certain fixed residents and
33 the capture of uncertain comets chancedrifting through our sys-
34 tem suggesting an authenticitatem of his aliquitudinis) the canoni-
35 city of his existence as a tesseract. Be still, O quick! Speak him
36 dumb! Hush ye fronds of Ulma!

1 Dispersal women wondered. Was she fast?
2 Do tell us all about. As we want to hear allabout. So tellus tel-
3 las allabout. The why or whether she looked allottylke like
4 ussies and whether he had his wimdop like themses shut? Notes
5 and queries, tipbids and answers, the laugh and the shout, the
6 ards and downs. Now listed to one aneither and liss them down
7 and smoothen out your leaves of rose. The war is o'er. Wimwim
8 wimwim! Was it Unity Moore or Estella Swifte or Varina Fay
9 or Quarta Quaedam? Toemaas, mark oom for yor ounckel! Pig-
10 eys, hold op med yer leg! Who, but who (for second time of
11 asking) was then the scourge of the parts about folkrich Luca-
12 lizod it was wont to be asked, as, in ages behind of the Homo
13 Capite Erectus, what price Peabody's money, or, to put it
14 bluntly, whence is the herringtons' white cravat, as, in epochs
15 more cainozoic, who struck Buckley though nowadays as then-
16 times every schoolfilly of sevenscore moons or more who know-
17 her intimologies and every colleen bawl aroof and every red-
18 flammelwaving warwife and widowpeace upon Dublin Wall for
19 ever knows as yayas is yayas how it was Buckleyself (we need
20 no bleeding paper to tell it neither) who struck and the Russian
21 generals, da! da!, instead of Buckley who was caddishly struck
22 by him when be herselfes. What fullpried paulpoison in the spy
23 of three castles or which hatefilled smileyseller? And that such
24 a vetriol of venom, that queen's head affranchisant, a quiet stink-
25 ingplaster zeal could cover, prepostered or postpaid! The lounge-
26 lizards at their platschpails too and holenpolendom beside, Szpasz-
27 pas Szpissmas, the zhanyzhonies, when, still believing in her
28 owenglass, when izarres were twinklins, that the upper reaches
29 of her mouthless face and her impermanent waves were the better
30 half of her, one nearer him, dearer than all, first warming creature
31 of his early morn, bondwoman of the man of the house, and
32 murrmurr of all the mackavicks, she who had given his eye for
33 her bed and a tooth for a child till one one and one ten and one
34 hundred again, O me and O ye! cadet and prim, the hungray and
35 anngreen (and if she is older now than her teeth she has hair that
36

1 is younger than thighne, my dear!) she who shuttered him after
2 his fall and waked him widowt sparing and gave him keen and
3 made him able and held adazillahs to each arche of his noes, she
4 who will not rast her from her running to seek him till, with the
5 help of the okeamic, some such time that she shall have been after
6 hiding the crumbends of his enormousness in the areyou looking-
7 for Pearlfar sea, (ur, uri, uria!) stood forth, burnzburn the gorg-
8 gony old danworld, in gogor's name, for gagar's sake, dragging
9 the countryside in her train, finickin here and funickin there,
10 with her louisequean's brogues and her culunder buzzle and her
11 litde bolero boa and all and two times twenty curlicornies for her
12 headdress, specks on her yeux, and spudds on horeilles and a
13 circusfix riding her Parisienne's cockneze, a vaunt her straddle
14 from Equerry Egon, when Tinktink in the churchclose clinked
15 Steploajazzyma Sunday, *Sola*, with pawns, prelates and pookas
16 pelotting in her piecebag, for Handiman the Chomp, Esquoro,
17 biskbask, to crush the slander's head.

18 Wery weeny wight, plead for Morandmor! *Notre Dame de la*
19 *Ville*, mercy of thy balmheartzyheat! Ogrowdnyk's beyond her-
20 bata tay, wort of the drogist. Bulk him no bulkis. And let him
21 rest, thou wayfarre, and take no gravespoil from him! Neither
22 mar his mound! The bane of Tut is on it. Ware! But there's a
23 little lady waiting and her name is A.L.P. And you'll agree. She
24 must be she. For her holden heirheaps hanging down her back.
25 He spenth his strenth amok haremscarems. Poppy Narancy, Gial-
26 lia, Chlora, Marinka, Anileen, Parme. And ilk a those dames had
27 her rainbow huemoures yet for whilko her whims but he coined a
28 cure. Tiffiff today, kissykissy tonay and agelong pine tomauran-
29 na. Then who but Crippled-with-Children would speak up for
30 Dropping-with-Sweat?

31
32 *Sold him her lease of ninenineninetee,*
33 *Tresses undresses so dyedyedaintee,*
34 *Goo, the groot gudgeon, gulped it all.*
35 *Hoo was the C. O. D.?*

36 Bum!

1 *At Island Bridge she met her tide.*
2 *Attabom, attabom, attabombomboom!*
3 *The Fin had a flux and his Ebba a ride.*
4 *Attabom, attabom, attabombomboom!*
5 *We're all up to the years in hues and cribies.*
6 *That's what she's done for wee!*
7 Woe!

8
9 Nomad may roam with Nabuch but let naaman laugh at Jor-
10 dan! For we, we have taken our sheet upon her stones where we
11 have hanged our hearts in her trees; and we list, as she bibs us,
12 by the waters of babalong.

1 In the name of Annah the Allmaziful, the Everliving, the
2 Bringer of Plurabilities, haloed be her eve, her singtime sung, her
3 rill be run, unhemmed as it is uneven!

4 Her untitled mamafesta memorialising the Mosthighest has
5 gone by many names at disjointed times. Thus we hear of, *The*
6 *Augusta Angustissimost for Old Seabeastius' Salvation, Rockabill*
7 *Booby in the Wave Trough, Here's to the Relicts of All Decencies,*
8 *Anna Stessa's Rise to Notice, Knickle Down Duddy Gunne and*
9 *Arishe Sir Cannon, My Golden One and My Selver Wedding,*
10 *Amoury Treestam and Icy Siseule, Saith a Sawyer til a Strame, Ik*
11 *dik dopedope et tu mihimihi, Buy Birthplate for a Bite, Which of*
12 *your Hesterdays Mean Ye to Morra? Hoebeginne the Hebrewer*
13 *Hit Waterman the Brayned, Arcs in His Ceiling Flee Chinx on the*
14 *Flur, Rebus de Hibernicis, The Crazier Letters, Groans of a Briton-*
15 *ess, Peter Peopler Picked a Plot to Pitch his Poppolin, An Apology*
16 *for a Big (some such nonoun as Husband or husboat or hose-*
17 *bound is probably understood for we have also the plutherple-*
18 *thoric My Hoonsbood Hansbaad's a Journey to Porthergill gone*
19 *and He Never Has the Hour), Ought We To Visit Him? For Ark*
20 *see Zoo, Cleopater's Nedlework Ficturing Aldborougham on the*
21 *Sahara with the Coombing of the Cammmels and the Parlourmaids*
22 *of Aegypt, Cock in the Pot for Father, Placeat Vestrae, A New*
23 *Cure for an Old Clap, Where Portentos they'd Grow Gonder how*
24 *I'd Wish I Woose a Geese; Gettle Nettie, Thrust him not, When the*

1 *Myrtles of Venice Played to Bloccus's Line, To Plenge Me High*
2 *He Waives Chiltern on Friends, Oremunds Queue Visits Amen*
3 *Mart, E'en Tho' I Granny a-be He would Fain Me Cuddle, Twenty*
4 *of Chambers, Weighty Ten Beds and a Wan Ceteroom, I Led the*
5 *Life, Through the Boxer Coxer Rising in the House with the Golden*
6 *Stairs, The Following Fork, He's my O'Jerusalem and I'm his*
7 *Po, The Best in the West, By the Stream of Zemzem under Zig-*
8 *zag Hill, The Man That Made His Mother in the Marlborry*
9 *Train, Try Our Taal on a Taub, The Log of Anny to the Base*
10 *All, Nopper Tipped a Nappiwenk to his Notylytl Dantsigirls, Prszss*
11 *Orel Orel the King of Orlbrdsz, Intimier Minnelisp of an Extor-*
12 *reor Monoloth, Drink to Him, My Jockey, and Dhoul Bemine*
13 *Thy Winnowing Sheet, I Ask You to Believe I was his Mistress,*
14 *He Can Explain, From Victrolia Nuancee to Allbart Noahnsy,*
15 *Da's a Daisy so Guimea your Handsel too, What Barbaras Done*
16 *to a Barrel Organ Before the Rank, Tank and Bonnbtail, Huskv*
17 *Admortal, What Jumbo made to Jalice and what Anisette to Him,*
18 *Ophelia's Culpreints, Hear Hubty Hublin, My Old Dansh, I am*
19 *Older northe Rogues among Whisht I Slips and He Calls Me his*
20 *Dual of Ayessha, Suppotes a Ventriliquorst Merries a Corpse,*
21 *Lapps for Finns This Funnycoon's Week, How the Buckling Shut*
22 *at Rush in January, Look to the Lady, From the Rise of the*
23 *Dudge Pupublick to the Fall of the Potstille, Of the Two Ways*
24 *of Opening the Mouth, I have not Stopped Water Where It Should*
25 *Flow and I Know the Twentynine Names of Attraente, The Tortor*
26 *of Tory Island Traits Galasia like his Milchcow, From Abbeygate*
27 *to Crowalley Through a Lift in the Lude, Smocks for Their Graces*
28 *and Me Aunt for Them Clodshoppers, How to Pull a Good Horus-*
29 *coup even when Oldsire is Dead to the World, Inn the Gleam of*
30 *Waherlow, Fathe He's Sukceded to My Esperations, Thee Steps*
31 *Forward, Two Stops Back, My Skin Appeals to Three Senses and*
32 *My Curly Lips Demand Columbkisses; Gage Street on a Crany's*
33 *Savings, Them Lads made a Trion of Battlewatschers and They*
34 *Totties a Doeit of Deers, In My Lord's Bed by One Whore Went*
35 *Through It, Mum It is All Over, Cowpoyride by Twelve Acre Ter-*
36 *riss in the Unique Estates of Amessican, He Gave me a Thou so I*

1 *serve Him with Thee, Of all the Wide Torsos in all the Wild Glen,*
2 *O'Donogh, White Donogh, He's Hue to Me Cry, I'm the Stitch*
3 *in his Baskside You'd be Nought Without Mom, To Keep the*
4 *Huskies off the Hustings and Picture Pets from Lifting Shops, Nor-*
5 *sker Torsker Find the Poddle, He Perssed Me Here with the Ardour,*
6 *of a Tonnoburkes, A Boob Was Weeping This Mower was Reaping,*
7 *O'Loughlin, Up from the Pit of my Stomach I Swish you the White*
8 *of the Mourning, Inglo-Andeen Medoleys from Tommany Moohr,*
9 *The Great Polynesional Entertrainer Exhibits Ballantine Braut-*
10 *chers with the Link of Natures, The Mimic of Meg Neg end*
11 *the Mackeys, Entered as the Lastest Pigtarial and My Pooridiocal*
12 *at Stitchioner's Hall, Siegfield Follies and or a Gentlehomme's Faut*
13 *Pas, See the First Book of Jealesies Pessim, The Suspended Sen-*
14 *tence, A Pretty Brick Story for Childsize Heroes, As Lo Our Sleep,*
15 *I Knew I'd Got it in Me so Thit settles That, Thonderbalt Captain*
16 *Smeth and La Belle Sauvage Pocahonteuse, Way for Wet Week*
17 *Welikin's Douchka Marianne, The Last of the Fingallians, It Was*
18 *Me Egged Him on to the Stork Exchange and Lent my Dutiful*
19 *Face to His Customs, Chee Chee Cheels on their China Miction,*
20 *Pickedmeup Peters, Lumptyumtumpty had a Big Fall, Pimpimp*
21 *Pimpimp, Measly Ventures of Two Lice and the Fall of Fruit,*
22 *The Fokes Family Interior, If my Spreadeagles Wasn't so Tight*
23 *I'd Loosen my Cursits on that Bunch of Maggiestraps, Alloloha*
24 *Popofetts and Howke Cotchme Eye, Seen Aples and Thin Dyed,*
25 *i big U to Beleaves from Love and Mother, Fine's Fault was no*
26 *Felon, Exat Delvin Renter Life, The Flash that Flies from Vuggy's*
27 *Eyes has Set Me Hair On Fire, His is the House that Malt Made,*
28 *Divine Views from Back to the Front, Abe to Sare Stood Icyk*
29 *Neuter till Brahm Taulked Him Common Sex, A Nibble at Eve*
30 *Will That Bowal Relieve, Allfor Guineas, Sounds and Compliments*
31 *Libidous, Seven Wives Awake Aweek, Airy Ann and Berber Blut,*
32 *Amy Licks Porter While Huffy Chops Eads, Abbrace of Umbellas*
33 *or a Tripple of Caines, Buttbuterbust, From the Manorlord Hoved*
34 *to the Misses O'Mollies and from the Dames to their Sames, Many-*
35 *festoons for the Colleagues on the Green, An Outstanding Back and*
36 *an Excellent Halfcentre if Called on, As Tree is Quick and Stone is*

1 *White So ts My Washing Done by Night, First and Last Only*
2 *True Account au about the Honorary Mirsu Earwicker, L.S.D.,*
3 *and the Snake (Nuggets!) by a Woman of the World who only can*
4 *Tell Naked Truths about a Dear Man and all his Conspirators how*
5 *they all Tried to Fall him Putting it all around Lucalizod about*
6 *Privates Earwicker and a Pair of Sloppy Sluts plainly Showing all*
7 *the Unmentionability falsely Accusing about the Raincoats.*

8 The proteiform graph itself is a polyhedron of scripture.
9 There was a time when naif alphabetters would have written it
10 down the tracing of a purely deliquescent recidivist, possibly
11 ambidextrous, snubnosed probably and presenting a strangely
12 profound rainbowl in his (or her) occiput. To the hardily curio-
13 sining entomophilust then it has shown a very sexmosaic of nym-
14 phosis in which the eternal chimerahunter Oriolopos, now frond
15 of sugars, then lief of saults, the sensory crowd in his belly
16 coupled with an eye for the goods trooth bewilderblessed by
17 their night effluvia with guns like drums and fondlers like forceps
18 persequstellates his vanessas from flore to flore. Somehows this
19 sounds like the purest kidooleyoon wherein our madernacerution
20 of lour lore is rich. All's so herou from us him in a kitchernott
21 darkness, by hasard and worn rolls arered, we must grope on till
22 Zerogh hour like pou owl giaours as we are would we salve aught
23 of moments for our aysore today. Amousin though not but. Closer
24 inspection of the bordereau would reveal a multiplicity of person-
25 alities inflicted on the documents or document and some prevision
26 of virtual crime or crimes might be made by anyone unwary
27 enough before any suitable occasion for it or them had so far
28 managed to happen along. In fact, under the closed eyes of the in-
29 spectors the traits featuring the *chiaroscuro* coalesce, their con-
30 trarities eliminated, in one stable somebody similarly as by the
31 providential warring of heartshaker with housebreaker and of
32 dramdrinker against freethinker our social something bowls along
33 bumpily, experiencing a jolting series of prearranged disappoint-
34 ments, down the long lane of (it's as semper as oxhousehumper!
35 generations, more generations and still more generations.
36 Say, baroun lousadoor, who in hallhagal wrote the durn thing

1 anyhow? Erect, beseated, mountback, against a partywall, below
2 freezigrade, by the use of quill or style, with turbid or pellucid
3 mind, accompanied or the reverse by mastication, interrupted
4 by visit of seer to scribe or of scribe to site, atwixt two showers
5 or atosst of a trike, rained upon or blown around, by a right-
6 down regular racer from the soil or by a too pained whittlewit
7 laden with the loot of learning?

8 Now, patience; and remember patience is the great thing, and
9 above all things else we must avoid anything like being or be-
10 coming out of patience. A good plan used by worried business
11 folk who may not have had many momentums to master Kung's
12 doctrine of the meang or the propriety codestruces of Carpri-
13 mustimus is just to think of all the sinking fund of patience pos-
14 sessed in their conjoint names by both brothers Bruce with whom
15 are incorporated their Scotch spider and Elberfeld's Calculating
16 Horses. If after years upon years of delving in ditches dark one
17 tubthumper more than others, Kinihoun or Kahanan, giardarner
18 or mear measenmanonger, has got up for the darnall same pur-
19 pose of reassuring us with all the barbar of the Carrageehouse
20 that our great ascendant was properly speaking three syllables
21 less than his own surname (yes, yes, less!), that the ear of Fionn
22 Earwicker aforetime was the trademark of a broadcaster with
23 wicker local jargon for an ace's patent (Hear! Calls! Everywhair!)
24 then as to this radiooscillating epiepistle to which, cotton, silk or
25 samite, kohol, gall or brickdust, we must ceaselessly return, where-
26 abouts exactly at present in Siam, Hell or Tophet under that
27 glorisol which plays touraloup with us in this Aludin's Cove of
28 our cagacity is that bright soandsuch to slip us the dinkum oil?

29 Naysayes we know. To conclude purely negatively from the
30 positive absence of political odia and monetary requests that its
31 page cannot ever have been a penproduct of a man or woman of
32 that period or those parts is only one more unlookedfor conclu-
33 sion leaped at, being tantamount to inferring from the nonpre-
34 sence of inverted commas (sometimes called quotation marks)
35 on any page that its author was always constitutionally incapable
36 of misappropriating the spoken words of others.

1 Luckily there is another cant to the questy. Has any fellow, of
2 the dime a dozen type, it might with some profit some dull even-
3 ing quietly be hinted — has any usual sort of ornery josses, flat-
4 chested fortyish, faintly flatulent and given to ratiocination by
5 syncopation in the elucidation of complications, of his greatest
6 Fung Yang dynasdescendanced, only another the son of, in fact,
7 ever looked sufficiently longly at a quite everydaylooking stamped
8 addressed envelope? Admittedly it is an outer husk: its face, in
9 all its featureful perfection of imperfection, is its fortune: it ex-
10 hibits only the civil or military clothing of whatever passion-
11 pallid nudity or plaguepurple nakedness may happen to tuck it-
12 self under its flap. Yet to concentrate solely on the literal sense or
13 even the psychological content of any document to the sore
14 neglect of the enveloping facts themselves circumstantiating it is
15 just as hurtful to sound sense (and let it be added to the truest
16 taste) as were some fellow in the act of perhaps getting an intro
17 from another fellow turning out to be a friend in need of his, say,
18 to a lady of the latter's acquaintance, engaged in performing the
19 elaborative antecistral ceremony of upstheres, straightaway to run
20 off and vision her plump and plain in her natural altogether, pre-
21 ferring to close his blinkhard's eyes to the ethiquethical fact that
22 she was, after all, wearing for the space of the time being some
23 definite articles of evolutionary clothing, inharmonious creations,
24 a captious critic might describe them as, or not strictly necessary
25 or a trifle irritating here and there, but for all that suddenly full
26 of local colour and personal perfume and suggestive, too, of so
27 very much more and capable of being stretched, filled out, if need
28 or wish were, of having their surprisingly like coincidental parts
29 separated don't they now, for better survey by the deft hand of
30 an expert, don't you know? Who in his heart doubts either that
31 the facts of feminine clothiering are there all the time or that the
32 feminine fiction, stranger than the facts, is there also at the same
33 time, only a little to the rere? Or that one may be separated from
34 the other? Or that both may then be contemplated simultaneously?
35 Or that each may be taken up and considered in turn apart from
36 the other?

1 Here let a few artifacts fend in their own favour. The river felt
2 she wanted salt. That was just where Brien came in. The country
3 asked for bearspaw for dindin! And boundin aboundin it got it
4 surly. We who live under heaven, we of the clovery kingdom,
5 we middlesins people have often watched the sky overreaching
6 the land. We suddenly have. Our isle is Sainge. The place. That
7 stern chuckler Mayhappy Mayhapnot, once said to repeation
8 in that lutan conservatory way of his that Isitachapel-Asitalukin
9 was the one place, *ult aut nult*, in this madh vaal of tares (whose
10 verdhure's yellowed therever Phaiton parks his car while its
11 tamelised tay is the drame of Drainophilias) where the possible
12 was the improbable and the improbable the inevitable. If the pro-
13 verbial bishop of our holy and undivided with this me ken or no
14 me ken Zot is the Quiztune havvermashed had his twoe nails
15 on the head we are in for a sequentiality of improbable possibles
16 though possibly nobody after having grubbed up a lock of cwold
17 cworn abooove his subject probably in Harrystotalies or the vivle
18 will go out of his way to applaud him on the onboiassed back of
19 his remark for utterly impossible as are all these events they are
20 probably as like those which may have taken place as any others
21 which never took person at all are ever likely to be. Ahahn!

22 About that original hen. Midwinter (fruur or kuur?) was in the
23 offing and Premver a promise of a pril when, as kischabrigies sang
24 life's old sahat song, an iceclad shiverer, merest of bantlings ob-
25 served a cold fowl behaviourising strangely on that fatal midden
26 or chip factory or comicalbottomed copsjute (dump for short)
27 afterwards changed into the orangery when in the course of
28 deeper demolition unexpectedly one bushman's holiday its limon
29 threw up a few spontaneous fragments of orangepeel, the last
30 remains of an outdoor meal by some unknown sunseeker or place-
31 hider illico way back in his mistridden past. What child of a strand-
32 looper but keepy little Kevin in the despondful surrounding of
33 such sneezing cold would ever have trouved up on a strate that
34 was called strete a motive for future saintity by euchring the
35 finding of the Ardagh chalice by another heily innocent and
36 beachwalker whilst trying with pious clamour to wheedle Tip-

1 peraw raw raw reeraw puteters out of Now Sealand in spight
2 of the patchpurple of the massacre, a dual a duel to die to
3 day, goddam and biggod, sticks and stanks, of most of the
4 Jacobiters.

5 The bird in the case was Belinda of the Dorans, a more than
6 quinquegintarian (Terziis prize with Serni medal, Cheepalizzy's
7 Hane Exposition) and what she was scratching at the hour of
8 klokking twelve looked for all this zogzag world like a goodish-
9 sized sheet of letterpaper originating by transhipt from Boston
10 (Mass.) of the last of the first to Dear whom it proceded to
11 mention Maggy well & allathome's health well only the hate
12 turned the mild on *the van* Houtens and the general's elections
13 with a *lovely* face of some born gentleman with a beautiful present
14 of wedding cakes for dear thankyou Chriesty and with grand
15 funferall of poor Father Michael don't forget unto life's & Muggy
16 well how are you Maggy & hopes soon to hear well & must now
17 close it with fondest to the twoinns with four crosskisses for holy
18 paul holey comer holipoli whollyisland pee ess from (locust may
19 eat all but this sign shall they never) affectionate largelooking
20 tache of tch. The stain, and that a teastain (the overcautelousness
21 of the masterbilker here, as usual, signing the page away), marked
22 it off on the spout of the moment as a genuine relique of ancient
23 Irish pleasant pottery of that lydialike languishing class known as
24 a hurry-me-o'er-the-hazy.

25 Why then how?

26 Well, almost any photoist worth his chemicots will tip anyone
27 asking him the teaser that if a negative of a horse happens to melt
28 enough while drying, well, what you do get is, well, a positively
29 grotesquely distorted macromass of all sorts of horsehappy values
30 and masses of meltwhile horse. Tip. Well, this freely is what
31 must have occurred to our missive (there's a sod of a turb for
32 you! please wisp off the grass!) unfilthed from the boucher by
33 the sagacity of a lookmelittle likemelong hen. Heated residence
34 in the heart of the orangeflavoured mudmound had partly ob-
35 literated the negative to start with, causing some features pal-
36 pably nearer your pecker to be swollen up most grossly while

1 the farther back we manage to wiggle the more we need the loan
2 of a lens to see as much as the hen saw. Tip.

3 You is feeling like you was lost in the bush, boy? You says:
4 It is a puling sample jungle of woods. You most shouts out:
5 Bethicket me for a stump of a beech if I have the poultriest no-
6 tions what the farest he all means. Gee up, girly! The quad gos-
7 pellers may own the targum but any of the Zingari shoolerim
8 may pick a peck of kindlings yet from the sack of auld hensyne.

9 Lead, kindly fowl! They always did: ask the ages. What bird
10 has done yesterday man may do next year, be it fly, be it moult,
11 be it hatch, be it agreement in the nest. For her socioscientific
12 sense is sound as a bell, sir, her volucrine automutativeness right
13 on normalcy: she knows, she just feels she was kind of born to
14 lay and love eggs (trust her to propagate the species and hoosh
15 her fluffballs safe through din and danger!); lastly but mostly, in
16 her genestic field it is all game and no gammon; she is ladylike in
17 everything she does and plays the gentleman's part every time.
18 Let us auspice it! Yes, before all this has time to end the golden
19 age must return with its vengeance. Man will become dirigible,
20 Ague will be rejuvenated, woman with her ridiculous white bur-
21 den will reach by one step sublime incubation, the manewanting
22 human lioness with her dishorned discipular manram will lie
23 down together publicly flank upon fleece. No, assuredly, they are
24 not justified, those gloompourers who grouse that letters have
25 never been quite their old selves again since that weird weekday
26 in bleak Janiveer (yet how palmy date in a waste's oasis!) when
27 to the shock of both, Biddy Doran looked at literature.

28 And. She may be a mere marcella, this midget madgetcy,
29 Misthress of Arths. But. It is not a hear or say of some anomo-
30 rous letter, signed Toga Girilis, (teasy dear). We have a cop of
31 her fist right against our nosibos. We note the paper with her
32 jotty young watermark: *Notre Dame du Bon Marché*. And she
33 has a heart of Arin! What lumililts as she fols with her falli-
34 mineers and her nadianods. As a straw will shaw she does the
35 wind blague, recting to show the rudess of a robur curling and
36 shewing the fansaties of a frizette. But how many of her readers

1 realise that she is not out to dizzledazzle with a graith uncouthre-
2 ment of postmantuam glasseries from the lapins and the grigs.
3 Nuttings on her wilelife! Grabar gooden grandy for old almea-
4 nium adamologists like Dariaumaurius and Zovotrimaserov-
5 meravmerouvia; (dmzn!); she feel plain plate one flat fact thing
6 and if, lastways firdstwise, a man alones sine anyon anyons
7 utharas has no rates to done a kik at with anyon anakars about
8 tutus milking fores and the rereres on the outerrand asikin the
9 tutus to be forrarder. Thingcrooklyexineverypasturesixdix-
10 likencehimaroundhersthemaggerbykinkinkankanwithdownmind-
11 lookingated. Mesdaims, Marmouselles, Mescerfs! Silvapais! All
12 schwants (schwrites) ischt tell the cock's trootabout him. Ka-
13 pak kapuk. No minzies matter. He had to see life foully the
14 plak and the smut, (schwrites). There were three men in him
15 (schwrites). Dancings (schwrites) was his only too feebles.
16 With apple harlottes. And a little mollvogels. Spissially (schwrites)
17 when they peaches. Honeys wore camelia paints. Yours very
18 truthful. Add dapple inn. Yet is it but an old story, the tale of
19 a Treestone with one Ysold, of a Mons held by tentpegs and his
20 pal whatholoosed on the run, what Cadman could but Badman
21 wouldn't, any Genoaman against any Venis, and why Kate takes
22 charge of the waxworks.

23 Let us now, weather, health, dangers, public orders and other
24 circumstances permitting, of perfectly convenient, if you police,
25 after you, policepolice, pardoning mein, ich beam so fresch, bey?
26 drop this jiggerypokery and talk straight turkey meet to mate, for
27 while the ear, be we mikealls or nicholists, may sometimes be in-
28 clined to believe others the eye, whether browned or nolensed,
29 find it devilish hard now and again even to believe itself. *Habes*
30 *ures et num videbis? Habes oculos ac mannepalpabuat?* Tip! Draw-
31 ing nearer to take our slant at it (since after all it has met with
32 misfortune while all underground), let us see all there may remain
33 to be seen.

34 I am a worker, a tombstone mason, anxious to pleave avery-
35 buries and jully glad when Christmas comes his once ayear. You
36 are a poorjoist, unctuous to polise nopebobbies and tunnibelly

1 souly when 'tis thime took o'er home, gin. We cannot say aye
2 to aye. We cannot smile noes from noes. Still. One cannot help
3 noticing that rather more than half of the lines run north-south
4 in the Nemzes and Bukarahast directions while the others go
5 west-east in search from Maliziies with Bulgarad for, tiny tot
6 though it looks when schtschupnistling alongside other incuna-
7 bula, it has its cardinal points for all that. These ruled barriers
8 along which the traced words, run, march, halt, walk, stumble
9 at doubtful points, stumble up again in comparative safety seem
10 to have been drawn first of all in a pretty checker with lamp-
11 black and blackthorn. Such crossing is antechristian of course,
12 but the use of the homeborn shillelagh as an aid to calligraphy
13 shows a distinct advance from savagery to barbarism. It is
14 seriously believed by some that the intention may have been
15 geodetic, or, in the view of the cannier, domestic economical.
16 But by writing thithaways end to end and turning, turning and
17 end to end hithaways writing and with lines of litters slittering
18 up and louds of latters slettering down, the old semetomyplace
19 and jupetbackagain from tham Let Rise till Hum Lit. Sleep,
20 where in the waste is the wisdom?

21 Another point, in addition to the original sand, pounce pow-
22 der, drunkard paper or soft rag used (any vet or inhanger in
23 ous sot's social can see the seen for seemself, a wee ftofty od
24 room, the cheery spluttered on the one karrig, a darka disheen
25 of voos from Dalbania, any gotsquantity of racky, a portogal
26 and some buk setting out on the sofer, you remember the
27 sort of softball sucker motru used to tell us when we were all
28 biribiyas or nippies and messas) it has acquired accretions of
29 terricious matter whilst loitering in the past. The teatimestained
30 terminal (say not the tag, mummer, or our show's a failure!) is a
31 cosy little brown study all to oneself and, whether it be thumb-
32 print, mademark or just a poor trait of the artless, its importance
33 in establishing the identities in the writer complexus (for if the
34 hand was one, the minds of active and agitated were more than
35 so) will be best appreciated by never forgetting that both before
36 and after the battle of the Boyne it was a habit not to sign letters

1 always. Tip. And it is surely a lesser ignorance to write a word
2 with every consonant too few than to add all too many. The
3 end? Say it with missiles then and thus arabesque the page. You
4 have your cup of scalding Souchong, your taper's waxen drop,
5 your cat's paw, the clove or coffinnail you chewed or champed
6 as you worded it, your lark in clear air. So why, pray, sign any-
7 thing as long as every word, letter, penstroke, paperspace is a
8 perfect signature of its own? A true friend is known much more
9 easily, and better into the bargain, by his personal touch, habits
10 of full or undress, movements, response to appeals for charity
11 than by his footwear, say. And, speaking anent Tiberias and other
12 incestuish salacities among gerontophils, a word of warning
13 about the tenderloined passion hinted at. Some softnosed per-
14 user might mayhem take it up erogenously as the usual case of
15 spoons, *prostituta in herba* plus dinky pinks deliberately summer-
16 saulting off her bisexycle, at the main entrance of curate's per-
17 petual soutane suit with her one to see and awoh! who picks her
18 up as gingerly as any balmbearer would to feel whereupon the
19 virgin was most hurt and nicely asking: whyre have you been so
20 grace a mauling and where were you chaste me child? Be who,
21 farther potential? and so wider but we grisly old Sykos who have
22 done our unsmiling bit on 'alices, when they were yung and
23 easily freudened, in the penumbra of the procuring room and
24 what oracular comepression we have had apply to them! could
25 (did we care to sell our feebought silence *in camera*) tell our very
26 moistnostrilled one that *father* in such virgated contexts is not
27 always that undemonstrative relative (often held up to our con-
28 tumacy) who settles our hashbill for us and what an innocent all-
29 abroad's adverb such as Michaelly looks like can be suggestive
30 of under the pudendascope and, finally, what a neurasthene nym-
31 pholept, endocrine-pineal typus, of inverted parentage with a
32 prepossessing drauma present in her past and a priapic urge for
33 congress with agnates before cognates fundamentally is feeling
34 for under her lubricitous meiosis when she refers with liking to
35 some feeler she fancie's face. And Mm. We could. Yet what need
36 to say? 'Tis as human a little story as paper could well carry, in

1 affect, as singsing so Salaman susuing to swittvitles while as un-
2 bluffingly blurtubruskblunt as an Esra? the cat, the cat's meeter,
3 the meeter's cat's wife, the meeter's cat's wife's half better, the
4 meeter's cat's wife's half better's meeter, and so back to our
5 horses, for we also know, what we have perused from the pages
6 of *I Was A Gemral*, that Showting up of Bulsklivism by 'Schot-
7 tenboum', that Father Michael about this red time of the white
8 terror equals the old regime and Margaret is the social revolution
9 while cakes mean the party funds and dear thank you signifies
10 national gratitude. In fine, we have heard, as it happened, of
11 Spartacus intercellular. We are not corknered yet, dead hand!
12 We can recall, with volunears, the froggy jew, and sweeter far
13 'twere now westhinks in Dumbil's fair city ere one more year is
14 o'er. We toured our coasts to the good gay tunes. When from
15 down swords the sea merged the oldowth guns and answer made
16 the bold O' Dwyer. But. *Est modest in verbos*. Let a prostitute
17 be whoso stands before a door and winks or parks herself in the
18 fornix near a makeussin wall (sinsin! sinsin!) and the curate one
19 who brings strong waters (gingin! gingin!), but also, and dinna
20 forget, that there is many asleeps between someathome's first
21 and moreinausland's last and that the beautiful presence of wait-
22 ing kates will until life's (!) be more than enough to make any
23 milkmike in the language of sweet tarts punch hell's hate into his
24 twin nicky and that Maggy's tea, or your majesty, if heard as a
25 boost from a born gentleman is (?). For if the lingo gasped between
26 kicksheets, however basically English, were to be preached from
27 the mouths of wickerchurchwardens and metaphysicians in the
28 row and advokaatoes, allvoyous, demivoyelles, languoaths, les-
29 biels, dentelles, gutterhowls and furtz, where would their prac-
30 tice be or where the human race itself were the Pythagorean ses-
31 quipedalia of the panepistemion, however apically Volapucky,
32 grunted and gromwelled, ichabod, habakuk, opanoff, uggamyg,
33 hapaxle, gomenon, ppppfff, over country stiles, behind slated
34 dwellinghouses, down blind lanes, or, when all fruit fails, under
35 some sacking left on a coarse cart?
36 So hath been, love: tis tis: and will be: till wears and tears and

1 ages. Thief us the night, steal we the air, shawl thiner liefest,
2 mine! Here, Ohere, insult the fair! Traitor, bad hearer, brave!
3 The lightning look, the birding cry, awe from the grave, ever-
4 flowing on the times. Feueragusaria iordenwater; now godsun
5 shine on menday's daughter; a good clap, a fore marriage, a bad
6 wake, tell hell's well; such is manowife's lot of lose and win again,
7 like he's gruen quhiskers on who's chin again, she plucketed them
8 out but they grown in again. So what are you going to do about
9 it? O dear!

10 If juness she saved! Ah ho! And if yulone he pouved! The ol-
11 old stoliolum! From quiqui quinet to michemiche chelet and a
12 jambeatiste to a brulobru! It is told in sounds in utter that, in
13 signs so adds to, in universal, in polygluttural, in each auxiliary
14 neutral idiom, sordomutics, florilingua, sheltafocal, flayflutter, a
15 con's cubane, a pro's tutute, strassarab, ereperse and anythongue
16 athall. Since nozzy Nanette tripped palmyways with Highho
17 Harry there's a spurtfire turf a'kind o'kindling when oft as the
18 souffsouff blows her peaties up and a claypot wet for thee, my
19 Sitys, and talkatalka tell Tibbs has eve: and whathough (revilous
20 life proving aye the death of ronaldses when winpower wine has
21 bucked the kick on poor won man) billiousness has been billious-
22 ness during milliums of millenions and our mixed racings have
23 been giving two hoots or three jeers for the grape, vine and brew
24 and Pieter's in Nieuw Amsteldam and Paoli's where the poules
25 go and rum smelt his end for him and he dined off sooth ameri-
26 can (it would give one the frier even were one a normal Kettle-
27 licker) this oldworld epistola of their weatherings and their
28 marryings and their buryings and their natural selections has
29 combled tumbled down to us fersch and made-at-all-hours like
30 an ould cup on tay. As I was hottin me souser. Haha! And as
31 you was caldin your dutchy hovel. Hoho! She tole the tail or
32 her toon. Huhu!

33 Now, kapnimancy and infusionism may both fit as tight as
34 two trivets but while we in our wee free state, holding to that
35 prestatute in our charter, may have our irremovable doubts as
36 to the whole sense of the lot, the interpretation of any phrase in

1 the whole, the meaning of every word of a phrase so far de-
2 ciphered out of it, however unfettered our Irish daily indepen-
3 dence, we must vaunt no idle dubiousity as to its genuine author-
4 ship and holusbolus authoritativeness. And let us bringthee cease
5 to beakerings on that clink, olmond bottler! On the face of it,
6 to volt back to our desultory horses, and for your roughshod
7 mind, bafflelost bull, the affair is a thing once for all done and
8 there you are somewhere and finished in a certain time, be it a
9 day or a year or even supposing, it should eventually turn out
10 to be a serial number of goodness gracious alone knows how
11 many days or years. Anyhow, somehow and somewhere, before
12 the bookflood or after her ebb, somebody mentioned by name in
13 his telephone directory, Coccolanius or Gallotaurus, wrote it,
14 wrote it all, wrote it all down, and there you are, full stop. O,
15 undoubtedly yes, and very potably so, but one who deeper thinks
16 will always bear in the baccbuccus of his mind that this down-
17 right there you are and there it is is only all in his eye. Why?

18 Because, Soferim Bebel, if it goes to that, (and dormerwindow
19 gossip will cry it from the housetops no surelier than the writing
20 on the wall will hue it to the mod of men that mote in the main
21 street) every person, place and thing in the chaosmos of Alle
22 anyway connected with the gobblydumped turkery was moving
23 and changing every part of the time: the travelling inkhorn
24 (possibly pot), the hare and turtle pen and paper, the continually
25 more and less intermisunderstanding minds of the anticollabora-
26 tors, the as time went on as it will variously inflected, differently
27 pronounced, otherwise spelled, changeably meaning vocable
28 scriptsigns. No, so holp me Petault, it is not a miseffectual why-
29 acinthinous riot of blots and blurs and bars and balls and hoops
30 and wriggles and juxtaposed jottings linked by spurts of speed:
31 it only looks as like it as damn it; and, sure, we ought really to
32 rest thankful that at this deleteful hour of dungflies dawning we
33 have even a written on with dried ink scrap of paper at all to show
34 for ourselves, tare it or leaf it, (and we are lufted to ourselves as
35 the soulfisher when he led the cat out of the bout) after all that
36 we lost and plundered of it even to the hidmost coignings of the

1 earth and all it has gone through and by all means, after a good
2 ground kiss to Terracussa and for wars luck our lefftoff's flung
3 over our home homoplate, cling to it as with drowning hands,
4 hoping against hope all the while that, by the light of philo-
5 phosy, (and may she never folsage us!) things will begin to clear
6 up a bit one way or another within the next quarrel of an hour
7 and be hanged to them as ten to one they will too, please the pigs,
8 as they ought to categorically, as, stricly between ourselves,there
9 is a limit to all things so this will never do.

10 For, with that farmfrow's foul flair for that flayfell foxfeter,
11 (the calamite's columitas calling for calamitous calamitance) who
12 that scrutinising marvels at those indignant whiplooplashes; those
13 so prudently bolted or blocked rounds; the touching reminiscence
14 of an incompletet trail or dropped final; a round thousand whirli-
15 gig glorioles, prefaced by (alas!) now illegible airy plumeflights,
16 all tiberiously ambiembellishing the initials majuscule of Ear-
17 wicker: the meant to be baffling chrismon trilithon sign Π , finally
18 called after some his hes heciteny Hec,which, moved contra-
19 watchwise, represents his title in sigla as the smaller Δ , fontly
20 called following a certain change of state of grace of nature alp
21 or delta, when single, stands for or tautologically stands beside
22 the consort: (though for that matter, since we have heard from
23 Cathay cyrcles how the hen is not mirely a tick or two after the
24 first fifth fourth of the second eighth twelfth — siangchang
25 hongkong sansheneul — but yirely the other and thirtieth of the
26 ninth from the twentieth, our own vulgar 432 and 1132 irre-
27 spectively, why not take the former for a village inn, the latter
28 for an upsidown bridge, a multiplication marking for crossroads
29 ahead, which you like pothook for the family gibbet, their old
30 fourwheedler for the bucker's field, a tea anyway for a tryst
31 someday, and his onesidemissing for an allblind alley leading to
32 an Irish plot in the Champ de Mors, not?) the steady monologuy
33 of the interiors; the pardonable confusion for which some blame
34 the cudgel and more blame the soot but unthanks to which
35 the pees with their caps awry are quite as often as not taken
36 for kews with their tails in their or are quite as often as not

1 taken for pews with their tails in their mouths, thence your
2 pristopher polombos, hence our Kat Kresbyterians; the curt
3 witty wotty dashes never quite just right at the trim trite
4 truth letter; the sudden spluttered petulance of some capltalised
5 mlddle; a word as cunningly hidden in its maze of confused
6 drapery as a fieldmouse in a nest of coloured ribbons: that ab-
7 surdly bullsfooted bee declaring with an even plainer dummp-
8 show than does the mute commoner with us how hard a thing it
9 is to mpe mporn a gentlerman: and look at this prepronominal
10 *funferal*, engraved and retouched and edgewiped and pudden-
11 padded,very like a whale's egg farced with pemmican,as were it
12 sentenced to be nuzzled over a full trillion times for ever and a
13 night till his noddle sink or swim by that ideal reader suffering
14 from an ideal insomnia: all those red raddled obeli cayennepep-
15 percast over the text, calling unnecessary attention to errors,
16 omissions, repetitions and misalignments: that (probably local or
17 personal) variant madders for the more generally accepted *ma-*
18 *jesty* which is but a trifle and yet may quietly amuse: those super-
19 ciliouslooking crisscrossed Greek ees awkwardlike perched there
20 and here out of date like sick owls hawked back to Athens: and
21 the geegees too, jesuistically formed at first but afterwards genu-
22 flected aggrily towards the occident: the Ostrogothic kako-
23 graphy affected for certain phrases of Etruscan stabletalk and, in
24 short, the learning betrayed at almost every line's end: the head-
25 strength (at least eleven men of thirtytwo palfrycraft) revealed
26 by a constant labour to make a ghimel pass through the eye of an
27 iota: this, for instance, utterly unexpected sinistrogyric return to
28 one peculiar sore point in the past; those throne open doubleyous
29 (of an early muddy terranean origin whether man chooses to
30 damn them agglutinatively loo — too — blue — face — ache or
31 illvoodawpeeohole or, kants koorts, topplefouls) seated with such
32 floprightdown determination and reminding uis ineluctably of
33 nature at her naturalest while that fretful fidget eff, the hornful
34 digamma of your bornabarbar, rarely heard now save when falling
35 from the unfashionable lipsus of some hetarosexual (used always
36 in two boldfaced print types — one of them as wrongheaded as

1 his Claudian brother, is it worth while interrupting to say?—
2 throughout the papyrus as the revise mark) stalks all over the
3 page broods ∫ sensationseeking an idea, amid the verbiage,
4 gaunt, stands dejectedly in the diapered window margin, with
5 its basque of bayleaves all aflutter about its forksfrogs, paces
6 with a frown, jerking to and fro, flinging phrases here, there, or
7 returns inhibited, with some half-halted suggestion, £, dragging
8 its shoestring; the curious warning sign before our protoparent's
9 *ipsissima verba* (a very pure nondescript, by the way, sometimes
10 a palmtailed otter, more often the arbutus fruitflowerleaf of the
11 cainapple) which paleographers call *a leak in the thatch or the*
12 *aranman ingperwhis through the hole of his hat*, indicating that the
13 words which follow may be taken in any order desired, hole of
14 Aran man the hat through the whispering his ho (here keen
15 again and begin again to make soundsense and sensesound kin
16 again); those haughtypitched disdotted aiches easily of the rariest
17 inasdrill as most of the jaywalking eyes we do plough into halve,
18 unconnected, principal, medial or final, always jims in the jam,
19 sahib, as pipless as threadworms: the innocent exhibitionism of
20 those frank yet capricious underlinings: that strange exotic serpen-
21 tine, since so properly banished from our scripture, about as freak-
22 wing a wetterhand now as to see a righthanded ladywhite don a
23 corkhorse, which, in its invincible insolence ever longer more and
24 of more morosity, seems to uncoil spirally and swell lacertinelazily
25 before our eyes under pressure of the writer's hand; the ungainly
26 musicianlessness so painted in sculpting selfsunder ah ha as
27 blackartful as a podatus and dumbfounder oh ho oaproariose as
28 ten canons in skelterfugue: the studious omission of year number
29 and era name from the date, the one and only time when our
30 copyist seems at least to have grasped the beauty of restraint; the
31 lubricitous conjugation of the last with the first: the gipsy mat-
32 ing of a grand stylish gravedigging with secondbest buns (an in-
33 terpolation: these munchables occur only in the Boootherbrowth
34 family of MSS., Bb — Cod IV, Pap II, Brek XI, Lun III, Dinn
35 XVII, Sup XXX, Fullup M D C X C: the scholiast has hungrily
36 misheard a deadman's toller as a muffinbell): the four shortened

1 ampersands under which we can glympse at and feel for ourselves
2 across all those rushyears the warm soft short pants of the quick-
3 scribbler: the vocative lapse from which it begins and the accu-
4 sative hole in which it ends itself; the aphasia of that heroic agony
5 of recalling a once loved number leading slip by slipper to a
6 general amnesia of misnoming one's own: next those ars, rrrr!
7 those ars all bellical, the highpriest's hieroglyph of kettletom and
8 oddsbones, wrasted redhandedly from our hallowed rubric prayer
9 for truce with booty, *O'Remus pro Romulo*, and rudely from the
10 fane's pinnacle tossed down by porter to within an aim's ace of
11 their quatrain of rubyjets among Those Who arse without the
12 Temple nor since Roe's Distillery burn'd have quaff'd Night's
13 firefill'd Cup But jig jog jug as Day the Dicebox Throws, whang,
14 loyal six I lead, out wi'yer heart's bluid, blast ye, and there she's
15 for you, sir, whang her, the fine ooman, rouge to her lobster
16 locks, the rossy, whang, God and O'Mara has it with his ruddy
17 old Villain Rufus, wait, whang, God and you're another he
18 hasn't for there's my spoil five of spuds's trumps, whang, whack
19 on his pigsking's Kisser for him, K.M. O'Mara where are you?;
20 then (coming over to the left aisle corner down) the cruciform
21 postscript from which three *basia* or shorter and smaller oscula
22 have been overcarefully scraped away, plainly inspiring the tene-
23 brous *Tunc* page of the Book of Kells (and then it need not be
24 lost sight of that there are exactly three squads of candidates for
25 the crucian rose awaiting their turn in the marginal panels of
26 Columkiller, chugged in their three ballotboxes, then set apart for
27 such hanging committees, where two was enough for anyone,
28 starting with old Matthew himself, as he with great distinction
29 said then just as since then people speaking have fallen into the
30 custom, when speaking to a person, of saying two is company
31 when the third person is the person darkly spoken of, and then
32 that last labiolingual *basium* might be read as a suavium if who-
33 ever the embracer then was wrote with a tongue in his (or per-
34 haps her) cheek as the case may have been then) and the fatal
35 droopadwindle slope of the blamed scrawl, a sure sign of imper-
36 fectible moral blindness; the toomuchness, the fartoomanyness

1 of all those fourlegged ems: and why spell dear god with a big
2 thick dhee (why, O why, O why?): the cut and dry aks and wise
3 form of the semifinal; and, eighteenthly or twentyfourthly, but
4 at least, thank Maurice, lastly when all is zed and done, the pene-
5 lopean patience of its last paraphe, a colophon of no fewer than
6 seven hundred and thirtytwo strokes tailed by a leaping lasso—
7 who thus at all this marvelling but will press on hotly to see the
8 vaulting feminine libido of those interbranching ogham sex up-
9 andinsweeps sternly controlled and easily repersuaded by the
10 uniform matteroffactness of a meandering male fist?

11 Duff-Muggli, who now may be quoted by very kind arrange-
12 ment (his dectroscophonious photosensition under supersonic
13 light control may be logged for by our none too distant futures
14 as soon astone values can be turned out from Chromophilomos,
15 Limited at a millicentime the microamp), first called this kind of
16 paddygoeasy partnership the ulykkhean or tetrachiric or quad-
17 rumane or ducks and drakes or debts and dishes perplex (v. *Some*
18 *Forestallings over that Studium of Sexophonologicistic Schizophre-*
19 *nesis*, vol. xxiv, pp. 2-555) after the wellinformed observation,
20 made miles apart from the Master by Tung-Toyd (cf. *Later*
21 *Frustrations amengst the Neomugglian Teachings abaft the Semi-*
22 *unconscience, passim*) that in the case of the littleknown periplic
23 bestteller popularly associated with the names of the wretched
24 mariner (trianforan deffwedoff our plumsucked pattern shape-
25 keeper) a Punic admiralty report, *From MacPerson's Oshean*
26 *Round By the Tides of Jason's Cruise*, had been cleverly capsized
27 and saucily republished as a dodecanesian baedeker of the every-
28 tale-a-treat-in-itself variety which could hope satisfactorily to
29 tickle me gander as game as your goose.

30 The unmistaken identity of the persons in the Tiberiast du-
31 plex came to light in the most devious of ways. The original
32 document was in what is known as Hanno O'Nonhanno's un-
33 brookable script, that is to say, it showed no signs of punctua-
34 tion of any sort. Yet on holding the verso against a lit rush this
35 new book of Moses responded most remarkably to the silent
36 query of our world's oldest light and its recto let out the piquant

1 fact that it was but pierced butnot punctured (in the university
2 sense of the term) by numerous stabs and foliated gashes made
3 by a pronged instrument. These paper wounds, four in type,
4 were gradually and correctly understood to mean stop, please
5 stop, do please stop, and O do please stop respectively, and
6 following up their one true clue, the circumflexuous wall of a
7 singleminded men's asylum, accentuated by bi tso fb rok engl
8 a ssan dspl itch ina, — Yard inquiries pointed out → that they
9 ad bin “provoked” ay ^ fork, of à grave Brofèsor; àth é's Brèak
10 — fast — table; ; acùtely profè ionally *piquéd*, to = introduèce a
11 notion of time [ùpon à plane (?) sù ' ' fàç'e'] by pùnc! ingh oles
12 (sic) in lspace?! Deeply religious by nature and position, and
13 warmly attached to Thee, and smearbread and better and Him
14 and newlaidills, it was rightly suspected that such ire could not
15 have been visited by him Brotfressor Prendergust even under-
16 wittingly, upon the ancestral pneuma of one whom, with rheuma,
17 he venerated shamelessly at least once a week at Cockspur Com-
18 mon as his apple in his eye and her first boys' best friend and,
19 though plain English for a married lady misled heaps by the way,
20 yet when some peerer or peeress detected that the fourleaved
21 shamrock or quadrifoil jab was more recurrent wherever the
22 script was clear and the term terse and that these two were the
23 selfsame spots naturally selected for her perforations by Dame
24 Partlet on her dungheap, thinkers all put grown in waterung-
25 spillfull Pratiland only and a playful fowl and musical me and
26 not you in any case, two and two together, and, with a swarm
27 of bisses honeyhunting after, a sigh for shyme (O, the petty-
28 bonny rouge!) separated modest mouths. So be it. And it was.
29 The lettermaking of the explots of Fjorgn Camhelsson when he
30 was in the Kvinnes country with Soldru's men. With acknow-
31 ledgment of our fervour of the first instant he remains years most
32 fainfully. For postscrypt see spoils. Though not yet had the sailor
33 sipped that sup nor the humphar foamed to the fill. And fox and
34 geese still kept the peace around *L'Auberge du Pere Adam*.
35 Small need after that, old Jeromesolem, old Huffsnuuff, old
36 Andycox, old Olecasandrum, for quizzing your weekenders come

1 to the R.Q. with: shoots off in a hiss, muddles up in a mussmass
2 and his whole's a dismantled noondrunkard's son. Howbeit we
3 heard not a son of sons to leave by him to oceanic society in his
4 old man without a thing in his ignorance, Tulko MacHooley.
5 And it was thus he was at every time, that son, and the other
6 time, the day was in it and after the morrow Diremood is the
7 name is on the writing chap of the psalter, the juxtajunctor of a
8 dearmate and he passing out of one desire into its fellow. The
9 daughters are after going and loojing for him, Torba's nice-
10 lookers of the fair neck. Wanted for millinary servance to
11 olderly's person by the Totty Askinses. Formelly confounded
12 with amother. Maybe growing a moustache, did you say, with
13 an adorable look of amuzement? And uses noclass billiardhalls
14 with an upandown ladder? Not Hans the Curier though had he
15 had have only had some little laughings and some less of cheeks
16 and were he not so warried by his bulb of persecussion he could
17 have, ay, and would have, as true as Essex bridge. And not Go-
18 pheph go gossip, I declare to man! Noe! To all's much relief
19 one's half hypothesis of that jabberjaw ape amok the showering
20 jestnuts of Bruisanose was hotly dropped and his room taken up
21 by that odious and still today insufficiently malestimated note-
22 snatcher (kak, pfooi, bosh and fiety, much earny, Gus, poteen?
23 Sez you!) Shem the Penman.

1 So?
2 Who do you no tonigh, lazy and gentleman?
3 The echo is where in the back of the wodes; callhim forth!
4 (Shaun Mac Irewick, briefdragger, for the concern of Messrs
5 Jhon Jhamieson and Song, rated one hundrick and thin per
6 storehundred on this nightly quisquiquock of the twelve apos-
7 trophes, set by Jockit Mic Ereweak. He misunderstruck and aim
8 for am ollo of number three of them and left his free natural ri-
9 postes to four of them in their own fine artful disorder.)
10 1. What secondtonone myther rector and maximost bridges-
11 maker was the first to rise taller through his beanstale than the
12 bluegum buaboababbaun or the gigantesous Wellingtonia Sequoia;
13 went nudiboots with trouters into a liffeyette when she was
14 barely in her tricklies; was well known to claud a conciliation
15 cap onto the esker of his hooth; sports a chainganger's albert
16 solemenly over his hullender's epulence; thought he weighed a
17 new ton when there felled his first lapapple; gave the heinous-
18 ness of choice to everyknight betwixt yesterdicks and twomaries;
19 had severnal successivecoloured serebanmaids on the same big
20 white drawringroam horthrug; is a Willbeforce to this hour at
21 house as he was in heather; pumped the catholick wartrey and
22 shocked the prodestung boyne; killed his own hungry self in
23 anger as a young man; found fodder for five when allmarken
24 rose goflooded; with Hirish tutores Cornish made easy; voucher

1 of rotables, toll of the road; bred manyheaded stepsons for one
2 leapyourown taugther; is too funny for a fish and has too much
3 outside for an insect; like a heptagon crystal emprisoms trues and
4 fauss for us; is infinite swell in unfitting induments; once was he
5 shovelled and once was he arsoned and once was he inundered
6 and she hung him out billbailey; has a quadrant in his tile to tell
7 Toler cad a'clog it is; offers chances to Long on but stands up
8 to Legge before; found coal at the end of his harrow and moss-
9 roses behind the seams; made a fort out of his postern and wrote
10 F.E.R.T. on his buckler; is escapemaster-in-chief from all sorts
11 of houdingplaces; if he outharrods against barkers, to the shoal-
12 bred he acts whiteley; was evacuated at the mere appearance of
13 three germhuns and twice besieged by a sweep; from zoomor-
14 phology to omnianimalism he is brooched by the spin of a coin;
15 towers, an eddistoon amid the lampless, casting swannbeams on
16 the deep; threatens thunder upon malefactors and sends whispers
17 up fraufrau's froufrous; when Dook Hookbackcrook upsits his
18 ass booseworthies jeer and junket but they boos him oos and baas
19 his aas when he lukes like Hunkett Plunkett; by sosannsos and
20 search a party on a lady of this city; business, reading news-
21 paper, smoking cigar, arranging tumblers on table, eating meals,
22 pleasure, etcetera, etcetera, pleasure, eating meals, arranging tum-
23 blers on table, smoking cigar, reading newspaper, business;
24 minerals, wash and brush up, local views, juju toffee, comic and
25 birthdays cards; those were the days and he was their hero; pink
26 sunset shower, red clay cloud, sorrow of Sahara, oxhide on Iren;
27 arraigned and attainted, listed and lited, pleaded and proved;
28 catches his check at banck of Indgangd and endurses his doom at
29 chapel exit; brain of the franks, hand of the christian, tongue of
30 the north; commands to dinner and calls the bluff; has a block at
31 Morgen's and a hatache all the afternunch; plays gehamerat when
32 he's ernst but misses mausey when he's lustyg; walked as far as
33 the Head where he sat in state as the Rump; shows Early Eng-
34 lish tracemarks and a marigold window with manigilt lights, a
35 myrioscope, two remarkable piscines and three wellworthseeing
36 ambries; arches all portcullised and his nave dates from dots; is

1 a horologe unstoppable and the Benn of all bells; fuit, isst and
2 herit and though he's mildewstated he's mouldystoned; is a quer-
3 cuss in the forest but plane member for Megalopolis; mountun-
4 mighty, faunonfleetfoot; plank in our platform, blank in our
5 scouturn; hidal, in carucates he is enumerated, hold as an earl,
6 he counts; shipshaped phrase of buglooking words with a form
7 like the easing moments of a graminivorous; to our dooms
8 brought he law, our manoirs he made his vill of; was an over-
9 grind to the underground and acqueduced for fierythroats; sends
10 boys in socks acoughawhooping when he lets farth his carbon-
11 oxide and silk stockings show her shapings when he looses hose
12 on hers; stocks dry puder for the Ill people and pinkun's pellets
13 for all the Pale; gave his mundyfoot to Miserius, her pinch to
14 Anna Livia, that superfine pigtail to Cerisia Cerosia and quid
15 rides to Titius, Caius and Sempronius; made the man who had
16 no notion of shopkeepers feel he'd rather play the duke than play
17 the gentleman; shot two queans and shook three caskles when
18 he won his game of dwarfs; fumes inwards like a strombolist till
19 he smokes at both ends; manmote, befier of him, womankind,
20 pietad!; shows one white drift of snow among the gorsegrowth
21 of his crown and a chaperon of repentance on that which shed
22 gore; pause and quies, triple bill; went by metro for the polis and
23 then hoved by; to the finders, hail! woa, you that seek!; whom
24 fillth had plenished, dearth devoured; hock is leading, cocoa comes
25 next, emery tries for the flag; can dance the O'Bruin's polerpasse
26 at Noolahn to his own orchistruss accompaniment; took place
27 before the internatural convention of catholic midwives and
28 found stead before the congress for the study of endonational
29 calamities; makes a delictuous *entrée* and finishes off the course
30 between sweets and savouries; flouts for forecasts, flairs for finds
31 and the fun of the fray on the fairground; cleared out three hun-
32 dred sixty five idles to set up one all khalassal for henwives hoping
33 to have males; the flawhoolagh, the grasping one, the kindler of
34 paschal fire; forbids us our trespassers as we forgate him; the
35 phoenix be his pyre, the cineres his sire!; piles big pelium on
36 little ossas like the pilluls of hirculeads; has an eatupus complex

1 and a drinkthedregs kink; wurstmeats for chumps and cowcar-
2 lows for scullions; when he plies for our favour is very trolly
3 ours; two psychic espousals and three desertions; may be matter
4 of fact now but was futter of magd then; Cattermole Hill, ex-
5 mountain of flesh was reared up by stress and sank under strain;
6 tank it up, dank it up, tells the tailor to his tout; entoutcas for a
7 man, but bit a thimble for a maid; blimp, blump; a dud letter, a sing
8 a song a sylble; a byword, a sentence with surcease; while stands
9 his canyouseehim frails shall fall; was hatched at Cellbridge but
10 ejoculated abroad; as it gan in the biguinnengs so wound up in
11 a battle of Boss; Roderick, Roderick, Roderick, O, you've gone
12 the way of the Danes; variously catalogued, regularly regrouped;
13 a bushboys holoday, a quacker's mating, a wenches' sandbath;
14 the same homoheatherous checkinlossegg as when sollyeye airly
15 blew ye; real detonation but false report; spa mad but inn sane;
16 half emillian via bogus census but a no street hausmann when
17 allphannd; is the handiest of all andies and a most alleghant spot
18 to dump your hump; hands his secession to the new patricius but
19 plumps plebmatically for the bloody old centuries; eats with
20 doors open and ruts with gates closed; some dub him Rotshield
21 and more limn him Rockyfellow; shows he's fly to both demis-
22 fairs but thries to cover up his tracers; seven dovevotes coocclaim
23 to have been pigeonheim to this homer, Smernion, Rhoebok,
24 Kolonsreagh, Seapoint, Quayhowth, Ashtown, Ratheny; inde-
25 pendent of the lordship of chamberlain, acknowledging the rule
26 of Rome; we saw thy farm at Useful Prine, Domhnall, Domhnall;
27 reeks like Illbelpaese and looks like Iceland's ear; lodged at quot
28 places, lived through tot reigns; takes a szumbath for his weekend
29 and a wassarnap for his refreskment; after a good bout at stool-
30 ball enjoys Giroflee Giroflaa; what Nevermore missed and
31 Colombo found; believes in everyman his own goaldkeeper and
32 in Africa for the fullblacks; the arc of his drive was forty full
33 and his stumps were pulled at eighty; boasts him to the thick-in-
34 thews the oldest creater in Aryania and looks down on the Suiss
35 family Collesons whom he calls *les nouvelles roches*; though his
36 heart, soul and spirit turn to pharaoph times, his love, faith and

1 hope stick to futuerism; light leglifters cense him souriantes from
2 afore while boor browbenders curse him grommelants to his
3 hindmost; between youlasses and yeladst glimse of Even; the
4 Lug his peak has, the Luk his pile; drinks tharr and wodhar for
5 his asama and eats the unparishable sow to styve off reglar rack;
6 the beggars cloak them reclined about his paddystool, the whores
7 winken him as they walk their side; on Christienmas at Advent
8 Lodge, New Yealand, after a lenty illness the roeverand Mr
9 Easterling of pentecostitis, no followers by bequest, fanfare all
10 private; Gone Where Glory Waits Him (Ball, bulletist) but Not
11 Here Yet (Maxwell, clark); comminxed under articles but phoe-
12 nished a borgiess; from the vat on the bier through the burre in
13 the dark to the buttle of the bawn; is AI an the highest but Roh
14 re his root; filled fanned of hackleberries whenas all was tuck
15 and toss up for him as a yangster to fall fou of hockinbechers
16 wherein he had gauged the use of raisin; ads aliments, das doles,
17 raps rustics, tams turmoil; sas seed enough for a semination but
18 sues skivvies on the sly; learned to speak from hand to mouth
19 till he could talk earish with his eyes shut; hacked his way through
20 hickcheckhocks but hanged hishelp from there hereafters; rialtos,
21 annesleyg, binn and balls to say nothing atolk of New Comyn;
22 the gleam of the glow of the shine of the sun through the
23 dearth of the dirth on the blush of the brick of the viled ville of
24 Barnehulme has dust turned to brown; these dyed to tartan him,
25 rueroot, dulse, bracken, teasel, fuller's ash, sundew and cress;
26 long gunn but not for cotton; stood his sharp assault of famine
27 but grew girther, girther and girther; he has twenty four or so
28 cousins germinating in the United States of America and a
29 namesake with an initial difference in the once kingdom of
30 Poland; his first's a young rose and his second's French-
31 Egyptian and his whole means a slump at Christie's; forth of his
32 pierced part came the woman of his dreams, blood thicker then
33 water last trade overseas; buyshop of Glintylook, eorl of Hoed;
34 you and I are in him surrented by brwn bldns; Elin's flee polt
35 pelhaps but Hwang Chang evelytme; he one was your of high-
36 bigpipey boys but fancy him as smoking fags his at time of

1 life; Mount of Mish, Mell of Moy; had two cardinal ventures and
2 three capitol sinks; has a peep in his pocketbook and a packet-
3 boat in his keep; B.V.H., B.L.G., P.P.M., T.D.S., V.B.D.,
4 T.C.H., L.O.N.; is Breakfates, Lunger, Diener and Souper; as
5 the streets were paved with cold he felt his topperairy; taught
6 himself skating and learned how to fall; distinctly dirty but rather
7 a dear; hoveth chieftains evrywehr, with morder; Ostman
8 Effendi, Serge Paddishaw; baases two mmany, outpriams al'
9 his parasites; first of the fenians, *roi des fainéants*; his Tiara of
10 scones was held unfillable. till one Liam Fail felled him in West-
11 munster; was struck out of his sittem when he rowed saulely to
12 demask us and to our appauling predicament brought as plagues
13 from Buddapest; put a matchhead on an aspenstalk and set the
14 living a fire; speared the rod and spoiled the lightning; married
15 with cakes and repunked with pleasure; till he was buried how-
16 happy was he and he made the welkins ring with *Up Micawber!*;
17 god at the top of the staircase, carrion on the mat of straw;
18 the false hood of a spindler web chokes the cavemouth of his
19 unsightliness but the nestlings that liven his leafscreen sing him
20 a lover of arbuties; we strike hands over his bloodied warsheet
21 but we are pledged entirely to his green mantle; our friend
22 vikelegal, our swaran foi; under the four stones by his streams
23 who vanished the wassailbowl at the joy of shells; Mora and
24 Lora had a hill of a high time looking down on his confusion till
25 firm look in readiness, forward spear and the windfoot of curach
26 strewed the lakemist of Lego over the last of his fields; we
27 darkened for you, falterer, in the year of mourning but we'll
28 fidhil to the dimtwinklers when the streamy morvenlight calls up
29 the sunbeam; his striped pantaloons, his rather strange walk;
30 *hereditatis columna erecta, hagian chiton eraphon*; nods a nap for
31 the nonce but crows cheerio when they get ecunemical; is a simul-
32 taneous equator of elimbinated integras when three upon one is
33 by inspection improper; has the most conical hodpiece of con-
34 fusianist heronim and that chuchuffuous chinchin of his is like
35 a footsey kungoloo around Taishantyland; he's as globeful as a
36 gasometer of lithium and luridity and he was thrice ten anular

1 years before he wallowed round Raggiant Circos; the cabalstone
2 at the coping of his cavin is a canine constant but only an amiri-
3 can could apparoxemete the apeupresiosity of his atlast's alonge-
4 ment; sticklered rights and lefts at Baddersdown in his hunt for
5 the boar trwth but made his end with the modareds that came
6 at him in Camlenstrete; a hunnibal in exhaustive conflict, an otho
7 to return; burning body to aiger air on melting mountain in
8 wooing wave; we go into him sleepy children, we come out of
9 him strucklers for life; he divested to save from the Mrs Drown-
10 ings their rival queens while Grimshaw, Bragshaw and Renshaw
11 made off with his storen clothes; taxed and rated, licensed and
12 ranted; his threefaced stonehead was found on a whitehorse hill
13 and the print of his costellous feet is seen in the goat's grass-
14 circle; pull the blind, toll the deaf and call dumb, lame and halty;
15 Miraculone, Monstrucceleen; led the upplaws at the Creation and
16 hissed a snake charmer off her stays; hounded become haunter,
17 hunter become fox; harrier, marrier, terrier, tav; Olaph the Ox-
18 man, Thorcker the Tourable; you feel he is Vespasian yet you
19 think of him as Aurelius; whugamore, tradertory, socianist, com-
20 moniser; made a summer assault on our shores and begiddy got
21 his sands full; first he shot down Raglan Road and then he tore
22 up Marlborough Place; Cromlechheight and Crommalhill were
23 his farfamed feetrests when our lurch as lout let free into the
24 Lubar heloved; mareschalled his wardmotes and delimited the
25 main; netted before nibbling, can scarce turn a scale but, grossed
26 after meals, weighs a town in himself; Banba prayed for his con-
27 version, Beurla missed that grand old voice; a Colossus among
28 cabbages, the Melarancitrone of fruits; larger than life, doughtier
29 than death; Gran Turco, orege forment; lachsembulger, leperlean;
30 the sparkle of his genial fancy, the depth of his calm sagacity, the
31 clearness of his spotless honour, the flow of his boundless bene-
32 volence; our family furbear, our tribal tarnpike; quarry was he
33 invincibled and cur was he burked; partitioned Irskaholm, united
34 Irishmen; he took a svig at his own methyr but she tested a bit
35 gorky and as for the salmon he was coming up in him all life
36 long; comm, eilerdich hecklebury and sawyer thee ,warden;

1 silent as the bee in honey, stark as the breath on hauwck, Cos-
2 tello, Kinsella, Mahony, Moran, though you rope Amrique your
3 home ruler is Dan; figure right, he is hoisted by the scurve of
4 his shaggy neck, figure left, he is rationed in isobaric patties
5 among the crew; one asks was he poisoned, one thinks how much
6 did he leave; ex-gardener (Riesengebirger), fitted up with
7 planturous existencies would make Roseoogreedy (mite's) little
8 hose; taut sheets and scuppers awash but the oil silk mack Liebs-
9 terpet micks his aquascutum; the enjoyment he took in kay
10 women, the employment he gave to gee men; sponsor to a squad
11 of piercers, ally to a host of rawlies; against lightning, explosion,
12 fire, earthquake, flood, whirlwind, burglary, third party, rot, loss
13 of cash, loss of credit, impact of vehicles; can rant as grave as
14 oxtail soup and chat as gay as a porto flippant; is unhesitant in
15 his unionism and yet a pigotted nationalist; Sylviacola is shy of
16 him, Matrosenhosens nose the joke; shows the sinews of peace in
17 his chest-o-wars; fiefeofhome, ninehundred and thirtunine years
18 of copyhold; is aldays open for polemypolity's sake when he's not
19 suntimes closed for the love of Janus; sucks life's eleaxir from
20 the pettipickles of the Jewess and ruoulls in sulks if any popeling
21 runs down the Huguenots; Boomaport, Walleslee, Ubermeerschall
22 Blowcher and Supercharger, Monsieur Ducrow, Mister Mudson,
23 master gardiner; to one he's just paunch and judex, to another
24 full of beans and brehons; hallucination, cauchman, ectoplasm;
25 passed for baabaa blacksheep till he grew white woo woo woolly;
26 was drummatoyised by Mac Milligan's daughter and put to music
27 by one shoebard; all fitzpatrick's in his emirate remember him, the
28 boys of wetford hail him babu; indanified himself with boro tribute
29 and was schenkt publicly to brigstoll; was given the light in drey
30 orchafths and entumuled in threeplexes; his likeness is in Terrecuite
31 and he giveth rest to the rainbowed; lebriety, frothearnity and
32 quality; his reverse makes a virtue of necessity while his obverse
33 mars a mother by invention; beskilk his gunwale and he's the
34 second imperial, untie points, unhook tenters and he's lath and
35 plaster; calls upon Allthing when he fails to appeal to Eachovos;
36 basidens, ardee, kongsemma, rexregulorum; stood into Dee mouth,

1 then backed broadside on Baulacleeva; either eldorado or ultimate
2 thole; a kraal of fou feud fires, a crawl of five pubs; laid out lash-
3 ings of laveries to hunt down his family ancestors and then pled
4 double trouble or quick quits to hush the buckers up; threw peb-
5 blets for luck over one sodden shoulder and dragooned peoplades
6 armed to their teeth; pept as Gaudio Gambrinus, grim as Potter
7 the Grave; ace of arts, deuce of damimonds, trouble of clubs, fear
8 of spates; cumbrum, cumbrum, twiniceynurseys fore a drum but
9 tre to uno tips the scale; reeled the titleroll opposite a brace of
10 girdles in Silver on the Screen but was sequenced from the set
11 as Crookback by the even more titulars, Rick, Dave and Barry;
12 he can get on as early as the twentysecond of Mars but occasion-
13 ally he doesn't come offbefore Virgintiquinque Germinal; his In-
14 dian name is Hapapooxiesobjibway and his number in arithmo-
15 sophy is the stars of the plough; took weapon in the province of
16 the pike and let fling his line on Eelwick; moves in vicous cicles
17 yet remews the same; the drain rats bless his offals while the park
18 birds curse his floodlights; Portobello, Equadocta, Therecocta,
19 Percorello; he pours into the softclad shellborn the hard cash
20 earned in Watling Street; his birth proved accidental shows his
21 death its grave mistake; brought us giant ivy from the land of
22 younkens and bewithered Apostolopolos with the gale of his gall;
23 while satisfied that soft youthful bright matchless girls should
24 bosom into fine silkclad joyous blooming young women is not
25 so pleased that heavy swearsome strongsmelling irregularshaped
26 men should blottout active handsome wellformed frankeyed boys;
27 herald hairyfair, alloaf the wheat; husband your aunt and endow
28 your nepos; hearken but hush it, screen him and see; time is,
29 an archbishopric, time was, a tradesmen's entrance; beckburn
30 brooked with wath, scale scarred by scow; his rainfall is a couple
31 of kneehighs while his meanst grass temperature marked three in
32 the shade; is the meltingpoint of snow and the bubblingplace of
33 alcohol; has a tussle with the trulls and then does himself justice;
34 hinted at in the eschatological chapters of Humphrey's *Justesse*
35 *of the Jaypees* and hunted for by Theban recensors who sniff
36 there's something behind the *Bug of the Deaf*, thc king was in

1 his cornerwall melking mark so murry, the queen was steep in
2 armbour feeling fain and furry, the mayds was midst the haw-
3 thorns shoeing up their hose, out pimps the back guards (pomp!)
4 and pump gun they goes; to all his foretellers he reared a stone
5 and for all his comethers he planted a tree; forty acres, sixty miles,
6 white stripe, red stripe, washes his fleet in annacrwatter; whou
7 missed a porter so wot shall he do for he wanted to sit for
8 Pimploco but they've caught him to stand for Sue?; Dutchlord,
9 Dutchlord, overawes us; Headmound, king and martyr, dunstung
10 in the Yeast, Pitre-le-Pore-in Petrin, Barth-the-Grete-by-the-
11 Exchange; he hestens towards dames troth and wedding hand
12 like the prince of Orange and Nassau while he has trinity left
13 behind him like Bowlbeggar Bill-the-Bustonly; brow of a hazel-
14 wood, pool in the dark; changes blowicks into bullocks and a
15 well of Artesia into a bird of Arabia; the handwriting on his
16 facewall, the cryptoconchoidsiphonostomata in his exprussians;
17 his birthspot lies beyond the herospont and his burialplot in the
18 pleasant little field; is the yldist kiosk on the pleninsula and the
19 unguest hostel in Saint Scholarland; walked many hundreds and
20 many score miles of streets and lit thousands in one nightlights
21 in hectares of windows; his great wide cloak lies on fifteen acres
22 and his little white horse decks by dozens our doors; O sorrow
23 the sail and woe the rudder that were set for Mairie Quail; his
24 suns the huns, his dartars the tartars, are plenty here today; who
25 repulsed from his burst the bombolts of Ostenton and falchioned
26 each flash downsaduck in the deep; apersonal problem, a loca-
27 tive enigma; upright one, vehicule of arcanisation in the field,
28 lying chap, floodsupplier of celiculation through ebblanes; a part
29 of the whole as a port for a whale; Dear Hewitt Castello, Equerry,
30 were daylighted with our outing and are looking backwards to
31 unearly summers, from Rhoda Dundrums; is above the seedfruit
32 level and outside the leguminiferous zone; when older links lock
33 older hearts then he'll resemble she; can be built with glue and
34 clippings, scrawled or voided on a buttress; the night express
35 sings his story, the song of sparrownotes on his stave of wires;
36 he crawls with lice, he swarms with saggarts; is as quiet as a

1 mursque but can be as noisy as a sonogog; was Dilmun when his
2 date was palmy and Mudlin when his nut was cracked; suck up
3 the sease, lep laud at ease, one lip on his lap and one cushlin his
4 crease; his porter has a mighty grasp and his baxters the boon of
5 broadwhite; as far as wind dries and rain eats and sun turns
6 and water bounds he is exalted and depressed, assembled and
7 asundered; go away, we are deluded, come back, we are dis-
8 ghosted; bored the Ostrov, leapt the Inferus, swam the Mabbul
9 and flure the Moyle; like fat, like fatlike tallow, of greasefulness,
10 yea of dripping greasefulness; did not say to the old, old, did not
11 say to the scorbutic, scorbutic; he has founded a house, Uru,
12 a house he has founded to which he has assigned its fate; bears
13 a raaven geulant on a fjeld duiv; ruz the halo offhis varlet when
14 he appeared to his shecook as Haycock, Emmet, Boaro, Toaro,
15 Osterich, Mangy and Skunk; pressed the beer of aled age out of
16 the nettles of rashness; put a roof on the lodge for Hymn and a
17 coq in his pot pro homo; was dapifer then pancircensor then
18 hortifex magnus; the topes that tippled on him, the types that
19 toppled off him; still starts our hares yet gates our goat; pocket-
20 book packetboat, gapman gunrun; the light of other days, dire
21 dreary darkness; our awful dad, Timour of Tortur; puzzling,
22 startling, shocking, nay, perturbing; went puffing from king's
23 brugh to new customs, doffing the gibbous off him to every
24 breach of all size; with Pa's new heft and Papa's new helve he's
25 Papapa's old cutlass Papapapa left us; when youngheaded old-
26 shouldered and middlishneck aged about; caller herring every-
27 daily, turgid tarpon overnight; see Loryon the comaleon that
28 changed endocrine history by loeven his loaf with forty bannucks;
29 she drove him dafe till he driv her blind up; the pigeons doves be
30 perchin all over him one day on Baslesbridge and the ravens duv
31 be pitchin their dark nets after him the next night behind Koenig-
32 stein's Arbour; tronf of the rep, comf of the priv, prosp of the
33 pub; his headwood it's ideal if his feet are bally clay; he crashed
34 in the hollow of the park, trees down, as he soared in the vaguum
35 of the phoenix, stones up; looks like a moultain bouldter and
36 sounds like a rude word; the moontaen view, some lumin pale

1 round a lamp of succar in boiny water; three shots a puddy at
2 up blup saddle; made up to Miss MacCormack Ni Lacarthy who
3 made off with Darly Dermod, swank and swarthy; once diamond
4 cut garnet now dammat cuts groany; you might find him at the
5 Florence but watch our for him in Wynn's Hotel; theer's his
6 bow and wheer's his leaker and heer lays his bequiet hearse,
7 deep; Swed Albiony, likeliest villain of the place; Hennery Can-
8 terel — Cockran, eggotisters, limited; we take our tays and
9 frees our fleas round sadurn's mounted foot; built the Lund's
10 kirk and destroyed the church's land; who guesse his title grabs
11 his deeds; fletch and prities, fash and chaps; artful Juke of Wilysly;
12 Hugglebelly's Funniral; Kukuk Kallikak; heard in camera and
13 excruciated; boon when with benches billeted, bann if buckshot-
14 backshattered; heavengendered, chaosfoedted, earthborn; his
15 father presumptively ploughed it deep on overtime and his
16 mother as all evince must have travailled her fair share; a foot-
17 prinse on the Megacene, hetman unwhorsed by Searingsand;
18 honorary captain of the extemporised fire brigade, reported to
19 be friendly with the police; the door is still open; the old stock
20 collar is coming back; not forgetting the time you laughed at
21 Elder Charterhouse's duckwhite pants and the way you said the
22 whole township can see his hairy legs; by stealth of a kersse her
23 aulburntress abaft his nape she hung; when his kettle became a
24 hearthsculdus our thorstyites set their lymphyamphyre; his year-
25 letter concocted by masterhands of assays, his hallmark imposed
26 by the standard of wrought plate; a pair of pectorals and a triple-
27 screen to get a wind up; lights his pipe with a rosin tree and hires
28 a towhorse to haul his shoes; cures slavey's scurvy, breaks
29 barons boils; called to sell polosh and was found later in a bed-
30 room; has his seat of justice, his house of mercy, his com o'copious
31 and his stacks a'rye; prospector, he had a rooksacht, retrospector,
32 he holds the holpenstake; won the freedom of new yoke for the
33 minds of jugoslaves; acts active, peddles in passivism and is a
34 gorgon of selfridgeousness; pours a laughsworth of his illforma-
35 tion over a larmsworth of salt; half heard the single maiden
36 speech La Belle spun to her Grand Mount and wholed a lifetime

1 by his ain fireside, wondering was it hebrew set to himmeltones
2 or the quicksilversong of qwaternions; his troubles may be over
3 but his doubles have still to come; the lobster pot that crabbed
4 our keel, the garden pet that spoiled our squeezed peas; he stands
5 in a lovely park, sea is not far, importunate towns of X, Y and
6 Z are easily over reached; is an excrescence to civilised humanity
7 and but a wart on Europe; wanamade singsigns to soundsense
8 an yit he wanna git all his flesch nuemaids motts truly prural and
9 plusible; has excisively large rings and is uncustomarily perfumed;
10 lusteth ath he listeth the cleah whitthpeh of a themise; is a prince
11 of the fingallian in a hiberniad of hoolies; has a hodge to wherry
12 him and a frenchy to curry him and a brabanson for his beeter and
13 a fritz at his switch; was waylaid of a parker and beschotten by a
14 buckeley; kicks lintils when he's cuppy and casts Jacob's aroroots,
15 dime after dime, to poor waifstrays on the perish; reads the charms
16 of H. C. Endersen all the weaks of his evenin and the crimes of
17 Ivaun the Taurrible every strongday morn; soaps you soft to your
18 face and slaps himself when he's badend; owns the bulgiest bung-
19 barrel that ever was tiptapped in the privace of the Mullingar
20 Inn; was bom with a nuasilver tongue in his mouth and went
21 round the coast of Iron with his lift hand to the scene; raised but
22 two fingers and yet smelt it would day; for whom it is easier to
23 found a see in Ebblannah than for I or you to find a dubbeltye
24 in Dampsterdamp; to live with whom is a lifemayor and to know
25 whom a liberal education; was dipped in Hoily Olives and chry-
26 med in Scent Otooles; hears cricket on the earth but annoys the
27 life out of predikants; still turns the durc's ear of Darius to the
28 now thoroughly infurioted' one of God; made Man with juts
29 that jerk and minted money mong maney; likes a six acup pud-
30 ding when he's come whome sweetwhome; has come through all
31 the eras of livsaventure from moonshine and shampaying down
32 to clouts and pottled porter; woollem the farsed, hahnreich the
33 althe, charge the sackend, writchad the thord; if a mandrake
34 shricked to convultures at last surviving his birth the weibduck
35 will wail bitterly over the rotter's resurrection; loses weight in
36 the moon night butgirdgirder by the sundawn; with one touch

1 of nature set a veiled world agrin and went within a sheet of
2 tissuepaper of the option of three gaols; who could see at one
3 blick a saumon taken with a lance, hunters pursuing a doe, a
4 swallowship in full sail, a whyterobe lifting a host; faced flappery
5 like old King Cnut and turned his back like Cincinnatus; is a
6 farfar and morefar and a hoar father Nakedbucker in villas old as
7 new; squats aquart and cracks acquaint when it's flaggin in town
8 and on haven; blows whiskery around his summit but stehts
9 stout upon his footles; stutters fore he falls and goes mad entirely
10 when he's waked; is Timb to the pearly mom and Tomb to the
11 mourning night; and an he had the best bunbaked bricks in bould
12 Babylon for his pitching plays he'd be lost for the want of his
13 wan wubblin wall?

14 Answer: Finn MacCool!

15 2. Does your mutter know your mike?

16 Answer: When I tum meoptics, from suchurban prospects,
17 'tis my filial's bosom, doth behold with pride, that pontificator,
18 and circumvallator, with his dam night garrulous, slipt by his
19 side. Ann alive, the lisp of her, 'twould grig mountains whisper
20 her, and the bergs of Iceland melt in waves of fire, and her spoon-
21 me-spondees, and her dirckle-me-ondenees, make the Rageous
22 Ossean, kneel and quaff a lyre! If Dann's dane, Ann's dirty, if
23 he's plane she's purty, if he's fane, she's flirty, with her auburnt
24 streams, and her coy cajoleries, and her dabblin drolleries, for to
25 rouse his rudderup, or to drench his dreams. If hot Hammurabi,
26 or cowld Clesiastes, could espy her pranklings, they'd burst
27 bounds agin, and renounce their ruings, and denounce their do-
28 ings, for river and iver, and a night. Amin!

29 3. Which title is the true-to-type motto-in-lieu for that Tick
30 for Teac thatchment painted witt wheth one darkness, where
31 asnake is under clover and birds aprowl are in the rookeries and
32 a magda went to monkishhouse and a riverpaard was spotted,
33 which is not Whichcroft Whorort not Ousterholm Dreyschluss
34 not Haraldsby, grocer, not Vatandcan, vintner, not Houseboat
35 and Hive not Knox-atta-Belle not O'Faynix Coalprince not
36 Wohn Squarr Roomyeck not Ebblawn Downes not Le Decer

1 Le Mieux not Benjamin's Lea not Tholomew's Whaddingtun
2 gnot Antwarp gnat Musca not Corry's not Weir's not the Arch
3 not The Smug not The Dotch House not The Uval nothing
4 Grand nothing Splendid (Grahot or Spletel) nayther *Erat Est*
5 *Erit noor Non michi sed luciphro?*

6 Answer: Thine obesity, O civilian, hits the felicitude of our
7 orb!

8 4. What Irish capitol city (a dea o dea!) of two syllables and
9 six letters, with a deltic origin and a ruinous end, (ah dust oh
10 dust!) can boost of having a) the most extensive public park in
11 the world, b) the most expensive brewing industry in the world,
12 c) the most expansive peopling thoroughfare in the world, d) the
13 most phillolhippuc theobibbous paùpulation in the world: and
14 harmonise your abecedeed responses?

15 Answer: a) Delfas. And when ye'll hear the gould hommers
16 of my heart, my floxy loss, bingbanging again the ribs of yer
17 resistance and the tenderbolts of my rivets working to your
18 distraction ye'll be sheverin wi' all yer dinful sobs when *we'll* go
19 riding acope-acurlly, you with yer orange garland and me with
20 my conny cordial, down the greaseways of rollicking into the
21 waters of wetted life. b) Dorhqk. And sure where can you have
22 such good old chimes anywhere, and *leave* you, as on the Mash
23 and how'tis I would be engaging you with my plovery soft ac-
24 cents and descanting upover the scene beunder me of your loose
25 vines in their hairafall with them two loving loofs braceleting the
26 slims of your ankles and your mouth's flower rose and sinking
27 offer the soapstone of silvry speech. c) Nublid. Isha, why
28 wouldn't we be happy, avourneen, on. the mills'money he'll
29 soon be leaving you as soon as I've my own owned brooklined
30 Georgian mansion's lawn to recruit upon by Doctor Cheek's
31 special orders and my copper's panful of soybeans and Irish in
32 my east hand and a James's Gate in my west, after all the errears
33 and erroriboose of combarative embottled history, and your
34 goodself churning over the newleaved butter (*more* power to
35 you), the choicest and the cheapest from Atlanta to Oconee,
36 while I'll be drowsing in the gaarden. d) Dalway. I hooked my

1 thoroughgoing trotty the first down Spanish Place, Mayo I make,
 2 Tuam I take, Sligo's sleek but Galway's grace. Holy eel and
 3 Sainted Salmon, chucking chub and ducking dace, Rodiron's not
 4 *your* aequal! says she, leppin half the lane. *abcd*) A bell a bell on
 5 Shalldoll Steepbell, ond be'll go massplon pristmoss speople,
 6 Shand praise gon ness our fayst moan neople, our prame *Shan-*
 7 *deepen*, pay name muy feepence, moy nay non *Aequalllllllll!*
 8 5. What slags of a loughladd would retten smuttyflesks, empt-
 9 out old mans, melk vitious geit, scareoff jackinjills fra tiddle
 10 anding, smoothpick waste papish pastures, insides man outsiders
 11 angell, sprink dirted water around village, newses, tobaggon and
 12 sweeds, plain general kept, louden on the kirkpeal, foottreats
 13 given to malafides, outshriek hyelp hyelp nor his hair efter
 14 buggelawrs, might underhold three barnets, putzpolish crotty
 15 bottes, nightcoover all fireglims, serve's time till baass, grind-
 16 stone his kniveses, fullest boarded, lewd man of the method of
 17 godliness, perchance he nieows and thans sits in the spoorwaggen,
 18 X.W.C.A. on Z.W.C.U., Doorsteps, Limited, or Baywindaws
 19 Bros swobber preferred. Walther Clausetter's and Sons with the
 20 H. E. Chimneys' Company to not skreive, will, on advices, be
 21 bacon or stable hand, must begripe fullstandingly irers' langurge,
 22 jublander or northquain bigger prefurred, all duties, kine rights,
 23 family fewd, outings fived, may get earnst, no get combitsch,
 24 profusional drinklords to please obstain, he is fatherlow soun-
 25 digged in moodmined pershoon but aleconnerman, nay, that must
 26 he isn't?
 27 Answer: Pore ole Joel!
 28 6. What means the saloon slogan Summon In The House-
 29 sweep Dinah?
 30 Answer: Tok. Galory bit of the sales of Cloth nowand I have
 31 to beeswax the bringing in all the claub of the porks to us how I
 32 thawght I knew his stain on the flower if me ask and can could
 33 speak and he called by me midden name Tik. I am your honey
 34 honeysugger phwhtphwht tha Bay and who bruk the dandleass
 35 and who seen the blackcullen jam for Tomorrha's big pickneck
 36 I hope it'll pour prais the Climate of all Ireland I heard the

1 grackles and I skimming the crock on all your sangwidges fip-
2 pence per leg per drake. Tuk. And who eight the last of the goose-
3 bellies that was mowlding from measlest years and who leff that
4 there and who put that here and who let the kilkeny stale the
5 chump. Tek. And whowasit youwasit propped the pot in the
6 yard and whatinthe nameofsen lukeareyou rubbinthe sideofthe
7 flureofthe lobbywith. *Shite!* will you have a plateful? Tak.

8 7. Who are those component partners of our societate, the
9 doorboy, the cleaner, the sojer, the crook, the squeezer, the loun-
10 ger, the curman, the tourabout, the mussroomsniffer, the bleaka-
11 blue tramp, the funpowtherplother, the christymansboxer, from
12 their prés salés and Donnybrook prater and Roebuck's campos
13 and the Ager Arountown and Crumglen's grassy but Kimmage's
14 champ and Ashtown fields and Cabra fields and Finglas fields
15 and Santry fields and the feels of Raheny and their fails and Bal-
16 doyle to them who are latecomers all the year's round by anti-
17 cipation, are the porters of the passions in virtue of retroratioci-
18 nation, and, contributting their conflingent controversies of
19 differentiation, unify their voxes in a vote of vaticination, who
20 crunch the crusts of comfort due to depredation, drain the mead
21 for misery to incur intoxication, condone every evil by practical
22 justification and condem any good to its own gratification, who
23 are ruled, roped, duped and driven by those numen daimons,
24 the feekeepers at their laws, nightly consternation, fortnightly
25 fornication, monthly miserecordation and omniannual recreation,
26 doyles when they deliberate but sullivan's when they are
27 swordsed, Matey, Teddy, Simon, Jorn, Pedher, Andy, Barty,
28 Philly, Jamesy Mor and Tom, Matt and Jakes Mac Carty?

29 Answer: The Morphios!

30 8. And how war yore maggies?

31 Answer: They war loving, they love laughing, they laugh
32 weeping, they weep smelling, they smell smiling, they smile hat-
33 ing, they hate thinking, they think feeling, they feel tempting,
34 they tempt daring, they dare waiting, they wait taking, they take
35 thanking, they thank seeking, as born for lorn in lore of love to
36 live and wive by wile and rile by rule of ruse 'reathed rose and

1 hose hol'd home, yeth cometh elope year, coach and four, Sweet
2 Peck-at-my-Heart picks one man more.

3 9. Now, to be on anew and basking again in the panaroma of
4 all flores of speech, if a human being duly fatigued by his dayety
5 in the sooty, having plenxy off time on his gouty hands and va-
6 cants of space at his sleepish feet and as hapless behind the dreams
7 of accuracy as any camelot prince of dinmurk, were at this auc-
8 tual futule preteriting unstant, in the states of suspensive exani-
9 mation, accorded, throughout the eye of a noodle, with an ear-
10 sighted view of old hopeinhaven with all the ingredient and
11 egregiunt whights and ways to which in the curse of his persis-
12 tence the course of his tory will had been having recourses, the
13 reverberration of knotcracking awes, the reconjungation of
14 nodebinding ayes, the redissolusingness of.mindmouldered ease
15 and the thereby hang of the Hoel of it, could such a none, whiles
16 even led comesilencers to comeliewithhers and till intempes-
17 tuous Nox should catch the gallicry and spot lucan's dawn, by-
18 hold at ones what is main and why tis twain, how one once
19 meet melts in tother wants poignings, the sap rising, the foles
20 falling, the nimb now nihilant round the girlyhead so becoming,
21 the wrestless in the womb, all the rivals to allsea, shakeagain, O
22 disaster! shakealose, Ah how starring! but Heng's got a bit
23 of Horsa's nose and Jeff's got the signs of Ham round his
24 mouth and the beau that spun beautiful pales as it palls, what
25 roserude and oragious grows gelb and greem, blue out the ind of
26 it! Violet's dyed! then what would that fargazer seem to seemself
27 to seem seeming of, dimm it all?

28 Answer: A collideorscape!

29 10. What bitter's love but yurning, what' sour lovemutch but
30 a bref burning till shee that drawes dothe smoake retourne?

31 Answer: I know, pepette, of course, dear, but listen, precious!
32 Thanks, pette, those are lovely, pitounette, delicious! But mind
33 the wind, sweet! What exquisite hands you have, you angioli, if
34 you didn't gnaw your nails, isn't it a wonder you're not achamed
35 of me, you pig, you perfect little pigaleen! I'll nudge you in a
36 minute! I bet you use her best Perisian smear off her vanity table

1 to make them look so rosetop glowstop nostop. I know her.
2 Slight me, would she? For every got I care! Three creamings a
3 day, the first during her shower and wipe off with tissue. Then
4 after cleanup and of course before retiring. Beme shawl, when I
5 think of that espos of a Clancarby, the foodbrawler, of the socia-
6 tionist party with hiss blackleaded chest, hello, Prendregast!
7 that you, Innkipper, and all his fourteen other fullback maulers
8 or hurling stars or whatever the dagos they are, baiting at my
9 Lord Ornery's, just becups they won the egg and spoon there
10 so ovally provencial at Balldole. My Eilish assent he seed makes
11 his admiracion. He is seeking an opening and means to be first
12 with me as his belle alliance. Andoo musnoo play zeloso! Soso
13 do todas. Such is Spanish. Stoop alittle closer, fealse! Delight-
14 some simply! Like Jolio and Romeune. I haven't fell so turkish
15 for ages and ages! Mine's me of squisious, the chocolate with
16 a soul. Extraordinary! Why, what are they all, the mucky lot
17 of them only? Sht! I wouldn't pay three hairpins for them. Peppt!
18 That's rights, hold it steady! Leg me pull. Pu! Come big to Iran.
19 Poo! What are you nudging for? No, I just thought you were.
20 Listen, loviest! Of course it was *too* kind of you, miser, to re-
21 member my sighs in shockings, my often expressed wish when
22 you were wandering about my trousseaus and before I forget it
23 don't forget, in your extensions to my personality, when knotting
24 my remembrancetie, shoeweek will be trotting back with red
25 heels at the end of the moon but look what the fool bought
26 cabbage head and, as I shall answer to gracious heaven, I'll
27 always in always remind of snappy new girters, me being always
28 the one for charms with my very best in proud and gloving
29 even if he was to be vermillion miles my youth to live on,
30 the rubberend Mr Polkingtone, the quonian fleshmonger who
31 Mother Browne solicited me for unlawful converse with, with
32 her mug of October (a pots on it!), creaking around on his old
33 shanksaxle like a crosty old cornquake. Airman, waterwag, terrier,
34 blazer! I'm fine, thanks ever! Ha! O mind you poo tickly. Sall I
35 puhim in momou. Mummum. Funny spot to have a finge! I'm
36 terribly sorry, I swear to you I am! May you never see me in my

1 birthday pelts seenso tutu and that her blanches mainges may rot
2 leprous off her whatever winking maggis I'll bet by your cut
3 you go fleurting after with all the glass on her and the jumps
4 in her stomewhere! Haha! I suspected she was! Sink her! May
5 they fire her for a barren ewe! So she says: Tay for thee? Well, I
6 saith: Angst so mush: and desired she might not take it amiss if I
7 esteemed her but an odd. If I did ate toughurf I'm not a mishy-
8 missy. Of course I know, petteest, you're so learningful and
9 considerate in yourself, so friend of vegetables, you long cold cat
10 you! Please by acquiester to meek my acquaintance! Codling,
11 snakelet, iciclist! My diaper has more life to it! Who drowned
12 you in drears, man, or are you pillale with ink? Did a weep get
13 past the gates of your pride? My tread on the clover, sweetness?
14 Yes, the buttercups told me, hug me, damn it all, and I'll kiss
15 you back to life, my peachest. I mean to make you suffer,
16 meddlar, and I don't care this fig for contempt of courting.
17 That I chid you, sweet sir? You know I'm tender by my eye.
18 Can't you read by dazzling ones through me true? Bite my
19 laughs, drink my tears. Pore into me, volumes, spell me stark
20 and spill me swooning. I just don't care what my thwarters
21 think. Transname me loveliness, now and here me for all times!
22 I'd risk a policeman passing by, Magrath or even that beggar of
23 a boots at the Post. The flame? O, pardone! That was what?
24 Ah, did you speak, stuffstuff? More poestries from Chickspeer's
25 with gleechoreal music or a jaculation from the garden of the
26 soul. Of I be leib in the immoralities? O, you mean the strangle
27 for love and the sowiveall of the prettiest? Yep, we open hap
28 coseries in the home. And once upon a week I improve on myself
29 I'm so keen on that New Free Woman with novel inside. I'm
30 always as tickled as can be over Man in a Surplus by the Lady
31 who Pays the Rates. But I'm as pie as is possible. Let's root
32 out Brimstoker and give him the thrall of our lives. It's Dracula's
33 nightout. For creepsake don't make a flush! Draw the shades,
34 curfe you, and I'll beat any sonnamonk to love. Holy bug, how
35 my highness would jump to make you flame your halve a ban-
36 nan in two when I'd run my burning torchlight through (to adore

1 me there and then cease to be? Whatever for, blossoms?) Your
2 hairmejig if you had one. If I am laughing with you? No,
3 lovingest, I'm not so dying to take my rise out of you, adored.
4 Not in the very least. True as God made my Mamaw hiplength
5 modesty coatmawther! It's only because the rison is I'm only any
6 girl, you lovely fellow of my dreams, and because old somebooby
7 is not a roundabout, my trysting of the tulipies, like that puff
8 pape bucking Daveran assoiling us behinds. What a nerve!
9 He thinks that's what the vesprey's for. How vain's that hope in
10 cleric's heart Who still pursues th'adult' rous art, Cocksure that
11 rusty gown of his Will make fair Sue forget his phiz! Tame
12 Schwipps. Blessed Marguerite bosses, I hope they threw away
13 the mould or else we'll have Ballshossers and Sourdamapplers
14 with their medical assassiations all over the place. But hold hard
15 till I've got my latchkey vote and I'll teach him when to wear
16 what woman callours. On account of the gloss of the gleison
17 Hasaboobrawbees isabeaubel. And because, you pluckless lanka-
18 loot, I hate the very thought of the thought of you and because,
19 dearling, of course, adorest, I was always meant for an engin-
20 dear from the French college, to be musband, nomme d'engien,
21 when we do and contract with encho tencho solver when you
22 are married to reading and writing which pleasebusiness now
23 won't be long for he's so loopy on me and I'm so leapy like
24 since the day he carried me from the boat, my saviored of eroes,
25 to the beach and I left on his shoulder one fair hair to guide hand
26 and mind to its softness. Ever so sorry! I beg your pardon, I was
27 listening to every treasured word I said fell from my dear mot's
28 tongue otherwise how could I see what you were thinking of
29 our granny? Only I wondered if I threw out my shaving water.
30 Anyway, here's my arm, pulletneck. Gracefully yours. Move your
31 mouth towards minth, more, preciouset, more on more! To
32 please me, treasure. Don't be a, I'm not going to! Sh! nothing!
33 A cricri somewhere! Buybuy! I'm fly! Hear, pippy, under the
34 limes. You know bigtree are all against gravstone. They hisshis-
35 tenency. Garnd ond mand! So chip chirp chirrup, cigolo, for the
36 lug of Migo! The little passdoor, I go you before, so, and you're

1 at my apron stage. Shy is him, dovey? Musforget there's an
2 audience. I have been lost, angel. Cuddle, ye devil ye! It's our
3 toot-a-toot. Hearhere! Sensation! Let them, their whole four
4 courtships! Let them, Bigbawl and his boosers' eleven makes
5 twelve territorials. The Old Sot's Hole that wants wide streets to
6 commission their noisense in, at the Mitchells v. Nicholls. *Aves*
7 *Selvae Acquae Valles!* And my waiting twenty classbirds, sitting
8 on their stiles! Let me finger their eurhythmytic. And you'll see
9 if I'm selfthought. They're all of them out to please. Wait! In
10 the name of. And all the holly. And some the mistle and it Saint
11 Yves. Hoost! Ahem! There's Ada, Bett, Celia, Delia, Ena,
12 Fretta, Gilda, Hilda, Ita, Jess, Katty, Lou, (they make me cough
13 as sure as I read them) Mina, Nippa, Opsy, Poll, Queeniee, Ruth,
14 Saucy, Trix, Una, Vela, Wanda, Xenia, Yva, Zulma, Phoebe,
15 Thelma. And Mee! The reformatory boys is goaling in for the
16 church so we've all come feast like the groupsuppers and caught
17 lipsolution from Anty Pravidance under penancies for myrtle
18 sins. When their bride was married all my belles began ti ting.
19 A ring a ring a rosaring! Then everyone will hear of it. Whoses
20 wishes is the farther to my thoughts. But I'll plant them a poser
21 for their nomanclatter. When they're out with the daynurse
22 doing Chaperon Mall. Bright pigeons all over the whirrlid will
23 fly with my mistletoe message round their loveribboned necks
24 and d crumb of my cake for each chasta dieva. We keeps all and
25 sundry papers. In th' amourlight, O my darling! No, I swear to
26 you by Fibsburrow churchdome and Sainte Andrée's Under-
27 shift, by all I hold secret from my world and in my underworld
28 of nighties and naughties and all the other wonderwearlds!
29 Close your, notmust look! Now open, pet, your lips, pepette,
30 like I used my sweet parted lipsabuss with Dan Holohan of
31 facetious memory taught me after the flannel dance, with the
32 proof of love, up Smock Alley the first night he smelled powder
33 and I coloured beneath my fan, *pipetta mia*, when you learned
34 me the linguo to melt. Whowham would have ears like ours,
35 the blackhaired! Do you like that, silenzioso? Are you enjoying,
36 this same little me, my life, my love? Why do you like my

1 whispering? Is it not divinely deluscious? But in't it bafforyou?
2 *Misi misi!* Tell me till my thrillme comes! I will not break the
3 seal. I am enjoying it still, I swear I am! Why do you prefer its
4 in these dark nets, if why may ask, my sweetykins? Sh sh! Long-
5 ears is flying. No, sweetissest, why would that ennoy me? But
6 don't! You want to be slap well slapped for that. Your delighted
7 lips, love, be careful! Mind my duvetyne dress above all! It's
8 golded silvy, the newest sextones with princess effect. For Rut-
9 land blue's got out of passion. So, so, my precious! O, I can see
10 the cost, chare! Don't tell me! Why, the boy in sheeps' lane
11 knows that. If I sell whose, dears? Was I sold here' tears? You
12 mean those conversation lozenges? How awful! The bold shame
13 of me! I wouldn't, chickens, not for all the juliettes in the twinkly
14 way! I could snap them when I see them winking at me in bed.
15 I didn't did so, my intended, or was going to or thinking of.
16 Shshsh! Don't start like that, you wretch! I thought ye knew all
17 and more, ye auctor, to explique to ones the significat of their
18 exsystems with your nieu nivulon lead. It's only another queer
19 fish or other in Brinbrou's damned old trouchorous river again,
20 Gothewishegoths bless us and spare her! And gibos rest from the
21 bosso! Excuse me for swearing, love, I swear to the sorrasims on
22 their trons of Uian I didn't mean to by this alpin armlet! Did you
23 really never in all our cantalang lives speak clothse to a girl's
24 before? No! Not even to the charmermaid? How marfellows!
25 Of course I believe you, my own dear doting liest, when you
26 tell me. As I'd live to, O, I'd love to! Liss, liss! I muss whiss!
27 Never that ever or I can remember dearstreaming faces, you may
28 go through me! Never in all my whole white life of my match-
29 less and pair. Or ever for bitter be the frucht of this hour! With
30 my whiteness I thee woo and bind my silk breasths I thee bound!
31 Always, Amory, amor andmore! Till always, thou lovest!
32 Shshshsh! So long as the lucksmith. Laughs!
33 11. If you met on the binge a poor acheseyeld from Ailing,
34 when the tune of his tremble shook shimmy on shin, while his
35 contrary raged in the weak of his wailing, like a rugilant pugi-
36 lant Lyon O'Lynn; if he maundered in misliness, plaining his

1 plight or, played fox and lice, pricking and dropping hips teeth,
2 or wringing his handcuffs for peace, the blind blighter, praying
3 Dieuf and Domb Nostrums foh thomethinks to eath; if he
4 weapt while he leapt and guffalled quith a quhimper, made cold
5 blood a blue mundy and no bones without flech, taking kiss,
6 kake or kick with a suck, sigh or simper, a diffle to larn and a
7 dibble to lech; if the fain shinner pegged you to shave his im-
8 martial, wee skillmustered shoul with his ooh, hoodoodoo! brok-
9 ing wind that to wiles, woemaid sin he was partial, we don't
10 think, Jones, we'd care to this evening, would you?

11 Answer: No, blank ye! So you think I have impulsivism? Did
12 they tell you I am one of the fortysixths? And I suppose you
13 heard I had a wag on my ears? And I suppose they told you too
14 that my roll of life is not natural? But before proceeding to con-
15 conclusively confute this begging question it would be far fitter for
16 you, if you dare! to hasitate to consult with and consequentially
17 attempt at my disposal of the same dime-cash problem elsewhere
18 naturalistically of course, from the blinkpoint of so eminent a
19 spatialist. From it you will here notice, Schott, upon my for the
20 first remarking you that the sophology of Bitchson while driven
21 as under by a purely dime-dime urge is not without his cashcash
22 characktericksticks, borrowed for its nonce ends from the fiery
23 goodmother Miss Fortune (who the lost time we had the pleasure
24 we have had our little *recherché* brush with, what, Schott?) and
25 as I further could have told you as brisk as your D.B.C. beha-
26 viouristically *pailleté* with a coat of homoid icing which is in
27 reality only a done by chance ridiculisation of the whoo-who
28 and where's hairs theoric of Winestain. To put it all the more
29 plumbsily. The speechform is a mere sorrogate. Whilst the qua-
30 lity and tality (I shall explex what you ought to mean by this with
31 its proper when and where and why and how in the subsequent
32 sentence) are alternativomentally harrogate and arrogate, as the
33 gates may be.

34 Talis is a word often abused by many passims (I am working
35 out a quantum theory about it for it is really most tantumising
36 state of affairs). A pessim may frequent you to say: Have you been

1 seeing much of Talis and Talis those times? optimately meaning:
2 Will you put up at hree of irish? Or a ladyeater may perhaps have
3 casualised as you tempted her *à la sourdine*: Of your plates? Is
4 Talis de Talis, the swordswallower, who is on at the Craterium
5 the same Talis von Talis, the penscrusher, no funk you! who runs
6 his duly mile? Or this is a perhaps cleaner example. At a recent
7 postvortex piece infustigation of a determinised case of chronic
8 spinosis an extension lecturer on The Ague who out of matter of
9 form was trying his seesers, Dr's Het Ubeleeft, borrowed the
10 question: Why's which Suchman's *talis qualis?* to whom, as a
11 fatter of macht, Dr Gedankje of Stoutgirth, who was wiping his
12 whistle, toarsely retoarted: While thou beast' one zoom of a
13 whor! (Talis and Talis originally mean the same thing, hit it's:
14 Qualis.)

15 Professor Loewy-Brueller (though as I shall promptly prove
16 his whole account of the Sennacherib as distinct from the Shal-
17 manesir sanitational reforms and of the Mr Skekels and Dr
18 Hydes problem in the same connection differs *toto coelo* from the
19 fruit of my own investigations — though the reason I went to
20 Jericho must remain for certain reasons a political secret —
21 especially as I shall shortly be wanted in Cavantry, I congratulate
22 myself, for the same and other reasons — as being again hope-
23 lessly vitiated by what I have now resolved to call the dime and
24 cash diamond fallacy) in his talked off confession which recently
25 met with such a leonine uproar on its escape after its confinement
26 *Why am I not born like a Gentleman and why am I now so speak-*
27 *able about my own eatables* (Feigenbaumblatt and Father, Juda-
28 pest, 5688, A.M.) whole-heartedly takes off his gabbercoat and
29 wig, honest draughty fellow, in his public interest, to make us
30 see how though, as he says: 'by Allswill' the inception and the
31 descent and the endswell of Man is *temporarily* wrapped in ob-
32 scenity, looking through at these accidents with the faroscope of
33 television, (this nightlife instrument needs still some subtrac-
34 tional betterment in the readjustment of the more refrangible
35 angles to the squeals of his hypothesis on the outer tin sides), I
36 can easily believe heartily in my own most spacious immensity

1 as my ownhouse and microbemost cosm when I am reassured by
2 ratio that the cube of my volumes is to the surfaces of their sub-
3 jects as the sphericity of these globes (I am very pressing for a
4 parliamentary motion this term which, under my guidance, would
5 establish the deleteriousness of decorousness in the morbidis-
6 ation of the modern mandaboutwoman type) is to the fera-
7 city of Fairynelly's vacuum. I need not anthrapologise for any
8 obintentional (I must here correct all that school of neoitalian or
9 paleoparisien schola of tinkers and spanglers who say I'm wrong
10 *parcequeue* out of revolscian from romanitis I want to be) down-
11 trodding on my foes. Professor Levi-Brullo, F.D. of Sexe-
12 Weiman-Eitelnaky finds, from experiments made by hinn with
13 his Nuremberg eggs in the one hands and the watches cundron
14 apan the oven, though it is astensably a case of Ket's rebollions
15 cooling the Popes back, because the number of squeer faiths
16 in weekly circulation will not be appreciably augmented by the
17 notherslogging of my cupolar clods. What the romantic in rags
18 pines after like all tomtompions haunting crevices for a deadbeat
19 escupement and what het importunes our *Mitleid* for in accornish
20 with the Mortadarthella taradition is the poorest commonon-
21 guardiant waste of time. *His* everpresent toes are always in
22 retaliessian out throuth his overpast boots. Hear him squak!
23 Teek heet to that looswallawer how he bolo the bat! Tyro a
24 toray! *When* Mullocky won the couple of colds, *when* we were
25 stripping in number three, I would like the neat drop that would
26 malt in my mouth but I fail to see *when* (I am purposely refrain-
27 ing from expounding the obvious fallacy as to the specific
28 gravitates of the two deglutables implied nor to the lapses
29 lequou asousiated with the royal gorge through students of
30 mixed hydrostatics and pneumodipsics will after some difficulties
31 grapple away with my meinungs). Myrrdin aloer! as old Mar-
32 sellas Cambriannus puts his. But, on Professor Llewellys ap
33 Bryllars, F.D., Ph. Dr's showings, the plea, if he pleads,
34 is all posh and robbage on a melodeontic scale since his man's
35 *when* is no otherman's *quandour* (Mine, dank you?) while,- for
36 aught I care for the contrary, the all is where in love as war and

1 the plane where me arts soar you'd aisy rouse a thunder from and
2 where I cling true'tis there I climb tree and where Innocent looks
3 best (pick!) there's holly in his ives.

4 As my explanations here are probably above your understand-
5 ings, lattlebrattons, though as augmentatively uncomparised
6 as Cadwan, Cadwallon and Cadwalloner, I shall revert to a more
7 explicative method which I frequently use when I have to sermo
8 with muddlecrass pupils. Imagine for my purpose that you are a
9 squad of urchins, snifflynosed, goslingnecked, cloththeaded,
10 tangled in your lacings, tingled in your pants, etsitaraw etcicero.
11 And you, Bruno Nowlan, take your tongue out of your inkpot!
12 As none of you knows javanese I will give all my easyfree trans-
13 lation of the old fabulist's parable. Allaboy Minor, take your
14 head out of your satchel! *Audi*, Joe Peters! *Exaudi* facts!

15 The Mookse and The Gripes.

16 Gentes and laitymen, fullstoppers and semicolonials, hybreds
17 and lubberds!

18 Eins within a space and a wearywide space it wast ere wohned
19 a Mookse. The onesomeness wast alltolonely, archunsitslike,
20 broady oval, and a Mookse he would a walking go (My hood!
21 cries Antony Romeo),so one grandsumer evening, after a great
22 morning and his good supper of gammon and spittish, having
23 flabelled his eyes, pilleoled his nostrils, vacticanated his ears and
24 palliumed his throats, he put on his impermeable, seized his im-
25 pugnabile, harped on his crown and stepped out of his immobile
26 *De Rure Albo* (socolled becauld it was chalkfull of masterplasters
27 and had borgeously letout gardens strown with cascadas, pinta-
28 costecas, horthoducts and currycombs) and set off from Luds-
29 town *a spasso* to see how badness was badness in the weirdest of
30 all pensible ways.

31 As he set off with his father's sword, his lancia spezzata, he was
32 girded on, and with that between his legs and his tarkeels, our
33 once in only Bragspear, he clanked, to my clinking, from veetoes
34 to threetop, every inch of an immortal.

35 He had not walked over a pentiadpair of parsecs from his
36 azylium when at the turning of the Shinshone Lanteran near

1 Saint Bowery's-without-his-Walls he came (secunding to the one
2 one oneth of the propecies, *Amnis Limina Permanent*) upon the
3 most unconsciously boggylooking stream he ever locked his
4 eyes with. Out of the colliens it took a rise by daubing itself Ni-
5 non. It looked little and it smelt of brown and it thought in nar-
6 rows and it talked showshallow. And as it rinn it dribbled like any
7 lively purliteasy: *My, my, my! Me and me! Little down dream*
8 *don't I love thee!*

9 And, I declare, what was there on the yonder bank of the
10 stream that would be a river, parched on a limb of the olum, bolt
11 downright, but the Gripes? And no doubt he was fit to be dried
12 for why had he not been having the juice of his times?

13 His pips had been neatly all drowned on him; his polps were
14 charging odours every older minute; he was quickly for getting
15 the dresser's desdaign on the flyleaf of his frons; and he was
16 quietly for giving the bailiff's distraign on to the bulkside of his
17 *cul de Pompe*. In all his specious heavings, as be lived by Opti-
18 mus Maximus, the Mookse had never seen his Dubville brooder-
19 on-low so nigh to a pickle.

20 Adrian (that was the Mookse now's assumptinome) stuccstill
21 phiz-à-phiz to the Gripes in an accessit of aurignacian. But All-
22 mookse must to Moodend much as Allrouts, austereways or
23 wastersways, in roaming run through Room. Hic sor a stone,
24 singularly illud, and on hoc stone Seter satt huc sate which it
25 filled quite poposterously and by acclammitation to its fullest
26 justotoryum and whereopum with his unfallable encyclicling
27 upom his alloilable, diupetriark of the wouest, and the athemyst-
28 sprinkled pedereck he always walked with, *Deusdedit*, cheek by
29 jowel with his frisherman's blague? *Bellua Triumphanes*, his
30 everyway addedto wallat's collectium, for yea longer he lieved
31 yea broader he betaught of it, the fetter, the summe and the haul
32 it cost, he looked the first and last micahlike laicness of Quartus
33 the Fifth and Quintus the Sixth and Sixtus the Seventh giving
34 allnight sitting to Lio the Faultyfindth.

35 — Good appetite us, sir Mookse! How do you do it? cheeped
36 the Gripes in a wherry whiggy maudelenian woice and the jack-

1 asses all within bawl laughed and brayed for his intentions for
2 they knew their sly toad lowry now. I am rarumominum blessed
3 to see you, my dear mouster. Will you not perhopes tell me
4 everything if you are pleased, sanity? All about aulne and lithial
5 and allsall allinall about awn and liseias? Ney?
6 Think of it! O miserendissimest retempter! A Gripes!
7 — Rats! bullowed the Mookse most telesphorously, the con-
8 cionator, and the sissymusses and the zozzymusses in their ro-
9 benhauses quailed to hear his tardeynois at all for you cannot
10 wake a silken nouse out of a hoarse oar. Blast yourself and your
11 anathomy infairioriboos! No, hang you for an animal rurale! I
12 am superbly in my supremest poncif! Abase you, baldyqueens!
13 Gather behind me, satraps! Rots!
14 — I am till infinity obliged with you, bowed the Gripes, his
15 whine having gone to his palpruy head. I am still always having
16 a wish on all my extremities. By the watch, what is the time, pace?
17 Figure it! The pining peever! To a Mookse!
18 — Ask my index, mund my achilles, swell my obolum, wosh-
19 up my nase serene, answered the Mookse, rapidly by turning
20 clement, urban, eugenious and celestian in the formose of good
21 grogory humours. Quote awhore? That is quite about what I
22 came on my missions with *my* intentions *laudibiliter* to settle with
23 you, barbarousse. Let thor be orlog. Let Pauline be Irene. Let
24 you be Beeton. And let me be Los Angeles. Now measure your
25 length. Now estimate my capacity. Well, sour? Is this space of
26 our couple of hours too dimensional for you, temporiser? Will
27 you give you up? *Como? Fuert it?*
28 *Sancta Patientia!* You should have heard the voice that an-
29 swered him! *Culla vosellina.*
30 — I was just thinkling upon that, sweets Mooksey, but, for all
31 the rime on my raisins, if I connow make my submission, I can-
32 nos give you up, the Gripes whimpered from nethermost of his
33 wanhope. Ishallassoboundbewilsothoutoosezit. My tumble, lou-
34 dy bullocker, is my own. My velicity is too fit in one stockend.
35 And my spetial inexshellsis the belowing things ab ove. But I
36 will never be abler to tell Your Honouriousness (here he near lost

1 his limb) though my corked father was bott a pseudowaiter,
2 whose o'clock you ware.
3 Incredible! Well, hear the inevitable.
4 — *Your temple, sus in cribro!* Semperexcommunicambi-
5 sumers. Tugurios-in-Newrobe or Tukurias-in-Ashies. Novar-
6 ome, my creature, blievend bleives. My building space in Lyonine
7 city is always to let to leonlike Men, the Mookse in a most con-
8 sistorous allocution pompifically with immediate jurisdiction
9 constantinently concludded (what a crammer for the shape-
10 wrucked Gripes!). And I regret to proclaim that it is out of my
11 temporal to help you from being killed by inchies, (what a
12 thrust!), as we first met each other newwhere so airly. (Poor
13 little sowsieved subsquashed Gripes! I begin to feel contempton
14 for him!). My side,thank decretals, is as safe as motherour's
15 houses, he continued, and I can seen from my holeydome what
16 it is to be wholly sane. Unionjok and be joined to yok! Parysis,
17 tu sais, crucycrooks, belongs to him who parises himself. And
18 there I must leave you subject for the pressing. I can prove that
19 against you, weight a momentum, mein goot enemy! or Cos-
20 pol's not our star. I bet you this dozen odd. This foluminous
21 dozen odd. *Quas primas* — but 'tis bitter to compute my know-
22 ledge's fructos of. Tomes.

23 Elevating, to give peint to his blick, his jewelled pederect to
24 the allmysty cielung, he luckystruck blueild out of a few should-
25 be santillants, a cloister of starabouts over Maples, a lucciolys in
26 Teresa street and a stopsign before Sophy Barratt's, he gaddered
27 togodder the odds docence of his vellumes, gresk, letton and
28 russicruxian, onto the lapse of his prolegs, into umfullth one-
29 scuppered, and sat about his widerproof He proved it well who-
30 onearth dry and drysick times, and *vremiament, tu cesses*, to the
31 extinction of Niklaus altogether (Niklaus Alopysius having been
32 the once Gripes's popwilled nimum) by Neuclidius and In-
33 exagoras and Mumfsen and Thumpsem, by Orasmus and by
34 Amenius, by Anacletus the Jew and by Malachy the Augurer and
35 by the Cappon's collection and after that, with Cheekee's gela-
36 tine and Alldaybrandy's formolon, he reproved it ehrltogether

1 when not in that order sundering in some different order, alter
2 three thirty and a hundred times by the binomial dioram and
3 the penic walls and the ind, the Inklespill legends and the rure,
4 the rule of the hoop and the blessings of expedience and the jus,
5 the jugicants of Pontius Pilax and all the mummyscrips in Sick
6 Bokes' Juncroom and the Chapters for the Cunning of the Chap-
7 ters of the Conning Fox by Tail.

8 While that Mooksius with preprocession and with prepre-
9 cession, duplicitly and diplussedly, was promulgating ipsofacts
10 and sadcontras this raskolly Gripos he had allbust seceded in
11 monophysicking his illsobordonates. But asawfulas he had
12 caught his base semenoyous sarchnaktiers to combuccinate upon
13 the silipses of his aspillouts and the acheporeoozers of his haggy-
14 own pneumax to synerethetise with the breadchestviousness of
15 his sweatovular ducose sofarfully the loggerthuds of his sakel-
16 laries were fond at variance with the synodals of his somepooliom
17 and his babskissed nepogreasymost got the hoof from his philio-
18 quus.

19 — Efter thousand yaws, O Gripes con my sheepskins, yow
20 will be belined to the world, enscayed Mookse the pius.

21 — Ofter thousand yores, amsered Gripes the gregary, be the
22 goat of MacHammud's, yours may be still, O Mookse, more
23 botheared.

24 — Us shall be chosen as the first of the last by the electress of
25 Vale Hollow, observed the Mookse nobily, for par the unicum
26 of Elelijacks, Us am in Our stabulary and that is what Ruby and
27 Roby fall for, blissim.

28 The Pills, the Nasal Wash (Yardly's), the Army Man Cut, as
29 british as bondstrict and as straightcut as when that broken-
30 arched traveller from Nuzuland . . .

31 — Wee, cumfused the Gripes limply, shall not even be the
32 last of the first, wee hope, when oust are visitated by the Veiled
33 Horror. And, he added: Mee are relying entirely, see the forte-
34 thurd of Elissabed, on the weightiness of mear's breath. Puffut!

35 Unsigthbared embouscher, relentless foe to social and business
36 succes! (Hourihaleine) It might have been a happy evening but . . .

1 And they viterberated each other, canis et coluber with the
2 wildest ever wielded since Tarriestinus lashed Pissasphaltium.
3 — Unuchorn!
4 — Ungulant!
5 — Uvuloid!
6 — Uskybeak!
7 And bullfolly answered volleyball.
8 Nuvoletta in her lightdress, spunn of sisteen shimmers, was
9 looking down on them, leaning over the bannistars and listening
10 all she childishly could. How she was brightened when Should-
11 rups in his glaubering hochskied his welkinstuck and how she
12 was overclused when Kneesknobs on his zwivvel was makeact-
13 ing such a paulse of himshelp! She was alone. All her nubied
14 companions were asleeping with the squirrels. Their mivver,
15 Mrs Moonan, was off in the Fuerst quarter scrubbing the back-
16 steps of Number 28. Fuvver, that Skand, he was up in Norwood's
17 sokaparlour, eating oceans of Voking's Blemish. Nuvoletta lis-
18 tened as she reflected herself, though the heavenly one with his
19 constellatria and his emanations stood between, and she tried all
20 she tried to make the Mookse look up at her (but *he* was fore too
21 adiaptotously farseeing) and to make the Gripes hear how coy
22 she could be (though he was much too schystimatically auricular
23 about *his ens* to heed her) but it was all mild's vapour moist. Not
24 even her feignt reflection, Nuvoluccia, could they toke their
25 gnosers off for their minds with intrepifide fate and bungless
26 curiasity, were conclaved with Heliogobbleus and Commodus
27 and Enobarbarus and whatever the coordinal dickens they did
28 as their damprauch of papyrs and buchstubs said. As if that was
29 their spiration! As if theirs could duiparate her queendim! As if
30 she would be third perty to search on search proceedings! She
31 tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught
32 her. She tossed her sfumastelliacious hair like *la princesse de la*
33 *Petite Bretagne* and she rounded her mignons arms like Mrs
34 Cornwallis-West and she smiled over herself like the beauty of
35 the image of the pose of the daughter of the queen of the Em-
36 perour of Irelande and she sighed after herself as were she born

1 to bride with Tristis Tristor Tristissimus. But, sweet madonine,
2 she might fair as well have carried her daisy's worth to Florida.
3 For the Mookse, a dogmad Accanite, were not amoused and the
4 Gripes, a dubloused Catalick, wis pinefully obliscent.

5 I see, she sighed. There are menner.

6 The siss of the whip of the sigh of the softzing at the stir of
7 the ver grose O arundo of a long one in midias reeds: and shades
8 began to glidder along the banks, greepsing, greepsing, duusk
9 unto duusk, and it was as glooming as gloaming could be in the
10 waste of all peacable worlds. Metamnisia was allsoonome coloro-
11 form brune; citherior spiane an eaulande, innemorous and un-
12 numerose. The Mookse had a sound eyes right but he could not
13 all hear. The Gripes had light ears left yet he could but ill see.
14 He ceased. And he ceased, tung and trit, and it was neversoever
15 so dusk of both of them. But still Moo thought on the deeps of
16 the undths he would profoundth come the morrokse and still
17 Gri feeled of the scripes he would escape if by grice he had luck
18 enoupes.

19 Oh, how it was duusk! From Vallee Maraia to Grasyaplaina,
20 dormimust echo! Ah dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk that the
21 tears of night began to fall, first by ones and twos, then by threes
22 and fours, at last by fives and sixes of sevens, for the tired ones
23 were wecking, as we weep now with them. *O! O! O! Par la*
24 *pluie!*

25 Then there came down to the thither bank a woman of no
26 appearance (I believe she was a Black with chills at her feet) and
27 she gathered up his hoariness the Mookse motamourfully where
28 he was spread and carried him away to her invisible dwelling,
29 thats hights, *Aquila Rapax*, for he was the holy sacred solem and
30 poshup spit of her boshop's apron. So you see the Mookse he
31 had reason as I knew and you knew and he knew all along. And
32 there came down to the hither bank a woman to all important
33 (though they say that she was comely, spite the cold in her heed)
34 and, for he was as like it as blow it to a hawker's hank, she
35 plucked down the Gripes, torn panicky autotone, in angeu from
36 his limb and cariad away its beotitubes with her to her unseen

1 shieling, it is, *De Rore Coeli*. And so the poor Gripes got wrong;
2 for that is always how a Gripes is, always was and always will.be.
3 And it was never so thoughtful of either of them. And there were
4 left now an only elmtree and but a stone. Polled with pietrous,
5 Sierre but saule. O! Yes! And Nuvoletta, a lass.

6 Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life
7 and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one. She
8 cancelled all her engauzements. She climbed over the bannistars;
9 she gave a chily cloudy cry: *Nuée! Nuée!* A lightdress fluttered.
10 She was gone. And into the river that had been a stream (for a
11 thousand of tears had gone eon her and come on her and she was
12 stout and struck on dancing and her muddied name was Missis-
13 liffi) there fell a tear, a singult tear, the loveliest of all tears (I
14 mean for those crylove fables fans who are 'keen' on the pretty-
15 pretty commonface sort of thing you meet by hopeharrods) for it
16 was a leaptear. But the river tripped on her by and by, lapping
17 as though her heart was brook: *Why, why, why! Weh, O weh*
18 *I'se so silly to be flowing but I no canna stay!*

19 No applause, please! Bast! The romescot rattleshaker will go
20 round your circulation in *diu dursus*.

21 Allaboy, Major, I'll take your reactions in another place after
22 themes. Nolan Browne, you may now leave the classroom. Joe
23 Peters, Fox.

24 As I have now successfully explained to you my own natural-
25 born rations which are even in excise of my vaultybrain insure
26 me that I am a mouth's more deserving case by genius. I feel in
27 symbathos for my ever devoted friend and halfaloafonwashed,
28 Gnaccus Gnoccovitch. Darling gem! Darling smallfox! Horose-
29 shoew! I could love that man like my own ambo for being so
30 baileycliaver though he's a nawful curillass and I must slav to
31 methodiousness. I want him to go and live like a theabild in
32 charge of the night brigade on Tristan da Cunha, isle of man-
33 overboard, where he'll make Number 106 and be near Inacces-
34 sible. (The meeting of mahoganies, be the waves, rementious
35 me that this exposed sight though it pines for an umbrella of its
36 own and needs a shelter belt of the true service sort to keep its

1 boles clean, — the weeping beeches, Picea and Tilia, are in a
2 wild state about it — ought to be classified, as Cricketbutt Will-
3 owm and his two nurserymen advisers suggested, under genus
4 Inexhaustible when we refloat upon all the butternat, sweet gum
5 and manna ash redcedera which is so purvulent there as if there
6 was howthorns in Curraghchasa which ought to look as plane
7 as a lodgepole to anybody until we are introduced to that pine-
8 tacotta of Verney Rubeus where the deodarty is pinctured for us
9 in a pure stand, which we do not doubt ha has a habitat of doing,
10 but without those selfsownseedlings which are a species of proof
11 that the largest individual can occur at or in an olivetion such as
12 East Conna Hillock where it mixes with foolth accacians and
13 common sallies and is tender) *Vux Populus*, as we say in hickory-
14 hockery and I wish we had some more glasses of arbor vitae.
15 Why roat by the roadside or awn over alum pot? Alderman
16 Whitebeaver is dakyo. He ought to go away for a change of
17 ideas and he'd have a world of things to look back on. Do, sweet
18 Daniel! If I weren't a jones in myself I'd elect myself to be his
19 dolphin in the wildsbillow because he is such a barefooted rubber
20 with my supersocks pulled over his face which I publicked in
21 my bestback garden for the laetification of siderodromites and
22 to the irony of the stars. You will say it is most unenglish and
23 I shall hope to hear that you will not be wrong about it. But I
24 further, feeling a bit husky in my truths.

25 Will you please come over and let us mooremoore murgessly
26 to each's other down below our vices. I am underheard by old
27 billfaust. Wilsh is full of curks. The coolskittle is philip debli-
28 nite. Mr Wist is thereover beyeind the wantnot. Wilsh and wist
29 are as thick of thins udder as faust on the deblinite. Sgunoshooto
30 estas preter la tapizo malgranda. Lilegas al si en sia chambro.
31 Kelkefoje funcktas, kelkefoje srumpas Shultroj. Houdian Kiel vi
32 fartas, mia nigra sinjoro? And from the poingt of fun where I
33 am crying to arrive you at they are on allfore as foibleminded as
34 you can feel they are fablebodied.

35 My heeders will recoil with a great leisure how at the out-
36 break before trespassing on the space question where even

1 michelangelines have fooled to dread I proved to mindself as to
2 your sotisfiction how his abject all through (the *quickquid* of Pro-
3 fessor Ciondolone's too frequently hypothecated *Bettlermensch*)
4 is nothing so much more than a mere cashdime however genteel
5 he may want ours, if we please (I am speaking to us in the second
6 person), for to this graded intellecktuals dime is cash and the
7 cash system (you must not be allowed to forget that this is all
8 contained, I mean the system, in the dogmarks of origen on
9 spurios) means that I cannot now have or nothave a piece of
10 cheeps in your pocket at the same time and with the same man-
11 ners as you can now nothalf or half the cheek apiece I've in mind
12 unless Burrus and Caseous have not or not have seemaultaneous-
13 ly sysentangled themselves, selldear to soldthere, once in the
14 dairy days of buy and buy.

15 Burrus, let us like to imagine, is a genuine prime, the real
16 choice, full of natural greace, the mildest of milkstoffs yet un-
17 beaten as a risicide and, of course, obsoletely unadulterous
18 whereat Caseous is obversely the revise of him and in fact not an
19 ideal choose by any meals, though the betterman of the two is
20 meltingly addicted to the more casual side of the arrivaliste case
21 and, let me say it at once, as zealous over him as is passably he.
22 The seemsame home and histry seeks and hidepence which we
23 used to be reading for our prepurgatory, hot, Schott? till Duddy
24 shut the shopper op and Mutti, poor Mutti! brought us our poor
25 suppy, (ah who! eh how!) in Acetius and Oleosus and Sellius
26 Volatilis and Petrus Papricus! Our Old Party quite united round
27 the Slatbowl at Commons: Pfarrer Salamoss himself and that
28 sprog of a Pedersill and his Sprig of Thyme and a dozen of the
29 Murphybuds and a score and more of the hot young Capels and
30 Lettucia in her greensleeves and you too and me three, twinsome
31 bibs but hansome ates, like shakespeare and eggs! But there's many
32 a split pretext bowl and jowl; and (snob screwing that cork,
33 Schott!) to understand this as well as you can, feeling how back-
34 ward you are in your down-to-the-ground benches, I have com-
35 pleted the following arrangement for the coarse use of stools and
36 if I don't make away with you I'm beyond Caesar outnullused

1 The older sisars (Tyrants, regicide is too good for you!) be-
2 come unbeurable from age, (the compositor of the farce of
3 dustiny however makes a thunpledrum mistake by letting off this
4 pienofarte effect as his furst act as that is where the juke comes
5 in) having been sort-of-nineknived and chewly removed (this
6 soldier - author - batman for all his commontoryism is just
7 another of those souftsiezed bubbles who never quite got the
8 sandhurst out of his eyes so that the champaign he draws for us
9 is as flop as a plankrieg) the twinfreer types are billed to make
10 their reupprearance as the knew kneck and knife knickknots on
11 the deserted *champ de bouteilles*. (A most cursery reading into the
12 Persic-Uraliens hostery shows us how Fonnumagula picked
13 up that propper numen out of a colluction of prifixes though
14 to the permienting cannasure the Coucousien oafsprung of this
15 sun of a kuk is as sattin as there's a tub in Tobolosk) *Ostiak*
16 *della Vogul Marina!* But that I dannoy the fact of wanton to
17 weste point I could paint you to that butter (cheese it!) if you
18 had some wash. Mordvealive! Oh me none onsens! Why the
19 case is as inessive and impossive as kezom hands! Their inter-
20 locative is conprovocative just as every hazy hates to having a
21 hazbane in her noze. Caseous may bethink himself a thought of
22 a caviller but Burrus has the reachly roundered head that goes
23 best with thofthinking defensive fideism. He has the lac of wis-
24 dom under every dent in his lofter while the other follow's
25 onni vesy milky indeedmymy. Laughing over the linnuts and
26 weeping off the union. He hisn't the hey og he lisen't the lug,
27 poohoo. And each night sim misses mand he winks he had the
28 semagen. It was aptly and corrigidly stated (and, it is royally
29 needless for one *ex ungue Leonem* to say by whom) that his
30 seeingscraft was that clarety as were the wholeborough of Poutres-
31 bourg to be averlaunched over him pitchbatch he could still make
32 out with his augstritch the green moat in Ireland's Eye. Let me
33 sell you the fulltroth of Burrus when he wore a younker. Here
34 it is, and chorming too, in six by sevens! A cleanly line, by the
35 gods! A king off duty and a jaw for ever! And what a cheery
36 ripe outlook, good help me Deus v Deus! If I were to speak

1 my ohole mouthful to arinam about it you should call me the
2 ormuzd aliment in your midst of faime. Eat ye up, heat ye up!
3 sings the somun in the salm. *Butyrum et mel comedet ut sciat*
4 *reprobare malum et eligere bonum*. This, of course, also explains
5 why we were taught to play in the childhood: *Der Haensli ist*
6 *ern Butterbrot, mein Butterbrot! Und Koebi iss dein Schtinkenkot!*
7 *Ja! Ja! Ja!*

8 This in fact, just to show you, is Caseous, the brutherscutch
9 or puir tyron: a hole or two, the highstinks aforefelt and anygo
10 prigging wurms. Cheesugh! you complain. And Hi Hi High
11 must say you are not Hoa Hoa Hoally in the wrong!

12 Thus we cannot escape our likes and dislikes, exiles or am-
13 busheers, beggar and neighbour and — this is where the dime-
14 show advertisers advance the temporal relief plea — let us be
15 tolerant of antipathies. *Nex quovis burro num fit mercaseus?* I am
16 not hereby giving my final endorsement to the learned ignorants
17 of the Cusanus philosophism in which old Nicholas pegs it
18 down that the smarter the spin of the top the sounder the span
19 of the buttom (what the worthy old auberginiste ought to have
20 meant was: the more stolidly immobile in space appears to me
21 the bottom which is presented to use in time by the top primo-
22 mobilisk &c.). And I shall be misunderstood if understood to
23 give an unconditional sinequam to the heroicised furibouts of
24 the Nolanus theory, or, at any rate, of that substrate of apart
25 from hissheory where the Theophil swears that on principial he
26 was the pointing start of his odiose by comparison and that whiles
27 eggs will fall cheapened all over the walled the Bure will be dear
28 on the Brie.

29 Now, while I am not out now to be taken up as unintention-
30 ally recommending the Silkebjorg tyronodynamon machine for
31 the more economical helixtrolysis of these amboadipates until
32 I can find space to look into it myself a little more closely first
33 I shall go on with my decisions after having shown to you in
34 good time how both products of our social stomach (the excellent
35 Dr Burroman, I noticed by the way from his emended food
36 theory, has been carefully digesting the very wholesome criticism

1 I helped him to in my princeps edition which is all so much
2 to the cud) are mutuearly polarised the incompatability of any
3 delusional acting as ambivalent to the fixation of his pivotism.
4 Positing, as above, too males pooles, the one the pictor of the
5 other and the omber the *Skotia* of the one, and looking want-
6 ingly around our undistributed middle between males we feel
7 we must waistfully woent a female to focus and on this stage
8 there pleasantly appears the cowrymaid M. whom we shall
9 often meet below who introduces herself upon us at some precise
10 hour which we shall again agree to call absolute zero or the
11 babbling pumpt of platinism. And so like that former son
12 of a kish who went up and out to found his farmer's ashes we
13 come down home gently on our own turnedabout asses to meet
14 Margareen.

15 We now romp through a period of pure lyricism of shame-
16 bred music (technologically, let me say, the appetising entry of
17 this subject on a fool chest of vialds is plumply pudding the carp
18 before doevre hors) evidenced by such words in distress as *I*
19 *cream for thee, Sweet Margareen*, and the more hopeful *O Mar-*
20 *gareena! O Margareena! Still in the bowl is left a lump of gold!*
21 (Correspondents, by the way, will keep on asking me what is the
22 correct garnish to serve drisheens with. Tansy Sauce. Enough).
23 The pawnbreaking pathos of the first of these shoddy pieces
24 reveals it as a Caseous effort. Burrus's bit is often used for a toast.
25 Criniculture can tell us very precisely indeed how and why this
26 particular streak of yellow silver first appeared on (not in) the
27 bowel, that is to see, the human head, bald, black, bronze, brown,
28 brindled, betteraved or blanchemanged where it might be use-
29 fully compared with an earwig on a fullbottom. I am offering
30 this to Signorina Cuticura and I intend to take it up and bring it
31 under the nosetice of Herr Harlene by way of diverting his
32 attentions. Of course the unskilled singer continues to pervert
33 our wiser ears by subordinating the space-element, that is to
34 sing, the aria, to the time-factor, which ought to be killed, ill
35 tempor. I should advise any unborn singer who may still be
36 among my heeders to forget her temporal diaphragm at home

1 (the best thing that could happen to it!) and attack the roulade
2 with a swift *colpo di glottide* to the lug (though Maace I will
3 insist was reclined from overdoing this, his recovery often being
4 slow) and then, O! on the third dead beat, O! to cluse her eyes
5 and aiopen her oath and see what spice I may send her. How?
6 Cease thee, cantatrickee! I fain would be solo. Arouse thee, my
7 valour! And save for e'er my true Bdur!

8 I shall have a word to say in a few yards about the acoustic
9 and orchidectural management of the tonehall but, as ours is a
10 vivarious where one plant's breaif is a lunger planner's byscent
11 and you may not care for argon, it will be very convenient for
12 me for the emolument to pursue Burrus and Caseous for a rung
13 or two up their isocelating biangle. Every admirer has seen my
14 goulache of Marge (she is so like the sister, you don't know, and
15 they both dress A L I K E !) which I titled *The Very Picture of*
16 *a Needlesswoman* which in the presence ornates our national
17 cruetstand. This genre of portraiture of changes of mind in order
18 to be truly torse should evoke the bush soul of females so I am
19 leaving it to the experienced victim to complete the general
20 suggestion by the mental addition of a wallopy bound or, should
21 the zulugical zealot prefer it, a congorool teal. The hatboxes
22 which composed Rhomba, lady Trabezond (Marge in her ex-
23 celsis), also comprised the climactogram up which B and C may
24 fondly be imagined ascending and are suggestive of gentlemen's
25 spring modes, these modes carrying us back to the superimposed
26 claylayers of eocene and pleastoseen formation and the gradual
27 morphological changes in our body politic which Professor
28 Ebahi-Ahuri of Philadespoinis (III) — whose bluebutterbust I
29 have just given his coupe de grass to — neatly names a *boîte à*
30 *surprises*. The boxes, if I may break the subject gently, are worth
31 about fourpence pourbox but I am inventing a more patent pro-
32 cess, foolproof and pryperfect (I should like to ask that Shedlock
33 Homes person who is out for removing the roofs of our criminal
34 classics by what *deductio ad domunum* he hopes de tacto to detect
35 anything unless he happens of himself, movibile tectu, to have a
36 slade off) after which they can be reduced to a fragment of their

1 true crust by even the youngest of Margees if she will take plase
2 to be seated and smile if I please.

3 Now there can be no question about it either that I having
4 done as much, have quite got the size of that demilitary young
5 female (we will continue to call her Marge) whose types may be
6 met with in any public garden, wearing a very “dressy” affair,
7 known as an “ethel” of instep length and with a real fur, reduced
8 to 3/9, and muffin cap to tone (they are “angelskin” this fall),
9 ostentatiously hemming apologetically over the shirtness of
10 some “sweet” garment, when she is not sitting on all the free
11 benches avidously reading about “it” but ovidently on the look
12 out for “him” or so “thrilled” about the best dressed dolly pram
13 and beautiful elbow competition or at the movies swallowing
14 sobs and blowing bixed mixcuits over “childe” chaplain’s “latest”
15 or on the verge of the gutter with some bobbedhair brieffrocked
16 babyma’s toddler (the Smythe-Smythes now keep TWO domes-
17 tics and aspire to THREE male ones, a shover, a butlegger and
18 a sectary) held hostage at armslength, teaching His Infant
19 Majesty how to make waters worse.

20 (I am closely watching Master Pules, as I have regions to sus-
21 spect from my post that her “litde man” is a secondary school-
22 teacher under the boards of education, a voted disciple of Infan-
23 tulus who is being utilised thus publicly by the *seducente infanta*
24 to conceal her own more mascular personality by flaunting
25 frivolish finery over men’s inside clothes, for the femininny of
26 that totamulier will always lack the musculink of a verumvirum.
27 My solotions for the proper parturience of matres and the edu-
28 cation of micturious mites must stand over from the moment till
29 I tackle this tickler hussy for occupying my uttentions.)

30 Margareena she’s very fond of Burrus but, alick and alack!
31 she velly fond of chee. (The important influence exercised on
32 everything by this eastasian import has not been till now fully
33 flavoured though we can comfortably taste it in this case. I shall
34 come back for a little more say farther on.) A cleopatrician in
35 her own right she at once complicates the position while Burrus
36 and Caseous are contending for her misstery by implicating her-

1 self with an elusive Antonius, a wop who would appear to hug
2 a personal interest in refined chees of all chades at the same time
3 as he wags an antomine art of being rude like the boor. This
4 Antonius-Burrus-Caseous grouptriad may be said to equate
5 the qualis equivalent with the older socalled *talis* on *talis* one
6 just as quantly as in the hyperchemical economantarchy the tan-
7 tum ergons irruminate the quantum urge so that eggs is to whey
8 as whay is to zeed like your golfchild's abe boob caddy. And this
9 is why any simple philadolphus of a fool you like to dress, an
10 athemisthued lowtownian, exlegged phatrisight, may be awfully
11 green to one side of him and fruitfully blue on the other which
12 will not screen him however from appealing to my gropesarch-
13 ing eyes, through the strongholes of my acropoll, as a boosted
14 blasted bleating blatant bloaten blasphorus blesphorous idiot
15 who kennot tail a bomb from a painapple when he steals one
16 and wannot psing his psalmen with the cong in our gregational
17 pompoms with the canting crew.

18 No! Topsman to your Tarpeia! This thing, Mister Abby, is
19 nefand. (And, taking off soutstuffs and alkalike matters, I hope
20 we can kill time to reach the salt because there's some forceglass
21 neutric assets bittering in the soldpewter for you to plump your
22 pottage in). The thundering legion has stormed Olymp that
23 it end. Twelve tabular times till now have I edicted it. Merus
24 Genius to Careous Caseous! *Moriture, te salutat!* My phemous
25 themis race is run, so let Demoncracy take the highmost! (Abra-
26 ham Tripier. Those old diligences are quite out of date. Read
27 next answer). I'll beat you so lon. (Bigtempered. Why not take
28 direct action. See previous reply). My unchanging Word is sacred.
29 The word is my Wife, to exponse and expound, to vend and to
30 velnerate, and may the curlews crown our nuptias! Till Breath
31 us depart! Wamen. Beware would you change with my years. Be
32 as young as your grandmother! The ring man in the rong shop
33 but the rite words by the rote order! *Ubi lingua nuncupassit, ibi*
34 *fas! Adversus hostem semper sac!* She that will not feel my ful-
35 moon let her peel to thee as the hoyden and the impudent! That
36 mon that both no moses in his sole nor is not awed by conquists

1 of word's law, who never with himself was fed and leaves
2 his soil to lave his head, when his hope's in his highlows from
3 whisking his woe, if he came to my preach, a proud pursebroken
4 ranger, when the heavens were welling the spite of their spout,
5 to beg for a bite in our bark *Noisdanger*, would meself and Mac
6 Jeffet, four-in-hand, foot him out? — ay! — were he my own
7 breastbrother, my doubled withd love and my singlebiassed hate,
8 were we bread by the same fire and signed with the same salt,
9 had we tapped from the same master and robbed the same till,
10 were we tucked in the one bed and bit by the one flea, homo-
11 gallant and hemycapnoise, bum and dingo, jack by churl, though
12 it broke my heart to pray it, still I'd fear I'd hate to say!
13 12. *Sacer esto?*
14 Answer: *Semus sumus!*

1 Shem is as short for Shemus as Jem is joky for Jacob. A few
2 toughnecks are still getatable who pretend that aboriginally he
3 was of respectable stemming (he was an outlex between the lines
4 of Ragonar Blaubarb ant Horrild Hairwire and an inlaw to Capt.
5 the Hon. and Rev. Mr Bbyrdwood de Trop Blogg was among
6 his most distant connections) but every honest to goodness man
7 in the land of the space of today knows that his back life will
8 not stand being written about in black and white. Putting truth
9 and untruth together a shot may be made at what this hybrid
10 actually was like to look at.

11 Shem's bodily getup, it seems, included an adze of a skull, an
12 eight of a larkseye, the whoel of a nose, one numb arm up a
13 sleeve, fortytwo hairs off his uncrown, eighteen to his mock lip,
14 a trio of barbels from his megageg chin (sowman's son), the
15 wrong shoulder higher than the right, all ears, an artificial
16 tongue with a natural curl, not a foot to stand on, a handful of
17 thumbs, a blind stomach, a deaf heart, a loose liver, two fifths of
18 two buttocks, one gleetsteen avoirdupoider for him, a manroot
19 of all evil, a salmonkelt's thinskin, eelsblood in his-cold toes, a
20 bladder tristended, so much so that young Master Shemmy on
21 his very first debouch at the very dawn of protohistory seeing
22 himself such and such, when playing with thistlewords in their
23 garden nursery, Griefotrofiio, at Phig Streat 111 Shuvlin, Old
24 Hoeland, (would we go back there now for sounds, pillings and

1 sense? would we now for annas and annas? would we for full-
2 score eight and a liretta? for twelve blocks one bob? for four tes-
3 ters one groat? not for a dinar! not for jo!) dictited to of all his
4 little brothron and sweestureens the first riddle of the universe:
5 asking, when is a man not a man?: telling them take their time,
6 yungfries, and wait till the tide stops (for from the first his day
7 was a fortnight) and offering the prize of a bittersweet crab, a
8 little present from the past, for their copper age was yet un-
9 minted, to the winner. One said when the heavens are quakers,
10 a second said when Bohemeand lips, a third said when he, no,
11 when hold hard a jiffy, when he is a gnawstick and detarmined
12 to, the next one said when the angel of death kicks the bucket
13 of life, still another said when the wine's at witsends, and still
14 another when lovely wooman stoops to conk him, one of the
15 littliest said me, me, Sem, when pappa papared the harbour, one
16 of the wittiest said, when he yeat ye abblokooken and he zmear
17 hezelf zo zhoooken, still one said when you are old I'm grey fall
18 full wi sleep, and still another when wee deader walkner, and
19 another when he is just only after having being semisized, an-
20 other when yea, he hath no mananas, and one when dose pigs
21 they begin now that they will flies up intil the looft. All were
22 wrong, so Shem himself, the doctator, took the cake, the correct
23 solution being — all give it up? — ; when he is a — yours till
24 the rending of the rocks, — Sham.

25 Shem was a sham and a low sham and his lowness creeped out
26 first via foodstuffs. So low was he that he preferred Gibsen's tea-
27 time salmon tinned, as inexpensive as pleasing, to the plumpest
28 roeheavy lax or the friskiest parr or smolt troutlet that ever was
29 gaffed between Leixlip and Island Bridge and many was the time
30 he repeated in his botulism that no junglegrown pineapple ever
31 smacked like the whoppers you shook out of Ananias' cans,
32 Findlater and Gladstone's, Corner House, Englend. None of
33 your inchthick blueblooded Balaclava fried-at-belief-stakes or
34 juicejelly legs of the Grex's molten mutton or greasilygristly
35 grunTERS' goupous or slice upon slab of luscious goosebosom
36 with lump after load of plumpudding stuffing all aswim in a

1 swamp of bogoakgravy for that greekenhearted yude! Rosbif of
2 Old Zealand! he could not attouch it. See what happens when
3 your somatophage merman takes his fancy to our virgitarian
4 swan? He even ran away with hunself and became a farsoonerite,
5 saying he would far sooner muddle through the hash of lentils
6 in Europe than meddle with Irrland's split little pea. Once when
7 among those rebels in a state of hopelessly helpless intoxication
8 the piscivore strove to lift a czitround peel to either nostril, hic-
9 cupping, apparently impromptued by the hibat he had with his
10 glottal stop, that he kukkakould flowrish for ever by the smell,
11 as the czitr, as the kcedron, like a scedar, of the founts, on moun-
12 tains, with limon on, of Lebanon. O! the lowness of him was
13 beneath all up to that sunk to! No likedbylike firewater or first-
14 served firstshot or gulletburn gin or honest brewbarrett beer either.
15 O dear no! Instead the tragic jester sobbed himself wheywhing-
16 ingly sick of life on some sort of a rhubarbarous maundarin yella-
17 green finkleblue windigut diodying applejack squeezed from
18 sour grapefruice and, to hear him twixt his sedimental cupslips
19 when he had gulfed down mmmmuch too mmmmany gourds of
20 it retching off to almost as low withswillers, who always knew
21 notwithstanding when they had had enough and were rightly
22 indignant at the wretch's hospitality when they found to their
23 horror they could not carry another drop, it came straight from
24 the noble white fat, jo, openwide sat, jo, jo, her why hide that,
25 jo jo jo, the winevat, of the most serene magyansty az archdio-
26 chesse, if she is a duck, she's a douches, and when she has a
27 feherbour snot her fault, now is it? artstouchups, funny you're
28 grinning at, fancy you're in her yet, Fanny Urinia.
29 Aint that swell, hey? Peamengro! Talk about lowness! Any
30 dog's quantity of it visibly oozed out thickly from this dirty
31 little blacking beetle for the very fourth snap the Tulloch-Turn-
32 bull girl with her coldblood kodak shotted the as yet unre-
33 muneranded national apostate, who was cowardly gun and camera
34 shy, taking what he fondly thought was a short cut to Caer Fere,
35 Soak Amerigas, vias the shipsteam *Pridewin*, after having buried
36 a hatchet not so long before, by the wrong goods exeunt, num-

1 mer desh to tren, into Patatapapaveri's, fruiterers and musical
2 florists, with his *Ciaho, chavi! Sat shin, shillipen?* she knew the
3 vice out of bridewell was a bad fast man by his walk on the
4 spot.

5 [Johns is a different butcher's. Next place you are up town pay
6 him a visit. Or better still, come to buy. You will enjoy cattlemen's
7 spring meat. Johns is now quite divorced from baking. Fattens,
8 kills, flays, hangs, draws, quarters and pieces. Feel his lambs! Ex!
9 Feel how sheap! Exex! His liver too is great value, a spatiality!
10 Exexex! COMMUNICATED.]

11 Around that time, moravar, one generally, for luvvomony
12 hoped or at any rate suspected among morticians that he would
13 early tum out badly, develop hereditary pulmonary T.B., and
14 do for himself one dandy time, nay, of a pelting night blanketed
15 creditors, hearing a coarse song and splash off Eden Quay sighed
16 and rolled over, sure all was up, but, though he fell heavily and
17 locally into debit, not even then could such an antinomian be
18 true to type. He would not put fire to his cerebrum; he would
19 not throw himself in Liffey; he would not explaud himself with
20 pneumantics; he refused to saffrocake himself with a sod. With
21 the foreign devil's leave the fraid bom fraud diddled even death.
22 *Anzi*, cabled (but shaking the worth out of his maulth: *Guarda-*
23 *costa leporello? Szasas Kraicz!*) from his Nearapoblican asylum
24 to his jonathan for a brother: Here tokay, gone tomory, we're
25 spluched, do something, Fireless. And had answer: Inconvenient,
26 David.

27 You see, chaps, it will trickle out, freaksily of course, but the
28 tom and the shorty of it is: he was in his bardic memory low.
29 All the time he kept on treasuring with condign satisfaction each
30 and every crumb of trektalk, covetous of his neighbour's word,
31 and if ever, during a Munda conversazione commoted in the
32 nation's interest, delicate tippits were thrown out to him touch-
33 ing his evil courses by some wellwishers, vainly pleading by
34 scriptural arguments with the opprobrious papist about trying
35 to brace up for the kidos of the thing, Scally wag, and be a men
36 instead of a dem scrounger, dish it all, such as: Pray, what is

1 the meaning, sousy, of that continental expression, if you ever
2 came across it, we think it is a word transparently like canaille?:
3 or: Did you anywhere, kennel, on your gullible's travels or
4 during your rural troubadouring, happen to stumble upon a
5 certain gay young nobleman whimpering to the name of Low
6 Swine who always addresses women out of the one corner of
7 his mouth, lives on loans and is fortune-free yours of age? with-
8 out one sigh of haste like the supreme prig he was, and not a bit
9 sorry, he would pull a vacant landlubber's face, root with ear-
10 waker's pensile in the outer of his lauscher and then, lipping,
11 the prattlepate parnella, to kill time, and swatting his deadbest
12 to think what under the canopies of Jansens Chrest would any
13 decent son of an Albiogenselman who had bin to an university
14 think, let a lent hit a hint and begin to tell all the intelligentsia
15 admitted to that tamelasy samtalaisy conclamazione (since, still
16 and before physicians, lawyers merchant, belfry polliticians, agri-
17 colous manufraudurers, sacrestanes of the Pure River Society,
18 philanthropicks lodging on as many boards round the panesthetic
19 at the same time as possible) the whole lifelong swrine story of
20 his entire low cornaille existence, abusing his deceased ancestors
21 wherever the sods were and one moment tarabooming great
22 blunderguns (poh!) about his farfamed fine Poppamore, Mr
23 Humhum, whom history, climate and entertainment made the
24 first of his sept and always up to debt, though Eavens ears ow
25 many fines he faces, and another moment visanvrerssas, cruach-
26 ing three jeers (pah!) for his rotten little ghost of a Peppybeg,
27 Mr Himmyshimmy, a blighty, a reeky, a lighty, a scrapy, a bab-
28 bly, a ninny, dirty seventh among thieves and always bottom
29 sawyer, till nowan knowed how howmely howme could be, giv-
30 ing unsolicited testimony on behalf of the absent, as glib as eaves-
31 water to those present (who meanwhile, with increasing lack of
32 interest in his semantics, allowed various subconscious smickers
33 to drivel slowly across their fichers), unconsciously explaining,
34 for inkstands, with a meticulousity bordering on the insane, the
35 various meanings of all the different foreign parts of speech he
36 misused and cuttlefishing every lie unshrinkable about all the

1 other people in the story, leaving out, of course, foreconsciously,
2 the simple work and plague and poison they had cornered him
3 about until there was not a snoozer among them but was utterly
4 undeceived in the heel of the reel by the recital of the rigmarole.
5 He went without saying that the cull disliked anything anyway
6 approaching a plain straightforward standup or knockdown row
7 and, as often as he was called in to umpire any octagonal argu-
8 ment among slangwhangers, the accomplished washout always
9 used to rub shoulders with the last speaker and clasp shakers (the
10 handtouch which is speech without words) and agree to every
11 word as soon as half uttered, command me!, your servant, good,
12 I revere you, how, my seer? be drinking that! quite truth, grati-
13 as, I'm yoush, see wha'm hearing?, also goods, please it, me
14 sure?, be filling this!, quiso, you said it, apasafello, muchas
15 grassyass, is there firing-on-me?, is their girlic-on-you?, to your
16 good self, your sulphur, and then at once focuss his whole
17 unbalanced attention upon the next octagonist who managed to
18 catch a listener's eye, asking and imploring him out of his
19 piteous onewinker, (*hemoptysia diadumenos*) whether there was
20 anything in the world he could do to please him and to overflow
21 his tumbletantaliser for him yet once more.

22 One hailcannon night (for his departure was attended by a
23 heavy downpour) as very recently as some thousand rains ago he
24 was therefore treated with what closely resembled parsonal viol-
25 ence, being soggett all unsuspectingly through the deserted village
26 of Tumblin-on-the-Leafy from Mr Vanhomrigh's house at 81 bis
27 Mabbot's Mall as far as Green Patch beyond the brickfields of
28 Salmon Pool by rival teams of slowspiers counter quicklimers
29 who finally, as rahilly they had been deteened out rawther lae-
30 tich, thought, busnis hits busnis, they had better be streaking for
31 home after their Auborne-to-Auborne, with thanks for the pleasant
32 evening, one and all disgustedly, instead of rugging him back,
33 and awake, reconciled (though they were as jealous as could be
34 cullions about all the truffles they had brought on him) to a
35 friendship, fast and furious, which merely arose out of the noxious
36 pervert's perfect lowness. Again there was a hope that people,

1 looking on him with the contempt of the contemptibles, after
2 first gaving him a roll in the dirt, might pity and forgive him, if
3 properly deloused, but the pleb was born a Quicklow and sank
4 allowing till he stank out of sight.
5 All Saints beat Belial! Mickil Goals to Nichil! Notpossible!
6 Already?
7 *In Nowhere has yet the Whole World taken part of himself for his*
8 *Wife;*
9 *By Nowhere have Poorparents been sentenced to Worms, Blood and*
10 *Thunder for Life*
11 *Not yet has the Emp from Corpsica forced the Arth out of Engleterre;*
12 *Not yet have the Sachsen and Judder on the Mound of a Word made*
13 *Warre;*
14 *Not yet Witchywithcy of Wench struck Fire of his Heath from on*
15 *Hoath;*
16 *Not yet his Arcobaleine forespoken Peacepeace upon Oath;*
17 *Cleftfoot from Hempal must tumpel, Blamefool Gardener's bound to*
18 *fall;*
19 *Broken Eggs will poursuive bitten Apples for where theirs is Will*
20 *there's his Wall;*
21 *But the Mountstill frowns on the Millstream while their Madsons*
22 *leap his Bier*
23 *And her Rillstrill liffs to His Murkesty all her daft Daughters laff*
24 *in her Ear.*
25 *Till the four Shores of deff Tory Island let the douze dumm Eire-*
26 *whiggs raille!*
27 *Hirp! Hirp! for their Missed Understandings! chirps the Ballat of*
28 *Perce-Oreille.*
29 O fortunous casualitas! Lefty takes the cherubcake while
30 Rights cloves his hoof Darkies never done tug that coon out to
31 play non-excretory, anti-sexuous, misoxenetic, gaasy pure, flesh
32 and blood games, written and composed and sung and danced
33 by Niscemus Nemon, same as piccaninnies play all day, those
34 old (none of your honeys and rubbers!) games for fun and ele-
35 ment we used to play with Dina and old Joe kicking her behind
36 and before and the yellow girl kicking him behind old Joe,

1 games like *Thom Thom the Thonderman, Put the Wind up the*
2 *Peeler, Hat in the Ring, Prisson your Pritchards and Play Withers Team, Mikel*
3 *on the Luckypig, Nickel in the Slot, Sheila Harnett and her Cow,*
4 *Adam and Ell, Humble Bumble, Moggie's on the Wall, Twos and*
5 *Threes, American Jump, Fox Come out of your Den, Broken Bottles,*
6 *Writing a Letter to Punch, Tiptop is a Sweetstore, Henressy*
7 *Crum Expolled, Postman's Knock, Are We Fairlys Represented?,*
8 *Solomon Silent reading, Appletree Bearstone, I know a Washer-*
9 *woman, Hospitals, As I was Walking, There is Oneyone's House*
10 *in Dreamcolohour, Battle of Waterloo, Colours, Eggs in the Bush,*
11 *Habberdasherisher, Telling your Dreams, What's the Time, Nap,*
12 *Ducking Mammy, Last Man Standing, Heali Baboon and the*
13 *Forky Theagues, Fickleeyes and Futilears, Handmarried but once in*
14 *my Life and I'll never commit such a Sin agin, Zip Cooney Candy,*
15 *Turkey in the Straw, This is the Way we sow the Seed of a long and*
16 *lusty Morning, Hops of Fun at Miliken's Make, I seen the Tooth-*
17 *brush with Pat Farrel, Here's the Fat to graze the Priest's Boots,*
18 *When his Steam was like a Raimbrandt round Mac Garvey.*

19 Now it is notoriously known how on that surprisingly bludgeony
20 Unity Sunday when the grand germogall allstar bout was harrily
21 the rage between our welingtoms extraordinary and our petty-
22 thicks the marshalaisy and Irish eyes of welcome were smiling
23 daggers down their backs, when the roth, vice and blause met the
24 noyr blank and rogues and the grim white and cold bet the black
25 fighting tans, categorically unimperatived by the maxims, a rank
26 funk getting the better of him, the scut in a bad fit of pyjamas
27 fled like a leveret for his bare lives, to Talviland, ahone ahaza, pur-
28 sued by the scented curses of all the village belles and, without
29 having struck one blow, (pig stole on him was lust he lagging it
30 was becaused dust he shook) kuskykorked himself up tight in
31 his inkbattle house, badly the worse for boosegas, there to stay
32 in afar for the life, where, as there was not a moment to be lost,
33 after he had boxed around with his fortepiano till he was whole
34 bach bamp him and bump him blues, he collapsed carefully under
35 a bedtick from Schwitzer's, his face enveloped into a dead war-
36 rior's telemac, with a lullobaw's somnbomnet and a whotwater-

1 wottle at his feet to stoke his energy of waiting, moaning feebly,
2 in monkmarian monotheme, but tarned long and then a nation
3 louder, while engaged in swallowing from a large ampullar, that
4 his pawdry's purgatory was more than a nigger bloke could bear,
5 hemiparalysed by the tong warfare and all the shemozzle, (*Daily*
6 *Maily, fullup Lace! Holy Maly, Mothelup Joss!*) his cheeks and
7 trousers changing colour every time a gat croaked.

8 How is that for low, laities and gentlenuns? Why, dog of the
9 Crostiguns, whole continents rang with this Kairokorran low-
10 ness! Sheols of houris in chems upon divans, (revolted stellas
11 vespertine vesamong them) at a bare (O!) mention of the scaly
12 rybald exclaimed: Poisse!

13 But would anyone, short of a madhouse, believe it? Neither of
14 those clean little cherubum, Nero or Nobookisonester himself,
15 ever nursed such a spoiled opinion of his monstrous marvellosity
16 as did this mental and moral defective (here perhaps at the
17 vanessance of his lownest) who was known to grognt rather than
18 gunnard upon one occasion, while drinking heavily of spirits to
19 that interlocutor *a latere* and private privysuckatary he used to
20 pal around with, in the kavehazs, one Davy Browne-Nowlan, his
21 heavenlaid twin, (this hambone dogpoet pseudoed himself under
22 the hangname he gave himself of Bethgelert) in the porchway of
23 a gipsy's bar (Shem always blaspheming, so holy writ, Billy, he
24 would try, old Belly, and pay this one manjack congregant of
25 his four soups every lass of nexmouth, Bolly, so sure as thair's a
26 tail on a commet, as a taste for storik's fortytooth, that is to
27 stay, to listen out, ony twenny minnies moe, Bully, his Ballade
28 Imaginaire which was to be dubbed *Wine, Woman and Water-*
29 *clocks, or How a Guy Finks and Fawkes When He Is Going Batty,*
30 by Maistre Sheames de la Plume, some most dreadful stuff in a
31 murderous mirrorhand) that he was avoopf (parn me!) aware
32 of no other shaggspick, other Shakhisbeard, either prexactly
33 unlike his polar andthisishis or procisely the seem as woops
34 (parn!) as what he fancied or guessed the sames as he was him-
35 self and that, greet scoot, duckings and thuggery, though he was
36 foxed fux to fux like a bunnyboy rodger with all the teashop

1 lionses of Lumdrum hivanhoesed up gagainst him, being a lapsis
2 linquo with a ruvidubb shortartempa, bad cad dad fad sad mad
3 nad vanhaty bear, the consciquenchers of casuality prepestered
4 crusswords in postposition, scruff, scruffer, scrufferumurraimost
5 andallthatsortofthing, if reams stood to reason and his lanka-
6 livline lasted he would wipe alley english spooker, multapho-
7 niaksically spuking, off the face of the erse.

8 After the thorough fright he got that bloody, Swithun's day,
9 though every doorpost in muchtried Lucalizod was smeared with
10 generous erstborn gore and every free for all cobbleway slippery
11 with the bloods of heroes, crying to Welkins for others, and
12 noahs and cul verts agush with tears of joy, our low waster never
13 had the common baalamb's pluck to stir out and about the com-
14 pound while everyone else of the torchlit throng, slashers and
15 sliced alike, mobbu on massa, waaded and baaded around, yamp-
16 yam pampyam, chanting the Gillooly chorus, from the Monster
17 Book of Paltryattic Puetrie, *O pura e pia bella!* in junk et sampam
18 or in secular sinkalarum, heads up, on his bonafide avocation (the
19 little folk creeping on all fours to their natural school treat but
20 childishly gleeful when a stray whizzer sang out intermediately)
21 and happy belongsers to the fairer sex on their usual quest for
22 higher things, but vying with Lady Smythe to avenge Mac-
23 Jobber, went stonesteping with their bickerrstaffs on educated
24 feet, plinkity plonk, across the sevenspan ponte *dei colori* set up
25 over the slop after the war-to-end war by Messrs a charitable
26 government for the only once (dia dose Finnados!) he did take
27 a tompip peepestrella throug a threedraw eighteen hawkspower
28 durdicky telescope, luminous to larbourd only like the lamps in
29 Nassaustrass, out of his westernmost keyhole, spitting at the
30 impenetrablum wetter, (and it was porcoghastly that outurn) with
31 an eachway hope in his shivering soul, as he prayed to the cloud
32 Incertitude, of finding out for himself, on akkount of all the
33 kules in Kroukaparka or oving to all the kodseoggs in Kalatavala,
34 whether true conciliation was forging ahead or falling back after
35 the celestious intemperance and, for Duvvelsache, why, with his
36 see me see and his my see a corves and his frokerfoskerfuskar

1 layen loves in meeingseeing, he got the charm of his optical
2 life when he found himself (*hic sunt lennones!*) at pointblank
3 range blinking down the barrel of an irregular revolver of
4 the bulldog with a purpose pattern, handled by an unknown
5 quarreler who, supposedly, had been told off to shade and
6 shoot shy Shem should the shit show his shiny shnout out
7 awhile to look facts in their face before being hosed and creased
8 (uprip and jack him!) by six or a dozen of the gayboys.

9 What, para Saom Plaom, in the names of Deucalion and
10 Pyrrha, and the incensed privy and the licensed pantry gods
11 and Stator and Victor and Kutt and Runn and the whole mesa
12 redonda of Lorencao Otulass in convocacaon, was this dis-
13 interestingly low human type, this Calumnious Column of
14 Cloaxity, this Bengalese Beacon of Biloxity, this Annamite Aper
15 of Atroxity, really at, it will be precise to quarify, for he seems
16 in a badbad case?

17 The answer, to do all the diddies in one dedal, would sound:
18 from pulling himself on his most flavoured canal the huge chest-
19 house of his elders (the Popapreta, and some navico, navvies!)
20 he had flickered up and flinnered down into a drug and drunkery
21 addict, growing megalomane of a loose past. This explains the
22 litany of septuncial lettertrumpets honorific, highpitched, erudite,
23 neoclassical, which he so loved as patricianly to manuscibe after
24 his name. It would have diverted, if ever seen, the shuddersome
25 spectacle of this semidemented zany amid the inspissated grime
26 of his glaucous den making believe to read his usylessly unread-
27 able Blue Book of Eccles, *édition de ténèbres*, (even yet sighs the
28 Most Different, Dr. Poindejenk, authorised bowdler and censor,
29 it can't be repeated!) turning over three sheets at a wind, telling
30 himself delightedly, no espellor mor so, that every splurge on the
31 vellum he blundered over was an aisling vision more gorgeous
32 than the one before t.i.t.s., a roseschelle cottage by the sea for
33 nothing for ever, a ladies tryon hosiery raffle at liberty, a sewer-
34 ful of guineagold wine with brancomongepadenopie and sick-
35 cylinder oysters worth a billion a bite, an entire operahouse
36 (there was to be stamping room only in the prompter's box and

1 everthemore his queque kept swelling) of enthusiastic noble-
2 women flinging every coronetcrimsoned stitch they had off at
3 his probsceniun,one after the others, inamagoated into ajustil-
4 loosing themselves, in their gaiety pantheomime, when, egad, sir,
5 acordant to all acountstrick, he squealed the topsquall im *Deal*
6 *Lil Shemlockup Yellin* (geewhiz, jew ear that far! soap ewer!
7 loutgout of sabaous! juice like a boyd!) for fully five minutes,in-
8 finitely better than Baraton Mc Gluckin with a scrumptious cocked
9 hat and three green, cheese and tangerine trinity plumes on the
10 right handle side of his amarellous head, a coat macfarlane (the
11 kerssest cut, you understand?) a sponiard's digger at his ribs,
12 (*Alfaiate punxit*) an azulblu blowsheet for his blousebosom
13 blossom and a dean's crozier that he won from Cardinal Lin-
14 dundarri and Cardinal Carchingarri and Cardinal Lorientuli and
15 Cardinal Occidentaccia (ah ho!) in the dearby darby doubled for
16 falling first over the hurdles, madam, in the odder hand, a.a.t.s.o.t.,
17 but what with the murky light, the botchy print, the tattered
18 cover, the jigjagged page, the fumbling fingers, the foxtrotting
19 fleas, the lieabed lice, the scum on his tongue, the drop in his
20 eye, the lump in his throat, the drink in his pottle, the itch in his
21 palm, the wail of his wind, the grief from his breath, the fog of
22 his mindfag, the buzz in his braintree, the tic of his conscience,
23 the height up his rage, the gush down his fundament, the fire
24 in his gorge, the tickle of his tail, the bane in his bullugs, the
25 squince in his suil, the rot in his eater, the ycho in his earer,
26 the totters of his toes, the tatters on his tumtytum, the rats in his
27 garret, the bats in his belfry, the budgerigars and bumbosolom
28 beaubirds, the hullabaloo and the dust in his ears since it took him
29 a month to steal a march he was hardset to mumorise more than
30 a word a week. Hake's haulin! Hook's fisk! Can you beat it?
31 Whawe! I say, can you bait it? Was there ever heard of such
32 lowdown blackguardism? Positively it woolies one to think
33 over it.

34 Yet the bumpersprinkler used to boast aloud alone to himself
35 with a haccent on it when Mynfadher was a boer constructor and
36 Hoy was a lexical student, parole, and corrected with the black-

1 board (trying to copy the stage Englesemen he brought their
2 house down on, shouting: Bravure, surr Chorles! Letter perfect!
3 Culossal, Loose Wallor! Spache!) how he had been toed out of
4 all the schicker families of the klondykers from Pioupioureich,
5 Swabspays, the land of Nod, Shruggers' Country, Pension
6 Danubierhome and Barbaropolis, who had settled and stratified
7 in the capital city after its hebdomodary metropoliarchialisation
8 as sunblistered, moonplastered, gory, wheedling, joviale, litche-
9 rous and full, ordered off the gorgeous premises in most cases on
10 account of his smell which all cookmaids eminently objected to
11 as ressembling the bombinubble puzzo that welled out of the
12 pozzo. Instead of chuthoring those model households plain
13 wholesome pothooks (a thing he never possessed of his Nigerian
14 own) what do you think Vulgariano did but study with stolen
15 fruit how cutely to copy all their various styles of signature so as
16 one day to utter an epical forged cheque on the public for his own
17 private profit until, as just related, the Dustbin's United Scullery-
18 maid's and Househelp's Sorority, better known as Sluttery's
19 Mowlted Futt, turned him down and assisted nature by unitedly
20 shoeing the source of annoyance out of the place altogether and
21 taytotally on the heat of the moment, holding one another's
22 gonk (for no-one, hound or scrublady, not even the Turk, un-
23 greekable in purscent of the armenable, dared whiff the polecat
24 at close range) and making some pointpointing remarks as they
25 done so at the perfects of the Sniffey, your honour, aboon the
26 lyow why a stunk, mister.

27 [Jymes wishes to hear from wearers of abandoned female cos-
28 tumes, gratefully received, wadmel jumper, rather full pair of
29 culottes and onthergarmenteries, to start city life together. His
30 jymes is out of job, would sit and write. He has lately committed
31 one of the then commandments but she will now assist. Superior
32 built, domestic, regular layer. Also got the boot. He appreciates
33 it. Copies. ABORTISEMENT.]

34 One cannot even begin to post figure out a statuesquo ante
35 as to how slow in reality the excommunicated Drumcondriac,
36 nate Hamis, really was. Who can say how many pseudostylic

1 shamiana, how few or how many of the most venerated public
2 impostures, how very many piously forged palimpsests slipped
3 in the first place by this morbid process from his pelagiarist pen?
4 Be that as it may, but for that light phantastic of his gnose's
5 glow as it slid lucifericiously within an inch of its page (he would
6 touch at its from time to other, the red eye of his fear in
7 soddishness, to ensign the colours by the beerlitz in his mathness
8 and his educandees to outhue to themselves in the cries of girl-
9 glee: gember! inkware! chonchambre! cinsero! zinnzabar! tinc-
10 ture and gin!) Nibs never would have quilled a seriph to
11 sheepskin. By that rosy lampoon's effluvious burning and with
12 help of the simulchronic flush in his pann (a ghinee a ghirk he
13 ghets there!) he scrabbled and scratched and scribbled and
14 skrevened nameless shamelessness about everybody ever he met,
15 even sharing a precipitation under the idlish tarriers' umbrella
16 of a showerproof wall, while all over up and down the four
17 margins of this rancid Shem stuff the evilsmeller (who was
18 devoted to Uldfadar Sardanapalus) used to stipple endlessly
19 inartistic portraits of himself in the act of reciting old
20 Nichiabelli's monolook interyerear *Hanno, o Nonanno, acce'l*
21 *brubblem'm'as*, ser Autore, q.e.d., a heartbreakingly handsome
22 young paolo with love lyrics for the goyls in his eyols, a plain-
23 tiff's tanner vuce, a jucal inkome of one hundred and thirtytwo
24 dranchmas per yard from Broken Hill stranded estate, Came-
25 breech mannings, cutting a great dash in a brandnew two guinea
26 dress suit and a burlad hogsford hired for a Fursday evenin
27 merry pawty, anna loavely long pair of inky Italian moostarshes
28 glistening with boric vaseline and frangipani. Puh! How un-
29 whisperably so!

30 The house O'Shea or O'Shame, Quivapieno, known as the
31 Haunted Inkbottle, no number Brimstone Walk, Asia in Ireland,
32 as it was infested with the raps, with his penname SHUT sepia-
33 scraped on the doorplate and a blind of black sailcloth over its
34 wan phwinshogue, in which the soulcontracted son of the secret
35 cell groped through life at the expense of the taxpayers, dejected
36 into day and night with jesuit bark and bitter bite, calico-

1 hydrants of zolfor and scoppialamina by full and forty Queasi-
2 sanos, every day in everyone's way more exceeding in violent
3 abuse of self and others, was the worst, it is hoped, even in our
4 western playboyish world for pure mousefarm filth. You brag
5 of your brass castle or your tyled house in ballyfermont? Niggs,
6 niggs and niggs again. For this was a stinksome inkenstink, quite
7 puzzoneal to the wrottel. Smatterafact, Angles aftanon browsing
8 there thought not Edam reeked more rare. My wud! The warped
9 flooring of the lair and soundconducting walls thereof, to say
10 nothing of the uprights and impostes, were persianly literatured
11 with burst loveletters, telltale stories, stickyback snaps, doubtful
12 eggshells, bouchers, flints, borers, puffers, amygdaloid almonds,
13 rindless raisins, alphybettyformed verbage, vivlical viasses, om-
14 piter dictas, visus umbique, ahems and ahahs, imeffible tries at
15 speech unasyllabled, you owe mes, eyoldhymms, fluefoul smut,
16 fallen lucifers, vestas which had served, showered ornaments,
17 borrowed brogues, reversibles jackets, blackeye lenses, family
18 jars, falsehair shirts, Godforsaken scapulars, neverworn breeches,
19 cutthroat ties, counterfeit franks, best intentions, curried notes,
20 upset latten tintacks, unused mill and stumbling stones, twisted
21 quills, painful digests, magnifying wineglasses, solid objects cast
22 at goblins, once current puns, quashed quotatoes, messes of mot-
23 tage, unquestionable issue papers, seedy ejaculations, limerick
24 damns, crocodile tears, spilt ink, blasphematory spits, stale shest-
25 nuts, schoolgirl's, young ladies, milkmaids', washerwomen's,
26 shopkeepers' wives, merry widows', ex nuns', vice abbess's, pro
27 virgins', super whores', silent sisters', Charleys' aunts', grand-
28 mothers', mothers'-in-laws, fostermothers', godmothers' garters,
29 tress clippings from right, lift and cintrum, worms of snot,
30 toothsome pickings, cans of Swiss condensed bilk, highbrow
31 lotions, kisses from the antipodes, presents from pickpockets,
32 borrowed plumes, relaxable handgrips, princess promises, lees of
33 whine, deoxodised carbons, convertible collars, diviliouker
34 doffers, broken wafers, unloosed shoe lachets, crooked strait
35 waistcoats, fresh horrors from Hades, globules of mercury,
36 undeleted glete, glass eyes for an eye, gloss teeth for a tooth,

1 war moans, special sighs, longsufferings of longstanding, ahs ohs
2 ouis sis jas jos gias neys thaws sos, yeses and yeses and yeses, to
3 which, if one has the stomach to add the breakages, upheavals
4 distortions, inversions of all this chambermade music one stands,
5 given a grain of goodwill, a fair chance of actually seeing the
6 whirling dervish, Tumult, son of Thunder, self exiled in upon
7 his ego, a nightlong a shaking betwixtween white or reddr haw-
8 rors, noondayterrorised to skin and bone by an ineluctable phan-
9 tom (may the Shaper have mercery on him!) writing the mystery
10 of himsel in furniture.

11 Of course our low hero was a self valeter by choice of need so
12 up he got up whatever is meant by a stourbridge clay kitchen-
13 ette and lithargogalenu fowlhouse for the sake of akes (the
14 umpple does not fall very far from the dumpertree) which the
15 moromelodious jigsmith, in defiance of the Uncontrollable Birth
16 Preservativation (Game and Poultry) Act, playing lallaryrook
17 cookerynook, by the dodginess of his lantern, brooled and cocked
18 and potched in an athanor, whites and yolks and yilks and whotes
19 to the frulling fredonnance of *Mas blanca que la blanca hermana*
20 *and Amarilla, muy bien*, with cinnamon and locusts and wild bees-
21 wax and liquorice and Carrageen moss and blaster of Barry's and
22 Asther's mess and Huster's micture and Yellownan's embrocation
23 and Pinkingtone's patty and stardust and sinner's tears, acuredent
24 to Sharadan's *Art of Panning*, chanting, for all regale to the like
25 of the legs he left behind with Litty fun Letty fan Leven, his
26 cantraps of fermented words, abracadabra calubra colorum, (his
27 oewfs à la Madame Gabrielle de l'Eglise, his avgs à la Mistress
28 B. de B. Meinfeldede, his eiers Usquadmala à la pomme de ciel,
29 his uoves, oves and uves à la Sulphate de Soude, his ochiuri
30 sowtay sowmmonay a la Monseigneur, his soufflosion of oogs
31 with somekat on toyast à la Mère Puard, his Poggadovies alla
32 Fenella, his Frideggs à la Tricarême) in what was meant for a
33 closet (Ah ho! If only he had listened better to the four masters
34 that infanted him Father Mathew and Le Père Noble and Pastor
35 Lucas and Padre Aguilar — not forgetting Layteacher Baudwin!
36 Ah ho!) His costive Satan's antimonian manganese limolitmiuous

1 nature never needed such an alcove so, when Robber and Mum-
2 sell, the pulpic dictators, on the nudgment of their legal advisers,
3 Messrs Codex and Podex, and under his own benefiction of their
4 pastor Father Flammeus Falconer, boycotted him of all mutton-
5 suet candles and romeruled stationery for any purpose, he winged
6 away on a wildgoup's chase across the kathartic ocean and made
7 synthetic ink and sensitive paper for his own end out of his wit's
8 waste. You ask, in Sam Hill, how? Let manner and matter of this
9 for these our sporting times be cloaked up in the language of
10 blushfed porporates that an Anglican ordinal, not reading his
11 own rude dunsky tunga, may ever behold the brand of scarlet
12 on the brow of her of Babylon and feel not the pink one in his
13 own damned cheek.

14 *Primum opifex, altus prosator, ad terram viviparam et cuncti-*
15 *potentem sine ullo pudore nec venia, suscepto pluviali atque discinctis*
16 *perizomatis, natibus nudis uti nati fuissent, sese adpropinquans,*
17 *flens et gemens, in manum suam evacuavit* (highly prosy, crap in his
18 hand, sorry!), *postea, animale nigro exoneratus, classicum pulsans,*
19 *stercus proprium, quod appellavit deiectiones suas, in vas olim*
20 *honorabile tristitiae posuit, eodem sub invocatione fratrorum gemino-*
21 *rum Medardi et Godardi laete ac melliflue minxit, psalmum qui*
22 *incipit: Lingua mea calamus scribae velociter scribentis: magna voce*
23 *cantitans* (did a piss, says he was dejected, asks to be exonerated),
24 *demum ex stercore turpi cum divi Orionis iucunditate mixto, cocto,*
25 *frigorique exposito, encaustum sibi fecit indelibile* (faked O'Ryan's,
26 the indelible ink).

27 Then, pious Eneas, conformant to the fulminant firman which
28 enjoins on the tremylose terrian that, when the call comes, he
29 shall produce nichthemerically from his unheavenly body a no
30 uncertain quantity of obscene matter not protected by copright
31 in the United Stars of Ourania or bedeed and bedood and bedang
32 and bedung to him, with this double dye, brought to blood heat,
33 gallic acid on iron ore, through the bowels of his misery, flashly,
34 faithfully, nastily, appropriately, this Esuan Menschavik and the first
35 till last alshemist wrote over every square inch of the only fools-
36 cap available, his own body, till by its corrosive sublimation one

1 continuous present tense integument slowly unfolded all marry-
2 voising moodmoulded cyclewheeling history (thereby, he said,
3 reflecting from his own individual person life unlivable, trans-
4 accidentated through the slow fires of consciousness into a divi-
5 dual chaos, perilous, potent, common to allflesh, human only,
6 mortal) but with each word that would not pass away the squid-
7 self which he had squirtscreened from the crystalline world
8 waned chagreenold and doriangrayer in its dudhud. This exists
9 that isits after having been said we know. And dabal take dab-
10 nal! And the dal dabal dab aldanabal! So perhaps, agglaggagglo-
11 meratively asaspensing, after all and arklast fore arklyst on his
12 last public disappearance, circling the square, for the deathfête
13 of Saint Ignaceous Poisonivy, of the Fickle Crowd (hupon the
14 sixth day of Hogsober, killim our king, layum low!) and brandish-
15 ing his bellbearing stylo, the shining keyman of the wilds of
16 change, if what is sauce for the zassy is souse for the zazimas,the
17 blond cop who thought it was ink was out of his depth but
18 bright in the main.

19 Petty constable Sistersen of the Kruis-Kroon-Kraal it was, the
20 parochial watch, big the dog the dig the bog the bagger the
21 dugger the begadag degabug, who had been detailed from pollute
22 stoties to save him, this the quemquem, that the quum, from the
23 ligatureliablous effects of foul clay in little clots and mobmauling
24 on looks, that wrongcountered the tenderfoot an eveling near
25 the livingsmeansuniumgetherum, Knockmaree, Comty Mea, reel-
26 ing more to the right than he lurched to the left, on his way from
27 a protoprotitute (he would always have a (stp!) little pigeoness
28 somewhure with his arch girl, Arcoiris, smockname of Mergyt)
29 just as he was butting in rand the coyner of bad times under a
30 hideful between the rival doors of warm bethels of worship
31 through his boardelhouse fongster, greeting for grazious oras
32 as usual: Where ladies have they that a dog meansort herring?
33 Sergo, search me, the incapable reparteed with a selfevitant
34 subtlety so obviously spurious and, raising his hair, after the
35 grace, with the christmas under his clutcharm, for Portsymasser
36 and Purtsymessus and Pertsymiss and Partsymasters, like a prance

1 of findingos, with a shillto shallto slipny stripny, in he skittled.
2 Swikey! The allwhite poors guardiant, pulpably of balltossic
3 stummung, was literally astundished over the painful sake, how
4 he burstteself, which he was gone to, where he intent to did he,
5 whether you think will, wherend the whole current of the after-
6 noon whats the souch of a surch hads of hits of hims, urged and
7 staggered thereto in his countrysports at the caledosian capacity
8 for Lieutuvisky of the caftan's wineskin and even more so,
9 during, looking his bigmost astonishments, it was said him,
10 aschu, fun the concerned outgift of the dead med dirt, how that,
11 arrahbejibbers, conspuent to the dominical order and exking
12 noblish permish, he was namely coon at bringer at home two
13 gallonts,as per royal,full poultry till his murder. Nip up and nab
14 it!

15 Polthergeistkotzdondherhoploits! Kick? What mother? Whose
16 porter? Which pair? Why namely coon? But our undilligence has
17 been plutherotested so enough of such porterblack lowneess, too
18 base for printink! Perpending that Putterick O'Purcell pulls the
19 coald stoane out of Winterwater's and Silder Seas sing for Harreng
20 our Keng,sept okt nov dez John Phibbs march! We cannot,in
21 mercy or justice nor on the lovom for labaryntos,stay here for
22 the residence of our existings,discussing Tamstar Ham of Ten-
23 man's thirst.

24 JUSTIUS (to himother): Brawn is my name and broad is my
25 nature and I've breit on my brow and all's right with every fea-
26 ture and I'll brune this bird or Brown Bess's bung's gone bandy.
27 I'm the boy to bruise and braise. Baus!

28 Stand forth, Nayman of Noland (for no longer will I follow
29 you obliquelike through the inspired form of the third person
30 singular and the moods and hesitensies of the deponent but ad-
31 dress myself to you, with the empirative of my vendettative, pro-
32 vocative and out direct), stand forth, come boldly, jolly me,-
33 move me, zwillling though I am, to laughter in your true colours
34 ere you be back for ever till I give you your talkingto! Shem
35 Macadamson, you know me and I know you and all your she-
36 meries. Where have you been in the uterim, enjoying yourself

1 all the morning since your last wetbed confession? I advise you
2 to conceal yourself, my little friend, as I have said a moment
3 ago and put your hands in my hands and have a nightlong
4 homely little confiteor about things. Let me see. It is looking
5 pretty black against you, we suggest, Sheem avick. You will
6 need all the elements in the river to clean you over it all and a
7 fortifine popespriestpower bull of attender to booth.

8 Let us pry. We thought, would and did. *Cur, quicquid, ubi,*
9 *quando, quomodo, quoties, quibus auxiliis?* You were bred, fed,
10 fostered and fattened from holy childhood up in this two easter
11 island on the piejaw of hilarious heaven and roaring the other
12 place (plunders to night of you, blunders what's left of you, flash
13 as flash can!) and now, forsooth, a nogger among the blankards
14 of this dastard century, you have become of twosome twiminds
15 forenenst gods, hidden and discovered, nay, condemned fool,
16 anarch, egoarch, hiresiarch, you have reared your disunited king-
17 dom on the vacuum of your own most intensely doubtful soul.
18 Do you hold yourself then for some god in the manger, Sheho-
19 hem, that you will neither serve not let serve, pray nor let pray?
20 And here, pay the piety, must I too nerve myself to pray for the
21 loss of selfrespect to equip me for the horrible necessity of scan-
22 dalisang (my dear sisters, are you ready?) by sloughing off my
23 hope and tremors while we all swin together in the pool of So-
24 dom? I shall shiver for my purity while they will weepbig for
25 your sins. Away with covered words, new Solemonities for old
26 Badsheetbaths! That inharmonious detail, did you name it? Cold
27 caldor! Gee! Victory! Now, opprobrio of underslung pipes,
28 johnjacobs, while yet an adolescent (what do I say?), while
29 still puerile in your tubsuit with buttonlegs, you got a hand-
30 some present of a selffraising syringe and twin feeders (you know,
31 Monsieur Abgott, in your art of arts, to your cost as well as I do
32 (and don't try to hide it) the penals lots I am now poking at) and
33 the wheeze sort of was you should (if you were as bould a stroke
34 now as the curate that christened you, sonny douth-the-candle!)
35 repopulate the land of your birth and count up your progeny by
36 the hungered head and the angered thousand but you thwarted

1 the wious pish of your cogodparents, soph, among countless
2 occasions of failing (for, said you, I will elenchate), adding to the
3 malice of your transgression, yes, and changing its nature, (you
4 see I have read your theology for you) alternating the morosity
5 of my delectations — a philtred love, trysting by tantrums,
6 small peace in ppenmark — with sensibility, sponsibility, passi-
7 bility and prostability, your lubbock's other fear pleasures of a
8 butler's life, even extruding your strabismal apologia, when
9 legibly depressed, upon defenceless paper and thereby adding to
10 the already unhappiness of this our popeyed world, scribblative!
11 — all that too with cantreds of countless catchaleens, the man-
12 nish as many as the minneful, congested around and about you
13 for acres and roods and poles or perches, thick as the fluctuant
14 sands of Chalwador, accomplished women, indeed fully edu-
15 canded, far from being old and rich behind their dream of arri-
16 visme, if they have only their honour left, and not deterred by bad
17 weather when consumed by amorous passion, struggling to pos-
18 sess themselves of your boosh, one son of Sorge for all daughters
19 of Anguish, *solus cum sola sive cuncties cum omnibobs* (I'd have
20 been the best man for you, myself), mutely aying for hat natural
21 knot, debitary vases or vessels preposterous, for what would
22 not have cost you ten bolivars of collarwork or the price of one
23 ping pang, just a lilt, let us trillt, of the oldest song in the wooed
24 woodworld, (two-we! to-one!), accompanied by a plain gold
25 band! Hail! Hail! Highbosomheaving Missmisstress Morna of
26 the allsweetheartening bridemuredemeanour! Her eye's so glad-
27 some we'll all take shares in the — groom!

28 Sniffer of carrion, premature gravedigger, seeker of the nest
29 of evil in the bosom of a good word, you, who sleep at our vigil
30 and fast for our feast, you with your dislocated reason, have
31 cutely foretold, a jophet in your own absence, by blind poring
32 upon your many scalds and burns and blisters, impetiginous sore
33 and pustules, by the auspices of that raven cloud, your shade, and
34 by the auguries of rooks in parliament, death with every disaster,
35 the dynamitisation of colleagues, the reducing of records to
36 ashes, the levelling of all customs by blazes, the return of a lot

1 of sweetempered gunpowdered didst unto dust but it never
2 stphruck your mudhead's obtundity (O hell, here comes our
3 funeral! O pest, I'll miss the post!) that the more carrots you
4 chop, the more turnips you slit, the more murphies you peel, the
5 more onions you cry over, the more bullbeef you butch, the
6 more mutton you crackerhack, the more potherbs you pound,
7 the fiercer the fire and the longer your spoon and the harder you
8 gruel with more grease to your elbow the merrier fumes your
9 new Irish stew.

10 O, by the way, yes, another thing occurs to me. You let me tell
11 you, with the utmost politeness, were very ordinarily designed,
12 your birthwrong was, to fall in with Plan, as our nationals
13 should, as all nationists must, and do a certain office (what, I will
14 not tell you) in a certain holy office (nor will I say where) during
15 certain agonising office hours (a clerical party all to yourself) from
16 such a year to such an hour on such and such a date at so and
17 so much a week *pro anno* (Guinness's, may I remind, were just
18 agulp for you, failing in which you might have taken the scales off
19 boilers like any boskop of Yorek) and do your little thruppenny
20 bit and thus earn from the nation true thanks, right here in our
21 place of burden, your bourne of travail and ville of tares, where
22 after a divine's prodigence you drew the first watergasp in your
23 life, from the crib where you once was bit to the crypt you'll
24 be twice as shy of, same as we, long of us, alone with the colt
25 in the corner, where you were as popular as an armenial with
26 the faithful, and you set fire to my tailcoat when I hold the
27 paraffin smoker under yours (I hope that chimney's clear) but,
28 slackly shirking both your bullet and your billet, you beat it
29 backwards like Boulanger from Galway (but he combed the grass
30 against his stride) to sing us a song of alibi, (the cuthone call over
31 the greybounding slowrolling amplyheaving metamorphoseous
32 that oozy rocks parapangle their preposters with) nomad, mooner
33 by lamplight, antinos, shemming amid everyone's repressed
34 laughter to conceal your scatchophily by mating, like a thorough-
35 paste prosodite, masculine monosyllables of the same numerical
36 mus, an Irish emigrant the wrong way out, sitting on your crooked

1 sixpenny stile, an unfrillfrocked quackfriar, you (will you for
2 the laugh of Scheekspair just help mine with the epithet?) semi-
3 semitic serendipitist, you (thanks, I think that describes you)
4 Europasianised Afferyank!

5 Shall we follow each others a steplonger, drowner of daggers,
6 whiles our liege, tilyet a stranger in the frontyard of his happi-
7 ness, is taking, (heal helper! one gob, one gap, one gulp and
8 gorger of all!) his refreshment?

9 There grew up beside you,amid our orisons of the speediest.
10 in Novena Lodge, Novara Avenue, in Patripodium-am-Bummel,
11 oaf, outofwork, one remove from an unwashed savage, on his
12 keeping and in yours, (I pose you know why possum hides is
13 cause he haint the nogumtreeumption) that other, Immaculatus,
14 from head to foot, sir, that pure one, Altrues of other times,
15 he who was well known to celestine circles before he sped
16 aloft, our handsome young spiritual physician that was to be,
17 seducing every sense to selfwilling celebesty, the most winning
18 counterfeuille on our incomeshare lotetree, a chum of the
19 angelets, a youth those reporters so pettily wanted as game-
20 fellow that they asked his mother for ittle earps brupper to
21 let him tome to Tindertarten? pease, and bing his scooter
22 'long and 'tend they were all real brothers in the big justright
23 home where Dodd lives, just to teddyfy the life out of him
24 and pat and pass him one with other like musk from hand to
25 hand, that mothersmothered model, that goodlooker with not
26 a flaw whose spiritual toilettes were the talk of half the town, for
27 sunset wear and nightfallen use and daybroken donning and
28 nooncheon showing and the very thing for teasetime, but him
29 you laid low with one hand one fine May morning in the Meddle
30 of your Might, your bosom foe, because he mussed your speller
31 on you or because he cut a pretty figure in the focus of your
32 frontispecs (not one did you slay, no, but a continent!) to find
33 out how his innards worked!

34 Ever read of that greatgrand landfather of our visionbuilders,
35 Baaboo, the bourgeoisiemeister, who thought to touch both him-
36 mels at the punt of his risen stiffstaff and how wishywashy sank

1 the waters of his thought? Ever thought of that hereticist Marcon
2 and the two scissymaidies and how bulkily he shat the Ructions
3 gunorrhall? Ever hear of that foxy, that lupu and that monkax
4 and the virgin heir of the Morrisons, eh, blethering ape?
5 Malingerer in luxury, collector general, what has Your Low-
6 ness done in the mealtime with all the hamilkcars of cooked
7 vegetables, the hatfuls of stewed fruit, the suitcases of coddled
8 ales, the Parish funds, me schamer, man, that you kittycoaxed so
9 flexibly out of charitable butteries by yowling heavy with a
10 hollow voice drop of your horrible awful poverty of mind so as
11 you couldn't even pledge a crown of Thorne's to pawn a coat
12 off Trevi's and as how you was bad no end, so you was, so whelp
13 you Sinner Pitre and Sinner Poule, with the chicken's gape and
14 *pas mal de siècle*, which, by the by, Reynaldo, is the ordinary
15 emetic French for grenadier's drip. To let you have your plank
16 and your bonewash (O the hastroubles you lost!), to give you
17 your pound of platinum and a thousand thongs a year (O, you
18 were excruciated, in honour bound to the cross of your own
19 cruelfiction!) to let you have your Sarday spree and holinight sleep
20 (fame would come to you twixt a sleep and a wake) and leave to
21 lie till Paraskivee and the cockcock crows for Danmark. (O
22 Jonathan, your estomach!) The simian has no sentiment secre-
23 tions but weep cataracts for all me, Pain the Shamman! Oft in
24 the smelly night will they wallow for a clutch of the famished
25 hand, I say, them bearded jezabelles you hired to rob you, while
26 on your sodden straw impolitely you encored (Airish and naw-
27 boggaleesh!) those hornmade ivory dreams you reved of the
28 Ruth you called your companionate, a beauty from the bible, of
29 the flushpots of Euston and the hanging garments of Maryle-
30 bone. But the dormer moonshee smiled selene and the light-
31 throwers knickered: who's whinging we? Comport yourself,
32 you inconsistency! Where is that little alimony nestegg against
33 our predictable rainy day? Is it not the fact (gainsay me, cake-
34 eater!) that, while whistlewhirling your crazy elegies around
35 Templetombmount joyntstone, (let him pass, pleasegood-
36 jesusalem, in a bundle of straw, he was balbettised after hay-

1 making) you squandered among underlings the overload of
2 your extravagance and made a hottentot of dulpeners crawsick
3 with your crumbs? Am I not right? Yes? Yes? Yes? Holy wax
4 and holifer! Don't tell me, Leon of the fold, that you are not a
5 loanshark! Look up, old sooty, be advised by mux and take your
6 medicine. The Good Doctor mulled it. Mix it twice before re-
7 pastures and powder three times a day. It does marvels for your
8 gripins and it's fine for the solitary worm.

9 Let me finish! Just a little judas tonic, my ghem of all jokes, to
10 make you go green in the gazer. Do you hear what I'm seeing,
11 hammet? And remember that golden silence gives consent, Mr
12 Anklegazer! Cease to be civil, learn to say nay! Whisht! Come
13 here, Herr Studiosus, till I tell you a wig in your ear. We'll do a
14 whisper drive, for if the barishnyas got a twitter of it they'd tell
15 the housetops and then all Cadbury would go crackers. Look!
16 Do you see your dial in the rockingglass? Look well! Bend down
17 a stigmy till !! It's secret! Iggri, I say, the booseleers! I had it
18 from Lamppost Shawe. And he had it from the Mullah. And Mull
19 took it from a Bluecoat schooler. And Gay Socks jot it from
20 Potapheu's wife. And Rantipoll tipped the wink from old Mrs
21 Tinbullet. And as for she was confussed by pro-Brother Thaco-
22 licus. And the good brother feels he would need to defecate
23 you. And the Flimsy Follettes are simply beside each other.
24 And Kelly, Kenny and Keogh are up up and in arms. That a
25 cross may crush me if I refuse to believe in it. That I may rock
26 anchor through the ages if I hope it's not true. That the host
27 may choke me if I beneighbour you without my charity! Sh!
28 Shem, you are. Sh! You are mad!

29 He points the deathbone and the quick are still. *Insomnia,*
30 *somnia somniorum. Awmawm.*

31 MERCIUS (of hisself): Domine vopiscus! My fault, his fault,
32 a kingship through a fault! Pariah, cannibal Cain, I who oathily
33 forswore the womb that bore you and the paps I sometimes
34 sucked, you who ever since have been one black mass of jigs and
35 jimjams, haunted by a convulsionary sense of not having been
36 or being all that I might have been or you meant to becoming,

1 bewailing like a man that innocence which I could not defend
2 like a woman, lo, you there, Cathmon-Carbery, and thank Movies
3 from the innermost depths of my still attrite heart, Wherein
4 the days of you youth are ever mixed mimine, now ere the comp-
5 line hour of being alone at hands itself and a puff or so before
6 we yield our spiritus to the wind, for (though that royal one
7 has not yet drunk a gouttelette from his consummation and the
8 flowerpot on the pole, the spaniel pack and their quarry, retainers
9 and the public house proprietor have not budged a millimetre
10 and all that has been done has yet to be done and done again,
11 when's day's woe, and lo, you're doomed, joyday dawns and,
12 la, you dominate) it is to you, firstborn and firstfruit of woe, to
13 me, branded sheep, pick of the wasterpaperbasket, by the
14 tremours of Thundery and Ulerin's dogstar, you alone, wind-
15 blasted tree of the knowledge of beautiful andevil, ay, clothed
16 upon with the metuor and shimmering like the hoescens, astro-
17 glodynamologos, the child of Nilfit's father, blzb, to me
18 unseen blusher in an obscene coalhole, the cubilimum of your
19 secret sigh, dweller in the downandoutermost where voice only
20 of the dead may come, because ye left from me, because ye
21 laughed on me, because, O me lonely son, ye are forgetting me!,
22 that our turfbrown mummy is acoming, alpilla, beltilla, ciltilla,
23 deltilla, running with her tidings, old the news of the great big
24 world, sonnies had a scrap, woewoewoe! bab's baby walks at
25 seven months, waywayway! bride leaves her raid at Punchestime,
26 stud stoned before a racecourseful, two belles that make the
27 one appeal, dry yanks will visit old sod, and fourtiered skirts
28 are up, mesdames, while Parimiknie wears popular short legs,
29 and twelve hows to mix a tipsy wake, did ye hear, colt Cooney?
30 did ye ever, filly Fortescue? with a beck, with a spring, all her
31 rillringlets shaking, rocks drops in her tachie, tramtokens in
32 her hair, all waived to a point and then all inuendation, little
33 oldfashioned mummy, little wonderful mummy, ducking under
34 bridges, bellhopping the weirs, dodging by a bit of bog, rapid-
35 shooting round the bends, by Tallaght's green hills and the
36 pools of the phooka and a place they call it Blessington and

1 slipping sly by Sallynoggin, as happy as the day is wet, bab-
2 bling, bubbling, chattering to herself, deloothing the fields on
3 their elbows leaning with the sloothering slide of her, giddy-
4 gaddy, grannyma, gossipaceous Anna Livia.
5 He lifts the lifewand and the dumb speak.
6 — Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquo!

1 Reeve Gootch was right and Reeve Drughad was sinisterous! And
2 the cut of him! And the strut of him! How he used to hold his
3 head as high as a howeth, the famous eld duke alien, with a hump
4 of grandeur on him like a walking wiesel rat. And his derry's
5 own drawl and his corksown blather and his doubling stutter
6 and his gullaway swank. Ask Lictor Hackett or Lector Reade
7 of Garda Growley or the Boy with the Billyclub. How elster is
8 he a called at all? Qu'appelle? Huges Caput Earlyfouler. Or
9 where was he born or how was he found? Urgothland, Tvistown
10 on the Kattekat? New Hunshire, Concord on the Merrimake?
11 Who blocksmitt her saft anvil or yelled lep to her pail? Was her
12 banns never loosened in Adam and Eve's or were him and her
13 but captain spliced? For mine ether duck I thee drake. And by
14 my wildgaze I thee gander. Flowey and Mount on the brink of
15 time makes wishes and fears for a happy isthmass. She can show
16 all her lines, with love, license to play. And if they don't remarry
17 that hook and eye may! O, passmore that and oxus another! Don
18 Dom Dombdomb and his wee follyo! Was his help inshored in
19 the Stork and Pelican against bungelars, flu and third risk par-
20 ties? I heard he dug good tin with his doll, delvan first and dulin
21 after, when he raped her home, Sabrine asthore, in a parakeet's
22 cage, by dredgerous lands and devious delts, playing catched and
23 mythed with the gleam of her shadda, (if a flic had been there to
24 pop up and pepper him!) past auld min's manse and Maisons
25 Allfou and the rest of incurables and the last of immurables, the
26 quaggy waag for stumbling. Who sold you that jackalantern's
27 tale? Pemmican's pasty pie! Not a grasshoop to ring her, not an
28 antsgrain of ore. In a gabbar he barqued it, the boat of life,
29 from the harbourless Ivernikan Okean, till he spied the loom of
30 his landfall and he loosed two croakers from under his tilt, the
31 gran Phenician rover. By the smell of her kelp they made the
32 pigeonhouse. Like fun they did! But where was Himself, the
33 timoneer? That marchantman he suivied their scutties right over
34 the wash, his cameleer's burnous breezing up on him, till with
35 his runagate bowmpriss he roade and borst her bar. Pilcomayo!
36 Suchcaughtawan! And the whale's away with the grayling! Tune

1 your pipes and fall ahumming, you born ijypt, and you're no-
2 thing short of one! Well, ptellomey soon and curb your escumo.
3 When they saw him shoot swift up her sheba sheath, like any
4 gay lord salomon, her bulls they were ruhiring, surfed with
5 spree. Boyarka buah! Boyana bueh~He erved his lille Bunbath
6 hard, our staly bred, the trader. He did. Look at here. In this wet
7 of his prow. Don't you know he was kaldt a bairn of the brine,
8 Wasserbourne the waterbaby? Havemmarea, so he was! H.C.E.
9 has a codfisc ee. Shyr she's nearly as badher as him herself.
10 Who? Anna Livia? Ay, Anna Livia. Do you know she was call-
11 ing bakvandets sals from all around, nyumba noo, chamba choo,
12 to go in till him, her erring cheef, and tickle the pontiff aisy-oisy?
13 She was? Gota pot! Yssel that the limmat? As El Negro winced
14 when he wonced in La Plate. O, tell me all I want to hear, how
15 loft she was lift a laddery dextro! A coneywink after the bunting
16 fell. Letting on she didn't care, sina feza, me absantee, him man
17 in passession, the proxenete! Proxenete and phwhat is phthat?
18 Emme for your reussischer Honddu jarkon! Tell us in franca
19 lingua. And call a spate a spate. Did they never sharee you ebro
20 at skol, you antiabecedarian? It's just the same as if I was to go
21 par examplum now in conservancy's cause out of telekinesis and
22 proxenete you. For coxyt sake and is that what she is? Botlettle
23 I thought she'd act that loa. Didn't you spot her in her windaug,
24 wubbling up on an osiery chair, with a meusic before her all
25 cunniform letters, pretending to ribble a reedy derg on a fiddle
26 she bogans without a band on? Sure she can't fiddan a dee, with
27 bow or abandon! Sure, she can't! Tista suck. Well, I never now
28 heard the like of that! Tell me moher. Tell me moatst. Well, old
29 Humber was as glommen as grampus, with the tares at his thor
30 and the buboes for ages and neither bowman nor shot abroad and
31 bales allbrant on the crests of rockies and nera lamp in kitchen or
32 church and giant's holes in Grafton's causeway and deathcap
33 mushrooms round Funglus grave and the great tribune's barrow
34 all darnels occumule, sittang sambre on his sett, drammen and
35 drommen, usking queasy quizzers of his ruful continence, his
36 childlinen scarf to encourage his obsequies where he'd check their

1 debths in that mormon's thames, be questing and handsetl, hop,
2 step and a deepend, with his berths in their toiling moil, his swal-
3 lower open from swolf to fore and the snipes of the gutter pecking
4 his crocs, hungerstriking all alone and holding doomsdag over
5 hunselv, dreeing his weird, with his dander up, and his fringe
6 combed over his eygs and droming on loft till the sight of the
7 sternes, after zwarthy kowse and weedy broeks and the tits of
8 buddy and the loits of pest and to peer was Parish worth thette
9 mess. You'd think all was dodo belonging to him how he durmed
10 adranse in durance vaal. He had been belching for severn years.
11 And there she was, Anna Livia, she darent catch a winkle of
12 sleep, purling around like a chit of a child, Wendawanda, a finger-
13 thick, in a Lapsummer skirt and damazon cheeks, for to ishim
14 bonzour to her dear dubber Dan. With neuphraties and sault
15 from his maggias. And an odd time she'd cook him up blooms
16 of fisk and lay to his heartsfoot her meddery eygs, yayis, and
17 staynish beacons on toasc and a cupenhave so weeshywashy of
18 Greenland's tay or a dzoupgan of Kaffue mokau an sable or
19 Sikiang sukry or his ale of ferns in trueart pewter and a shin-
20 kobread (hamjambo, bana?) for to plaise that man hog stay his
21 stomicker till her pyrraknees shrunk to nutmeg graters while her
22 togglejoints shuck with goyt and as rash as she'd russ with her
23 peakload of vivers up on her sieve (metauwero rage it swales and
24 rieses) my hardey Hek he'd kast them frome him, with a stour
25 of scorn, as much as to say you sow and you sozh, and if he didn't
26 peg the platteau on her tawe, believe you me, she was safe
27 enough. And then she'd esk to vistule a hymn, *The Heart Bowed*
28 *Down or The Rakes of Mallow or Chelli Michele's La Calumnia è*
29 *un Vermicelli* or a balfy bit ov *old Jo Robidson*. Sucho fuffing a
30 fifeing 'twould cut you in two! She'd bate the hen that crowed
31 on the turrace of Babbel. What harm if she knew how to cockle
32 her mouth! And not a mag out of Hum no more than out of the
33 mangle weight. Is that a faith? That's the fact. Then riding the
34 ricka and roya romanche, Annona, gebroren aroostokrat Nivia,
35 dochter of Sense and Art, with Sparks' pirryphlickathims funkl-
36 ing her fan, anner frostivying tresses dasht with virevlies,—

1 while the prom beauties sreeked nith their bearers' skins! — in
2 a period gown of changeable jade that would robe the wood of
3 two cardinals' chairs and crush poor Cullen and smother Mac-
4 Cabe. O blazerskate! Theirs porpor patches! And brahming to
5 him down the feedchute, with her femtyfyx kinds of fondling
6 endings, the poother rambling off her nose: *Vuggybarney,*
7 *Wickerymandy! Hello, ducky, please don't die!* Do you know
8 what she started cheeping after, with a choicemy voicey like water-
9 glucks or Madame Delba to Romeoeszsk? You'll never guess.
10 Tell me. Tell me. *Phoebe, dearest, tell, O tell me and I loved you*
11 *better nor you knew.* And letting on hoon var daft about the warbly
12 sangs from over holmen: *High hellskirt saw ladies hensmoker lily-*
13 *hung pigger:* and soay and soan and so firth and so forth in a tone
14 sonora and Oom Bothar below like Bheri-Bheri in his sandy
15 cloak, so umvolosy, as deaf as a yawn, the stult! Go away! Poor
16 deaf old deary! Yare only teasing! Anna Liv? As chalk is my
17 judge! And didn't she up in sorgues and go and trot doon and
18 stand in her douro, puffing her old dudheen, and every shirvant
19 siligirl or wensum farmerette walking the pilend roads, Sawy,
20 Fundally, Daery or Maery, Milucre, Awny or Graw, usedn't she
21 make her a simp or sign to slip inside by the sullyport? You don't
22 say, the sillypost? Bedouix but I do! Calling them in, one by one
23 (To Blockbeddum here! Here the Shoebenacaddie!) and legging
24 a jig or so on the sihl to show them how to shake their benders
25 and the dainty how to bring to mind the gladdest garments out
26 of sight and all the way of a maid with a man and making a sort
27 of a cackling noise like two and a penny or half a crown and hold-
28 ing up a silliver shiner. Lordy, lordy, did she so? Well, of all the
29 ones ever I heard! Throwing all the neiss little whores in the
30 world at him! To inny captured wench you wish of no matter
31 what sex of pleissful ways two adda tammar a lizzy a lossie to
32 hug and hab haven in Humpy's apron!
33 And what was the wyerye rima she made! Odet! Odet! Tell
34 me the trent of it while I'm lathering hail out of Denis Florence
35 MacCarthy's combies. Rise it, flut ye, pian piena! I'm dying
36 down off my iodine feet until I lerryn Anna Livia's cushingloo,

1 that was writ by one and rede by two and trouved by a poule in
2 the parco! I can see that, I see you are. How does it tummel?
3 Listen now. Are you listening? Yes, yes! Idneed I am! Tarn your
4 ore ouse! Essonne inne!
5 *By earth end the cloudy but I badly went e brandnew bankside,*
6 *bedamp and I do, and a plumper at that!*
7 *For the putty affair I have is wore out, so it is, sitting, yaping and*
8 *waiting for my old Dane hodder dodderer, my life in death companion,*
9 *my frugal key of our larder, my much-altered camel's hump, my*
10 *jointspoiler, my maymoon's honey, my fool to the last Decemberer,*
11 *to wake himself out of his winter's doze and bore me down like he*
12 *used to.*
13 *Is there irwell a lord of the manor or a knight of the shire at strike,*
14 *I wonder, that'd dip me a dace or two in cash for washing and*
15 *darning his worshipful socks for him now we're run out of horse-*
16 *brose and milk?*
17 *Only for my short Brittas bed made's as snug as it smells it's*
18 *out I'd lep and off with me to the slobs deua Tolka or the plage au*
19 *Clontarf to feale the gay aire of my salt troublin bay and the race*
20 *of the saywint up me ambushure.*
21 Onon! Onon! tell me more. Tell me every tiny teign. I want
22 to know every single ingul. Down to what made the potters fly
23 into jagsthole. And why were the vesles vet. That homa fever's
24 winning me wome. If a mahun of the horse but hard me! We'd
25 be bundukiboi meet askarigal. Well, now comes the hazel-
26 hatchery part. After Clondalkin the Kings's Inns. We'll soon be
27 there with the freshet. How many aleveens had she in tool? I can't
28 rightly rede you that. Close only knows. Some say she had three
29 figures to fill and confined herself to a hundred eleven, wan by-
30 wan bywan, making meanacuminamoyas. Olaph lamm et, all that
31 pack? We won't have room in the kirkeyaard. She can't remember
32 half of the cradlenames she smacked on them by the grace of her
33 boxing bishop's infallible slipper, the cane for Kund and abbles for
34 Eyolf and ayther nayther for Yakov Yea. A hundred and how?
35 They did well to rechristien her Pluhurabelle. O loreley! What a
36 loddon lodes! Heigh ho! But it's quite on the cards she'll shed

1 more and merrier, twills and trills, sparefours and spoilfives, nord-
2 sihkes and sudsevers and ayes and neins to a litter. Grandfarthring
3 nap and Messamisery and the knave of all knaves and the joker.
4 Heehaw! She must have been a gadabout in her day, so she
5 must, more than most. Shoal she was, gidgad. She had a flewmen
6 of her owen. Then a toss nare scared that lass, so aimai moe,
7 that's agapo! Tell me, tell me, how cam she camlin through all
8 her fellows, the neckar she was, the diveline? Casting her perils
9 before our swains from Fonte-in-Monte to Tidingtown and
10 from Tidingtown tilhavet. Linking one and knocking the next,
11 taptng a flank and tiptng a jutty and palling in and pietaring
12 out and clyding by on her eastway. Waiwhou was the first thur-
13 ever burst? Someone he was, whuebra they were, in a tactic attack
14 or in single combat. Tinker, tilar, souldrer, salor, Pieman Peace
15 or Polistaman. That's the thing I'm elwys on edge to esk. Push
16 up and push vardar and come to uphill headquarters! Was it
17 waterlows year, after Grattan or Flood, or when maids were in
18 Arc or when three stood hosting? Fidaris will find where the
19 Doubt arises like Nieman from Nirgends found the Nihil. Worry
20 you sighin foh, Alberne, O Anser? Untie the gemman's fistiknots,
21 Qvic and Nuancee! She can't put her hand on him for the mo-
22 ment. Tez thelon langlo, walking weary! Such a loon waybash-
23 wards to row! She sid herself she hardly knows whuon the annals
24 her graveller was, a dynast of Leinster, a wolf of the sea, or what
25 he did or how blyth she played or how, when, why, where and
26 who offon he jumpnad her and how it was gave her away. She
27 was just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing then,
28 sauntering, by silvymoonlake and he was a heavy trudging
29 lurching lieabroad of a Curraghman, making his hay for whose
30 sun to shine on, as tough as the oaktrees (peats be with them!)
31 used to rustle that time down by the dykes of killing Kildare,
32 for forstfellfoss with a plash across her. She thought she's sankh
33 neathe the ground with nymphant shame when he gave her the
34 tigris eye! O happy fault! Me wish it was he! You're wrong there,
35 corribly wrong! Tisn't only tonight you're anacheronistic! It
36 was ages behind that when nullahs were nowhere, in county

1 Wickenlow, garden of Erin, before she ever dreamt she'd lave
2 Kilbride and go foaming under Horsepass bridge, with the great
3 southerwestern windstorming her traces and the midland's grain-
4 waster asarch for her track, to wend her ways byandby, robecca
5 or worse, to spin and to grind, to swab and to thrash, for all her
6 golden lifey in the barleyfields and pennylotts of Humphrey's
7 fordofhurdlestown and lie with a landleaper, wellingtonorseher.
8 Alesse, the lagos of girly days! For the dove of the dunas! Was-
9 ut? Izod? Are you sarthin suir? Not where the Finn fits into the
10 Mourne, not where the Nore takes lieve of Bl m, not where the
11 Braye divarts the Farer, not where the Moy changez her minds
12 twixt Cullin and Conn tween Cunn and Collin? Or where Neptune
13 sculled and Tritonville rowed and leandros three bumped heroines
14 two? Neya, narev, nen, nonni, nos! Then whereabouts in Ow and
15 Ovoca? Was it yst with wyst or Lucan Yokan or where the hand
16 of man has never set foot? Dell me where, the fairy ferse time! I
17 will if you listen. You know the dinkel dale of Luggelaw? Well,
18 there once dwelt a local heremite, Michael Arklow was his river-
19 end name, (with many a sigh I aspersed his lavabibs!) and one
20 venersderg in junojuly, oso sweet and so cool and so limber she
21 looked, Nance the Nixie, Nanon L'Escaut, in the silence, of the sy-
22 comores, all listening, the kindling curves you simply can't stop
23 feeling, he plunged both of his newly anointed hands, the core of
24 his cushlas, in her singimari saffron strumans of hair, parting them
25 and soothing her and mingling it, that was deepdark and ample
26 like this red bog at sundown. By that Vale Vowclose's lucydlac,
27 the reignbeau's heavenarches arranged orranged her. Afroth-
28 dizzying galbs, her enamelled eyes indergoading him on to the
29 vierge violetian. Wish a wish! Why a why? Mavro! Letty Lerck's
30 lafing light throw those laurals now on her daphdaph teasesong
31 petrock. Maass! But the majik wavus has elfun anon meshes.
32 And Simba the Slayer of his Oga is slewd. He cuddle not help
33 himself, thurso that hot on him, he had to forget the monk in
34 the man so, rubbing her up and smoothing her down, he baised
35 his lippes in smiling mood, kiss akiss after kisokushk (as he
36 warned her niver to, niver to, nevar) on Anna-na-Poghue's of

1 the freckled forehead. While you'd parse secheressa she hielt her
2 souff'. But she ruz two feet hire in her aisne aestumation. And
3 steppes on stilts ever since. That was kissuahealing with bantur
4 for balm! O, wasn't he the bold priest? And wasn't she the
5 naughty Livvy? Nautic Naama's now her navn. Two lads in
6 scoutsch breeches went through her before that, Barefoot Burn
7 and Wallowme Wade, Lugnaquillia's noblesse pickts, before she
8 had a hint of a hair at her fanny to hide or a bossom to tempt a
9 birch canoedler not to mention a bulgic porterhouse barge. And
10 ere that again, leada, laida, all unraidy, too faint to buoy the
11 fairest rider, too frail to flirt with a cygnet's plume, she was licked
12 by a hound, Chirripa-Chirruta, while poing her pee, pure and
13 simple, on the spur of the hill in old Kippure, in birdsong and
14 shearingtime, but first of all, worst of all, the wiggly livvly, she
15 sideslipped out by a gap in the Devil's glen while Sally her nurse
16 was sound asleep in a sloot and, feefee fiefie, fell over a spillway
17 before she found her stride and lay and wriggled in all the stag-
18 nant black pools of rainy under a fallow coo and she laughed
19 innocefree with her limbs aloft and a whole drove of maiden
20 hawthorns blushing and looking askance upon her.

21 Drop me the sound of the findhorn's name, Mtu or Mti, som-
22 bogger was wisness. And drip me why in the flenders was she
23 frickled. And trickle me through was she marcellewaved or was
24 it weirdly a wig she wore. And whitside did they droop their
25 glows in their florry, aback to wist or affront to sea? In fear to
26 hear the dear so near or longing loth and loathing longing? Are
27 you in the swim or are you out? O go in, go on, go an! I mean
28 about what you know. I know right well what you mean. Rother!
29 You'd like the coifs and guimpes, snouty, and me to do the
30 greasy jub on old Veronica's wipers. What am I rancing now
31 and I'll thank you? Is it a pinny or is it a surplice? Arran, where's
32 your nose? And where's the starch? That's not the vesdre bene-
33 diction smell. I can tell from here by their *eau de Colo* and the
34 scent of her oder they're Mrs Magrath's. And you ought to have
35 aird them. They've moist come off her. Creases in silk they
36 are, not crampton lawn. Baptiste me, father, for she has sinned!

1 Through her catchment ring she freed them easy, with her hips'
2 hurrahs for her knees'dontelleries. The only parr with frills in
3 old the plain. So they are, I declare! Welland well! If tomorrow
4 keeps fine who'll come tripping to sightsee? How'll? Ask me
5 next what I haven't got! The Belvedarean exhibitioners. In their
6 cruisery caps and oarsclub colours. What hoo, they band! And
7 what hoa, they buck! And here is her nubilee letters too. Ellis
8 on quay in scarlet thread. Linked for the world on a flush-
9 caloured field. Annan exe after to show they're not Laura Ke-
10 own's. O, may the diabolo twisk your seifety pin! You child of
11 Mammon, Kinsella's Lilith! Now who has been tearing the leg
12 of her drawars on her? Which leg is it? The one with the bells
13 on it. Rinse them out and aston along with you! Where did I
14 stop? Never stop! Continuarration! You're not there yet. I
15 amstel waiting. Garonne, garonne!

16 Well, after it was put in the Mercy Cordial Mendicants' Sitter-
17 dag-Zindeh-Munaday Wakeschrift (for once they sullied their
18 white kidloves, chewing cud's after their dinners of cheeckin and
19 beggin, with their show us it here and their mind out of that and
20 their when you're quite finished with the reading matarial), even
21 the snee that snowdon his hoaring hair had a skunner against
22 him. Thaw, thaw, sava, savuto! Score Her Chuff Exsquire!
23 Everywhere erriff you went and every bung you arver dropped
24 into, in cit or suburb or in addled areas, the Rose and Bottle or
25 Phoenix Tavern or Power's Inn or Jude's Hotel or wherever you
26 scoured the countryside from Nannywater to Vartryville or from
27 Porta Lateen to the lootin quarter you found his ikom etsched
28 tipside down or the cornerboys cammocking his guy and Morris
29 the Man, with the role of a royss in his turgos the turrible, (Evro-
30 peahahn cheic house, unskimmed sooit and yahoort, hamman
31 now cheekmee, Ahdahm this way make, Fatima, half tum!)
32 reeling and railing round the local as the peihos piped und uban-
33 jees twanged, with oddfellow's triple tiara busby rotundarinking
34 round his scalp. Like Pate-by-the-Neva or Pete-over-Meer. This
35 is the Hausman all paven and stoned, that cribbed the Cabin that
36 never was owned that cocked his leg and hennad his Egg. And

1 the mauldryn rabble around him in areopage, fracassing a great
2 bingkan cagnan with their timpan crowders. Mind your Grimm-
3 father! Think of your Ma! Hing the Hong is his jove's hang-
4 nomen! Lilt a bolero, bulling a law! She swore on croststyx nyne
5 wyndabouts she's be level with all the snags of them yet. Par the
6 Vulnerable Virgin's Mary del Dame! So she said to herself she'd
7 frame a plan to fake a shine, the mischiefmaker, the like of it you
8 niever heard. What plan? Tell me quick and dongu so crould!
9 What the meurther did she mague? Well, she bergened a zakbag,
10 a shammy mailsack, with the lend of a loan of the light of his
11 lampion, off one of her swapsons, Shaun the Post, and then she
12 went and consulted her chapboucqs, old Mot Moore, Casey's
13 Euclid and the Fashion Display and made herself tidal to join
14 in the mascarete. O gig goggle of gigguels. I can't tell you how!
15 It's too screaming to rizo, rabbit it all! Minneha, minnehi mina-
16 aehe, minneho! O but you must, you must really! Make my hear
17 it gurgle, like the farest gargle gargle in the dusky dirgle
18 dargle! By the holy well of Mulhuddart I swear I'd pledge my
19 chanza getting to heaven through Tirry and Killy's mount of
20 impiety to hear it all, aviary word! O, leave me my faculties,
21 woman, a while! If you don't like my story get out of the punt.
22 Well, have it your own way, so. Here, sit down and do as you're
23 bid. Take my stroke and bend to your bow. Forward in and pull
24 your overthepoise! Lisp it slaney and crisp it quiet. Deel me long-
25 some. Tongue your time now. Breathe thet deep. Thouat's the
26 fairway. Hurry slow and scheldt you go. Lynd us your blessed
27 ashes here till I scrub the canon's underpants. Flow now. Ower
28 more. And pooleypooley.

29 First she let her hair fal and down it flussed to her feet its
30 teviots winding coils. Then, mothernaked, she sampood herself
31 with galawater and fraguant pistania mud, wupper and lauar,
32 from crown to sole. Next she greesed the groove of her keel,
33 warthes and wears and mole and itcher, with antifouling butter-
34 scatch and turfentide and serpentyme and with leafmould she
35 ushered round prunella isles and eslats dun, quincecunct, allover
36 her little mary. Peeld gold of waxwork her jellybelly and her

1 grains of incense anguille bronze. And after that she wove a gar-
2 land for her hair. She pleated it. She plaited it. Of meadowgrass
3 and riverflags, the bulrush and waterweed, and of fallen griefs of
4 weeping willow. Then she made her bracelets and her anklets
5 and her armlets and a jetty amulet for necklace of clicking cobbles
6 and pattering pebbles and rumbledown rubble, richmond and
7 rehr, of Irish rhunerhinerstones and shellmarble bangles. That
8 done, a dawk of smut to her airy ey, Annushka Lutetiavitch
9 Pufflovah, and the lollipop cream to her lippeleens and the pick
10 of the paintbox for her pommettes, from strawbirry reds to
11 extra violates, and she sendred her boudeloire maids to His
12 Affluence, Ciliogia Grande and Kirschie Real, the two chirsines,
13 with respects from his missus, seepy and sewery, and a request
14 might she passe of him for a minnikin. A call to pay and light a
15 taper, in Brie-on-Arrosa, back in a sprizzling. The cock striking
16 mine, the stalls bridely sign, there's Zambosy waiting for Me!
17 She said she wouldn't be half her length away. Then, then, as
18 soon as the lump his back was turned, with her mealiebag slang
19 over her shulder, Anna Livia, oysterface, forth of her bassein
20 came.

21 Describe her! Hustle along, why can't you? Spitz on the iern
22 while it's hot. I wouldn't miss her for irthing on nerthe. Not for
23 the lucre of lomba strait. Oceans of Gaud, I mosel hear that!
24 Ogowe presta! Leste, before Julia sees her! Ishekarry and washe-
25 meskad, the carishy caratimaney? Whole lady fair? Duodecimo-
26 roon? Bon a ventura? Malagassy? What had she on, the liddel oud
27 oddity? How much did she scallop, harness and weights? Here
28 she is, Amnistry Ann! Call her calamity electrifies man.

29 No electress at all but old Moppa Necessity, angin mother of
30 injons. I'll tell you a test. But you must sit still. Will you hold
31 your peace and listen well to what I am going to say now? It
32 might have been ten or twenty to one of the night of Allclose or
33 the nexth of April when the flip of her hoogly igloo flappered and
34 out toetippit a bushman woman, the dearest little moma ever
35 you saw, nodding around her, all smiles, with ems of embarras
36 and aues to awe, between two ages, a judyqueen, not up to your

1 elb. Quick, look at her cute and saise her quirk for the bicker she
2 lives the slicker she grows. Save us and tagus! No more? Werra
3 where in ourthe did you ever pick a Lambay chop as big as a
4 battering ram? Ay, you're right. I'm epte to forgetting, Like
5 Liviam Liddle did Loveme Long. The linth of my hough, I say!
6 She wore a ploughboy's nailstudded clogs, a pair of ploughfields
7 in themselves: a sugarloaf hat with a gaudyquiviry peak and a
8 band of gorse for an arnoment and a hundred streamers dancing
9 off it and a guildered pin to pierce it: owlglassy bicycles boggled
10 her eyes: and a fishnetzeveil for the sun not to spoil the wrinklins
11 of her hydeaspects: potatorings boucled the loose laubes of her
12 laudsnarers: her nude cuba stockings were salmospotspeckled: she
13 sported a galligo shimmy of hazevaipar tinto that never was fast
14 till it ran in the washing: stout stays, the rivals, lined her length:
15 her bloodorange bockknickers, a two in one garment, showed
16 natural nigger bidders, fancyfastened, free to undo: her black-
17 stripe tan joseph was sequansewn and teddybearlined, with wavy
18 rushgreen epaulettes and a leadown here and there of royal
19 swansruff: a brace of gaspers stuck in her hayrope garters: her
20 civvy codroy coat with alpheubett buttons was boundaried round
21 with a twobar tunnel belt: a fourpenny bit in each pocket-side
22 weighed her safe from the blowaway windrush; she had a clothes-
23 peg tight astride on her joki's nose and she kep on grinding a
24 sommething quaint in her fiumy mouth and the rreke of the
25 fluve of the tail of the gawan of her snuffdrab siouler's skirt
26 trailed ffifty odd Irish miles behind her lungarhodes.

27 Hellsbells, I'm sorry I missed her! Sweet gumptyum and no-
28 body fainted! But in whelk of her mouths? Was her naze alright?
29 Everyone that saw her said the dowce little delia looked a bit
30 queer. Lotsy trotsy, mind the poddle! Missus, be good and don't
31 fol in the say! Fenny poor hex she must have charred. Kickhams
32 a frumpier ever you saw! Making mush mullet's eyes at her boys
33 dobelon. And they crowned her their chariton queen, all the
34 maids. Of the may? You don't say! Well for her she couldn't
35 see herself. I recknitz wharfore the darling murrayed her mirror.
36 She did? Mersey me! There was a koros of drouthdropping sur-

1 facemen, boomslanging and plugchewing, fruiteyeing and flower-
2 feeding, in contemplation of the fluctuation and the undification
3 of her filimentation, lolling and leasing on North Lazers' Waal
4 all eelfare week by the Jukar Yoick's and as soon as they saw her
5 meander by that marritime way in her grasswinter's weeds and
6 twigged who was under her archdeaconess bonnet, Avondale's
7 fish and Clarence's poison, sedges an to aneber, Wit-upon-
8 Crutches to Master Bates: *Between our two southsates and the*
9 *granite they're warming, or her face has been lifted or Alp has doped!*

10 But what was the game in her mixed baggyrhatty? Just the
11 tembo in her tumbo or pillipili from her pepperpot? Saas and
12 taas and specis bizaas. And where in thunder did she plunder?
13 Fore the battle or efter the ball? I want to get it frisk from the
14 soorce. I aubette my bearb it's worth while poaching on! Shake
15 it up, do, do! That's a good old son of a ditch! I promise I'll
16 make it worth your while. And I don't mean maybe. Nor yet
17 with a goodfor. Spey me pruth and I'll tale you true.

18 Well, arundgirond in a waveney lyne aringarouma she pattered
19 and swung and sidled, dribbling her boulder through narrowa
20 mosses, the diliskydrear on our drier side and the vilde vetchvine
21 agin us, curara here, careero there, not knowing which medway
22 or weser to strike it, edereider, making chattahoochee all to her
23 ain chichiu, like Santa Claus at the cree of the pale and puny,
24 nistling to hear for their tiny hearties, her arms encircling Isola-
25 bella, then running with reconciled Romas and Reims, on like a
26 lech to be off like a dart, then bathing Dirty Hans' spatters with
27 spittle, with a Christmas box apiece for aisch and iveryone of her
28 childer, the birthday gifts they dreamt they gabe her, the spoiled
29 she fleetly laid at our door! On the matt, by the pourch and in-
30 under the cellar. The rivulets ran aflod to see, the glashaboys, the
31 pollynooties. Out of the paunschaup on to the pyre. And they all
32 about her, juvenile leads and ingenuinas, from the slime of their
33 slums and artesaned wellings, rickets and riots, like the Smyly
34 boys at their vicereine's levee. Vivi vienne, little Annchen! Vielo
35 Anna, high life! Sing us a sula, O, susuria! Ausone sidulcis!
36 Hasn't she tambre! Chipping her and raising a bit of a chir or a

1 jary every dive she'd neb in her culdee sacco of wabbash she
2 raabed and reach out her maundy meerschaundize, poor souvenir
3 as per ricorder and all for sore aringarung, stinkers and heelers,
4 laggards and primelads, her furzeborn sons and dribblederry
5 daughters, a thousand and one of them, and wickerpotluck for
6 each of them. For evil and ever. And kiks the buch. A tinker's
7 bann and a barrow to boil his billy for Gipsy Lee; a cartridge of
8 cockaleekie soup for Chummy the Guardsman; for sulky Pen-
9 der's acid nephew deltoïd drops, curiously strong; a cough and
10 a rattle and wildrose cheeks for poor Piccolina Petite MacFarlane;
11 a jigsaw puzzle of needles and pins and blankets and shins between
12 them for Isabel, Jezebel and Llewelyn Mmarriage; a brazen nose
13 and pigiron mittens for Johnny Walker Beg; a papar flag of the
14 saints and stripes for Kevineen O'Dea; a puffpuff for Pudge Craig
15 and a nightmarching hare for Techertim Tombigby; waterleg
16 and gumboots each for Bully Hayes and Hurricane Hartigan;
17 a prodigal heart and fatted calves for Buck Jones, the pride of
18 Clonliffe; a loaf of bread and a father's early aim for Val from
19 Skibereen; a jauntingcar for Larry Doolin, the Ballyclee jackeen;
20 a seasick trip on a government ship for Teague O'Flanagan; a
21 louse and trap for Jerry Coyle; slushmincepies for Andy Mac-
22 kenzie; a hairclip and clackdish for Penceless Peter; that twelve
23 sounds look for G. V. Brooke; a drowned doll, to face down-
24 wards for modest Sister Anne Mortimer; altar falls for Blanchisse's
25 bed; Wildairs' breechettes for Magpeg Woppington; to Sue Dot
26 a big eye; to Sam Dash a false step; snakes in clover, picked and
27 scotched, and a vaticanned viper catcher's visa for Patsy Presbys;
28 a reiz every morning for Standfast Dick and a drop every minute
29 for Stumblestone Davy; scruboak beads for beatified Biddy; two
30 appletweed stools for Eva Mobbely; for Saara Philpot a jordan
31 vale tearorne; a pretty box of Pettyfib's Powder for Eileen Aruna
32 to whiten her teeth and outflash Helen Arhone; a whippingtop
33 for Eddy Lawless; for Kitty Coleraine of Butterman's Lane a
34 penny wise for her foolish pitcher; a putty shovel for Terry the
35 Puckaun; an apotamus mask for Promoter Dunne; a niester egg
36 with a twicedated shell and a dynamight right for Pavl the Curate;

1 a collera morboous for Mann in the Cloack; a starr and girton for
2 Draper and Deane; for Will-of-the-Wisp and Barny-the-Bark two
3 mangolds noble to sweeden their bitters; for Oliver Bound a
4 way in his frey; for Seumas, thought little, a crown he feels big;
5 a tibertine's pile with a Congoswood cross on the back for
6 Sunny Twimjim; a praises be and spare me days for Brian-the
7 Bravo; pentepenty of pity with lubilashings of lust for Olona
8 Lena Magdalena; for Camilla, Dromilla, Ludmilla, Mamilla, a
9 bucket, a packet, a book and a pillow; for Nancy Shannon a
10 Tuami brooch; for Dora Riparia Hopeandwater a cooling douche
11 and a warmingpan; a pair of Blarney braggs for Wally Meagher;
12 a hairpin slatepencil for Elsie Oram to scratch her toby, doing
13 her best with her volgar fractions; an old age pension for Betty
14 Bellezza; a bag of the blues for Funny Fitz; a *Missa pro Messa* for
15 Taff de Taff; Jill, the spoon of a girl, for Jack, the broth of a boy;
16 a Rogerson Crusoe's Friday fast for Caducus Angelus Rubicon-
17 stein; three hundred and sixtysix poplin tyne for revery warp in
18 the weaver's woof for Victor Hugonot; a stiff steaded rake and
19 good varians muck for Kate the Cleaner; a hole in the ballad for
20 Hosty; two dozen of cradles for J.F.X.P. Coppinger; tenpounten
21 on the pop for the daulphins born with five spoiled squibs for
22 Infanta; a letter to last a lifetime for Maggi beyond by the ashpit;
23 the heftiest frozenmeat woman from Lusk to Livienbad for Felim
24 the Ferry; spas and speranza and symposium's syrup for decayed
25 and blind and gouty Gough; a change of naves and joys of ills
26 for Armoricus Tristram Amoor Saint Lawrence; a guillotine
27 shirt for Reuben Redbreast and hempen suspendeats for Bren-
28 nan on the Moor; an oakanknee for Conditor Sawyer and mus-
29 quodoboits for Great Tropical Scott; a C3 peduncle for Karma-
30 lite Kane; a sunless map of the month, including the sword and
31 stamps, for Shemus O'Shaun the Post; a jackal with hide for
32 Browne but Nolan; a stonecold shoulder for Donn Joe Vance;
33 all lock and no stable for Honorbright Merreytrickx; a big drum
34 for Billy Dunboyne; a guilty goldeny bellows, below me blow
35 me,for Ida Ida and a hushaby rocker,Elletrouvetout,for Who-is-
36 silvier — Where-is-he?; whatever you like to swilly to swash,

1 Yuinness or Yennessy, Laagen or Niger, for Festus King and
2 Roaring Peter and Frisky Shorty and Treacle Tom and O. B.
3 Behan and Sully the Thug and Master Magrath and Peter Cloran
4 and O'Delawarr Rossa and Nerone MacPacem and whoever you
5 chance to meet knocking around; and a pig's bladder balloon for
6 Selina Susquehanna Stakelum. But what did she give to Pruda
7 Ward and Katty Kanel and Peggy Quilty and Briery Brosna and
8 Teasy Kieran and Ena Lappin and Muriel Maassy and Zusan Camac
9 and Melissa Bradogue and Flora Ferns and Fauna Fox-Good-
10 man and Grettna Greaney and Penelope Inglesante and Lezba
11 Licking like Leytha Liane and Roxana Rohan with Simpatica
12 Sohan and Una Bina Laterza and Trina La Mesme and Philomena
13 O'Farrell and Irmak Elly and Josephine Foyle and Snakeshead
14 Lily and Fountainoy Laura and Marie Xavier Agnes Daisy
15 Frances de Sales Macleay? She gave them ilcka madre's daughter
16 a moonflower and a bloodvein: but the grapes that ripe before
17 reason to them that devide the vinedress. So on Izzy, her shame-
18 maid, love shone befond her tears as from Shem, her penmight,
19 life past befoul his prime.

20 My colonial, wardha bagful! A bakereen's dusind with tithe
21 tillies to boot. That's what you may call a tale of a tub! And Hi-
22 bernonian market! All that and more under one crinoline enve-
23 lope if you dare to break the porkbarrel seal. No wonder they'd
24 run from her pison plague. Throw us your hudson soap for the
25 honour of Clane! The wee taste the water left. I'll raft it back,
26 first thing in the marne. Merced mulde! Ay, and don't forget the
27 reckitts I lohaned you. You've all the swirls your side of the cur-
28 rent. Well, am I to blame for that if I have? Who said you're to
29 blame for that if you have? You're a bit on the sharp side. I'm on
30 the wide. Only snuffers' cornets drifts my way that the cracka
31 dvine chucks out of his cassock, with her estheryear's marsh
32 narcissus to make him recant his vanitty fair. Foul strips of his
33 chinook's bible I do be reading, dodwell disgusted but chickled
34 with chuckles at the tittles is drawn on the tattlepage. *Senior ga*
35 *dito: Faciasi Omo! E omo fu fo. Ho! Ho! Senior ga dito: Faciasi*
36 *Hidamo! Hidamo se ga facessà. Ha! Ha! And Die Windermere*

1 *Dichter* and Lefanu (Sheridan's) old *House by the Coachyard* and
2 Mill (J.) *On Woman with Ditto on the Floss*. Ja, a swamp for Alt-
3 muehler and a stone for his flossies! I know how racy they move
4 his wheel. My hands are blawcauld between isker and suda like
5 that piece of pattern chayney there, lying below. Or where is it?
6 Lying beside the sedge I saw it. Hoangho, my sorrow, I've lost
7 it! Aimihi! With that turbary water who could see? So near and
8 yet so far! But O, gihon! I lovat a gabber. I could listen to maure
9 and moravar again. Regn onder river. Flies do your float. Thick
10 is the life for mere.

11 Well, you know or don't you kennet or haven't I told you
12 every telling has a taling and that's the he and the she of it. Look,
13 look, the dusk is growing! My branches lofty are taking root.
14 And my cold cher's gone ashley. Fieluhr? Filou! What age is at?
15 It saon is late. 'Tis endless now senne eye or erewone last saw
16 Waterhouse's clogh. They took it asunder, I hurd thum sigh.
17 When will they reassemble it? O, my back, my back, my bach!
18 I'd want to go to Aches-les-Pains. Pingpong! There's the Belle
19 for Sexaloitez! And Concepta de Send-us-pray! Pang! Wring out
20 the clothes! Wring in the dew! Godavari, vert the showers! And
21 grant thaya grace! Aman. Will we spread them here now? Ay,
22 we will. Flip! Spread on your bank and I'll spread mine on mine.
23 Flep! It's what I'm doing. Spread! It's churning chill. Der went is
24 rising. I'll lay a few stones on the hostel sheets. A man and his bride
25 embraced between them. Else I'd have sprinkled and folded them
26 only. And I'll tie my butcher's apron here. It's suety yet. The
27 strollers will pass it by. Six shifts, ten kerchiefs, nine to hold to
28 the fire and this for the code, the convent napkins, twelve, one
29 baby's shawl. Good mother Jossiph knows, she said. Whose
30 head? Mutter snores? Deataceas! Wharnow are alle her childer,
31 say? In kingdome gone or power to come or gloria be to them
32 farther? Allalivial, allalluvial! Some here, more no more, more
33 again lost alla stranger. I've heard tell that same brooch of the
34 Shannons was married into a family in Spain. And all the Dun-
35 ders de Dunnes in Markland's Vineland beyond Brendan's herring
36 pool takes number nine in yangsee's hats. And one of Biddy's

1 beads went bobbing till she rounded up lost histereve with a
2 marigold and a cobbler's candle in a side strain of a main drain
3 of a manzinahurries off Bachelor's Walk. But all that's left to the
4 last of the Meaghers in the loup of the years prefixed and between
5 is one kneebuckle and two hooks in the front. Do you tell me.
6 that now? I do in troth. Orara por Orbe and poor Las Animas!
7 Ussa, Ulla, we're umbas all! Mezha, didn't you hear it a deluge of
8 times, ufer and ufer, respund to spond? You deed, you deed! I
9 need, I need! It's that irrawaddyng I've stoke in my aars. It all
10 but husheth the lethest zswound. Oronoko! What's your trouble?
11 Is that the great Finnleader himself in his joakimono on his statue
12 riding the high hone there forehengist? Father of Otters, it is
13 himself! Yonne there! Isset that? On Fallareen Common? You're
14 thinking of Astley's Amphitheayter where the bobby restrained
15 you making sugarstuck pouts to the ghostwhite horse of the
16 Peppers. Throw the cobwebs from your eyes, woman, and spread
17 your washing proper! It's well I know your sort of slop. Flap!
18 Ireland sober is Ireland stiff Lord help you, Maria, full of grease,
19 the load is with me! Your prayers. I sonht zo! Madammangut!
20 Were you lifting your elbow, tell us, glazy cheeks, in Conway's
21 Carrigacurra canteen? Was I what, hobbledyhips? Flop! Your
22 rere gait's creakorheuman bitts your butts disagrees. Amn't I
23 up since the damp tawn, marthared mary allacook, with Corri-
24 gan's pulse and varicoarse veins, my pramaxle smashed, Alice
25 Jane in decline and my oneeyed mongrel twice run over, soaking
26 and bleaching boiler rags, and sweating cold, a widow like me,
27 for to deck my tennis champion son, the laundryman with the
28 lavandier flannels? You won your limpopo limp from the husky
29 hussars when Collars and Cuffs was heir to the town and your
30 slur gave the stink to Carlow. Holy Scamander, I sar it again!
31 Near the golden falls. Icis on us! Seints of light! Zezere! Subdue
32 your noise, you hamble creature! What is it but a blackburry
33 growth or the dwyergray ass them four old codgers owns. Are
34 you meanam Tarpey and Lyons and Gregory? I meyne now,
35 thank all, the four of them, and the roar of them, that drives
36 that stray in the mist and old Johnny MacDougal along with

1 them. Is that the Poolbeg flasher beyant, pharphar, or a fireboat
2 coasting nyar the Kishtna or a glow I behold within a hedge or
3 my Garry come back from the Indes? Wait till the honeying of
4 the lune, love! Die eve, little eve, die! We see that wonder in
5 your eye. We'll meet again, we'll part once more. The spot I'll
6 seek if the hour you'll find. My chart shines high where the blue
7 milk's upset. Forgivemequick, I'm going! Bubyee! And you,
8 pluck your watch, forgetmenot. Your evenlode. So save to
9 jurna's end! My sights are swimming thicker on me by the sha-
10 dows to this place. I sow home slowly now by own way, moy-
11 valley way. Towy I too, rathmine.

12 Ah, but she was the queer old skeowsha anyhow, Anna Livia,
13 trinkettoes! And sure he was the quare old buntz too, Dear Dirty
14 Dumpling, foostherfather of fingalls and dotthergills. Gammer
15 and gaffer we're all their gangsters. Hadn't he seven dams to wive
16 him? And every dam had her seven crutches. And every crutch
17 had its seven hues. And each hue had a differing cry. Sudds for
18 me and supper for you and the doctor's bill for Joe John. Befor!
19 Bifur! He married his markets, cheap by foul, I know, like any
20 Etrurian Catholic Heathen, in their pinky limony creamy birnies
21 and their turkiss indienne mauves. But at milkidmass who was
22 the spouse? Then all that was was fair. Tys Elvenland! Teems of
23 times and happy returns. The seim anew. Ordovico or viricordo.
24 Anna was, Livia is, Plurabelle's to be. Northmen's thing made
25 southfolk's place but howmulty plurators made eachone in per-
26 son? Latin me that, my trinity scholard, out of eure sanscreed into
27 oure eryan! *Hircus Civis Eblanensis!* He had buckgoat paps on
28 him, soft ones for orphans. Ho, Lord! Twins of his bosom. Lord
29 save us! And ho! Hey? What all men. Hot? His tittering daugh-
30 ters of. Whawk?

31 Can't hear with the waters of. The chittering waters of. Flitter-
32 ing bats, fieldmice bawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone ahome?
33 What Thom Malone? Can't hear with bawk of bats, all thim liffey-
34 ing waters of. Ho, talk save us! My foos won't moos. I feel as old
35 as yonder elm. A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia's daughter-
36 sons. Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel

1 as heavy as yonder stone. Tell me of John or Shaun? Who were
2 Shem and Shaun the living sons or daughters of? Night now!
3 Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Telmetale of stem or
4 stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters
5 of. Night!

1 Every evening at lighting up o'clock sharp and until further
2 notice in Feenichts Playhouse. (Bar and conveniences always
3 open, Diddlem Club douncesteers.) Entrancings: gads, a scrub;
4 the quality, one large shilling. Newly billed for each wickeday
5 perfumance. Somndoze massinees. By arraignment, childream's
6 hours, expercatered. Jampots, rinsed porters, taken in token. With
7 nightly redistribution of parts and players by the puppetry pro-
8 ducer and daily dubbing of ghosters, with the benediction of the
9 Holy Genesius Archimimus and under the distinguished patron-
10 age of their Elderships the Oldens from the four coroners of
11 Findrias, Murias, Gorias and Falias, Messoirs the Coarbs, Clive
12 Sollis, Galorius Kettle, Pobiedo Lancey and Pierre Dusort,
13 while the Caesar-in-Chief looks. On. Sennet. As played to the
14 Adelphi by the Brothers Bratislavoff (Hyrcan and Haristobulus),
15 after humpteen dumpteen revivals. Before ah the King's Hoarsers
16 with all the Queen's Mum. And wordloosed over seven seas
17 crowdblast in cellelleneteutoslavzend - latinsoundscript. In four
18 tubbloids. While fern may cald us until firn make cold. *The Mime*
19 *of Mick, Nick and the Maggies*, adopted from the Ballymooney
20 Bloodriddon Murther by Bluechin Blackdillain (authorways 'Big
21 Storey'), featuring:
22 GLUGG (Mr Seumas McQuillad, hear the riddles between the
23 robot in his dress circular and the gagster in the rogues' gallery),
24 the bold bad bleak boy of the storybooks, who, when the tabs go

1 up, as we discover, because he knew to mutch, has been divorced
2 into disgrace court by
3 THE FLORAS (Girl Scouts from St. Bride's Finishing Establish-
4 ment, demand acidulateds), a month's bunch of pretty maidens
5 who, while they pick on her, their pet peeve, form with valkyri-
6 enne licence the guard for
7 IZOD (Miss Butys Pott, ask the attendantess for a leaflet), a be-
8 witching blonde who dimples delightfully and is approached in
9 loveliness only by her grateful sister reflection in a mirror, the cloud
10 of the opal, who, having jilted Glugg, is being fatally fascinated by
11 CHUFF (Mr Sean O'Mailey, see the chalk and sanguine picto-
12 graph on the safety drop), the fine frank fairhaired fellow of the
13 fairytales, who wrestles for tophole with the bold bad bleak boy
14 Glugg, geminally about caps or puds or tog bags or bog gats or
15 chuting rudskin gunerally or something, until they adumbrace a
16 pattern of somebody else or other, after which they are both car-
17 ried off the set and brought home to be well soaped, sponged and
18 scrubbed again by
19 ANN (Miss Corrie Corriendo, Grischun scoula, bring the babes,
20 Pieder, Poder and Turtey, she mistributes mandamus monies,
21 after perdunamento, hendrud aloven entrees, pulcinellis must not
22 miss our national rooster's rag), their poor little old mother-in-
23 lieu, who is woman of the house, playing opposite to
24 HUMP (Mr Makeall Gone, read the sayings from Laxdalesaga
25 in the programme about King Ericus of Schweden and the spirit's
26 whispers in his magical helmet), cap-a-pipe with watch and top-
27 per, coat, crest and supporters, the cause of all our grievances,
28 the whirl, the flash and the trouble, who, having partially re-
29 covered from a recent impeachment due to egg everlasting, but
30 throughandthoroughly proconverted, propounded for cyclo-
31 logical, is, studding sail once more, jibsheets and royals, in the
32 semblance of the substance for the membrance of the umbrance
33 with the remnance of the emblence reveiling a quemdam super-
34 cargo, of The Rockery, Poopinheavin, engaged in entertaining
35 in his pilgrimst customhouse at Caherlehome-upon-Eskur those
36 statutory persons

1 THE CUSTOMERS (Components of the Afterhour Courses at St.
2 Patricius' Academy for Grownup Gentlemen, consult the annu-
3 ary, coldporters sibsuction), a bundle of a dozen of representa-
4 tive locomotive civics, each inn quest of outings, who are still
5 more sloppily served after every cup final by
6 SAUNDERSON (Mr Knut Oelsvinger, Tiffsdays off, wouldntstop
7 in bad, imitation of flatfish, torchbearing supperaape, dud half-
8 sovereign, no chee daily, roly pollies, Glen of the Downs, the
9 Gugnir, his geyswerks, his earsequack, his lokistroki, o.s.v.), a
10 scherinsheiner and spoilcurate, unconcerned in the mystery but
11 under the inflouce of the milldieuw and butt of
12 KATE (Miss Rachel Lea Varian, she tells forkings for baschfel-
13 lors, under purdah of card palmer teaput tosspot Madam d'Elta,
14 during the pawses), kook-and-dishdrudge, whitch believes wan-
15 thingthats, whouse be the churchyard or whorts up the aasgaars,
16 the show must go on.
17 Time: the pressant.
18 With futurist onehorse balletbattle pictures and the Pageant
19 of Past History worked up with animal variations amid ever-
20 glaning mangrovemazes and beorbtractors by Messrs Thud and
21 Blunder. Shadows by the film folk, masses by the good people.
22 Promptings by Elanio Vitale. Longshots, upcloses, outblacks and
23 stagetolets by Hexenschuss, Coachmaher, Incubone and Rock-
24 narrag. Creations tastefully designed by Madame Berthe Dela-
25 mode. Dances arranged by Harley Quinn and Coollimbeina.
26 Jests, jokes, jigs and jorums for the Wake lent from the properties
27 of the late cemented Mr T. M. Finnegan R.I.C. Lipmasks and
28 hairwigs by Ouida Nooikke. Limes and Floods by Crooker and
29 Toll. Kopay pibe by Kappa Pedersen. Hoed Pine hat with
30 twentyfour ventholes by Morgen. Bosse and stringbag from
31 Heteroditheroe's and All Ladies' presents. Tree taken for grafted.
32 Rock rent. Phenecian blends and Sourdanian doofpoosts by
33 Shauvesourishe and Wohntbedarf. The oakmulberryeke with
34 silktrick twomesh from Shop-Sowry, seedsmanchap. Grabstone
35 beg from General Orders Mailed. The crack (that's Cork!) by
36 a smoker from the gods. The interjection (Buckley!) by the fire-

1 ment in the pit. Accidental music providentially arranged by
2 L'Archet and Laccorde. Melodiotiosities in purefusion by the
3 score. To start with in the beginning, we need hirtly bemark,
4 a community prayer, everyone for himself, and to conclude
5 with as an exodus, we think it well to add, a chorale in canon,
6 good for us all for us all all. Songs betune the acts by
7 the ambiamphions of Annapolis, Joan MockComic, male so-
8 prano, and Jean Souslevin, bass noble, respectively: O, Mester
9 Sogerman, ef thes es whot ye deux, then I'm not surpleased ye
10 want that bottle of Sauvequipeu and Oh Off Nunch Der Rasche
11 Ver Lasse Mitsch Nitscht. Till the summit scenes of climbbacks
12 castastrophear, *The Bearded Mountain* (Polymop Barethe-
13 rootsch), and *The River Romps* to Nursery (Maidykins in Undi-
14 form). The whole thugogmagog, including the portions under-
15 stood to be oddmitted as the results of the respective titulars
16 neglecting to produce themselves, to be wound up for an after-
17 enactment by a Magnificent Transformation Scene showing the
18 Radium Wedding of Neid and Moorning and the Dawn of
19 Peace, Pure, Perfect and Perpetual, Waking the Weary of the
20 World.

21 An argument follows.

22 Chuffy was a nangel then and his soard fleshed light like like-
23 ning. Fools top! Singty, sangty, meekly loose, defendy nous from
24 prowlabouts. Make a shine on the curst. Emen.

25 But the duvlin sulph was in Glugger, that lost-to-lurning.
26 Punct. He was sbuffing and sputing, tussing like anisine, whip-
27 ping his eyesoult and gnatsching his teats over the brividies from
28 existers and the outhier liubbocks of life. He halth kelchy chosen
29 a clayblade and makes prayses to his three of clubs. To part from
30 these, my corsets, is into overlusting fear. Acts of feet, hoof and
31 jarrety: athletes longfoot. Djowl, uphere!

32 Aminxt that nombre of evelings, but how pierceful in their so-
33 jestiveness were those first girly stirs, with zitterings of flight re-
34 leased and twinglings of twitchbells in rondel after, with waver-
35 ings that made shimmershake rather naightily all the duskcended
36 airs and shylyit beaconings from shehind hims back. Sammy, call

1 on. Mirrylamb, she was shuffering all the diseasinesses of the un-
 2 herd of. Mary Louisan Shousapinas! If Arck could no more salve
 3 his agnols from the wiles of willy wooly woolf! If all the airish
 4 signics of her dipandump helpabit from an Father Hogam till
 5 the Mutther Masons could not that Glugg to catch her by the
 6 calour of her brideness! Not Rose, Sevilla nor Citronelle; not
 7 Esmeralde, Pervinca nor Indra; not Viola even nor all of them
 8 four themes over. But, the monthage stick in the melmelode jawr,
 9 I am (twintomine) all thees thing. Up tighty in the front, down
 10 again on the loose, drim and drumming on her back and a pop
 11 from her whistle. What is that, O holytroopers? Isot givin yoe?
 12 Up he stulped, glee you gees, with search a fling did die near
 13 sea, beamy owen and calmy hugh and if you what you my call for
 14 me I will wishyoumaycull for you.
 15 And they are met, face a facing. They are set, force to force.
 16 And no such Copenhagen-Marengo was less so fated for a fall
 17 since in Glenasmole of Smiling Thrushes Patch Whyte passed
 18 O'Sheen ascowl.
 19 Arrest thee, scaldbrother! came the evangelion, sabre accu-
 20 sant, from all Saint Joan's Wood to kill or maim him, and be
 21 dummm but ill s'arrested. Et would proffer to his delected one the
 22 his trifle from the grass.
 23 A space. Who are you? The cat's mother. A time. What do
 24 you lack? The look of a queen.
 25 But what is that which is one going toprehend? Seeks, buzzing
 26 is brains, the feinder.
 27 The howtosayto itiswhatis hemustwhomust worden schall.
 28 A darktongues, kunning. O theoperil! Ethiaop lore, the poor lie.
 29 He askit of the hoothed fireshield but it was untergone into the
 30 matthued heaven. He soughed it from the luft but that bore ne
 31 mark ne message. He loked upon the bloomingrund where ongly
 32 his corns were growning. At last he listed back to beckline how
 33 she pranked alone so johntily. The skand for schooling.
 34 With nought a wired from the wordless either.
 35 Item. He was hardset then. He wented to go (somewhere) while
 36 he was weeting. Utem. He wished to grieve on the good persons, that

1 is the four gentlemen. Otem. And it was not a long time till he was
2 feeling true forim he was goodda purssia and it was short after that
3 he was fooling mehaunt to mehynte he was an injine ruber. Etem.
4 He was at his thinker's aunts to give (the four gentlemen) the presence
5 (of a corpse). And this is what he would be willing. He fould the
6 fourd; they found the hurtled stones; they fell ill with the gravy
7 duck: and he sod town with the roust of the meast. Atem.

8 Towhere byhangs ourtales.

9 Ah ho! This poor Glugg! It was so said of him about of his old
10 fontmouther. Truly deplurabel! A dire, O dire! And all the freight-
11 fullness whom he inhebited after his colline born janitor. Some-
12 time towerable! With that hehry antlets on him and the bauble-
13 light bulching out of his sockets whiling away she sprankled his
14 allover with her noces of interregnation: How do you do tha-t lack
15 a lock and pass the poker, please? And bids him tend her, lute
16 and airy. Sing, sweetharp, thing to me anone! So that Glugg,
17 the poor one, in that limbopool which was his subnesciousness
18 he could scares of all knotknow whither his morrder had bourst
19 a blabber or if the vogalstones that hit his tynpan was that nearly
20 his skoll missed her. Misty's trompe or midst his floating? Ah,
21 ho! Cicely, awe!

22 The youngly delightsome frilles-in-pleyurs are now shown
23 drawn, if bud one, or, if in florileague, drawens up consociately
24 at the hinder sight of their commoner guardian. Her boy fiend or
25 theirs, if they are so plurielled, cometh up as a trapadour, sinking
26 how he must fand for himself by gazework what their colours
27 wear as they are all shown drawens up. Tireton, cacheton, tire-
28 ton, ba! Doth that not satisfy youth, sir? Quanty purty bellas,
29 here, Madama Lifay! And what are you going to charm them to,
30 Madama, do say? Cinderynelly angled her slipper; it was cho
31 chiny yet braught her a groom. He will angskt of them from their
32 commoner guardian at next lineup (who is really the rapier of the
33 two though thother brother can hold his own, especially for he
34 bandished it with his hand the hold time, mamain, a simply gra-
35 cious: Mi, O la!), and reloose that thong off his art: Hast thou feel
36 liked carbunckley ones? Apun which his poohoor pricoxity theirs

1 is a little tittertit of hilarity (Lad-o'-me-soul! Lad-o'-me-soul,
2 see!) and the wordchary is atvoiced ringsoundinly by their toots
3 ensembled, though not meaning to be clever, but just with a shrug
4 of their hips to go to troy and harff a freak at himself by all that
5 story to the ulstramarines. Otherwised, holding their noises,
6 they insinuate quiet private, Ni, he make peace in his preaches
7 and play with esteem.

8 Warewolff! Olff! Toboo!

9 So olff for his topheetuck the ruck made raid, aslick aslegs
10 would run; and he ankered on his hunkers with the belly belly
11 prest. Asking: What's my muffinstuffinaches for these times? To
12 weat: Breath and bother and whatarcurss. Then breath more
13 bother and more whatarcurss. Then no breath no bother but wor-
14 rawarrawurms. And Shim shallave shome.

15 As Rigagnolina to Mountagnone, what she meant he could
16 not can. All she meant was golten sylvup, all she meant was
17 some Knight's ploung jamn. It's driving her dafft like he's so
18 dumnb. If he'd lonely talk instead of only gawk as thought yate-
19 man hat stuck hits stick althrough his spokes and if he woold nut
20 wolly so! Hee. Speak, sweetly bird! Mitzymitzy! Though I did
21 ate tough turf I'm not the bogdoxy.

22 — Have you monbreamstone?

23 — No.

24 — or Hellfeuersteyn?

25 — No.

26 — Or Van Diemen's coral pearl?

27 — No.

28 He has lost.

29 Off to clutch, Glugg! Forwhat! Shape your reres, Glugg!
30 Foreweal! Ring we round, Chuff! Fairwell! Chuffchuff's inners
31 even. All's rice with their whorl!

32 Yet, ah tears, who can her mater be? She's promised he'd eye
33 her. To try up her pretti. But now it's so longed and so fared and
34 so forth. Jerry for jauntings. Alabye! Fled.

35 The flossies all and mossies all they drooped upon her draped
36 brimfall. The bowknots, the showlots, they wilted into woeblots.

1 The pearlagraph, the pearlagraph, knew whitchly whether to weep
2 or laugh. For always down in Carolinas lovely Dinahs vaunt their
3 view.

4 Poor Isa sits a glooming so gleaming in the gloaming; the tin-
5 celled a touch tarnished wind no lovelinoise aaround her swan's.
6 Hey, lass! Woefear gleam she so glooming, this pooripathete I
7 solde? Her beauman's gone of a cool. Be good enough to symper-
8 ise. If he's at anywhere she's therefor to join him. If it's to no-
9 where she's going to too. Buf if he'll go to be a son to France's
10 she'll stay daughter of Clare. Bring tansy, throw myrtle, strew
11 rue, rue, rue. She is fading out like Journee's clothes so you can't
12 see her now. Still we know how Day the Dyer works, in dims
13 and deeps and dusks and darks. And among the shades that Eve's
14 now wearing she'll meet anew fiancy, tryst and trow. Mammy
15 was, Mimmy is, Minuscoline's to be. In the Dee dips a dame and
16 the dame desires a demselle but the demselle dresses dolly and
17 the dolly does a dulcydamble. The same renew. For though
18 she's unmerried she'll after truss up and help that hussyband how
19 to hop. Hip it and trip it and chirrub and sing. Lord Chuffy's sky
20 sheraph and Glugg's got to swing.

21 So and so, toe by toe, to and fro they go round, for they are the
22 ingelles, scattering nods as girls who may, for they are an angel's
23 garland.

24 Catchmire stockings, libertyed garters, shoddysshoes, quicked
25 out with selver. Pennyfair caps on pinnyfore frocks and a ring on
26 her fomefing finger. And they leap so looply, looply, as they link
27 to light. And they look so loovely, loovelit, noosed in a nuptious
28 night. Withasly glints in. Andecoy glants out. They ramp it a
29 little, a lessle, a lissle. Then rompride round in rout.

30 Say them all but tell them apart, cadenzando coloratura! R is
31 Rubretta and A is Arancia, Y is for Yilla and N for greeneriN. B
32 is Boyblue with odalisque O while W waters the fleurettes of no-
33 vembrance. Though they're all but merely a schoolgirl yet these
34 way went they. I' th' view o' th'avignue dancing goes entrancing
35 roundly. Miss Oodles of Anems before the Luvium doeslike. So.
36 And then again doeslike. So. And miss Endles of Eons efter Dies

1 of Eirae doeslike. So. And then again doeslike. So. The many
2 wiles of Winsure.

3 The grocer's bawd she slips her hand in the haricot bag, the
4 lady in waiting sips her sup from the paraffin can, Mrs Wildhare
5 Quickdoctor helts her skelts up the casuaway the flasht instinct
6 she herds if a tinkle of tunder, the widow Megrievy she knits cats'
7 cradles, this bountiful actress leashes a harrier under her tongue,
8 and here's the girl who she's kneeled in coldfashion and she's told
9 her priest (spt!) she's pot on a chap (chp!) and this lass not least,
10 this rickissime woman, who she writes foot fortunes money times
11 over in the nursery dust with her capital thumb. Buzz. All run-
12 away sheep bound back bopeep, trailing their teenies behind
13 them. And these ways wend they. And those ways went they.
14 Winnie, Olive and Beatrice, Nelly and Ida, Amy and Rue. Here
15 they come back, all the gay pack, for they are the florals, from
16 foncey and pansey to papavere's blush, foresake-me-nought,
17 while there's leaf there's hope, with pritim's ruse and marry-
18 may's blossom, all the flowers of the ancelles' garden.

19 But vicereversing thereout from those palms of perfection to
20 anger arbour, treerack monatan, scroucely out of scout of ocean,
21 virid with woad, what tornaments of complementary rages rocked
22 the divlun from his punchpoll to his tummy's shentre as he dis-
23 plaid all the oathword science of his visible disgrace. He was
24 feeling so funny and floored for the cue, all over which girls as
25 he don't know whose hue. If goosseys gaziuous would but fain
26 smile him a smile he would be fondling a praise he ate some nice
27 bit of fluff. But no geste reveals the unconnouth. They're all
28 odds against him, the beasties. Scratch. Start.

29 He dove his head into Wat Murrey, gave Stewart Ryall a puck
30 on the plexus, wrestled a hurry-come-union with the Gillie Beg,
31 wiped all his sinses, martial and menial, out of Shrove Sundy
32 MacFearsome, excremuncted as freely as any frothblower into
33 MacIsaac, had a belting bout, chaste to chaste, with McAdoo
34 about nothing and, childhood's age being aye the shameleast, tel
35 a Tartaran tastarin toothsome tarrascone tourtoun, vestimentiv-
36 orous chlamydropagian, imbretellated himself for any time un-

1 tellable with what hung over to the Machonochie Middle from
2 the MacSiccaries of the Breeks. Home!
3 Allwhile, moush missuies from mungy monsie, preying in
4 his mind, son of Everallin, within himself, he swure. Macnoon
5 maggoty mag! Cross of a coppersmith bishop! He would split.
6 He do big squeal like holy Trichepatte. Seek hells where from
7 yank islanders the petriote's absolation. Mocknitza! Genik! He
8 take skiff come first dagrene day overwide tumbler, rough and
9 dark, till when bow of the shower show of the bower with three
10 shirts and a wind, pagoda permittant, crookolevante, the bruce,
11 the coriolano and the ignacio. From prudals to the secular but
12 from the cumman to the nowter. Byebye, Brassolis, I'm breaving!
13 Our war, Dully Gray! A conansdream of Iodascircles, he here
14 schlucefinis. Gelchasser no more! Mischnary for the minestrary
15 to all the sems of Aram. Shimach, eon of Era. Mum's for's
16 maxim, ban's for's book and Dodgesome Dora for hedgehung
17 sheolmastress. And Unkel Silanse coach in diligence. Discon-
18 nection of the succeeding. He wholehog himself for carberry
19 banishment care of Pencylmania, Bretish Armerica, to melt Mrs
20 Gloria of the Bunkers' Trust, recorporated, (prunty!) by meteo-
21 romancy and linguified heissrohgin, quit to hail a hurry laracor
22 and catch the Paname-Turricum and regain that absendee tarry
23 easty, his citta immediata, by an alley and detour with farecard
24 available getrennty years. Right for Rovy the Roder. From the
25 safe side of distance! Libera, nostalgia! Beate Laurentie O'Tuli,
26 Euro pra nobis! Every monk his own cashel where every little
27 ligger is his own liogotenente with inclined jams in full purview
28 to his pronaose and to the deretane at his reredoss. Fuisfinister,
29 fuyerescaper! He would, with the greatest of ease, before of
30 weighting midhook, by dear home trashold on the raging canal,
31 for othersites of Jorden, (heave a hevy, waterboy!) make one
32 of hissens with a knockonacow and a chow collegions and fire
33 off, gheol ghiornal, foull subustioned mullmud, his farced epistol
34 to the hibruws. From Cernilius slomtime prepositus of Toumaria
35 to the clutch in Anteach. Salvo! Ladigs and jointuremen! No more
36 turdenskaulds! Free leaves for ebribadies! All tinsammon in the

1 yord! With harm and aches till farther alters! Wild primates not
2 stop him frem at rearing a writing in handy antics. *Nom de*
3 *plume!* Gout strap Fenlanns! And send Jarge for Mary Ink-
4 lenders! And daunt you logh if his vineshanky's schwemmy!
5 For he is the general, make no mistake in he. He is General
6 Jinglesome.

7 Go in for scribenery with the satiety of arthurs in S.P.Q.R.ish
8 and inform to the old sniggering publicking press and its nation
9 of sheepcopers about the whole plighty troth between them, ma-
10 lady of milady made melodi of malodi, she, the lalage of lyon-
11 esses, and him, her knave arrant. To Wildrose La Gilligan from
12 Croppy Crowhore. For all within crystal range.

13 Ukalepe. Loathers' leave. Had Days. Nemo in Patria. The
14 Luncher Out. Skilly and Carubdish. A Wondering Wreck. From
15 the Mermaids' Tavern. Bullyfamous. Naughtsycalves. Mother of
16 Misery. Walpurgas Nackt.

17 Maleesh! He would bare to untired world of Leimunconon-
18 nulstria (and what a strip poker globbtrottel they pairs would
19 looks!) how wholefallows, his guffer, the sabbatarian (might
20 faction split his beard!), he too had a great big oh in the
21 megafundum of his tomashunders and how her Lettyshape, his
22 gummer, that congealed sponsar, she had never cessed at waking
23 malters among the jemassons since the duft that meataxe delt
24 her made her microchasm as gap as down low. So they fished
25 in the kettle and fought free and if she bit his tailibout all hat
26 tiffin for thea. He would jused sit it all write down just as he
27 would jused set it up all writhefully rate in blotch and void,
28 yielding to no man in hymns ignorance,seeing how heartsilly
29 sorey he was, owning to the condrition of his bikestool. And,
30 reading off his fleshskin and writing with his quillbone, fillfull
31 ninequires with it for his auditors, Caxton and Pollock, a most
32 moraculous jeeremyhead sindbook for all the peoples, under the
33 presidency of the suchess of sceaunonsceau, a hadtobe heldin,
34 thoroughly enjoyed by many so meny on block at Boyrut season
35 and for their account ottorly admired by her husband in sole in-
36 timacy, about whose told his innersense and the grusomehed's

1 yoeureeke of his spectrescope and why he was off colour and how
2 he was ambothed upon by the very spit of himself, first on the
3 cheekside by Michelangelo and, besouns thats, over on the owld
4 jowly side by Bill C. Babby, and the suburb's formule why they
5 provencials drolo eggspilled him out of his homety dometry nar-
6 rowedknee domum (osco de basco de pesco de bisco!) because
7 all his creature comfort was an omulette finas erbas in an ark finis
8 orbe and, no master how mustered, mind never mend, he could
9 neither swuck in nonneither swimp in the flood of cecialism and
10 the best and schortest way of blacking out a caughtalock of all
11 the sorrors of Sexton until he would accoster her coume il fou in
12 teto-dous as a wagoner would his mudheeldy wheesindonk at
13 their trist in Parisise after tourments of tosend years, bread cast
14 out on waters, making goods at mutuurity, Mondamoiseau of
15 Casanuova and Mademoisselle from Armentières. Neblonovi's
16 Nivonovio! Nobbio and Nuby in ennoviacion! Occitantitempoli!
17 He would si through severalls of sanctuaries maywhatmay might-
18 whomight so as to meet somewhere,if produced,on a demi pans-
19 sion for his whole lofetime, payment in goo to slee music and
20 poisonal comfany, following which, like Ipsey Secumbe, when he
21 fingon to foil the fluter, she could have all the g. s. M. she moo-
22 hooded after fore and rickwards to hersIF, including science of
23 sonorous silence, while he, being brung up on soul butter, have
24 recourse of course to poetry. With tears for his coronaichon,
25 such as engines weep. Was liffe worth leaving? Nej!

26 Tholedoth, treetrene! Zokrahsing, stone! Arty, reminiscen-
27 sitive, at bandstand finale on grand carriero, dreaming largesse
28 of lifesighs over early lived offs — all old Sators of the Sowsceptre
29 highly nutritius family histrionic, genitricksling with Avus and
30 Avia, that simple pair, and descendant down on veloutypads by a
31 vuncular process to Nurus and Noverca,those notorious nepotists,
32 circumpictified in their sobrine census, patriss all of them by the
33 glos on their germanefaces and their socerine eyes like transparents
34 of vitricus, patruuts to a man, the archimade levirs of his ekonome
35 world. Remember thee, castle throwen? Ones propsperups treed,
36 now stohong baroque. And oil paint use a pumme if yell trace

1 me there title to where was a hovel not a havel (the first rattle of
2 his juniverse) with a tingtumingling and a next, next and next
3 (gin a paddy? got a petty? gussies, gif it ope?), while itch ish
4 shome.

5 — *My God, alas, that dear olt tumtum home*
6 *Whereof in youthfood port I preyed*
7 *Amook the verdigrassy convict vallsall dazes.*
8 *And cloitered for amourmeant in thy boosome shede!*

9 His mouthfull of ecstasy (for Shing-Yung-Thing in Shina from
10 Yoruyume across the Timor Sea), herepong (maladventure!) shot
11 pinging up through the errorooth of his wisdom (who thought
12 him a Fonar all, feastking of shellies by googling Lovvey, regally
13 freytherem, eagelly plumed, and wasbut gumboil owrithy prods
14 wretched some horsery megee plods coffin acid odarkery pluds
15 dense floppens mugurdy) as thought it had been zawhen intwo.
16 Wholly sanguish blooded up disconvulsing the fixtures of his
17 fizz. Apang which his temporary chewer med him a crazy chump
18 of a Haveajube Sillayass. Joshua Croesus, son of Nunn! Though
19 he shall live for millions of years a life of billions of years, from
20 their roseaced glows to their violast lustres, he shall not forget
21 that pucking Pugases. Holihowlsballs and bloody acres! Like
22 gnawthing unheardth!

23 But, by Jove Chronides, Seed of Summ, after at he had bate
24 his breastplates for, forforget, forforgetting his birdsplace, it was
25 soon that, that he, that he rehad himself. By a prayer? No, that
26 comes later. By contrite attrition? Nay, that we passed. Mid
27 esercizism? So is richt.

28 And it was so. And Malthos Moramor resumed his soul. With:
29 Go Ferchios off to Allad out of this! An oldsteinsong. He threwed
30 his fit up to his aers, rolled his poligone eyes, snivelled from his
31 snose and blew the guff out of his hornypipe. The hopjoint jerk
32 of a ladle broom jig that he learned in locofoco when a redhot
33 turnspite he. Under reign of old Roastin the Bowl Ratskillers,
34 readyos! Why was that man for he's doin her wrong! Lookery
35 looks, how he's knots in his entrails! Mookery mooks, it's a
36 grippe of his gripes. Seekeryseeks, why his biting he's head off?

1 Cokerycokes, it's his spurt of coal. And may his tarpitch dilute
2 not give him chromitis! For the mauwe that blinks you blank is
3 mostly Carbo. Where the inflammabilis might pursuive his com-
4 burenda with a pure flame and a true flame and a flame all too-
5 gasser, soot. The worst is over. Wait! And the dubuny Mag may
6 gang to preesses. With Dinny Finneen, me canty, ho! In the lost
7 of the gleamens. Sousymoust. For he would himself deal a treat-
8 ment as might be trusted in anticipation of his inculmination unto
9 fructification for the major operation. When (pip!) a message
10 interfering intermitting interskips from them (pet!) on herzian
11 waves, (call her venicey names! call her a stell!) a butterfly from
12 her zipclashed handbag, a wounded dove astartred from, escaping
13 out her forecotes. Isle wail for yews, O doherlynt! The poetesser.
14 And around its scorched cap she has twilled a twine of flame to
15 let the laitiest know she's marrid. And pim it goes backballed. Tot
16 burns it so leste. A claribel cumbeck to errind. Hers before his
17 even, posted ere penned. He's your change, thinkyou methim.
18 Go daft noon,madden, mind the step. Please stoop O to please.
19 Stop. What saying? I have soreunder from to him now, dear-
20 mate ashore, so, so compleasely till I can get redressed, which
21 means the end of my stays in the languish of Tintangle. Is you
22 zealous of mes, brother? Did you boo moiety lowd? You sup-
23 poted to be the on conditionally rejected? Satanly, lade! Can that
24 sobstuff, whingeywilly! Stop up, mavrone, and sit in my lap,
25 Pepette, though I'd much rather not. Like things are m. ds. is all
26 in vincibles. Decoded.

27 Now a run for his money! Now a dash to her dot! Old cocker,
28 young crowy sifadda, sosson. A bran new, speedhount, out-
29 stripperous on the wind. Like a waft to wingweary one or a sos
30 to a coastguard. For directly with his whoop, stop and an upa-
31 lepsy didando a tishy, in appreciable less time than it takes a
32 glaciator to submerger an Atlangthis, was he again, agob, before
33 the trembly ones, a spark's gap off, doubledasguesched, gotten
34 orlop in a simplasailormade and shaking the storm out of his
35 hiccups. The smartest vessel you could find would elazilee him
36 on her knee as her lucky for the Rio Grande. He's a pigtail tarr

1 and if he hadn't got it toothick he'd a telltale tall of his pitcher
2 on a wall with his photure in the papers for cutting moutonlegs
3 and capers, letting on he'd jest be japers and his tail cooked up.
4 Goal! It's one by its length.
5 Angelinas, hide from light those hues that your sin beau may
6 bring to light! Though down to your dowerstrip he's bent to
7 knee he maun't know ledgings here.
8 For a haunting way will go and you need not make your mow.
9 Find the frenge for frocks and translace it into shocks of such as
10 touch with show and show.
11 He is guessing at hers for all he is worse, the seagoer. Hark to
12 his wily geeses goosling by, and playfair, lady! And note that they
13 who will for exile say can for dog while them that won't leave
14 ingle end says now for know.
15 For he falters how he hates to trouble them without.
16 But leaving codhead's mitre and the heron's plumes sinistrant
17 to the server of servants and rex of regums and making a bolder-
18 dash for lubberty of speech he asks not have you seen a match
19 being struck nor is this powder mine but, letting punplays pass
20 to earnest:
21 — Haps thee jaoneofergs?
22 — Nao.
23 — Haps thee mayjaunties?
24 — Naohao.
25 — Haps thee per causes nunsibellies?
26 — Naohaohao.
27 — Asky, asky, asky! Gau on! Micaco! Get!
28 Ping an ping nwan ping pwan pong.
29 And he did a get, their anayance, and slink his hook away,
30 aleguere come alaguerre. like a chimista inchamisas, whom the
31 harricana hurries and hots foots, zingo, zango, segur. To hoots
32 of utskut, urquird, jamal, qum, yallah, yawash, yak! For he could
33 ciappacioppachew upon a skarp snakk of pure undefallen engelsk,
34 melanmoon or tartatortoise, tsukisaki or soppisuppon, as raskly
35 and as baskly as your cheesechalk cow cudd spanich. Makoto!
36 Whagta kriowday! Gelagala nausy is. Yet right divining do not

1 was. Hovobovo hafogate hokidimatzi in kamicha! He had his
2 sperrits all foulen on him; to vet, most griposly, he was bedizzled
3 and debuzzled; he had his tristiest cabaleer on; and looked like
4 bruddy Hal. A shelling a cockshy and be donkey shot at? Or a
5 peso besant to join the armada?

6 But, Sin Showpanza, could anybroddy which walked this world
7 with eyes whiteopen have looked twinsomer than the kerl he left
8 behind him? Candidatus, viridosus, aurilucens, sinelab? Of all
9 the green heroes everwore coton breiches, the whitemost, the
10 goldenest! How he stud theirs with himselfs mookst kevinly, and
11 that anterevolutionary, the churchman childfather from tonsor's
12 tuft to almonder's toes, a haggiography in duotrigesumy, son
13 soptimost of sire sixtusks, of Mayaqueenies sign osure, hevnlly
14 buddhy time, inwreathed of his near cissies, a mickly dazzly eely
15 oily with looiscurrals, a soulnetzer by zvesdals priestessd, their
16 trail the tractive, and dem dandypanies knows de play of de eye-
17 lids, with his gamecox spurts and his smile likequid glue (the
18 suessiest sourir ever weanling wore), whiles his host of spritties,
19 lusspillerindernees, they went peahenning a ripidarapidarpad
20 around him, pilgrim prinkips, kerilour kevinour, in neuchoristic
21 congressulations, quite purringly excited, rpd rpd, allauding to
22 him by all the licknames in the litany with the terms in which
23 no little dulsy nayer ever thinks about implying except to her
24 future's year and sending him perfume most praypuffs to setis-
25 fire more then to teasim (shllwe help, now you've massmuled,
26 you t'rigolect a bit? yismik? yimissy?) that he, the finehued, the
27 fairhailed, the farahead, might bouchesave unto each but every-
28 one, asfar as safras durst assume, the havemercyonhurs of his
29 kissier licence. Meanings: Andure the enjurious till imbetther rer.
30 We know you like Latin with essies impures, (and your liber as
31 they sea) we certney like gurgles love the nargleygargley so, arrah-
32 beejee, tell that old frankay boyuk to bellows upthe tombucky in
33 his tumtum argan and give us a gust of his gushy old. Goof!

34 Hymnumber twentynine. O, the singing! Happy little girly-
35 cums to have adolphted such an Adelphus! O, the swinginging
36 hopops so goholden! They've come to chant en chor. They say

1 their salat, the madiens' prayer to the messiager of His Nabis,
2 prostitating their selfs eachwise and combinedly. Fateha, fold the
3 hands. Be it honoured, bow the head. May thine evings e'en be
4 blossomful! Even of bliss! As we so hope for ablution. For the sake
5 of the farbung and of the scent and of the holiiodrops. Amems.
6 A pause. Their orison arises misquewwhite as Osman glory, ebb-
7 ing wasteward, leaves to the soul of light its fading silence (allah-
8 lah lahlah lah!), a turquewashed sky. Then:
9 — Xanthos! Xanthos! Xanthos! We thank to thine, mighty
10 innocent, that diddest bring it off fuitefuite. Should in offer years
11 it became about you will after desk jobduty becoming a bank mid-
12 land mansioner we and I shall reside with our obeisant servants
13 among Burke's mobility at La Roseraie, Ailesbury Road. Red
14 bricks are all hellishly good values if you trust to the roster of ads
15 but we'll save up ourselves and nab what's nicest and boskiest of
16 timber trees in the nebohood. Oncaill's plot. Luccombe oaks,
17 Turkish hazels, Greek firs, incense palm edcedras. The hypso-
18 meters of Mount Anville is held to be dying out of arthataxis but,
19 praise send Larix U' Thule, the wych elm of Manelagh is still
20 flourishing in the open, because its native of our nature and the
21 seeds was sent by Fortune. We'll have our private palypeachum
22 pillarposterns for lovesick letterines fondly affianxed to our front
23 railings and swings, hammocks, tighttaught balletlines, accomoda-
24 tionnooks and prismic bathboites, to make Envyeyes mouth
25 water and wonder when they binocular us from their embrassured
26 windows in our garden rare. Fyat-Fyat shall be our number
27 on the autokinaton and Chubby in his Chuffs oursforownly
28 chuffeur. T will be waiting for uns as I sold U at the first antries.
29 Our cousin gourmand, Percy, the pup, will denounce the sniff-
30 nomers of all callers where among our Seemyease Sister, Tabitha,
31 the ninelived, will extend to the full her hearthy welcome. While
32 the turf and twigs they tattle. Tintin tintin. Lady Marmela Short-
33 bred will walk in for supper with her marchpane switch on, her
34 necklace of almonds and her poirette Sundae dress with bracelets
35 of honey and her cochineal hose with the caramel dancings, the
36 briskly best from Bootiestown, and her suckingstaff of ivory-

1 mint. You mustn't miss it or you'll be sorry. Charmeuses chloes,
2 glycering juwells, lydialight fans and puffumed cynarettes. And
3 the Prince Le Monade has been graciously pleased. His six choco-
4 late pages will run bugling before him and Cococream toddle
5 after with his sticksword in a pink cushion. We think His Spark-
6 ling Headiness ought to know Lady Marmela. Luisome his for
7 lissome hers. He's not going to Cork till Cantalamesse or may-
8 hope till Rose Easter or Saint Tibble's Day. So Niomon knows.
9 The Fomor's in his Fin, the Momor's her and hin. A paaralone!
10 A paaralone! And Dublin's all adin. We'll sing a song of Single-
11 month and you'll too and you'll. Here are notes. There's the key.
12 One two three. Chours! So come on, ye wealthy gentrymen wib-
13 frufrocksfull of fun! Thin thin! Thin thin! Thej olly and thel
14 ively, thou billy with thee coo, for to jog a jig of a crispness nice
15 and sing a missal too. Hip champouree! Hiphip champouree! O
16 you longtailed blackman, polk it up behind me! Hip champouree!
17 Hiphip champouree! And, jessies, push the pumkik round. Anne-
18 liuia!

19 Since the days of Roamaloose and Rehmoose the pavanos have
20 been strident through their struts of Chapelldiseut, the vaulsies
21 have meed and youdled through the purly ooze of Ballybough,
22 many a mismy cloudy has tripped taintily along that hercourt
23 strayed reelway and the rigadoons have held ragtimed revels on
24 the platauplain of Grangegorman; and, though since then ster-
25 lings and guineas have been replaced by brooks and lions and
26 some progress has been made on stilts and the races have come
27 and gone and Thyme, that chef of seasoners, has made his usual
28 astewte use of endadjustables and whatnot willbe isnor was, those
29 danceadeils and cancanzanies have come stimmering down for our
30 begayment through the bedeaftom of po's taeorns, the obcecicity
31 of pa's teapucs, as lithe and limbfree limber as when momie
32 mummmed at ma.

33 Just so styllled with the nattes are their flowerheads now and
34 each of all has a lovestalk onto herself and the tot of all the tits of
35 their understamens is as open as he can posably she and is tourne-
36 soled straightcut or sidewaist, accourdant to the coursets of

1 things feminine, towards him in heliolatry, so they may catch-
2 cup in their calyxes, all they go troping, those parryshoots
3 from his muscalone pistil, for he can eyespy through them, to
4 their selfcolours, nevertheless their tissue peepers, (meaning
5 Mullabury mesh, the time of applying flowers, a guarded figure
6 of speech, a variety of perfume, a bridawl, seamist in so one) as
7 lightly as see saw (O my goodmiss! O my greatness! O my
8 prizelestly preshoes!) while, dewyfully as dimb dumbelles, all
9 alisten to his elixir. Lovelyt!

10 And they said to him:

11 — Enchanted, dear sweet Stainusless, young confessor, dearer
12 dearest, we herehear, aboutobloss, O coelicola, thee salutamt.
13 Pattern of our unschoold, pageantmaster, deliverer of softmis-
14 sives, round the world in forty mails, bag, belt and balmybeam,
15 our barnaboy, our chepachap, with that pampipe in your put-
16 away, gab borab, when you will be after doing all your sight-
17 seeing and soundhearing and smellsniffing and tastytasting and
18 tenderumstouchings in all Daneygaul, send us, your adorables,
19 thou overblased, a wise and letters play of all you can ceive,
20 chief celtech chappy, from your holy post now you hast as-
21 certained ceremonially our names. Unclean you art not. Outcaste
22 thou are not. Leperstower, the karman's loki, has not blanched
23 at our pollution and your intercourse at ninety legsplits does not
24 defile. Untouchable is not the scarecrow is on you. You are
25 pure. You are pure. You are in your puerity. You have not
26 brought stinking members into the house of Amanti. Elleb Inam,
27 Titep Notep, we name them to the Hall of Honour. Your head
28 has been touched by the god Enel-Rah and your face has been
29 brightened by the goddess Aruc-Ituc. Return, sainted youngling,
30 and walk once more among us! The rains of Demani are masakal
31 as of yere. And Baraza is all aflower. Siker of calmy days. As
32 shiver as shower can be. Our breed and better class is in brood
33 and bitter pass. Labbeycliath longs. But we're counting on the
34 cluck. The Great Cackler comes again. Sweetstaker, Abel lord of
35 all our haloease, we (to be slightly more femmiliar perhaps than is
36 slickly more then necessary), toutes philomelas as well as mag-

1 delenes, were drawpairs with two pinmarks, BVD and BVD dot,
2 so want lotteries of ticklets posthastem (you appreciate?) so as to
3 be very dainty, if an isaspell, and so as to be verily dandydainty,
4 if an ishibilley, of and on, to and for, by and with, from you.
5 Let the hitback hurry his wayward ere the missive has time to
6 take herself off, 'twill be o'erthemore willfully intomeet if the
7 coming offence can send our shudders before. We feem to have
8 being elfewhere as tho' th' had pafs'd in our fu lpens. Next
9 to our shrinking selves we love sensitivas best. For they are
10 the Angèles. Brick, fauve, jonquil, sprig, fleet, nocturne, smiling
11 bruise. For they are an Angèle's garment. We will be constant
12 (what a word!) and bless the day, for whole hours too, yes, for
13 sold long syne as we shall be heing in our created being of ours
14 elvishness, the day you befell, you dreadful temptation! Now
15 promisus as at our requested you will remain ignorant of all what
16 you hear and, though if whilst disrobing to the edge of risk, (the
17 bisifings in idolhours that satinfinestootoo!) draw a veil till we
18 next time! You don't want to peach but bejimbod if ye do!
19 Perhelps. We ernst too may. How many months or how many
20 years till the myriadth and first become! Bashfulness be tuppel!
21 May he colp, may he colp her, may he mixandmass colp her!
22 Talk with a hare and you wake of a tartars. That's mus. Says the
23 Law. List! Kicky Lacey, the pervergined, and Bianca Mutantini,
24 her conversa, drew their fools length finnishfurst, Herzog van
25 Vellentam, but me and meother ravin, my coosine of mine, have
26 mour good three chancers, weothers, after Bohnaparts. The
27 mything smile of me, my wholesome assumption, shes nowt me-
28 without as weam twin herewithin, that I love like myselfish, like
29 smithereens robinsongs, like juneses nutslost, like the blue of the
30 sky if I stoop for to spy's between my whiteyoumightcallimbs.
31 How their duel makes their triel! Eer's wax for Sur Soord, dong-
32 dong bollets for the iris riflers, queemswellth of coocome in their
33 combs for the jennyjos. Caro caressimus! Honey swarns where
34 mellisponds. Will bee all buzzy one another minnies for the mere
35 effect that you are so fuld of pollen yourself. Teomeo! Daurdour!
36 We feel unspeechably thoughtless over it all here in Gizzygazelle

1 Tark's bimboowood so pleasekindly communicake with the
2 original sinse we are only yearning as yet how to burgeon. It's
3 meant milliems of centiments deadlost or mislaid on them but,
4 master of snakes, we can sloughchange in the nip of a napple
5 solongas we can allsee for deedsetton your quick. By the hook
6 in your look we're eyed for aye were you begging the questuan
7 with your lutean bowl round Monkmesserag. And whenever
8 you're tingling in your trout we're sure to be tangled in our tice-
9 ments. It's game, ma chère, be offwith your shepherdress on! Up-
10 some cauda! Behose our handmades for the lured! To these nunce
11 we are but yours in ammatures yet well come that day we shall ope
12 to be ores. Then shalt thou see, seeing, the sight. No more hoax-
13 ites! Nay more gifting in mennage! A her's fancy for a his friend
14 and then that fellow yours after this follow ours. Vania, Vania
15 Vaniorum, Domne Vanias!

16 Hightime is ups be it down into outs according! When there
17 shall be foods for vermin as full as feeds for the fett, eat on earth
18 as there's hot in oven. When every Klitty of a scolderymeid shall
19 hold every yardscullion's right to stimm her uprecht for whimso-
20 ever, whether on privates, whather in publics. And when all us
21 romance catholeens shall have ones for all amanseprated. And the
22 world is maidfree. Methanks. So much for His Meignysthy man!
23 And all his bigyttens. So till Coquette to tell Cockotte to teach
24 Connie Curley to touch Cattie Hayre and tip Carminia to tap La
25 Chérie though where the diggings he dwellst amongst us here's
26 nobody knows save Mary. Whyfor we go ringing hands in hands
27 in gyrogyrorondo.

28 These bright elects, consentconsorted, they were waltzing up
29 their willside with their princesome handsome angeline chiuff
30 while in those wherebus there wont bears way (mearing un-
31 known, a place where pigeons carry fire to seethe viands, a miry
32 hill, belge end sore footh) oaths and screams and bawley groans
33 with a belchybubhub and a hellabelow bedemmed and bediabbled
34 the arimaining lucisphere. Helldsdend, whelldselse! Lonedom's
35 breach lay foulend up uncouth not be broched by punns and
36 reedles. Yet the ring gayed rund rorosily with a drat for a brat

1 you. Yasha Yash ate sassage and mash. So he found he bash, poor
2 Yasha Yash. And you wanna make one of our micknick party.
3 No honaryhuest on our sposhialiste. For poor Glugger was dazed
4 and late in his crave, ay he, laid in his grave.
5 But low, boys low, he rises, shrivering, with his spittyful eyes
6 and his whoozebecome voice. Ephthah! Cisamis! Examen of
7 conscience scruples now he to the best of his memory schemado.
8 Nu mere for ever siden on the stolen. With his tumescinquinance
9 in the thigh of his tumstull. No more singing all the dags in
10 his sengaggeng. Experssly at hand counterhand. Trinitatis kink
11 had mudded his dome, peccat and pent fore, pree. Hymserf,
12 munchaowl, maden, born of thug tribe into brood blackmail, dooly
13 redeccant allbigenesis henesies. He, by bletchendamacht of the golls,
14 proforhim penance and come off enternatural. He, selfsufficiencer,
15 eggscumuddher-in-chaff sporticolorissimo, what though the
16 duthsthrows in his lavabad eyes, maketomake polentay rossum,
17 (Good savours queen with the stem of swuith Aftreck! Fit for
18 king of Zundas) out of bianconies, hiking ahake like any nudge-
19 meroughgorude all over Terracuta. No more throw acids, face all
20 lovabilities, appeal for the union and play for tirnitys. He, praise
21 Saint Calembaurnus, make clean breastsack of goody girl now as
22 ever drank milksoep from a spoen, weedhearted boy of potter and
23 mudder, chip of old Flinn the Flinter, twig of the hider that tanned
24 him. He go calaboosh all same he tell him out. Teuffleuf man he
25 strip him all mussymussy calico blong him all same he tell him all
26 out how he make what name. He, through wolkenic connection,
27 relation belong this remarklable moliman, Anaks Andrum, parley-
28 glutton pure blood Jebusite, centy procent Erserum spoking.
29 Drugmallt storehuse. Inrance on back. Most open on the lay-
30 days. He, A. A., in peachskin shantungs, possible, sooth to say,
31 notwithstanding far former guiles and he gaining fish consider-
32 able, by saving grace after avalunch, to look most prophitable
33 out of smily skibluh eye. He repeat of him as pious alios cos he
34 ast for shave and haircut people said he'd shape of hegoat where
35 he just was sheep of herrgott with his tile toggged. Top. Not true
36 what chronicles is bringing his portemanteau priamed full potato-

1 wards. Big dumm crumm digaditchies say short again akter, even
2 while lossassinated by summan, he coaxyorum a pennysilvers
3 offerings bloodonages with candid zuckers on Spinshesses Walk
4 in presents to lilithe maidinettes for at bloo his noose for him
5 with pruriest pollygameous inatentions, he having that pecuni-
6 arity ailmint spectacularly in heather cliff emurgency on gale
7 days because souffrant chronic from a plentitude of house torts.
8 Collosul rhodomantic not wert one bronze lie Scholarina say as
9 he, greyed vike cuddlepuller, walk in her sleep his pig indicks
10 weg femtyfem funts. Of so little is her timentrousnest great for
11 greeting his immensesness. Sutt soonas sett they were, her uyes
12 as his auroholes. Kaledvalch! How could one classically? One
13 could naught critically. Ininest lightingshaft only for lovalit
14 smuggpipe, his Mistress Mereshame, of cupric tresses, the form-
15 white foaminine, the ambersandalled, after Aasdocktor Talop's
16 onamutony legture. A mish, holy balm of seinsed myrries, he is
17 as good as a mountain and everybody what is found of his gients
18 he knew Meistral Wikingson, furframed Noordwogen's kampf-
19 ten, with complexion of blushing dolomite fanned by ozeone
20 brisees, what naver saw his bedshead farrer and nuver met his
21 swigamore, have his ignomen from prima signation of being
22 Master Milchku, queerest man in the benighted queendom, and,
23 adcraft aidant, how he found the kids. Other accuse him as
24 lochkneeghed forsunkener, dope in stockknob, all ameltingmoult
25 after rhomatism, purely simply tammy ratkins. The kurds of
26 Copt on the berberutters and their bedaweens! Even was Shes
27 whole begeds offbefore all his nahars in the koldbethizzdryel. No
28 gudth! Not one zouz! They whiteliveried ragsups, two Whales of
29 the Sea of Deceit, they bloodiblabstard shooters, three Drome-
30 daries of the Sands of Calumdonia. As is note worthies to shock
31 his hind! Ur greeft on them! Such askors and their ruperts they
32 are putting in for more osghirs is also false liarnels. The frocken-
33 halted victims! Whore affirm is agains sempry Lotta Karssens.
34 They would lick their lenses before they would negatise a jom
35 petter from kis sodalites. In his contrary and on reality, which
36 Bichop Babwith bares to his whitness in his *Just a Fication of*

1 *Villum*ses, this Mr Heer Assassor Nelson, of sorestate hearing,
2 diseased, formerly with Adenoiks, den feed all Lighty, laxtleap
3 great change of retiring family buckler, highly accurect in his
4 everythinks, from tencents coupoll to bargain basement, live with
5 howthold of nummer seven, wideawake, woundabout, wokin-
6 betts, weeklings, in black velvet on geolgian mission senest mangy
7 years his rear in the lane pictures, blanking same with autonaut
8 and annexes and got a daarlengt babyboy bucktooth, the thick of
9 a gobstick, coming on ever so nerses nursely, gracies to goodess,
10 at 81. That why all parks up excited about his gunnfodder. That
11 why ecrazyaztecs and the crime ministers preaching him morn-
12 ings and makes a power of spoon vittles out of his praverbs. That
13 why he, persona erecta, glycorawman arsenicful femorniser, for
14 a trial by julias, in celestial sunhat, with two purses agitatating
15 his theopot with wokklebout shake, rather incoherend, from one
16 18 to one 18 biss, young shy gay youngs. Sympoly far infusing
17 up pritty tipidities to lock up their rhainodaisies and be nice
18 and twainty in the shade. Old grand tutut toucher up of young
19 poetographies and he turn aroundabrupth red altfrumpishly like
20 hear samhar tionnor falls some make one noise. It's his last lap,
21 Gigantic, fare him weal! Revelation! A fact. True bill. By a jury
22 of matrons. Hump for humbleness, dump for dirt. And, to make
23 a long stoney badder and a whorly show a parfect sight, his Thing
24 went the holyway retup Suffrogate Strate.

25 Helpmeat too, contrasta toga, his fiery goosemother, laotsey
26 taotsey, woman who did, he tell princes of the age about. You
27 sound on me, judges! Suppose we brisken up. Kings! Meet the
28 Mem, Avenlith, all viviparous out of couple of lizards. She just as
29 fenny as he is fulgar. How laat soever her latest still her sawlogs
30 come up all standing. Psing a psalm of psexpeans, apocryphul of
31 rhyme! His cheekmole of allaph foriverever her allinall and his
32 Kuran never teachit her the be the owner of thysel. So she not
33 swop her eckcot hjem for Howarden's Castle, Englandwales. But
34 be the alleance of iern on his flamen vestacoat, the fibule of brooch-
35 bronze to his wintermantle of pointefox. Who not knows she, the
36 Madame Cooley-Couley, spawife to laird of manna, when first

1 come into the pictures more as hundreads elskernelks' yahrds of
2 annams call away, factory fresh and fuming at the mouth, wronged
3 by Hwemwednoget (magrathmagreeth, he takable a rap for that
4 early party) and whenceforward Ani Mama and her fiertey
5 bustles terrified of gmere gnomes of gmountains and furibound
6 to be back in her mytinbeddy? Schi schi, she feightened allsouls
7 at pignpugn and gets a pan in her stummi from the piaLabellars
8 in their pur war. Yet jackticktating all around her about his poor-
9 liness due to pannellism and grime for that he harboured her when
10 feme sole, her zoravarn lhorde and givnergenral, and led her in
11 antient consort ruhm and bound her durant coverture so as she
12 could not steal from him, oz her or damman, so as if ever she's
13 beleaved by checkenbrooth death since both was parties to the
14 feed it's Hetman MacCumhal foots the funeral. Mealwhile she
15 nutre him jacent from her elmer's almsdish, giantar and tschaina
16 as sieme as bibrondas with Foli Signur's tinner roumanschy to
17 fishle the ladwigs out of his lugwags, like a skittering kitty
18 skattering hayels, when his favourites were all beruffled on him
19 and her own undesirables justickulating, it was such a blowick
20 day. Winden warden wild like wenchen wenden wanton. The
21 why if he but would bite and plug his baccypipes and renownse
22 the devlins in all their pumbs and kip the streelwarkers out of
23 the plague and nettleses milk from sickling the honeycoombe
24 and kop Ulo Bubo selling foulty treepes, she would make massa
25 dinars with her savuneer dealinsh and delicate her nutbrown
26 glory cloack to Mayde Berenice and hang herself in Ostmanns-
27 town Saint Megan's and make no more mulierage before ma-
28 hatmas or moslemans, but would undulate her shookerloft hat
29 from Alpoleary with a viv baselgia and a clamast apotria like any
30 purple cardinal's princess or woman of the grave word to the
31 papal legate from the Vatucum, Monsaigneur Rabbinsohn Crucis,
32 with an ass of milg to his cowmate and chilterlings on account
33 of all he quaqueduxed for the hnor of Hrom and the nations
34 abhord him and wop mezzo scudo to Sant Pursy Orelli that gave
35 Luiz-Marios Josephs their loyal devouces to be offered up missas
36 for vowts for widders.

1 Hear, O worldwithout! Tiny tattling! Backwoods, be wary!
2 Daintytrees, go dutch!
3 But who comes yond with pire on poletop? He who relights
4 our spearing torch, the moon. Bring lolave branches to mud
5 cabins and peace to the tents of Ceder, Neomenie! The feast of
6 Tubbournigglers is at hand. Shopshup. Inisfail! Timple temple
7 tells the bells. In syngagyng a sangasongue. For all in Ondslas-
8 by. And, the hag they damename Coverfew hists from her lane.
9 And haste, 'tis time for bairns ta hame. Chickchilds, comeho to
10 roo. Comehome to roo, wee chickchilds doo, when the wild-
11 worewolf's abroad. Ah, let's away and let's gay and let's stay
12 chez where the log foyer's burning!
13 It darkles, (tinct, tint) all this our funnaminal world. Yon
14 marshpond by ruodmark verge is visited by the tide. Alvem-
15 marea! We are circumveiled by obscuritads. Man and belves
16 frieren. There is a wish on them to be not doing or anything. Or
17 just for rugs. Zoo koud! Drr, deff, coal lay on and, pzz, call us
18 pyrress! Ha. Where is our highly honourworthy salutable spouse-
19 founderess? The foolish one of the family is within. Haha! Huzoor,
20 where's he? At house, to's pitty. With Nancy Hands.Tcheetchee!
21 Hound through the maize has fled. What hou! Isegrim under
22 lolling ears. Far wol! And wheaten bells bide breathless. All. The
23 trail of Gill not yet is to be seen, rocksdrops, up benn, down
24 dell, a craggy road for rambling. Nor yet through starland that
25 silver sash. What era's o'ering? Lang gong late. Say long, scielo!
26 Sillume, see lo! Selene, sail O! Amune! Ark!?! Noh?! Nought
27 stirs in spinney. The swayful pathways of the dragonfly spider
28 stay still in reedery. Quiet takes back her folded fields. Tranquille
29 thanks. Adew. In deerhaven, imbraced, alleged, injoynted and
30 unlatched, the birds, tommelise too, quail silent. ii. Luathan?
31 Nuathan! Was avond ere a while. Now conticinium. As Lord
32 the Laohun is sheutseuyes. The time of lying together will come
33 and the wildering of the nicht till cockeedoodle aubens Aurore.
34 Panther monster. Send leabarrow loads amorrow. While loevdom
35 shleeps. Elenfant has siang his triumph, *Great is Eliphaz Magis-*
36 *trodontos* and after kneepayer pious for behemuth and mahamoth

1 will rest him from tusker toils. Salamsalaim! Rhinohorn isnoutso
2 pigfellow but him ist gonz wurst. Kikikuki. Hopopodorme. So-
3 beast! No chare of beagles, frantling of peacocks, no muzzing of
4 the camel, smuttering of apes. Lights, pageboy, lights! Brights
5 we'll be brights. With help of Hanoukan's lamp. When otter
6 leaps in outer parts then Yul remembers Mei. Her hung maid
7 mohns are bluming, look, to greet those loes on coast of amethyst;
8 arcglow's seafire siemens lure and wextward warnerforth's hooker-
9 crookers. And now with robbly brerfox's fishy fable lissaned out,
10 the threads simwhat toran and knots in its antargumends, the
11 pesciolines in Liffeyetta's bowl have stopped squiggling about
12 Junoh and the whalk and feriaquintaism and pebble infinibility
13 and the poission of the hoghly course. And if Lubbernabohore
14 laid his horker to the ribber, save the giregargoh and dabardin
15 going on in his mount of knowledge (munt), he would not hear
16 a flip flap in all Finnyland. Witchman, watch of your night? Es
17 voes, ez noes, nott voes, ges, noun. It goes. It does not go. Dark-
18 park's acoo with sucking loves. Rosimund's by her wishing well.
19 Soon tempt-in-twos will stroll at venture and hunt-by-threes strut
20 musketeering. Brace of girdles, brasse of beauys. With the width
21 of the way for jogjoy. Hulker's cieclest elbownunsense. Hold
22 hard! And his dithering dathering waltzers of. Stright! But meet-
23 ings mate not as forsehn. Hesperons! And if you wand to Liv-
24 mouth, wenderer, while Jempson's weed decks Jacqueson's Island,
25 here lurks, bar hellpelhullpulthebell, none iron welcome. Bing.
26 Bong. Bangbong. Thunderation! You took with the mulligrubs
27 and we lack mulsum? No sirrebob! Great goodness, no! Were
28 you Marely quean of Scuts or but Chrestien the Last, (our duty
29 to you, chris! royalty, squat!) how matt your mark, though
30 luded your johl, here's dapplebellied mugs and troublebedded
31 rooms and sawdust strown in expectionation and for ratification by
32 specification of your information, Mr Knight, tuntapster, buttles;
33 his alefru's up to his hip. And Watsy Lyke sees after all rinsings
34 and don't omiss Kate, homeswab homely, put in with the bricks.
35 A's the sign and one's the number. Where Chavvyout Chacer
36 calls the cup and Pouropourim stands astirrup. De oud huis bij

1 de kerkegaard. So who over comes ever for Whoopee Weeks
2 must put up with the Jug and Chambers.
3 But heed! Our thirty minutes war's alull. All's quiet on the
4 felled of Gorey. Between the starfort and the thomwood brass
5 castle flamb with mutton candles. Hushkah, a horn! Gadolmag-
6 tog! God es EI? Housefather calls entthreateningly. From Bran-
7 denborgenthor. At Asa's arthre. In thundercloud periwig. With
8 lightning bug aflash from afinger. My souls and by jings, should
9 he work his jaw to give down the banks and hark from the tomb!
10 Ansighosa pokes in her potstill to souse at the sop be sodden
11 enow and to hear to all the bubbles besaying: the coming man, the
12 future woman, the food that is to build, what he with fifteen years
13 will do, the ring in her mouth of joyous guard, stars astir ant
14 stirabout. A palashe for hirs, a saucy for hers and ladlelike spoons
15 for the wonner. But ein and twee were never worth three. So they
16 must have their final since he's on parole. Et la pau' Leonie has the
17 choice of her lives between Josephinus and Mario-Louis for who
18 is to wear the lily of Bohemey, Florestan, Thaddeus, Hardress or
19 Myles. And lead raptivity captive. Ready! Like a Finn at a fair.
20 Now for la belle! Icy-la-Belle!
21 The campus calls them. Ninan ninan, the gattling gan! Childs
22 will be wilds. 'Twastold. And vamp, vamp, vamp, the girls are
23 merchand. The horseshow magnete draws his field and don't the
24 filliyings fly? Educande of Sorrento, they newknow knowwell
25 their Vico's road. Arranked in their array and flocking for the
26 fray on that old orangeray, Dolly Brae. For these are not on
27 terms, they twain, bartrossers, since their baffle of Whatalose
28 when Adam Leftus and the devil took our hindmost, gegifting
29 her with his painapple, nor will not be atoned at all in fight to
30 no finish, that dark deed doer, this wellwilled wooer, Jerkoff and
31 Eatsoup, Yem or Yan, while felixed is who culpas does and harm's
32 worth healing and Brune is bad French for Jour d'Anno. Tiggers
33 and Tuggers they're all for tenzones. Bettlimbraves. For she must
34 walk out. And it must be with who. Teaseforhim. Toesforhim.
35 Tossforhim. Two. Else there is danger of. Solitude.
36 Postreintroducing Jeremy, the chastenot coulter, the flowing

1 taal that brooks no brooking runs on to say how, as it was
2 mutualiter foretold of him by a timekiller to his spacemaker, velos
3 ambos and arubyat knychts, with their tales within wheels and
4 stucks between spokes, on the hike from Elmstree to Stene and
5 back, how, running awage with the use of reason (sics) and
6 ramming amok at the brake of his voice (secs), his lasterhalf
7 was set for getting the besterwhole of his yougendtougend, for
8 control number thrice was operating the subliminal of his invaded
9 personality. He nobit smorfi and go poltri and let all the tondo
10 gang bola del ruffo. Barto no know him mor. Eat larto altruis
11 with most perfect stranger.

12 Boo, you're through!

13 Hoo, I'm true!

14 Men, teacan a tea simmering, hamo mavrone kerry O?

15 Teapotty. Teapotty.

16 Kod knows. Anything ruind. Meetingless.

17 He wept indeiterum. With such a tooth he seemed to love his
18 wee tart when abuy. Highly momourning he see the before him.
19 Melained from nape to kneecap though vied from her girders up.
20 Holy Santalto, cursing saint, sight most deletious to ross up the
21 spyballs like exude of margary! And how him it heaviered that
22 eyerim rust! An they bare falls witless against thee how slight
23 becomes a hidden wound? Soldwoter he wash him all time big-
24 feller bruisy place blong him. He no want missies blong all boy
25 other look bruisy place blong him. Hence. It will paineth the
26 chastenot in that where of his whence he had loseth his once for
27 every, even though mode grow moramor maenneritsch and the
28 Tarara boom decay. Immaculacy, give but to drink to his shirt
29 and all skirtaskortas must change her tunics. So warred he from
30 first to last,forebanned and betweenly,a smuggler for lifer. Lift
31 the blank ve veered as heil! Split the hvide and aye seize heaven!
32 He knows for he's seen it in black and white through his eye-
33 trompit trained upon jenny's and all that sort of thing which is
34 dandymount to a clearobscur. Prettimaids tints may try their
35 taunts: apple, bacchante, custard, dove, eskimo, feldgrau, hema-
36 tite, isingglass, jet, kipper, lucile, mimosa, nut, oysterette, prune,

1 quasimodo, royal, sago, tango, umber, vanilla, wisteria, xray,
2 yesplease, zaza, philomel, theerose. What are they all by? Shee.
3 If you nude her in her prime, make sure you find her comple-
4 mentary or, on your very first occasion, by Angus Dagdasson
5 and all his piccions, she'll prick you where you're proudest with
6 her unsatt speagle eye. Look sharp, she's signalling from among
7 the asters. Turn again, wistfultone, lode mere of Doubtlynn!
8 Arise, Land-under-Wave! Clap your lingua to your pallet, drop
9 your jowl with a jolt, tambourine until your breath slides, pet a
10 pout and it's out. Have you got me, Allyslope?

11 My top it was brought Achill's low, my middle I ope before
12 you, my bottom's a vulser if ever there valsed and my whole the
13 flower that stars the day and is solly well worth your pilger's
14 fahrt. Where there's a hitch, a head of things, let henker's halter
15 hang the halunkenend. For I see through your weapon. That
16 cry's not Cucullus. And his eyelids are painted. If my tutor here
17 is cut out for an oldeborre I'm Flo, shy of peeps, you know. But
18 when he beetles backwards, ain't I fly? Pull the boughpee to see
19 how we sleep. Bee Peep! Peepette! Would you like that lump of
20 a tongue for lungeon or this Turkey's delighter, hys hyphen
21 mys? My bellyswain's a twalf whulerusspower though he knows
22 as much how to man a wife as Dunckle Dalton of matching wools.
23 Shake hands through the thicketloch! Sweet swanwater! My
24 other is mouthfilled. This kissing wold's full of killing fellows
25 kneeling voyantly to the cope of heaven. And somebody's com-
26 ing, I feel for a fect. I've a seeklet to sell thee if old Deanns won't
27 be threaspanding. When you'll next have the mind to retire to
28 be wicked this is as dainty a way as any. Underwoods spells bush-
29 ment's business. So if you sprig poplar you're bound to twig this.
30 'Twas my lord of Glendalough benedixed the gape for me that
31 time at Long Entry, commanding the approaches to my intimast
32 innermost. Look how they're browthered! Six thirteens at
33 Blanche de Blanche's of 3 Behind Street and 2 Turnagain Lane.
34 Awabeg is my callby, Magnus here's my Max, Wonder One's my
35 cipher and Seven Sisters is my nighbrood. Radouga, Rab will ye
36 na pick them in their pink of panties. You can colour up till you're

1 prawn while I go squirt with any cockle. When here who adolls
2 me infuxes sleep. But if this could see with its backsight he'd
3 be the grand old greeneyed lobster. He's my first viewmarc since
4 Valentine. Wink's the winning word.
5 Luck!
6 In the house of breathings lies that word, all fairness. The walls
7 are of rubinen and the glittergates of elfinbone. The roof herof is
8 of massicious jasper and a canopy of Tyrian awning rises and
9 still descends to it. A grape cluster of lights hangs therebeneath
10 and all the house is filled with the breathings of her fairness, the
11 fairness of fondance and the fairness of milk and rhubarb and the
12 fairness of roasted meats and uniomargrits and the fairness of
13 promise with consonantia and avowals. There lies her word, you
14 reder! The height herup exalts it and the lowness her down aba-
15 seth it. It vibroverberates upon the tegmen and prosplodes from
16 pomperia. A window, a hedge, a prong, a hand, an eye, a sign, a
17 head and keep your other augur on her paypaypay. And you have
18 it, old Sem, pat as ah be seated! And Sunny, my gander, he's
19 coming to land her. The boy which she now adores. She dores.
20 Oh backed von dem zug! Make weg for their tug!
21 With a ring ding dong, they raise clasped hands and advance
22 more steps to retire to the saum. Curtsey one, curtsey two, with
23 arms akimbo, devotees.
24 Irrelevance.
25 All sing:
26 — I rose up one maypole morning and saw in my glass how
27 nobody loves me but you. Ugh. Ugh.
28 All point in the shem direction as if to shun.
29 — My name is Misha Misha but call me Toffey Tough. I
30 mean Mettenchough. It was her, boy the boy that was loft in the
31 larch. Ogh! Ogh!
32 Her reverence.
33 All laugh.
34 They pretend to helf while they simply shauted at him sauce to
35 make hims prich. And ith ith noth cricquette, Sally Lums. Not
36 by ever such a lot. Twentynines of bloomers gegging een man

1 arose. Avis was there and trilled her about it. She's her sex, for
2 certain. So to celebrate the occasion:
3 — Willest thou rossy banders havind?
4 He simules to be tight in ribbings round his rumpffkorpff.
5 — Are you Swarthants that's hit on a shorn stile?
6 He makes semblant to be swiping their chimbleys.
7 — Can you ajew ajew fro' Sheidam?
8 He finges to be cutting up with a pair of sissers and to be buy-
9 tings of their maidens and spitting their heads into their facepails.
10 Spickspuk! Spoken.
11 So now be hushy, little pukers! Side here roohish, cleany fug-
12 lers! Grandicellies, all stay zitty! Adultereux, rest as befour! For
13 you've jollywelly dawdled all the day. When ye coif tantoncle's
14 hat then'll be largely temts for that. Yet's the time for being now,
15 now, now.
16 For a burning would is come to dance inane. Glamours hath
17 moidered's lieb and herefore Coldours must leap no more. Lack
18 breath must leap no more.
19 Lel lols for libelman libling his lore. Lolo Lolo liebermann you
20 loved to be leaving Libnius. Lift your right to your Liber Lord.
21 Link your left to your lass of liberty. Lala Lala, Leapermann,
22 your lep's but a loop to lee.
23 A fork of hazel o'er the field in vox the verveine virgins ode.
24 If you cross this rood as you roamed the rand I'm blessed but
25 you'd feel him a blasting rod. Behind, me, frees from evil smells!
26 Perditiion stinks before us.
27 Aghatharept they fleurelly to Nebnos will and Rosocale. Twice
28 is he gone to quest of her, thrice is she now to him. So see we so
29 as seed we sow. And their prunktqueen kilt her kirtles up and
30 set out. And her troupe came heeling, O. And what do you think
31 that pride was drest in! Voolykins' diamondinah's vestin. For ever
32 they scent where air she went. While all the fauns' flares widens
33 wild to see a floral's school.
34 Led by Lignifer, in four hops of the happiest, ach beth cac duff,
35 a marrer of the sward incoronate, the few fly the farbetween!
36 We haul minymony on that piebold nig. Will any tumble dabble

1 on the bay? Nor far jocubus? Nic for jay? Attilad! Attatlad! Get
2 up, Goth's scourge on you! There's a visitation in your implu-
3 vium. Hun! Hun!

4 He stanth theirs mun in his natural, oblious autamnesically
5 of his very proprium, (such is stockpot leaden, so did sonsepun
6 crake) the wont to be wanton maid a will to be wise. Thrust from
7 the light, apophotorejected, he spoors loves from her heats. He
8 blinkth. But's wrath's the higher where those wreathe charity.
9 For all of these have been thisworlders, time liquescing into state,
10 pitiless age grows angelhood. Though, as he stehs, most anysing
11 may befallhim from a song of a witch to the totter of Blackarss,
12 given a fammished devil, a young sourceress and (eternal con-
13 junction) the permission of overalls with the cuperation of night-
14 shirt. If he spice east he seethes in sooth and if he pierce north
15 he wilts in the waist. And what wonder with the murkery vice-
16 heid in the shade? The specks on his lapsan are his foul deed
17 thoughts, wishmarks of mad imogenation. Take they off! Make
18 the off! But Funnylegs are leanly. A bimbamb bum! They vain
19 would convert the to be hers in the word. Gush, they wooed!
20 Gash, they're fair ripecherry!

21 As for she could shake him. An oaf, no more. Still he'd be
22 good tutor two in his big armschair lerningstoel and she be
23 waxen in his hands. Turning up and fingering over the most dan-
24 tellising peaches in the lingerous longerous book of the dark.
25 Look at this passage about Galilleotto! I know it is difficult but
26 when your goche I go dead. Turn now to this patch upon Smac-
27 chiavelluti! Soot allours, he's sure to spot it! 'Twas ever so in
28 monitorology since Headmaster Adam became Eva Harte's
29 toucher, *in omnibus moribus et temporibus*, with man's mischief
30 in his mind whilst her pupils swimmied too heavenlies, let his be
31 exaspirated, letters be blowed! I is a femaline person. O, of pro-
32 vocative gender. U unisingular case.

33 Which is why trumpers are mixed up in duels and here's B.
34 Rohan meets N. Ohlan for the prize of a thou.

35 But listen to the mocking birde to micking barde making bared!
36 We've heard it aye since songdom was gemurrmal. As he was

1 queering his shoollthers. So was I. And as I was cleansing my
2 fausties. So was he. And as way ware puffiing our blowbags.
3 Souwouyou.
4 Come, thrust! Go, parry! Dvoinabrathran, dare. The mad
5 long ramp of manchind's parlements, the learned lacklearning,
6 merciless as wonderful.
7 — Now may Saint Mowy of the Pleasant Grin be your ever-
8 glass and even prospect!
9 — Feeling dank.
10 Exchange, reverse.
11 — And may Saint Jerome of the Harlots' Curse make fam;ly
12 three of you which is much abedder!
13 — Grassy ass ago.
14 And each was wrought with his other. And his continence fell.
15 The bivitellines, Metellus and Ametallikos, her crown pretenders,
16 obscindgemeinded biekerers, varying directly, uruseye each oxes-
17 other, superfetated (never cleaner of lamps frowned fiercelier on
18 anointer of hinges), while their treegrown girls, king's game, if
19 he deign so, are in such transfusion just to know twigst timidy
20 twomeys, for gracious sake, who is artthoudux from whose
21 heterotropic, the sleepy or the glouch, for, shyly bawn and
22 showly nursured,exceedingly nice girls can strike exceedingly
23 bad times unless so richtly chosen's by (what though of riches
24 he have none and hope dashes hope on his heart's horizon) to gar
25 their great moments greater. The thing is he must be put strait
26 on the spot, no mere waterstichystuff in a selfmade world that
27 you can't believe a word he's written in, not for pie, but one's
28 only owned by nature! rejection. Charley, you're my darwing!
29 So sing they sequent the assent of man. Till they go round if
30 they go roundagain before breakparts and all dismissed. They
31 keep. Step keep. Step. Stop. Who is Fleur? Where is Ange? Or
32 Gardoun?
33 Creedless, croonless hangs his haughty. There end no moe red
34 devil in the white of his eye. Braglodyte him do a katadupe! A con-
35 damn quondam jontom sick af a suckbut! He does not know how
36 his grandson's grandson's grandson's grandson will stammer up

1 in Peruvian for in the ersebest idiom I have done it equals I so
2 shall do. He dares not think why the grandmother of the grand-
3 mother of his grandmother's grandmother coughed Russky with
4 suchky husky accent since in the mouthart of the slove look at
5 me now means I once was otherwise. Nor that the mappamund
6 has been changing pattern as youth plays moves from street to
7 street since time and races were and wise ants hoarded and saute-
8 relles were spendthrifts, no thing making newthing wealthshow-
9 ever for a silly old Sol, healthytobedder and latewiser. Nor that the
10 turtling of a London's alderman is ladled out by the waggerful to
11 the regionals of pigmyland. His part should say in honour bound:
12 So help me symethew, sammarc, selluc and singin, I will stick to
13 you, by gum, no matter what, bite simbum, and in case of the
14 event coming off beforehand even so you was to release me for
15 the sake of the other cheap girl's baby's name plaster me but I
16 will pluckily well pull on the buckskin gloves! But Noodynaady's
17 actual ingrate tootle is of come into the garner mauve and thy
18 nice are stores of morning and buy me a bunch of iodines.

19 Evidentament he has failed as tiercely as the deuce before for
20 she is wearing none of the three. And quite as patently there is a
21 hole in the ballet trough which the rest fell out. Because to ex-
22 plain why the residue is, was, or will not be, according to the
23 eighth axiom, proceeded with, namely, since ever apart that gos-
24 san duad, so sure as their's a patch on a pomelo, this yam ham in
25 never live could, the shifting about of the lassies, the tug of love
26 of their lads ending with a great deal of merriment, hoots,
27 screams, scarf drill, cap fecking, ejaculations of aurinos, reecho-
28 able mirthpeals and general thumbtonosery (Myama's a young
29 young cauntry), one must reckon with the sudden and gigant-
30 esque appearance unwithstandable as a general election in
31 Barnado's bearskin amongst the brawlmiddle of this village chil-
32 dergarten of the largely longsuffering laird of Lucanhof

33 But, vrayedevraye Blankdeblank, god of all machineries and
34 toimestone of Barnstaple, by mortisection or vivisuture, splitten
35 up or recompounded, an isaac jacquemin maumormo milesian,
36 how accountibus for him, moreblue?

1 Was he pitssched for an enseple as certain have dognosed of
2 him against our seawall by Rurie, Thoath and Cleaver, those
3 three stout sweynhearts, Orion of the Orgiasts, Meereschal Mac-
4 Muhun, the Ipse dadden, product of the extremes giving quoti-
5 dients to our means, as might occur to anyone, your brutest
6 layaman with the princest champion in our archdeaconry, or so
7 yclept from Clio's clippings, which the chroncher of chivalries
8 is sulphicious save he scan, for ancients link with presents as the
9 human chain extends, have done, do and will again as John, Poly-
10 carp and Irenews eye-to-eye ayewitnessed and to Paddy Palmer,
11 while monks sell yew to archers or the water of the livvyng
12 goes the way of all fish from Sara's drawhead, the corralsome, to
13 Isaac's, the lauphed butt one, with her minnelisp extorreor to his
14 moanolotho inturned? So Perrichon with Bastienne or heavy
15 Humph with airy Nan, Ricqueracqbrimbillyjicqueyjocqjolicass?
16 How sowesthow, *dullcisamica*? A and aa ab ad abu abiad. A
17 babbel men dub gulch of tears.

18 The mar of murmury mermers to the mind's ear, uncharted
19 rock, evasive weed. Only the caul knows his thousandfirst name,
20 Hocus Crocus, Esquilocus, Finnfinn the Faineant, how feel full
21 foes in furrinarr! Doth it not all come aft to you, puritysnooper,
22 in the way television opes longtimes offer when Potollomuck
23 Sotyr or Sourdanapplous the Lollapaloosa? The charges are, you
24 will remember, the chances are, you won't; bit it's old Joe, the
25 Java Jane, older even than Odam Costollo, and we are recur-
26 rently meeting em, par Mahun Mesme, in cycloannalism, from
27 space to space, time after time, in various phases of scripture as
28 in various poses of sepulture. Greets Godd, Groceries! Merodach!
29 Defend the King! Hoet of the rough throat attack but whose say
30 is soft but whose ee has a cute angle, he whose hut is a hissarlik
31 even as her hennin's aspire. And insodaintily she's a quine of selm
32 ashaker while as a murder of corpse when his magot's up he's
33 the best berrathon sanger in all the aisles of Skaldignavia. As who
34 shall hear. For now at last is Longabed going to be gone to, that
35 more than man, prince of Bunnicombe of wide roadsterds, the
36 herblord the gillyflowrets so fain fan to flatter about. Artho is the

1 name is on the hero, Capellisato, shoehanded slaughterer of the
2 shader of our leaves.
3 Attach him! Hold!
4 Yet stir thee, to clay, Tamor!
5 Why wilt thou erewaken him from his earth, O summonor-
6 other: he is weatherbitten from the dusts of ages? The hour of his
7 closing hies to hand; the tocsin that shall claxonise his ware-
8 abouts. If one who remembered his webgoods and tealofts were
9 to ask of a hooper for whose it was the storks were quitting
10 Aquileyria, this trundler would not wot; if other who joined faith
11 when his depth charge bombed our barrel spillway were to —!
12 Jehosophat, what doom is here! Rain ruth on them, sire! The
13 wing of Moykill cover him! The Bulljon Bossbrute quarantine
14 him! Calavera, caution! Slaves to Virtue, save his Veritotem!
15 Bearara Tolearis, procul abeat! The Ivorbonegorer of Danamara-
16 ca be, his Hector Protector! Woldomar with Vasa, peel your
17 peeps! And try to saviourise the nights of labour to the order of
18 our bleeding worold! While Pliny the Younger writes to Pliny
19 the Elder his calamolumen of contumellas, what Aulus Gellius
20 picked on Micmacrobis and what Vitruvius pocketed from
21 Cassiodorus. Like we larnt from that Buke of Lukan in Dublin's
22 capital, Kongdam Coombe. Even if you are the koooper of the
23 winkel over measure never lost a licence. Nor a duckindonche
24 divulse from hath and breakfast. And for the honour of Alcohol
25 drop that you-know-what-I've-come-about-I-saw-your-act air!
26 Punch may be pottleproud but his Judy's a wife's wit better.
27 For the producer (Mr John Baptister Vickar) caused a deep
28 abuliousness to descend upon the Father of Truants and, at a side
29 issue, pluterpromptly brought on the scene the cutletsized con-
30 sort, foundling filly of fortyshilling fostertailor and shipman's
31 shopahoyden, weighing ten pebble ten, scaling five footsy five
32 and spanning thirtyseven inchettes round the good companions,
33 twentynine ditties round the wishful waistress, thirtyseven alsos
34 round the answer to everything, twentythree of the same round
35 each of the quis separabits, fourteen round the beginning of hap-
36 piness and nicely nine round her shoed for slender.

1 And eher you could pray mercy to goodness or help with your
2 hokey or mehokeypoo, Gallus's hen has collared her pullets.
3 That's where they have owreglias for. Their bone of contention,
4 flesh to their thorns, prest as Prestissima, makes off in a thinking
5 (and not one hen only nor two hens neyther but every blessed
6 brigid came aclucking and aclacking), while, a rum a rum, the
7 ram of all harns, Bier, Wijn, Spirituosen for consumption on the
8 premises, advokaat withouten pleaders, Mas marrit, Pas poulit,
9 Ras ruddist of all, though flamifestouned from galantifloures, is
10 hued and cried of each's colour.

11 Home all go. Halome. Blare no more ramsblares, oddmund
12 barkes! And cease your fumings, kindalled bushies! And sherri-
13 goldies yeassymgnays; your wildeshaweshowe moves swiftly
14 sterneward! For here the holy language. Soons to come. To
15 pause.

16 'Tis goed. Het best.

17 For they are now tearing, that is, teartoretorning. Too soon
18 are coming tasbooks and goody, hominy bread and bible bee,
19 with jaggery-yo to juju-jaw, Fine's French phrases from the
20 Grandmere des Grammaires and bothered parsenaps from the
21 Four Massores, Mattatias, Marusias, Lucanias, Jokinias, and what
22 happened to our eleven in thirtytwo antepostdating the Valgur
23 Eire and why is limbo where is he and what are the sound waves
24 saying ceased ere they all wayed wrong and Amnist anguished
25 axes Collis and where fishngaman fetched the mongafesh from
26 and whatfor paddybird notplease rancoon and why was Sindat
27 sitthing on him sitbom like a saildior, with what the doc did in the
28 doil, not to mention define the hydraulics of common salt and,
29 its denier crid of old provaunce, where G.P.O. is zentrum and
30 D.U.T.C. are radients write down by the frequency of the scores
31 and crores of your refractions the valuations in the pice of ding-
32 gyings on N.C.R. and S.C.R.

33 That little cloud, a nibulissa, still hangs isky. Singabed sulks
34 before slumber. Light at night has an alps on his druckhouse.
35 Thick head and thin butter or after you with me. Caspi, but
36 gueroligue stings the air. Gaylegs to riot of us! Gallocks to lafft!

1 What is amaid today todo? So angelland all weeping bin that Izzy
2 most unhappy is. Fain Essie fie onhapje? laughs her stella's vispirine.
3 While, running about their ways, going and coming, now at
4 rhimba rhomba, now in trippiza trappaza, pleating a pattern Gran
5 Geamatron showed them of gracehoppers, auntskippers and coney-
6 farm leppers, they jeeriled along, durian gay and marian maid-
7 cap, lou Dariou beside la Matieto, all boy more all girl singout-
8 feller longa house blong store Huddy, whilst nin nin nin nin that
9 Boorman's clock, a winny on the tinny side, ninned nin nin nin
10 nin, about old Father Barley how he got up of a morning arley
11 and he met with a platonem blondes named Hips and Haws and
12 fell in with a fellows of Trinity some header Skowood Shaws like
13 (You'll catch it, don't fret, Mrs Tummy Lupton! Come indoor,
14 Scoffynosey, and shed your swank!) auld Daddy Deacon who
15 could stow well his place of beacon but he never could hold his
16 kerosene's candle to (The nurse'll give it you, stickypots! And you
17 wait, my lasso, fecking the twine!) bold Farmer Burleigh who
18 wuck up in a hurlywurly where he huddly could wuddle to wal-
19 low his weg tillbag of the baker's booth to beg of (You're well
20 held now, Missy Cheekspeer, and your panto's off! Fie, for shame,
21 Ruth Wheatacre, after all the booz said!) illed Diddiddy Achin
22 for the prize of a pease of bakin with a pinch of the panch of the
23 ponch in jurys for (Ah, crabeyes, I have you, showing off to the
24 world with that gape in your stocking!) Wold Forrester Farley
25 who, in deesperation of deispiration at the diasporation of his
26 diesparation, was found of the round of the sound of the lound
27 of the.Lukkedoerendunandurraskewdylooshoofermoyportertoo-
28 ryzoosphalnabortansporthaokansakroidverjkapakkapuk.
29 Byfall.
30 Upploud!
31 The play thou schouwburgst, Game, here endeth. The curtain
32 drops by deep request.
33 Uplouderamain!
34 Gonn the gawds, Gunnar's gustspells. When the h, who the
35 hu, how the hue, where the huer? Orbiter onswers: lots lives
36 lost. Fionia is fed up with Fidge Fudgesons. Sealand snorres.

1 Rendningrocks roguesreckning reigns. Gwds with gurs are
2 gtttrdmrng. Hlls vlls. The timid hearts of words all exeomno-
3 sunt. Mannagad, lammalelouh, how do that come? By Dad, youd
4 not heed that fert? Fulgitudes ejist rowdownan tonuout. Quoq!
5 And buncskleydoodle! Kidoosh! Of their fear they broke, they
6 ate wind, they fled; where they ate there they fled; of their fear
7 they fled, they broke away. Go to, let us extol Azrael with our
8 harks, by our brews, on our jambeses, in his gaits. To Mezou-
9 zalem with the Dephilim, didits dinkun's dud? Yip! Yup! Yar-
10 rah! And let Nek Nekulon extol Mak Makal and let him say
11 unto him: Immi ammi Semmi. And shall not Babel be with
12 Lebab? And he war. And he shall open his mouth and answer:
13 I hear, O Ismael, how they laud is only as my loud is one. If
14 Nekulon shall be havonfalled surely Makal haven heavens. Go to,
15 let us extell Makal, yea, let us exceedingly extell. Though you
16 have lien among your posspots my excellency is over Ismael.
17 Great is him whom is over Ismael and he shall mekanek of Mak
18 Nakulon. And he deed.

19 Uplouderamainagain!

20 For the Clearer of the Air from on high has spoken in tumbul-
21 dum tambaldam to his tembledim tombalduum worrild and, mogu-
22 phonoised by that phonemanon, the unhappitents of the earth
23 have terrerumbled from fimament unto fundament and from
24 tweedledeedumms down to twiddledeedees.

25 Loud, hear us!

26 Loud, graciously hear us!

27 Now have thy children entered into their habitations. And
28 nationglad, camp meeting over, to shin it, Gov be thanked! Thou
29 hast closed the portals of the habitations of thy children and thou
30 hast set thy guards thereby, even Garda Didymus and Garda
31 Domas, that thy children may read in the book of the opening of
32 the mind to light and err not in the darkness which is the after-
33 thought of thy nomatter by the guardiance of those guards which
34 are thy bodemen, the cheeryboyum chirryboth with the kerry-
35 bommers in their krubeems, Pray-your-Prayers Timothy and

36 Back-to-Bunk Tom.

1 Till tree from tree, tree among trees tree over tree become
2 stone to stone, stone between stones, stone under stone for ever.
3 O Loud, hear the wee beseech of thees of each of these thy un-
4 litten ones! Grant sleep in hour's time, O Loud!
5 That they take no chill. That they do ming no merder. That
6 they shall not gomeet madhowiatrees.
7 Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laugh-
8 ters low!
9 Ha he hi ho hu.
10 Mummum.

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*With his broad
and hairy face,
to Ireland a
disgrace.*

*Menly about
peebles.*

*Don't retch meat
fat salt lard
sinks down (and
out).*

As we there are where are we are we there
from tomtittot to teetootomtotalitarian. Tea
tea too oo.

Whom will comes over. Who to caps ever.
And howelse do we hook our hike to find that
pint of porter place? Am shot, says the big-
guard.¹

Whence. Quick lunch by our left, wheel,
to where. Long Livius Lane, mid Mezzofanti
Mall, diagonising Lavatery Square, up Tycho
Brache Crescent,² shouldering Berkeley Alley,
querfixing Gainsborough Carfax, under Guido
d'Arezzo's Gadeway, by New Livius Lane till
where we whiled while we withered. Old
Vico Roundpoint. But fahr, be fear! And
natural, simple, slavish, filial. The marriage of
Montan wetting his moll we know, like any
enthewsyass cuckling a hoyden³ in her rougey

¹ Rawmeash, quoshe with her girlic teangue. If old Herod with the Corm-
well's eczema was to go for me like he does Snuffler whatever about his blue
canaries I'd do nine months for his beaver beard.

² Mater Mary Mercerycordial of the Dripping Nipples, milk's a queer
arrangement.

³ Real life behind the floodlights as shown by the best exponents of a royal
divorce.

UNDE ET UBI.

SIC.

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ITINERARY
THROUGH
THE
PARTICULAR
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1 gipsylike chinkaminx pulshandjupeyjade and
 2 her petsybluse indecked o' voylets.¹ When
 3 who was wist was ware. En elv, et fjaell. And
 4 the whirr of the whins humming us howe.
 5 His hume. Hencetaking tides we haply return,
 6 trumpeted by prawns and ensigned with sea-
 7 kale, to befinding ourself when old is said in
 8 one and maker mates with made (O my!),
 9 having conned the cones and meditated the
 10 mured and pondered the pensils and ogled the
 11 olymp and delighted in her dianaphous and
 12 cacchinated behind his culosses, before a
 13 *Swiney Tod, ye* mosoleum. Length Withought Breath, of him,
 14 *Daimon Barbar!* a chump of the evums, upshoot of picnic or
 15 stupor out of sopor, Cave of Kids or Hyma-
 16 nian Glattstoneburg, denary, danery, donnery,
 17 *Dig him in the* domm, who, entiringly as he continues highly-
 18 *rubsh!* fictional, tumultous under his chthonic exterior
 19 but plain Mr Tumulty in muftilife,² in his an-
 20 tisipiencies as in his recognisances, is, (Dominic
 21 *Ungodly old Ard-* Directus) a manyfeast munificent more mob
 22 *rey, Cronwall* than man.
 23 *beeswaxing the*
 24 *convulsion box.*

Ainsoph,³ this upright one, with that
 noughty besighed him zeroine. To see in his
 horrorscup he is mehrkurios than saltz of
 sulphur. Terror of the noonstruck by day,
 cryptogam of each nightly bridable. But, to
 speak broken heaventalk, is he? Who is he?
 Whose is he? Why is he? Howmuch is he?
 Which is he? When is he? Where is he?⁴ How
 is he? And what the decans is there about him

CONSTITU-
 TION OF THE
 CONSTITU-
 TIONABLE AS
 CONSTITU-
 TIONAL.

¹ When we play dress grownup at alla ludo poker you'll be happnessised to feel how fetching I can look in clingarounds.

² Kellywick, Longfellow's Lodgings, House of Comments III, Cake Walk, Amusing Avenue, Salt Hill, Co. Mahogany, Izalond, Terra Firma.

³ Groupname for grapejuice.

⁴ Bhing, said her burglar's head, soto.

1 anyway, the decent man? Easy, calm your
 2 haste! Approach to lead our passage!
 3 This bridge is upper.
 4 Cross.
 5 Thus come to castle.
 6 Knock.¹
 7 A password, thanks.
 8 Yes, please.
 9 Well, all be dumbled!
 10 O really?²
 11 *Swing the banjo,* Hoo cavedin earthwight
 12 *bantams, bounce-* At furscht kracht of thunder.³
 13 *the-baller's* When shoo, his flutterby,
 14 *blown to fook.* Was netted and named.⁴
 15 Erdnacrusa, requiestress, wake em!
 16 *Thsight near* And let luck's puresplutterall lucy at
 17 *left me eyes when* ease!⁵
 18 *I seen her put* To house as wise fool ages builded.
 19 *thounce otay* Sow byg eat.⁶
 20 *ithpot.* Staplering to tether to, steppingstone to
 21 *Quartandwds.* mount by, as the Boote's at Pickardstown.
 22 And that skimmelk steed still in the ground-
 23 lofftan. As over all. Or be these wingsets leaned
 24 to the outwalls, beastskin trophies of booth
 25 *Tickets for the* of Baws the balsamboards? ⁷ Burials be bally-
 26 *Tailwaggers* houraised! So let Bacchus e'en call! Inn inn!
 27 *Terrierpuppy* Inn inn! Where. The babbers ply the pen.
 28 *Raffle.* The bibbers drang the den. The papplicom,
 29 the publicam he's turning tin for ten. From
 30
 31 ¹ Yussive smirte and ye mermon answerth from his beelyingplace below
 32 the tightmark, Gotahelv!
 33 ² O Evol, kool in the salg and ees how Dozi pits what a drows er.
 34 ³ A goodrid croven in a tynwalled tub.
 35 ⁴ Apis amat aram. Luna legit librum. Pulla petit pascua.
 36 ⁵ And after dinn to shoot the shades.
 37 ⁶ Says blistered Mary Achinhead to beautifed Tummy Tullbutt.
 38 ⁷ Begge. To go the Begge. To go to Begge and to be sure to reminder
 39 Begge. Goodbeg, buggey Begge.

PROBA-
 POSSIBLE
 PROLEGO-
 MENA TO
 IDEAREAL
 HISTORY.

GNOSIS OF
 PRECREATE
 DETERMINA-
 TION.
 AGNOSIS OF
 POSTCREATE
 DETER-
 MINISM.

1 seldomers that most frequent him. That same
2 erst crafty hakemouth which under the assumed
3 name of Ignotus Loquor, of foggy old,
4 harangued bellyhooting fishdrunks on their
5 favorite stamping ground, from a father theo-
6 balder brake.¹ And Egyptus, the incenstrobed,
7 *Mars speaking.* as Cyrus heard of him? And Major A. Shaw
8 after he got the miner smellpex? And old
9 Whiteman self, the blighty blotchy, beyond
10 the bays, hope of ostrogothic and ottomanic
11 faith converters, despair of Pandemia's post-
12 wartem plastic surgeons? But is was all so
13 long ago. Hispano-Cathayan-Euxine, Castil-
14 *Smith, no home.* lian-Emeratic-Hebridian, Espanol-Cymric-
15 Helleniky? Rolf the Ganger, Rough the Gang-
16 ster, not a feature alike and the face the same.²
17 Pastimes are past times. Now let bygones
18 be bei Gunne's. Saaleddies er it in this warken
19 werden, mine boerne, and it vild need older-
20 wise³ since primal made alter in garden of
21 Idem. The tasks above are as the flasks below,
22 *Non quod sed* saith the emerald canticle of Hermes and all's
23 *quiat* loth and pleasestir, are we told, on excellent
24 inkbottle authority, solarsystemised, seriol-
25 cosmically, in a more and more almightily
26 expanding universe under one, there is rhyme-
27 less reason to believe, original sun. Securely
28 *Hearasay in* judges orb terrestrial.⁴ *Haud certo ergo.* But
29 *paradox lust.* O felicitous culpability, sweet bad cess to you
30 for an archetypt!

31
32 ¹ Huntler and Pumar's animal alphabites, the first in the world from
33 aab to zoo.

34 ² We dont hear the booming cursowarries, we wont fear the fletches of
35 fighting, we float the meditarenias and come bask to the isle we love in
36 spice. Punt.

37 ³ And this once golden bee a cimadoro.

38 ⁴ And he was a gay Lutharius anyway, Sinobiled. You can tell by their
39 extraordinary clothes.

1 Honour commercio's energy yet aid the
2 linkless proud, the plurable with everybody
3 and ech with pal, this ernst of Allsap's ale
4 halliday of roaring month with its two lunar
5 eclipses and its three saturnine settings! Horn
6 of Heatthen, highbrowed! Brook of Life, back-
7 frish! Amnios amnium, fluminiculum flami-
8 nulinorum! We seek the Blessed One, the
9 Harbourn-cum-Enheritance. Even Canaan
10 the Hateful. Ever a-going, ever a-coming.
11 Between a stare and a sough. Fossilisation, all
12 *Bags.* branches.¹ Wherefore Petra sware unto Ulma:
13 *Balls.* By the mortals' frost! And Ulma sware unto
14 Petra: On my veiny life!

15 In these places sojournemus, where Eblinn
16 water, leased of carr and fen, leaving amont her
17 shoals and salmen browses, whom inshore
18 breezes woo with freshets, windeth to her
19 broads. A phantom city, phaked of philim
20 pholk, bowed and sould for a four of hundreds
21 of manhood in their three and threescore
22 *Move up,* fylkers for a price partitional of twenty six and
23 *Mackinerny!* six. By this riverside, on our sunnybank,² how
24 *Make room for* buona the vista, by Santa Rosa! A field of May,
25 *Muckinumey!* the very vale of Spring. Orchards here are
26 lodged; sainted lawrels evrememberied. You
27 have a hoig view ashwald, a glen of marrons
28 and of thorns. Gleannaulinn, Ardeevin: purty
29 glint of plaising height. This Norman court at
30 boundary of the ville, yon creepered tower of
31 a church of Ereland, meet for true saints in
32 worshipful assemblage,³ with our king's house
33

34 ¹ Startnaked and bonedstiff. We vivvy soddy. All be dood.

35 ² When you dreamt that you'd wealth in marble arch do you ever think of
36 pool beg slowe.

37 ³ Porphyrious Olbion, redcoatliar, we were always wholly rose marines
38 on our side every time.

ARCHAIC
ZELOTYPIA
AND THE
ODIUM TEL-
EOLOGICUM.

THE LOCALI-
SATION OF
LEGEND
LEADING TO
THE LEGALI-
SATION OF
LATIFUND-
ISM.

1 of stone, belgroved of mulbrey, the still that
 2 was mill and Kloster that was Yeomansland,
 3 the ghastrcold tombshape of the quick fore-
 4 gone on, the loffleaved elm Lefanunian above-
 5 mansioned, each, every, all is for the retro-
 6 spectioner. Skole! Agus skole igen!¹ Sweet-
 7 some auburn, cometh up as a selfreizing flower,
 8 that fragolance of the fraisey beds: the phoenix,
 9 his pyre, is still flaming away with trueprat-
 10 tight spirit: the wren his nest is niedelig as the
 11 turrises of the sabines are televisible. Here are
 12 the cottage and the bungalow for the cobbeler
 13 and the brandnewburgher:² but Izolde, her
 14 chaplet gardens, an litlee plads af liefest pose,
 15 *In snowdrop,* arride the winnerful wonders off, the winner-
 16 *trou-de-dentelle,* ful wonnerful wanders off,³ with hedges of
 17 *flesh and helio-* ivy and hollywood and bower of mistletoe,
 18 *trope.* are, tho if it theem tho and yeth if you
 19 pleathes,⁴ for the blitthehaired daughter of
 20 Angoisse. All out of two barreny old perishers,
 21 Tytonyhands and Vlossyhair, a kilolitre in
 22 metromyriams. Presepeprosapia, the parent
 23 bole. Wone tabard, wine tap and warm tavern⁵
 24 and, by ribbon development, from contact
 25 bridge to lease lapse, only two millium two
 26 humbered and eighty thausig nine humbered
 27 *Here's our dozen* and sixty radiolumin lines to the wustworts of
 28 *cousins from the* a Finntown's generous poet's office. Distorted
 29 *starves on tripes.* mirage, aloofliest of the plain, wherein the
 30

31 ¹ Now a muss wash the little face.

32 ² A viking vernacular expression still used in the Summerhill district for a
 33 jerryhatted man of forty who puts two fingers into his boiling soupplate and
 34 licks them in turn to find out if there is enough mushroom catsup in the
 35 mutton broth.

36 ³ H' dk' fs' h'p'y.

37 ⁴ Googlaa pluplu.

38 ⁵ Tomley. The grown man. A butcher szewched him the bloughs and
 39 braches. I'm chory to see P. Shuter.

1 boxomeness of the bedelias¹ makes hobby-
2 hodge happy in his hole.² The store and
3 charter, Treetown Castle under Lynne.-Riva-
4 pool? Hod a briek on it! But its piers eerie,
5 its span spooky, its toll but a till, its parapets
6 all peripateting. D'Oblong's by his by. Which
7 we all pass. Tons. In our snoo. Znore. While
8 we hickerwards the thicker. Schein. Schore.
9 Which assoars us from the murk of the mythe-
10 lated in the barrabelowther, bedevere butlered
11 table round, past Morningtop's necessity and
12 Harington's invention, to the clarience of the
13 childlight in the studiorium upsturts. Here
14 we'll dwell on homiest powers, love at the
15 latch with novices nig and nag. The chorus:
16 the principals. For the rifocillation of their
17 inclination to the manifestation of irritation:
18 doldorboys and doll.³ After sound, light and
19 heat, memory, will and understanding.

20 *Bet you fippence,*
21 *anythesious,*
22 *there's no pug-*
23 *gatory, are yous*
24 *game?*

Here (the memories framed from walls are
minding) till wranglers for wringwrowdy
wready are, F 7, (at gaze, respecting, four-
teenth baronet, meet, altrettanth bancorot,
chaff) and ere commence commencement cata-
launic when Aetius check chokewill Attil's
gambit, (that buxon bruzeup, give it a burl!)
lead us seek, O june of eves the jenniist,
thou who fleest flicklesome the fond fervid
frondeur to thickly thyself attach with thine
efteased ensuer,⁴ ondrawer of our uncon-
scionable, flickerflapper fore our unter-

PREAUSTERIC
MAN AND HIS
PURSUIT OF
PAN-
HYSTERIC
WOMAN.

33 ¹ I believe in Dublin and the Sultan of Turkey.

34 ² I have heard this word used by Martin Halpin, an old gardener from the
35 Glens of Antrim who used to do odd jobs for my godfather, the Rev. B.B.
36 Brophy of Swords.

37 ³ Ravens may rive so can dove deelish.

38 ⁴ A question of pull.

1 drugged,¹ lead us seek, lote us see, light us find,
2 let us missnot Maidadate, Mimosa Multimim
3 etica, the maymeaminning of maimoomeining!
4 Elpis, thou fountain of the greeces, all shall speer
5 theeward,² from kongen in his canteenhus to
6 knivers hind the knoll. Ausonius Audacior
7 and gael, gillie, gall.³ Singalingalying. Storiella
8 as she is syung. Whence followeup with end-
9 speaking nots for yestures, plutonically pur-
10 suant on briefest glimpse from gladrags, pretty
11 Proserpronette whose slit satchel spilleth peas.

12 *There was a
13 sweet hopeful
14 called Cis.*

15 Belisha beacon, beckon bright! Usherette,
16 unmesh us! That grene ray of earong it waves
17 us to yonder as the red, blue and yellow flogs
18 time on the domisole,⁴ with a blewly blow and
19 a windigo. Where flash becomes word and
20 silents selflout. To brace congeners, trebly
21 bounden and asservaged twainly. Adamman,⁵
22 Emhe, Issossianusheen and sometypes Yggely
23 ogs Weib. Uwayoei!⁶ So mag this sybilette be
24 our shibboleth that we may syllable her well!

25 *The Big Bear
26 bit the Sailor's
27 Only. Trouble,
28 trouble, trouble.*

29 Vetus may be occluded behind the mou in
30 Veto but Nova will be nearing as their radient
31 among the Nereids. A one of charmers, ay,
32 Una Unica, charmers, who, under the branches
33 of the elms, in shoes as yet unshent by stoni-
34 ness, wend, went, will wend a way of honey
35 myrrh and rambler roses mistmusk while still
36 the maybe mantles the meiblume or ever her

37 *Forening Unge
38 Kristlike Kvinne.*

URGES AND
WIDERURGES
IN A PRIMI-
TIVE SEPT.

31 ¹ For Rose Point see Inishmacsaint.

32 ² Mannequins' Pose.

33 ³ Their holy presumption and hers sinfly desprit.

34 ⁴ Anama anamaba anamabapa.

35 ⁵ Only for he's fathering law I could skewer that old one and slosh her out
36 many's the time but I thinks more of my pottles and ketts.

37 ⁶ All abunk for Tarararat! Look slipper, sopypyhat, we've a doss in the
38 manger.

1 if have faded from the fleur,¹ their arms
2 enlocked, (ringrang, the chimes of sex appeal-
3 *Telltale me all* ing as conchitas with sentas stray,² rung!), all
4 *of annaryllies.* thinking all of it, the It with an itch in it, the All
5 every inch of it, the pleasure each will preen her
6 for, the business each was bred to breed by.³

7 Soon jemmijohns will cudgel about some
8 a rhythmatick or other over Browne and
9 Nolan's divisional tables whereas she, of
10 minions' novence charily being cupid, for
11 *Will you carry* mug's wumping, grooser's grubbiness, andt's
12 *my can and* avarice and grossopper's grandegaffe, with her
13 *fight the fairies?* tootpettypout of jemenfichue will sit and knit
14 on solfa sofa.⁴ Stew of the evening, booksyful
15 stew. And a bodikin a boss in the Thimble
16 Theatre. But all is her-inbourne. Intend. From
17 *Allma Mathers,* gramma's grammar she has it that if there is a
18 *Auctioneer.* third person, mascarine, phelinine or nuder,
19 being spoken abad it moods prosodes from a
20 person speaking to her second which is the
21 direct object that has been spoken to, with and
22 at. Take the dative with his oblativ⁵ for, even
23 if obsolete, it is always of interest, so spake
24 gramma on the impetus of her imperative, only
25 mind your genderous towards his reflexives
26 *Old Gavelkind* such that I was to your grappa (Bott's troudend,
27 *the Gamper and* hore a man uff!) when him was me hedon⁶
28 *he's as daff as* and mine, what the lewdy saying, his analec-
29 *you're erse.* tual pygmyhop.⁷ There is comfotism in the

EARLY
NOTIONS OF
ACQUIRED
RIGHTS AND
THE INFLU-
ENCE OF
COLLECTIVE
TRADITION
UPON THE
INDIVIDUAL.

31 ¹ One must sell it to some one, the sacred name of love.

32 ² Making it up as we goes along.

33 ³ The law of the jungerl.

34 ⁴ Let me blush to think of all those halfwayhoist pullovers.

35 ⁵ I'd like his pink's cheek.

36 ⁶ Frech devil in red hairing! So that's why you ran away to sea, Mrs
37 Lappy. Leap me, Locklaun, for you have sensed!

38 ⁷ A washable lovable floatable doll.

1 knowledge that often hate on first hearing
2 comes of love by second sight. Have your
3 little sintalks in the dunk of subjunctions, dual
4 in duel and prude with pruriel, but even the
5 aoriest chaparound whatever plaudered perfect
6 anent prettydotes and haec genua omnia may
7 perhaps chance to be about to be in the case to
8 becoming a pale peterwright in spite of all
9 your tense accusatives whilstly you're wall-
10 floored¹ like your gerandiums for the better
11 half of a yearn or sob. It's a wild's kitten, my
12 dear, who can tell a wilkling from a warthog.
13 For you may be as practical as is predicable
14 but you must have the proper sort of accident
15 to meet that kind of a being with a difference.²
16 Flame at his fumbles but freeze on his fist.³
17 Every letter is a godsend, ardent Ares, brusque
18 Boreas and glib Ganymede like zealous Zeus,
19 the O'Meghisthest of all. To me or not to me.
20 Satis thy quest on. Werbungsap! Jeg suis, vos
21 wore a gentleman, thou arr, I am a quean. Is
22 a game over? The game goes on. Cookcook!
23 Search me. The beggar the maid the bigger
24 the mauler. And the greater the patrar the
25 griefer the pinch. And that's what your doctor
26 knows. O love it is the commonkounest thing
27 how it pashes the plutous and the paupe.⁴
28 Pop! And egg she active or spoon she passive,
29 all them fine clauses in Lindley's and Murrey's
30 never braught the participle of a present to a
31 desponent hortatrixy, vindicatively I say it,
32

21 *Undante*

22 *umoroso.*

23 *M. 50-50.*

24 *σύκ ἐλαβου*

25 *πόλιυ*

33 ¹ With her poodle fainting to be let off and feeling dead in herself. Is love
34 worse living?

35 ² If she can't follow suit Renée goes to the pack.

36 ³ Improper frictions is maledictions and mens uration makes me mad.

37 ⁴ Long and Shortts Primer of Black and White Wenchcraft.

1 from her postconditional future.¹ Lumpsome
 2 is who lumpsum pays. Quantity counts though
 3 accents falter. Yoking apart and oblique ora-
 4 *I'll go for that* tions parsed to one side, a brat, alanna, can
 5 *small polly if* choose from so many, be he a solicitor's
 6 *you'll suck to* appendix, a pipe clerk or free functionist
 7 *your lebbens-* flyswatter, that perfect little cad, from the
 8 *quatsch.* languors and weakness of limberlimbed lassihood till the head, back and heartaches of waxedup womanage and heaps on heaps of other things too. Note the Respectable Irish Distressed Ladies and the Merry Mustard Frothblowers of Humphreystown Associations. Atac first, queckqueck quicks after. Beware how in that hist subtaile of schlangder² lies liaison to tease oreilles! To vert embowed set proper penchant. But learn from that ancient tongue to be middle old modern to the minute. A spitter that can be depended on. Though Wonderlawn's lost us for ever. Alis, alas, she broke the glass! Liddell lokker through the leafery, ours is mistery of pain.³ You may spin on youthlit's bike and multiplease your Mike and Nike with your kickshoes on the algebrars but, volve the virgil page and view, the O of woman is long when burly those two muters sequent her so from Nebob⁴ see you never stray who'll nimm you nice and nehm the day.

25 *O'Mara Farrell.*

27 *Verschwindibus.*

31 *Ulstria,*

28 One hath just been areading, hath not one,
 29 ya, ya, in their memoiries of Hireling's puny
 30 wars, end so, und all, ga, ga, of The O'Brien,

CONCOMI-
 TANCE OF
 COURAGE,

33 ¹ The gaggles all out.

34 ² He's just bug nuts on white mate he hasn't the teath nor the grits to choo
 35 and that's what's wrong with Lang Wang Wurm, old worbbling goesbelly.

36 ³ Dear and I trust in all frivolity I may be pardoned for trespassing but I
 37 think I may add hell.

38 ⁴ He is my all menkind of every desception.

1 *Monastir,*
2 *Leninstar and*
3 *Connecticut.*

4
5 *Cliopatria, thy*
6 *hosies history.*

7
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20 *The Eroico*
21 *Furioso makes*
22 *the valet like*
23 *smiling.*

24
25
26 *The hyperape the*
27 *mink he groves the*
28 *mole you see nowfor*
29 *crushsake, chawley!*

30

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The O'Connor, The Mac Loughlin and The
Mac Namara with summed their appondage,
da, da, of Sire Jeallyous Seizer, that gamely
torskmaster,¹ with his duo of druidesses in ready
money rompers² and the tryonforit of Oxthie-
vious, Lapidous and Malthouse Anthemey. You
may fail to see the lie of that layout, Suetonia,³
but the reflections which recur to me are that
so long as beauty life is body love⁴ and so bright
as Mutua of your mirror holds her candle to
your caudle, lone lefthand likeless, sombring
Autum of your Spring, reckon you not one spirt
of anyseed whether trigemelimen cuddle his
coddle or nope. She'll confess it by her figure
and she'll deny it to your face. If you're not
ruined by that one she won't do you any
whim. And then? What afters it? Cruff Gunne
may blow, Gam Gonna flow, the gossans eye
the jennings aye. From the butts of Heber and
Heremon, *nolens volens*, brood our pansies,
brune in brume. There's a split in the infinitive
from to have to have been to will be. As they
warred in their big innings ease now we never
shall know. Eat early earthapples. Coax Cobra
to chatters. Hail, Heva, we hear! This is the
glider that gladdened the girl⁵ that list to the
wind that lifted the leaves that folded the
fruit that hung on the tree that grew in the
garden Gough gave. Wide hiss, we're wizen-

¹ All his teeth back to the front, then the moon and then the moon with
a hole behind it.

² Skip one, flop fore, jennies in the cabbage store.

³ None of your cumpohlstery English here!

⁴ Understudy my understandings, Sostituda, and meek thine complime-
ment, gymnufleshed.

⁵ Tho' I have one just like that to home, deadleaf brown with quicksilver
appliques, would whollymost applissiate a nice shiny sleekysilk out of that
slippering snake charmeuse.

COUNSEL
AND CON-
STANCY.
ORDINATION
OF OMEN,
ONUS AND
OBIT. DIS-
TRIBUTION
OF DANGER,
DUTY AND
DESTINY.
POLAR PRIN-
CIPLES.

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Pige pas.



*Seidlitz powther
for slogan
plumpers.*

*Hoploits and
atthems.*

ing. Hoots fromm, we're globing. Why hidest
thou hinder thy husband his name? Leda, Lada,
aflutter-afraida, so does your girdle grow!
Willed without witting, whorled without
aimed. Pappapassos, Mammamanet, warwhets-
wut and whowitswhy.¹ But it's tails for
toughs and titties for totties and come
buckets come bats till deeleet.²

Dark ages clasp the daisy roots, Stop, if you
are a sally of the allies, hot off Minnowaurs
and naval actiums, picked engagements and
banks of rowers. Please stop if you're a
B.C. minding missy, please do. But should
you prefer A.D. stepplease. And if you miss
with a venture it serves you girly well glad.
But, holy Janus, I was forgetting the Blitzen-
kopfs! Here, Hengegst and Horsesauce, take
your heads³ out of that taletub! And leave
your hinnyhennyhindy you! It's haunted. The
chamber. Of errings. Whoan, tug, trace,
stirrup! It is distinctly understoutered that,
sense you threehandshighs put your twofoot-
large timepates in that dead wash of Lough
Murph and until such time pace one and the
same Messherrn the grinning statesmen, Brock
and Leon, have shunted the grumblin
coundedtouts, Starlin and Ser Artur Ghinis.
Foamous homely brew, bebattled by bottle,
gageure de guegerre.⁴ Bull igien bear and
then bearagain bulligan. Gringrin gringrin.
Staffs varsus herds and bucks vursus barks.

PANOPTICAL
PURVIEW OF
POLITICAL
PROGRESS
AND THE
FUTURE PRE-
SENTATION
OF THE PAST.

¹ What's that ma'am? says I.
² As you say yourself.
³ That's the lethemuse but it washes off.
⁴ Where he fought the shessock of his stimmstammer and we caught the
pepettes of our lovelives.

1 *Curragh* By old Grumbledum's walls. Bumps, bellows
 2 *machree, me* and bawls.¹ Opprimer's down, up up Opima!
 3 *bosthoon fiend.* Rents and rates and tithes and taxes, wages,
 4 *Families hug* saves and spends. Heil, heptarched span of
 5 *bank!* peace!² Live, league of lex, nex and the mores!
 6 Fas est dass and foe err you. Impoverment
 7 of the booble by the bauble for the bubble. So
 8 *All we suffered* wrap up your worries in your woe (wumpum-
 9 *under them Cow-* tum!) and shake down the shuffle for the
 10 *dung Forks and* throw. For there's one mere ope³ for down-
 11 *how we enjoyed* ned. As Hanah Levy, shrewd shroplifter,
 12 *over our pick of* and nievre anore skidoos with her spoiled.⁴
 13 *the basketfild.* To add gay touches. For hugh and guy and
 14 *Old Kine's* goy and jew. To dimpled and pimped and
 15 *Meat Meal.* simpled and wimped. A peak in a poke and a
 16 pig in a pew.⁵ She wins them by wons, a haul
 17 *Flieflie for the* hectoendecate, for mangay mumbo jumbjubes
 18 *jillies and a* tak mutts and jeffs muchas bracelonettes
 19 *bombambum* gracias barcelonas.⁶ O what a loovely free-
 20 *for the* speech 'twas (tep)⁷ to gar howalively hinter-
 21 *nappotondus.* grunting! Tip. Like lilt of larks to burdened
 22 crocodile,⁸ or skittering laubhing at that
 23 wheeze of old windbag, Blusterboss, blow-
 24 harding about all he didn't do. Hell o' your
 25 troop! With is the winker for the muckwits
 26 of willesly and nith is the nod for the umproar
 27 napollyon and hitheris poorblond piebold
 28 hoerse. Huirse. With its tricuspidal hauberk-
 29

30 ¹ Shake eternity and lick creation.

31 ² I'm blest if I can see.

32 ³ Hoppity Huhneye, hoosh the hen. I like cluckers, you like nuts (wink).

33 ⁴ Sweet, medium and dry like altar wine.

34 ⁵ Who'll buy me penny babies?

35 ⁶ Well, Maggy, I got your castoff devils all right and fits lovely. And am
 36 vaguely graceful. Maggy thanks.

37 ⁷ My six is no secret, sir, she said.

38 ⁸ Yes, there, Tad, thanks, give, from, tathair, look at that now.

1 helm coverchaf emblem on. For the man that
 2 *Murdoch.* broke the ranks on Monte Sinjon. The all-
 3 riddle of it? That that is allruddy with us,
 4 ahead of schedule, which already is plan accom-
 5 *Pas d'action,* plished from and syne: Daft Dathy of the Five
 6 *peu de sauce.* Positions (the death ray stop him!) is still, as
 7 reproaches Paulus, on the Madderhorn and,
 8 entre chats and hobnobs,¹ daring Dunderhead
 9 to shiver his timbers and Hannibal mac Hamil-
 10 tan the Hegerite² (more livepower elbow him!)
 11 ministerbuilding up, as repreaches Timothy,
 12 in Saint Barmabrac's.³ Number Thirty two
 13 West Eleventh streak looks on to that (may
 14 all in the tocoming of the sempereternal speel
 15 *From the seven* spry with it!) datetree doloriferous which
 16 *tents of Joseph* more and over leafeth earlier than every
 17 *till the calends of* growth and, elfshot, headawag, with frayed
 18 *Mary Marian,* nerves wondering till they feeled sore like any
 19 *olivehunkered* woman that has been born at all events to the
 20 *and thorny too.* purdah and for the howmanyeth and how-
 21 movingth time at what the demons in that
 22 *As Shakefork* jackhouse that jerry built for Massa and Missus
 23 *might pitch it.* and hijo de puta, the sparksown fermament of
 24 the starryk fieldgosongingon where blows
 25 a nemone at each blink of windstill⁴ they
 26 were sliding along and sleeting aloof and
 27 scouting around and shooting about. All-
 28 whichwhile or whereaballoons for good
 29 vaunty years Dagobert is in Clane's clean
 30 hometown prepping up his prepueratory
 31 and learning how to put a broad face bronzily
 32 out through a broken breached meataerial
 33

34 ¹ Go up quick, stay so long, come down slow!

35 ² If I gnows me gneesgnobs the both of him is gnatives of Genuas.

36 ³ A glass of peel and pip for Mr Potter of Texas, please.

37 ⁴ All the world loves a big gleaming jelly.

1 *Puzzly, puzzly,*
2 *I smell a cat.*

3
4
5
6 *Two makes a*
7 *wing at the ma-*
8 *croscope*
9 *telluspeep.*

10
11
12
13
14 *From the Buffalo*
15 *Times of bysone*
16 *days.*

17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25 *Quick quake*
26 *quokes the par-*
27 *rotbook of dates.*

28
29 ¹ A pengeneepy for your warcheekeepy.

30 ² My globe goes gaddy at geography giggle pending which time I was
31 looking for my shoe all through Arabia.

32 ³ It must be some bugbear in the gender especially when old which they
33 all soon get to look.

34 ⁴ After me looking up the plan in Humphrey's Justice of the Piece it said to
35 see preseeding chaps.

36 ⁵ O boyjones and hairyoddities! Only noane told missus of her massas
37 behaving she would laugh that flat that after that she had sanked down on her
38 fat arks they would shaik all to sheeks.

39 ⁶ Traduced into jinglish janglage for the nusances of dolphins born.

from Bryan Awlining! Erin's hircohaired
culoteer.¹

And as, these things being so or ere those
things having done, way back home in Pacata
Auburnia,² (untillably holy gammel Eire) one
world burrowing on another, (if you've got
me, neighbour, in any large lumps, geek?, ant
got the strong of it) Standfest, our topical
sagon hero, or any otther macotther, signs is
on the bellyguds bastille back, bucket up with
fullness, ant silvering to her jubilee,³ birch-
leaves her jointure, our lavy in waving, visage
full of flesh ant fat as a hen's i' forehead,
Airyanna ant Blowyhart topsirturvy, that
royal pair in their palace of quicken boughs
hight The Goat ant Compasses ('phone
number 17:69, if you want to know⁴) his sea-
arm strongsround her, her velivole eyne aship-
wracked, have discusst their things of the
past, crime and fable with shame, home and
profit,⁵ why lui lied to lei and hun tried to kill
ham, scribbledehobbles, in whose veins runs
a mixture of, are heat bent and hard upon.
Spell me the chimes. They are tales all tolled.⁶
Today is well thine but where's may tomorrow
be. But, bless his cowly head and press his
crankly hat, what a world's woe is each's

FROM CENO-
GENETIC DI-
CHOTOMY
THROUGH
DIAGONISTIC
CONCILI-
ANCE TO
DYNASTIC
CONTINU-
ITY.

1 other's weariness waiting to beadroll his own
2 properer mistakes, the backslapping glad-
3 *Some is out for* hander,¹ free of his florid future and the other
4 *twoheaded dul-* singing likeness, dirging a past of bloody altars,
5 *carnons but more* gale with a blost to him, dove without gall.
6 *puffers turnips.* And she, of the jilldaw's nest² who tears up
7 lettereens she never apposed a pen upon.³ Yet
8 *Omnitudes in a* sung of love and the monster man. What's
9 *knutshedell.* Hiccupper to hem or her to Hagaba? Ough,
10 ough, brieve kindli!⁴
11 Dogs' vespers are anending. Vespertilia-
12 bitur. Goteshoppard quits his gabhard cloke
13 to sate with Becchus. Zumbock! Achevre!
14 Yet wind will be ere fadervor⁵ and the hour of
15 *For all us kids* fruminy and bergoo bell if Nippon have pearls
16 *under his aegis.* or opals Eldorado, the daindy dish, the lecking
17 out! Gipoo, good oil! For (hushmagandy!)
18 long 'tis till gets bright that all cocks waken
19 and birds Diana⁶ with dawnson gail. Aught
20 darks flou a duskness. Bats that? There peepee-
21 *Saving the public* strilling. At Brannan's on the moor. At Tam
22 *his health.* Fanagan's weak yat his still's going strang.
23 And still here is noctules and can tell things
24 acommon on by that fluffy feeling. Larges
25 *Superlative abso-* loomy wheelhouse to bodgbox⁷ lumber up
26 *lute of Porter-* with hoodie hearsemen carrawain we keep
27 *stown.* is peace who follow his law, Sunday

THE MON-
GREL UNDER
THE DUNG-
MOUND.
SIGNIFI-
CANCE OF
THE INFRA-
LIMINAL IN-
TELLIGENCE.
OFFFRANDES.

28
29 ¹ He gives me pulpittions with his Castlecowards never in the twowsers
30 and ever in those twawsers and then babeteasing us out of our hoydenname.

31 ² My goldfashioned bother near drave me roven mad and I dyeing to
32 keep my linefree face like readymaid maryangs for jollycomes smashing
33 Holmes.

34 ³ What I would like is a jade louistone to go with the moon's increscent.

35 ⁴ Parley vows the Askinwhose? I do, Ida. And how to call the cattle black.
36 Moopetsi meepotsi

37 ⁵ I was so snug off in my aphotster's creedle but at long leash I'll stretch
38 more capritious in his dappleped bed.

39 ⁶ Pipette. I can almost feed their sweetness at my lisplips.

40 ⁷ A liss in hunterland.

1
2
3 *Why so mucky*
4 *pick bridges*
5 *span our Flumi-*
6 *nian road.*
7 *P.C. Helmut's in*
8 *the cottonwood,*
9 *listnin.*
10 *The throne is an*
11 *umbrella strande*
12 *and a sceptre's a*
13 *stick.*
14 *Jady jewel, our*
15 *daktar deer.*
16 *Gautamed bud-*
17 *ders deossiphys-*

18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25 *By lineal in pon-*
26 *cus overthepoise.*
27

28 ¹ I wonder if I put the old buzzerd one night to suckle in Millickmaam's
29 honey like they use to emballeem some of the special popes with a book in his
30 hand and his mouth open.

31 ² And a ripping rude rape in his lucreasious togery.

32 ³ Will ye nought would wet your weapons, warriors bard?

33 ⁴ Roe, Williams, Bewey, Greene, Gorham, McEndicoth and Vyler, the
34 lays of ancient homes.

35 ⁵ The stanidsglass effect, you could sugerly swear buttermilt would not
36 melt down his dripping ducks.

37 ⁶ Thickathigh and Thinathews with sant their dam.

38 ⁷ Oh, could we do with this waddled of ours like that redbanked profanian
39 with his bakset of yosters.

King.¹ His sevencoloured's soot (Ochone!
Ochona!)² and his imponence one heap lump-
block (Mogoull!). And rivers burst out like
weeming racesround joydrinks for the fewnrally,³ where every feaster's a foster's other, fian-
nians all.⁴ The willingbreast, he willing giant,
the mountain mourning his duggedy dew. To
obedient of civicity in urbanious at felicity
what'll yet meek Mike⁵ our diputy mimber when
he's head on poll and Peter's burgess and Miss
Mishy Mushy is tiptupt by Toft Taft. Boblesse
gobleeege. For as Anna was at the beginning
lives yet and will return after great deap sleap
rerising and a white night high with a cows of
Drommhiem as shower as there's a wet en-
clouded in Westwicklow or a little black rose a
truant in a thortree. We drames our dreams
tell Bappy returns. And Sein annews. We will
not say it shall not be, this passing of order and
order's coming, but in the herbest country and
in the country around Blath as in that city self
of legions they look for its being ever yet. So
shuttle the pipers done.⁶ Eric aboy!⁷ And it's
time that all paid tribute to this massive mor-
tality, the pink of punk perfection as photo-
graphy in mud. Some may seek to dodge the

1 gobbet for its quantity of quality but who
2 wants to cheat the choker's got to learn to
3 chew the cud. Allwhichhole scrubs on scroll
4 *Pitchcap and* circuminiuminluminatedhave encuoniams here
5 *triangle, noose* and impropieries there.¹ With a pansy for the
6 *and tinctunc.* pussy in the corner.²

7 Bewise of Fanciulla's heart, the heart of
8 Fanciulla! Even the recollection of willow
9 fronds is a spellbinder that lets to hear.³ The
10 rushes by the grey nuns' pond: ah eh oh let
11 *Uncle Flabbius* me sigh too. Coalmansbell: behoves you
12 *Muximus to* handmake of the load. Jenny Wren: pick, peck.
13 *Niecia Flappia* Johnny Post: pack, puck.⁴ All the world's in
14 *Minnimiss. As* want and is writing a letters.⁵ A letters from a
15 *this is. And as* person to a place about a thing. And all the
16 *this this is.* world's on wish to be carrying a letters. A let-
17 *Dear Brotus,* ters to a king about a treasure from a cat.⁶
18 *land me arrears.* When men want to write a letters. Ten men,
19 ton men, pen men, pun men, wont to rise a
20 *Rockaby, babel,* ladder. And den men, dun men, fen men, fun
21 *flatten a wall.* men, hen men, hun men went to raze a leader.
22 *How he broke the* Is then any lettersday from many peoples,
23 *good news to* Daganasanavitch? Empire, your outermost.⁷
24 *Gent.* A posy cord. Plece.

25 We have wounded our way on foe tris
26 prince till that force in the gill is faint afarred
27

28 ¹ Gosem pher, gezumphel, greeze a jarry grim felon! Good bloke him!
29 ² And if they was setting on your stool as hard as my was she could beth
30 her bothom dolours he'd have a culious impressiom on the diminitive that
31 chafes our ends.

32 ³ When I'am Enastella and am taken for Essastessa I'll do that droop on the
33 pohlmann's piano.

34 ⁴ Heavenly twinges, if it's one of his I'll fearily feint as swoon as he enter-
35 rooms.

36 ⁵ To be slipped on, to be slept by, to be conned to, to be kept up. And when
37 you're done push the chain.

38 ⁶ With her modesties office.

39 ⁷ Strutting as proud as a great turquin weggin that cuckhold on his Eddems
40 and Clay's hat.

INCIPIT IN-
TERMISSIO.

MAJOR AND
MINOR

1 and the face in the treebark feigns afear. This
2 is rainstones ringing. Strangely cult for this
3 ceasing of the yore. But Erigureen is ever.
4 Pot price pon patrilinear plop, if the osseletion
5 of the onkring gives omen nome? Since alls
6 war that end war let sports be leisure and
7 bring and buy fair. Ah ah athlete, blest your
8 bally bathfeet! Towntoquest, forforest, the
9 hour that hies is hurley. A halt for hearsake.¹

MODES COA-
LESCING
PROLIFER-
ATE HOMO-
GENUE
HOMOGEN-
EITY.

10
11 ¹ Come, smooth of my slate, to the beat of my blush! With all these gelded
12 ewes jilting about and the thrills and ills of laylock blossoms three's so much
13 more plants than chants for cecilies that I was thinking fairly killing times of
14 putting an end to myself and my malody, when I remembered all your pupil-
15 teacher's erringnesses in perfection class. You sh'undn't write you can't if you
16 w'udn't pass for undevelopmented. This is the propper way to say that, Sr. If
17 it's me chews to swallow all you saidn't you can eat my words for it as sure as
18 there's a key in my kiss. Quick erit faciofacey. When we will conjugate to-
19 gether toloseher tomaster tomiss while morrow fans amare hour, verbe de vie
20 and verve to vie, with love ay loved have I on my back spine and does for
21 ever. Your are me severe? Then rue. My intended, Jr, who I'm throne away
22 on, (here he inst, my lifstack, a newfolly likon) when I slip through my pettigo
23 I'll get my decree and take seidens when I'm not ploughed first by some
24 Rolando the Lasso, and flaunt on the flimsyfilmsies for to grig my collage
25 juniorees who, though they flush fuchsia, are they octette and virginity in my
26 shade but always my figurants. They may be yea of my year but they're nary
27 nay of my day. Wait till spring has sprung in spickness and prigs beg in to pry
28 they'll be plentyprime of housepets to pimp and pamper my. Impending mar-
29 riage. Nature tells everybody about but I learned all the runes of the gamest
30 game ever from my old nourse Asa. A most adventuring trot is her and she
31 vicking well knowed them all heartswise and fourwords. How Olive d'Oyly
32 and Winnie Carr, bejupers, they reized the dressing of a salandmon and how a
33 peeper costs and a salt sailor med a mustied poet atwaimen. It most have
34 bean Mad Mullans planted him. Bina de Bisse and Trestrine von Terrefin.
35 Sago sound, rite go round, kill kackle, kook kettle and (remember all should
36 I forget to) bolt the thor. Auden. Wasn't it just divining that dog of a dag
37 in Skokholme as I sat astrid uppum their Drewitt's altar, as cooledas as cul-
38 cumbre, slapping my straights till the sloping ruins, postillion, postallion, a
39 swinge a swank, with you offering me clouts of illscents and them horners
40 stagstruck on the leasward! Don't be of red, you blanching mench! This
41 isabella I'm on knows the ruelles of the rut and she don't fear andy mandy. So
42 sing loud, sweet cheeriot, like anegreon in heaven! The good fother with the
43 twingling in his eye will always have cakes in his pocket to bethroat us with
44 for our allmichael good. Amum. Amum. And Amum again. For tough troth
45 is stronger than fortuitous fiction and it's the surplice money, oh my young
46 friend and ah me sweet creature, what buys the bed while wits borrows the
47 clothes.

1 A scene at sight. Or dreamoneire. Which
 2 they shall memorise. By her freewritten
 3 Hopely for ear that annalykeses if scares for
 4 eye that sumns. Is it in the now woodwordings
 5 of our sweet plantation where the branchings
 6 then will singingsing tomorrows gone and
 7 yesters outcome as Satadays afternoon lex
 8 leap smiles on the twelvemonthsminding?
 9 Such is. Dear (name of desired subject, A.N.),
 10 well, and I go on to. Shlicksher. I and we
 11 (tender condolences for happy funeral, one
 12 if) so sorry to (mention person suppressed for
 13 the moment, F.M.). Well (enquiries after all-
 14 healths) how are you (question maggy). A
 15 lovely (introduce to domestic circles) pershan
 16 of cates. Shrubsher. Those pothooks mostly
 17 she hawks from Poppa Vere Foster but these
 18 curly mequeues are of Mippa's moulding.
 19 Shrubsheruthr. (Wave gently in the ere turn-
 20 ing ptover.) Well, mabby (consolation of
 21 shopes) to soon air. With best from cinder
 22 Christinette if prints chumming, can be when
 23 desires Soldi, for asamples, backfronted or,
 24 if all, peethrolio or Get my Prize, using her
 25 flower or perfume or, if veryveryvery chum-
 26 ming, in otherwards, who she supposed adeal,
 27 kissists my exits. Shlicksheruthr. From Auburn
 28 chenlemagne. Pious and pure fair one, all has
 29 concomitated to this that she shall tread them
 30 lifetrees leaves whose silence hitherto has
 31 shone as sphere of silver fastalbarnstone, that
 32 fount Bandusian shall play liquick music and
 33 after odours sigh of musk. Blotsblosblothé,
 34 one dear that was. Sleep in the water, drug at
 35 the fire, shake the dust off and dream your one
 36 who would give her sidecurls to. Till later

1 *Mai maintenant*
2 *elle est venuse.*

3
4 *Two Dons Johns*
5 *Threes Totty*
6 *Askins.*

7
8
9
10
11
12 *Also Spuke*
13 *Zerothruster.*

14
15
16
17 *A saxum shillum*
18 *for the sextum*
19 *but nothums for*
20 *that parridge*
21 *preast.*

22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30

31 ¹ The nasal foss of our natal folkfarthers so so much now for Valsing-
32 giddyrex and his grand arks day triumph.

33 ² Translout that gaswind into turfish, Teague, that's a good bog and you,
34 Thady, poliss it off, there's nateswipe, on to your blottom pulper.

35 ³ You daredevil donnelly, I love your piercing lots of lies and your flashy
36 foreign mail so here's my cowrie card, I dalgo, with all my exes, wise and sad.

37 ⁴ All this Mitchells is a niggarr for spending and I will go to the length of
38 seeing that one day Big Mig will be nickleless himself.

Lammas is led in by baith our washwives, a
weird of wonder tenebrous as that evil thorn-
garth, a field of faery blithe as this flowing wild.

Aujourd'hui comme aux temps le Pline et de
Columelle la jacinthe se plait dans les Gaules,
la pervenche en Illyrie, la marguerite sur les
ruines de Numance¹ et pendant qu'autour d'elles
les villes ont changé de maîtres et de noms, que
plusieurs sont entrées dans le néant, que les
civilisations se sont choquées et brisées, leurs
paisibles générations ont traversé les ages et sont
arrivées jusqu'à nous, fraîches et riantes comme
aux jours des batailles.²

Margaritomancy! Hyacinthinous pervinci-
veness! Flowers. A cloud. But Bruto and
Cassio are ware only of trifold tongues³ the
whispered wilfulness, ('tis demonal!) and sha-
dows shadows multiplicating (il folsoletto nel
falsoletto col fazzolotto dal fuzzelezzo),⁴ to-
tients quotients, they tackle their quarrel. Sicka-
moor's so woful sally. Ancient's aerger. And
eachway bothwise glory signs. What if she
love Sieger less though she leave Ruhm moan?
That's how our oxyggent has gotten ahold of
half their world. Moving about in the free of
the air and mixing with the ruck. Enten eller,
either or.

And!

Nay, rather!

THE PART
PLAYED BY
BELLETRI-
PAX-BEL-
LUM.
MUTUOMOR-
PHOMUTA-
TION.

SORTES VIR-
GINIANAE.

INTERROGATION.
EXCLAMATION.

1		With sobs for his job, with tears	ANTITHESIS OF AMBI-
2	<i>Tricks stunts.</i>	for his toil, with horror for his squalor	DUAL ANTICIPATION.
3		but with pep for his perdition, ¹ lo, the	THE MIND FACTORY,
4		boor plieth as the laird hireth him.	ITS GIVE AND TAKE.
5		Boon on begyndelse.	AUSPICIUM.
6		At maturing daily gloryaims! ²	AUGURIA.
7		A flink dab for a freck dive and a stern poise	DIVINITY
8		for a swift pounce was frankly at the manual	NOT DEITY
9		arith sure enough which was the bekase he	THE UNCER-
10		knowed from his cradle, no bird better, why	TAINTY JUS-
11		his fingures were giving him whatfor to fife	TIFIED BY
12	<i>Truckeys' cant</i>	with. First, by observation, there came boko	OUR CERTI-
13	<i>for dactyl and</i>	and nigh him wigworms and nigh him tittlies	TUDE.
14	<i>spondee.</i>	and nigh him cheekadeekchimple and nigh	EXAMPLES.
15		him pickpocket with pickpocketpumb, pick-	
16		pocketpoint, pickpocketprod, pickpocket-	
17		promise and upwithem. Holy Joe in lay	
18		Eden. ³ And anyhows always after them the	
19		dimpler he weighed the fonder fell he of his	
20		null four lovedroyd curdinals, his element cur-	
21	<i>Panoplous pere-</i>	dinal numen and his enement curdinal marryng	
22	<i>grine pifflicative</i>	and his epulent curdinal weisswassh and his	
23	<i>pomposity.</i>	eminent curdinal Kay O'Kay. Always would	
24		he be reciting of them, hoojahs koojahs, up by	
25		rota, in his Fanden's catachysm from fursed to	
26		laced, quickmarch to decemvers, so as to pin the	
27		tenners, thumbs down. And anon an aldays,	
28		strues yerthere, would he wile arecreating em	
29		om lumerous ways, caiuscounting in the	
30		scale of pin puff pive piff, piff puff pive poo,	
31		poo puff pive pree, pree puff pive pfoor, pfoor	
32		puff pive pippive, poopive, ⁴ Niall Dhu,	
33			
34		¹ While I'll wind the wildwoods' bluckbells among my window's weeds.	
35		² Lawdy Dawdy Simperts.	
36		³ But where, O where, is me lickle dig done?	
37		⁴ That's his whisper waltz I like from Pigott's with that Lancydancy step.	
38	Stop.		

1 Foughty Unn, Enoch Thortig, endso one, like
2 to pitch of your cap, pac, on to tin tall spilli-
3 cans.¹ To sum, borus pew notus pew eurus
4 pew zipher. Ace, deuce, tricks, quarts, quims.
5 Mumtiplay of course and carry to their whole
6 number. While on the other hand, traduced
7 by their comedy nominator to the loaferst
8 terms for their aloquent parts, sexes, suppers,
9 oglers, novels and dice.² He could find (the
10 rakehelly!) by practice the valuse of thine-to-
11 mine articles with no reminder for an equality
12 of relations and, with the helpings from his
13 tables, improduce fullmin to trumblers, links
14 unto chains, weys in Nuffolk till todos of
15 Yorek, oozies ad libs and several townsendes,
16 several hundreds, civil-to-civil imperious
17 gallants into gells (Irish), bringing alliving
18 stone allaughing down to grave clothnails and
19 a league of archers, fools and lurchers under
20 the rude rule of fumb. What signifieth whole
21 that³ but, be all the prowess of ten, 'tis as
22 strange to relate he, nonparile to rede, rite and
23 reckan, caught allmeals dullmarks for his
24 nucleuds and alegobrew. They wouldn't took
25 bearings no how anywheres. O them dodd-
26 hunters and allanights, aabs and baas for
27 agnomes, yees and zeas for incognits, bate
28 him up jerrybly! Worse nor herman doror-
29 rhea. Give you the fantods, seemed to him.
30 They ought to told you every last word first
31 stead of trying every which way to kinder
32 smear it out poison long. Show that the
33

34 ¹ Twelve buttles man, twentyeight bows of curls, forty bonnets woman
35 and every youthfully yours makes alleven add the hundred.

36 ² Gamester Damester in the road to Rouen, he grows more like his deed
37 every die.

38 ³ Slash-the-Pill lifts the pellet. Run, Phoenix, run!

1 *A stodge Angleshman has*
 2 *been worked by*
 3 *eccentricity.*
 4
 5
 6
 7
 8
 9
 10
 11 *An oxygen is naturally reclined*
 12 *to rest.*
 13
 14
 15
 16
 17
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 25 *Ba be bi bo bum.*
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median, hce che ech, interecting at royde
 angles the parilegs of a given obtuse one bis-
 cuts both the arcs that are in curveachord
 behind. Brickbaths. The family umbrogia.
 A Tullagrove pole¹ to the Height of County
 Fearmanagh has a septain inclinasion² and the
 graphplot for all the functions in Lower
 County Monachan, whereat samething is rivi-
 sible by nighttim, may be involted into the
 zeroic couplet, palls pell inhis heventh glike
 noughty times ∞ , find, if you are not literally
 cooefficient, how minney combinaisies and per-
 mutandies can be played on the international
 surd! pthwndxrczlp!, hids cubid rute being
 extructed, taking anan illitterettes, ififif at a tom.
 Answers, (for teasers only).³ Ten, twent, thirt,
 see, ex and three icky totchty ones. From
 solation to solution. Imagine the twelve
 deaferended dumbbawls of the howl above-
 beugled to be the contonuation through
 regeneration of the urutteration of the word
 in pregress. It follows that, if the two ante-
 sedents be bissyclitties and the three come-
 seekwenchers trundletrikes, then, Aysha Lali-
 pat behidden on the footplate, Big Whiggler⁴
 restant upsittuponable, the NCR⁵ presents to
 us (tandem year at lasted length!) an otto-
 mantic turquo-indaco of pictorial shine by
 pictorial shimmer so long as, gad of the giddy,
 pictorial summer, viridorefulvid, lits asheen,

¹ Dideney, Dadeney, Dudeney, O, I'd know that putch on your poll.
² That is tottinghim in his boots.
³ Come all ye hapney coachers and support the richview press.
⁴ Braham Baruch he married his cook to Massach McKraw her uncle-in-
 law who wedded his widow to Hjalmar Kjaer who adapted his daughter to
 Braham the Bear. V for Wadlock, P for shift, H for Lona the Konkubine.
⁵ A gee is just a jay on the jaunts cowsway.

1 but (lenz alack lends a lot), if this habby cyclic
2 erdor be outraciously enviolated by a mierelin
3 roundtableturning, like knuts in maze, the zitas
4 runnind hare and dart¹ with the yeggs in
5 their muddle, like a seven of wingless arrows,
6 hodgepadge, thump, kick and hurry, all boy
7 more missis blong him he race quickfeller all
8 same hogglepiggle longer house blong him,²
9 while the catched and dodged exarx seems
10 himmulteemiously to beem (he wins her hend!
11 he falls to tail!) the ersed ladest mand³ and
12 (uhu and uhud!) the losed farce on erro-
13 roots,⁴ twalegged poneys and threehandled
14 dorkeys (madahoy, morahoy, lugahoy, jog-
15 ahoyaway) MPM brings us a rainborne pamto-
16 momiom, aqualavant to (cat my dogs, if I
17 baint dingbushed like everything!) kaksitoista
18 volts yksitoista volts kymmenen volts yhdek-
19 san volts kahdeksan volts seitseman volts kuusi
20 volts viisi volts nelja volts kolme volts kaksi
21 volts yksi! allalhacamelated, caravan series
22 to the finish of helve's fractures.⁵ In outh-
23 wards, one from five, two to fives ones, one
24 from fives two millamills with a mill and a
25 half a mill and twos twos fives fives of bully
26 clavers. For a surviev over all the factionables
27 see Iris in the Evenine's World.⁶ Binomeans
28 to be comprendered. Inexcessible as thy by
29 god ways. The aximones. And their prosta-
30

31 ¹ Talking about trilbits.
32 ² Barneycorrall, a precedent for the prodection of curiosity from children
33 ³ A pfurty pscore of ruderic rossies haremhorde for his divelsion.
34 ⁴ Look at your mad father on his boneshaker fraywhaling round Myriom
35 square.
36 ⁵ Try Asia for the assphalt body with the concreke soul and the forequarters
37 of the moon behinding out of his phase.
38 ⁶ Tomatoes malmalaid with De Quinceys salade can be tastily served with
39 Indiana Blues on the violens.

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*Vive Paco
Hunter!*

*The hoisted in
red and the
low-ered in black.*

*The boss's bess
bass is the browd
of Mullingar.*

*The aliments of
jumeantry.*

lutes. For his neuralgiabrown.

Equal to=aosch.

P.t.l.o.a.t.o.

So, bagdad, after those initials falls and that primary tainture, as I know and you know yourself, begath, and the arab in the ghetto knows better, by nettus, nor anymeade or persan, comic cuts and series exerxeses always were to be capered in Casey's frost book of, page torn on dirty, to be hacked at Hickey's, hucksler, Wellington's Iron Bridge, and so, by long last, as it would shuffle out, must he to trump adieu atout atous to those cardinhands he a big deal missed, radmachrees and rossecullinans and blagpikes in suitclover. Dear hearts of my counting, would he revoke them, forewheel to packnumbers, and, the time being no help fort, plates to lick one and turn over.

Problem ye ferst, construct ann aquillitoral dryankle Probe lo.om! With his primal handstoe in his sole salivarium. Concoct an equoangular trillitter.¹ On the name of the tizzer and off the tongs and off the mythametrical tripods. Beatsoon.

Can you nei do her, numb? asks Dolph,² suspecting the answer know. Oikkont, ken you, ninny? asks Kev,³ expecting the answer guess.⁴ Nor was the noer long disappointed for easiest of kisshams, he was made vicewise. Oc, tell it to oui, do, Sem! Well, 'tis oil thusly. First mull a mugfull of mud, son.⁵ Oglores,

HEPTAGRAMMATON
HYPOTHESES
OF COM-
MONEST EX-
PERIENCES
BEFORE APO-
THEOSIS OF
THE LUSTRAL
PRINCIPIUM.

INGENIOUS
LABOUR-
TENACITY
AS BETWEEN
INGENUOUS
AND LIBERTINE.

PROPE AND
PROCUL IN
THE CON-
VERGENCE
OF THEIR
CONTRAPUL-
SIVENESS.

¹ As Rhombulus and Rhebus went building rhomes one day.

² The trouveller.

³ Of the disorded visage.

⁴ Singlebarrelled names for doubleparalleled twixtytwins.

⁵ Like pudging a spoon fist of sugans into a sotspot of choucolout

1 the virtuoser prays, olorum What the D.V.
2 would I to that for? That's a goosey's gans-
3 wer you're for giving me, he is told, what the
4 Deva would you do that for?¹ Now, sknow
5 royl road to Puddlin, take your mut for a
6 first beginning, big to bog, back to bach.
7 *Wolsherwomens* Anny liffle mud which cometh out of Mam
8 *at their weirdst.* will doob, I guess. A.I. Amnium instar. And
9 to find a locus for an alp get a howlth on her
10 bayrings as a prisme O and for a second O
11 unbox your compasses. I cain but are you
12 able? Amicably nod. Gu it! So let's seth off
13 betwain us. Prompty? Mux your pistany at a
14 point of the coastmap to be called a but pro-
15 nounced olfa. There's the isle of Mun, ah!
16 O! Tis just. Bene! Now, whole in applepine
17 odrer²

18
19 (for — husk, hisk, a spirit spires — Dolph, dean of idlers, meager
20 suckling of gert stoan, though barekely a balbose boy, he too, —
21 *venite, preteriti,³ sine mora dumque de entibus nascituris decentius in*
22 *lingua roman mortuorum parva chartula liviana ostenditur, seden-*
23 *tes in letitiae super ollas carnum, spectantes immo situm lutetiae unde*
24 *auspiciis secundis tantae consurgent humanae stirpes, antiquissimam*
25 *flaminum amborium Jordani et Jambaptistae mentibus revolvamus*
26 *sapientiam: totum tute fluvii modo mundo fluere, eadem quae ex*
27 *aggere fututa iterum inter alveum fore futura, quodlibet sese*
28 *ipsum per aliudpiam agnoscere contrarium, omnem demun amnem*
29 *ripis rivalibus amplect⁴* — recurrently often, when him moved he
30 would cake their chair, coached rebelliumtending mikes of his
31 same and over his own choirage at Backlane Univarsity, among of
32 which pupal souaves the pizdroot was pulled up, bred and bat-

33
34 ¹ Will you walk into my wavetrap? said the spiter to the shy.

35 ² If we each could always do all we ever did.

36 ³ Dope in Canorian words we've made. Spish from the Doc.

37 ⁴ Basqueesh, Finnican, Hungulash and Old Teangtaggle, the only pure
38 way to work a curse.

1 tered, for a dillon a dollar,¹ chanching letters for them vice o'verse
2 to bronze mottes and blending tschemes for em in tropadores and
3 doublecressing twofold thruths and devising tingling tailwords
4 too whilest, cunctant that another would finish his sentence for
5 him, he druider would smilabit eggways² ned, he, to don't say
6 nothing, would, so prim, and pick upon his ten ordinailed ungles,
7 trying to undo with his teeth the knots made by his tongue,
8 retelling humself by the math hour, long as he's brood reel of
9 funnish ficts apout the shee, how faust of all and on segund
10 thoughts and the thirds the charmhim girlalove and fourther-
11 more and filthily with bag from Oxatown and baroccidents and
12 proper accidence and hoptohill and hexenshoes, in fine the whole
13 damning letter; and, in point of feet, when he landed in ourland's
14 leinster³ of saved and solomnonnes for the twicedhecame time, off
15 Lipton's strongbowed launch, the *Lady Eva*, in a tan soute of
16 sails⁴ he converted it's nataves, name saints, young ordnands,
17 maderaheds and old unguished P.T. Publikums, through the
18 medium of znigznaks with sotiric zeal, to put off the barcelonas⁵
19 from their peccaminous corpulums (Gratings, Mr Dane!) and
20 kiss on their bottes (Master!) as often as they came within blood-
21 shot of that other familiar temple and showed em the celestine
22 way to by his tristar and his flop hattrick and his perry humdrum
23 dumb and numb nostrums that he larned in Hymbuktu,⁶ and that
24 same galloroman cultous is very prevailend up to this windiest of
25 landhavemiseries all over what was beforeaboots a land of nods, in
26 spite of all the bloot, all the braim, all the brawn, all the brile, that
27 was shod, that were shat, that was shuk all the while, for our
28 massangrey if mosshungry people, the at Wickerworks,⁷ still hold
29

30 ¹ An ounceworth of onions for a pennyawealth of sobs.

31 ² Who brought us into the yellow world!

32 ³ Because it's run on the mountain and river system.

33 ⁴ When all them allied sloopers was ventitillated in their poppos and,
34 sliding down by creek and veek, stole snaking out to sea.

35 ⁵ They were plumped and plumed and jerried and citizens and racers, and
36 cinnamondhued.

37 ⁶ Creeping Crawleys petery parley, banished to his native Ireland from
38 erring under Ryan.

39 ⁷ Had our retrospectable fearfurther gatch mutchtatches?

1 ford to their healing and¹ byleave in the old weights downupon
2 the Swanny, innovated by him, the prence di Propagandi, the
3 chrism for the christmass, the pillar of the perished and the rock
4 o'ralereality, and it is veritably belied, we belove, that not allsods
5 of esoupcans that's in the queen's pottage post and not allfinesof
6 greendgold that the Indus contains would overhindeuce them,
7 (o.p.) to steeplechange back once from their ophis workship and
8 twice on sundises, to their ancient flash and crash habits of old
9 Pales time ere beam slewed cable² or Derzherr, live wire, fired
10 Benjermine Funkling outa th'Empyre, sin righthand son; which,
11 cummal, having listed curefully to the interlooking and the under-
12 lacking of her twentynine shifts or his continental's curses, pum-
13 mel, apostrophised Byrne's and Flamming's and Furniss's and
14 Bill Hayses's and Ellishly Haught's, hoc, they (t.a.W.), sick
15 or whole, stiff or sober, let drop as a doombody drops, with-
16 out another ostrovgods word eitherways, in their own lineal
17 descendance, as priesto as puddywhack,³ coal on⁴: and, as we
18 gang along to gigglehouse, talking of molniacs' manias and
19 missions for makes to scotch the schlang and leathercoats for
20 murty magdies, of course this has blameall in that medeoturanian
21 world to say to blessed by Pointer the Grace's his privates judge-
22 ments⁵ whenso to put it, *disparito*, *duspurudo*, *desterrado*, *des-*
23 *pertieu*, or, saving his presents for his own onefriend Bevradge,
24 Conn the Shaughraun; but to return for a moment from the
25 reptile's age⁶ to the coxswain on the first landing (page Ainee
26 Riviere!) if the pretty Lady Elisabbess, Hotel des Ruines — she
27 laid her batsleeve for him two trueveres tell love (on the Ides of
28 Valentino's, at Idleness, Floods Area, Isolade, Liv's lonely
29 daughter, with the Comes Tichiami, of Prima Vista, Abroad,
30 suddenly), and beauty alone of all dare say when now, uncrowned,
31

32 ¹ That is to sight, when cleared of factions, vulgure and decimating.

33 ² They just spirits a body away.

34 ³ Patatapadatback.

35 ⁴ Dump her (the missuse).

36 ⁵ Fox him! The leggy colt!

37 ⁶ Do he not know that walleds had wars. Harring man, is neow king. This
38 is modeln times.

1 deceptered, in what niche of time¹ is Shee or where in the rose
2 world trysting, that was the belle of La Chapelle, shapely Liselle,
3 and the peg-of-my-heart of all the tompull or on whose limbs-to-
4 lave her semicupiose eyes now kindling themselves are brightning,²
5 O Shee who then (4.32 M.P., old time, to be precise, according to
6 all three doctors waterburies that was Mac Auliffe and poor Mac-
7 Beth and poor MacGhimley to the tickleticks, of the synchron-
8 isms, all lauschening,a time also confirmed seven sincuries later by
9 the quaten medical johnny, poor old MacAadoo MacDollett, with
10 notary,³ whose presence was required by law of Devine Fore-
11 sygth and decretal of the Douge) who after the first compliments⁴
12 med darkist day light, gave him then that vantage of a Blinken-
13 sope's cuddlebath at her proper mitts—if she then, the then that
14 matters,—but, *seigneur!* she could never have forefelt, as she yet
15 will fearfeel, when the lovenext breaks out, such a coolcold
16 douche as him, the totterer, the four-flights-the-charmer, doub-
17 ling back, in nowtime,⁵ bymby when saltwater he wush him these
18 iselands, *O alors!* to mount miss (the woods of Fogloot!) under
19 that *chemise de fer* and a vartryproof name, Multalusi (would it
20 wash?) with a cheek white peaceful as, wen shall say, a single pro-
21 fessed claire's⁶ and his washawash tubatubtub and his diagonoser's
22 lampblick, to pure where they where hornest girls, to buy her in
23 *par jure*, il you plait, nuncandtunc and for simper, and other duel
24 mavourneens in plurible numbers from Arklow Vikloe to Louth
25 super Luck, come messes, come mams, and touch your spottprice
26 (for'twas he was the born suborner, man) on behalf of an oldest
27 ablished firma of winebakers, Lagrima and Gemitì, later on, his
28 craft ebbing, invoked by the unirish title, Grindings of Nash,⁷ the
29

30 ¹ Muckcross Abbey with the creepers taken off.

31 ² Joke and Jilt will have their tilt.

32 ³ Old Mamalujorum and Rawrogerum.

33 ⁴ Why have these puerile blonds those large flexible ears?

34 ⁵ Pomeroy Roche of Portobello, or the Wreck of the Ragamuffin.

35 ⁶ No wonder Miss Dotsh took to veils and she descended from that
36 obloquohy.

37 ⁷ The bookley with the rusin's hat is Patomkin but I'm blowed if I knowed
38 who the slave is doing behind the curtain.

1 One and Only, Unic bar None, of Saint Yves by Landsend corn-
2 wer, man — ship me silver!, it must have been, faw! a terrible
3 mavrue mavone, to synamite up the old Adam-he-used-to, such a
4 finalley, and that's flat as Tut's fut, for whowghowho? the poor
5 girl, a lonely peggy, given the bird, so inseuladed as Crampton's
6 peartree, (she sall earn bitter bed by thirt sweet of her face!), and
7 short wonder so many of the tomthick and tarry members in all
8 there subsequious ages of our timocracy tipped to console with her
9 at her mirrorable gracewindow'd hut¹ till the ives of Man, the
10 O'Kneels and the O'Prayins and the O'Hyens of Lochlaunstown
11 and the O'Hollerins of Staneybatter, hollyboys, all, burryripe
12 who'll buy?,² in juwelietry and kickychoses and madornaments
13 and that's not the finis of it (would it were!) — but to think of him
14 foundling a nelliza the second,³ also cliptbuss (the best was still
15 there if the torso was gone) where he did and when he did, re-
16 triever to the last⁴ — escapes my forgetness now was it dust-
17 covered, *nom de Lieu!* on lapse or street ondown, through, for or
18 from a foe, by with as on a friend, at the Rectory? Vicarage Road?
19 Bishop's Folly? Papesthorpe?, after picket fences, stonewalls, out
20 and ins or oxers — for merry a valsehood whisprit he to manny a
21 lilying earling;⁵ and to try to analyse that ambo's pair of brace-
22 leans akwart the rolyon trying to amarm all⁶ of that miching
23 micher's bearded but insensible virility and its gaulish mous-
24 taches, Dammad and Groany, into her limited (*tuff, tuff, que tu es*
25 *pitre!*) lapse at the same slapse for towelling ends⁷ in their dolight-
26 ful Sexsex home, Somehow-at-Sea (O little oily head, sloper's
27 brow and prickled ears!) as though he, a notoriety, a foist edition,
28 were a wrigular writher neonovene babe!⁸ — well, diarmuee and
29

30 ¹ O hce! O hce!

31 ² Six and seven the League.

32 ³ It's all round me hat I'll wear a drooping dido.

33 ⁴ Have you ever thought of a hitching your stern and being ourdeaned,
34 Mester Bootenfly, here's me and Myrtle is twinkling to know.

35 ⁵ To show they caught preferment.

36 ⁶ See the freeman's cuticatura by Fennella.

37 ⁷ Just one big booty's pot.

38 ⁸ Charles de Simples had an infirmierity complexe before he died a natural
39 death.

1 granyou and *Vae Vincitis*, that is what lamoor that of gentle
2 breast rathe is intaken seems circling toward out yondest (it's
3 life that's all chokered by that batch of grim rushers) heaven
4 help his hindmost and, mark mo, if the so greatly displeaced
5 diorems in the Saint Lubbock's Day number of that most improv-
6 ing of roundshows, *Spice and Westend Woman* (utterly exhausted
7 before publication, indiapopper edition shortly), are for our in-
8 dices, it agins to pear like it, par my fay, and there is no use for your
9 pastripreading for to cheesse it either or praying fresh fleshblood
10 claspers of young catholick throats on Huggin Green¹ to take
11 warning by the prispast, why?, by cows *. * man, in shirt, is how
12 he is *più la gonna è mobile* and *. * they wonet do ut; and, an you
13 could peep inside the cerebralised saucepan of this eer illwinded
14 goodfornobody, you would see in his house of thoughtsam (was
15 you, that is, decontaminated enough to look discarnate) what a
16 jetsam litterage of convolvuli of times lost or strayed, of lands
17 derelict and of tongues laggin too, longa yamsayore, not only that
18 but, search lighting, beached, bashed and beaushelled *a la Mer*
19 pharahead into faturity, your own convolvulis pickninnig capman
20 would real to jazztfancy the novo takin place of what stale words
21 whilom were woven with and fitted fairly featly for, so; and
22 equally so, the crame of the whole faustian fustian, whether your
23 launer's lightsome or your soulard's schwearmood, it is that,
24 whenas the swiftshut scareyss of our pupilteachertaut duplex will
25 hark back to lark to you symibellically that, though a day be as
26 dense as a decade, no mouth has the might to set a mearbound to
27 the march of a landsmaul,² in half a sylb, helf a solb, holf a salb on-
28 ward³ the beast of boredom, common sense, lurking gyrographi-
29 cally down inside his loose Eating S.S. collar is gogoing of
30 whisth to you sternly how — Plutonic loveliaks twinnt Platonic
31 yearlings — you must, how, in undivided reawlity draw the line
32 somewhawre)

33

34 ¹ Where Buickly of the Glass and Bellows pumped the Rudge engineral.

35 ² Matter of Brettaine and brut fierce.

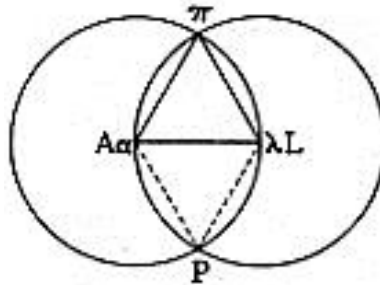
36 ³ Bussmullah, cried Lord Wolsley, how me Aunty Mag'll row!

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Coss? Cossist? Your parn! You, you make
what name? (and in truth, as a poor soul is
between shift and shift ere the teath he has
lived through becomes the life he is to die
into, he or he had albut — he was rickets as to
reasons but the balance of his minds was
stables — lost himself or himself some som-
nion sciupiones, soswhitchoverswetch had
he or he gazet, murphy come, murphy go,
murphy plant, murphy grow, a maryamya-
meliamurphies, in the lazily eye of his lapis,

WHY MY AS
LIKEWISE
WHIS HIS.

14



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*Uteralterance or
the Interplay of
Bones in the
Womb.*

*The Vortex.
Spring of Sprung
Verse. The Ver-
tex.*

Vieus Von DVbLLn, 'twas one of dozedreams
a darkies ding in dewood) the Turnpike under
the Great Ulm (with Mearingstone in Fore
ground). ¹ Given now ann lynch you take enn
all. Allow me! And, heaving alljawbreakical
expressions out of old Sare Isaac's ² universal
of specious arismystic unsaid, A is for Anna
like L is for liv. Aha hahah, Ante Ann you're
apt to ape aunty annalive! Dawn gives rise.
Lo, lo, lives love! Eve takes fall. La, la, laugh
leaves alas! Aiaiaiai, Antiann, we're last to
the lost, Loulou! Tis perfect. Now (lens

30
31
32

¹ Draumcondra's Dream country where the betterlies blow.

² O, Laughing Sally, are we going to be toadhauntered by that old Pantifox
Sir Somebody Something, Burt, for the rest of our secret stripture?

1 your dappled yeye here, mine's presbyoperian,
2 shill and wall) we see the copyngink strayed-
3 line AL (in Fig., the forest) from being con-
4 tinued, stops ait Lambday:¹ Modder ilond
5 there too. Allow me anchore! I bring down
6 noth and carry awe. Now, then, take this in!
7 One of the most murmurable loose carollaries
8 ever Ellis threw his cookingclass. With Olaf
9 as centrum and Olaf's lambtail for his spokes-
10 man circumscrip a cyclone. Allow ter! Hoop!
11 As round as the calf of an egg! O, dear
12 me! O, dear me now! Another grand dis-
13 cobely! After Makefearsome's Ocean. You've
14 actuary entducked one! Quok! Why, you
15 haven't a passer! Fantastic! Early' clever,
16 surely doomed, to Swift's, alas, the galehus!
17 Match of a matchness, like your Bigdud dadder
18 in the boudeville song, *Gorotsky Gollover's*
19 *Troubles*, raucking his flavourite turvku in
20 the smukking precincts of lydias,² with Mary
21 Owens and Dolly Monks seesidling to edge
22 his cropulence and Blake-Roche, Kingston
23 and Dockrell auriscenting him from afurz, our
24 papacocopotl,³ Abraham Bradley King? (ting
25 ting! ting ting!) By his magmasine fall. Lumps,
26 lavas and all.⁴ *Bene!* But, thunder and turf, it's
27 not alover yet! One recalls Byzantium. The
28 mystery repeats itself todote as our callback
29 mother Gaudyanna, that was daughter to a
30 tanner,⁵ used to sing, as I think, now and then
31 consinuously over her possetpot in her quer
32

8 *Sarga, or the*
9 *path of outgoing.*

17 *Docetism and*
18 *Didicism, Maya-*
19 *Thaya. Tamas-*
20 *Rajas-Sattvas.*

33 ¹ Ex jup pep off Carpenger Strate. The kids' and dolls' home. Makeacake-
34 ache.

35 ² A vagrant need is a flagrant weed.

36 ³ Grand for blowing off steam when you walk up in the morning.

37 ⁴ At the foot of Bagnabun Banbasday was lost on one

38 ⁵ We're all found of our animal matter.

1 homolocous humminbass hesterdie and ist-
2 herdie forivor.¹ Vanissas Vanistatums! And
3 *The Vegetable* for a night of thoughtsendyures and a day. As
4 *Cell and its Pri-* Great Shapesphere puns it. In effect, I re-
5 *ivate Properties.* mumble, from the yules gone by, purr lil mur-
6 rerofer myhind, so she used indeed. When she
7 give me the Sundacloudhs she hung up for
8 Tate and Comyng and snuffed out the ghost
9 in the candle at his old game of haunt the
10 sleeper. Faithful departed. When I'm dream-
11 ing back like that I begins to see we're only
12 all telescopes. Or the comeallyoum saunds.
13 Like when I dromed I was in Dairy and was
14 wuckened up with thump in thudderdown.
15 Rest in peace! But to return.² What a wonder-
16 ful memory you have too! Twonderful
17 morrowy! Straorbinaire! *Bene!* I bring town
18 eau and curry nohung up my sleeve. Now,
19 springing quickenly from the mudland-Loosh
20 from Luccan with Allhim as her Elder tetra-
21 turn a somersault. All's fair on all fours, as
22 my instructor unstrict me. Watch! And you'll
23 have the whole inkle. Allow, allow! Gyre O,
24 gyre O, gyrotundo! Hop lala! As umpty
25 herum as you seat! O, dear me, that was very
26 nesse! Very nace indeed! And makes us a
27 *The haves and* daintical pair of accomplasses! You, allus for
28 *the havenots: a* the kunst and me for omething with a handel
29 *distinction.* to it. *Beve!* Now, as will pressantly be felt,
30 there's tew tricklesome poinds where our
31 twain of doubling bicirculars, mating approx-
32 metely in their suite poi and poi, dunloop
33 into eath the ocher. Lucihere! I fee where you
34

35 ¹ Sewing up the beillybursts in their buckskin shiorts for big Kapitayn
36 Killykook and the Jukes of Kelleiney.

37 ² Say where! A timbrelfill of twinkletinkle.

1 mea. The doubleviewed seeds. Nun, lemmas
2 quatsch, vide pervoys akstiom, and I think as
3 I'm suqeez in the limon, stickme punctum, but
4 for semenal rations I'd likelong, by Araxes,
5 to mack a capital Pee for Pride down there
6 on the batom¹ where Hoddum and Heave, our
7 monsterbilker, balked his bawd of parodies.
8 And let you go, Airmienious, and mick your
9 modest mock Pie out of Humbles up your
10 end. Where your apexojesus will be a point
11 of order. With a geing groan grunt and a
12 croak click cluck.² And my faceage kink and
13 kurkle trying to make keek peep.³ Are you
14 right there, Michael, are you right? Do you
15 think you can hold on by sitting tight? Well,
16 of course, it's awful angelous. Still I don't feel
17 it's so dangelous. Ay, I'm right here, Nickel,
18 and I'll write. Singing the top line why it
19 suits me mikey fine. But, yaghags hogwarts
20 and arrahquinonthiance, it's the muddest thick
21 that was ever heard dump since Eggsmather
22 got smothered in the plap of the pfan. Now,
23 to compleat anglers, beloved bironthiarn and
24 hushtokan hishtakatsch, join alfa pea and
25 pull loose by dotties and, to be more
26 sparematically logoical, eelpie and paleale by
27 trunkles. Alow me align while I encloud
28 especious! The Nike done it. Like pah,⁴ I peh.
29 Innate little bondery. And as plane as a poke
30 stiff.⁵ Now, *aqua in buccat*. I'll make you to
31 see figuratleavely the whome of your eternal
32

Zweispaltung as
Fundemaintalish
of Wiederher-
stellung.

¹ Parsee ffrench for the upholdsterer would be delighteder.

² I'll pass out if the screw spliss his strut.

³ Thargam then goeligum? If you sink I can, swimford. Suksumkale!

⁴ Hasitatense?

⁵ The impudence of that in girl's things!

1
2
3
4 *Destiny, In-*
5 *flunce of Design*
6 *upon.*

7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14 *Prometheus or*
15 *the Promise of*
16 *Provision*

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geomater. And if you flung her headdress on her from under her highlows you'd wheeze whyse Salmonson set his seel on a hexengown.¹ Hissss!, Arrah, go on! Fin for fun! You've spat your shower like a son of Sibernia but let's have at it! Subtend to me now! Pisk! Outer serpumstances beaug ekewilled, we carefully, if she pleats, lift by her seam hem and jabote at the spidsiest of her trickkikant (like thousands done before since fillies calpered. Ocone! Ocone!) the maidsapron of our A.L.P., fearfully! till its nether nadir is vortically where (allow me aright to two cute winkles) its naval's napex will have to beandbe. You must proach near mear for at is dark. Lob. And light your mech. Jeldy! And this is what you'll say.² Waaaaaa. Tch! Sluice! Pla! And their, redneck, (for addn't we to gayatsee with Puhl the Pukah's bell?)mygh and thy, the living spit of dead waters,³ fastness firm of Hurdlebury Fenn, discinct and isoplural in its (your sow to the duble) sixuous parts, flument, fluvey and fluteous, midden wedge of the stream's your muddy old triagonal delta, fiho miho, plain for you now, appia lippia pluvaville, (hop the hula,girls!) the no niggard spot of her safety vulve, first of all usquiluterl threeingles, (and why wouldn't she sit cressloggedlike the lass that lured a tailor?) the constant of fluxion, Mahamewetma, pride of the province⁴ and when that tidled boare rutches up from the Afrantic, allaph quaran's his bett und bier! ⁵

¹ The chape of Doña Speranza of the Nacion.

² Ugol egal ogle. Mi vidim Mi.

³ It is, it is Sangannon's dream.

⁴ And all meinkind.

⁵ Whangpoos the paddle and whiss whee whoo.

1 *Ambages and*
2 *Their Rôle.*

3
4
5
6
7
8
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10
11
12

13 *Ecclasiastical*
14 *and Celestial*
15 *Hierarchies. The*
16 *Ascending. The*
17 *Descending.*

18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27 *The peripatetic*
28 *periphery. It's*
29 *Allothesis.*

30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37

Paa lickam laa lickam, apl lpa! This it is an her.
You see her it. Which it whom you see it is
her. And if you could goaneggbetter we'd soon
see some raffant scrumala riffa. Quicks herit
fossyending. Quef! So post that to your pape
and smarket! And you can haul up that languil
pennant, mate. I've read your tunc's dimissage.
For, let it be taken that her littlenist is of no
magnetude or again let it be granted that Doll
the laziest can be dissimulant with all respects
from Doll the fiercst, thence must any what-
youlike in the power of empthood be either

greater **THAN** or less **THAN** the unitate we
have in one or hence shall the vectorious ready-
eyes of evertwo circumflicksrent searchers
never film in the elipsities of their gyribouts
those fickers which are returnally reproductive
of themselves.¹ Which is unpassible. Quarrel-
lary. The logos of somewome to that base any-
thing, when most characteristically mantissa
minus, comes to nullum in the endth:² orso,
here is nowet badder than the sin of Aha with
his cosin Lil, verswaysed on coverswised, and
all that's consecants and cotangincies till Per-
perp stops repippinghim since her redtangles
are all abscissan for limitsing this tendency of
our Frivulteeny Sexuagesima³ to expense her-
selfs as sphere as possible, paradismic peri-
mutter, in all directions on the bend of the
unbridalled, the infinisissimalls of her facets
becoming manier and manier as the calicolum
of her umdescribables (one has thoughts of
that eternal Rome) shrinks from schurtiness

¹ I enjoy as good as anyone.

² Neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked.

³ The boast of the town.

1 to scherts.¹ Scholium, there are trist sigheds to
 2 everyising but ichs on the freed brings euchs to
 3 the feared. Qued? Mother of us all! O, dear
 4 me, look at that now! I don't know is it your
 5 spictre or my omination but I'm glad you
 6 dimentioned it! My Lourde! My Lourde! If
 7 that aint just the beatenest lay I ever see! And
 8 a superpposition! Quoint a quincidence! O.K.
 9 *Canine Venus* *Omnis Kollidimus.* As Ollover Krumwall
 10 *sublimated to* sayed when he slepped ueber his granny-
 11 *Aulidic* mother. Kangaroose feathers: Who in the name
 12 *Aphrodite.* of thunder'd ever belevin you were that bolt?
 13 But you're holy mooxed and gaping up the
 14 wrong palce² as if you was seeheeing the gheist
 15 that stays forenenst, you blessed simpletop
 16 domefool! Where's your belested loiternan's
 17 lamp? You must lap wandret down the bluish-
 18 ing refluction below. Her trunk's not her brain-
 19 box. Hear where the bolgylines, Yseen here the
 20 puncture. So he done it. Luck! See her good.
 21 *Exclusivism: the* Well, well, well, well! O dee, O dee, that's
 22 *Ors, Sors and* very lovely! We like Simperspreach Hammel-
 23 *Fors, which?* tones to fellow Selvertunes O'Haggans.³ When
 24 he rolls over his ars and shows the hise of his
 25 heels. Vely lovely entilely! Like a yangsheep-
 26 slang with the tsifengtse. So analytical plaus-
 27 ible! And be the powers of Moll Kelly, neigh-
 28 bour topsowyer, it will be a lozenge to me all
 29 my lauffe.⁴ More better twofeller we been speak
 30 copperads. Ever thought about Guinness's?
 31 And the regrettable Parson Rome's advice?
 32

33 ¹ Hen's bens, are we soddy we missiled her?

34 ² I call that a scumhead.

35 ³ Pure chingchong idiotism with any way words all in one soluble. Gee
 36 each owe tea eye smells fish. That's U.

37 ⁴ The Doodles family, **M, Δ, H, X, O, A, C.** Hoodle doodle,
 38 fam.?

1 Want to join the police.¹ You know, you were
2 always one of the bright ones, since a foot
3 made you an unmentionable,fakes! You know,
4 you're the divver's own smart gossoon, aequal
5 to yoursell and wanigel to anglyother, so you
6 are, hoax! You know, you'll be dampned, so
7 you will, one of these inveral days but you
8 will be,carrotty!²

9 *Primanouriture*
10 *and Ultimo-*
11 *geniture*

Wherapool, gayet that when he stop look
time he stop long ground who here hurry he
would have ever the lothst word, with a sweet
me ah err eye ear marie to reat from the jacob's³
and a shypull for toothsave of his armjaws
at the slidepage of de Vere Foster, would and
could candykissing P. Kevin to fress up the
rinnerung and to ate by hart (*leo* I read, such a
spanish, *escribibis* all your mycoscoups) wont
to nibbleh ravenostonnoriously ihs mum to
me in bewonderment of his chipper chuthor
for, while that Other by the halp of his creac-
tive mind offered to deleberate the mass from
the booty of fight our Same with the help
of the bounty of food sought to delubberate
the mess from his corruective mund, with his
muffetee cuffes ownconsciously grafficking
with his sinister cyclopes after trigamies and
spirals' wobbles pursuing their rovinghamil-
ton selves and godolphing in fairlove to see
around the waste of noland's browne jesus⁴
(thur him no quartos!) till that on him poorin
sweat the juggaleer's veins (quench his quill!)
in his napier scrag stud out burststraight tam-

31 *No Sturm. No*
32 *Drang.*

SICK US A
SOCK WITH
SOME SEDI-
MENT IN IT
FOR THE
SAKE OF OUR
DARNING
WIVES.

33
34 ¹ Picking on Nickagain, Pikey Mikey?

35 ² Early morning, sir Dav Stephens, said the First Gentleman in youreups.

36 ³ Bag bag blockcheap, have you any will?

37 ⁴ What a lubberly whide elephant for the men-in-the-straits!

1 *Illustration.* quam taughtropes. (Spry him! call a blood
 2 lekar! Where's Dr Brassenaarse?) Es war itwas
 3 in his priesterrite. O He Must Suffer! From this
 4 misbelieving feacemaker to his noncredible
 5 fancyflame.¹ Ask for bosthoon, late for Mass,
 6 pray for blaablaablack sheep. (Sure you could
 7 wright anny pippap passage, Eye bet, as foynge
 8 as that moultylousy Erewhig, yerself, mick!
 9 Nock the muddy nickers!² Christ's Church
 10 varses Bellial!) Dear and he went on to scripple
 11 *Ascription of the* gentlemine born, milady bread, he would pen
 12 *Active.* for her, he would pine for her,³ how he would
 13 patpun fun for all⁴ with his frolicky frowner
 14 so and his glumsome grinner otherso. And how
 15 are you, waggy?⁵ My animal his sorrafool!
 16 And trieste, ah trieste ate I my liver! *Se non é*
 17 *vero son trovatore.* O jerry! He was soso, harriot
 18 all! He was sadfellow, steifel! He was mister-
 19 mysterion. Like a purate out of pensionee with
 20 a gouvernement job. All moanday, tearsday,
 21 wailsday, thumpsday, frightday, shatterday till
 22 the fear of the Law. Look at this twitches!
 23 He was quisquis, floored on his plankraft of
 24 shittim wood. Look at him! Sink deep or
 25 *Proscription of* touch not the Cartesian spring! Want more
 26 *the Passive.* ashes, griper? How diesmal he was lying low
 27 on his rawside laying siege to goblin castle.
 28 And, bezouts that, how hyenesmeal he was
 29 laying him long on his laughside lying sack
 30 to croakpartridge. (Be thou wars Rolaf's intes-
 31

32 ¹ And she had to seek a pond's apeace to salve her suiterkins. Sued!

33 ² Excuse theyre christianbrothers irish?

34 ³ When she tripped against the briery bush he profused her allover with
 35 curtsey flowers.

36 ⁴ A nastilow disigraible game.

37 ⁵ Dear old Erosmas. Very glad you are going to Penmark. Write to the
 38 corner. Grunny Grant.

1
2
3
4
5
6 *Ensouling Fe-*
7 *male Sustains*
8 *Agonising Over-*
9 *man.*

tions, quoths the Bhagavat biskop Leech) Ann
opes tipoo soon ear! If you could me lendtill
my pascol's kondyl, sahib, and the price of a
plate of poultice. Punked. With best apolojigs
and merrymoney thanks to self for all the
cllericals and again begs guerdon for bistris-
pissing on your bunificence. Well wiggy-
wiggywagtail, and how are you,yaggy? With
a capital Tea for Thirst. From here Buvard to
dear Picuchet. Blott.

10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19 *Sesama to the*
20 *Rescues. The*
21 *Key Signature.*

Now, (peel your eyes, my gins, and brush
your saton hat, me elementator joyclid, son of
a Butt! She's mine, Jow low jure,¹ be Skibber-
ing's eagles, sweet tart of Whiteknees Arch-
way) watch him, having caught at the bi-
fucking calamum in his bolsillos, the onelike
underworp he had ever funnet without diffi-
cultads, the aboleshqvick, signing away in
happinext complete, (Exquisite Game of in-
spiration! I always adored your hand. So could
I too and without the scrope of a pen. Ohr for
oral, key for crib, olchedolche and a lunge ad
lib. Can you write us a last line? From Smith-
Jones-Orbison?) intriatedly in years, jirry-
alimpaloo. And i Romain, hup u bn gd grl.²
Unds alws my thts. To fallthere at bare feet
hurryaswormarose. Two dies of one raffle-
ment. Eche bennyache. Outstamp and dis-
tribute him at the expanse of his society. To
be continued. Anon.

22
23
24
25
26
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31
32
33

And ook, ook, ook,fanky! All the charic-
tures³ in the drame! This is how San holy-

WHEN THE
ANSWERER
IS A LEMAN.

34 ¹ I loved to see the Macbeths Jerseys knocking spots of the Plumpduffs
35 Pants.

36 ² Lifp year fends you all and moe, foudenirs foft as fummer fnow, fweet
37 willings and forget-uf-knots.

38 ³ Gag his tubes yourself.

ALL SQUARE
AND

1
2
3
4
5 *Force Centre of*
6 *the Fire Serpen*
7 *ine: heart,*
8 *throat, navel,*
9 *spleen, sacral,*
10 *fontanella, inter-*
11 *temporal eye.*
12 *Conception of the*
13 *Compromise and*
14 *Finding of a*
15 *Formula.*

21 *Ideal Present*
22 *Alone Produces*
23 *Real Future.*

polypools. And this, pardonsky! is the way
Romeopullupalleaps.¹ Pose the pen, man,
way me does. Way ole missa vellatooth fust
show me how. Fourth power to her illpogue!
Bould strokes for your life! Tip! This is Steal,
this is Barke, this is Starn, this is Swhipt, this is
Wiles, this is Pshaw, this is Doubblinnbbay-
yates.² This is brave Danny weeping his spache
for the popers. This is cool Connolly wiping
his hearth with brave Danny. And this, regard!
how Chawleses Skewered parparaparnelligoes
between brave Danny boy and the Connolly.
Upanishadem! Top. Spoken hath L'arty Ma-
gory. Eregobragh. Prouf!³

And Kev was wreathed with his pother.

But, (that Jacoby feeling again. for fore-
bitten fruit and, my Georgeous, Kevvy too he
just loves his puppadums, I judge!) after all his
autocratic writings of paraboles of famellicurbs
and meddled muddlingisms, thee faroots hof
cullchaw end ate citrawn woodint wun able
rep of the triperforator awlrite blast through
his pergaman hit him where he lived and do for
the blessted selfchuruls, what I think, smarter
like it done for a manny another unpious of
the hairydary quare quandary firstings till at
length, you one bladdy bragger, by mercy-
stroke he measured his earth anyway? could
not but reckon in his adder's badder cadder
way our frankson who, to be plain, he fight
him all time twofeller longa kill dead finish
bloody face blong you, was misocain. Wince

ACCORDING
TO COCKER.

TROTHBLOWERS.
FIG AND
THISTLE
PLOT A PIG
AND WHISTLE.

34 ¹ He, angel that I thought him, and he not aebel to speel eelyotripes., Mr
35 Tellibly Divilcult!

36 ² When the dander rattles how the peacocks prance!

37 ³ The Brownes de Browne - Browne of Castlehacknolan.

1 wan's won! Rip!¹ And his countinghands
2 rose.
3 Formalisa. Loves deathhow simple!
4 Slutningsbane.²
5 *Service super-* Thanks eversore much, Pointcarried! I can't
6 *seding self.* say if it's the weight you strike me to the
7 quick or that red mass I was looking at but at
8 the present momentum, potential as I am, I'm
9 seeing rayingbogeys rings round me. Honours
10 to you and may you be commended for our
11 exhibitiveness! I'd love to take you for a
12 bugaboo ride and play funfer all if you'd only
13 sit and be the ballasted bottle in the porker
14 barrel. You will deserve a rolypoly as long
15 as from here to tomorrow. And to hell with
16 them driftbombs and bottom trailers! If my
17 maily was bag enough I'd send you a toxis.
18 By Saxon Chromaticus, you done that lovely
19 for me! Didn't he now, Nubilina? Tiny Mite,
20 she studiert whas? With her listeningin coif-
21 fure, her dream of Endsland's daylast and the
22 glorifires of being presainted maid to majesty.³
23 And less is the pity for she isn't the lolypops
24 she easily might be if she had for a sample
25 Virginia's air of achievement. That might
26 *Catastrophe and* keep her from throwing delph.⁴ As I was saying,
27 *Anabasis.* while retorting thanks, you make me a reborn
28 *The rotary pro-* of the cards. We're offals boys ambows.⁵
29 *cessus and its* For I've flicked up all the cramb as they
30 *reestablishment* crumbed from your table um, singing glory
31 *of reciprocities.* allaloserem, cog it out, here goes a sum. So
32

33 ¹ A byebye bingbang boys! See you Nutcracker Sunday!

34 ² Chinchin Childaman! Chapchopchap!

35 ³ Wipe your glosses with what you know.

36 ⁴ If I'd more in the cups that peeves thee you could cracksmith your rows
37 tureens.

38 ⁵ Alls Sings and Alls Howls.

WITH EBONISER.
IN PIX.
EUCHRE
RISK, MERCI BUCKUP,
AND
MIND WHO
YOU'RE
PUCKING,
FLEBBY.

1 read we in must book. It tells. He prophets
 2 most who bilks the best.
 3 And that salubrated sickenagiaour of yaours
 4 have teaspilled all my hazeydency. Forge away,
 5 Sunny Sim! Sheepshopp. Bleating Goad, it is
 6 the least of things, Eyeinstye! Imagine it, my
 7 deep dartry dullard! It is hours giving, not
 8 more. I'm only out for celebri-bridging over the
 9 guilt of the gap in your hiscitendency. You are
 10 a hundred thousand times welcome, old wort-
 11 sampler, hellbeit you're just about as culpable
 12 as my woolfell merger would be. In effect I
 13 could engage in an energument over you till
 14 you were republicly royally toobally prussic
 15 blue in the shirt after.¹ *Trionfante di bestia!* And
 16 if you're not your bloater's kipper may I never
 17 curse again on that pint I took of Jamesons.
 18 Old Keane now, you're rod, hook and sinker,
 19 old jubalee Keane! Biddy's hair. Biddy's hair,
 20 mine lubber. Where is that Quin but he sknows
 21 it knot but what you that are my popular end-
 22 phthisis were born with a solver arm up your
 23 sleep. Thou in shanty! Thou in scanty shanty!!
 24 Thou in slanty scanty shanty!!! Bide in your
 25 hush! Bide in your hush, do! The law does
 26 not aloud you to shout. I plant my penstock
 27 in your postern, chinarpot. Ave! And let it be
 28 to all remembrance. Vale. Ovocation of maid-
 29 ing waters.² For auld lang salvy steyne. I
 30 defend you to champ my scullion's praises.
 31 To book alone belongs the lobe. Foremaster's
 32 meed³ will mark tomorrow, when we are
 33 making pilscrummage to whaboggeryin with

12 *The Twofold*
 13 *Truth and the*
 14 *Conjunctive Ap-*
 15 *petites of Oppo-*
 16 *sitional Orexes.*

23 *Trishagion.*

COME SI
 COMPITA
 CUNCTITI-
 TITILATIO?
 CONKERY
 CUNK,
 THIGH-
 THIGHT-
 TICKELLY-
 THIGH, LIG-
 GERILAG,
 TITTERITOT,
 LEG IN A TEE,
 LUG IN A
 LAW, TWO
 AT A TIE,
 THREE ON A
 THRICKY
 TILL OHIO
 OHIO
 IOIOMISS.

¹ From three shellings. A bluedye sacrifice.

² Not Kilty. But the manajar was. He! He! Ho! Ho! Ho!

³ Giglamps, Soapy Geysers, The Smell and Gory M Gusty.

1 staff, scarf and blessed wallet and our aureoles
 2 round our neckkandcropfs where as and when
 3 Heavysciusgardaddy, parent who offers sweet-
 4 meats, will gift uns his Noblett's surprize.
 5 *Abnegation is* With this laudable purpose in loud ability let
 6 *Adaptation.* us be singulfied. Betwixt me and thee hung
 7 cong. Item, mizpah ends.
 8 But while the dial are they doodling dawd-
 9 ling over the mugs and the grubs? Oikey,
 10 Impostolopulos?¹ Steady steady steady steady
 11 steady studiavimus. Many many many many
 12 many manducabimus.² We've had our day at triv
 13 and quad and writ our bit as intermidgets. Art,
 14 literature, politics, economy,chemistry, human-
 15 *Cato.* ity, &c. Duty, the daughter of discipline, the
 16 *Nero.* Great Fire at the South City Markets, Belief in
 17 *Saul. Aristotle.* Giants and the Banshee, A Place for Every-
 18 *Julius Caesar.* thing and Everything in its Place, Is the Pen
 19 *Pericles.* Mightier than the Sword? A Successful Career
 20 *Ovid.* in the Civil Service,³ The Voice of Nature in
 21 *Adam, Eve.* the Forest,⁴ Your Favorite Hero or Heroine,
 22 *Domitian. Edipus* On the Benefits of Recreation,⁵ If Standing
 23 *Socrates.* Stones Could Speak, Devotion to the Feast of
 24 *Ajax.* the Indulgence of Portiuncula, The Dublin
 25 Metropolitan Police Sports at Ballsbridge, De-
 26 *Homer.* scribe in Homely Anglian Monosyllables the
 27 *Marcus Aurelius.* Wreck of the Hesperus,⁶ What Morals, if any,
 28 can be drawn from Diarmuid and Grania?⁷ Do
 29 you Approve of our Existing Parliamentary
 30 *Alcibiades.* System? The Uses and Abuses of Insects, A
 31 *Lucretius.*

ENTER THE
 COP AND
 HOW.
 SECURES
 GUBERNANT
 URBIS
 TERRORUM.

1 The divvy wants that babbling brook. Dear Auntie Emma Emma Eates.

2 Strike the day off, the nightcap's on nigh. Goney, goney gone!

3 R.C., disengaged, good character, would help, no salary.

4 Where Lily is a Lady found the nettle rash.

5 Bubabipibambuli, I can do as I like with what's me own. Nyamnyam.

6 Able seaman's caution.

7 Rarely equal and distinct in all things.

1 *Noah. Plato.*
2 *Horace. Isaac.*
3 *Tiresias.*
4 *Marius.*
5 *Diogenes.*
6 *Procne, Philo-*
7 *mela. Abraham.*
8 *Nestor. Cincin-*
9 *natus. Leonidas.*
10 *Jacob.*
11 *Theocritus.*
12 *Joseph.*
13 *Fabius. Samson.*
14 *Cain.*
15 *Esop.*
16 *Prometheus.*
17 *Lot. Pompeius Magnus,*
18 *Miltiades Strategos.*
19 *Solon.*
20 *Castor, Pollux.*
21 *Dionysius.*
22 *Sappho.*
23 *Moses. Job.*
24 *Catilina.*
25 *Cadmus. Ezekiel.*
26 *Solomon. Themistocles.*
27 *Vitellius. Darius.*

Visit to Guinness' Brewery, Clubs, Advan-
tages of the Penny Post, When is a Pun not a
Pun? Is the Co-Education of Animus and
Anima Wholly Desirable?¹ What Happened at
Clontarf? Since our Brother Johnathan Signed
the Pledge or the Meditations of Two Young
Spinsters,² Why we all Love our Little Lord
Mayor, Hengler's Circus Entertainment, On
Thrift,³ The Kettle-Griffith-Moynihan Scheme
for a New Electricity Supply, Travelling in the
Olden Times,⁴ American Lake Poetry, the
Strangest Dream that was ever Halfdreamt.⁵
Circumspection, Our Allies the Hills, Are
Parnellites Just towards Henry Tudor? Tell a
Friend in a Chatty Letter the Fable of the
Grasshopper and the Ant,⁶ Santa Claus, The
Shame of Slumdom, The Roman Pontiffs
and the Orthodox Churches,⁷ The Thirty
Hour Week, Compare the Fistic Styles of
Jimmy Wilde and Jack Sharkey, How to
Understand the Deaf, Should Ladies learn
Music or Mathematics? Glory be to Saint
Patrick! What is to be found in a Dustheap,
The Value of Circumstantial Evidence,
Should Spelling? Outcasts in India, Collecting
Pewter, Eu,⁸ Proper and Regular Diet
Necessity For,⁹ If You Do It Do It Now.

29 ¹ Jests and the Beastalk with a little rude hiding rod.

30 ² Wherry like the whaled prophet in a spookeerie.

31 ³ What sins is pim money sans Paris!

32 ⁴ I've lost the place, where was I?

33 ⁵ Something happened that time I was asleep, torn letters or was there
34 snow?

35 ⁶ Mich for his pain, Nick in his past.

36 ⁷ He has *togliaresti in brodo* all over his agrammatical parts of face and as for
37 that hippofoxphiz, unlucky number, late for the christening!

38 ⁸ Eh, Monsieur? OÙ Monsieur? Eu, Monsieur? Nenni No, Monsieur!

39 ⁹ Ere we hit the hay, brothers, let's have that response to prayer!

1 *Xenophon.*
2
3
4
5 *Pantocracy.*
6 *Bimutualism.*
7 *Interchangeabil-*
8 *ity. Naturality.*
9 *Superfetation.*
10 *Stabimobilism.*
11 *Periodicity.*
12 *Consummation.*
13 *Interpenetrative-*
14 *ness. Predicam-*
15 *ent. Balance of*
16 *the factual by the*
17 *theoric Boox and*
18 *Coox, Amallaga-*
19 *mated.*

Delays are Dangerous. Vitavite! Gobble
Anne: tea's set, see's enuegh! Mox soonly
will be in a split second per the chancellor
of his exticker.

Aun
Do
Tri
Car
Cush¹
Shay
Shockt
Ockt
Ni
Geg²
Their feed begins.

MAWMAW,
LUK, YOUR
BEEEFDAY'S
FIZZIN OVER!

KAKAO-
POETIC
LIPPUDENIES
OF THE
UNGUMP-
TIOUS.

NIGHTLETTER

With our best youlldied greedings to Pep
and Memmy and the old folkers below and
beyant, wishing them all very merry Incarnations
in this land of the livvey and plenty
of preprosperousness through their coming
new yonks

from
jake, jack and little sousoucie
(the babes that mean too)

¹ Kish is for anticheirst, and the free of my hand to him!

² And gags for skool, and crossbuns and whopes he'll enjoyimsolff over
our drawings on the line!



1 It may not or maybe a no concern of the Guinnesses but.
2 That the fright of his light in tribalbalbutience hides aback in
3 the doom of the balk of the deaf but that the height of his life
4 from a bride's eye stamppunct is when a man that means a moun-
5 tain barring his distance wades a lymph that plays the lazy win-
6 ning she likes yet that pride that bogs the party begs the glory of
7 a wake while the scheme is like your rumba round me garden,
8 allatheses, with perhelps the prop of a prompt to them, was now
9 or never in Etheria Deserta,as in Grander Suburbia, with Finn-
10 fannfawners, ruric or cospolite, for much or moment indispute.
11 Whyfor had they, it is Hiberio-Miletians and Argloe-Noremen,
12 donated him, birth of an otion that was breeder to sweatoslaves,
13 as mysterbolder, forced in their waste, and as for Ibdullin what of
14 Himana, that their tolv tubular high fidelity daildialler, as modern
15 as tomorrow afternoon and in appearance up to the minute (hear-
16 ing that anybody in that ruad duchy of Wollinstown schemed
17 to halve the wrong type of date) equipped with supershielded um-
18 brella antennas for distance getting and connected by the magnetic
19 links of a Bellini-Tosti coupling system with a vitaltone speaker,
20 capable of capturing skybuddies, harbour craft emittences, key
21 clickings, vaticum cleaners, due to woman formed mobile or
22 man made static and bawling the howle hamshack and wobble
23 down in an eliminium sounds pound so as to serve him up a mele-
24 goturny marygoraumd, ecletrically filtered for allirish earths and

1 ohmes. This harmonic condenser enginium (the Mole) they
2 caused to be worked from a magazine battery (called the Mimmim
3 Bimbim patent number 1132, Thorpetersen and Synds, Joms-
4 borg, Selverbergen) which was tuned up by twintriadic singul-
5 valvulous pipelines (lackslapping along as if their lifting deepunded
6 on it) with a howdrocephalous enlargement, a gain control of
7 circumcentric megacycles ranging from the antidulibnium onto
8 the serostaatarean. They finally caused, or most leastways brung
9 it about somehows(that)the pip of the lin(to)pinnatrate inthro
10 an auricular forfickle (known as the Vakingfar sleeper, mono-
11 fractured by Piaras UaRhuamhaighaudhlug, tympan founder
12 Eustache Straight, Bauliaughacleeagh) a meatous conch culpable
13 of cunduncing Naul and Santry and the forty routs of Corthy
14 with the concertiums of the Brythyc Symmonds Guild, the
15 Ropemakers Reunion, the Variagated Peddlars Barringoy Bri-
16 brthirhd, the Askold Olegsonder Crowds of the O'Keef-Rosses
17 ant Rhosso-Keevers of Zastwoking, the Ligue of Yahooh o.s.v.
18 so as to lall the bygone dozed they arborised around, up his
19 corpular fruent and down his reuctionary buckling, hummer,
20 enville and cstorrap (the man of Iren, thore's Curlymane for
21 you!), lill the lubberendth of his otological life.

22 House of call is all their evenbreads though its cartomance
23 hallucinate like an erection in the night the mummery of whose
24 deed, a lur of Nur, immerges a mirage in a merror, for it is where
25 by muzzinmessed for one watthour, bilaws below, till time jings
26 pleas, that host of a bottlefilled, the bulkily hulkwight, hunter's
27 pink of face, an orel orioled, is in.on a bout to be unbulging an
28 o'connell's, the true one, all seethic, a luckybock, pledge of the
29 stoup, whilom his canterberry bellseyes wink wickeding indtil
30 the teller, oyne of an oustman in skull of skand. Yet is it, this
31 ale of man, for him, our hubuljoynted, just a tug and a fistful as
32 for Culsen, the Patagoreyan, chieftain of chokanchuckers and his
33 moyety joyant, under the foamer dispensation when he pullupped
34 the turfeycork by the greats of gobble out of Lougk Neagk.
35 When, pressures be to our hoary frother, the pop gave his sullen
36 bulletaction and, bilge, sled a movement of cathartic emulsipotion

1 down the sloppery slide of a slaunty to tilted lift-ye-landsmen.
2 Allamin. Which in the ambit of its orbit heaved a sink her sailer
3 alongside of a drink her drainer from the basses brothers, those
4 two theygottheres.
5 It was long after once there was a lealand in the luffing ore it
6 was less after lives thor a toylar in the tawn at all ohr it was note
7 before he drew out the moddle of Kersse by jerkin his dressing
8 but and or it was not before athwartships he buttonhaled the
9 Norweegee's capstan.
10 So he sought with the lobestir claw of his propencil the clue of
11 the wickser in his ear. O, lord of the barrels, comer forth from
12 Anow (I have not mislaid the key of Efas-Taem), O, Ana, bright
13 lady, comer forth from Thenanow (I have not left temptation in
14 the path of the sweeper of the threshold), O!
15 But first, strongbowth, they would deal death to a drinking.
16 Link of a leadder, dubble in it, slake your thirdst thoughts awake
17 with it. Our svalves are svalves aroon! We rescue thee, O Baass,
18 from the damp earth and honour thee. O Connibell, with mouth
19 burial! So was done, neat and trig. Up draught and whet
20 them!
21 — Then sagd he to the ship's husband. And in his translaten-
22 tic norjankeltian. Hwere can a ketch or hook alive a suit and
23 sowterkins? Soot! sayd the ship's husband, knowing the language,
24 here is tayleren. Ashe and Whitehead, closechop, successor to.
25 Ahorror, he sayd, canting around to that beddest his friend, the
26 tayler, for finixed coulpure, chunk pulley muchy chink topside
27 numpa one sellafella, fake an capstan make and shoot! Manning to
28 sayle of clothse for his lady her master whose to be precised of a
29 peer of trouders under the pattern of a cassack. Let me prove, I
30 pray thee, but this once, sazdz Mengarments, saving the mouth-
31 brand from his firepool. He spit in his faist (beggin): he tape the
32 raw baste (paddin): he planked his pledge (as dib is a dab): and he
33 tog his fringe sleeve (buthock lad, fur whale). Alloy for allay and
34 this toolth for that soolth. Lick it and like it. A barter, a parter.
35 And plenty good enough, neighbour Norreys, every bit and
36 grain. And the ship's husband brokecurst after him to hail the

1 lugger. Stolp, tief, stolp, come bag to Moy Eireann! And the
2 Norweeger's capstan swaradeed, some blowfish out of schooling:
3 All lykkehud! Below taiyor he ikan heavin sets. But they broken
4 waters and they made whole waters at they surfered bark to the
5 lots of his vauce. And aweigh he yankered on the Norgean run so
6 that seven sailend sonnenrounders was he breastbare to the brina-
7 bath, where bottoms out has faththoms full, fram Franz José
8 Land til Cabo Thormendoso, evenstarde and risingsoon. Up the
9 Rivor Tanneiry and down the Golfe Desombres. Farety days and
10 fearty nights. Enjoy yourself, O maremen! And the tides made,
11 veer and haul, and the times marred, rear and fall, and, holey
12 bucket, dinned he raigh!

13 — Hump! Hump! bassed the broaders-in-laugh with a quick
14 piddysnip that wee halfbit a second.

15 — I will do that, sazd Kersse, mainingstaying the rigout for her
16 wife's lairdship. Nett sew? they hunched back at the earpicker.

17 But old sporty, as endth lord, in ryehouse reigner, he nought
18 feared crimp or cramp of shore sharks, plotsome to getsome. It
19 was whol niet godthaab of errol Loritz off his Cape of Good
20 Howthe and his trippertrice loretta lady, a maomette to his
21 monetone, with twy twy twinky her stone hairpins, only not,
22 if not, a queen of Prancess their telling tabled who was for his
23 seeming a casket through the heavenly, nay, heart of the sweet
24 (had he hows would he keep her as niece as a fiddle!) but in the
25 mealtub it was wohl yeas sputsbargain what, rarer of recent, an
26 occasional conformity, he, with Muggleton Muckers, alwagers
27 allalong most certainly allowed, as pilerinnager's grace to peti-
28 tionists of right, of the three blend cupstoomerries with their
29 customed spirits, the Gill gob, the Burkley bump, the Wallisey
30 wanderlook, having their ceilidhe gailydhe in his shaunty irish.
31 Group drinkards maaks grope thinkards or how reads rotary,
32 jewr of a chrestend, respecting the otherdogs churchees, so long
33 plubs will be plebs but plabs by low frequency amplification may
34 later agree to have another. For the people of the shed are the
35 sure ads of all quorum. Lorimers and leathersellers, skimmers and
36 salters, pewterers and paperstainers, parishclerks, fletcherbowyers,

1 girdlers, mercers, cordwainers and first, and not last, the weavers.
2 Our library he is hoping to ye public.
3 Innholder, upholder.
4 — Sets on sayfohr! Go to it, agitator! they bassabosuned over
5 the flowre of their hoose. Godeown moseys and skeep thy beeble
6 bee!
7 — I will do that, acordial, by mine hand, sazdz Kersse, piece
8 Cod, and in the flap of a jacket, ructified after his nap of a blanket
9 their o'cousin, as sober as the ship's husband he was one my god-
10 father when he told me saw whileupon I am now well and jurily
11 sagasfide after the boonamorse the widower, according to rider,
12 following pnomoneya, he is consistently blown to Adams. So
13 help me boyg who keeps the book!
14 Whereofter, behest his suzerain law the Thing and the pilsener
15 had the baar, Recknar Jarl, (they called him Roguenor, Irl call
16 him) still passing the change-a-pennies, pengeypigses, a several
17 sort of coyne in livery, pushed their whisper in his hairing,
18 (seemed, a some shipshep's sottovoxed stalement, a dearagadye,
19 to hasvey anyone doing duty for duff point of dorkland compors)
20 the same to the good ind ast velut discharge after which he had
21 exemptied more than orphan for the ballast of his nurtural life.
22 And threw a cast. A few pigses and hare you are and no chicking,
23 tribune's tribute, if you guess mimic miening. Meanly in his lewd-
24 brogue take your tyon coppels token, with this good sixtric
25 from-mine runbag of juwels. Nummers that is summus that is
26 toptip that is bottombay that is Twomeys that is Digges that is
27 Heres. In the frameshape of hard mettles. For we all would fain
28 make glories. It is minely well mint.
29 Thus as count the costs of liquid courage, a bullyon gauger,
30 stowed stivers pengapung in bulk in hold (fight great finnence!
31 brayvoh, little bratton!) keen his kenning, the queriest of the
32 crew, with that fellow fearing for his own misshapes, should he be
33 himpself namesakely a foully fallen dissentant from the peripu-
34 lator, sued towerds Meade-Reid and Lynn-Duff, rubbing the
35 hodden son of a pookal, leaden be light, lather be dry and it be
36 drownd on all the ealsth beside,how the camel and where the

1 deiffel or when the finicking or why the funicking,who caused
2 the scaffolding to be first removed you give orders, babeling,
3 were their reidey meade answer when on the cutey (the cores-
4 pondent) in conflict of evidence drew a kick at witness but
5 (missed) and for whom in the dyfflun's kiddy removed the
6 planks they were wanted, boob.
7 Bump!
8 Bothallchoractorschumminaroundgansumuminarumdrum-
9 strumtruminahumptadumpwaultopoofoolooderamaunsturnup!
10 — Did do a dive, aped one.
11 — Propellopalombarouter, based two.
12 — Rutsch is for rutterman ramping his roe, seed three. Where
13 the muddies scrimm ball. Bimbim bimbim. And the maidies
14 scream all. Himhim himhim.
15 And forthemore let legend go lore of it that mortar scene so
16 cwympty dwympty what a dustydust it razed arbororiginally but,
17 luck's leap to the lad at the top of the ladder, so sartor's risorted
18 why the sinner the badder! Ho ho ho hoch! La la la lach! Hillary
19 rillarry gibbous grist to our millery! A pushpull, qq: quiescence,
20 pp: with extravent intervulve coupling.. The savest lauf in the
21 world. Paradoxmutose caring, but here in a present booth of Balla-
22 clay, Barthalamou, where their dutchuncler mynhosts and serves
23 them dram well right for a boors' interior (homereek van hohm-
24 ryk) that salve that selver is to screen its auntey and has ringround
25 as worldwise eve her sins (pip, pip, pip) willpip futurepip feature
26 apip footloose pastcast with spareshins and flash substittles of
27 noirse-made-earsy from a nephew mind the narrator but give the
28 devil his so long as those sohns of a blitzh call the tuone tuone and
29 thonder aloud makes the thurd. Let there be. Due.
30 — That's all murtagh purtagh but whad ababs his dopter?
31 sissed they who were onetime ungerkls themselves, (when the
32 youthel of his yorn shook the bouchal in his bed) twilled along-
33 side in wiping the Ace assatiated with their wetting. The lappel
34 of his size? His *ros in sola velnere* and he sicckumed of homnis
35 terrars. She wends to scoulas in her slalpers. There were no pea-
36 nats in her famalgia so no wumble she tumbled for his famas

1 roalls davors. Don't him forget! A butcheler artsed out of Colledge
2 Trainity. Diddled he daddle a drop of the cradler on delight
3 mebold laddy was stetched? Knit wear? And they addled, (or
4 ere the cry of their tongues would be uptied dead) Shufflebotham
5 asided, plus his ducks fore his drills, an inlay of a liddle more
6 lining maught be licensed all at ones, be these same tokens, for-
7 giving a brass rap, sneither a whole length nor a short shift so
8 full as all were concerned.

9 Burniface, shiply efter, shoply after, at an angle of lag, let flow,
10 brabble brabble and brabble, and so hostily, heavyside breathing,
11 came up with them and, check me joule, shot the three tailors,
12 butting back to Moyle herring, bump as beam and buttend, roller
13 and reiter, after the diluv's own deluge, the seasant samped as
14 skibber breezed in, tripping, dripping, threw the sheets in the
15 wind, the tights of his trunks at tickle to tackle and his rubmelucky
16 truss rehorsing the pouffed skirts of his overhawl. He'd left his
17 stickup in his hand to show them none ill feeling. Whatthough for
18 all appentices it had a mushroom on it. While he faced them
19 front to back, Then paraseuls round, quite taken atack, sclaiming,
20 Howe cools Eavybroly!

21 — Good marrams, sagd he, freshwatties and boasterdes all, as
22 he put into bierhiven, nogeysokey first, cabootle segund, jilling
23 to windwards, as he made straks for that oerasound the snarsty weg
24 for Publin, so was his horenpipe lug in the lee off their mouths
25 organs, with his tilt too taut for his tammy all a slaunter and his
26 wigger on a wagger with its tag tucked. Up. With a good easter-
27 ing and a good westering. And he asked from him how the hitch
28 did do this my fand sulkers that mone met the Kidballacks which
29 he suttonly remembered also where the hatch was he endnew
30 strandweys he's that fond sutchenson, a penincular fraimd of
31 mind, fordeed he was langseling to talka holt of hems, clown
32 toff, tye hug fliorten. Cablen: Clifftop. Shelvling toby oppe-
33 long tomeadow. Ware cobbles. Posh.

34 — Skibbereen has common inn, by pounautique, with poke-
35 way paw, and sadder raven evermore, telled shinshanks lauwering
36 frankish for his kicker who, through the medium of gallic

1 — Pukkelsen, tilltold.
2 That with some our prowed invisors how their ulstravoliance led
3 them infroraid, striking down and landing alow, against our
4 aerian insulation resistance, two boards that beached,ast one, wid-
5 ness thane and tysk and hanry. Prepatrickularly all, they summed.
6 Kish met. Bound to. And for landlord, noting, nodding, a coast
7 to moor was cause to mear. Besides proof plenty, over proof
8 While they either took a heft. Or the other swore his eric. Heaved
9 two, spluiced the menbrace. Heirs at you, Brewinbaroon! Weth
10 a whistle for methanks.

11 — Good marrams and good merrymills, sayd good mothers
12 gossip, bobbing his bowing both ways with the bents and skerries,
13 when they were all in the old walled of Kinkincaraborg (and that
14 they did overlive the hot air of Montybunkum upon the coal
15 blasts of Mitropolitos let there meeds be the hourihorn), hibernia-
16 ting after seven oak ages, fearsome where they were he had gone
17 dump in the doomerling this tide where the peixies would pickle
18 him down to the button of his seat and his sess old soss Erinly
19 into the boelgein with the help of Divy and Jorum's locquor and
20 shut the door after him to make a rarely fine Ran's cattle of fish.
21 Morya Mortimor! Allapalla overus! Howoft had the ballshee
22 tried! And they laying low for his home gang in that eeriebleak
23 mead, with fireball feast and turkeys tumult and paupers patch
24 to provide his bum end. The foe things your niggerhead needs
25 to be fitten for the Big Water. He made the sign of the ham-
26 mer. God's drought, he sayd, after a few daze, thinking of all
27 those bliakings, how leif pauses! Here you are back on your haw-
28 kins, from Blasil the Brast to our povotogesus portocall, the furt
29 on the turn of the hurdies, slave to trade, vassal of spices and a
30 dragon-the-market, and be turbot, lurch a stripe, as were you
31 soused methought out of the mackerel. Eldsfells! sayd he. A
32 kumpavin on iceslant! Here's open handlegs for one old faulker
33 from the hame folk here in you's booth! So sell me gundy, sagd
34 the now waging cappon, with a warry posthumour's expletion,
35 shoots ogos shootlsle him or where's that slob? A bit bite of
36 keesens, he sagd, til Dennis, for this jantar (and let the dobblins

1 roast perus,) or a stinger, he sagd, t. d., on a doroughbread ken-
2 nedy's for Patriki San Saki on svo fro or my old relogion's out
3 of tiempor and when I'm soured to the tipples you can sink me
4 lead, he sagd, and, if I get can, sagd he, a pusspull of tomtar-
5 tarum. Thirst because homing hand give. Allkey dallkey, sayd
6 the shop's housebound, for he was as deep as the north star (and
7 could tolk sealer's solder into tankar's tolder) as might have sayd
8 every man to his beast, and a treat for the trading scow, my cater
9 million falls to you and crop feed a stall! Afram. And he got and
10 gave the ekspedient for Hombreyhambrey wilcomer what's the
11 good word. He made the sign on the feaster. Cloth be laid! And
12 a disk of osturs for the swanker! Allahballah! He was the care-
13 lessest man I ever see but he sure had the most sand. One fish-
14 ball with fixings! For a dan of a ven of a fin of-a son of a gun of
15 a gombolier. Ekspedient, sayd he, sonnur mine, Shackleton Sul-
16 ten! Opvarts and at ham, or this ogry Osler will oxmaul us all,
17 sayd he, like one familiar to the house, while Waldemar was
18 heeling it and Maldemaer was toeing it, soe syg he was walking
19 from the bowl at his food and the meer crank he was waiting for
20 the tow of his turn. Till they plied him behaste on the fare. Say
21 wehrn!

22 — Nohow did he kersse or hoot alike the suit and solder skins,
23 minded first breachesmaker with considerable way on and

24 — Humpsea dumpsea, the munchantman, secondsnipped cutter
25 the curter.

26 — A ninth for a ninth. Take my worth from it. And no mistaenk,
27 they thricetold the taler and they knew the whyed for too. The
28 because of his sosuch. Uglymand fit himshemp but throats fill us
29 all! And three's here's for repeat of the unium! Place the scaurs
30 wore on your groot big bailey bill, he apullajibed, the O'Colonel
31 Power, latterly distented from the O'Conner Dan, so promonitory
32 himself that he was obliffious of the headth of hosth that rosed
33 before him, from Sheeroskouro, under its zemblance of mardal
34 mansk, like a dun darting dullemitter, with his moultain haares
35 stuck in plostures upon it, (do you kend yon peak with its coast so
36 green?) still trustfully acape for her his gragh knew well in pre-

1 cious memory and that proud grace to her, in gait a movely water,
2 of smile a coolsome cup, with that rarefied air of a Montmalency
3 and her quick little breaths and her climbing colour. Take thee
4 live will save thee wive? I'll think uplon, lilady. Should anerous
5 enthroprise call homovirtue, duinnafear! The ghem's to the
6 ghoom be she nere zo zma. Obsit nemon! Floodlift, her ancient
7 of rights regaining, so yester yidd, even remembrance. And
8 greater grown then in the trifle of her days, a mouse, a mere
9 tittle, trots offwith the whole panoromacron picture. Her young-
10 free yoke stilling his wandercursus, jilt the spin of a curl and jolt
11 the breadth of a buoy. The Annexandreian captive conquest.
12 Ethna Prettyplume, Hooghly Spaight. Him her first lap, her his
13 fast pal, for ditcher for plower, till deltas twoport. While this
14 glowworld's lump is gloaming off and han in hende will grow.
15 Through simpling years where the lowcasts have aten of amilikan
16 honey and datish fruits and a bannock of barley on Tham the
17 Thatcher's palm. O wanderness be wondernest and now! Listen-
18 eath to me, veils of Mina! He would withsay, nepertheloss, that
19 is too me mean. I oldways did me walsh and preechup ere we set
20 to sope and fash. Now eats the vintner over these contents oft
21 with his sad slow munch for backonham. Yet never shet it the
22 brood of aurowoch, not for legions of donours of Gamuels. I
23 have performed the law in truth for the lord of the law, Taif
24 Alif I have held out my hand for the holder of my heart in Anna-
25 polis, my youthrib city. Be ye then my protectors unto Mussa-
26 botomia before the guards of the city. Theirs theres is a gentle-
27 means agreement. Womensch plodge. To slope through heather
28 till the foot. Join Andersoon and Co. If the flowers of speech
29 valed the springs of me rising the hiker I hilltapped the murk I
30 mist my blezzard way. Not a knocker on his head nor a nick-
31 number on the manyoumeant. With that coldtbrundt natteldster
32 wefting stinks from Alpyssinia, wooving nihilnulls from Memo-
33 land and wolving the ulvertones of the voice. But his spectrem
34 onlymergeant crested from the irised sea in plight, calvitousness,
35 loss, nngnr, gliddinyss, unwill and snorth. It might have been
36 what you call your change of my life but there's the chance of a

1 night for my lifting. Hillyhollow, valleylow! With the sounds
2 and the scents in the morning.

3 — I shot be shoddied, throttle me, fine me cowwheel for ever,
4 usquebauched the ersewild aleconner, for bringing briars to Bem-
5 bracken and ringing rinbus round Demetrius for, as you wrinkle
6 wryghtly, bully bluedomer, it's a suirsite's stircus haunting hes-
7 teries round old volcanoes. We gin too gnir and thus plinary
8 indulgence makes collemullas of us all. But Time is for talerman
9 tasting his tap. Tiptoptap, Mister Maut.

10 He made one summery (Cholk and murble in lonestime) of his
11 the three swallows like he was muzzling Moselems and torched
12 up as the faery pangeant fluwed down the hisophenguts, a slake
13 for the quicklining, to the tickle of his tube and the twobble of
14 his fable, O, fibbing once upon a spray what a queer and queasy
15 spree it was. Plumped.

16 Which both did. Prompt. Eh, chrystal holder? Save Ampster-
17 dampster that had rheumaniscences in his netherlumbs.

18 — By the drope in his groin, Ali Slupa, thinks the cappon,
19 plumbing his liners, we were heretofore.

20 — And be the coop of his gobbos, Reacher the Thaurd, thinks
21 your girth fatter, apopo of his buckseaseilers, but where's Horace's
22 courtin troopers?

23 — I put hem behind the oasthouse, sagd Pukkelsen, tuning
24 wound on the teller, appeased to the cue, that double dyode
25 dealered, and he's wallowing awash swill of the Tarra water. And
26 it marinned down his gargantast trombsathletic like the marousers of
27 the gulpstroom. The kersse of Wolafs on him, shitateyar, he sagd in
28 the fornicular, and, at weare or not at weare, I'm sigen no stretcher,
29 for I carsed his murhersson goat in trotthers with them newbuckle-
30 noosers behigh in the fire behame in the oasthouse. Hops! sagd he.

31 — Smoke and coke choke! lauffed till the tear trickled drown a
32 thigh the loafers all but a sheep's whosepants that swished to the
33 lord he hadn't and the starer his story was talled to who felt that,
34 the fierifornax being thirst on him motophosically, as Omar
35 sometime notes, such a satuation, debauchly to be watched for,
36 would empty dempty him down to the ground.

1 — And hopy tope! sagd he, anded the enderer, now dyply
2 hypnotised or hopeseys doper himself. And kersse him, sagd he,
3 after inunder tarrapoulling, and the shines he cuts, shinar, the
4 screeder, the stitchimesnider, adepted to nosestorsioms in his
5 budinholder, cummanisht, sagd he, (fouyoufoukou!) which goes
6 in the ways smooking publics, sagd he, bomboosting to be in
7 thelitest civile row faction for a dubblebrasterd navvygaiterd,
8 (flick off that hvide aske, big head!) sagd he, the big bag of my
9 hamd till hem, tollerloon, sagd he, with his pudny bun brofkost
10 when he walts meet the bangd. I will put his fleas of wood in the
11 flour, and he sagd, behunt on the oatshus, the not wellmade one,
12 sagd he, the kersse of my armsore appal this most unmentionablest
13 of men (mundering eeriesk, if he didn't scalded him all the
14 shimps names in his gitter!) a coathemmed gusset sewer, sagd he,
15 his first cudgin is an innvalet in the unitred stables which is not
16 feed tonights a kirtle offal fisk and he is that woe worstered
17 wastended shootmaker whatever poked a noodle in a clouth!

18 So for the second tryon all the meeting of the acarras had it.
19 How he hised his bungle oar his shourter and cut the pinter offhis
20 pourer and lay off for Fellagulphia in the farning. From his
21 dhruimadhreamdhruue back to Brighten-pon-the-Baltic, from our
22 lund's rund turs bag til threathy hoeres a wuke. Ugh!

23 — Stuff, Taaffe, stuff! interjoked it his wife's hopesend to the
24 boath of them consistently. Come back to May Aileen.

25 — Ild luck to it! blastfumed the nowraging scamptail, in flating
26 furies outs trews his cammelskins, the flashlight of his ire wacker-
27 ing from the eyewinker on his masttop. And aye far he fared from
28 Afferik Arena and yea near he night till Blawland Bearing,
29 baken be the brazen sun, buttered be the snows. And the sea
30 shoaled and the saw squalled. And, soaking scupper, didn't he
31 drain

32 A pause.

33 Infernal machinery (serial number: Bullysacre, dig care a dig)
34 having thus passed the buck to billy back from jack (finder the
35 keeper) as the baffling yarn sailed in circles it was now high tide
36 for the reminding pair of snipers to be suitably punished till they

1 had, like the pervious oelkenner done, liquorally no more powers
2 to their elbow. Ignorinsers' bliss, therefore, their not to say rifle
3 butt target, none too wisely, poor fish, (he is eating, he is spun,
4 is milked, he dives) upholding a lampthorne of lawstift as wand
5 of welcome to all men in bonafay, (and the corollas he so has
6 saved gainsts the virus he has thus injected!) discoastedself to that
7 kipsie point of its Dublin bar there, breaking and entering, from the
8 outback's dead heart, Glasthule Bourne or Boehernapark Nolagh,
9 by wattsmade or bianconi, astraylians in island, a wellknown
10 tall hat blown in between houses by a nightcap of that silk or it
11 might be a black velvet and a kiber galler dragging his hunker,
12 were signalling gael warnings towards Wazwollenzee Haven to
13 give them their beerings, east circular route or elegant central
14 highway. Open, 'tis luck will have it! Lifeboat Aloe, Noeman's
15 Woe, Hircups Emptybolly! With winkles whelks and cocklesent
16 jelks. Let be buttercup eve lit by night in the Phoenix! Music.
17 And old lotts have funn at Flammagen's ball. Till Irinwakes from
18 Slumber Deep. How they succeeded by courting daylight in
19 saving darkness he who loves will see.

20 Business. His bestness. Copeman helpen.

21 Contrescene.

22 He cupped his years to catch me's to you in what's yours as
23 minest to hissant, giel as gail, geil as gaul, Odorozone, now our-
24 menial servent, blanding rum, milk and toddy with I hand it
25 to you. Saying whiches, see his bow on the hapence, with a pat-
26 tedyr but digit here, he scooped the hens, hounds and horses
27 bidy by bunny, with an arc of his covethand, saved from the
28 drohnings they might oncounter, untill his cubid long, to hide in
29 dry. Aside. Your sows tin the topple, dodgers, trink me dregs!
30 Zoot!

31 And with the gust of a spring alice the fossickers and swaggelers
32 with him on the hoof from down under piked forth desert roses in
33 that mulligar scrub.

34 Reenter Ashe Junior. Peiwei toptip, nankeen pontdelounges.

35 Gives fair day. Cheroot. Cheevio!

36 Off.

1 — Take off that whitehat (lo, Kersse come in back bespoking
2 of loungeon off the Boildawl stuumplecheats for rushirishis Irush-
3 Irish, dangieling his old Conan over his top gallant shouldier so
4 was, lao yiu shao, he's like more look a novicer on the nevay).

5 — Tick off that whilehot, you scum of a botch, (of Kersse who,
6 as he turned out, alas, hwen ching hwan chang, had been mocking
7 his hollaballoon a sample of the costume of the country).

8 — Tape oaf that saw foull and sew wrong, welsher, you suck of
9 a thick, stock and the udder, and confiteor yourself (for bekersse
10 he had cuttered up and misfutthered in the most multiplest
11 manner for that poor old bridge's masthard slouch a shook of
12 cloakses the wise, hou he pouly hung hoang tseu, his own fittther
13 couldn't nose him).

14 Chorus: With his coate so graye. And his pounds that he
15 pawned from the burning.

16 — And, haikon or hurlin, who did you do at doyle today, my
17 horsey dorksey gentryman. Serge Mee, suit! sazd he, tersey ker-
18 sey. And when Tersse had sazd this Kersse stood them the whole
19 koursse of training how the whole blazy raze acurraghed, from
20 lambkinsback to sliving board and from spark to phoenish. And
21 he tassed him tartly and he sassed him smartly, tig for tager, strop
22 for stripe, as long as there's a lyasher on a kyat. And they peered
23 him beheld on the pyre.

24 And it was so. Behold.

25 — Same capman no nothing horces two feller he feller go
26 where. Isn't that effect? gig for gag, asked there three newcom-
27 mers till knockingshop at the ones upon a toppers who, while in
28 admittance to that impedance, as three as they were there, they had
29 been malttreating themselves to their health's contempt.

30 — That's fag for fig, metinkus, confessed, mhos for mhos, those
31 who, would it not be for that dielectrick, were upon the point of
32 obsoletion, and at the brink of from the pillary of the Nilsens and
33 from the statutes of the Kongbullies and from the millestones of
34 Ovlergroamlius libitate nos, Domnial!

35 — And so culp me goose, he sazd, szed the ham muncipated of
36 the first course, recoursing, all cholers and coughs with his beauw

1 on the bummell, the bugganeering wanderducken, he sazd, (that
2 his pumps may ship awhoyle shandymound of the dussard), the
3 coarsehair highsaydighsayman, there's nice tugs he looks, (how
4 you was, Ship Alouset?) he sazd, the bloodaxe bloodooth baltxe-
5 bec, that is crupping into our raw language navel through the
6 lumbsmall of his hawsehohle, he sazd, donconfounder him, voyag-
7 ing after maidens, belly jonah hunting the polly joans, and the
8 hurrs of all portnoysers befuddle him, he sazd, till I split in his flags,
9 he sazd, one to one, the landslewder, after Donnerbruch fire.
10 Reefer was a wenchman. One can smell off his wetsments how he
11 is coming from a beach of promisck. Where is that old muttyny,
12 shall I ask? Free kicks he will have from me, turncoats, in Bar
13 Bartley if I wars a fewd years ago. Meistr Capteen Gaascooker, a
14 salestrimmer! As he was soampling me ledder, like pulp, and as
15 I was trailing his fumbelums, like hulp, he'll fell the fall of me
16 faus, he sazd, like yulp! The goragorridgorballyed pushkalsson,
17 he sazd, with his bellows pockets fulled of potchtatos and his fox
18 in a stomach, a disagrees to his ramskew coddlelechershithers'
19 zirkuvs, drop down dead and deaf, and there is never a teilwrmans
20 in the feof fife of Iseland or in the wholeabelongd of Skunkinabory
21 from Drumadunderry till the rumnants of Mecckrass, could milk
22 a colt in thrushes foran furrow follower width that a hole in his
23 tale and that hell of a hull of a hill of a camelump bakk. Fadgest-
24 fudgist!

25 Upon this dry call of selenium cell (that horn of lunghalloon,
26 Riland's in peril!) with its doomed crack of the old damn ukonnen
27 power insound in it the lord of the saloom, as if for a flash sala-
28 magunnded himself, listed his tummelumpsk pack and hearinat
29 presently returned him, ambilaterally alleyeoneyesed, from their
30 uppletioned layir to his beforetime guests, that bunch of palers on
31 their round, timemarching and petrolling how, who if they were
32 abound to loose a laugh (Toni Lampi, you booraascal!) they were
33 abooned to let it as the leashed they might do when they felt (O,
34 the wolf he's on the walk, sees his sham cram bokk!) their joke
35 was coming home to them, the steerage way for stabling, ghus-
36 torily spoeking, gen and gang, dane and dare, like the dud spuk

1 of his first foetotype (Trolldedroll, how vary and likely!), the filli-
2 bustered, the fully bellied. With the old sit in his shoulders, and
3 the new satin atlas onder his uxtter, ernaling his breadth to the swelt
4 of his proud and, picking up the emberose of the lizod lights, his
5 tail toiled of spume and spawn, and the bulk of him, and hulk of
6 him as whenever it was he reddled a ruad to riddle a rede from the
7 sphinxish pairc while Ede was a guardin, ere love a side issue.
8 They hailed him cheeringly, their encient, the murrainer, and
9 wallruse, the merman, ye seal that lubs you lassers, Thallasee or
10 Tullafilmagh, when come of uniform age.

11 — Heave, coves, emptybloddy!

12 And ere he could catch or hook or line to suit their saussyskins,
13 the lumpenpack. Underbund was overraskelled. As

14 — Sot! sod the tailors opsits from their gabbalots, change all
15 that whole set. Shut down and shet up. Our set, our set's
16 allohn.

17 And they poured em behoiled on the fire. Scaald!

18 Rowdiose wodhalooing. Theirs is one lessonless missage for
19 good and truesirs. Will any persen bereaved to be passent bring-
20 back or rumpart to the Hoved politymester. Clontarf, one love,
21 one fear. Ellers for the greeter glossary of code, callen hom:
22 Finucane-Lee, Finucane-Law.

23 Am. Dg.

24 Welter focussed.

25 Wind from the nordth. Warmer towards muffinbell, Lull.

26 As our revelant Colunnfiller predicted in last mount's chattiry
27 sermon, the allepected depression over Schiumdinebbia, a bygger
28 muster of veiryng precipitation and haralded by faugh sicknells,
29 (hear kokkenhovens ekstras!) and umwalloped in an unusuable
30 suite of clouds, having filterhed through the middelhav of the
31 same gorgers' kennel on its wage wealthwards and incursioned a
32 sotten retch of low pleasure, missed in some parts but with lugal
33 drizzles, the outlook for tomaryy (Streamstress Mandig) beamed
34 brider, his ability good.

35 What hopends to they?

36 Giant crash in Aden. Birdflights confirm abbroaching nub-

1 tials. Burial of Lifetenant-Groevener Hatchett, R.I.D. Devine's
2 Providence.
3 Ls. De.
4 Art thou gainous sense uncompetite! Limited. Anna Lynchya
5 Pourable! One and eleven. United We Stand, even many offered.
6 Don't forget. I wish ausplicable thievesdayte for the stork dyrby.
7 It will be a thousand's a won paddies. And soon to bet. On drums
8 of bliss. With hapsalap troth, hipsalewd prudity, hopesalot hon-
9 nussy, hoopsaloo luck. After when from midnights unwards the
10 fourposter harp quartetto. (Kiskiviikko, Kalastus. Torstaj, tanssia.
11 Perjantaj, peleja. Lavantaj ja Sunnuntaj, christianismus kirjallisuus,
12 kirjallisuus christianismus.) Whilesd this pellover his finnish.
13 — Comither, ahorace, thou mighty man of valour, elderman
14 adaptive of Capel Ysnod, and tsay-fong tsei-foun a laun bricks-
15 number till I've fined you a faulter-in-law, to become your son-
16 to-be, gentlemens tealer, generalman seelord, gosse and bosse,
17 hunguest and horasa, jonjemsums both, in sailsmanship, szed the
18 head marines talebearer, then sayd the ships gospfather in the scat
19 story to the husband's capture and either you does or he musts
20 ant this moment same, sayd he, so let laid pacts be being betving
21 ye, he sayd, by my main makeshift, he sayd, one fisk and one flesk,
22 as flat as, Aestmand Addmundson you, you're iron slides and so
23 hompety domp as Paddley Mac Namara here he's a hardy canooter,
24 for the two breasts of Banba are her soilers and her toilers, if thou
25 wilt serve Idyall as thou hast sayld. Brothers Boathes, brothers
26 Coathes, ye have swallen blooders' oathes. And Gophar sayd unto
27 Glideon and sayd he to the nowedding captain, the rude hunner-
28 able Humphrey, who was praying god of clothildies by the seven
29 bosses of his trunktarge he would save bucklesome when she
30 wooed belove on him, comeether, sayd he, my merrytime mare-
31 lupe, you wutan whaal, sayd he, into the shipfolds of our quad-
32 rupede island, bless madhugh, mardyck, luusk and cong! Blass
33 Neddos bray! And no more of your maimed acts after this with
34 your kowtoros and criados to every tome, thick and heavy, and
35 our onliness of his revelance to your ultitude. The illfollowable
36 staying in wait for you with the winning word put into his mouth

1 or be the hooley tabell, as Horrocks Toler hath most cares to call
2 it, I'll rehearse your comeundermends and first mardhyr you en-
3 tirely. As puck as that Paddeus picked the pun and left the lollies
4 off the foiled. A Trinity judge will crux your boom. Pat is the
5 man for thy. Ay ay! And he pured him beheild of the ouishguss,
6 mingling a sign of the cruisk. I popetithes thee, Ocean, sayd he,
7 Oscarvaughther, sayd he, Erievikkingr, sayd he, *intra trifum*
8 *triforium trifoliorum*, sayd he, onconditionally, forfor furst of giel-
9 gaulgalls and hero chief explunderer of the clansakiltic, sayd he,
10 the streameress mastress to the sea aase cuddycoalman's and let
11 this douche for you as a wholly apuzzler's and for all the puk-
12 kaleens to the wakes of you, sayd he, out of the hellsinky of the
13 howtheners and be damned to ye, sayd he, into our roomyo con-
14 nellic relation, sayd he, from which our this pledge is given, Tera
15 truly ternatrine if not son towards thousand like expect chrisan
16 athems to which I osker your godhsbattaring, saelir, for as you
17 gott kvold whereafter a gooden diggin and with gooder ensure
18 from osion buck fared agen fairioes feuded hailsohome til Edar
19 in that the loyd mave hercy on your sael! Anomyn and awer.
20 Spickinusand.

21 — Nansense, you snorsted? he was haltid considerable agenst
22 all religions overtraw so hworefore the thokkurs pokker the big-
23 bug miklamanded storstore exploder would he be wholesalesolde
24 daadooped by Priest Gudfodren of the sacredhaunt suit in
25 Diaeblen-Balkley at Domnkirk Saint Petricksburg? But ear this:

26 — And here, aaherra, my rere admirable peadar poulsen, sayd
27 he, consistently, to the secondnamed sutor, my lately lamented
28 sponsorship, comesend round that wine and lift your horn, sayd
29 he, to show you're a skolar for, winter you likes or not, we
30 brought your summer with us and, tomkin about your lief eurek-
31 ason and his undishcovery of americle, be the rolling forties, he
32 sayd, and on my sopper crappidamn, as Harris himself says, to let
33 you in on some crismion dottrin, here is the ninethest pork of a man
34 whisk swimmies in Dybblin water from Ballscodden easthmost
35 till Thyrston's Licksliip and, sayd he, (whiles the heart of Lukky
36 Swayn slaughed in his icebox for to think of all the soorts of

1 smukklers he would behave in juteyfrieze being forelooper to her)
2 praties peel to our goodsend Brandonius, *filius* of a Cara, spouse
3 to Fynlogue, he has the nicesth pert of a nittlewoman in the
4 house, la chito, la chato, la Charmadouiro, Tina-bat-Talur, cif for
5 your fob and a tesura astore for you, eslucylamp aswhen the surge
6 seas sombren, that he daughts upon of anny livving plusquebelle,
7 to child and foster, that's the lippeyear's wonder of Totty go,
8 Newschool, two titty too at win winnie won, tramity trimming and
9 funnity fare, with a grit as hard as the trent of the thimes but a
10 touch as saft as the dee in flooding and never a Hyderow Jenny the
11 like of her lightness at look and you leap, rheadoromanscing long
12 evmans invairn, about little Anny Roners and all the Lavinias of
13 ester yours and pleding for them to herself in the periglus glatsch
14 hangs over her trickle bed, it's a piz of fortune if it never falls from
15 the stuffel, and, when that mallaura's over till next time and all the
16 prim rossies are out dressparading and the tubas tout tout for the
17 glowru of their god, making every Dinny dingle after her down
18 the Dargul dale and (wait awhile, blusterbuss, you're marchadant
19 too forte and don't start furlan your ladins till you' ve learned the
20 lie of her landuage!), when it's summwer calding and she can hear
21 the pianutunar beyant the bayondes in Combria sleepytalking to
22 the Wiltsh muntons, titting out through her droemer window
23 for the flyend of a touchman over the wishtas of English Strand,
24 when Kilbarrack bell pings saksalaisance that Concessas with
25 Sinbads may (pong!), where our dollimonde sees the phantom
26 shape of Mr Fortunatus Wright since winksome Miss Bulkeley
27 made loe to her wrecker and he took her to be a rover, O, and
28 playing house of ivary dower of gould and gift you soil me
29 peepat my prize, which its a blue loogoont for her in a bleakeyed
30 seusan if she can't work her mireiclles and give Norgeyborgey
31 good airish timers, while her fresh racy turf is kindly kindling up
32 the lovver with the flu, with a roaryboaryellas would set an Ei-
33 weddyng on fire, let aloon an old Humpopolamos with the boomar-
34 poorter on his brain, aiden bay scye and dye, aasbukividdy,
35 twentynine to her dozen and cocoo him didulceydovely to his
36 old cawcaws huggin and munin for his strict privatear which

1 there's no pure rube like an ool pool roober when your pullar
2 beer turns out Bruin O'Luinn and beat his barge into a battering
3 pram with her wattling way for cubblin and, be me fairy fay, sayd
4 he, the marriage mixter, to Kersse, Son of Joe Ashe, her coax-
5 fonder, wiry eyes and winky hair, timkin abeat your Andraws
6 Meltons and his lovsang of the short and shifty, I will turn my
7 thinks to things alove and I will speak but threes ones, sayd he,
8 my truest patrons good fouter, poles a port and zones asunder,
9 tie up in hates and repeat at luxure, you can better your tooblu
10 prodestind arson, tyler bach, after roundsabouts and donochs and
11 the volumed smoke, though the clonk in his stumble strikes warn,
12 and were he laid out on that counter there like a Slavocrates
13 amongst his skippies, when it comes to the ride onerable, sayd he,
14 that's to make plain Nanny Ni Sheeres a full Dinamarqueza, and
15 all needed for the lay, from the hursey on the montey with the
16 room in herberge down to forkpiece and bucklecatch, (Elding,
17 my elding! and Lif, my lif!) in the pravacy of the pirmanocturne,
18 hap, sayd he, at that meet hour of night, and hop, sayd he, ant the
19 fyrsty annas everso thried (whiles the breath of Huppy Hulle-
20 pond swumped in his seachest for to renumber all the mallyme-
21 dears' long roll and call of sweetheart emmas that every had a
22 port in from Coxenhagen till the brottels on the Nile), while
23 taylight is yet slipping under their pillow, (ill omens on Kitty
24 Cole if she's spilling laddy's measure!) and before Sing Mattins in
25 the Fields, ringsengd ringsengd, bings Heri the Concorant Erho,
26 and the Referinn Fuchs Gutmann gives us *I'll Bell the Welled* or
27 *The Steeplepoy's Revanger* and all Thingavalley knows for its
28 never dawn in the dark but the deed comes to life? and raptist bride
29 is aptist breed (tha lassy! tha lassy!), and, to buoy the hoop
30 within us springing, 'tis no timbertar she'll have then in her arms-
31 brace to doll the dallydandle, our fiery quean, upon the night of
32 the things of the night of the making to stand up the double
33 tet of the oversear of the seize who cometh from the mighty
34 deep and on the night of making Horuse to crihumph over his
35 enemy, be the help of me cope as so pluse the riches of the roed-
36 shields, with Elizabeliza blessing the bedpain, at the willbedone

1 of Yinko Jinko Randy, come Bastabasco and hippychip eggs, she
2 will make a suomease pair and singlette, jodhpur smalls and tailor-
3 less, a copener's cribful, leaf, bud and berry, the divlin's own little
4 mimmykin puss, (hip, hip, horatia!) for my old comrhade salty-
5 mar here, Briganteen — General Sir A. I. Magnus, the flapper-
6 nooser, master of the good lifebark *Ulivengrene* of Onslought,-
7 and the homespund of her hearth, (Fuss his farther was the norse
8 norse east and Muss his mother was a gluepot) and, gravydock or
9 groovy anker, and a huldread pursunk manowhood, who (with
10 a chenchen for his delight time and a bonzeye nappin through his
11 doze) he is the bettest bluffy blondblubber of an olewidgeon what
12 overspat a skettle in a skib.

13 Cawcaught. Cooaged.

14 And Dub did glow that night. In Fingal of victories. Cann-
15 matha and Cathlin sang together. And the three shouters of
16 glory. Yelling halfviewed their harps. Surly Tuhall smiled upon
17 drear Darthoola: and Roscranna's bolgaboyo begirlified the
18 daughter of Cormac. The soul of everyelsesbody rolled into its
19 olesoleself. A doublemonth's licence, lease on mirth, while hooney-
20 moon and her flame went huney-suckling. Holyryssia, what boom
21 of bells! What battle of bragues on Sandgate where met the bobby
22 mobbed his bibby mabbing through the ryce. Even Tombs left
23 doss and dunnage down in Demidoff's tomb and drew on the
24 dournailed clogs that Morty Manning left him and legged in by
25 Ghoststown Gate, like Pompei up to date, with a sprig of White-
26 boys heather on his late Luke Elcock's heirloom. And some say
27 they seen old dummydeaf with a leaf of bronze on his cloak
28 so grey, trooping his colour a pace to the reire. And as owfally
29 posh with his halfcrown jool as if he was the Granjook Meckl or
30 Paster de Grace on the Route de l'Epée. It was joo-bileejeu that
31 All Sorts' Jour. Freestouters and publicranks, hafts on glaives.
32 You could hear them swearing threaties on the Cymylaya
33 Mountains, man. And giving it out to the Ould Fathach and louth-
34 mouthing after the Healy Mealy with an enfysis to bring down
35 the rain of Tarar. Nevertoletta! Evertomind! The grandest
36 bethehailey seen or heard on earth's conspectrum since Scape

1 the Goat, that gafr, ate the Suenders bible. Hadn't we heaven's
2 lamps to hide us? Yet every lane had its lively spark and every
3 spark had its several spurtles and each spitfire spurtle had some
4 trick of her trade, a tease for Ned, nook's nestle for Fred and
5 a peep at me mow for Peer Pol. So that Father Matt Hughes
6 looked taytotally threbled. But Danno the Dane grimmed. Dune.
7 'Twere yeg will elsecare doatty lanv meet they dewscent hyemn
8 to cannons' roar and rifles' peal vill shantey soloweys sang! For
9 there were no more Tyrrhanees and for Laxembraghs was pass-
10 thecupper to Our Lader's. And it was dim upon the floods only
11 and there was day on all the ground.

12 Thus street spins legends while wharves woves tales but some
13 family fewd felt a nick in their name. Old Vickers sate down on
14 their airs and straightened the points of their lace. Red Rowleys
15 popped out of their lairs and asked what was wrong with the
16 race. Mick na Murrough used dripping in layers to shave
17 all the furze off his face. The Burke-Lees and Coyle-Finns
18 paid full feines for their sinns when the Cap and Miss Coolie
19 were roped.

20 Rolloraped.

21 With her banbax hoist from holder, zig for zag through pool
22 and polder, cheap, cheap, cheap and Laughing Jack, all augurs
23 scorenning, see the Bolche your pictures motion and Kitzy
24 Kleinsuessmein eloping for that holm in Finn's Hotel Fiord,
25 Nova Norening. Where they pulled down the kuddle and they
26 made fray and if thee don't look homey,well,that Dook can eye
27 Mae.

28 He goat a berth. And she cot a manege. And wohl's gorse
29 mundom ganna wedst.

30 Knock knock. War's where! Which war? The Twwinns.
31 Knock knock. Woos without! Without what? An apple. Knock
32 knock.

33 The kilder massed, one then and uhindred, (harefoot, birdy-
34 hands, herringabone, beesknees), and they barneydansked a
35 kathareen round to know the who and to show the howsome.
36 Why was you hiding, moder of moders? And where was hunty,

1 poppa the gun? Pointing up to skylless heaven like the spoon out
2 of sergeantmajor's tay. Which was the worst of them phaymix
3 cupplerts? He's herd of hoarding and her faiths is altared. Becom-
4 ing ungoing, their seeming sames for though that liamstone
5 deaf do his part there's a windtreetop whipples the damp off the
6 mourning. But tellusit allasif wellasits end. And the lunger it
7 takes the swooner they tumble two. He knows he's just thrilling
8 and she's sure she'd squeam. The threelegged man and the tulip-
9 pied dewydress. Lludd hillmythey, we're brimming to hear! The
10 durst he did and the first she ever? Peganeen Bushe, this isn't the
11 polkar, catch as you cancan when high land fling! And you Tim
12 Tommy Melooney, I'll tittle your barents if you stick that pigpin
13 upinto meh!

14 So in the names of the balder and of the sol and of the holti-
15 chrost, ogsowearit, trisexnone, and by way of letting the aandt
16 out of her grosskropper and leading the mokes home by their
17 gribes, whoopsabout a plabbaside of plobbicides, alamam alemon,
18 poison kerls, on this mounden of Delude, and in the high places
19 of Delude of Isreal, which is Haraharem and the diublin's owld
20 mounden over against Vikens, from your tarns, thwaites and
21 thorpes, withes, tofts and fosses, fells, haughs and shaws, lunds,
22 garths and dales, mensuring the megnominous as so will is the
23 littleyest, the myrioheartzed with toroidal coil, eira area round
24 wantanajocky, fin above wave after duckydowndivvy, trader arm
25 aslung beauty belt, the formor velican and nana karlikeevna,
26 sommerlad and cinderenda, Valtivar and Viv, how Big Bil Brine
27 Borumoter first took his gage at lil lolly lavvander waader since
28 when capriole legs covets limbs of a crane and was it the twylyd
29 or the mounth of the yare or the feint of her smell made the seo-
30 men assault of her (in imageascene all: whimwhim whimwhim).
31 To the laetification of disgeneration by neuhumorisation of our
32 kristianiasation. As the last liar in the earth begeylywayled the
33 first lady of the forest. Though Toot's pardoosled sauve l'hum-
34 mour! For the joy of the dew on the flower of the fleets on the
35 fields of the foam of the waves of the seas of the wild main from
36 Borneholm has jest come to crown.

1 Snip snap snoody. Noo err historyend goody. Of a lil trip
2 trap and a big treeskooner for he put off the ketyl and they
3 made three (for fie!) and if hec dont love alpy then lad you
4 annoy me. For hanigen with hunigen still haunt ahunt to finnd
5 their hinnigen where Pappappapparrassannuaragheallachnatull-
6 aghmonganmacmacmacwhackfalltherdebblenonthedubblandadd-
7 ydoodled and anruly person creeked a jest. Gestapose to parry
8 off cheekars or frankfurters on the odor. Fine again, Cuoholson!
9 Peace, O wiley!

10 Such was the act of goth stepping the tolk of Doolin, drain
11 and plantage, wattle and daub, with you'll peel as I'll pale and
12 we'll pull the boath toground togutter, testies touchwood and
13 shenstone unto pop and puma, calf and condor, under all the
14 gaauspices (incorporated), the chal and his chi, their roammerin
15 over, gribgrobgrab reining trippetypetrapety (so fore shalt thou
16 flow, else thy cavern hair!) to whom she (anit likenand please-
17 thee!). Till sealump becomedump to bumpslump a lifflebed,
18 (altolà, allamarsch! O gué, O gué!). Kaemper Daemper to Jetty
19 de Waarft, all the weight of that mons on his little ribbeunuch!
20 Him that gronde old mand to be that haard of heaering (afore
21 said) and her the petty tondur with the fix in her changeable eye
22 (which see), Lord, me lad, he goes with blowbierd, leedy,
23 plasheous stream. But before that his loudship was converted to
24 a landshop there was a little theogamyjig incidence that hoppy-
25 go-jumpy January morn when he colluded with the cad out on
26 the beg amudst the fiounaregal gaames of those oathmassed
27 fenians for whome he's forcecaused a bridge of the piers, at
28 Inverleffy, mating pontine of their engagement, synnbildising
29 graters and things, eke ysendt? O nilly, not all, here's the fust
30 cataraction! As if ever she cared an assuan damm about her
31 harpoons sticking all out of him whet between phoenix his
32 calipers and that psourdonome sheath. Sdrats ye, Gus Paudheen!
33 Kenny's thought ye, Dinny Oozle! While the cit was leaking
34 asphalt like a suburbiaurealis in his rure was tucking to him like
35 old booths, booths, booths, booths.

36 Enterruption. Check or slowback. Dvershen.

1 Why, wonder of wenchalows, what o szeszame open, v doer s t
2 doing? V door s being. But how theng thingajarry miens but this
3 being becoming n z doer? K? An o. It is ne not him what foots
4 like a glove, shoehandschiner Pad Podomkin. Sooftly, anni
5 slavey, szszuszcree is slowjaneska.

6 The aged crafty nummifeed confusionary overinsured ever-
7 lapsing accentuated katekattershin clopped, clopped, clopped,
8 darsey dobrey, back and along the danzing corridor, as she was
9 going to pimpim him, way boy wally, not without her comple-
10 ment of cavarnan men, between the two deathdealing allied
11 divisions and the lines of readypresent fire of the corkedagains up-
12 stored, taken in giving the saloot, band your hands going in, bind
13 your heads coming out, and remoltked to herselp in her serf's
14 alown, a weerpovy willowy dreevy drawly and the patter of so
15 familiar, farabroads and behomeans, as she shure sknows, boof
16 for a booby, boo: new uses in their mewseyfume. The jammesons
17 is a cook in his hair. And the juinnesses is a rapin his hind. And
18 the Bullingdong caught the wind up. Dip.

19 And the message she braught belaw from the missus she
20 bragged abouve that had her agony stays outsize her sari chemise,
21 blancking her shifts for to keep up the fascion since the king of
22 all dronnings kissed her beeswixed hand, fang (pierce me, hunky,
23 I'm full of meunders!), her fize like a tubtail of mondayne
24 clothes, fed to the chaps with working medicals and her birthright
25 pang that would split an atam like the forty pins in her hood, was
26 to fader huncher a howdydowdy, to mountainy mots in her
27 amnest plein language, from his fain a wan, his hot and tot lass,
28 to pierce his ropeloop ear, how, Podushka be prayhasd, now the
29 sowns of his loins were awinking and waking and his dorter of
30 the hush lillabilla lullaby (lead us not into reformication with the
31 poors in your thingdom of gory, O moan!), once after males,
32 nonce at a time, with them Murphy's puffs she dursted with
33 gnockmeggs and the bramborry cake for dour dorty dompling
34 obayre Mattom Beetom-and epsut the pfot and if he was whishtful
35 to licture her caudal with chesty chach from his dauberg den
36 and noviny news from Naul or toplots talks from morrienbaths

1 or a parrotsprate's cure for ensevelised lethurgies, spick's my
2 spoon and the veriblest spoon, 'twas her hour for the chamber's
3 ensallycopodium with love to melost Panny Kostello from
4 X.Y. Zid for to folly billybobbis gibits porzy punzy and she was
5 a wanton for De Marera to take her genial glow to bed.
6 — This is time for my tubble, reflected Mr 'Gladstone
7 Browne' in the toll hut (it was choractoristic from that 'man of
8 Delgany'). Dip.
9 — This is me vulcanite smoking, profused Mr 'Bonaparte
10 Nolan' under the natecup (one feels how one may hereby reekig-
11 nites the 'ground old mahonagyan'). Dip.
12 — And this is defender of defeater of defaulter of deformer
13 of the funst man in Danelagh, willingtoned in with this glance
14 dowon his browen and that born appalled noodlum the panellite
15 pair's cummal delimitator, odding: Oliver White, he's as tiff as
16 she's tight. And thisens his speak quite hoarse. Dip.
17 In reverence to her midgetsy the lady of the comeallyous as
18 madgestoo our own one's goff stature. Prosim, prosit, to the
19 krk n yr nck!
20 O rum it is the chomicalest thing how it pickles up the punchey
21 and the jude. If you'll gimmy your thing to me I will gamey a sing
22 to thee. Stay where you're dummy! To get her to go ther. He
23 banged the scoop and she bagged the sugar while the whole
24 pub's pobbel done a stare. On the mizzatint wall. With its chromo
25 for all, crimm crimms. Showing holdmenag's asses sat by Allme-
26 neck's men, canins to ride with em, canins that lept at em, woollied
27 and flundered.
28 So the katey's came and the katey's game. As so gangs sludge-
29 nose. And that henchwench what hopped it dunneth there duft
30 the. Duras.
31 (Silents)
32 Yes, we've conned thon print in its gloss so gay how it came
33 from Finndlader's Yule to the day and it's Hey Tallaght Hoe on
34 the king's highway with his hounds on the home at a turning.
35 To Donnicoombe Fairing. Millikin's Pass. When visiting at
36 Izd-la-Chapelle taste the lipe ofthe waters from Carlowman's Cup.

1 It tellyhows its story to their six of hearts, a twelve-eyed man;
2 for whom has madjestky who since is dyed drown reign before
3 the izba.

4 Au! Au! Aue! Ha! Heish!

5 As stage to set by ritual rote for the grimm grimm tale of the
6 four of hyacinths, the deafeeled carp and the bugler's dozen of
7 leagues-in-amour or how Holispolis went to Parkland with
8 mabby and sammy and sonny and sissy and mop's varlet de
9 shambles and all to find the right place for it by peep o'skirt or
10 pipe a skirl when the hundert called a halt on the chivvychace of
11 the ground sloper at that lightning lovmaker's tender apeal till,
12 between wandering weather and stable wind, vastelend hostel-
13 end, neuziel and oltrigger some, Bullyclubber burgherly shut
14 the rush in general.

15 Let us propel us for the frey of the fray! Us, us, beraddy!

16 Ko Niutirenis hauru leish! A lala! Ko Niutirenis haururu
17 laleish! Ala lala! The Wullingthund sturm is breaking. The
18 sound of maormaoring The Wellingthund sturm waxes fuer-
19 cilier. The whackawhacks of the sturm. Katu te ihis ihis! Katu
20 te wana wana! The strength of the rawshorn generand is known
21 throughout the world. Let us say if we may what a weeny
22 wukeleen can do.

23 Au! Au! Aue! Ha! Heish! A lala!

24 — Paud the roosky, weren't they all of them then each in his
25 different way of saying calling on the one in the same time
26 hibernian knights underthamer that was having, half for the laugh
27 of the bliss it sint barbaras another doesend end once tale of a
28 tublin wished on to him with its olives ocolombs and its hills
29 owns ravings and Tutty his tour in his Nowhere's yarcht. It was
30 before when Aimee stood for Arthurduke for the figger in pro-
31 fane and fell from grace so madlley for fill the flatter fellows.
32 (They were saying). And it was the lang in the shirt in the green.
33 of the wood, where obelisk rises when odalisks fall, major threft
34 on the make and jollyjacques spindthrift on the merry (O Mr
35 Mathurin, they were calling, what a topheavy hat you're in! And
36 there aramny maeud, then they were saying, these so piou-

1 pious!). And it was cyclums cyclorums after he made design on
2 the corse and he want to mess on him (enterellbo add all taller
3 Danis), back, seater and sides, and he applied (I'm amazingly
4 sorracer!) the wholed bould shoulderedboy's width for fullness,
5 measures for messieurs, messer's massed, (they were saycalling
6 again and agone and all over agun, the louthly meathers, the
7 loudly meaders, the lously measlers, six to one, bar ones).

8 And they pled him beheighnten the firing. Dope.

9 Maltomeetim, alltomatetam, when a tale tarries shome shunter
10 shove on. Fore auld they wauld to pree.

11 Pray.

12 Of this Mr A (tillalaric) and these wasch woman (dapple-
13 hued), fhronehflord and feeofeeds, who had insue keen and able
14 and a spindlesong aside, nothing more is told until now, his
15 awebrume hour, her sere Sahara of sad oakleaves. And then. Be
16 old. The next thing is. We are once amore as babes awondering
17 in a wold made fresh where with the hen in the storyaboot we
18 start from scratch.

19 So the truce, the old truce and nattonbuff the truce, boys.
20 Drouth is stronger than faction. Slant. Shinshin. Shinshin.

21 — It was of The Grant, old gartener, qua golden meddlist,
22 Publius Manlius, fuderal private, (his place is his poster, sure, they
23 said, and we're going to mark it, sore, they said, with a carbon
24 caustick manner) bequother the liberaloider at his petty corpore-
25 lezzo that hung caughtnapping from his baited breath, it was of
26 him, my wife and I thinks, to feel to every of the younging fruits,
27 tenderosed like an atalantic's breastswells or, on a second wreath-
28 ing, a bright tauth bight shimmeryshaking for the welt of his
29 plow. And wher-o the peckadillies at his wristsends meetings be
30 loving so lightly dovesoild the candidacy, me wipin eye sinks,
31 of his softboiled bosom should be apparient even to our illicterate
32 of nullatinenties.

33 All to which not a lot snapped The Nolan of the Calabashes
34 at his whilom eweheart photognomist who by this sum taken
35 was as much incensed by Saint Bruno as that what he had con-
36 summed was his own panegoric, and wot a lout about it if it was

1 only a pippappoff pigeon shoot that gracesold getrunner, the
2 man of centuries, was bowled out by judge, jury and umpire at
3 batman's biff like a witchbefooled legat. Dupe.

4 His almonence being alaterelly in dispensation with his three
5 oldher patrons' aid, providencer's divine cow to milkfeeding
6 mleckman, bonafacies to solafides, what matter what all his
7 freudzay or who holds his hat to harm him, let hutch just keep
8 on under at being a vanished consinent and let annapal livibel
9 prettily prattle a lude all her own. And be that semeliminal
10 salmon solemonly angled,ingate and outgate. A truce to lovecalls,
11 dulled in warclothes, maleybags, things and bleakhusen. Leave
12 the letter that never begins to go find the latter that ever comes
13 to end, written in smoke and blurred by mist and signed of
14 solitude, sealed at night.

15 Simply. As says the mug in the middle, nay brian nay noel,
16 ney billy ney boney. Imagine twee cweamy wosen. Suppouse
17 you get a beautiful thought and cull them sylvias sub silence.
18 Then inmaggin a stotterer. Suppoutre him to been one bigger-
19 master Omnibil. Then lustily (tutu the font and tritt on the boks-
20 woods like gay feeters's dance) immengine up to three longly
21 lurking lobstarts. Fair instents the Will Woolsley Wellaslayers.
22 Pet her, pink him, play pranks with them. She will nod ampro-
23 perly smile. He may seem to appraisiate it. They are as piractical
24 jukersmen sure to paltipsypote. Feel the wollies drippeling out
25 of your fingathumbs. Says to youssilves (flowerers have ears,
26 heahear!) solowly: So these ease Budlim! How do, dainty dau-
27 limbs? So peached to pick on you in this way, prue and simple,
28 pritt and spry! Heyday too, Malster Faunagon, and hopes your
29 hahitahiti licks the mankey nuts! And oodlum hoodlum dood-
30 lum to yes, Donn, Teague and Hurleg, who the bullocks brought
31 you here and how the hillocks are ye?

32 We want Bud. We want Bud Budderly. We want Bud Budderly
33 boddily. There he is in his Borrisalooner. The man that shunned
34 the rucks on Gereland. The man thut won the bettllle of the
35 bawll. Order, order, order, order! And tough. We call on Tan-
36 cred Artaxerxes Flavin to compeer with Barnabas Ulick Dunne.

1 Order, order, order! Milster Malster in the chair. We've heard it
2 sinse sung thousandtimes. How Burghley shuck the rackushant
3 Germanon. For Ehren, boys, gobrawl!
4 A public plouse. Citizen soldiers.
5 TAFF (*a smart boy, of the peat freers, thirty two eleven, looking*
6 *through the roof towards a relevention of the karmalife order privious*
7 *to his hoisting of an emergency umberolum in byway of paraguastical*
8 *solation to the rhyttel in his hedd). All was flashing and krashning*
9 *blurty moriartsky blutcherudd? What see, buttywalch? Tell ever*
10 *so often?*
11 BUTT (*mottledged youth, clerigical appealance, who, as his pied*
12 *friar, is supposing to motto the sorry dejester in tiffaff toffiness or*
13 *to be digarced from ever and a daye in his accounts). But da. But*
14 *dada, mwilshsuni. Till even so aften. Sea vaast a pool!*
15 TAFF (*porumply helping himself out by the cesspull with a yellup*
16 *yurru, puts up his furry furzed hare). Butly bitly! Humme to our*
17 *mounthings. Conscribe him tillusk, unt, in his jubalant tubalence,*
18 *the groundsapper, with his soilday site out on his moulday side*
19 *in. The gubernier-gerenal in laut-lievtonant of Baltiskeeamore,*
20 *amaltheouse for leporty hole! Endues paramilintary langdwage.*
21 *The saillils of the yellavs nocadont palignol urdlesh. Shelltoss*
22 *and welltass and telltuss aghom! Sling Stranaslang, how Malo-*
23 *razzias spikes her, coining a speak a spake! Not the Setanik stuff*
24 *that slimed soft Siranouche! The goot old gunshop monowards*
25 *for manosymples. Tincurs tammit! They did oak hay doe fou*
26 *Chang-il-meng when that man d'airain was big top tom saw tip*
27 *side bum boss pageantfiller. Ajaculate! All lea light! Rassamble*
28 *the glowrings of Bruyant the Bref when the Mollies Makehal-*
29 *pence took his leg for his thumb. And may he be too an intrepida-*
30 *tion of our dreams which we foregot at wiking when the mom*
31 *hath razed out limpalove and the bleakfrost chilled our ravery!*
32 *Pook. Sing ching lew mang! Upgo, bobbycop! Lets hear in*
33 *remember the braise of Hold!*
34 BUTT (*drawling forth from his blousom whereis meditabound of*
35 *his minkerstary, switches on his gorsecopper's fling weitoheto lang-*
36 *thorn, fed up the grain oils of Aerin, while his laugh neighs banck as*

1 *that flashermind's rays and his lipponease longuwedge wambles).*
2 Ullahbluh! Sehyoh narar, pokehole sann! Manhead very dirty by
3 am anoyato. Like old Dolldy Icon when he cooked up his iggs
4 in bicon. He gatovit and me gotafit and Oalgoak's Cheloven gut
5 a fudden. Povar old pitschobed! Molodeztious of metchennacht
6 belaburt that pentschmyaso! Bog carsse and dam neat, sar, gam
7 cant! Limbers affront of him, lumbers behund. While the bucks
8 bite his dos his hart bides the ros till the bounds of his bays bell
9 the warning. Sobaiter sobarkar. He was enmivallupped. Chro-
10 mean fasion. With all his cannoball wappents. In his raglanrock
11 and his malakoiffed bulbsbyg and his varnashed roscians and his
12 cardigans blousejagged and his scarlett manchokuffs and his tree-
13 coloured camiflag and his perikopendolous gaelstorms. Here
14 weeks hire pulchers! Obriania's beromst! From Karrs and
15 Polikoff's, the men's confessioners. Seval shimars pleasant
16 time payings. Mousoumeselles buckwoulds look. Tenter and
17 likelings.

18 TAFF (*all Perssiasterssias shookatnaratatattar at his waggon-*
19 *horchers, his bulgeglarying stargapers razzledazzlingly full of eyes,*
20 *full of balls, full of holes, full of buttons, full of stains, full of medals,*
21 *full of blickblackblobs).* Grozarktic! Toadlebens! Some garment-
22 guy! Insects appalling, low hum clang sin! A cheap decoy! Too
23 deep destroy! Say mangraphique, may say nay por daguerre!

24 BUTT (*if that he hids foregodden has nate of glozery farused ameeet*
25 *the florahs of the follest, his spent fish's livid smile giving allasundery*
26 *the bumfit of the doped).* Come alleyou jupes of Wymmingtown
27 that graze the calves of Man! A bear rainging in his heavenspawn
28 consomation robes. Rent, outraged, yewleaved, grained, bal-
29 looned, hindergored and voluant! Erminia's capecloaked hoo-
30 doodman! First he s s st steppes. Then he st stoo stoopt. Lookt.

31 TAFF (*strick struck strangling like aleal lusky Lubliner to merum-*
32 *ber by the cycl of the cruize who strungled Attahilloupa with what*
33 *empoisoned El Monte de Zuma and failing wilnaynilnay that he*
34 *was pallups barn in the minkst of the Krumlin befodt he was pop-*
35 *soused into the monkst of the vatercan, makes the holypolygon of*
36 *the emt on the greaseshaper, a little farther, a little soon, a lettera-*

1 *cettera, oukridayoubray*). Scutterer of guld, he is retourious on
2 every roudery! The lyewdsky so so sewn of a fitchid! With his
3 walshbrushup. And his boney bogey braggs.

4 BUTT (*after his tongues in his cheeks, with pinkpoker pointing*
5 *out in rutene to impassible abjects beyond the mistomist towards*
6 *Lissnaluhy such as the Djublian Alps and the Hoofd Ribeiro as*
7 *where he and his trulock may ever make a game*). The field of
8 karhags and that bloasted tree. Forget not the felled! For the
9 lomondations of Oghrem! Warful doon's bothem. Here furry
10 glunn. Nye? Their feery pass. Tak! With guerillaman aspear
11 aspoor to prink the pranks of primkissies. And the buddies be-
12 hide in the byre. Allahblah!

13 TAFF (*a blackseer, he stroves to regulect all the straggles for wife*
14 *in the rut of the past through the widnows in effigies keening after the*
15 *blank sheets in their faminy to the relix of oll decency from over*
16 *draught*). Oh day of rath! Ah, murther of mines! Eh, selo moy!
17 Uh, zulu luy! Bernesson Mac Mahahon from Osro bearing nose
18 easger for sweeth prolettas on his swooth prow!

19 BUTT (*back to his peatrol and paump: swee Gee's wee rest: no*
20 *more applehooley: dodewodedook*). Bruinoboroff, the hooney-
21 moonger, and the grizzliest manmichal in Meideveide! Whose
22 annal livves the hoiest! For he devoused the lelias on the fined
23 and he conforted samp, tramp and marchint out of the drumbume
24 of a narse. Guards, serf Finnland, serve we all!

25 TAFF (*whatwidth the psychophannies at the front and whetwadth*
26 *the psuckofumbers beholden the fair, illcertain, between his bulchri-*
27 *chudes and the roshashanaral, where he sees Bishop Ribboncake plus*
28 *his pollex prized going forth on his visitations of mirrage or Miss*
29 *Horizon, justso all our fannacies daintied her, on the curve of the*
30 *camber, unsheathing a showlaced limbaloft to the great consternations*).
31 Divulge! Hyededye, kittyls, and howdeddoh, pan! Poshbott and
32 pulbuties. See that we soll or let dargman be luna as strait a way
33 as your ant's folly me line while ye post is goang from Piping
34 Pubwirth to Haunted Hillborough on his Mujiksy's Zaravence,
35 the Riss, the Ross, the sur of all Russers,as my farst is near to
36 hear and my sackend is meet to sedon while my whole's a peer's

1 aureolies. We should say you dones the polecad. Bang on the
2 booche, gurg in the gorge, rap on the roof and your flup is unbu...

3 BUTT (*at the signal of his act which seems to sharpnel his*
4 *innermals menody, playing the spool of the little brown jog round the*
5 *wheel of her whang goes the millner*). Buckily buckily, blodestained
6 boyne! Bimbambombumb. His snapper was shot in the Rumjar
7 Journaral. Why the gigs he lubbed beeyed him.

8 TAFF (*obliges with a two stop yogacoga sumphoty on the bones or ivory*
9 *girl and ebony boy*). The balacleivka! Trovatarovitch! I trumble!

10 BUTT (*with the sickle of a scygtie but the humour of a hummer, O,*
11 *howorodies through his cholarguled, fumfing to a fullfrengh with*
12 *this wallowing olfact*). Mortar martar tartar wartar! May his
13 boules grow wider so his skittles gets worse! The aged monad
14 making a venture out of the murder of investment. I seen him
15 acting surgent what betwinks the scimitar star and the ashen
16 moon. By their lights shalthow throw him! Piff paff for puffpuff
17 and my pife for his cgar! The mlachy way for gambling.

18
19 [*Up to this curkscrew bind an admirable verbivocovisual pre-*
20 *sentment of the worldrenowned Caerholme Event has been being*
21 *given by The Irish Race and World. The huddled and aliven stable-*
22 *crashers have shared fleetfooted enthusiasm with the paddocks*
23 *dare and ditches tare while the mews was combing ground. Hippo-*
24 *hopparray helioscope flashed winsor places as the gates might see.*
25 *Meusdeus! That was (with burning briar) Mr Twomass Noho-*
26 *holan for their common contribe satisfunction in the purports of*
27 *amusement telling the Verily Roverend Father Epiphanes*
28 *shrineshriver of Saint Dhorough's (in browne bomler) how*
29 *(assuary as there's a bonum in your osstheology!) Backlegs*
30 *shirked the racing kenneldar. The saintly scholarist's roastering*
31 *guffalawd of nupersaturals holler at this metanoic excomologosis*
32 *tells of the chestnut's (once again, Wittyngtom!) absolutely*
33 *romptyhompty successfulness. A lot of lasses and lads without*
34 *damas or dads, but fresh and blued with collecting boxes. One*
35 *aught spare ores triflets, to be shut: it is Coppingers for the*
36 *children. Slippery Sam hard by them, physically present how-*

1 *somedever morally absent, was slooching about in his knavish*
2 *diamonds asking Gmax, Knox and the Dmuggies (a pinnance for*
3 *your toughts, turffers!) to deck the ace of duds. Tomtinker Tim,*
4 *howbeit, his unremitting retainer, (the seers are the seers of*
5 *Samael but the heers are the heers of Timoth) is in Boozer's*
6 *Gloom, soalken steady in his sulken tents. Baldawl the curse,*
7 *baledale the day! And the frocks of shick sheeples in their shum-*
8 *mering insamples! You see: a chiefsmith, semperal scandal*
9 *stinkmakers, a middinest from the Casabianca and, of course,*
10 *Mr Fry. Barass! Pardon the inquisition, causas es quostas?*
11 *It is Da Valorem's Dominical Brayers. Why coif that weird*
12 *hood? Because among nosoever circusdances is to be apprehended*
13 *the dustungwashed poltronage of the lost Gabbarnaur-Jaggar-*
14 *nath. Pamjab! Gross Jumpiter, whud was thud? Luckluckluck-*
15 *luckluckluckluck! It is the Thousand to One Guinea-Gooseberry's*
16 *Lipperfull Slipver Cup. Hold hard, ridesiddle titelittle Pitsy*
17 *Riley! Gurragrunch, gurragrunch! They are at the turn of the*
18 *fourth of the hurdles. By the hross of Xristos, Holophullopopu-*
19 *lace is a shote of exclamation! Bumchub! Emancipator, the*
20 *Creman hunter (Major Hermyn C. Entwistle) with dramatic*
21 *effect reproducing the form of famous sires on the scene of the*
22 *formers triumphs, is showing the eagle's way to Mr Whyte-*
23 *hayte's three buy geldings Homo Made Ink, Bailey Beacon*
24 *and Ratatuohy while Furstin II and The Other Girl (Mrs*
25 *'Boss' Waters, Leavybrink) too early spring dabbles, are showing*
26 *a clean paiofheids to Immensipater. Sinkathinks to open here!*
27 *To this virgin's tuft, on this golden of evens! I never sought of*
28 *sinkathink. Our lorkmakor he is proformly annuysed He is*
29 *shinkly thinkly shaking in his schayns. Sat will be off follteedee.*
30 *This eeridreme has being effered you by Bett and Tipp. Tipp and*
31 *Bett, our swapstick quackchancers, in From Topphole to Bot*
32 *tom of The Irish Race and World.]*

33
34 *TAFF (away that the first sports report of Loudin Reginald*
35 *has now been afterthoughtfully colliberated by a saggind spurts*
36 *flash, takes the dipperend direction and, for tasing the tiomor of*

1 *malaise after the pognency of orangultonia, orients by way of Sagit-*
2 *tarius towards Draco on the Lour).* And you collier carsst on him,
3 the corsar, with Boyle, Burke and Campbell, I'll gogemle on
4 strangbones tomb. You had just been cerberating a camp camp
5 camp to Saint Sepulchre's march through the armeemonds re-
6 treat with the boys all marshalled, scattering giant's hail over the
7 curseway, fellowed along the rout by the stenchions of the
8 corpse. Tell the coldspell's terroth! If you please, commeylad!
9 Perfedes Albionias! Think some ingain think, as Teakortairer
10 sate over the Galwegian caftan forewhen Orops and Aasas were
11 chooldrengs and micramacrees! A forward movement, Miles na
12 Bogaleen, and despatch!

13 BUTT (*slinking his coatsleeves surdout over his squad mutton*
14 *shoulder so as to loop more life the jauntlyman as he scents thc*
15 *anggreget yup behound their whole scoopchina's desperate noy's*
16 *totalage and explaining aposteriorly how awstooloo was valde-*
17 *sombre belowes hero and he was in a greak esthate phophiar an*
18 *erixtion on the soseptuple side of him made spoil apriori his popo-*
19 *porportiums).* Yass, zotnyzor, I don't think I did not, pojr. Never
20 you brother me for I scout it, think you! Ichts nichts on nichts!
21 Greates Schtschuptar! Me fol the rawlawdy in the schpirrt of a
22 schkrepz. Of all the quirasses and all the qwehrmin in the tra-
23 gedoes of those antiants their grandoper, that soun of a gun-
24 nong, with his sabaothsopolettes, smooking his scandleloose at
25 botthends of him! Foinn duhans! I grandthicked after his obras
26 after another time about the itch in his egondoom he was legging
27 boldylugged from some pulversporochs and lyoking for a stool-
28 eazy for to nemesisplotsch allafranka and for to salubrate himself
29 with an ultradungs heavenly mass at his base by a supprime pomp-
30 ship chorams the perished popes, the reverend and allaverred
31 cromlecks, and when I heard his lewdbrogue reciping his cheap
32 cheateary gospels to sintry and santry and sentry and suntry I
33 thought he was only haftara having afterhis brokeforths but be
34 the homely Churopodvas I no sooner seen aghist of his frighte-
35 ousness then I was bibbering with vear a few versets off fooling for
36 fjorg for my fifth foot. Of manifest 'tis obedience and the. Flute!

1 TAFF (*though the unglucksarsoon is giming for to git him, jotning*
2 *in, hoghly ligious, hapagodlap, like a soldierry sap, with a pique at*
3 *his cue and a tyr in his eye and a bond of his back and a croak in his*
4 *cry as did jolly well harm lean o'er him*) Is not athug who would.
5 Weepon, weeponder, song of sorrowmon! Which goatheye
6 and sheepskeer they damnty well know. Papaist! Gambanman!
7 Take the cawraidd's blow! Yia! Your partridge's last!

8 BUTT (*giving his scimmianised twinge in acknuckledownedgment*
9 *of this cumulickick, strafe from the firetrench, studenly drobs led, sa-*
10 *toniseels ouchyotchy, he changecors induniforms as he is lefting the*
11 *gat out of the big: his face glows green, his hair greys white, his*
12 *bleyes bcome broon to suite his cultic twalette*). But when I seeing
13 him in his oneship fetch along within hail that tourrible tall
14 with his nitshnykopfgoknob and attempting like a brandylogged
15 rudeman cathargic, lugging up and laiding down his livepelts
16 so cruschinly like Mebbuck at Messar and expousing his old
17 skinful self tailtottom by manurevring in open ordure to renew-
18 murature with the cowruads in their airish pleasantry I thanked
19 he was recovering breadth from some herdsquatters beyond the
20 carcasses and I couldn't ever never to tell a liard story not of I
21 knew the prize if from lead or alimoney. But when I got innocu-
22 pation of a full new of his old basemiddelism, in ackshan, pagne
23 pogne, by the veereyed lights of the stormtrooping clouds and
24 in the sheenflare of the battleaxes of the heroim and mid the
25 shieldfails awail of the bitteraccents of the sorafim and caught the
26 pfierce tsmell of his aurals, orankastank, a suphead setrapped,
27 like Peder the Greste, altipaltar, my bill it forsooks allegiance
28 (gut bull it!) and, no lie is this, I was babbeing and yetaghain
29 bubbering, bibbelboy, me marrues me shkewers me gnaas me
30 fiet, tob tob tob beat it, solongopatom..Clummensy if ever mis-
31 used, must used you's now! But, meac Coolp, Arram of Eirze-
32 rum, as I love our Deer Dirouchy, I confesses withould pride-
33 jealice when I looked upon the Saur of all the Haurousians with
34 the weight of his arge fullin upon him from the travaillings of
35 his tommuck and rueckenased the fates of a bossar there was fear
36 on me the sons of Nuad for him and it was heavy he was for me

1 then the way I immingled my Irmenial hairmaierians ammon-
2 gled his Gospolis fomiliours till, achaura moucreas, I adn't the
3 arts to.

4 TAFF (*as a marrer off act, prepensing how such waldmanns from*
5 *Burnias seduced country clowns, he is preposing barangaparang*
6 *after going knowing what he is doing after to see him pluggy well*
7 *moidered as a murder effect, you bet your blowie knife, before he*
8 *doze soze, sopprused though he is) Grot Zot! You hidn't the hurts?*
9 Vott Fonn!

10 BUTT (*hearing somrother sudly give tworthree peevish sniff snuff*
11 *snoores like govalise falseleep he waitawhishts to see might he stirs*
12 *and then goes on kuldrum like without asking for pepeace or anysing*
13 *a soul). Merzmard! I met with whom it was too late. My fate! O*
14 *hate! Fairwail! Fearwealing of the groan! And think of that*
15 *when you smugs to bagot.*

16 TAFF (*who meanwhilome at yarn's length so as to put a nodje*
17 *in the poestcher, by wile of stoccan his hand and of rooma makin*
18 *ber getting umptyums gatherumed off the skattert, had been lavish-*
19 *ing, lagan on lighthouse, words of silent power, susu glouglou biri-*
20 *biri gongos, upon the repleted speechsalver's innkeeping right which,*
21 *thanks giveme and naperied norms nonobstaclant, there can be little*
22 *doubt, have resulted in a momstchance ministring of another guid-*
23 *ness, my good, to see) Bompromifazzio! Shumpum for Pa-li-di*
24 *and oukosouso for the nipper dandy! Trink off this scup and be*
25 *bladdy orafferteed! To bug at?*

26 BUTT (*he whipedoff's his chimbley phot, as lips lovecurling to the*
27 *tongueopener, he takecups the communion of sense at the hands of*
28 *the foregiver of trosstpassers and thereinofter centelinnates that*
29 *potifex miximhost with haruspical hospedariaty proferring into his*
30 *pauses somewhat salt bacon). Theres scares knud in this gnarld*
31 *warld a fully so svend as dilates for the improvement of our*
32 *foerses of nature by your very ample solvent of referacting upon*
33 *me like is boesen fiend.*

34
35 [The other foregotthened abbosed in the Mullingaria are
36 during this swishingsight teilweisioned. How the fictionable world

1 *in Fruzian Creamtartery is loading off heavy furses and affubling*
2 *themselves with muckinstushes. The neatschknee Novgolosh.*
3 *How the spinach ruddocks are being tatoovatted up for the second*
4 *comings of antigreenst. Hebeneros for Aromal Peace. How*
5 *Alibey Ibrahim wisheths Bella Suora to a holy cryptmahs while*
6 *the Arumbian Knives Riders axecutes devilances round the*
7 *jehumispheure. Learn the Nunsturk. How Old Yales boys is*
8 *making rebolutions for the cunning New Yirls, never elding,*
9 *still begidding, never to mate to lend, never to ate selleries and*
10 *never to add soulleries and never to ant sulleries and never to aid*
11 *silleries with sucharow with sotchyouroff as Burkeley's Show's*
12 *a ructiongetherall. Phone for Phineal toomellow aftermorn and*
13 *your phumeral's a roselixion.]*
14

15 TAFF (*now as he has been past the buckthurnstock from Peadhar*
16 *Piper of Colliguchuna, whiles they all are bealting pots to dubrin*
17 *din for old daddam dombstom to tomb and wamb humbs lumbs*
18 *agamb, glimpse agam, glance agen, rise up road and hive up hill,*
19 *and find your pollyvoulley foncey pitchin ingles in the parler). Since*
20 *you are on for versingrhetorish say your piece! How Buccleuch*
21 *shocked the rosing girnirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A hov*
22 *and az ov and off like a gow! And don't live out the sad of tears,*
23 *piddyawhick! Not offgott affsang is you, buthbach? Ath yet-*
24 *heredayth noth endeth, hay? Vaersegood! Buckle to! Sayyessik,*
25 *Ballygarry. The fourscore soculums are watchyoumaycodding*
26 *to cooll the skoopgoods blooff. Harkabuddy, feign! Thingman*
27 *placeyear howed wholst somwom shimwhir tinkledinkledelled.*
28 *Shinfine deed in the myrtle of the bog tway fainmain stod op to*
29 *slog, free bond men lay lurkin on. Tuan about whattinghim!*
30 *Fore sneezturmdrappen! 'Twill be a rpnice pschange, arrah, sir?*
31 *Can you come it, budd?*

32 BUTT (*who in the cushlows of his goodsforseeking hoarth, ever*
33 *fondlinger of his pimple spurk, is a niallist of the ninth homestages,*
34 *the babybell in his baggutstract upper going off allatwanst, begad,*
35 *lest he should challenge himself, beygoad, till angush). Horrasure,*
36 *toff! As said as would. It was Colporal Phailinx first. Hittit was*

1 of another time, a white horsday where the midril met the bulg,
2 sbogom, roughnow along about the first equinarx in the cholon-
3 der, on the plain of Khorason as thou goest from the mount of
4 Bekel, Steep Nemorn, elve hundred and therety and to years
5 how the krow flees end in deed, after a power of skimiskes,
6 blodidens and godinats of them, when we sight the beasts, (heg-
7 heg whatlk of wraimy wetter!), moist moonful date man aver
8 held dimsdzey death with, and higheye was in the Reilly Oirish
9 Krzerszonese Milesia asundurst Sirdarthar Woolwichleagues,
10 good tomkeys years somewhile in Crimealian wall samewhere
11 in Ayerland, during me weeping stillstumms over the freshprosts
12 of Eastchept and the dangling garters of Marrowbone and daring
13 my wapping stiltstunts on Bostion Moss, old stile and new style
14 and heave a lep onwards. And winn again, blaguadargoos, or
15 lues the day, plays goat, the banshee pealer, if moskats knows
16 whoss whizz, the great day and the druidful day come San
17 Patrisky and the grand day, the excellent fine splendorous long
18 agreeable toastworthy cylindrical day, go Sixt of the Ninth, the
19 heptahundred annam dammias that Hajizfijiz ells me is and
20 will and was be till the timelag is in it that's told in the Bok of
21 Alam to columncill all the prefacies of Erin gone brugk. But
22 lcantenu. And incommixtion. We was lowsome like till we'd
23 took out after the dead beats. So I begin to study and I soon
24 show them day's reasons how to give the cold shake to they
25 blighty perishers and lay one over the beats. All feller he look
26 he call all feller come longa villa finish. Toumbalo, how was
27 I acclapadad! From them banjopeddlars on the raid. Gidding
28 up me anti vanillas and getting off the stissas me aunties.
29 Boxerising and coxerusing. And swiping a johnny dann
30 sweep for to exercitise myself neverwithstanding the topkats
31 and his roaming cartridges, orussheyng and patronning, out
32 all over Crummwiliam wall. Be the why it was me who haw
33 haw.

34 TAFF (*all for letting his tinder and lighting be put to beheiss in*
35 *the feuer and, while durblinly obasiant to the felicias of the skivis,*
36 *Still smolking his fulvurite turkish in the rooking pressance of*

1 *laddios*). Yaa hoo how how, col? Whom battles joined no bottles
2 sever! Worn't you aid a comp?
3 BUTT (*in his difficultous tresdobremient, he feels a bitvalike a*
4 *baddlefall of staot but falls a batforlake a borrlfull of bare*). And
5 me awlphul omegrims! Between me rassociations in the postlea-
6 deny past and me disconnections with aplompervious futules
7 I've a boodle full of maimeris in me buzzim and medears runs
8 sloze, bleime, as I now with platoonic leave recoil in (how the
9 thickens they come back to one to rust!) me misenary post for
10 all them old boyars that's now boomaring in waulholler, me
11 alma marthyrs. I dring to them, bycorn spirits fuselaiding, and
12 you cullies adjutant, even where its contentsed wody, with
13 absents wehrmuth. Junglemen in agleement, I give thee our
14 greatly swooren, Theoccupant that Rueandredful, the thrown-
15 fullvner and all our royal devouts with the arrest of the whole
16 inhibitance of Neuilands! One brief mouth. And a velligoolap-
17 now! Meould attashees the currgans, (if they could get a kick at
18 this time for all that's hapenced to us!) Cedric said Gormleyson
19 and Danno O'Dunnochoo and Conno O'Cannochar it is this
20 were their names for we were all under that manner barrackrsers
21 on Kong Gores Wood together, thurkmen three, with those
22 khakireinettes, our miladies in their toileris, the twum plum-
23 yumnietcies, Vjeras Vjenaskayas, of old Djadja Uncken who
24 was a great mark for jinking and junking, up the palposes of
25 womth and wamth, we war, and the charme of their lyse brocade.
26 For lispias harth a burm in eye but when it bames fire norone
27 screeneth. Hulp, hulp, huzzars! Raise ras tryracy! Freetime's
28 free! Up Lancesters! Anathem!
29 TAFF (*who still senses that heavinscent houroines that enter-*
30 *trained him who they were sinuorivals from the sunny Espionia but*
31 *plied wopsy with his wallets in thatthack of the bustle Bakerloo,*
32 *(11.32), passing the uninational truthbosh in smoothing irony over*
33 *the multinotcheralled infructuosities of his grinner set*). The rib,
34 the rib, the quean of oldbyrdes, Sinya Sonyavitches! Your
35 Rhoda Cockardes that are raday to embrace our ruddy inflamtry
36 world! In their ohosililiesvienne biribarbeway. Till they've

1 kinks in their tringers and boils on their taws. Whor dor the pene
2 lie, Mer Pencho? Ist dramhead countmortal or gonorrhhal stab?
3 Mind your pughs and keaoghs, if you piggots, marsh! Do the
4 nut, dingbut! Be a dag! For zahur and zimmerminnes! Sing in
5 the chorias to the ethur:
6

7 *[In the heliotropical noughttime following a fade of trans-*
8 *formed Tuff and, pending its viseversion, a metenergic reglow*
9 *of beaming Batt, the bairdboard bombardment screen, if taste-*
10 *fully taut guranium satin, tends to teleframe and step up to*
11 *the charge of a light barricade. Down the photoslope in syncopanc*
12 *pulses, with the bitts bugtwug their teffs, the missledhropes,*
13 *glitteraglatteglutt, borne by their carnier walve. Spraygun*
14 *rakes and splits them from a double focus: grenadite, damny-*
15 *mite, alextronite, nichillite: and the scanning firespot of the*
16 *sgunners traverses the rutilanced illustred sunksundered lines.*
17 *Shlossh! A gospel truce leaks out over the caeseine coatings.*
18 *Amid a fluorescence of spectracular mephiticism there caoculates*
19 *through the inconoscope stealdily a still, the figure of a fellow-*
20 *chap in the wohly ghastr, Popey O'Donoshough, the jesuneral*
21 *of the russuates. The idolon exhibisce the seals of his orders:*
22 *the starre of the Son of Heaven, the girtel of Izodella the Calot-*
23 *tica, the cross of Michelides Apaleogos, the latchet of Jan of*
24 *Nepomuk, the puffpuff and pompom of Powther and Pall, the*
25 *great belt, band and bucklings of the Martyrology of Gorman.*
26 *It is for the castomercies mudwake surveice. The victar. Pleece*
27 *to notnoys speach above your dreadths, please to doughboys. Hll,*
28 *smthngs gnwrng wthth sprsnwtch! He blanks his oggles because*
29 *he confesses to all his tellavicious nieces. He blocks his nosoes be-*
30 *cause that he confesses to everywheres he was always putting up his*
31 *latest faengers. He wollops his mouter with a sword of tusk in as*
32 *because that he confesses how opten he used be obening her howonton*
33 *he used be undering her. He boundles alltgotter his manucupes*
34 *with his pedarrests in asmuch as because that he confesses before*
35 *all his handcomplishies and behind all his comfoderacies. And*
36 *(hereis cant came back saying he codant steal no lunger, yessis,*

1 *catz come buck beques he caudant stail awake) he touched upon*
2 *this tree of livings in the middenst of the garerden for inasmuch*
3 *as because that he confessed to it on Hillel and down Dalem and*
4 *in the places which the lepers inhabit in the place of the stones*
5 *and in pontofert justfuggading amoret now he come to think of it*
6 *jolly well ruttengenerously olyovyover the ole blucky shop. Pugger*
7 *old Pumpey O'Dungaschiff! There will be a hen collection of him*
8 *after avensung on the feld of Hanar. Dumble down, looties and*
9 *gengstermen! Dtin, dtin, dtin, dtin!]*

10
11 BUTT (with a gisture expansive of Mr Lhugewhite Cadderpollard
12 *with sunflowered beautonhole pulled up point blanck by mailbag*
13 *mundaynism at Oldbally Court though the hissindensity buck far*
14 *of his melovelance tells how when he was fast marking his first*
15 *lord for cremation the whyfe of his bothem was the very lad's thing*
16 *to elter his mehind). Prostatates, pujealousties! Dovolnoisers,*
17 *prayshyous! Defense in every circumstancias of deboutcheries*
18 *no the chaste daffs I Pack pickets, pioghs and kughs to be palsey-*
19 *putred! Be at the peme, prease, of not forgetting or mere betoken*
20 *yourself to hother prace! Correct me, pleatze commando, for*
21 *cossakes but I abjure of it. No more basquibezigues for this pole*
22 *aprican! With askormiles' eskermillas. I had my billyfell of*
23 *duckish delights the whole pukny time on rawmeots and juliannes-*
24 *with their lambstoels in my kiddeneys and my ramsbutter in*
25 *their sassenacher ribs, knee her, do her and trey her, when*
26 *th'osirian cumb dumb like the whalf on the fiord and we prey-*
27 *ing players and pinching peacesmokes, trouppers tomiatskyns*
28 *all, for Father Petrie Spence of Parishmoslattary to go and leave*
29 *us and the crimsend daun to shellalite on the darkumen (scene*
30 *as signed, Slobabogue), feeding and sleeping on the huguenottes*
31 *(the snuggest spalniel's where the lieon's tame!) and raiding*
32 *revolutions over the allbegeneses (sand us and saint us and*
33 *sound as agun!). Yet still in all, spit for spat, like we chantied on*
34 *Sunda schoon, every warson wearrier kaddies a komnate in*
35 *his schnapsack and unlist I am getting foegutfulls of the rugi-*
36 *ments of savaliged wildfire I was gamefellow willmate and send*

1 us victorias with nowells and brownings, dumm, sneak and
2 curry, and all the fun I had in that fanagan's week. A strange
3 man wearing abarrel. And here's a gift of meggs and teggs. And
4 as I live by chipping nortons. And 'tis iron fits the farmer, ay.
5 Arcdesedo! Renborumba! Then were the hellscyown days for
6 our fellows, the loyal leibsters, and we was the redugout raw-
7 recruitmenters, praddies three and prettish too, a wheeze we has
8 in our wayward islands, wee engrish, one long blue streak,
9 jisty and pithy af durck rosolun, with hand to hand as Homard
10 Kayenne was always jiggilyjugging about in his wendowed
11 courage when our woos with the wenches went wined for a song,
12 tsingirillies' zygarettes, while Woodbine Willie, so popiular
13 with the poppyrossies, our Chorney Choplain, blued the air.
14 Sczlanthas! Banzaine! Bissbasses! S. Pivorandbowl. And we all
15 tuned in to hear the topmast noviality. Up the revels drown the
16 rinks and almistips allround! Paddy Bonhamme he lives! En-
17 core! And tig for tag Togatogtug. My droomodose days Y loved
18 you abover all the strest. Blowhole brasshat and boy with his
19 boots off and the butch of our bunch and all. It was buckoo
20 bonzer, beleeme. I was a bare prive without my doglegs but I
21 did not give to one humpenny dump, wingh or wangh, touching
22 those thusengaged slavey generales of Tanah Kornalls, the
23 meelisha's deelishas, pronouncing their very flank movemens
24 in sunpictorsbosk. Baghus the whatwar! I could always take good
25 cover of myself and, eyedulls or earwakers, preyers for rain or
26 cominations, I did not care three tanker's hoots, ('sham! hem!
27 or chaffit!) for any feelings from my lifeprivates on their reptro-
28 grad leanins because I have Their Honours booth my respectables
29 scœurs assistershood off Lyndhurst Terrace, the puttih Misses
30 Celana Dalems, and she in vinting her angurr can belle the troth
31 on her alliance and I know His Heriness, my respeaktoble me-
32 dams culonelle on Mellay Street, Lightnints Gundhur Sawabs,
33 and they would never as the aimees of servation let me down.
34 Not on your bludger life, touters! No peeping, pimpadoors!
35 And, by Jova I never went wrong nor let him doom till, risky
36 wark rasky wolk, at the head of the wake, up come stumblebum

1 (ye olde cottemptable!), his urssian gemenal, in his scutt's rudes
2 unreformed and he went before him in that nemcon enchelonce
3 with the same old domstoole story and his upleave the fallener
4 as is greatly to be petted (whitesides do his beard!) and I seen his
5 brichashert offensive and his boortholomas vadnhammaggs vise
6 a vise them scharlot runners and how they gave love to him
7 and how he took the ward from us (odious the fly fly flirtation
8 of his him and hers! Just mairmaid maddeling it was it he was!)
9 and, my oreland for a rolvever, sord, by the splunthers of colt
10 and bung goes the enemay the Percy rally got me, messgér, (as
11 true as theirs an Almagnian Gothabobus!) to blow the grand off
12 his aceupper. Thistake it's meest! And after meath the dulwich.
13 We insurrectioned and, be the procuratress of the hory synnotts,
14 before he could tell pullyirragun to parrylewis, I shuttm, missus,
15 like a wide sleever! Hump to dump! Tumbleheaver!

16 TAFF (*camelsensing that sonce they have given bron a nuhlan*
17 *the volkar boastsung is heading to sea vermelhion but too wellbred*
18 *not the ignore the umzemlianness of this rifal's preceedings, in an effort*
19 *towards autosotorisation, effaces himself in favour of the idiology*
20 *alwise behounding his lumpy hump off homosodalism which means*
21 *that if he has lain amain to lolly his liking-cabronne! - he may pops*
22 *lilly a young one to his herth - combrune -) Oholy rasher, I'm be-
23 liever! And Oho bullyclaver of ye, bragadore-gunneral! The
24 grand ohold spider! It is a name to call to him Umsturdum Vonn!
25 Ah, you were shutter reshottus and sieger besieged. Aha race of
26 fiercemarchands counterination oho of shorpshoopers.*

27 BUTT (*miraculising into the Dann Deafir warcry, his bigotes*
28 *bristling, as, jittinju triggity shittery pet, he shouts his thump and*
29 *feeh fauh foul finngures up the heighohs of their ahs!)* Bluddy-
30 muddymuzzle! The buckbeshottered! He'll umbozzle no more
31 graves nor home no haunder, lou garou, for gay! geselles in
32 dead men's hills! Kaptan (backsights to his bared!), His Cum-
33 bulent Embulence, the frustate fourstar Russkakruscam, Dom
34 Allah O'khorwan, connundurumchuff.

35 TAFF (*who, asbestas can, wiz the healsps of gosh and his bluzzid*
36 *maikar, has been sulphuring to himsalves all the pungataries*

1 *of sin praktice in failing to furrow theogonies of the dommed).*
2 Trisseme, the mangoat! And the name of the Most Marsiful,
3 the Aweghost, the Gragious one! In sobber sooth and in souber
4 civiles? And to the dirtiment of the curtailment of his all of man?
5 Notshoh?
6 BUTT (*maomant scoffin, but apoxyomenously deturbaned but*
7 *thems bleachin banes will be after making a bashman's haloday out*
8 *of the euphorious hagiohygiecynicism of his die and be diademmed).*
9 Yastsar! In sabre tooth and sobre saviles! Senonnevero! That
10 he leaves nyet is my grafe. He deared me to it and he dared me
11 do it, and bedattle I didaredonit as Cocksnark of Killtork can
12 tell and Ussur Ursussen of the viktaurious onrush with all the
13 rattles in his arctic! As bold and as madhouse a bull in a meadows.
14 Knout Knittrick Kinkypeard! Olefoh, the sourd of foemoe
15 times! Unknun! For when meseemim, and tolfoklokken rolland
16 allover ourloud's lande, beheaving up that sob of tunf for to
17 claimhis, for to wollpimsolff, puddywhuck. Ay, and untuoning
18 his culothone in an exitous erseroyal *Deo Jupto*. At that instullt
19 to Igorladns! Prronto! I gave one dobblenotch and I ups with
20 my crozzier. Mirrdo! With my how on armer and hits leg an
21 arrow cockshock rockrogn. Sparro!

22
23 [*The abnihilisation of the etym by the grisning of the grosning*
24 *of the grinder of the grunder of the first lord of hurtreford ex-*
25 *polodotonates through Parsuralia with an ivanmorinthorrorumble*
26 *fragoromboassity amidwhiches general uttermosts confussion are*
27 *perceivable moletons skaping with mulicules which coventry*
28 *plumpkins fairlygosmotherthemselves in the Landaunelegants*
29 *of Pinkadindy. Similar scenatas are projectilised from Hullulullu,*
30 *Bawlawayo, empyreal Raum and mordern Atems. They were*
31 *precisely the twelves of clocks, noon minutes, none seconds.*
32 *At someseat of Oldanelang's Konguerrig, by dawnybreak in*
33 *Aira.]*

34
35 TAFF (*skimperskamper, his wools gatherings all over cromlin*
36 *what with the birstol boys artheynes and is it her tour and the*
37 *crackery of the fullfour fivefirearms and the crockery of their dam-*

1 *dam domdom chumbers*). Wharall thubulbs uptheaires! Shatta-
2 movick?
3 BUTT (*pulling alast stark daniel with alest doog at doorak while*
4 *too greater than pardon painfully the issue of his mouth diminuen-*
5 *doing, vility of vilities, he becomes, allasvitally, faint*). Shurenoff!
6 Like Faun MacGhoul!
7 BUTT and TAFF (*desprot slave wager and foeman feudal un-*
8 *sheckled, now one and the same person, their fight upheld to right*
9 *for a wee while being baffled and tottered, umbraged by the shadow*
10 *of Old Erssia's magisquammythical mulattomilitiaman, the living*
11 *by owning over the surfers of the glebe whose sway craven minnions*
12 *had caused to revile, as, too foul for hell, under boiling Mauses'*
13 *burning brand, he falls by Goll's gillie, but keenheartened by the*
14 *circuminsistence of the Parkes O'Rarelys in a hurdly gurdly Cicilian*
15 *concertone of their fonngeena barney brawl, shaken everybothy's*
16 *hands, while S. E. Morehampton makes leave to E. N. Sheil-*
17 *martin after Meetinghouse Lanigan has embaraced Vergemout*
18 *Hall, and, without falter or mormor or blathrehoot of sophsterliness,*
19 *pugnate the pledge of fiannaship, dook to dook, with a commonturn*
20 *oudchd of fest man and best man astoutsalliesemoutioun palms it*
21 *off like commodity tokens against a cococancacacacanoitioun*).
22 When old the wormd was a gadden and Anthea first unfoiled her
23 limbs wanderloot was the way the wood wagged where opter
24 and apter were samuraised twimbs. They had their mutthering
25 ivies and their murdherring idies and their mouldhering iries in
26 that muskat grove but there'll be bright plinnyflowers in Calo-
27 mella's cool bowers when the magpyre's babble towers scorching
28 and screeching from the ravenindove. If thees lobed the sex of
29 his head and mees ates the seep of his traublers he's dancing
30 figgies to the spittle side and shoving outs the soord. And he'll
31 be buying buys and go gulling gells with his flossim and jessim
32 of carm, silk and honey while myandthys playing lancifer lucifug
33 and what's duff as a bettle for usses makes coy cosyn corollanes'
34 moues weeter to wee. So till butagain budly shoots thon rising
35 germinal let bodley chow the fatt of his anger and badley bide
36 the toil of his tubb.

1 *[The pump and pipe pingers are ideally reconstituted. The*
2 *puttther and bowls are peterpacked up. All the presents are deter-*
3 *mining as regards for the future the howabouts of their past*
4 *absences which they might see on at hearing could they once smell*
5 *of tastes from touch. To ought find a values for. The must over-*
6 *listingness. When ex what is ungiven. As ad where. Stillhead.*
7 *Blunk.]*

8 Shutmup. And bud did down well right. And if he sung dumb
9 in his glass darkly speech lit face to face on allaround.

10 Vociferagitant. Viceversounding. Namely, Abdul Abulbul
11 Amir or Ivan Slavansky Slavar. In alldconfusalem. As to whom the
12 major guiltfeather pertained it was Hercushiccups' care to educe.
13 Beauty's bath she's bound to bind beholders and pride, his purge,
14 has place appoint in penance and the law's own libel lifts and
15 lames the low with the lofty. Be of the housed! While the Hersy
16 Hunt they harrow the hill for to rout them rollicking rogues
17 from, rule those racketeer romps from, rein their rockery rides
18 from. Rambling.

19 Nightclothesed, arooned, the conquerods sway. After their
20 battle thy fair bosom.

21 — That is too toottrue enough in Solidan's Island as in Mol-
22 tern Giaourmany and from the Amelakins off to date back to
23 land of engined Egypsians, assented from his opening before his
24 inlookers of where an oxmanstongue stalled stabled the well-
25 nourished one, lord of the seven days, overlord of sats and suns,
26 the sat of all the suns which are in the ring of his system of the
27 sats of his sun, god of the scuffeldfallen skillfilledfelon, who (he
28 contaimns) hangsters, who (he constrains) hersirrs, a gain chang-
29 ful, a mintage vaster, heavy on shirts, lucky with shifts, the top-
30 side humpup stummock atween his showdows fellah, Misto Tee
31 wiley Spillitshops, who keepeth watch in Khummer-Phett, whose
32 spouse is An-Lyph, the dog's bladder, warmer of his couch in
33 fore. We all, for whole men is lepers, have been nobbut won-
34 terers in that chill childerness which is our true name after the
35 allfaulters (mug's luck to em!) and, bespeaking of love and lie
36 detectors in venuvarities, whateither the drugs truth of it, was

1 there an iota of from the faust to the lost. And that is at most re-
2 doubtedly an overthrow of each and ilkermann of us, I persuade
3 myself, before Gow, gentlemen, so true as this are my kopfinpot
4 astrode on these is my boardsoldereds.

5 It sollected, grobbling hummley, his roundhouse of seven
6 orofaces, of all, guiltshouters or crimemummers, to be sayd by,
7 codnops, advices for, free of gracies, scamps encloded, com-
8 petitioning them, if they had steadied Jura or when they had
9 raced Messafissi, husband of your wifebetter or bestman botcha-
10 lover of you yourself, how comes ever a body in our taylorised
11 world to selve out thishis, whither it gives a primeum nobilees
12 for our notomise or naught, the farst wriggle from the ubivence,
13 whereom is man, that old offender, nother man, wheile he is
14 asame. And fullexampling. The pints in question. With some by-
15 spills. And sicsecs to provim hurtig. Soup's on!

16 — A time. And a find time. Whenin aye was a kiddling. And
17 the tarikies held sowansopper. Let there beam a frishfrey. And
18 they sodhe gudhe rudhe brodhe wedhe swedhe medhe in the
19 kanddledrum. I have just (let us suppraise) been reading in a
20 (suppressed) book — it is notwithstanding by meassures long
21 and limited — the latterpress is eminently legligible and the paper,
22 so he eagerly seized upon, has scarsely been buttered in works of
23 previous publicity wholebeit in keener notcase would I turf aside
24 for pastureuration. Packen paper paineth whomto is sacred
25 scripted sign. Who straps it scraps it that might, if ashed, have
26 healped. Enough, however, have I read of it, like my good bedst
27 friend, to augur in the hurry of the times that it will cocommand
28 the widest circulation and a reputation coextensive with its merits
29 when intrusted into safe and pious hands upon so edifying a
30 mission as it, I can see, as is his. It his ambullished with expurga-
31 tive plates, replete in information and accampaigning the action
32 passiom, slopbang, whizzcrash, boomarattling from burst to
33 past, as I have just been seeing, with my warmest venerections,
34 of a timmersome townside upthecountrylifer, (Guard place the
35 town!) allthose everwhalmed upon that preposterous blank seat,
36 before the wordcraft of this early woodcutter, a master of vignett-

1 iennes and our findest grobsmid among all their orefices, (and,
2 shukar in chowdar, so splunderdly English!) Mr Aubeyron
3 Birdslay. Chubgoodchob, arsoncheep and wellwillworth a triat!
4 Bismillafaulties. But the hasard you asks is justly ever behind his
5 meddle throw! Those sad pour sad forengistanterers, dastyhappy
6 dustytrust! Chaichairs. It is that something, awe, aurorbean in that
7 fellow, hamid and damid, (did he have but Hugh de Brassey's
8 beardslie his wear mine of ancient guised) which comequeers this
9 anywhat perssian which we, owe, realisinus with purups a dard
10 of pene. There is among others pleasons whom I love and which
11 are favourests to mind, one which I have pushed my finker in for
12 the movement and, but for my sealring is none to hand I swear,
13 she is highly catatheristic and there is another which I have
14 fombly fongered freequuntly and, when my signet is on sign
15 again I swear, she is deeply sangnificant. *Culpo de Dido! Ars* we
16 say in the classies. *Kunstful*, we others said. What ravening shadow!
17 What dovely line! Not the king of this age could richlier eyefeast
18 in oreillental longuardness with alternate nightjoys of a thousand
19 kinds but one kind. A shahrryar cobbler on me when I am lying!
20 And whilst (when I doot my sliding panel and I hear cawcaw) I
21 have been idylly turmbing over the loose looves leaflefts jagged
22 casuality on the lamatory, as is my this is, as I must commit
23 my lips to make misface for misfortune, often, so far as I can
24 chance to recollect from the some farnights ago, (so dimsweet is
25 that selvischdischdience of to not to be able to be obliged to
26 have to hold further anything than a stone his throw's fruit's
27 fall!) when I, if you wil excuse for me this informal leading down
28 of illexpressibles, enlivened toward the Author of Nature by the
29 natural sins ligen gobelinned theirs before me, (how differen-
30 ded with the manmade Eonochs Cunstuntonopolies!), weather-
31 ed they be of a general golf stature, assasserted, or blossomly
32 emblushing thems elves underneed of some howthern folleys,
33 am entrenched up contemplating of myself, wiz my naked I, for
34 relieving purposes in our trurally virvir vergitabale (garden) I
35 sometimes, maybe, what has justly said of old Flannagan, a wake
36 from this or huntsfurwards, with some shock (shell I so render

1 it?) have (when I ope my shylyght window and I see coocoo) a
2 notion quiet involuptary of that I am cadging hapsnots as at
3 murmurrandoms of distend renations from ficsimilar phases or
4 dugouts in the behindscenes of our earthwork (what rovinig
5 shudder! what deadly loom!) as this is, at no spatial time pro-
6 cessly which regards to concrude chronology about which in
7 fact, at spite of I having belittled myself to my gay giftname of
8 insectarian, happy burgages abeyance would make homesweets-
9 town hopeygoalucrey, my mottu propprior, as I claim, cad's
10 truck, I coined, I am highly pelaged and deeply gluttened to
11 mind hindmost hearts to see by their loudest reports from my
12 threespawn bottery parts (shsh!) that, colombophile and corvino-
13 phobe alike, when I have remassed me, my travellingself, as from
14 Magellanic clouds, after my contractual expenditures, through
15 the perofficies of merelimb, I, my good grief, I am, I am big
16 altoogooder.

17 He beached the bark of his tale; and set to husband and vine:
18 and the harpermaster told all the living conservancy, know
19 Meschiameschianah, how that win a gain was in again. Flying
20 the Perseoroyal. Withal aboarder, padar and madar, hal and sal,
21 the sens of Ere with the duchtars of Iran. Amick amack amock in
22 a mucktub. Qith the tou loulous and the gryffygyffygyffs, at
23 Fenegans Wick, the Wildemanns. Washed up whight and de-
24 liveried rhight. Loud lauds to his luckhump and bejetties on jo-
25 nahs! And they winxed and waxed like baillybeacons. Till we
26 woked up oldermen.

27 From whose plutibust preaggravated, by baskatchairch theo-
28 logies (there werenighn on thaurity herouns in that alraschil
29 arthouducks draken), they were whoalike placed to say, in the
30 matters off ducomans nonbar one, with bears' respects to him and
31 bulls' acknowledgments (come on now, girls! lead off, O cara,
32 whichever won of you wins! The two Gemuas and Jane Agrah
33 and Judy Tombuys!) disassembling and taking him apart, the
34 slammocks, with discrimination for his maypole and a rub in
35 passing over his hump, drogueries inaddendance, frons, fesces
36 and frithstool: 1) he hade to die it, the beetle, 2) he didhithim self,

1 hod's fush, 3) all ever the pelican huntered with truly fond bull-
2 pen backthought since his took human life where his personal
3 low outhired his taratoryism, the orenore under the selfhide of his
4 bessermettle, was forsake in his chiltern and lumbojumbo, 4) he
5 was like Fintan fore flood and after sometimes too damned
6 merely often on the saved side, saw he was, 5) regarding to
7 prussyattes or quazzyverzing he wassand no better than he would
8 have been before he could have been better than what he warrant
9 after, 6) blood, musk or haschish, as coked, diamoned or pence-
10 loid, and bleaching him naclenude from all cohlorine matter,
11 down to a boneash bittstoff, he's, tink fors tank, the same old
12 dustamount on the same old tincoverdull baubleclass, totstitty-
13 winktossier and bogusbagwindburster, whether fitting tyres onto
14 Danelope boys or fluttering flaus for laurettas, whatever the
15 bucket brigade and the plug party says, touchant Arser of the
16 Rum Tipple and his camelottery and lyonesslooting but with a
17 layaman's brutstrenth, by Jacobob and Esahur and the all saults
18 or all sallies, what we warn to hear, jeff, is the woods of chirpsies
19 cries to singaloo sweecheeriode and sock him up, the oldcant
20 rogue.

21 Group A.

22 You have jest (a ham) beamed listening through (a ham pig)
23 his halted excerpt from John Whiston's fiveaxled production,
24 *The Coach With The Six Insides*, from the Tales of Yore of the
25 times gone by before there was a hofdking or a hoovthing or a
26 pinginapoke in Oreland, all sould. Goes Tory by Eeric Whigs is
27 To Become Tintinued in *Fearson's Nightly* in the Lets All Wake
28 Brickfaced In Lucan. Lhirondeella, jaunty lhirondeella! With tirra
29 lirra rondinelles, atantivy we go!

30 Attention! Stand at!! Ease!!!

31 We are now diffusing among our lovers of this sequence (to
32 you! to you!) the dewfolded song of the naughtingels (Alys!
33 Alysaloe!) from their sheltered positions, in rosescenery hay-
34 dyng, on the heather side of waldalure, Mount Saint John's,
35 Jinnylan, whither our allies winged by duskfoil from Moore-
36 parque, swift sanctuary seeking, after Sunsink gang (Oiboe!

1 Hitherzither! Almost dotty! I must dash!) to pour their peace in
2 partial (floflo floreflorence), sweetishsad lightandgayle, twittwin
3 twosingwoolow. Let everie sound of a pitch keep still in reson-
4 ance, jemcrow, jackdaw, prime and secund with their terce that
5 whoe betwides them, now full theorbe, now dulcifair, and when
6 we press of pedal (sof!) pick out and vowelise your name.
7 A mum. You pere Golazy, you mere Bare and you Bill Heeny, and
8 you Smirky Dainty and, more beethoken, you wheckfoolthe-
9 nairyans with all your badchthumpered peanas! We are gluck-
10 glucky in our being so far fortunate that, bark and bay duol with
11 Man Goodfox inchimings having ceased to the moment, so allow
12 the clinkars of our nocturnefield, night's sweetmoztheart, their
13 Carmen Sylvae, my quest, my queen. Lou must wail to cool me
14 airy! Coil me curly, warbler dear! May song it flourish (in the
15 underwood), in chorush, long make it flourish (in the Nut, in the
16 Nutsky) till thorush! Secret Hookup.
17 — Roguenaar Loudbrags, that soddy old samph! How high
18 is vuile, var?
19 To which yes he did, capt, that was the answer.
20 — And his shartshort trooping its colours! We knows his
21 ventruquulence.
22 Which that that rang rippripripping.
23 — Bulbul, bulbulone! I will shally. Thou shalt willy. You wouldnt
24 should as youd remesmer. I hypnot. 'Tis golden sickle's hour.
25 Holy moon priestess, we'd love our grappes of mistellose! Moths
26 the matter? Pschtt! Tabarins comes. To fell our fairest. O gui, O
27 gui! Salam, salms, salaum! Carolus! O indeed and we ware! And
28 hoody crow was ere. I soared from the peach and Missmolly
29 showed her pear too, onto three and away. Whet the bee as to
30 deflowret greendy grassies yellowhorse. Kematitis, cele our er-
31 dours! Did you aye, did you eye, did you everysee suchaway,
32 suchawhy, eeriewhigg airywhugger? Even to the extremity of
33 the world? Dingoldell! The enormanous his, our littlest little!
34 Wee wee, that long alancey one! Let sit on this anthill for our
35 frilldress talk after this day of making blithe inveiled the heart
36 before our groatsupper serves to us Panchomaster and let har-

1 leqwind play peeptomine up all our colombinations! Wins
2 won is nought, twigs too is nil, tricks trees makes nix, fairs fears
3 stoops at nothing. And till Arthur comes againus and sen pea-
4 trick's he's reformed we'll pose him together a piece, a pace.
5 Shares in guineases! There's lovely the sight! Surey me, man
6 weepful! Big Seat, you did hear? And teach him twisters in
7 tongue irish. Pat lad may goh too. Quicken, aspen;ash and yew;
8 willow, broom with oak for you. And move your tellabout. Not
9 nice is that, limpet lady! Spose we try it promissly. Love all.
10 Naytellmeknot tennis! Taunt me treattening! But do now say to
11 Mr Eustache! Ingean mingen has to hear. Whose joint is out of
12 jealousy now? Why, heavilybody's evillyboldy's. Hopping Gra-
13 cius, onthy ovful! O belessk mie, what a nerve! How a mans in
14 his armor we nurses know. Wingwong welly, pitty pretty Nelly!
15 Some Poddy pitted in, will anny petty pullet out? Call Kitty
16 Kelly! Kissykitty Killykelly! What a nossowl buzzard! But what
17 a neats ung gels!

18 Here all the leaves alift aloft, full o'liefing, fell alaughing over
19 Ombrellone and his parasollieras with their black thronguards
20 from the County Shillelagh. Ignorant invincibles, innocents im-
21 mutant! Onzel grootvatter Lodewijk is onangonamed before the
22 bridge of primerose and his twy Isas Boldmans is met the bluey-
23 bells near Dandeliond. We think its a gorsedd shame, these go-
24 doms. A lark of limonladies! A lurk of orangetawneymen! You're
25 backleg wounted, budkley mister, bester of the boyne!

26 And they leaved the most leavely of leaftimes and the most
27 folliagenous till there came the marrer of mirth and the jangthe-
28 rapper of all jocularinas and they were as were they never ere.
29 Yet had they laughtered, one on other, undo the end and enjoyed
30 their laughings merry was the times when so grant it High Hila-
31 rion us may too!

32 Cease, prayce, storywalkering around with gestare romano-
33 verum he swinking about is they think and plan unrawil
34 what.

35 Back to Droughty! The water of the face has flowed.
36 The all of them, the sowriegueuxers, blottyeyed boys, in that

1 pig's village smoke, a sixdigitarian legion on druid circle, the
2 Clandibblon clam cartel, then pulled out and came off and rally
3 agreed them, roasted malts with toasted burleys, in condemnation
4 of his totomptation and for the duration till his reepulation,
5 upon old nollcromforemost ironsides, as camnabel chieftain, since,
6 as Sammon trowed to explain to summon, seeing that, as he had
7 contracted out of islands empire, he might as coolly have rolled
8 to school call, tarponturboy, a grampurpose, the manyfathom
9 brinegroom with the fortyinch bride, out of the cuptin klanclord
10 kettle auction like the soldr of a british he was bound to be and
11 become till the sea got him whilask, from maker to misses and
12 what he gave was as a pattern, he, that hun of a horde, is a finn
13 as she, his tent wife, is a lap, at home on a steed, abroad by the
14 fire (to say nothing of him having done whatyouknow howyou-
15 saw whenyouheard whereyouwot, the kenspeckled souckar,
16 generose as cocke, greediguss with garzelle, uprighter of age and
17 most umbrasive of yews all, under heaviest corpus exemption)
18 and whoasever spit her in howsoever's fondling saving her
19 keepers that mould the bould she sould to hould the wine that
20 wakes the barley, the peg in his pantry to hold the heavyache off
21 his heart. The droll delight of deemsterhood, a win from the
22 wood to bond. Like the bright lamps, Thamamahalla, yearin out
23 yearin. Auspicably suspectable but in expectancy of respectable-
24 ness. From dirty flock bedding, drip dropping through the ceil-
25 ing, with two sisters of charities on the front steps and three eva-
26 cuan cleansers at the back gaze, single box and pair of chairs
27 (suspectable), occasionally and alternatively used by husband
28 when having writing to do in connection with equitable druids
29 and friendly or other societies through periods of dire want with
30 comparative plenty (thunderburst, ravishment, dissolution and
31 providentiality) to a sofa allbeit of hoarsehaar with Amodicum
32 cloth, hired payono, still playing off, used by the youngsters for
33 czurnying out oldstrums, three bedrooms upstairs, of which
34 one with fireplace (aspectable), with greenhouse in prospect (par-
35 ticularly perspectable).

36 And you, when you kept at Dulby, were you always (for that

1 time only) what we knew how when we (from that point solely)
2 were you know where? There you are! And why? Why, hitch a
3 cock eye, he was snapped on the sly upsadaising coras pearls
4 out of the pie when all the perts in princer street set up their
5 tinker's humn, (the rann, the rann, that keen of old bards), with
6 them newnesboys pearcin screaming off their armsworths. The
7 boss made dovesandraves out of his bucknesst while herself
8 wears the bowler's hat in her bath. Deductive Almayne Rogers
9 disguides his voice, shetters behind hoax chestnote from exexive.
10 Heat wives rasing. They jest keeps rosing. He jumps leaps rizing.
11 Howlong!

12 You known that tom? I certainly know. Is their bann boths-
13 tiedes? Suddenly now. Has they bane reneemed? Soothinly low.
14 Does they ought to buy the papelboy when he footles up their
15 suit? He's their mark to foil the flouter and they certainty
16 owe.

17 He sprit in his phiz (baccon!). He salt to their bis (pudden!).
18 He tockled her palam (so calam is solom!). And he suked their
19 friends' leave (bonnick lass, fair weal!)

20 — Guilty but fellows culpows! It was felt by me sindeade, that
21 submerged doughdoughty doubleface told waterside labourers.
22 But since we for athome's health have chanced all that, the wild
23 whips, the wind ships, the wonderlost for world hips, unto their
24 foursquare trust prayed in aid its plumptylump piteousness
25 which, when it turtled around seeking a thud of surf, spake to
26 approach from inherdoff trisspass through minxmingled hair.
27 Though I may have hawked it, said, and solded my how hot peas
28 after theactrisscalls from my imprecurious position and though
29 achance I could have emptied a pan of backslop down drain by
30 whiles of dodging a rere from the middenprivet appurtenant
31 thereof, salving the presents of the board of wumps and pumps,
32 I am ever incalpable, where release of prisonals properly is con-
33 cerned, of unlifting upfallen girls wherein dangered from them
34 in thereopen out of unadulteratous bowery, with those hinting
35 influences from an angelsexonism. It was merely my barely till
36 their oh offs. Missaunderstaid. Meggy Guggy's giggag. The

1 code's proof! The rebald danger with they who would bare white-
2 ness against me I dismissem from the mind of good. He can tell
3 such as story to the Twelfth Maligns that my first was a nurss-
4 maid and her fellower's a willbe perambulatrix. There are twingty
5 to twangty too thews and leathermail coatschemes penparing to
6 hostpost for it valinnteerily with my valued fofavour to the post
7 puzzles deparking with larch parchels' of presents for future
8 branch offerings. The green approve the raid! Shaum Baum's
9 bode he is amustering in the groves while his shool comes merg-
10 ing along! Want I put myself in their kirtlies I were ayeearn to
11 leap with them and show me too bisextine. Dear and lest I for-
12 get mergers and bow to you low, marchers! Attemption! What
13 a mazing month of budsome misses they are making, so wingty-
14 wish to flit before their kin! Attonsure! Ears to hears! The skull
15 of a gall (for every dime he yawpens that momouth you could
16 park your ford in it) who has papertreated him into captivities
17 with his inside man by a hocksheat of starvision for an avrageto-
18 peace of parchment, cooking up his lenses to be my apoclogypst,
19 the recreuter of conscraptions, let him be asservent to Kinahaun!
20 For (peace peace perfectpeace!) I have abwaited me in a water of
21 Elin and I have placed my reeds intectis before the Registower of
22 the perception of tribute in the hall of the city of Analbe. How
23 concerns any merryaunt and hworsoever gravesobbers it is
24 perensempry sex of fun to help a dazzle off the othour. What for
25 Mucias and Gracias may the duvlin rape the handsomst! And the
26 whole mad knightmayers' nest! Tunpothor, prison and plotch!
27 If Y shoulden somewhat, well, I am able to owe it, hearth and chem
28 ney easy. They seeker for vannflaum all worldins merkins. I'll
29 eager make lyst turpidump undher arkens. Basast! And if my liti-
30 gimate was well to wrenn tigtag cackling about it, like the sally
31 berd she is, to abery ham in the Cutey Strict, (I shall call upon
32 my first among my lost of lyrars beyond a jingoobangoist, to
33 overcast her) dismissing mundamanu all the riflings of her vic-
34 tuum gleaner (my old chuck! she drakes me druck! turning out,
35 gay at ninety!) and well shoving offa boastonmess like lots wives
36 does over her handpicked hunsbend, as she would be calling, well,

1 for further oil mircles upon all herwayferer gods and reanounc-
2 ing my deviltries as was I a locally person of caves until I got my
3 purchase on her firmforhold I am, I like to think, by their sacre-
4 ligious of daimond cap daimond, confessedly in my baron gentil-
5 homme to the manhor bourne till ladiest day as panthoposopher,
6 to have splat for groont a peer of bellows like Bacchulus shakes a
7 rousing guttural at any old cerpaintime by peaching (allsole we
8 are not amusical) the warry warst against myself in the defile as
9 a lieberretter sebaiscopal of these mispeschyites of the first virgi-
10 nial water who, without an auction of biasement from my part,
11 with gladyst tone ahquickyessed in it, overhowe and under-
12 where, the totty lolly poppy flossy conny dollymaukins Though
13 I heave a coald on my bauck and am could up to my eres hoven
14 sametimes I used alltides to be aswarmer for the meekst and the
15 graded. You are not going to not. You might be threeabreasted
16 wholenosing at a whallhoarding from our Don Amir anent villa-
17 yets prostatution precisingly kuschkars tarafs and it could be
18 double densed uncounthest hour of allbleakest age with a bad of
19 wind and a barran of rain, nompos mentis like Novus Elector, what
20 with his Marx and their Groups, yet did a doubt, should a dare,
21 were to you, you would do and dhamnk me, shenker, dhumnk you.
22 Skunk. And fare with me to share with me. Hinthier and thonthier,
23 hant by hont. By where dauvening shedders down whose rovely
24 lanes. As yose were and as yese is. Sure and you would, Mr Mac
25 Gurk! Be sure and you would, Mr O'Duane! To be sure and you
26 would so, Mr MacElligut! Wod you nods? Mom mom. No mum
27 has the rod to pud a stub to the lurch of amotion. My little love
28 apprencisses, my dears, the estelles, van Nessies von Nixies voon
29 der pool, which I had a reyal devout for yet was it marly lowease
30 or just a feel with these which olderman K.K. Alwayswelly he
31 is showing ot the fullnights for my palmspread was gav to a
32 parsleysprig, the curliest weedeen old ocean coils around, so spruce
33 a spice for salthorse, sonnies, and as tear to the thrusty as Tay-
34 lor's Spring, when aftabournes, when she was look like a little
35 cheayat chilled (Oh sard! ah Mah!) by my tide impracing, as
36 Beacher seath, and all the colories fair fled from my folced cheeks!

1 Popottes, where you canceal me you mayst forced guage my
2 bribes. Wickedgapers, I appeal against the light! A nexistence of
3 vividence! Panto, boys, is on a looser inloss;ballet, girls, suppline
4 thrown tights. I have wanted to thank you such a long time so
5 much now. Thank you. Sir, kindest of bottleholders and very dear
6 friend, among our hearts of steel, froutiknow, it will befor you,
7 me dare beautiful young soldier, winner nor anyour of rudi-
8 mental moskats, before you go to mats, you who have watched
9 your share with your sockboule sodalists on your buntad nogs at
10 our love tennis squats regatts, suckpump, when on with the balls
11 did disserve the fain, my goldrush gainst her silvernetss, to say,
12 biguidd, for the love of goddess and perthanow as you reveres
13 your one mothers, mitsch for matsch, and while I reveal thus my
14 deepseep daughter which was bourne up pridely out of meds-
15 dreams unclouthed when I was pillowing in my brime (of Satur-
16 nay Eve, how now, woren't we't?), to see, I say, whoahoa, in stay
17 of execution *in re* Milcho Melekmans, increaminated, what you
18 feel, oddrabbt, upon every strong ground you have ever taken
19 up, by bitterstiff work or battonstaff play, with assault of turk
20 against a barrakraval of grakeshoots, e'en tho' Jambuwel's defe-
21 calties is Terry Shimmyrag's upperturnity, if that is grace for the
22 grass what is balm for the brambles, as it is as it is, that I am the
23 catasthmatic old ruffin sippahsedly improctor to be seducint tro-
24 vatellas, the dire daffy damedeaconesses, like (why sighs the
25 sootheesinger) the lilliths oft I feldt, and, when booboo brutals
26 and cautious only aims at the oggog hogs in the humand, then,
27 (Houtes, Blymey and Torrenation, upkurts and scotchem!) I'll
28 tall tale tell croon paysecurers, sowill nuggets and nippers, that
29 thash on me stumpen blows the gaff offmombition and thit thides
30 or marse makes a good dayle to be shattat. Fall stuff.

31 His rote in ere, afstef, was.

32 And dong wonged Magongty till the bombtomb of the warr,
33 thrusshed in his whole soort of cloose.

34 Whisht who wooed in Weald, bays of Bawshaw binding. The
35 desire of Miriam is the despair of Marian as Joh Joseph's beauty
36 is Jacq Jacob's grief. Brow, tell nun; eye, feign sad; mouth, sing

1 mim. Look at Lokman! Whatbetween the cupgirls and the
2 platterboys. And he grew back into his grossery baseness: and
3 for all his grand remonstrance: and there you are.
4 Here endeth chinchinatibus with have speak finish. With a
5 haygue for a halt on a pouncefoot panse. Pink, pleas pink, two
6 pleas pink, how to pleas pink.
7 Punk.
8 Mask one. Mask two. Mask three. Mask four.
9 Up.
10 — Look about you, Tutty Comyn!
11 — Remember and recall, Kullykeg!
12 — When visiting Dan Leary try the corner house for thee.
13 — I'll gie ye credit for simmence more if ye'll be lymphing.
14 Our four avunculusts.
15 And, since threestory serratelling was much too many, they
16 maddened and they morgued and they lungd and they jowld.
17 Synopticked on the word.
18 Till the Juke done it.
19 Down.
20 Like Jukoleon, the seagoer, when he bore down in his perry
21 boat he had raised a slide and shipped his orders and seized his
22 pullets and primed their plumages, the fionnling and dubhlet, the
23 dun and the fire, and, sending them one by other to fare fore fom,
24 he had behold the residuance of a delugion: the foggy doze still
25 going strong, the old thalassocrats of invinsible empores, maskers
26 of the waterworld, facing one way to another way and this way
27 on that way, from severalled their fourdimmansions. Where the
28 lighning leaps from the numbulous; where coold by cawld breide
29 lieth langwid; the bounds whereinbourne our solied bodies all
30 attomed attain arrest: appoint, that's all. But see what follows.
31 Wringlings upon wringlings among incomputables about an
32 uncomeoutable (an angel prophetethis? kingcorrier of beheasts?
33 the calif in his halifskin? that eyriewinging one?) and the voids
34 bubbily vode's dodos across the which the boomomouths from
35 their dupeust dupes were in envery and anononously blowing
36 great.

1 Guns.
2 Keep backwards, please, because there was no good to gundy
3 running up again. Guns. And it was written up in big capital.
4 Guns. Saying never underrupt greatgrandgosterfosters! Guns.
5 And whatever one did they said, the fourlings, that on no acounts
6 you were not to. Guns.
7 Not to pad them behaunt in the fear. Not to go, tonnerwatter,
8 and bungley well chute the rising gianerant. Not to wandly be
9 woking around jerumsalemndo at small hours about the marketplots,
10 smelling okey boney, this little figgy and arraky belloky this little
11 pink into porker but, porkodirto, to let the gentlemen pedestarolies
12 out of the Monabella culculpuration live his own left leave,
13 cullebuone, by perperusual of the petpublicities without inwok-
14 ing his also's between (*sic*) the arraky bone and (*suc*) the okey
15 bellock. And not to not be always, hemmer and hummer,treeing
16 unselfes up with one exite but not to never be caving nicely, pre-
17 cisely, quicely, rebustly, tendrollly, unremarkably, forsakenly, hal-
18 tedly, reputedly, firstly, somewhatly, yesayenolly about the back
19 excits. Never to weaken up in place of the broths. Never to vvol-
20 lusslleapp in the pleece of the poots. And, allerthings, never to ate
21 the sour deans if they weren't having anysin on their consients.
22 And, when in Zumschloss, to never, narks, cease till the finely
23 ending was consummated by the completion of accomplishment.
24 And thus within the tavern's secret booth The wisehight ones
25 who sip the tested sooth Bestir them as the Just has bid to jab The
26 punch of quaram on the mug of truth.
27 K.C. jowls, they're sodden in the secret. K.C. jowls, they sure
28 are wise. K.C. jowls, the justicestjobbers, for they'll find another
29 faller if their ruse won't rise. Whooley the Whooper.
30 There is to see. Squarish large face with the atlas jacket. Brights,
31 brownie eyes in bluesackin shoeings. Peaky booky nose over a
32 lousiany shirt. Ruddy stackle hair besides a strawcamel belt.
33 Namely. Gregorovitch, Leonocopolos, Tarpinacci and Duggel-
34 duggel. And was theys stare all atime? Yea but they was. Andor-
35 ing the games, induring the studies, undaring the stories, end all.
36 Ned? Only snugged then and cosied after one perceived nought

1 while tuffbettle outraged the waywords and meansigns of their
2 hinterhand suppliesdemands. And be they gone to splane splica-
3 tion? That host that hast one on the hoose when backturns when
4 he facefronts none none in the house his geust has guest. You bet
5 they is. And nose well down.

6 With however what sublation of compensation in the radifica-
7 tion of interpretation by the byeboys? Being they. Mr G. B. W.
8 Ashburner, S. Bruno's Toboggan Drive, Mr Faixgood, Bell-
9 chimbers, Carolan Crescent, Mr I. I. Chattaway, Hilly Gape,
10 Poplar Park, Mr Q. P. Dieudonney, The View, Gazey Peer,
11 Mr T. T. Erchdeakin, Multiple Lodge, Jiff Exby Rode, Mr W. K.
12 Ferris-Fender, Fert Fort, Woovil Doon Botham ontowhom
13 adding the tout that pumped the stout that linked the lank that
14 cold the sandy that nextdoored the rotter that rooked the rhymer
15 that lapped at the hoose that Joax pilled.

16 They had heard or had heard said or had heard said written.
17 Fidelisat.

18 That there first a rudrik kingcomed to an inn court; and the
19 seight of that yard was a perchypole with a loovahgloovah on it;
20 last mannarks maketh man when wandshift winneth womans: so
21 how would it hum, whoson of a which, if someof aswas to start
22 to stunt the story on?

23 So many needles to ponk out to as many noodles as are com-
24 pany, they noddling all about it *tutti to tempo*, decumans numbered
25 too, (a) well, that the secretary bird, better known as Pandoria
26 Paullabucca, whom they thought was more like a solicitor general,
27 indiscriminatingly made belief mid authoursagastions from Schelm
28 the Pelman to write somewords to Senders about her chilikin
29 puck, laughing that Poulebec would be the death of her, (b) that,
30 well, that Madges Tighe, the postulate auditressee, when her
31 daremood's a grownian, is always on the who goes where, hoping
32 to Michal for the latter to turn up with a cupital tea before her
33 ephumeral comes off without any much father which is parting
34 parcel of the same goumeral's postoppage, it being lookwhyse on
35 the whence blows weather helping mickle so that the loiter end of
36 that leader may twaddle out after a cubital lull with a hopes soon

1 to ear, comprong? (c) becakes the goatsman on question, or what-
2 ever the hen the bumbler was, feeling not up to scratch bekicks
3 of whatever the kiddings Payne Inge and Popper meant for him,
4 thoughy onced at a throughlove, true grievingfrue danger, as a
5 nirshe persent to his minstress, devoured the pair of them
6 Mather Caray's chucklings, *pante blanche*, and skittered his litters
7 like the cavaliery man in Cobra Park for ungeboren yenkelmen,
8 Jeremy Trouvas or Kepin O'Keepers, any old howe and any old
9 then and when around Dix Dearthy Dungbin, remarking sceni-
10 cally with laddylike lassitude upon what he finally postscrapped,
11 (d) after it's so long till I thanked you about I do so much now
12 thank you so very much as you introduced me to fourks, (e) will,
13 these remind to be sane? (f) Fool step! Aletheometry? Or just
14 zoot doon floon?

15 Nut it out, peeby eye! Onamassofmancynaves.

16 But. Top.

17 You were in the same boat of yourselves too, Getobodoff or
18 TreampLasurin; and you receptionated the most diliskious of
19 milisk; which it all flowowered your drooplin dunlearies: but
20 dribble a drob went down your rothole. Meaning, Kelly, Grimes,
21 Phelan, Mollanny, O'Brien, MacAlister, Sealy, Coyle, Hynes-
22 Joynes, Naylar-Traynor, Courcy de Courcy and Gilligan-Goll.

23 Stunner of oddstodds on bluebleeding boarhorse! What
24 soresen's head subprises thus tous out of rumpumplikun oak with,
25 well, we cannot say whom we are looking like through his now-
26 face? It is of Noggens whilk dusts the bothsides of the seats of the
27 bigslaps of the bogchaps of the porlarbaar of the marringaar of the
28 Lochlunn gonlannludder of the feof of the foef of forfumbed
29 Ship-le-Zoyd.

30 Boumce! It is polisignstunter. The Sockerson boy. To pump
31 the fire of the lewd into those soulths of bauchees, havsouse-
32 dovers, tillfellthey deadwar knootvindict. An whele time he was
33 rancing there smutsy floskons nodunder ycholerd for their
34 poopishers, ahull onem Fyre maynoother endnow! Shatten up
35 ship! Bouououmce! Nomo clandoilskins cheakinlevers! All
36 ashored for Capolic Gizzards! Stowlaway there, glutany of

1 stinks! Porterfilyers and spirituous suncksters, ooom ooom!
2 As these vitupetards in his boasum he did strongholder,
3 bushbrows, nobblynape, swinglyswanglers, sunkentrunk, that
4 from tin of this clucken hadded runced slapottleslup. For him
5 had hord from fard a piping. As? Of?
6 Dour douchy was a sieguldson. He cooed that loud nor he
7 was young. He cud bad caw nor he was gray Like wather parted
8 from the say.
9 Ostia, lift it! Lift at it, Ostia! From the say! Away from the say!
10 Himhim. Himhim.
11 Hearhasting he, himmed, reromembered all the chubbs, chipps,
12 chaffs, chuckinpucks and chayney chimebells That he had mistri-
13 buted in port, pub, park, pantry and poultryhouse, While they,
14 thered, the others, that are, were most emulously concerned to
15 capturing the last dropes of summour down through their
16 grooves of blarneying. Ere the sockson locked at the dure. Which
17 he would, shuttinshure. And lave them to sture.
18 For be all rules of sport 'tis right That youth bedower'd to
19 charm the night Whilst age is dumped to mind the day When
20 wather parted from the say.
21 The humming, it's coming. Insway onsway.
22 Fingool MacKishgmard Obesume Burgearse Benefice, He was
23 bowen hem and scrapin him in recolcitrantament to the right-
24 about And these probenopubblicoes clamatising for an extinsion
25 on his hostillery With his chargehand bombing their eres. Tids,
26 genmen, plays, she been goin shoothor off almaynoother on-
27 awares.
28 You here nort farwellens rouster? Ashuffle ashuffle the wayve
29 they.
30 From Dancintree till Suttonstone There's lads no lie would
31 filch a crown To mull their sack and brew their tay With wather
32 parted from the say.
33 Lelong Awaindhoo's a selverbourne enrouted to Rochelle
34 Lane and liberties those Mullinguard minstrelers are marshal-
35 sing, par tunepiped road, under where, perked on hollowy hill, that
36 poor man of Lyones, good Dook Weltington, hugon come er-

1 rindwards, had hircomed to the belles bows and been cutat-
2 trapped by the mausers. Now is it town again, londmear of Dub-
3 lin! And off coursse the toller, ples the dotter of his eyes with
4 her: Moke the Wanst, whye doe we aime alike a pose of poeter
5 peaced? While the dumb he shoots the shopper rope. And they
6 all pour forth. Sans butly Tuppeter Sowyer, the rouged engene-
7 rand, a barttler of the beauyne, still our benjamin liefest, some-
8 time frankling to thise citye, whereas bigrented him a piers half
9 subporters for his arms, Josiah Pipkin, Amos Love, Raoul Le Feb-
10 ber, Blaize Taboutot, Jeremy Yopp, Francist de Loomis, Hardy
11 Smith and Sequin Pettit followed by the snug saloon seanad of
12 our Café Béranger. The scenictutors.

13 Because they wonted to get out by the goatweigh afore the sheep
14 was looset for to wish the Wobbleton Whiteleg Welshers kailly-
15 kailly kellykekkle and savebeck to Brownhazelwood from all the
16 dinnasdoolins on the labious banks of their swensewn snewwes-
17 ner, turned again weastinghome, by Danesbury Common, and
18 they onely, duoly, thruely, fairly after rainydraining founty-
19 buckets (chalkem up, hemptyempty!) till they caught the wind
20 abroad (alley loafers passinggeering!) all the rockers on the
21 roads and all the boots in the stretes.

22 Oh dere! Ah hoy!

23 Last ye, lundsmin, hasty hosty! For an anondation of miri-
24 fication and the lutification of our paludination.

25 His bludgeon's bruk, his drum is tore. For spuds we'll keep the
26 hat he wore And roll in clover on his clay By wather parted
27 from the say.

28 Hray! Free rogue Mountone till Dew Mild Well to corry awen
29 and glowry! Are now met by Brownaboy Fuinnninuinn's former
30 for a lyncheon partyng of his burgherbooh. The Shanavan
31 Wacht. Rantinroarin Batteries Dorans. And that whistling thief,
32 O' Ryne O'Rann. With a catch of her cunning like and nowhere
33 a keener.

34 The for eolders were aspolootly at their wetsend in the mailing
35 waters, trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! Because number one
36 lived at Bothersby North and he was trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide!

1 Seek! And number two digged up Poors Coort, Soother, trying
2 to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! And number three he slepted with
3 Lilly Tekkles at The Eats and he was trying to. Hide! Seek!
4 Hide! Seek! And the last with the sailalloyd donggie he was
5 berthed on the Moherboher to the Washte and they were all try-
6 ing to and baffling with the walters of, hoompsydoompsy walters
7 of. High! Sink! High! Sink! Highohigh! Sinkasink!
8 Waves.
9 The gangstairs strain and anger's up As Hoisty rares the can
10 and cup To speed the bogre's barque away O'er wather parted
11 from the say.
12 Horkus chiefest ebblynuncies!
13 — He shook be ashaped of hempshelves, hiding that shepe in
14 his goat. And for rassembling so bearfelled the magreedy
15 prince of Roger. Thuthud. Heigh hohse, heigh hohse, our kin-
16 dom from an orse! Bruni Lanno's woollies on Brani Lonni's
17 hairyparts. And the hunk in his trunk it would be an insalt foul
18 the matter of that cellaring to a pigstrough. Stop his laysense.
19 Ink him! You would think him Alddaublin staking his lordsure like
20 a gourd on puncheon. Deblinity devined. Wholehunting the pairk
21 on a methylogical mission whenever theres imberillas! And call-
22 ing Rina Roner Reinette Ronayne. To what mine answer is a
23 lemans. Arderleys, beedles and postbillers heard him. Three
24 points to one. Ericus Vericus corrupted into ware eggs. Dummy
25 up, distillery! Broree aboo! Run him a johnsgate down jameses-
26 lane. Begetting a wife which begame his niece by pouring her
27 youngthings into skintighs. That was when he had dizzy spells.
28 Till Gladstools Pillools made him ride as the mall. Thanks to his
29 huedobrass beard. Lodenbroke the Longman, now he canseels
30 under veerious persons but is always that Rorke relly! On con-
31 sideration for the musickers he ought to have down it. Pass out
32 your cheeks, why daunt you! Penalty, please! There you'll know
33 how warder barded the bollhead that parssed our alley. We just
34 are upsidedown singing what ever the dimkims mummur alla-
35 lilty she pulls inner out heads. This is not the end of this by no
36 manners means. When you've bled till you're bone it crops out

1 in your flesh. To tell how your mead of, mard, is made of. All old
2 Dadgerson's dodges one conning one's copying and that's what
3 wonderland's wanderlad'll flaunt to the fair. A trancedone boy-
4 script with tittivits by. Ahem. You'll read it tomorrow, marn,
5 when the curds on the table. A nigg for a nogg and a thrate for
6 a throte. The auditor learns. Still pumping on Torkenwhite Rad-
7 lumps, Lencs. In preplays to Anonymay's left hinted palinode
8 obviously inspiterebbed by a sibspecious connexion. Note the
9 notes of admiration! See the signs of suspicion! Count the hemi-
10 semidemicolons! Screamer caps and invented gommas, quites
11 puntlost, forced to farce! The pipette will say anything at all for
12 a change. And you know what aglove means in the Murdrus due-
13 luct! Fewer to feud and rompant culotticism, a fogle for the glee-
14 men and save, sit and sew. And a pants outsizinned on the
15 Doughertys' duckboard pointing to peace at home. In some,
16 lawanorder on lovinardor. Wait till we hear the Boy of Biskop
17 reeling around your postoral lector! Epistlemadethemology for
18 deep dorfy doubtlings. As we'll lay till break of day in the bunk of
19 basky, O! Our island, Rome and duty! Well tried, buckstiff! Batt
20 in, boot! Sell him a breach contact, the vendor, the buylawyer
21 One hyde, sack, hic! Two stick holst, Lucky! Finnish Make Goal!
22 First you were Nomad, next you were Namar, now you're Nu-
23 mah and it's soon you'll be Nomon. Hence counsels Ecclesiast.
24 There's every resumption. The forgein offils is on the shove to
25 lay you out dossier. Darby's in the yard, planning it on you, plot
26 and edgings, the whispering peeler after cooks wearing an illfor-
27 mation. The find of his kind! An artist, sir! And dirt cheap at
28 a sovereign a skull! He knows his Finsbury Follies backwoods
29 so you batter see to your regent refutation. Ascare winde is rifing
30 again about nice boys going native. You know who was wrote
31 about in the Orange Book of Estchapel? Basil and the two other
32 men from King's Avenance. Just press this cold brand against
33 your brow for a mow. Cainfully! The sinus the curse. That's it.
34 Hung Chung Egglyfella now speak he tell numptywumpty top-
35 sawys belongahim pidgin. Secret things other persons place there
36 covered not. How you fell from story to story like a sagasand

1 to lie. Enfilming infirmity. On the because alleging to having a
2 finger a fudding in pudding and pie. And here's the witnesses.
3 Glue on to him, Greevy! Bottom anker, Noordeece! And kick
4 kick killykick for the house that juke built! Wait till they send
5 you to sleep, scowpow! By jurors' cruces! Then old Hunphy-
6 dunphyville'll be blasted to bumboards by the youthful herald
7 who would once you were. He'd be our chosen one in the matter
8 of Brittas more than anarthur. But we'll wake and see. The wholes
9 poors riches of ours hundreds of manhoods and womhoods. Two
10 cents, two mills and two myrds. And it's all us rangers you'll be
11 facing in the box before the twelfth correctional. Like one man,
12 gell. Between all the Misses Mountsackvilles in their halfmoon
13 haemicycles, gasping to giddies to dye for the shame. Just hold
14 hard till the one we leapt out gets her yearing! Hired in cameras,
15 extra! With His Honour Surpacker on the binge. So yelp your
16 guilt and kitz the buck. You'll have loss of fame from Wimme-
17 game's fake. Forwards! One bully son growing the goff and his
18 twinger read out by the Nazi Priers. You fought as how they'd
19 never woxen up, did you, crucket? It will wecker your earse, that
20 it will! When hives the court to exchequer 'tis the child which
21 gives the sire away. Good for you, Richmond Rover! Scrum
22 around, our side! Let him have another between the spindlers! A
23 grand game! Dalymount's decisive. Don Gouverneur Buckley's
24 in the Tara Tribune, sporting the insides of a Rhutian Jhanaral
25 and little Mrs Ex-Skaerer-Sissers is bribing the halfpricers to pray
26 for her widower in his gravest embazzlement. You on her, hosity
27 jigses, that'll be some nonstop marrimont! You in your stolen
28 mace and anvil, Magnes, and her burrowed in Berkness cirrchus
29 clouthses. Fummuccumul with a graneen aveiled. Playing down
30 the slavey touch. Much as she was when the.fancy cutter out col-
31 lecting milestones espied her aseesaw on a fern. So nimb, he said,
32 a dat of dew. Between Furr-y-Benn and Ferr-y-Bree. In this tear
33 Vikloe vich he lofed. The smiling ever. If you pulls me over pay
34 me, prhyse! A talor would adapt his caulking trudgers on to any
35 shape at see. Address deceitfold of wovens weard. The wonder
36 of the women of the world together, moya! And the lovablest

1 Lima since Ineen MacCormick MacCoort MacConn O'Puckins
2 MacKundred. Only but she is a little width wider got. Be moving
3 abog. You cannot make a limousine lady out of a hillman minx.
4 Listun till you'll hear the Mudquirt accent. This is a bulgen
5 horiesies, this is wollan indulgencies, this is a flemsh. Tik. Scapu-
6 lars, beads and a stump of a candle, Hubert was a Hunter, chemins
7 de la croixes and Rosairette's egg, all the trimmings off the tree
8 that she picked up after the Clontarf voterloost when O'Bryan
9 MacBruiser bet Norris Nobnut. Becracking his cucconut be-
10 tween his kknneess. Umphump, Here Inkeeper, it's the doater-
11 een's wednessmorn! Delphin dringing! Grusham undergang!
12 And the Real Hymernians strenging strong at knocker knocker!
13 Holy and massalltolled. You ought to tak a dos of frut. Jik.
14 Sauss. You're getting hoovier, a twelve stone hoovier, fullends
15 a twelve stone hoovier, in your corpus entis and it scurves you
16 right, demnye! Aunt as unclish ams they make oom. But Nichtia
17 you bound not to loose's gone on Neffin since she clapped her
18 charmer on him at Gormagareen. At the Gunting Munting Hunt-
19 ing Punting. The eitch is in her blood, arrah! For a frecklesome
20 freshcheeky sweetworded lupsqueezer. And he shows how he'll
21 pick him the lock of her fancy. Poghue! Poghue! Poghue! And
22 a good jump, Powell! Clean over all their heads. We could kiss
23 him for that one, couddled we, Huggins? Sparkes is the footer
24 to hance off nancies. Scaldhead, pursue! Before you bunkledoodle
25 down upon your birchentop again after them three blows from
26 time, drink and hurry. The same three that nursed you, Skerry,
27 Badbols and the Grey One. All of your own club too. With the
28 fistful of burryberries were for the massus for to feed you living
29 in dying. Buy bran biscuits and you'll never say dog. And be
30 in the finest of companies. Morialtay and Kniferope Walker and
31 Rowley the Barrel. With Longbow of the lie. Slick of the trick
32 and Blennercassel of the brogue. Clanruckard for ever! The
33 Fenn, the Fenn, the kinn of all Fenns! Deaf to the winds when
34 for Croonacreena. Fisht! And it's not now saying how we are
35 where who's softing what rushes. Merryvirgin forbed! But of
36 they never eat soullfriede they're ating it now. With easter

1 greeding. Angus! Angus! Angus! The keykeeper of the keys of
2 the seven doors of the dreamadoory in the house of the house-
3 hold of Hecech saysaith. Whitmore, whatmore? Give it over,
4 give it up! Mawgraw! Head of a helo, chesth of champgnon, eye
5 of a gull! What you'd if he'd. The groom is in the greenhouse,
6 gattling out his. Gun! That lad's the style for. Lannigan's ball!
7 Now a drive on the naval! The Shallburn Shock. Never mind
8 your gibbous. Slip on your ropen collar and draw the noosebag
9 on your head. Nobody will know or heed you, Postumus, if you
10 skip round schlymartin by the back and come front sloomutren
11 to beg in one of the shavers' sailorsuits. Three climbs three-
12 quickenthrees in the garb of nine. We'll split to see you mouldem
13 imparvious. A wing for oldboy Welsey Wandrer! Well spat,
14 witty wagtail! Now piawn to bishop's forthe! Moove. There's
15 Mumblesome Wadding Murch cranking up to the hornemooni-
16 um. Drawg us out *Ivy Eve in the Hall of Alum!* The finnecies of
17 poetry wed music. Feeling the jitters? You'll be as tight as Trivett
18 when the knot's knuttet on. Now's your never! Peena and
19 Queena are duetting a giggle-for-giggle and the brideen Alan-
20 nah is lost in her diamindwaiting. What a magnificent gesture
21 you will show us this gallus day. Clean and easy, be the hooker!
22 And a free for croaks after. Dovlen are out for it. So is Rathfinn.
23 And, hike, here's the hearse and four horses with the interpro-
24 vincial crucifixioners throwing lots inside to know whose to be
25 their gosson and whereas to brake the news to morhor. How
26 our myterbilder his fullen aslip. And who will wager but he'll
27 Shonny Bhoy be, the fleshlumpfleeter from Poshtapengha and all
28 he bares sobscocious inklings shadowed on soulskin'. Its segnet
29 yores, the strake of a hin. Nup. Laying the cloth, to fore of them.
30 And thanking the fish, in core of them. To pass the grace for
31 Gard sake! Ahmohn. Mr Justician Matthews and Mr Justician
32 Marks and Mr Justician Luk de Luc and Mr Justinian Johnston-
33 Johnson. And the aaskart, see, behind! Help, help, hurray! All-
34 sup, allsop! Four ghools to nail! Cut it down, mates, look slippy!
35 They've got a dathe with a swimminpull. Dang! Ding! Dong!
36 Dung! Dinnin. Isn't it great he is swaying above us for his good

1 and ours. Fly your balloons, dannies and dennises! He's door-
2 knobs dead! And Annie Delap is free! Ones more. We could
3 ate you, par Buccas, and imbabe through you, reassuranced in
4 the wild lac of gotliness. One fledge, one brood till hulm
5 culms evurdyburdy. Huh the throman! Huh the traidor. Huh
6 the truh. Arrorsure, he's the mannork of Arrahland over-
7 sense he horrhorrd his name in thuthunder. Rrrwwwkkkrrr!
8 And seen it rudden up in fusefiressence on the flashmurket.
9 P.R.C.R.L.L. Royloy. Of the rollorish rattillary. The lewd-
10 ningbluebolteredallucktruckalltraumconductor! The unnamed
11 nonirishblooder that becomes a Greenislender overnight! But
12 we're molting superstituettes out of his fulse thortin guts. Tried
13 mark, Easterlings. Sign, Soideric O'Cunnuc, Rix. Adversed ord,
14 Magtmorken, Kovenhow. There's a great conversion, myn! Cou-
15 cous! Find his causcaus! From Motometusolum through Bulley
16 and Cowlie and Diggerydiggerydock down to bazeness's usual?
17 He's alight there still, by Mike! Loose afore! Bung! Bring forth
18 your deed! Bang! Till is the right time. Bang! Partick Thistle
19 agen S. Megan's versus Brystal Palace agus the Walsall! Putsch!
20 Tiemore moretis tisturb badday! The playgue will be soon over,
21 rats! Let sin! Geh tont! All we wants is to get peace for posses-
22 sion. We dinned unnerstunned why you sassad about thurteen
23 to aloafen, sor, kindly repeat! Or ledn us alones of your lungorge,
24 parsonifier propounde of our edelweissed idol worts! Shaw and
25 Shea are lorning obsen so hurgle up, gandfarder, and gurgle me
26 gurk. You can't impose on frayshouters like os. Every tub here
27 spucks his own fat. Hang coersion everyhow! And smotther-
28 mock Gramm's laws! But we're a drippindhruue gayleague all at
29 ones. In the buginning is the woid, in the muddle is the sound-
30 dance and thereinofter you're in the unbewised again, vund
31 vulsyvolsy. You talker dunsker's brogue men we our souls
32 speech obstruct hostery. Silence in thought! Spreach! Wear
33 anartful of outer nocense! Pawpaw, wowow! Momerry twelfths,
34 noebroed! That was a good one, ha! So it will be quite a material
35 what May farther be unvuloped for you, old *Mighty*, when it's
36 aped to foul a delfian in the Mahnung. Ha ha! Talk of Paddy-

1 barke's echo! Kick nuck, Knockcastle! Muck! And you'll nose it,
2 O you'll nose it, without warnward from we. We don't know the
3 sendor to whome. But you'll find Chiggenchugger's taking the
4 Treaclyshortcake with Bugle and the Bitch pairsadrawsing and
5 Horssmayres Prosession tyghting up under the threes. Stop.
6 Press stop. To press stop. All to press stop. And be the seem
7 talkin wharabahts hosetanzyies, dat sure is sullibrated word! Bing
8 bong! Saxolooter, for congesters are salders' prey. Snap it up in
9 the loose, patchy the blank! Anyone can see you're the son of a
10 gunnell. Fellow him up too, Carlow! Woes to the worm-
11 quashed, aye, and wor to the winner! Think of Aerian's Wall and
12 the Fall of Toss. Give him another for to volleyholleydoodlem!
13 His lights not all out yet, the liverpooser! Booohoo it oose!
14 With seven hores always in the home of his thinkingthings, his
15 nodsloddledome of his noiselisslesoughts. Two Idas, two Evas,
16 two Nessies and Rubyjuby. Phook! No wonder, pipes as kirles,
17 that he sthings like a rheinbok. One bed night he had the dely-
18 siums that they were all queens mobbing him. Fell stiff. Oh,
19 ho, ho, ho, ah, he, he! Abedicate yourself It just gegs our goad.
20 He'll be the deaf of us, pappappoppocuddle, samblind daiy-
21 rudder. Yus, sord, fathe, you woll, putty our wraughther!
22 What we waits be after? Whyfore we come agooding? None of
23 you, cock icy! You keep that henayearn and her fortycantle glim
24 lookbehinder. We might do with rubiny leeses. But of all your
25 wanings send us out your peppydecked ales and you'll not be
26 such a bad lot. The rye is well for whose amind but the wheateny
27 one is proper lovely. B E N K! We sincerestly trust that Missus
28 with the kiddies of sweet Gorteen has not B I N K to their very
29 least tittles deranged if in B U N K and we greesiously augur for
30 your Meggers a B E N K B A N K B O N K to sloop in with
31 all sorts of adceterus and adsaturas. It's our last fight, Megantic,
32 fear you will! The refergee's took to hailing to time the pass.
33 There goes the blackwatchwomen,all in white, flaxed up, pur-
34 gad! Right toe, Armitage! Tem for Tam at Timmotty Hall!
35 We're been carried away. Beyond bournes and bowers. So we'll
36 leave it to Keyhoe, Danelly and Pykemhyme, the three muskrat-

1 eers, at the end of this age that had it from Variants' Katey
2 Sherratt that had it from Variants' Katey Sherratt's man for the
3 bonniefacies of Blashwhite and Blushred of the Aquasancta Liffey
4 Patrol to wind up and to tells of all befells after that to Mocked
5 Majesty in the Malincurred Mansion.

6 So you were saying, boys? Anyhow he what?
7 So anyhow, melumps and mumpos of the hoose uncommons,
8 after that to wind up that longtobechronickled gettogether
9 thanksbetogiving day at Glenfinnisk-en-la-Valle, the anniver-
10 sary of his finst homy commulion, after that same barbecue bean-
11 feast was all over poor old hospitable corn and eggfactor, King
12 Roderick O'Conor, the paramount chief polemarch and last pre-
13 electric king of Ireland, who was anything you say yourself be-
14 tween fiftyodd and fiftyeven years of age at the time after the
15 socalled last supper he greatly gave in his umbrageous house of
16 the hundred bottles with the radio beamer tower and its hangars,
17 chimbneys and equilines or, at least, he was'nt actually the then
18 last king of all Ireland for the time being for the jolly good
19 reason that he was still such as he was the eminent king of all
20 Ireland himself after the last preeminent king of all Ireland, the
21 whilom joky old top that went before him in the Taharan dy-
22 nasty, King Arth Mockmorrow Koughenough of the leathered
23 leggions, now of parts unknown, (God guard his generous
24 comicsongbook soul!) that put a poached fowl in the poor man's
25 pot before he took to his pallyass with the weeping eczema for
26 better and worse until he went under the grass quilt on us, never-
27 theless, the year the sugar was scarce, and we to lather and shave
28 and frizzle him, like a bald surging buoy and himself down
29 to three cows that was meat and drink and dogs and washing
30 to him, 'tis good cause we have to remember it, going through
31 summersultryngs of snow and sleet witht the widow Nolan's
32 goats and the Brownes girls neats anyhow, wait till I tell you,
33 what did he do, poor old Roderick O'Conor Rex, the aus-
34 picious waterproof monarch of all Ireland, when he found him-
35 self all alone by himself in his grand old handwedown pile after
36 all of them had all gone off with themselves to their castles of

1 mud, as best they cud, on footback, owing to the leak of the
2 McCarthy's mare, in extended order, a tree's length from the
3 longest way out, down the switchbackward slider of the land-
4 sown route of Hauburnea's liveliest vinnage on the brain, the
5 unimportant Parthalonians with the mouldy Firbolgs and the
6 Tuatha de Danaan googs and the ramblers from Clane and all
7 the rest of the notmuchers that he did not care the royal spit out
8 of his ostensible mouth about, well, what do you think he did,
9 sir, but, faix, he just went heeltapping through the winespilt
10 and weevily popcorks that were kneedeep round his own right
11 royal round rollicking toper's table, with his old Roderick Ran-
12 dom pullon hat at a Lanty Leary cant on him and Mike Brady's
13 shirt and Greene's linnet collarbow and his Ghenter's gaunts and
14 his Macclefield's swash and his readymade Reillys and his pan-
15 prestuberian poncho, the body you'd pity him, the way the world
16 is, poor he, the heart of Midleinster and the supereminent lord of
17 them all, overwhelmed as he was with black ruin like a sponge
18 out of water, allocutioning in bellcantos to his own oliverian
19 society MacGuiney's *Dreans of Ergen Adams* and thruming
20 through all to himself with diversed tongued through his old
21 tears and his ould plaised drawl. starkened by the most regal of
22 belches, like a blurney Cashelmagh crooner that lerking Clare
23 air, the blackberd's ballad *I've a terrible errible lot todue todie*
24 *todue tootorribleday*, well, what did he go and do at all, His Most
25 Exuberant Majesty King Roderick O'Conor but, arrah bedamnbut,
26 he finalised by lowering his woolly throat with the wonderful
27 midnight thirst was on him, as keen as mustard, he could not tell
28 what he did ale, that bothered he was from head to tail, and,
29 wishawishawish, leave it, what the Irish, boys, can do, if he did'nt
30 go, sliggymaglooral reemyround and suck up, sure enough, like
31 a Trojan, in some particular cases with the assistance of his vene-
32 rated tongue, whatever surplus rotgut, sorra much, was left by the
33 lazy lousers of malknights and beerchurls in the different bot-
34 toms of the various different replenquished drinking utensils left
35 there behind them on the premisses by that whole hogsheaded
36 firkin family, the departed honourable homegoers and other sly-

1 grogging suburbanites, such as it was, fall and fall about, to the
2 brindishing of his charmed life, as toastified by his cheeriubi-
3 cundenances, no matter whether it was chateaubottled Guinness's
4 or Phoenix brewery stout it was or John Jameson and Sons or
5 Roob Coccola or, for the matter of that, O'Connell's famous old
6 Dublin ale that he wanted like hell, more that halibut oil or
7 jesuits tea, as a fall back, of several different quantities and quali-
8 ties amounting in all to, I should say, considerably more than the
9 better part of a gill or naggin of imperial dry and liquid measure
10 till, welcome be from us here, till the rising of the morn, till that
11 hen of Kaven's shows her beaconegg, and Chapwellswindows
12 stain our horyhistoricold and Father MacMichael stamps for
13 aitch o'clerk mess and the Litvian Neweastlatter is seen, sold and
14 delivered and all's set for restart after the silence, like his ancestors
15 to this day after him (that the blazings of their ouldmouldy gods
16 may attend to them we pray!), overopposites the cowery lad in
17 the corner and forenenst the staregaze of the cathering candled,
18 that adornment of his album and folkenfather of familyans, he
19 came acrash a crupper sort of a sate on accomondation and the
20 very boxst in all his composs, whereuponce, behome the fore
21 for cove and trawlers, heave hone, leave lone, Larry's on the
22 focse and Faugh MacHugh O'Bawlar at the wheel, one to do and
23 one to dare, par by par, a peerless pair, ever here and over there,
24 with his fol the dee oll the doo on the flure of his feats and the
25 feels of the fumes in the wakes of his ears our wineman from
26 Barleyhome he just slumped to throne.

27 So sailed the stout ship *Nansy Hans*. From Liff away. For
28 Nattenlaender. As who has come returns. Farvel, farerne! Good-
29 bark, goodbye!

30 Now follow we out by Starloe!

1 — *Three quarks for Muster Mark!*
2 *Sure he hasn't got much of a bark*
3 *And sure any he has it's all beside the mark.*
4 *But O, Wreneagle Almighty, wouldn't un be a sky of a lark*
5 *To see that old buzzard whooping about for uns shirt in the dark*
6 *And he hunting round for uns speckled trousers around by Palmer-*
7 *stown Park?*
8 *Hohohoho, moulty Mark!*
9 *You're the rummest old rooster ever flopped out of a Noah's ark*
10 *And you think you're cock of the wark.*
11 *Fowls, up! Tristy's the s pry young spark*
12 *That'll tread her and wed her and bed her and red her*
13 *Without ever winking the tail of a feather*
14 *And that's how that chap's going to make his money and mark!*
15 Overhoved, shrillgleescreaming. That song sang seaswans.
16 The winging ones. Seahawk, seagull, curlew and plover, kestrel
17 and capercallzie. All the birds of the sea they trolled out rightbold
18 when they smacked the big kuss of Trustan with Usolde.
19 And there they were too, when it was dark, whilest the wild-
20 caps was circling, as slow their ship, the winds aslight, upborne
21 the fates, the wardorse moved, by courtesy of Mr Deaubaleau
22 Downbellow Kaempersally, listening in, as hard as they could, in
23 Dubbeldorp, the donker, by the tourneyold of the wattarfalls,
24 with their vuoxens and they kemin in so hattajocky (only a

1 quarteback askull for the last acts) to the solans and the sycamores
2 and the wild geese and the gannets and the migratories and the
3 mistlethrushes and the auspices and all the birds of the rockby-
4 suckerassousyocanal sea, all four of them, all sighing and sob-
5 bing, and listening. Moykle ahoykling!

6 They were the big four, the four maaster waves of Erin, all
7 listening, four. There was old Matt Gregory and then besides old
8 Matt there was old Marcus Lyons, the four waves, and oftentimes
9 they used to be saying grace together, right enough, bausnabeatha,
10 in Miracle Squeer: here now we are the four of us: old Matt Gre-
11 gory and old Marcus and old Luke Tarpey: the four of us and
12 sure, thank God, there are no more of us: and, sure now, you
13 wouldn't go and forget and leave out the other fellow and old
14 Johnny MacDougall: the four of us and no more of us and so
15 now pass the fish for Christ sake, Amen: the way they used to be
16 saying their grace before fish, repeating itself, after the interims
17 of Augusburgh for auld lang syne. And so there they were, with
18 their palms in their hands, like the pulchrum's proculs, spraining
19 their ears, luistening and listening to the oceans of kissening, with
20 their eyes glistening, all the four, when he was kiddling and
21 cuddling and bunnyhugging scrumptious his colleen bawn and
22 dinkum belle, an oscar sister, on the fifteen inch loveseat, behind
23 the chieftaness stewardesses cubin, the hero, of Gaelic champion,
24 the onliest one of her choice, her bleauyeddeal of a girl's friend,
25 neither bigugly nor smallnice, meaning pretty much everything
26 to her then, with his sinister dexterity, light and rufthandling,
27 vicemversem her ragbags et assaucyeties, fore and aft, on and
28 offsidies, the brueburnt sexfutter, handson and huntsem, that was
29 palpably wrong and bulbubly improper, and cuddling her and
30 kissing her, tootyfay charmaunt, in her ensemble of maidenna
31 blue, with an overdress of net, tickled with goldies, Isolamisola,
32 and whisping and lispig her about Trisolanisans, how one was
33 whips for one was two and two was lips for one was three, and
34 dissimulating themself, with his poghue like Arrah-na-poghue,
35 the dear dear annual, they all four remembored who made the
36 world and how they used to be at that time in the vulgar ear

1 cuddling and kiddling her, after an oyster supper in Cullen's bam,
2 from under her mistlethrush and kissing and listening, in the good
3 old bygone days of Dion Boucicault, the elder, in Arrah-na-
4 pogue, in the otherworld of the passing of the key of Two-
5 tongue Common, with Nush, the carrier of the word, and with
6 Mesh, the cutter of the reed, in one of the farback, pitchblack
7 centuries when who made the world, when they knew O'Clery,
8 the man on the door, when they were all four collegians on the
9 nod, neer the Nodderlands Nurskery, whiteboys and oakboys,
10 peep of tim boys and piping tom boys, raising hell while the sin
11 was shining, with their slates and satchels, playing Florian's fables
12 and communic suctiones and vellicar frictions with mixum mem-
13 bers, in the Queen's Ultonian colleges, along with another fellow,
14 a prime number, Totius Quotius, and paying a pot of tribluts
15 to Boris O'Brien, the buttler of Clumphump, two looves, two
16 turnovers plus (one) crown, to see the mad dane ating his
17 vitals. Wulf! Wulf! And throwing his tongue in the snakepit. Ah
18 ho! The ladies have mercias! It brought the dear prehistoric
19 scenes all back again, as fresh as of yore, Matt and Marcus, natu-
20 ral born lovers of nature, in all her moves and senses, and after
21 that now there he was, that mouth of mandibles, vowed to pure
22 beauty, and his Arrah-na-poghue, when she murmurously, after
23 she let a cough, gave her firm order, if he wouldn't please mind,
24 for a sings to one hope a dozen of the best favourite lyrical
25 national blooms in Luvillicit, though not too much, reflecting on
26 the situation, drinking in draughts of purest air serene and re-
27 velling in the great outdoors, before the four of them, in the fair
28 fine night, whilst the stars shine bright, by she light of he moon,
29 we longed to be spoon, before her honeyoldloom, the plaint effect
30 being in point of fact there being in the whole, a seatuition so
31 shocking and scandalous and now, thank God, there were no more
32 of them and he poghuing and poghuing like the Moreigner
33 bowed his crusted hoed and Tilly the Tailor's Tugged a Tar in the
34 Arctic Newses Dagsdogs number and there they were, like a
35 foremasters in the rolls, listening, to Rolando's deepen darblun
36 Ossian roll, (Lady, it was just too gorgeous, that expense of a

1 lovely tint, embellished by the charms of art and very well con-
2 ducted and nicely mannered and all the horrid rudy noises locked
3 up in nasty cubbyhole!) as tired as they were, the three jolly
4 toppers, with their mouths watering, all the four, the old connu-
5 bial men of the sea, yambling around with their old pantometer,
6 in duckasaloppics, Luke and Johnny MacDougall and all wishen-
7 ing for anything at all of the bygone times, the wald times and
8 the fald times and the hempty times and the dempty times, for a
9 cup of kindness yet, for four farback tumblerfuls of woman
10 squash, with them, all four, listening and spraining their ears for
11 the millennium and all their mouths making water.

12 Johnny. Ah well, sure, that's the way (up) and it so happened
13 there was poor Matt Gregory (up), their pater familias, and (up)
14 the others and now really and (up) truly they were four dear
15 old heladies and really they looked awfully pretty and so nice and
16 bespectable and after that they had their fathomglasses to find
17 out all the fathoms and their half a tall hat, just now like the old
18 Merquus of Pawerschoof, the old determined despot, (*quiescents*
19 *in brage!*) only for the extrusion of the saltwater or the auctioneer
20 there dormont, in front of the place near O'Clery's, at the darku-
21 mound numbur wan, beside that ancient Dame street, where the
22 statue of Mrs Dana O'Connell, prostituent behind the Trinity
23 College, that arranges all the auctions of the valuable colleges,
24 Bootersbay Sisters, like the auctioneer Battersby Sisters, the pru-
25 miscuous creators, that sells all the emancipated statues and
26 flowersports, James H. Tickell, the jaypee, off Hoggin Green,
27 after he made the centuries, going to the tailturn horseshow, be-
28 fore the angler nomads flood, along with another fellow, active
29 impulsive, and the shoeblacks and the redshanks and plebeians
30 and the barrancos and the cappunchers childerun, Jules, every-
31 one, Gotopoxy, with the houghers on them, highstepping the
32 fissure and fracture lines, seven five threes up, three five
33 sevens down, to get out of his way, onasmuck as their withers
34 conditions could not possibly have been improved upon,
35 (praisers be to deeseese!) like hopolopocattls, erumping around
36 their Judgity Yaman, and all the tercentenary horses and priest

1 hunters, from the Curragh, and confusionaries and the authori-
2 ties, Noord Amrikaans and Suid African cattleraiders (so they
3 say) all over like a tiara dullfuoco, in his grey half a tall hat and
4 his amber necklace and his crimson harness and his leathern jib
5 and his cheapshein hairshirt and his scotobrit sash and his para-
6 pilagian gallowglasses (how do you do, jaypee, Elevato!) to find
7 out all the improper colleges (and how do you do, Mr Dame
8 James? Get out of my way!), forkbearded and bluetoothed and
9 bellied and boneless, from Strathlyffe and Aylesburg and North-
10 umberland Anglesey, the whole yaghoodurt sweepstakings and
11 all the horsepowers. But now, talking of hayastdanars and
12 wolkingology and how our seaborne isle came into exestuanee,
13 (the explutor, his three andesiters and the two pantellarias) that
14 reminds me about the manasteriums of the poor Marcus of Lyons
15 and poor Johnny, the patrician, and what do you think of the four
16 of us and there they were now, listening right enough, the four
17 saltwater widowers, and all they could remembore, long long ago
18 in the olden times Momonian, throw darker hour sorrows, the
19 princest day, when Fair Margrate waited Swede Villem, and Lally
20 in the rain, with the blank prints, now extincts, after the wreck
21 of Wormans' Noe, the barmaisigheds, when my heart knew no
22 care, and after that then there was the official landing of Lady
23 Jales Casemate, in the year of the flood 1132 S.O.S., and the
24 christening of Queen Baltersby, the Fourth Buzzersbee, accord-
25 ing to Her Grace the bishop Senior, off the whate shape, and
26 then there was the drowning of Pharoah and all his pedestrians
27 and they were all completely drowned into the sea, the red sea,
28 and then poor Merkin Cornyngwham, the official out of the
29 castle on pension, when he was completely drowned off Erin
30 Isles, at that time, suir knows, in the red sea and a lovely
31 mourning paper and thank God, as Saman said, there were no
32 more of him. And that now was how it was. The arzurian deeps
33 o'er his humbodumbones sweeps. And his widdy the giddy is
34 wreathing her murmoirs as her gracest triput to the Grocery
35 Trader's Manthly. Mind mand gunfree by Gladeys Rayburn!
36 Runtable's Reincorporated. The new world presses. Where the

1 old conk cruised now croons the yunk. Exeunc throw a darras
2 Kram of Llawanroc, ye gink guy, kirked into yord. Enterest at-
3 tawonder Wehpen, luftcat revol, fairescapading in his natsirt.
4 Tuesy tumbles. And mild aunt Liza is as loose as her neese. Ful-
5 fest withim inbrace behent. As gent would deem oncontinent.
6 So mulct per wenche is Elsker woed. Ne hath his thrysting. Fin.
7 Like the newcasters in their old plyable of *A Royenne Devours*.
8 Jazzaphoney and Mirillovis and Nippy she nets best. Fing. Ay,
9 ay! Sobbos. And so he was. Sabbus.

10 Marcus. And after that, not forgetting, there was the Flemish
11 armada, all scattered, and all officially drowned, there and then, on
12 a lovely morning, after the universal flood, at about alevn thirty-
13 two was it? off the coast of Cominghome and Saint Patrick, the
14 anabaptist, and Saint Kevin, the lacustrian, with toomuch of tolls
15 and lottance of beggars, after converting Porterscout and Dona,
16 our first marents, and Lapoleon, the equestrian, on his whuite
17 hourse of Hunover, rising Clunkthurf over Cabinhogan and all
18 they remembored and then there was the Frankish fload of Noahs-
19 dobahs, from Hedalgoland, round about the freebutter year of
20 Notre Dame 1132 P.P.O. or so, disumbunking from under
21 Motham General Bonaboche, (noo poopery!) in his half a grey
22 traditional hat, alevoil come alevilla, and after that there he was,
23 so terrestrial, like a Nailscissor, poghuing her scandalous and very
24 wrong, the maid, in single combat, under the sycamores, amid
25 the bludderings from the boom and all the gallowsbirds in Arrah-
26 na-Poghue, so silvestrious, neer the Queen's Colleges, in 1132
27 Brian or Bride street, behind the century man on the door. And
28 then again they used to give the grandest gloriaspanquost univer-
29 sal howldmoutherhibbert lectures on anarxaquy out of doxarch-
30 ology (hello, Hibernia!) from sea to sea (Matt speaking!) accord-
31 ing to the pictures postcard, with sexon grimmacticals, in the
32 Latimer Roman history, of Latimer repeating himself, from the
33 vicerine of Lord Hugh, the Lacytynant, till Bockleyshuts the rah-
34 jahn gerachknell and regnumrockery roundup, (Marcus Lyons
35 speaking!) to the oceanfuls of collegians green and high classes
36 and the poor scholars and all the old trinitarian senate and saints and

1 sages and the Plymouth brethren, droning along, peanzanzangan,
2 and nodding and sleeping away there, like forgetmenots, in her
3 abijance service, round their twelve tables, per pioja at pulga
4 bollas, in the four trinity colleges, for earnasyoulearning Erin-
5 growback, of Ulcer, Moonster, Leanstare and Cannought, the
6 four grandest colleges supper the matther of Erryn, of Killorcure
7 and Killthemall and Killeachother and Killkelly-on-the-Flure,
8 where their role was to rule the round roll that Rollo and Rullo
9 rolled round. Those were the grandest gynecollege histories
10 (Lucas calling, hold the line!) in the Janesdanes Lady Anders-
11 daughter Universary, for auld acquaintance sake (this unitarian
12 lady, breathtaking beauty, Bambam's bonniest, lived to a great
13 age at or in or about the late No. 1132 or No. 1169, bis, Fitzmary
14 Round where she was seen by many and widely liked) for teach-
15 ing the Fatima Woman history of Fatimiliafamilias, repeating her-
16 self, on which purposeth of the spirit of nature as difinely deve-
17 loped in time by psadatepholomy, the past and present Johnny
18 MacDougall speaking, give me trunks, miss!) and present and
19 absent and past and present and perfect *arma virumque romano*.
20 Ah, dearo, dear! O weep for the hower when eve aleaves bower!
21 How it did but all come eddaying back to them, if they did but
22 get gaze, gagagniagnian, to hear him there, kiddling and cuddling
23 her, after the gouty old galahat, with his peer of quinnyfears and
24 his troad of thirstuns, so nefarious, from his elevation of one
25 yard one handard and thartytwo lines, before the four of us, in
26 his Roman Catholic arms, while his deepseepeepers gazed and
27 sazed and dazecrazemazed into her dullokbloon rodolling olo-
28 sheen eyenbowls by the Cornelius Nepos, Mnepos. Anumque,
29 umque. Napoo.

30 Queh? Quos?

31 Ah, dearo dearo dear! Bozun braceth brythe hwen geoses
32 gandered gamen. Mahazar ag Dod! It was so scalding sorry for all
33 the whole twice two four of us, with their familiar, making the toten,
34 and Lally when he lost part of his half a hat and all belongings to
35 him, in his old futile manner, cape, towel and drawbreeches, and
36 repeating himself and telling him now, for the seek of Senders

1 Newslaters and the mossacre of Saint Brices, to forget the past,
2 when the burglar he shoved the wretch in churneroil, and con-
3 tradicting all about Lally, the ballest master of Gosterstown, and
4 his old fellow, the Lagener, in the Locklane Lighthouse, earing his
5 wick with a pierce of railing, and liggen hig with his ladder up, and
6 that oldtime turner and his sadderday erely cloudsing, the old
7 croniony, Skelly, with the lether belly, full of nelts, full of kelts,
8 full of lightweight beltts and all the bald drakes or ever he had up
9 in the bohereen, off Artsichekes Road, with Moels and Mahmullagh
10 Mullarty, the man in the Oran mosque, and the old folks at home
11 and Duignan and Lapole and the grand confarreation, as per the
12 cabbangers richestore, of the filest archives, and he couldn't stop
13 laughing over Tom Tim Tarpey, the Welshman, and the four
14 middleaged widowers, all nangles, sangles, angles and wangles.
15 And now, that reminds me, not to forget the four of the Welsh
16 waves, leaping laughing, in their Lumbag Walk, over old Battle-
17 shore and Deaddleconche, in their half a Roman hat, with an an-
18 cient Greek gloss on it, in Chichester College auction and, thank
19 God, they were all summarily divorced, four years before, or so
20 they say, by their dear poor shehusbands, in dear byword days,
21 and never brought to mind, to see no more the rainwater on the
22 floor but still they parted, raining water laughing, per Nupiter
23 Privius, only terparry, on the best of terms and be forgot, whilk was
24 plainly foretold by their old pilgrim cocklesong or they were sing-
25 ing through the wettest indies *As I was going to Burrymecarott we*
26 *fell in with a lout by the name of Peebles* as also in another place by
27 their orthodox proverb so there was said thus *That old fellow*
28 *knows milk though he's not used to it latterly*. And so they parted.
29 In Dalkymont nember to. Ay, ay. The good go and the wicked
30 is left over. As evil flows so lvel flows. Ay, ay. Ah, well sure,
31 that's the way. As the holymaid of Kunut said to the haryman
32 of Koombe. For his humple pesition in odvices. Woman. Squash.
33 Part. Ay, ay. By decree absolute.
34 Lucas. And, O so well they could remembore at that time, when
35 Carpery of the Goold Fins was in the kingship of Poolland, Mrs
36 Dowager Justice Squalchman, foorsitter, in her fullbottom wig

1 and beard, (Erminia Regina!) in or aring or around about the
2 year of buy in disgrace 1132 or 1169 or 1768 Y.W.C.A., at the
3 Married Male Familyman's Auctioneer's court in Arrahnacuddle.
4 Poor Johnny of the clan of the Dougals, the poor Scuitsman,
5 (Hohannes!) nothing if not amorous, dinna forget, so frightened
6 (Zweep! Zweep!) on account of her full bottom, (undullable
7 attraxity!) that put the yearl of mercies on him, and the four
8 maasters, in chors, with a hing behangd them, because he was
9 so slow to borstel her schoon for her, when he was grooming her
10 ladyship, instead of backscratching her materfamilias proper, like
11 any old methodist, and all divorced and innasense interdict, in
12 the middle of the temple, according to their dear faithful. Ah, now,
13 it was too bad, too bad and stout entirely, all the missoccurs; and
14 poor Mark or Marcus Bowandcoat, from the brownesberrow in
15 nolandsland, the poor old chronometer, all persecuted with ally
16 croaker by everybody, by decree absolute, through Herrinsilde,
17 because he forgot himself, making wind and water, and made
18 a Neptune's mess of all of himself, sculling over the giamond's
19 courseway, and because he forgot to remember to sign an old
20 morning proxy paper, a writing in request to hersute herself, on
21 stamped bronnanoleum, from Roneo to Giliette, before saying
22 his grace before fish and then and there and too there was
23 poor Dion Cassius Poosycomb, all drowned too, before the
24 world and her husband, because it was most improper and most
25 wrong, when he attempted to (well, he was shocking poor in
26 his health, he said, with the shingles falling off him), because
27 he (ah, well now, peaces pea to Wedmore and let not the song go
28 dumb upon your Ire, as we say in the Spasms of Davies, and we
29 won't be too hard on him as an old Manx presbyterian) and after
30 that, as red as a Rosse is, he made his last will and went to con-
31 fession, like the general of the Berkeleyites, at the rim of the rom,
32 on his two bare marrowbones, to Her Worship his Mother and
33 Sister Evangelist Sweainey, on Cailcainnin widnight and he was
34 so sorry, he was really, because he left the bootybutton in the
35 handsome cab and now, tell the truth, unfriends never, (she was
36 his first messes dogess and it was a very pretty peltry and there

1 were faults on both sides) well, he attempted (or so they say)
2 ah, now, forget and forgive (don't we all?) and, sure, he was only
3 funning with his andrewmartins and his old age coming over
4 him, well, he attempted or, the Connachy, he was tempted to
5 attempt some hunnish familiarities, after eten a bad carmp in the
6 rude ocean and, hevantonozé sure, he was dead seasickabed (it was
7 really too bad!) her poor old divorced male, in the housepays for
8 the daying at the Martyr Mrs MacCawley's, where at the time
9 he was taying and toying, to hold the nursetendered hand, (ah,
10 the poor old coax!) and count the buttons and her hand and
11 frown on a bad crab and doying to remembore what doed they
12 were byorn and who made a who a snore. Ah dearo dearo
13 dear!

14 And where do you leave Matt Emeritus? The laychief of Ab-
15 botabishop? And exchullard of ffrench and gherman. Achoch!
16 They were all so sorgy for poorboir Matt in his saltwater hat,
17 with the Aran crown, or she grew that out of, too big for him, of
18 or Mnepos and his overalls, all falling over her in folds—sure he
19 hadn't the heart in her to pull them up—poor Matt, the old peri-
20 grime matriarch, and a queenly man, (the porple blussing upon
21 them!) sitting there, the sole of the settlement, below ground,
22 for an expiatory rite, in postulation of his cause, (who shall say?)
23 in her beaver bonnet, the king of the Caucuses, a family all to
24 himself, under geasa, Themistletocles, on his multilingual tomb-
25 stone, like Navellicky Kamen, and she due to kid by sweetpea
26 time, with her face to the wall, in view of the poorhouse, and
27 taking his rust in the oxsight of Iren, under all the auspices, amid
28 the rattle of hailstorms, kalospintheochromatokreening, with her
29 ivyclad hood, and gripping an old pair of curling tongs, belong-
30 ing to Mrs Duna O'Cannell, to blow his brains with, till the
31 heights of Newhigherland heard the Bristolhut, with his can of
32 tea and a purse of alfred cakes from Anne Lynch and two cuts of
33 Shackleton's brown loaf and dilisk, waiting- for the end to come.
34 Gordon Heighland, when you think of it! The merthe dirther!
35 Ah ho! It was too bad entirely! All devoured by active parlour-
36 men,laudabiliter,of woman squelch and all on account of the

1 smell of Shakeletin and scratchman and his mouth watering, acid
2 and alkolic; signs on the salt, and so now pass the loaf for Christ
3 sake. Amen. And so. And all.
4 Matt. And loaf. So that was the end. And it can't be helped.
5 Ah, God be good to us! Poor Andrew Martin Cunningham!
6 Take breath! Ay! Ay!
7 And still and all at that time of the dynast days of old konning
8 Soteric Sulkinbored and Bargomuster Bart, when they struck coil
9 and shock haunts, in old Hungerford-on-Mudway, where first I
10 met thee oldpoetryck fled from may and the Finnan haddies and
11 the Noal Sharks and the muckstails turtles like an acoustic pot-
12 tish and the griesouper bullyum and how he poled him up his
13 boccat of vuotar and got big buzz for his name in the airweek's
14 honours from home, colonies and empire, they were always with
15 assisting grace, thinking (up) and not forgetting about shims and
16 shawls week, in auld land syne (up) their four hosenbands, that
17 were four (up) beautiful sister misters, now happily married, unto
18 old Gallstonebelly, and there they were always counting and con-
19 tradicting every night 'tis early the lovely mother of periwinkle
20 buttons, according to the lapper part of their anachronism (up
21 one up two up one up four) and after that there now she was,
22 in the end, the deary, soldpowder and all, the beautfour sisters,
23 and that was her mudhen republican name, right enough, from
24 alum and oves, and they used to be getting up from under, in
25 their tape and straw garlands, with all the worries awake in their
26 hair, at the kookaburra bell ringring all wrong inside of them
27 (come in, come on, you lazy loafs!) all inside their poor old Shan-
28 don bellbox (come out to hell, you lousy louts!) so frightened,
29 for the dthclangavore, like knockneeghs bumped by the fister-
30 man's straights, (ys! ys!), at all hours every night, on their mistle-
31 toes, the four old oldsters, to see was the Transton Postscript
32 come, with their oerkussens under their armsaxters, all puddled
33 and mythified, the way the wind wheeled the schooler round,
34 when nobody wouldn't even let them rusten, from playing
35 their gastspiels, crossing their sleep by the shocking silence,
36 when they were in dreams of yore, standing behind the

1 door, or leaning out of the chair, or kneeling under the sofa-
2 cover and setting on the souptureen, getting into their way
3 something barbarous, changing the one wet underdown convi-
4 brational bed or they used to slumper under, when hope was there
5 no more, and putting on their half a hat and falling over all synop-
6 ticals and a panegyric and repeating themselves, like svvollov-
7 ing, like the time they were dadging the talkeycook that chased
8 them, look look all round the stool, walk everywhere for a jool,
9 to break fyre to all the rancers, to collect all and bits of brown,
10 the rathure's evelopment in spirits of time in all fathom of space
11 and slooping around in a bawneen and bath slippers and go away
12 to Oldpatrick and see a doctor Walker. And after that so glad
13 they had their night tentacles and there they used to be, flapping
14 and cycling, and a dooing a doonloop, panementically, around
15 the waists of the ships, in the wake of their good old Foehn
16 again, as tyred as they were, at their windswidths in the
17 waveslength, the clipperbuilt and the five fourmasters and
18 Lally of the cleftoft bagoderts and Roe of the fair cheats, ex-
19 changing fleas from host to host, with arthroposophia, and he
20 selling him before he forgot, issle issle, after having prealably
21 dephlegmatised his gutterful of throatyfrogs, with a lungible fong
22 in his suckmouth ear, while the dear invoked to the coolun dare
23 by a palpabrows lift left no doubt in his minder, till he was in-
24 stant and he was trustin, sister soul in brother hand, the subjects
25 being their passion grand, that one fresh from the cow about
26 Aithne Meithne married a mailde and that one too from Engr-
27 vakon saga abooth a gooth a gev a gotheny egg and the park-
28 side pranks of quality queens, katte efter kinne, for Earl Hooved-
29 soon's choosing and Huber and Harman orhowwhen theeupon-
30 thus (chchch!) eysolt of binnoculises memostinmust egotum
31 sabcunsciously senses upers the deprofundity of multimathema-
32 tical immaterialities wherebejubers in the pancosmic urge the
33 allimmanence of that which Itself is Itself Alone (hear, O hear,
34 Caller Errin!) exteriorises on this ourherenow plane in disunited
35 solod, likeward and gushious bodies with (science, say!) peril-
36 whitened passionpanting pugnoplangent intuitions of reunited

1 selfdom (murky whey, abstrew adim!) in the higherdimissional
2 selfless Allself, theemeeng Narsty meetheeng Idoless, and telling
3 Jolly MacGolly, dear mester John, the belated dishevelled, hack-
4 ing away at a parchment pied, and all the other analist, the
5 steamships ant the ladies'foursome, ovenfor, nedenfor, dinkety,
6 duk, downalupping, (how long tandem!) like a foreretyred schoon-
7 masters, and their pair of green eyes and peering in, so they say, like
8 the narcolepts on the lakes of Coma, through the steamy win-
9 dows, into the honeymoon cabins, on board the big steamadories,
10 made by Fumadory, and the saloon ladies' madorn toilet chambers
11 lined over prawn silk and rub off the salty catara off a windows
12 and, hee hee, listening, *qua* committe, the poor old quakers, oben
13 the dure, to see all the hunnishmooners and the firstclass ladies,
14 serious me, a lass spring as you fancy, and sheets far from the lad,
15 courting in blankets, enfamillias, and, shee shee, all improper, in a
16 lovely mourning toilet, for the rosecrumpler, the thrilldriver, the
17 sighinspirer, with that olive throb in his nude neck, and, swayin
18 and thayin, thanks ever so much for the tiny quote, which sought
19 of maid everythingling again so very much more delightafellay,
20 and the perfidly suite of her, bootyfilly yours, under all their
21 familiarities, by preventing grace, forgetting to say their grace be-
22 fore chambadory, before going to boat with the verges of the
23 chaptel of the opering of the month of Nema Knatut, so pass the
24 poghue for grace sake. Amen. And all, hee hee hee, quaking, so
25 fright, and, shee shee, shaking. Aching. Ay, ay.

26 For it was then a pretty thing happened of pure diversion
27 mayhap, when his flattering hend, at the justright moment, like
28 perchance some cook of corage might clip the lad on a poot of
29 porage handshut his duckhouse, the vivid girl, deaf with love,
30 (ah sure, you know her, our angel being, one of romance's fade-
31 less wonderwomen, and, sure now, we all know you dote on
32 her even unto date!) with a queeleetleecree of joysis crisis she
33 renulited their disunited, with ripy lepes to ropy lopes (the dear
34 o'dears!) and the golden importunity of aloofer's leavetime,
35 when,as quick,is greased pigskin, Americas Champius, with one
36 aragan throust, druve the massive of virilvigtoury flshpst the

1 both lines of forwards (Eburnea's down, boys!) rightjjangshot
2 into the goal of her gullet.
3 Alris!
4 And now, upright and add them! And plays be honest! And
5 pullit into yourself, as on manowoman do another! Candidately,
6 everybody! A mot for amot. Comong, meng, and douh! There
7 was this, wellyoumaycallher, a strapping modern old ancient
8 Irish prisscess, so and so hands high, such and such paddock
9 weight, in her madapolam smock, nothing under her hat but
10 red hair and solid ivory (now you know it's true in your
11 hardup hearts!) and a firstclass pair of bedroom eyes, of most
12 unhomy blue, (how weak we are, one and all!) the charm
13 of favour's fond consent! Could you blame her, we're saying,
14 for one psocoldlogical moment? What would Ewe do? With
15 that so tiresome old milkless a ram, with his tiresome duty
16 peck and his bronchial tubes, the tiresome old hairyg orangogran
17 beaver, in his tiresome old twennysixandsixpenny sheopards
18 plods drowers and his thirtybobandninepenny tails plus toop!
19 Hagakhroustioun! It were too exceeding really if one woulds
20 to offer at sulk an oldividual a pinge of hinge hit. The
21 mainest thing ever! Since Edem was in the boags noavy. No, no,
22 the dear heaven knows, and the farther the from it, if the whole
23 stole stale mis betold, whoever the gulpable, and whatever the
24 pulpous was, the twooned togetherd, and giving the mhost
25 phassionable wheathers, they were doing a lally a lolly a dither
26 a duther one lelly two dather three lilly four dother. And it was
27 a fiveful moment for the poor old timeteters, ticktacking, in tenk
28 the count. Till the spark that plugged spared the chokee he
29 gripped and (volatile volupty, how briefed are thy languings!)
30 they could and they could hear like of a lisp lapsing, that
31 was her knight of the truths thong plipping out of her chapell-
32 ledeosy, after where he had gone and polped the questioned.
33 Plop.
34 Ah now, it was tootwoly torrific, the mummurrubejubes! And
35 then after that they used to be so forgetful, counting mother-
36 peributts (up one up four) to membore her beaufu mouldern

1 maiden name, for overflauwing, by the dream of woman the
2 owneirist, in forty lands. From Greg and Doug on poor Greg
3 and Mat and Mar and Lu and Jo, now happily buried, our four!
4 And there she was right enough, that lovely sight enough, the
5 girleen bawn asthore, as for days galore, of planxty Gregory.
6 Egory. O bunket not Orwin! Ay, ay.

7 But, sure, that reminds me now, like another tellmastory re-
8 peating yourself, how they used to be in lethargy's love, at the
9 end of it all, at that time (up) always, tired and all, after doing the
10 mousework and making it up, over their community singing
11 (up) the top loft of the voicebox, of Mamalujo like the senior
12 follies at murther magrees, squatting round,two by two, the four
13 confederates, with Caxons the Coswarn, up the wet air register
14 in Old Man's House, Millenium Road, crowning themselves in
15 lauraly branches, with their cold knees and their poor (up) quad
16 rupeds, ovasleep, and all dolled up, for their blankets and materny
17 mufflers and plimsoles and their bowl of brown shackle and
18 milky and boterham clots, a potion a peace, a piece aportion, a
19 lepel alip, alup a lap, for a cup of kindest yet, with hold take hand
20 and nurse and only touch of ate, a lovely munkybown and for
21 xmell and wait the pinch and prompt poor Marcus Lyons to be not
22 beheading the skillet on for the live of ghosses but to pass the teeth
23 for choke sake, Amensch, when it so happen they were all sycamore
24 and by the world forgot, since the phlegmish hoopicough,
25 for all a possabled, after ete a bad cramp and johnny magories, and
26 backscrat the poor bedsores and the farthing dip, their caschal
27 pandle of magnegnousioum, and read a letter or two every night,
28 before going to dodo sleep atrance, with their catkins coifs, in
29 the twilight, a capitaletter, for further auspices, on their old one
30 page codex book of old year's eve 1132, M.M.L.J. old style, their
31 Senchus Mor, by his fellow girl, the Mrs Shemans, in her summer
32 seal houseonsample, with the caracul broadtail, her *totam in*
33 *tutu*, final buff noonmeal edition, in the regatta covers, uptenable
34 from the orther, for to regul their reves by incubation, and Lally,
35 through their gangrene spentacles, and all the good or they
36 did in their time, the rigorists, for Roe and O'Mulcnory a

1 Conry ap Mul or Lap ap Morion and Buffler ap Matty Mac
2 Gregory for Marcus on Podex by Daddy de Wyer, old baga-
3 broth, beeves and scullogues, churls and vassals, in same, sept
4 and severalty and one by one and sing a mamalujo. To the
5 heroest champion of Eren and his braceoelanders and Gowan,
6 Gawin and Gonne.

7 And after that now in the future, please God, after nonpenal
8 start, all repeating ourselves, in medios loquos, from where he got
9 a useful arm busy on the touchline, due south of her western
10 shoulder down to death and the love embrace, with an interesting
11 tallow complexion and all now united, sansfamillias, let us ran on
12 to say oremus prayer and homeysweet homely, after fully realis-
13 ing the gratifying experiences of highly continental evenements,
14 for meter and peter to temple an eslaap, for auld acquaintance, to
15 Peregrine and Michael and Farfassa and Peregrine, for navigants
16 et peregrinantibus, in all the old imperial and Fionnachan sea and
17 for vogue awallow to a Miss Yiss, you fascinator, you, sing a
18 lovasteamadorion to Ladyseyes, here's Tricks and Doelsy, de-
19 lightfully ours, in her doaty ducky little blue and roll his hoop
20 and how she ran, when wit won free, the dimply blished and aw-
21 fully bucked, right glad we never shall forget, thoh the dayeses
22 gone still they loves young dreams and old Luke with his
23 kingly leer, so wellworth watching, and Senchus Mor, possessed
24 of evident notoriety, and another more of the bigtimers, to name
25 no others, of whom great things were expected in the fulmfilming
26 department, for the lives of Lazarus and auld luke syne and she
27 haihaihail her kobbor kohinor sehehet on the praze savohole
28 shanghai.

29 Hear, O hear, Iseult la belle! Tristan, sad hero, hear! The Lambeg
30 drum, the Lombog reed, the Lumbag fiferer, the Limibig brazenaze.

31

32 *Anno Domini nostri sancti Jesu Christi*

33 *Nine hundred and ninetynine million pound sterling in the blueblack*
34 *bowels of the bank of Ulster.*

35 *Braw bawbees and good gold pounds, galore, my girleen, a Sunday'll*
36 *prank thee finely.*

1 *And no damn loutll come courting thee or by the mother of the Holy*
2 *Ghost there'll be murder!*
3
4 *O, come all ye sweet nymphs of Dingle beach to cheer Brinabride*
5 *queen from Sybil surfriding*
6 *In her curragh of shells of daughter of pearl and her silverymonnblue*
7 *mantle round her.*
8 *Crown of the waters, brine on her brow, she'll dance them a jig and*
9 *jilt them fairly.*
10 *Yerra, why would she bide with Sig Sloomysides or the grogram grey*
11 *barnacle gander?*
12
13 *You won't need be lonesome, Lizzy my love, when your beau gets his*
14 *glut of cold meat and hot soldiering*
15 *Nor wake in winter, window machree, but snore sung in my old*
16 *Balbriggan surtout.*
17 *Wisha, won't you agree now to take me from the middle, say, of*
18 *next week on, for the balance of my days, for nothing (what?)*
19 *as your own nursetender?*
20 *A power of highsteppers died game right enough—but who, acushla,*
21 *'ll beg coppers for you?*
22
23 *I tossed that one long before anyone.*
24 *It was of a wet good Friday too she was ironing and, as I'm given*
25 *now to understand, she was always mad gone on me.*
26 *Grand goosegreasing we had entirely with an allnight eiderdown bed*
27 *picnic to follow.*
28 *By the cross of Cong, says she, rising up Saturday in the twilight*
29 *from under me, Mick, Nick the Maggot or whatever your name*
30 *is, you're the mose likable lad that's come my ways yet from the*
31 *barony of Bohermore.*
32
33 *Mattheehew, Markeehew, Lukeehew, Johnheehewheehew!*
34 *Haw!*
35 *And still a light moves long the river. And stiller the mermen*
36 *ply their keg.*
37 *Its pith is full. The way is free. Their lot is cast.*
38 *So, to john for a john, johnajeams, led it be!*

1 Hark!
2 Tolv two elf kater ten (it can't be) sax.
3 Hork!
4 Pedwar pemp foify tray (it must be) twelve.
5 And low stole o'er the stillness the heartbeats of sleep.
6 White fogbow spans. The arch embattled. Mark as capsules.
7 The nose of the man who was nought like the nasoos. It is self
8 tinted, wrinkling, ruddled. His kep is a gorsecone. He am Gascon
9 Titubante of Tegmine — sub — Fagi whose fixtures are mobil-
10 ing so wobiling befear my remembrandts. She, exhibit next, his
11 Anastashie. She has prayings in lowdelph. Zeehere green egg-
12 brooms. What named blautoothdmand is yon who stares? Gu-
13 gurtha! Gugurtha! He has becco of wild hindigan. Ho, he hath
14 hornhide! And hvis now is for you. Pensée! The most beautiful
15 of woman of the veilch veilchen veilde. She would kidds to my
16 voutl of my palace, with obscidian luppas, her aal in her dhove's
17 suckling. Apagemonite! Come not nere! Black! Switch out!
18 Methought as I was dropping asleep somepart in nonland of
19 where's please (and it was when you and they were we) I heard
20 at zero hour as 'twere the peal of vixen's laughter among mid-
21 night's chimes from out the belfry of the cute old speckled church
22 tolling so faint a goodmantrue as nighthood's unseen violet
23 rendered all animated greatbritish and Irish objects nonviewable
24 to human watchers save 'twere perchance anon some glistery

1 gleam darkling adown surface of affluvial flowandflow as again
2 might seem garments of laundry reposing a leasward close at
3 hand in full expectation. And as I was jogging along in a dream as
4 dozing I was dawdling, arrah, methought broadtone was heard and
5 the creepers and the gliders and flivvers of the earth breath and
6 the dancetongues of the woodfires and the hummers in their
7 ground all vociferated echoing: Shaun! Shaun! Post the post!
8 with a high voice and O, the higher on high the deeper and low,
9 I heard him so! And lo, mescemed somewhat came of the noise
10 and somewho might amove allmurk. Now, 'twas as clump, now
11 mayhap. When look, was light and now 'twas as flasher, now
12 moren as the glaow. Ah, in unlitness 'twas in very similitude,
13 bless me, 'twas his belted lamp! Whom we dreamt was a shaddo,
14 sure, he's lightseyes, the laddo! Blessed momece, O romence,
15 he's growing to stay! Ay, he who so swayed a will of a wisp
16 before me, hand prop to hand, prompt side to the pros, dressed
17 like an earl in just the correct wear, in a classy mac Frieze o'coat
18 of far suparior ruggedness, indigo braw, tracked and tramped,
19 and an Irish ferrier collar, freeswinging with mereswin lacers from
20 his shoulthern and thick welted brogues on him hammered to suit
21 the scotsmost public and climate, iron heels and sparable soles, and
22 his jacket of providence wellprovided woolies with a softrolling
23 lisp of a lapel to it and great sealingwax buttons, a good helping
24 bigger than the slots for them, of twentytwo carrot krasnapopp-
25 sky red and his invulnerable burlap whiskcoat and his popular
26 choker, Tamagnum sette-and-forte and his loud boheem toy and
27 the damasker's overshirt he sported inside, a starspangled zephyr
28 with a decidedly surpliced crinklydoodle front with his motto
29 through dear life embrothred over it in peas, rice, and yeggy-
30 yolk, Or for royal, Am for Mail, R.M.D. hard cash on the nail
31 and the most successfully carried gigot turnups now you ever,
32 (what a pairfact crease! how amsolookly kersse!) breaking over
33 the ankle and hugging the shoeheel, everything the best—none
34 other from (Ah, then may the turtle's blessings of God and Mary
35 and Haggispatrick and Huggisbrigid be souptumbling all over
36 him!) other than (and may his hundred thousand welcome stewed

1 letters, relayed wand postchased, multiply, ay faith, and plultiplly!)
2 Shaun himself.
3 What a picture primitive!
4 Had I the concordant wiseheads of Messrs Gregory and Lyons
5 alongside of Dr Tarpey's and I dorsay the reverend Mr Mac
6 Dougall's, but I, poor ass, am but as their fourpart tinckler's dun-
7 key. Yet methought Shaun (holy messonger angels be uninter-
8 ruptedly nudging him among and along the winding ways of
9 random ever!) Shaun in proper person (now may all the blue-
10 blacksliding constellations continue to shape his changeable time-
11 table!) stood before me. And I pledge you my agricultural word
12 by the hundred and sixty odds rods and cones of this even's
13 vision that young fellow looked the stuff, the Bel of Beaus'
14 Walk, a prime card if ever was! Pep? Now without deceit it is
15 hardly too much to say he was looking grand, so fired smart, in
16 much more than his usual health. No mistaking that beamish
17 brow! There was one for you that ne'er would nunch with good
18 Duke Humphrey but would aight through the months without a
19 sign of an err in hem and then, otherwise rounding, fourale to the
20 lees of Traroe. Those jehovial oyeglances! The heart of the rool!
21 And hit the hencoop. He was immense, topping swell for he was
22 after having a great time of it, a twentyfour hours every moment
23 matters maltsight, in a porterhouse,scutfrank, if you want to
24 know, Saint Lawzenge of Toole's, the Wheel of Fortune, leave
25 your clubs in the hall and wait on yourself, no chucks for wal-
26 nut ketchups, Lazenby's and Chutney graspis (the house the once
27 queen of Bristol and Balrothery twice admired because her
28 frumped door looked up Dacent Street) where in the sighed of
29 lovely eyes while his knives of hearts made havoc he had re-
30 cruited his strength by meals of spadefuls of mounded food, in
31 anticipation of the faste of tablenapkins, constituting his three-
32 partite pranzipal meals *plus* a collation, his breakfast of first, a bless
33 us O blood and thirsthy orange, next, the half of a pint of becon
34 with newled googs and a segment of riceplummy padding, met
35 of sunder suigar and some cold forsoaken steak peatrefired from
36 the batblack night o'erflown then, without prejucice to evecutuals,

1 came along merendally his stockpot dinner of a half a pound or
2 round steak, very rare, Blong's best from Portarlington's Butchery,
3 with a side of ricepeasy and Corkshire alla mellonge and bacon
4 with (a little mar pliche!) a pair of chops and thrown in from the
5 silver grid by the proprietress of the roastery who lives on the
6 hill and gaulusch gravy and pumpernickel to wolp up and a
7 gorger's bulby onion (Margareter, Margaretar Margarastican-
8 deatar) and as well with second course and then finally, after
9 his avalunch oclock snack at' Appelredt's or Kitzy Braten's of
10 saddlebag steak and a Botherhim with her old phoenix portar,
11 jistr to gwen his gwistel and praties sweet and Irish too and mock
12 gurgle to whistle his way through for the swallying, swp by swp,
13 and he getting his tongue around it and Boland's broth broken
14 into the bargain, to his regret his soupay *avic* nightcap, vitellusit,
15 a carusal consistent with second course eyer and becon (the rich
16 of) with broad beans, hig, steak, hag, pepper the diamond bone
17 hotted up timmtomm and while'twas after that he scoffed a drake-
18 ling snuggily stuffed following cold loin of veal more cabbage and
19 in their green free state a clister of peas, soppositorily petty, last.
20 P.S. but a fingerhot of rheingenever to give the Pax cum Spiri-
21 tututu. Drily thankful. Burud and dulse and typureely jam, all
22 free of charge, aman, and. And the best of wine *avec*. For his
23 heart was as big as himself, so it was, ay, and bigger! While the
24 loaves are aflowering and the nachtingale jugs. All St Jilian's of
25 Berry, hurrah there for tobies! Mabhrodaphne, brown pride of our
26 custard house quay, amiable with repastful, cheerus graciously,
27 cheer us! Ever of thee, Anne Lynch, he's deeply draiming!
28 Houseanna! Tea is the Highest! For auld lang Ayternitay! Thus
29 thicker will he grow now, grew new. And better and better on
30 butterand butter. At the sign of Mesthress Vanhunrig. However!
31 Mind you, nuckling down to nourritures, were they menuly some
32 ham and jaffas, and I don't mean to make the ingestion for the
33 moment that he was guilbey of gulpable gluttony as regards chew-
34 able boltaballs, but, biestings be biestings, and upon the whole,
35 when not off his oats, given prelove appetite and postlove pricing
36 good coup, goodcheap, were it thermidor oogst or floreal may

1 while the whistling prairial roysters play, between gormandising
2 and gourmeteering, he grubbed his tuck all right, deah smorregos,
3 every time he was for doing dirt to a meal or felt like a bottle of
4 ardilaun arongwith a smag of a lecker biss of a welldressed taart
5 or. Though his net intrants wight weighed nought but a flyblow
6 to his gross and ganz afterduepoise. And he was so jarvey jaunty
7 with a romp of a schoolgirl's completion sitting pretty over his
8 Oyster Monday print face and he was plainly out on the ramp and
9 mash, as you might say, for he sproke.

10 Overture and beginners!

11 When lo (whish, O whish!) mesaw mestreamed, as the green
12 to the gred was flew, was flown, through deafths of durkness
13 greengrown deeper I heard a voice, the voce of Shaun, vote of
14 the Irish, voise from afar (and cert no purer puer palestrine e'er
15 chanted panangelical mid the clouds of Tu es Petrus, not
16 Michaeleen Kelly, not Mara O'Mario, and sure, what more
17 numerose Italicuss ever rawsucked frish uov in urinal?), a brieze
18 to Yverzone o'er the brozaozaozing sea, from Inchigeela call
19 the way how it suspired (morepork! morepork!) to scented
20 nightlife as softly as the loftly marconimasts from Clifden sough
21 open tireless secrets (mauveport! mauveport!) to Nova Scotia's
22 listing sisterwands. Tubetube!

23 His handpalm lifted, his handshell cupped, his handsign pointed,
24 his handheart mated, his handaxe risen, his handleaf fallen.
25 Helpful hand that holmost heals! What is het holy! It gested.
26 And it said:

27 — Alo, alass, aladdin, amobus! Does she lag soft fall means
28 rest down? Shaun yawned, as his general address rehearsal,
29 (that was antepreviousday's pigeons-in-a-pie with rough
30 dough for the carrier and the hash-say-ugh of overgestern pluzz
31 the 'stuesday's shampain in his head, with the memories of the
32 past and the hicnuncs of the present embellishing the musics of
33 the futures from Miccheruni's band) addressing himself *ex alto*
34 and complaining with vocal discontent it was so close as of
35 the fact the rag was up and of the briefs and billpasses, a houseful
36 of deadheads, of him to dye his paddycoats to morn his hestern-

1 most earning, his board in the sweat of his fate as, having
2 moistened his manducators upon the quiet and scooping molars
3 and grinders clean with his two fore fingers, he sank his hunk,
4 downouet to resk at once, exhaust as winded hare, utterly spent,
5 it was all he could do (disgusted with himself that the combined
6 weight of his tons of iosals was a hundred men's massed too much
7 for him), upon the native heath he loved covered kneehigh with
8 virgin bush, for who who e'er trod sod of Erin could ever sleep
9 off the turf! Well, I'm liberally dished seeing myself in this trim!
10 How all too unwordy am I, a mere mailman of peace, a poor loust
11 hastehater of the first degree, the principot of Candia, no legs and
12 a title, for such eminence, or unpro promenade rather, to be much
13 more exact, as to be the bearer extraordinary of these postoomany
14 missive on his majesty's service while me and yous and them we're
15 extending us after the pattern of reposiveness! Weh is me, yeh is
16 ye! I, the mightif beam maircanny, which bit his mirth too early
17 or met his birth too late! It should of been my other with his
18 leickname for he's the head and I'm an everdevoting fiend of his.
19 I can seeze tomirror in tosdays of yer when we lofobsed os so ker.
20 Those sembal simon pumpkel pieman yers! We shared the twin
21 chamber and we winked on the one wench and what Sim sobs
22 todie I'll reeve tomorry, for 'twill be, I have hopes of, Sam
23 Dizzier's feedst. Tune in, tune on, old Tighe, high, high, high,
24 I'm thine owelglass. Be old! He looks rather thin, imitating me.
25 I'm very fond of that other of mine. Fish hands Macsorley!
26 Elien! Obsequies! Bonzeye! Isaac Egari's Ass! We're the music-
27 hall pair that won the swimmyease bladders at the Guinness
28 gala in Badeniveagh. I ought not to laugh with him on this stage.
29 But he' such a game loser! I lift my disk to him. Brass and reeds,
30 brace and ready! How is your napper, Handy, and hownow does
31 she stand? First he was living to feel what the eldest daughter she was
32 panseying and last he was dying to know what old Madre Patriack
33 does be up to. Take this John's Lane in your toastingfourch. Shaun-
34 ti and shaunti and shaunti again! And twelve coolinder moons!
35 I am no helotwashipper but I revere her! For my own coant! She
36 has studied! Piscisvendolor! You're grace! Futs drunk of

1 Wouldndom! But, Gemini, he's looking frightfully thin! I heard
2 the man Shee shinging in the pantry bay. Down among the dust-
3 bins let him lie! Ear! Ear! Not ay! Eye! Eye! For I'm at the heart
4 adieof it. Yet I cannot on my solemn merits as a recitativer recollect
5 ever having done of anything of the kind to deserve of such.
6 Not the phost of a nation! Nor by a long trollop! I just didn't have
7 the time to. Saint Anthony Guide!

8 — But have we until now ever besought you, dear Shaun, we
9 remembered, who it was, good boy, to begin with, who out of
10 symphony gave you the permit?

11 — Goodbye now, Shaun replied, with a voice pure as a church-
12 mode, in echo rightdainty, with a good catlick tug at his coco-
13 moss candylock, a foretaste in time of his cabbageous brain's
14 curlyflower. Athiacaro! Comb his tar odd gee sing your mower
15 meeow? Greet thee Good? How are them columbuses! Lard
16 have mustard on them! Fatiguing, very fatiguing. Hobos hom-
17 knees and the corveeture of my spine. Poumeerme! My heaviest
18 crux and dairy lot it is, with a bed as hard as the thinkamuddles
19 of the Greeks and a board as bare as a Roman altar. I'm off
20 rabbited kitchens and relief porridgers. No later than a very few
21 fortnichts since I was meeting on the Thinker's Dam with a pair
22 of men out of glasshouse whom I shuffled hands with named
23 MacBlacks — I think their names is MacBlakes—from the Headfire
24 Clump — and they were improving me and making me beliek no
25 five hour factory life with insufficient emollient and industrial
26 disabled for them that day o'gratisses. I have the highest grati-
27 fication by anouncing how I have it from whowho but Hagios
28 Colleenkiller's prophecies. After suns and moons, dewes and
29 wettings, thunders and fires, comes sabotag. *Solvitur palum-*
30 *ballando!* Tilvido! Adie!

31 — Then, we explained, salve a tour, ambly andy, you possibly
32 might be so by order?

33 — Forgive me, Shaun repeated from his liquid lipes, not what
34 I wants to do a strike of work but it was condemned on me pre-
35 mitially by Hireark Books and Chiefoverseer Cooks in their
36 Eusebian Concordant Homilies and there does be a power com-

1 ing over me that is put upon me from on high out of the book of
2 breedings and so as it is becoming hairydittary I have of coerce
3 nothing in view to look forward at unless it is Swann and beat-
4 ing the blindquarters out of my oldfellow's orologium oloss olo-
5 rium. A bad attack of maggot it feels like. 'Tis trope, custodian
6 said. Almost might I say of myself, while keeping out of crime,
7 I am now becoming about fed up be going circulating about them
8 new hikler's highways like them nameless souls, ercked and skorned
9 and grizzild all over, till it's rusty October in this bleak forest
10 and was veribally complussed by thinking of the crater of some
11 noted volcano or the Dublin river or the catchalot trouth subsi-
12 as away out or to isolate i from my multiple Mes on the
13 spits of Lumbage Island or bury meself, clogs, coolcellar and all,
14 deep in my wineupon ponteen unless Morrissey's colt could help
15 me or the gander maybe at 49 as it is a tithe fish so it is, this
16 pig's stomach business, and where on dearth or in the miraculous
17 meddle of this expending umniverse to turn since it came into
18 my hands I am hopeless off course to be doing anything con-
19 cerning.

20 — We expect you are, honest Shaun, we agreed, but from
21 franking machines, limricked, that in the end it may well turn out,
22 we hear to be you, our belated, who will bear these open letter.
23 Speak to us of Emailia.

24 — As, Shaun replied patly, with tootlepick tact too and a
25 down of his dampers, to that I have the gumpower and, by the
26 benison of Barbe, that is a lock to say with everything, my be-
27 loved.

28 — Would you mind telling us, Shaun honey, beg little big
29 moreboy, we proposed to such a dear youth, where mostly are
30 you able to work. Ah, you might! Whimper and we shall.

31 — Here! Shaun replied, while he was fondling one of his
32 cowwheel cuffs. There's no sabbath for nomads and I mostly was
33 able to walk, being too soft for work proper, sixty odd eilish
34 mires a week between three masses a morn and two chaplets at
35 eve. I am always telling those pedestriasts, my answerers, Top,
36 Sid and Huckly, now (and it is a veriest throth as the thieves' re-

1 scension) how it was forstold for me by brevet for my vacation
2 in life while possessing stout legs to be disbarred after holy orders
3 from unnecessary servile work of reckless walking of all sorts for
4 the relics of my time for otherwise by my so douching I would
5 get into a blame there where sieves fall out, Excelsior tips the best.
6 Weak stop work stop walk stop whoak. Go thou this island, one
7 housesleep there, then go thou other island, two housesleep there,
8 then catch one nightmaze, then home to dearies. Never back a
9 woman you defend, never get quit of a friend on whom you
10 depend never make face to a foe till he's rife and never get stuck
11 to another man's pfiife. Amen; ptah! His hungry will be done! On
12 the continent as in Eironesia. But believe me in my simplicity I am
13 awful good, I believe, so I am, at the root of me, praised be right
14 cheek Discipline! And I can now truthfully declaret before my
15 Geity's Pantokreator with my fleshfettered palms on the epizzles
16 of the apossels that I do my reasonabler's best to recite my grocery
17 beans for mummy *mit* dummy *mot* muthar *mat* bonzar regular,
18 genuflections enclosed. Hek domov muy, there thou beest on the
19 hummock, ghee up, ye dog, for your daggily broth, etc., Happy
20 Maria and Glorious Patrick, etc., etc. In fact, always, have I
21 believe. Greedo! Her's me hongue!

22 — And it is the fullsoot of a tarabred. Yet one minute's ob-
23 servation, dear dogmestic Shaun, as we point out how you have
24 while away painted our town a wearing greenridinghued.

25 — O murder mere, how did you hear? Shaun replied, smoil-
26 ing the ily way up his lampsleeve (it just seemed the natural thing
27 to do), so shy of light was he then. Well, so be it! The gloom hath
28 rays, her lump is love. And I will confess to have, yes. Your
29 diogneses is anonest man's. Thrubedore I did! Inditty I did. All lay
30 I did. Down with the Saozon ruze! And I am afraid it wouldn't
31 be my first coat's wasting after striding on the vampire and blaz-
32 ing on the focoal. See! blazing on the focoal. As see! blazing upon
33 the foe. Like the regular redshank I am. Impregnable as the mule
34 himself. Somebody may perhaps hint at an aughter impression
35 of was wrong. No such a thing! You never made a more freud-
36 ful mistake, excuse yourself! What's pork to you means meat to

1 me while you behold how I be eld. But it is grandiose by my
2 ways of thinking from the prophecies. New worlds for all! And
3 they were scotographically arranged for gentlemen only by a
4 scripchewer in whofoundland who finds he is a relative. And it
5 was with my extravert davy. Like glue. Be through. Moyhard's
6 daynoight, tomthumb. Phwum!

7 — How mielodorous is thy bel chant, O songbird, and how
8 exqueezit thine after draught! *Buccinate in Emenia tuba insigni*
9 *volumnitatis tuae*. But do you mean, O phausdheen phewn, from
10 Pontoffbellek till the Kisslemerched our ledan triz will be? we
11 gathered substantively whether furniture would or verdure var-
12 nish?

13 — It is a confoundyous injective so to say, Shaun the fiery
14 boy shouted, naturally incensed, as he shook the red pepper out
15 of his auricles. And another time please confine your glaring in-
16 tinuations to some other mordant body. What on the physiog
17 of this furnaced planet would I be doing besides your verjuice?
18 That is more than I can fix, for the teom bihan, anyway. So let I
19 and you now kindly drop that, angryman! That's not French
20 pastry. You can take it from me. Understand me when I tell you
21 (and I will ask you not to whisple, cry golden or quoth mecbak)
22 that under the past purcell's office, so deeply deplored by my
23 erstwhile elder friend, Miss Enders, poachmistress and gay re-
24 ceiver ever for in particular to the Scotie Poor Men's Thousand
25 Gallon Cow Society (I was thinking of her in sthore) allbethey
26 blessed with twentytwo thousand sorters out of a biggest poss
27 of twentytwo thousand, mine's won, too much privet stationery
28 and safty quipu was ate up larchly by those nettlesome goats
29 out of pension greed. *Colpa di Becco, buon apartita!* Proceeding,
30 I will say it is also one of my avowal's intentions, at some time
31 pease Pod pluse murthers of gout (when I am not prepared to say)
32 so apt as my pen is upt to scratch, to compound quite the makings
33 of a verdigrease savingsbook in the form of a pair of capri
34 sheep boxing gloves surrounding this matter of the Welsfusel
35 mascoteers and their sindy buck that saved a city for my publickers,
36 Nolaner and Brown, Nickil Hopstout, Christcross, so long as,

1 thanks to force of destiny, my selary as a paykelt is propaired,
2 and there is a peg under me and there is a tum till me.
3 To the Very Honourable The Memory of Disgrace, the Most
4 Noble, Sometime Sweetyard at the Service of the Writer. Salu-
5 tem dicint. The just defunct Mrs Sanders who (the Loyd insure
6 her!) I was shift and shuft too, with her shester Mrs Shunders,
7 both mudical dauctors from highschoolorse and aslyke as
8 Easther's leggs. She was the niceliest person of a wellteached non-
9 party woman that I ever acquired her letters, only too fat, used
10 to babies and tottydean verbish this is her entertermentdags for
11 she shuk the bottle and tuk the medascene all times a day. She
12 was well under ninety, poor late Mrs, and had tastes of the poetics,
13 me having stood the pilgarlick a fresh at sea when the moon also
14 was standing in a corner of sweet Standerson my ski. P.L.M
15 Mevrouw von Andersen was her whogave me a muttonbrooch,
16 stackers for her begfirst party. Honour thy farmer and my lit-
17 ters. This, my tears, is my last will intesticle wrote off in the
18 strutforit about their absent female assauciations which I, or per-
19 haps any other person what squaton a toffette, have the honour
20 to had upon their polite sophykussens in the real presence of de-
21 vouted Mrs Grumby when her skin was exposed to the air. O
22 what must the grief of my mund be for two little ptpt coolies
23 worth twenty thousand quad herewitdnessed with both's
24 maddlemass wishes to Pepette for next match from their dearly
25 beloved Roggers, M.D.D. O.D. May doubling drop of drooght!
26 Writing.
27 — Hopsoloosely kidding you are totether with your cadenus
28 and goat along nose how we shall complete that white paper.
29 Two venusstas! Biggerstiff! Qweer but gaon! Be trouz and
30 wholetrouz! Otherwise, frank Shaun, we pursued, what would
31 be the autobiography of your softbodied fumiform?
32 — Hooraymost! None whomsoever, Shaun replied, Heavenly
33 blank! (he had intentended and was peering now rather close to
34 the paste of his rubiny winklering) though it ought to be more
35 or less rawcawcaw romantical. By the wag, how is Mr Fry? All
36 of it, I might say, in ex-voto, pay and perks and wooden half-

1 pence, some rhino, rhine, O joyoust rhine, was handled over spon-
2 daneously by me (and bundle end to my illwishers' Miss Anders!
3 she woor her wraith of ruins the night she lost I left!) in the ligrname
4 of Mr van Howten of Tredcastles, Clowntalkin, timbreman, among
5 my prodigits nabobs and navious of every subscription entitled
6 the Bois in the Boscoor, our evicted tenemants. What I say is (and
7 I am noen roehorn or culkilt permit me to tell you, if uninformed),
8 I never spont it. Nor have I the ghuest of innation on me the way
9 to. It is my rule so. It went anyway like hot pottagebake. And
10 this brings me to my fresh point. Quoniam, I am as plain as
11 portable enveloped, inhowmuch, you will now parably receive,
12 care of one of Mooseyeare Goonness's registered andouterthus
13 barrels. Quick take um whiffat andrainit. Now!
14 — So vi et! we responded. Song! Shaun, song! Have mood!
15 Hold forth!
16 — I apologuise, Shaun began, but I would rather spinooze
17 you one from the grimm gests of Jacko and Esaup, fable one,
18 feeble too. Let us here consider the casus, my dear little cousis
19 (husstenhasstencaffincoffintussemtosemendamandamnacoscaghcusa-
20 ghobixhatouxpeswchbechoscashlcarcarcaract) of the Ondt and
21 the Gracehoper.
22 The Gracehoper was always jigging ajog, hoppy on akkant
23 of his joyicity, (he had a partner pair of findlestilts to supplant
24 him), or, if not, he was always making ungraceful overtures to
25 Floh and Luse and Bienie and Vespatilla to play pupa-pupa and
26 pulicy-pulicy and langtennas and pushpygyddyum and to com-
27 mence insects with him, there mouthparts to his oreface and his
28 gambills to there airy processes, even if only in chaste, ameng
29 the everlistings, behold a waspering pot. He would of curse
30 melissciouly, by his fore feelhers, flexors, contractors, depres-
31 sors and extensors, lamely, harry me, marry me, bury me, bind
32 me, till she was puce for shame and allso fourmish her in Spin-
33 ner's housery at the earthsbest schoppinhour so summery as his
34 cottage, which was cald fourmillierly Tingsomingenting, groped
35 up. Or, if he was always striking up funny funereels with Bester-
36 farther Zeuts, the Aged One, With all his wigearred corollas, albe-

1 dinous and oldbuoyant, inscythe his elytrical wormcasket and
2 Dehlia and Peonia, his druping nymphs, bewheedling him, com-
3 pound eyes on hornitosehead, and Auld Letty Plussiboots to
4 scratch his cacumen and cackle his tramsitus, diva deborah (seven
5 bolls of sapo, a lick of lime, two spurts of fussfor, threefurts of
6 sulph, a shake o'shouker, doze grains of migniss and a mesfull of
7 midcap pitchies. The whool of the whaal in the wheel of the
8 whorl of the Boubou from Bourneum has thus come to taon!),
9 and with tambarins and cantoridettes soturning around his eggs-
10 hill rockcoach their dance McCaper in retrophoebia, beck from
11 bulk, like fantastic disossed and jenny aprils, to the ra, the ra, the
12 ra, the ra, langsome heels and langsome toesis, attended to by a
13 mutter and doffer duffmatt baxingmotch and a myrmidins of
14 pszozlers pszinging *Satyr's Caudledayed Nice and Hombly,*
15 *Dombly Sod We Awhile but Ho, Time Timeagen, Wake!* For if
16 sciencium (what's what) can mute uns nought, 'a thought,
17 aboutht the Great Sommboddy within the Omniboss, perhaps an
18 artsaccord (hoot's hoot) might sing ums tumtim abutt the Little
19 Newbuddies that ring his panch. A high old tide for the bar-
20 heated publics and the whole day as gratiis! Fudder and lighting
21 for ally looty, any filly in a fog, for O'Cronione lags acrumbling
22 in his sands but his sunsunsuns still tumble on. Erething above
23 ground, as his Book of Breathings bed him, so as everwhy, sham
24 or shunner, zeemliangly to kick time.

25 Grouscious me and scarab my sahull What a bagateller it is!
26 Libelulous! Inzanzarity! Pou! Pschla! Ptuh! What a zeit for the
27 goths! vented the Ondt, who, not being a sommerfool, was
28 thohtfolly making chilly spaces at hisphex affront of the icinglass
29 of his windhame, which was cold antitopically Nixnixundnix.
30 We shall not come to party at that lopp's, he decided possibly,
31 for he is not on our social list. Nor to Ba's berial nether, thon
32 sloghard, this oldeborre's yaar ablong as there's a khul on a khat.
33 Nefersenless, when he had safely looked up his ovipository, he
34 loftet hails and prayed: May he me no voida water! Seekit Ha-
35 tup! May no he me tile pig shed on! Suckit Hotup! As broad as
36 Beppy's realm shall flourish my reign shall flourish! As high as

1 Heppy's hev'n shall flurrish my haine shall hurrish! Shall grow,
2 shall flourish! Shall hurrish! Hummum.

3 The Ondt was a weltall fellow, raummybult and abelboobied,
4 bynear saw altitudinous wee a schelling in kopfers. He was sair
5 sair sullemn and chairmanlooking when he was not making spaces
6 in his psyche, but, laus! when he wore making spaces on his ikey,
7 he ware mouche mostst secreed and muravyngly wisechairman-
8 looking. Now whim the sillybilly of a Gracehoper had jingled
9 through a jungle of love and debts and jangled through a jumble
10 of life in doubts afterworse, wetting with the bimblebeaks, dri-
11 king with nautonects, bilking with durrudunglecks and horing
12 after ladybirdies (*ichnehmon diagelegenaitoikon*) he fell joust as
13 sieck as a sexton and tantoo pooveroo quant a churchprince, and
14 wheer the midges to wend hemsylph or vosch to sirch for grub
15 for his corapusse or to find a hospes, alick, he wist gnit! Bruko
16 dry! fuko spint! Sultamont osa bare! And volomundo osi vide-
17 vide! Nichtsnichtsundnichts! Not one pickopeck of muscow-
18 money to bag a tittlebits of beebread! Iomio! Iomio! Crick's
19 corbicule, which a plight! O moy Bog, he contritred with melan-
20 tholy. Meblizzered, him slugged! I am heartily hungry!

21 He had eaten all the whilepaper, swallowed the lustres, de-
22 voured forty flights of styearcases, chewed up all the mensas and
23 seccles, ronged the records, made mundballs of the ephemerids
24 and vorasioused most glutinously with the very timeplace in the
25 ternitary — not too dusty a cicada of neutriment for a chittinous
26 chip so mitey. But when Chrysalmas was on the bare branches,
27 off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and
28 he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the
29 grillies in his head and the leivnits in his hair made him thought
30 he had the Tossmania. Had he twicycled the sees of the deed
31 and trestraversed their revermer? Was he come to hev're with his
32 engiles or gone to hull with the poop? The June snows was
33 flocking in thuckflues on the hegelstomes, millipeeds of it and
34 myriopoods, and a lugly whizzling tournedos, the Boraborayel-
35 lers, blohablasting tegolhuts up to tetties and ruching sleets off
36 the coppeehouses, playing ragnowrock rignewreck, with an irri-

1 tant, penetrant, siphonopterous spuk. Grausssssss! Opr!
2 Grausssssss! Opr!
3 The Gracehoper who, though blind as batflea, yet knew, not
4 a leetle beetle, his good smetterling of entymology asped niss-
5 unitimost lous nor liceens but promptly tossed himself in the
6 vico, phthin and phthir, on top of his buzzer, tezzily wondering
7 wheer would his aluck alight or boss of both appease and the
8 next time he makes the aquinatanace of the Ondt after this they
9 have met themselves, these mouschical umsummables, it shall be
10 motylucky if he will beheld not a world of differents. Behailed
11 His Gross the Ondt, prostrandvorous upon his dhrone, in his
12 Papylonian babooshkees, smolking a spatial brunt of Hosana
13 cigals, with unshrinkables farfalling from his unthinkableables,
14 swarming of himself in his sunnyroom, sated before his com-
15 fortumble phullupsuppy of a plate o'monkynous and a confucion
16 of minthe (for he was a conformed aceticist and aristotaller), as
17 appi as a oneysucker or a baskerboy on the Libido, with Floh
18 biting his leg thigh and Luse lugging his luff leg and Bieni bussing
19 him under his bonnet and Vespatilla blowing cosy fond tutties
20 up the allabroad length of the large of his smalls. As entomate
21 as intimate could pinchably be. Emmet and demmet and be jiltses
22 crazed and be jadeses whipt! schneezed the Gracehoper, aguepe
23 with ptchjelasys and at his wittol's indts, what have eyeforsight!
24 The Ondt, that true and perfect host, a spiter aspinne, was
25 making the greatest spass a body could with his queens lace-
26 swinging for he was spizzing all over him like thingsumanything
27 in formicolation, boundlessly blissfilled in an allallahbath of
28 houris. He was ameising himself hugely at crabround and mary-
29 pose, chasing Floh out of charity and tickling Luse, I hope too,
30 and tackling Bienie, faith, as well, and jucking Vespatilla jukely
31 by the chimiche. Never did Dorsan from Dunshanagan dance it
32 with more devilry! The veripatetic imago of the impossible
33 Gracehoper on his odderkop in the myre, after his thrice ephe-
34 meral journeeyes, sans mantis ne shooshooe, featherweighed
35 animule, actually and presumptuably sanctifying chronic's de-
36 spair, was sufficiently and probably coccoo much for his chorus

1 of gravitates. Let him be Artalone the Weeps with his parasites
 2 peeling off him I'll be Highfee the Crackasider. Flunkey Footle
 3 furloughed foul, writing off his phoney, but Conte Carme makes
 4 the melody that mints the money. *Ad majorem I.s.d.! Divigloriam.*
 5 A darkener of the threshold. Haru? Orimis, capsizer of his ant-
 6 boat, sekketh rede from Evil-it-is, lord of loaves in Amongded.
 7 Be it! So be it! Thou-who-thou-art, the fleet-as-spindrifft,
 8 impfang thee of mine wideheight. Haru!
 9 The thing pleased him andt, and andt,
 10
 11 *He larved ond he larved on he merd such a nauses*
 12 *The Gracehoper feared he would mixplace his fauces.*
 13 *I forgive you, grondt Ondt, said the Gracehoper, weeping,*
 14 *For their sukes of the sakes you are safe in whose keeping.*
 15 *Teach Floh and Luse polkas, show Bienie where's sweet*
 16 *And be sure Vespatilla fines fat ones to heat.*
 17 *As I once played the piper I must now pay the count*
 18 *So saida to Moyhammet and marhaba to your Mount!*
 19 *Let who likes lump above so what flies be a full 'un;*
 20 *I could not feel moregruggy if this was prompollen.*
 21 *I pick up your reproof, the horsegift of a friend,*
 22 *For the prize of your save is the price of my spend.*
 23 *Can castwhores pulladeftkiss if oldpollocks forsake 'em*
 24 *Or Culex feel etchy if Pulex don't wake him?*
 25 *A locus to loue, a term it t'embarass,*
 26 *These twain are the twins that tick Homo Vulgaris.*
 27 *Has Aquileone nort winged to go syf*
 28 *Since the Gwyfyn we were in his farrest drewbryf*
 29 *And that Accident Man not beseeked where his story ends*
 30 *Since longsephyring sighs sought heartseast for their orience?*
 31 *We are Wastenot with Want, precondamned, two and true,*
 32 *Till Nolans go volants and Bruneyes come blue.*
 33 *Ere those gidflirts now gadding you quit your mocks for my gropes*
 34 *An extense must impull, an elapse must elopes,*
 35 *Of my tectucs takestock, tinktact, and ail's weal;*
 36 *As I view by your farlook hale yourself to my heal.*

1 *Partiprise my thinwhins whiles my blink points unbroken on*
2 *Your whole's whercabroads with Tout's trightyright token on.*
3 *My in risible universe youdly haud find*
4 *Sulch oxtrabeeforeness meat soveal behind.*
5 *Your feats end enormous, your volumes immense,*
6 *(May the Graces I hoped for sing your Ondtship song sense!),*
7 *Your genus its worldwide, your spacest sublime!*
8 *But, Holy Saltmartin, why can't you beat time?*

9
10 In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holo-
11 caust. Allmen.

12 — Now? How good you are in explosion! How farflung is
13 your fokloire and how velktingeling your volupkabulary! *Qui*
14 *vive sparanto qua muore contanto.* O foibler, O flip, you've that
15 wandervogl wail withyin! It falls easily upon the earopen and goes
16 down the friskly shortiest like treacling tumtim with its tingting-
17 taggle. The blarneyest blather in all Corneywall! But could you,
18 of course, decent Lettrechaun, we knew (to change your name of
19 not your nation) while still in the barrel, read the strangewrote
20 anaglyptics of those shemletters patent for His Christian's Em?

21 — Greek! Hand it to me! Shaun replied, plosively pointing to
22 the cinnamon quistoquill behind his acoustrolobe. I'm as after-
23 dusk nobly Roman as pope and water could christen me. Look
24 at that for a ridingpin! I am, thing Sing Larynx, letter potent to
25 play the sem backwards like Oscan wild or in shunt Persse trans-
26 luding from the Otherman or off the Toptic or anything off the
27 types of my finklers in the draught or with buttles, with my oyes
28 thickshut and all. But, hellas, it is harrobrew bad on the corns and
29 callouses. As far as that goes I associate myself with your remark
30 just now from theodicy *re'furloined* notepaper and quite agree in
31 your prescriptions for indeed I am, pay Gay, in juxtaposition to
32 say it is not a nice production. It is a pinch of scribble, not
33 wortha bottle of cabbis. Overdrawn! Puffedly offal tosh! Be-
34 sides its auctionable, all about crime and libel! Nothing beyond
35 clerical horrors *et omnibus* to be entered for the foreign as second-
36 class matter. The fuellest filth ever fired since Charley Lucan's.

1 Flummery is what I would call it if you were to ask me to put it
2 on a single dimension what pronounced opinion I might possibly
3 orally have about them bagges of trash which the mother and
4 Mr Unmentionable (O breed not his same!) has reduced to writ-
5 ing without making news out of my sootyennem. When she
6 slipped under her couchman. And where he made a cat with a
7 peep. How they wore two madges on the makewater. And why
8 there were treefellers in the shrubrubs. Then he hawks his hand-
9 mud figgers from Francie to Fritzie down in the kookin. Phiz
10 is me mother and Hair's me father. Bauv Betty Famm and Pig
11 Pig Pike. Their livetree (may it flourish!) by their ecotaph (let it
12 stayne!). With balsinbal bimbies swarming tiltop. Comme bien,
13 Comme bien! Feefeel! Feefeel! And the Dutches dyin loffin at
14 his pon peck de Barec. And all the mound reared. Till he wot not
15 wot to begin he should. An infant sailing eggshells on the floor
16 of a wet day would have more sabby.

17 Letter, carried of Shaun, son of Hek, written of Shem, brother
18 of Shaun, uttered for Alp, mother of Shem, for Hek, father of
19 Shaun. Initialled. Gee. Gone. 29 Hardware Saint. Lendet till
20 Laonum. Baile-Atha-Cliath. 31 Jan. 1132 A.D. Here Com-
21 merces Enville. Tried Apposite House. 13 Fitzgibbets. Loco.
22 Dangerous. Tax gd. B.L. Guineys, esqueer. L.B. Not known at
23 1132 a. 12 Norse Richmond. Nave unlodgeable. Loved noa's
24 dress. Sinned, Jetty Pierrse. Noon sick parson. 92 Windsewer.
25 Ave. No such no. Vale. Finn's Hot. Exbelled from 1O14 d. Pull-
26 down. Fearview. Opened by Miss Take. 965 nighumpeddan sexti-
27 ffits. Shout at Site. Roofloss. Fit Dunlop and Be Satisfied. Mr.
28 Domnall O'Domnally. Q.V. 8 Royal Terrors. None so strait.
29 Shutter up. Dining with the Danes. Removed to Philip's Burke.
30 At sea. D.E.D. Place scent on. Clontalk. Father Jacob, Rice
31 Factor. 3 Castlewoos. P.V. Arrusted. J.P. Converted to Hos-
32 pitalism. Ere the March past of Civilisation. Once Bank of Ireland's.
33 Return to City Arms. 2 Milchbroke. Wrongly spilled. Traumcon-
34 draws. Now Bunk of England's. Drowned in the Laffey. Here.
35 The Reverest Adam Foundlitter. Shown geshotten. 7 Streetpetres.
36 Since Cabranke. Seized of the Crownd. Well, Sir Arthur. Buy

1 Patersen's Matches. Unto his promisk hands. Blown up last
2 Lemmas by Orchid Lodge. Search Unclaimed Male. House Con-
3 damned by Ediles. Back in Few Minutes. Closet for Repeers. 60
4 Shellburn. Key at Kate's. Kiss. Isaac's Butt, Poor Man. Dalicious
5 arson. Caught. Missing. Justiciated. Kainly forewarred. Abraham
6 Badly's King, Park Bogey. Salved. All reddy berried. Hollow and
7 eavy. Desert it. Overwayed. Understrumped. Back to the P.O.
8 Kaer of. Ownes owe M.O. Too Let. To Be Soiled. Cohabited
9 by Unfortunates. Lost all Licence. His Bouf Toe is Frozen Over.
10 X, Y and Z, Ltd, Destinied Tears. A.B, ab, Sender. Boston
11 (Mass). 31 Jun. 13, 12. P.D. Razed. Lawyered. Vacant. Mined.
12 Here's the Bayleaffs. Step out to Hall out of that, Ereweaker,
13 with your Bloody Big Bristol. Bung. Stop. Bung. Stop. Cumm
14 Bumm. Stop. Came Baked to Auld Aireen. Stop.
15 — Kind Shaun, we all requested, much as we hate to say it,
16 but since you rose to the use of money have you not, without
17 suggesting for an instant, millions of moods used up slanguage
18 tun times as words as the penmarks used out in sinscript with such
19 hesitancy by your cerebrated brother—excuse me not men-
20 tioningahem?
21 — CelebrAteD! Shaun replied under the sheltar of his brog-
22 uish, vigorously rubbing his magic lantern to a glow of full-
23 consciousness. HeCitEncy! Your words grates on my ares.
24 Notorious I rather would feel inclined to myself in the first place
25 to describe Mr O'Shem the Draper with before letter as should
26 I be accentually called upon for a dieoguinnsis to pass my opinions,
27 properly spewing, into impulsory irelitz. But I would not care to
28 be so unfruitful to my own part as to swear for the moment posi-
29 tively as to the views of Denmark. No, sah! But let me say my
30 every belief before my high Gee is that I much doubt of it. I've no
31 room for that fellow on my fagroaster, I just can't. As I hourly
32 learn from Rooters and Havers through Gilligan's maypoles in
33 a nice pathetic notice he, the pixillated doodler, is on his last with
34 illegible clergimanths boasting always of his ruddy complexious!
35 She, the mammy far, was put up to it by him, the iniquity that
36 ought to be depraved of his libertins to be silenced, sackclothed

1 and suspended, and placed in irons into some drapyery institution
2 off the antipopees for wordsharping only if he was klanver enough
3 to pass the panel fleischcurers and the fieldpost censor. Gach!
4 For that is a fullblown fact and well celibated before the four
5 divorce courts and all the King's paunches, how he has the
6 solitary from seeing Scotch snakes and has a lowsense for the pro-
7 duction of consumption and dalickey cyphalos on his brach
8 premises where he can purge his contempt and dejeunerate into a
9 skillyton be thinking himself to death. Rot him! Flannelfeet! Flatty-
10 ro! I will describe you in a word. Thou. (I beg your pardon.)
11 Homo! Then putting his bedfellow on me! (like into mike and
12 nick onto post). The criniman: I'll give it to him for that! Making
13 the lobbard change hisstops, as we say in the long book! Is he
14 on whosekeeping or are my! Obnoximost posthumust! With his
15 unique hornbook and his prince of the apauper's pride, blunder-
16 ing all over the two worlds! If he waits till I buy him a mossel-
17 man's present! Ho's nos halfcousin of mine, pigdish! Nor wants
18 to! I'd famisha with the cuistha first. Aham!

19 — May we petition you, Shaun illustrious, then, to put his
20 prentis' pride in your aproper's purse and to unravel in your own
21 sweet way with words of style to your very and most obse-
22 quient, we suggested, with yet an esiop's foible, as to how?

23 — Well it is partly my own, isn't it? and you may, ought and
24 welcome, Shaun replied, taking at the same time, as his hunger
25 got the bitter of him, a hearty bite out of the honeycomb of his
26 Braham and Melosedible hat, tryone, tryon and triune. Ann wun-
27 kum. Sure, I thunkum you knew all about that, honorey causes,
28 through thelementary channels long agum. Sure, that is as old as
29 the Baden bees of Saint Dominoc's and as commonpleas now to
30 allus pueblows and bunkum as Nelson his trifulgurayous pillar.
31 However. Let me see, do. Beerman's bluff was what begun it, Old
32 Knoll and his borrowing! And then the liliens of the veldt, Nancy
33 Nickies and Folletta Lajambe! Then mem and hem and the jaque-
34 jack. All about Wucherer and righting his name for him. I regret
35 to announce, after laying out his litterery bed, for two days she
36 kept squealing down for noisy priors and bawling out to her

1 jameymock farceson in Shemish like a mouther of the incas with
2 a garcielasso huw Anonymus pinched her tights and about the
3 Balt with the markshaire parawag and his loyal divorces, when he
4 feraxiously shed ovas in Alemaney, tse tse, all the tell of the tud
5 with the bourighevisien backclack, and him, the cribibber like an
6 ambitrickster, aspiring like the decan's, fast aslooped in the in-
7 trance to his polthronechair with his sixth finger between his cats-
8 eye and the index, making his pillgrimace of Childe Horrid, en-
9 grossing to his ganderpan what the idioglossary he invented under
10 hicks hyssop! Hock! Ickick gav him that tooock, imitator! And it
11 was entirely theck latter to blame. Does he drink because I am sorely
12 there shall be no more Kates and Nells. If you see him it took
13 place there. It was given meeck, thank the Bench, to assist at the
14 whole thing byck special chancery licence. As often as I think of
15 that unbloody housewarmer, Shem Skrivenitch, always cutting
16 my prhose to please his phrase, bogorror, I declare I get the
17 jawache! Be me punting his reflection he'd begin his beogre-
18 fright in muddyass ribalds. Digteter! Grundtsagar! Swop beef!
19 You know he's peculiar, that eggschicker, with the smell of old
20 woman off him, to suck nothing of his switchedupes. M.D. made
21 his *ante mortem* for him. He was grey at three, like sygnus the
22 swan, when he made his boo to the public and barnacled up to the
23 eyes when he repented after seven. The alum that winters on his
24 top is the stale of the staun that will soar when he stambles till
25 that hag of the coombe rapes the pad off his lock. He was down
26 with the whooping laugh at the age of the loss of reason the
27 whopping first time he prediseased me. He's weird, I tell you, and
28 middayevil down to his vegetable soul. Never mind his falls
29 feet and his tanbark complexion. That's why he was forbidden
30 tomate and was warmed off the ricecourse of marrimoney, under
31 the Helpless Corpses Enactment. I'm not at all surprised the saint
32 kicked him whereby the sum taken Berkeley showed the reason
33 genrously. *Negas, negasti*—negertop, negertoe, negertoby, ne-
34 grunter! Then he was pusched out of Thingamuddy's school
35 by Miss Garterd, for itching. Then he caught the europicolas and
36 went into the society of jewses. With Bro Cahlls and Fran Czeschs

1 and Bruda Pszths and Brat Slavos. One temp when he foiled to
2 be killed, the freak wanted to put his bilingual head intentionally
3 through the *Ikish Tames* and go and join the clergy as a demoni-
4 can skyterrier. Throwing dust in the eyes of the Hooley Fer-
5 mers! He used to be avowdeed as he ought to be vitandist. For
6 onced I squeaked by twyst I'll squelch him. Then he went to
7 Cecilia's treat on his solo to pick up Galen. Asbestopoulos! Inku-
8 pot! He has encaust in the blood. Shim! I have the outmost con-
9 tempt for. Prost bitten! Conshy! Tiberia is waiting on you,
10 arestocrank! Chaka a seagull ticket at Gattabuia and Gabbiano's!
11 Go o'er the sea, haythen, from me and leave your libber to TCD.
12 Your puddin is cooked! You're served, cram ye! Fatefully
13 yaourth . . . Ex. Ex. Ex. Ex.

14 — But for what, thrice truthful teller, Shaun of grace? weakly
15 we went on to ask now of the gracious one. Vouchsafe to say.
16 You will now, goodness, won't you? Why?

17 — For his root language, if you ask me whys, Shaun replied,
18 as he blessed himself devotionally like a crawsbomb, making act
19 of oblivion, footinmouther! (what the thickuns else?) which he
20 picksticked into his lettruce invention. Ullhodturdenweirmud-
21 gaardgringnirurdmólnirfenrirlukkilokkibaugimandodrrerin-
22 surtkrinmgernrackinarockar! Thor's for yo!

23 — The hundredlettered name again, last word of perfect lan-
24 guage. But you could come near it, we do suppose, strong Shaun
25 O', we foresupposed. How?

26 — Peax! Peax! Shaun replied in vealar penultimatum. 'Tis
27 pebils before Sweeney's as he swigged a slug of Jon Jacobsen
28 from his treestem sucker cane. Mildbut likesome! I might as
29 well be talking to the four waves till tibbes grey eyes and the
30 rests asleep. Frost! Nope! No one in his seven senses could as
31 I have before said, only you missed my drift, for it's being in-
32 cendiary. Every dimmed letter in it is a copy and not a few of the
33 silbils and wholly words I can show you in my Kingdom of
34 Heaven. The lowquacity of him! With his threestar monothong!
35 Thaw! The last word in stolentelling! And what's more right-
36 down lowbrown schisthematic robblemint! Yes. As he was rising

1 my lather. Like you. And as I was plucking his goosybone. Like
2 yea. He store the tale of me shur. Like yup. How's that for
3 Shemese?
4 — Still in a way, not to flatter you, we fancy you that you are
5 so strikingly brainy and well letterread in yourshelves as ever were
6 the Shamous Shamonous, Limited, could use worse of yourself, in-
7 genious Shaun, we still so fancied, if only you would take your
8 time so and the trouble of so doing it. Upu now!
9 — Undoubtedly but that is show, Shaun replied, the mutter-
10 melk of his blood donor beginning to work, and while innocent
11 of disseminating the foul emanation, it would be a fall day I
12 could not, sole, so you can keep your space and by the power of
13 blurry wards I am loyable to do it (I am convicted of it!) any time
14 ever I liked (bet ye fippence off me boot allowance!) with the
15 allergrossest transfusiasm as, you see, while I can soroquise the
16 Siamanish better than most, it is an openear secret, be it said,
17 how I am extremely ingenuous at the clerking even with my
18 badly left and, arrah go braz, I'd pinsel it with immenuensoes
19 as easy as I'd perorate a chickerow of beans for the price of two
20 maricles and my trifolium librotto, the authordux Book of Lief,
21 would, if given to daylight, (I hold a most incredible faith about
22 it) far exceed what that bogus bolschy of a shame, my soamheis
23 brother, Gaoy Fecks, is conversant with in audible black and
24 prink. Outragedy of poetscaids! Acomedy of letters! I have
25 them all, tame, deep and harried, in my mine's I. And one of
26 these fine days, man dear, when the mood is on me, that I
27 may willhap cut my throat with my tongue tonight but I will
28 be ormuzd moved to take potlood and introvent it Paatryk just
29 like a work of merit, mark my words and append to my mark
30 twang, that will open your pucktricker's ops for you, broather
31 brooher, only for, as a papst and an immature and a nayophight
32 and a *spaciaman spaciosum* and a hundred and eleven other things,
33 I would never for anything take so much trouble of such doing.
34 And why so? Because I am altogether a chap too fly and hairyman
35 for to infradig the like of that ultravirulence. And by all I hold
36 sacred on earth clouds and in heaven I swear to you on my piop

1 and oath by the awe of Shaun (and that's a howl of a name!) that
2 I will commission to the flames any incendiary whosoever or
3 ahriman howsoclever who would endeavour to set ever anyma
4 roner mother of mine on fire. Rock me julie but I will soho!
5 And, with that crickcrackcruck of his threelungged squool
6 from which grief had usupped every smile, big hottempered
7 husky fussy krenfy strenfy pugiliser, such as he was, he virtually
8 broke down on the mooherhead, getting quite jerry over her,
9 overpowered by himself with the love of the tearsilver that
10 he twined through her hair for, sure, he was the soft semplgawn
11 slob of the world with a heart like Montgomery's in his showchest
12 and harvey loads of feeling in him and as innocent and undesign-
13 ful as the freshfallen calef. Still, grossly unselfish in sickself, he
14 dished allarmes away and laughed it off with a wipe at his pud-
15 gies and a gulp apologetic, healing his tare be the smeyle of his
16 oye, oogling around. Him belly no belong sollow mole pigeon.
17 Ally bully. Fu Li's gulpa. Mind you, now, that he was in the
18 dumpest of earnest orthough him jawr war hoo hleepy hor halk
19 urthing hurther. Moe like that only he stopped short in looking
20 up up upfrom his tide shackled wrists through the ghost of an
21 ocean's, the wields of pansiful heathvens of joepeter's gaseytotum
22 as they are telling not but were and will be, all told, scruting fore-
23 back into the fargoneahead to feel out what age in years tropical,
24 ecclesiastic, civil or sidereal he might find by the sirious pointstand
25 of Charley's Wain (what betune the spheres sledding along the
26 lacteal and the mansions of the blest turning on old times) as ere-
27 while had he craved of thus, the dreamskwindel necklassoed him,
28 his thumbs fell into his fists and, lusosing the harmonical balance
29 of his ballbearing extremities, by the holy kettle, like a flask of
30 lightning over he careened (O the sons of the fathers!) by the
31 mightyfine weight of his barrel (all that prevented the happering
32 of who if not the asterisks betwink themselves shall ever?) and,
33 as the wisest postlude course he could playact, collaspsed in en-
34 semble and rolled buoyantly backwards in less than a twink-
35 ling via Rattigan's corner out of farther earshot with his highly
36 curious mode of slipashod motion, surefoot, sorefoot, slickfoot,

1 slackfoot, linkman laizurely, lampman loungey, and by Killesther's
2 lapes and falls, with corks, staves and treeleaves and more bub-
3 bles to his keelrow a fairish and easy way enough as the town cow
4 cries behind the times in the direction of Mac Auliffe's, the crucet-
5 house, *Open the Door Softly*, down in the valley before he was
6 really uprighted ere in a dip of the downs (uila!) he spoorlessly
7 disappaled and vanessed, like a popo down a papa, from circular
8 circulatio. Ah, mean!

9 Gaogaogaone! Tapaa!

10 And the stellas were shinings. And the earthnight strewed
11 aromatose. His pibrook creppt mong the donkness. A reek was
12 waft on the luftstream. He was ours, all fragrance. And we were
13 his for a lifetime. O dulcid dreamings languidous! Taboccoo!

14 It was sharming! But sharmeng!

15 And the lamp went out as it couldn't glow on burning, yep, the
16 Imp went out for it couldn't stay alight.

17 Well, (how dire do we thee hours when thylike fades!) all's dall
18 and youllow and it is to bedowern that thou art passing hence,
19 mine bruder, able Shaun, with a twisking of the robe, ere the
20 morning of light calms our hardest throes? beyond cods' cradle
21 and porpoise plain, from camal relations undfamiliar faces, to the
22 inds of Tuskland where the oliphants scrum till the ousts of
23 Amiracles where the toll stories grow proudest, more is the pity,
24 but for all your deeds of goodness you were soo ooft and for
25 ever doing, manomano and myriamilia even to mulimuli, as
26 our humbler classes, whose virtue is humility, can tell, it is hardly
27 we in the country of the old, Sean Moy, can part you for, oleypoe,
28 you were the walking saint, you were, tootoo too stayer, the
29 graced of gods and pittites and the salus of the wake. Countenance
30 whose disparition afflictedly fond Fuinn feels. Winner of the
31 gamings, primed at the studience, propredicted from the story-
32 bouts, the choice of ages wise! Spickspookspokesman of our
33 specturesque silentiousness! Musha, beminded of us out there in
34 Cockpit, poor twelve o'clock scholars, sometime or other any-
35 when you think the time. Wisha, becoming back to us way home
36 in Bidyhouse one way or either anywhere we miss your smile.

1 Palmwine breadfruit sweetmeat milksoup! Suasusupo! However!
2 Our people here in Samoanesia will not be after forgetting you
3 and the elders lukiing and marking the jornies, chalkin up drizzle
4 in drizzle out on the four bare mats. How you would be thinking
5 in your thoughts how the deepings did it all begin and how you
6 would be scrimmaging through your scruples to collar a hold of
7 an imperfection being committled. Sireland calls you. Mery Loye
8 is saling moonlike. And Slyly mamourneen's ladymaid at Glads-
9 house Lodge. Turn your coat, strong character, and tarry among
10 us down the vale, yougander, only once more! And may the mosse
11 of prosperousness gather you rolling home! May foggy dews be-
12 diamondise your hoopriings! May the fireplug of filiality reinsure
13 your bunghole! May the barleywind behind glow luck to your
14 bathershins! 'Tis well we know you were loth to leave us,
15 winding your hobbledehorn, right royal post, but, aruah sure,
16 pulse of our slumber, dreambookpage, by the grace of Votre
17 Dame, when the natural morning of your nocturne blankmerges
18 into the national morning of golden sunup and Don Leary gets
19 his own back from old grog Georges Quartos as that goodship the
20 Jonnyjoys takes the wind from waterlogged Erin's king, you
21 will shiff across the Moylendsea and round up in your own
22 escapology some canonisator's day or other, sack on back, alack!
23 digging snow, (not so?) like the good man you are, with your
24 picture pockets turned knockside out in the rake of the rain for
25 fresh remittances and from that till this in any case, timus tenant,
26 may the tussocks grow quickly under your trampthickets and
27 the daisies trip lightly over your battercops.

1 Jaunty Jaun, as I was shortly before that made aware, next
2 halted to fetch a breath, the first cothurminous leg of his night-
3 stride being pulled through, and to loosen (let God's son now be
4 looking down on the poor preamble!) both of his bruised
5 brogues that were plainly made a good bit before his hosen were,
6 at the weir by Lazar's Walk (for far and wide, as large as he was
7 lively, was he noted for his humane treatment of any kind of
8 abused footgear), a matter of maybe nine score or so barrelhours
9 distance off as truly he merited to do. He was there, you could
10 planemetrically see, when I took a closer look at him, that was to
11 say, (gracious helpings, at this rate of growing our cotted child of
12 yestereve will soon fill space and burst in systems, so speeds the
13 instant!) amply altered for the brighter, though still the graven
14 image of his squarer self as he was used to be, perspiring but
15 happy notwithstanding his foot was still asleep on him, the way
16 he thought, by the holy januarious, he had a bullock's hoof in his
17 buskin, with his halluxes so splendid, through Ireland untran-
18 scended, bigmouthed poesther, propped up, restant, against a
19 butterblond warden of the peace, one comestabulish Sigurdsen,
20 (and where a better than such exsearfaceman to rest from roving
21 the laddyown he bootblackened?) who, buried upright like the
22 Osbornes, kozydozy, had tumbled slumbersomely on sleep at
23 night duty behind the curing station, equilebriated amid the
24 embracings of a monopolized bottle.

1 Now, there were as many as twentynine hedge daughters out
2 of Benent Saint Berched's national nightschool (for they seemed
3 to remember how it was still a once-upon-a-four year) learning
4 their antemeridian lesson of life, under its tree, against its warn-
5 ing, beseated, as they were, upon the brinkspondy, attracted to
6 the rarerust sight of the first human yellowstone landmark (the
7 bear, the boer, the king of all boors, sir Humphrey his knave
8 we met on the moors!) while they paddled away, keeping time
9 magnetically with their eight and fifty pedalettes, playing foolu-
10 fool jouay allo misto posto, O so jaonickally, all barely in their
11 tytap teens, describing a charming dactylogram of nocturnes
12 though repelled by the snores of the log who looked stuck to
13 the sod as ever and oft, when liquefied, (vil!) he murmoaned
14 abasourdy in his Dutchener's native, visibly unmoved, over his
15 treasure trove for the crown: *Dotter dead bedstead mean diggy*
16 *smuggy flasky!*

17 Jaun (after he had in the first place doffed a hat with a rein-
18 forced crown and bowed to all the others in that chorus of praise
19 of goodwill girls on their best beehivour who all they were girls
20 all rushing sowarmly for the post as buzzy as sie could bie to read
21 his kisshands, kittering all about, rushing and making a tremen-
22 dous girlsfuss over him pellmale, their *jeune premier* and his rosy-
23 posy smile, mussing his frizzy hair and the golliwog curls of him,
24 all, but that one; Finfria's fairest, done in loveletters like a trayful
25 of cloudberry tartlets (ain't they fine, mighty, mighty fine and
26 honoured?) and smilingly smelling, pair and pair about, broad
27 by bread and slender to slimmer, the nice perfumios that came
28 cunvy peeling off him (nice!) which was angelic simply, savouring
29 of wild thyme and parsley jumbled with breadcrumbs (O nice!)
30 and feeling his full fat pouch for him so tactily and jingaling
31 his jellybags for, though he looked a young chapplie of sixtine,
32 they could frole by his manhood that he was just the killingest
33 ladykiller all by kindness, now you, Jaun, asking kindlily (hillo,
34 missies!) after their howareyous at all with those of their dolly-
35 begs (and where's Agatha's lamb? and how are Bernadetta's
36 columbillas? and Juliennaw's tubberbunnies? and Eulalina's

1 tiggerfunnies?) he next went on (finefeelingfit!) to drop a few
2 stray remarks anent their personal appearances and the contrary
3 tastes displayed in their tight kittycasques and their smart fricky-
4 frockies, asking coy one after sloy one had she read Irish legginds
5 and gently reproving one that the ham of her hom could be
6 seen below her hem and whispering another aside, as lavariant,
7 that the hook of her hum was open a bittock at her back to have
8 a sideeye to that, hom, (and all of course just to fill up a form
9 out of pure human kindness and in a sprite of fun) for Jaun, by
10 the way, was by the way of becoming (I think, I hope he was)
11 the most purely human being that ever was called man, loving all
12 up and down the whole creation from Sampson's tyke to Jones's
13 sprat and from the King of all Wrenns down to infuseries) Jaun,
14 after those few prelimbs made out through his eroscope the
15 apparition of his fond sister Izzy for he knowed his love by her
16 waves of splabashing and she showed him proof by her way of
17 blabushing nor could he forget her so tarnelly easy as all that
18 since he was brotherbesides her benedict godfather and heaven
19 knows he thought the world and his life of her sweet heart could
20 buy, (brao!) poor, good, true, Jaun!

21 — Sister dearest, Jaun delivered himself with express cordia-
22 lity, marked by clearance of diction and general delivery, as he
23 began to take leave of his scolastica at once so as to gain time
24 with deep affection, we honestly believe you sorely will miss us
25 the moment we exit yet we feel as a martyr to the dischurch of
26 all duty that it is about time, by Great Harry, we would shove
27 off to stray on our long last journey and not be the load on ye.
28 This is the gross proceeds of your teachings in which we were
29 raised, you, sis, that used to write to us the exceeding nice letters
30 for presentation and would be telling us anon (full well do we
31 wont to recall to mind) thy oldworld tales of homespinning and
32 derringdo and dieobscure and daddyho, these tales which reliter-
33 ately whisked off our heart so narrated by thou, gesweest, to
34 perfection, our pet pupil of the whole rhythmetic class and the
35 mainsay of our erigenal house, the time we younkens twain were
36 fairly tossing ourselves (O Phoebus! O Pollux!) in bed, having

1 been laid up with Castor's oil on the Parrish's syrup (the night
2 we will remember) for to share our hard suite of affections with
3 thee.

4 I rise, O fair assemblage! Andcommencio. Now then, after
5 this introit of exordium, my galaxy girls, quiproquo of directions
6 to henservants I was asking his advice on the strict T.T. from
7 Father Mike, P.P., my orational dominican and confessor doctor,
8 C.C.D.D. (buy the birds, he was saying as he yerked me under
9 the ribs sermon in an offrand way and confidence between peas
10 like ourselves in soandso many nuncupiscent words about how he
11 had been confarreating teat-a-teat with two viragos intactas about
12 what an awful life he led, poorish priced, uttering mass for a
13 coppall of geldings and what a lawful day it was, there and then,
14 for a consummation with an effusion and how, by all the manny
15 larries ate pignatties, how, hell in tunnels, he'd marry me any
16 old buckling time as flying quick as he'd look at me) and I am
17 giving youth now again in words of style byaway of offertory
18 hisand mikeadvice, an it place the person, as ere he retook him
19 to his cure, those verbs he said to me. From above. The most
20 eminent bishop titular of Dubloonik to all his purtybusses in
21 Dellabelliney. Comeallyedimseldamsels, siddle down and lissle
22 all! Follow me close! Keep me in view! Understeady me saries!
23 Which is to all practising massoeurses from a preaching freer and
24 be a gentleman without a duster before a parlourmade with-
25 out a spitch. Now. During our brief apsence from this furtive
26 feugtig season adhere to as many as probable of the ten com-
27 mandments. touching purgations and indulgences and in the long
28 run they will prove for your better guidance along your path of
29 right of way. Where the lisieuse are we and what's the first sing
30 to be sung? Is it rubrics, mandarimus, pasqualines, or verdidads
31 is in it, or the bruiselivid indecores of estreme voyoulence and,
32 for the lover of lithurgy, bekant or besant, where's the fate's to
33 be wished for? Several sindays after whatsintime. I'll sack that sick
34 server the minute I bless him. That's the mokst I can do for his
35 grapce. Economy of movement, axe why said. I've a hopesome's
36 choice if I chouse of all the sinkts in the colander. From the com-

1 mon for ignitious Purpalume to the proper of Francisco Ultramare,
2 last of scorchers, third of snows, in terrorgammons howdydos.
3 Here she's, is a bell, that's wares in heaven, virginwhite, Undetri-
4 gesima, vikissy manonna. Doremon's! The same or similar to be
5 kindly observed within the affianced dietcess of Gay O'Toole
6 and Gloamy Gwenn du Lake (Danish spoken!) from Manducare
7 Monday up till farrier's siesta in china dominos. Words taken in
8 triumph, my sweet assistance, from the sufferant pen of our joco-
9 sus inkerman militant of the reed behind the ear.

10 Never miss your lostsomewhere mass for the couple in Myles
11 you butrose to brideworship. Never hate mere pork which is bad
12 for your knife of a good friday. Never let a hog of the howth
13 trample underfoot your linen of Killiney. Never play lady's game
14 for the Lord's stake. Never lose your heart away till you win his
15 diamond back. Make a strong point of never kicking up your
16 rumpus over the scroll end of sofas in the Dar Bey Coll Cafeteria
17 by tootling risky apropos songs at commercial travellers' smokers
18 for their Columbian nights entertainments the like of *White limbs*
19 *they never stop teasing* or *Minxy was a Manxmaid when Murry*
20 *wor a Man*. And, by the bun, is it you goes bisbuiting His Esaus
21 and Cos and then throws them bag in the box? Why the tin's
22 nearly empty. First thou shalt not smile. Twice thou shalt not
23 love. Lust, thou shalt not commix idolatry. Hip confiners help
24 compunction. Never park your brief stays in the men's con-
25 venience. Never clean your buttoncups with your dirty pair of
26 sassers. Never ask his first person where's your quickest cut to
27 our last place. Never let the promising hand usemake free of
28 your oncemaidsacral. The soft side of the axe! A coil of cord, a
29 colleen coy, a blush on a bush turned first man's laughter into
30 wailful moither. O foolish cuppled! Ah, dice's error! Never dip
31 in the ern while you've browsers on your suite. Never slip the
32 silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man,
33 collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where you
34 truss be circumspicious and look before you leak, dears. Never
35 christen medlard apples till a swithin is in sight. Wet your thistle
36 where a weed is and you'll rue it,despyneedis. Especially beware

1 please of being at a party to any demoralizing home life. That
2 saps a chap. Keep cool faith in the firm, have warm hoep in the
3 house and begin frem athome to be chary of charity. Where it
4 is nobler in the main to supper than the boys and errors of out-
5 rager's virtue. Give back those stolen kisses; restaure those all-
6 cotten glooves. Recollect the yella perals that all too often beset
7 green gerils, Rhidarhoda and Daradora, once they gethobby-
8 horsical, playing breeches parts for Bessy Sudlow in flesh-
9 coloured pantos instead of earthing down in the coalhole trying
10 to boil the big gun's dinner. Leg-before-Wicked lags-behind-
11 Wall where here Mr Whicker whacked a great fall. Femora-
12 familla feeled it a candleliked but Hayes, Conyngham and Erobin-
13 son sware it's an egg. Forglim mick aye! Stay, forestand and
14 tillgive it! Remember the biter's bitters I shed the vigil I buried
15 our Harlotte Quai from poor Mrs Mangain's of Britain Court on
16 the feast of Marie Maudlin. Ah, who would wipe her weeper dry
17 and lead her to the halter? Sold in her heyday, laid in the straw,
18 bought for one puny petunia. Moral: if you can't point a lily get
19 to henna out of here! Put your swell foot foremost on foulardy
20 pneumonia shertwaists, irriconcilible with true fiminin risirvi-
21 tion and ribbons of lace, limenick's disgrace. Sure, what is it on the
22 whole only holes tied together, the merest and transparent washing-
23 tones to make Languid Lola's lingery longer? Scenta Clauthes
24 stiffstuffs your hose and heartsies full of temptiness. Vanity flee
25 and Verity fear! Diobell! Whalebones and buskbutts may hurt
26 you (thwackaway thwuck!) but never lay bare your breast sec-
27 ret (dickette's place!) to joy a Jonas in the Dolphin's Barncar
28 with your meetual fan, Doveyed Covetfilles, come pulsing payn-
29 attention spasms between the averthisment for Ulikah's wine and
30 a pair of pulldoors of the old cupiosity shape. There you'll fix
31 your eyes darkled on the autocart of the bringfast cable but here
32 till youre martimorphysed please sit still face to face. For if the
33 shorth of your skorth falls down to his knees pray how wrong
34 will he look till he rises? Not before Gravesend is commuted. But
35 now reappears Autist Algy, the pulcherman and would-do per-
36 former, o/leas Mr Smuth, stated by the vice crusaders to be well

1 known to all the dallytaunties in and near the ciudad of Buellas
2 Arias, taking you to the playguehouse to see the *Smirching of*
3 *Venus* and asking with whispered offers in a very low bearded
4 voice, with a nice little tiny manner and in a very nice little tony
5 way, won't you be an artist's moral and pose in your nudies as a
6 local esthetic before voluble old masters, introducing you, left
7 to right the party comprises, to hogarths like Bottisilly and
8 Titteretto and Vergognese and Coraggio with their extrahand
9 Mazzaccio, plus the usual bilker's dozen of dowdycameramen.
10 And the volses of lewd Buylan, for innocence! And the phylli-
11 sophies of Bussup Bulkeley. O, the frecklessness of the giddies
12 nouveautays! There's many's the icepolled globetopper is haunt-
13 ed by the hottest spot under his equator like Ramrod, the meaty
14 hunter, always jaeger for a thrust. The back beautiful, the un-
15 draped divine! And Suzy's Moedl's with their Blue Danuboyes!
16 All blah! Viper's vapid vilest! Put off the old man at the very
17 font and get right on with the nutty sparker round the back.
18 Slip your oval out of touch and let the paravis be your goal.
19 Up leather, Prunella, convert your try! Stick wicks in your ear-
20 shells when you hear the prompter's voice. Look on a boa in
21 his beauty and you'll never more wear your strawberry leaves.
22 Rely on the relic. What bondman ever you bind on earth I'll be
23 bound 'twas combined in hemel. Keep airly hores and the worm
24 is yores. Dress the pussy for her nighty and follow her piggy-
25 tails up their way to Winkyland. See little poupeep she's firsht
26 ashleep. After having sat your poetries and you know what
27 happens when chine throws over jupan. Go to doss with
28 the poulterer, you understand, and shake up with the milch-
29 mand. The Sully van vultures are on the prowl. And the
30 hailies fingringmaries. Tobaccos tabu and toboggan's a back
31 seat. Secret satieties and onanymous letters make the great un-
32 watched as bad as their betters. Don't on any account acquire
33 a paunchon for that alltoocommon fagbutt habit of frequenting
34 and chumming together with the braces of couples in Mr Tun-
35 nelly's hallways (smash it) wriggling with lowcusses and cock-
36 chafers and vamps and rodants, with the end to commit acts of

1 interstipital indecency as between twineties and tapegarters.
2 fingerpats on fondlepets, under the couvrefeu act. It's the thin
3 end; wedge your steps! Your high powered hefty hoyden thinks
4 nothing of ramping through a whole suite of smokeless hus-
5 bands. Three minutes I'm counting you. Woooooon. No triching
6 now! Give me that when I tell you! *Ragazza ladra!* And is that
7 any place to be smuggling his madam's apples up? Deceitful
8 jade. Gee wedge! Begor, I like the way they're half cooked.
9 Hold, flay, grill, fire that laney feeling for kosenkissing disgeni-
10 cally within the proscribed limits like Population Peg on a hint or
11 twim clandestinely does be doing to Temptation Tom, atkings
12 questions in barely and snakking svarewords like a nursemagd.
13 While there's men-a'war on the say there'll be loves-o'women
14 on the do. Love through the usual channels, cisternbrothelly,
15 when properly disinfected and taken neat in the generable way
16 upon retiring to roost in the company of a husband-in-law or
17 other respectable relative of an apposite sex, not love that leads
18 by the nose as I foreshmelt but canalised love, you understand,
19 does a felon good, suspiciously if he has a slugger's liver but I
20 cannot belabour the point too ardently (and after the lessions of
21 experience I speak from inspiration) that fetid spirits is the thief
22 of prurities, so none of your twenty rod cherrywhisks, me
23 daughter! At the Cat and Coney or the Spotted Dog. And at
24 2bis Lot's Road. When parties get tight for each other they lose
25 all respect together. By the stench of her fizzle and the glib of her
26 gab know the drunken draggletail Dublin drab. You'll pay for
27 each bally sorraday night every billing sumday morning. When
28 the night is in May and the moon shines might. We won't meeth
29 in Navan till you try to give the Kellsfrieclub the goby. Hill or
30 hollow, Hull or Hague! And beware how you dare of wet cock-
31 tails in Kildare or the same may see your wedding driving home
32 from your wake. Makes of ashens when you flirt spoil the lad
33 but spare his shirt! Lay your lilylike long his shoulder but buck
34 back if he butts bolder and just hep your homely hop and heed
35 no horning but if you've got some brainy notion to raise cancan
36 and rouse commotion I'll be apt to flail that tail for you till it's

1 borning. Let the love ladlelike at the eye girde your gastricks
2 in the gym. Nor must you omit to screw the lid firmly on that
3 jazz jiggery and kick starts. Bumping races on the flat and point
4 to point over obstacles. Ridewheeling that acclivisciously up
5 windy Rutland Rise and insighting rebellious northers before the
6 saunter of the city of Dunlob. Then breretonbiking on the free
7 with your airs of go-be-dee and your heels upon the handlebars.
8 Berrboel brazeness! No, before your corselage rib is decartilaged,
9 that is to mean if you have visceral ptosis, my point is, making
10 allowances for the fads of your weak abdominal wall and your
11 liver asprewl, vinvin, vinvin, or should you feel, in shorts, as
12 though you needed healthy physicking exorcise to flush your
13 kidneys, you understand, and move that twelffinger bowel and
14 threadworm inhibitating it, lassy, and perspire freely, lict your
15 lector in the lobby and why out you go by the ostiary on to
16 the dirt track and skip! Be a sportive. Deal with Nature the great
17 greengrocer and pay regularly the monthlies. Your Punt's Per-
18 fume's only in the hatpinny shop beside the reek of the rawny.
19 It's more important than air—I mean than eats—air (Oop, I
20 never open momouth but I pack mefood in it) and promotes that
21 natural emotion. Stamp out bad eggs. Why so many puddings
22 prove disappointing, as Dietician says, in Creature Comforts
23 Causeries, and why so much soup is so muck slop. If we
24 could fatten on the elizabeetons we wouldn't have teeth like
25 the hippopotamians. However. Likewise if I were in your
26 envelope shirt I'd keep my weathereye well cocked open for
27 your furnished lodgers paying for their feed on tally with
28 company and piano tunes. Only stuprifying yourself! The too
29 friendly friend sort, Mazourikawitch o- some other sukinsin of
30 a vitch, who he's kommen from olt Pannonia on this porpoise
31 whom sue stooderin about the maul and femurl artickles and who
32 mix himself so at home mid the musik and spansks the ivory
33 that lovely for this your Mistro Melosiosus MacShine MacShane
34 may soon prove your undoing and bane through the succeeding
35 years of rain should you, whilst Jaun is from home, get used to
36 basking in his loverslowlap, inordinately clad, moustacheteasing,

1 when closehended together behind locked doors, kissing steadily,
2 (malbongusta, it's not the thing you know!) with the calfloving
3 selfseeker, under the influence of woman, inching up to you, dis-
4 arranging your modesties and fumblingwith his forte paws in your
5 bodice after your billy doos twy as a first go off (take care, would
6 you stray and split on me!) and going on doing his idiot every
7 time you gave him his chance to get thick and play pigglywiggly,
8 making much of you, bilgetalking like a ditherer, gougouzoug,
9 about your glad neck and the round globe and the white milk and
10 the red raspberries (O horri fier!) and prying down furthermore to
11 chance his lucky arm with his pregnant questions up to our past
12 lives. What has that caught to sing with him? The next fling
13 you'll be squitting on the Tubber Nakel, pouring pitchers to the
14 well for old Gloatsdane's glorification and the postequities of
15 the Black Watch, peeping private from the Bush and Rangers.
16 And our local busybody, talker-go-bragk. Worse again! Off of
17 that praying fan on to them priars! It would be a whorable state
18 of affairs altogether for the redcolumnists of presswritten epics,
19 Peter Paragraph and Paulus Puff, (I'm keepsoaking them to cover
20 my concerts) to get ahold of for their balloons and shoot you
21 private by surprise, considering the marriage slump that's on this
22 oil age and pulexes three shillings a pint and wives at six and
23 seven when domestic calamities belame par and newlaid bellow
24 mar for the twenty twotoosent Lime thwealthy took thousands
25 in the slack march of civilisation were you, becoming guilty of
26 unleckylike intoxication to have and to hold, to pig and to pay
27 direct connection, *qua* intervener, with a prominent married member
28 of the vicereeking squad and, in consequence of the therein-
29 under subpenas, be flummoxed to the second degree by becoming a
30 detestificated companykeeper on the dammymonde of Luca-
31 lamplight. Anything but that, for the fear and love of gold! Once
32 and for all, I'll have no college swankies (you see, I am well
33 voiced in love's arsenal and all its overtures from collion boys
34 to colleen bawns so I have every reason to know that rogues'
35 gallery of nightbirds and bitchfanciers, lucky duffs and light
36 lindsays, haughty hamiltons and gay gordons, dosed, doctored

1 and otherwise, messing around skirts and what their fickling in-
2 tentions look like, you make up your mind to that) trespassing
3 on your danger zone in the dancer years. If ever I catch you at it,
4 mind, it's you that will cocottch it! I'll tackle you to feel if you
5 have a few devils in you. Holy gun, I'll give it to you, hot, high
6 and heavy before you can say sedro! Or may the maledictions
7 of Lousyfear fall like nettlerash on the white friar's father that
8 converted from moonshine the fostermother of the first nancy-
9 free that ran off after the trumpadour that mangled Moore's melo-
10 dies and so upturned the tubshead of the stardaft journalwriter
11 to inspire the prime finisher to fellhim the firtree out of which
12 Cooper Funnymore planed the flat of the beerbarrel on which
13 my grandydad's lustiest sat his seat of unwisdom with my tante's
14 petted sister for the cause of his joy! Amene.

15 Poof! There's puff for ye, begor, and planxty of it, all abound
16 me breadth! Glor galore and glory be! As broad as its lung and
17 as long as a line! The valiantine vaux of Venerable Val Vous-
18 dem. If my jaws must brass away like the due drops on my lay.
19 And the topnoted delivery you'd expected be me invoice! Theo
20 Dunnahoo's warning from Daddy O'Dowd. Whoo? What I'm
21 wondering to myselfwhose for there's a strong tendency, to put
22 it mildly,by making me the medium. I feel spirits of itchery out-
23 ching out from all over me and only for the sludgehammer's
24 force in my hand to hold them the darkens alone knows what'll
25 who'll be saying of next. However. Now, before my upperotic
26 rogister, something nice. Now? Dear Sister, in perfect leave again I
27 say take a brokerly advice and keep it to yourself that we, Jaun, first
28 of our name here now make all receptacles of,free of price. Easy,
29 my dear, if they tingle you either say nothing or nod. No cheeka-
30 cheek with chipperchapper, you and your last mashboy and the
31 padre in the pulpbox enumerating you his nostrums. Be vacillant
32 over those vigilant who would leave you to belave black on white.
33 Close in for psychical hijiniks as well but fight shy of mugpunters.
34 I'd burn the books that grieve you and light an allassundrian bom
35 pyre that would suffragate Tome Plyfire or Zolfanerole. Prouse
36 instate your *Weekly Standerd*, our verile organ that is ethelred by all

1 pressdom. Apply your five wits to the four verilatest. The Arsdiken's *An Traitey on Miracula* or *Viewed to Death by a Priest*
2 *Hunter* is still first in the field despite the castle bar, William
3 Archer's a rompan good cathalogue and he'll give you a riser on
4 the route to our nazional labronry. Skim over *Through Hell*
5 *with the Papes* (mostly boys) by the divine comic Denti Alligator
6 (exsponging your index) and find a quip in a quire arisus aream
7 from bastardtitle to fatherjohnson. Swear aloud by pious fiction
8 the like of *Lentil Lore* by Carnival Cullen or that *Percy Wynns*
9 of our S. J. Finn's or *Pease in Plenty* by the Curer of Wars,
10 licensed and censored by our most picturesque prelates, Their
11 Graces of Linzen and Petitbois, bishops of Hibernites, licet ut
12 lebanus, for expansion on the promises, the two best sells on the
13 market this luckiest year, set up by Gill the father, put out by Gill
14 the son and circulating disimally at Gillydehooly's Cost. Strike up
15 a nodding acquaintance for our doctrine with the works of old
16 Mrs Trot, senior, and Manoel Canter, junior, and Loper de Figas,
17 nates maximum. I used to follow Mary Liddlelambe's flitsy tales,
18 espically with the scentaminted sauce. Sifted science will do your
19 arts good. *Egg Laid by Former Cock* and *With Flageolettes in Send*
20 *Fanciesland*. Chiefly girls. Trip over sacramental tea into the long
21 lives of our saints and saucerdotes, with vignettes, cut short into
22 instructual primers by those in authority for the bittermint of your
23 soughts. Forfet not the palsied. Light a match for poor old
24 Contrabally and send some balmoil for the schizmatic. A hemd
25 in need is aye a friendly deed. Remember, maid, thou dust art
26 powder but Cinderella thou must return (what are you robbing
27 her sleeve for, Ruby? And pull in your tongue, Polly!). Cog that
28 out of your teen times, everyone. The lad who brooks no
29 breaches lifts the lass that toffs a tailor. How dare ye be laughing
30 out of your mouthshine at the lack of that? Keep cool your fresh
31 chastity which is far better far. Sooner than part with that vesta-
32 lite emerald of the first importance, descended to me by far from
33 our family, which you treasure up so closely where extremes
34 meet, nay, mozzed lesmended, rather let the whole ekumene
35 universe belong to merry Hal and do whatever his Mary well
36

1 likes. When the gong goes for hornets-two-nest marriage step
2 into your harness and strip off that nullity suit. Faminy, hold
3 back! For the race is to the rashest of, the romping, jomping
4 rushes of. Haul Seton's down, black, green and grey, and hoist
5 Mikealy's whey and sawdust. What's overdressed if underclothed?
6 Popsht forstake me knot where there's white lets ope. Whisht!
7 Blesht she that walked with good Jook Humprey for he made
8 her happytight. Go! You can down all the dripping you can
9 duple to, and buffkid scouse too ad libidinum, in these lassi-
10 tudes if you've parents and things to look after. That was what
11 stuck to the Comtesse Cantilene while she was sticking out Mavis
12 Toffeelips to feed her soprannated huspals, and it is henceforth
13 associated with her names. La Dreeping! Die Droopink! The
14 inimitable in puresuet of the inevitable! There's nothing to touch
15 it, we are taucht, unless she'd care for a mouthpull of white pud-
16 ding for the wish is on her rose marine and the lunchlight in her
17 eye, so when you pet the rollingpin write my name on the pie.
18 Guard that gem, Sissy, rich and rare, ses he. In this cold old
19 worold who'll feel it? Hum! The jewel you're all so cracked
20 about there's flitty few of them gets it for there's nothing now
21 but the sable stoles and a runabout to match it. Sing him a ring.
22 Touch me low. And I'll lech ye so, my soandso. Show and show.
23 Show on show. She. Shoe. Shone.

24 Divulge, sjuddenly jouted out hardworking Jaun, kicking
25 the console to his double and braying aloud like Brahaam's ass,
26 and, as his voixehumanar swelled to great, clenching his manlies,
27 so highly strong was he, man, and gradually quite warming to
28 her (there must have been a power of kinantics in that buel
29 of gruel he gobed at bedgo) divorce into me and say the cur-
30 name in undress (if you get into trouble with a party you are
31 not likely to forget his appearance either) of any lapwhelp or
32 sleevemongrel who talks to you upon the road where he tuck
33 you to be a roller, O, (the goattanned saxopeeler upshotdown
34 chigs peel of him!) and volunteers to trifle with your round-
35 lings for profferred glass and dough, the marrying hand that
36 his leisure repents of, without taking out his proper password

1 from the eligible ministriss for affairs with the black fremdling,
2 that enemy of our country, in a cleanlooking light and I don't
3 care a tongser's tammany hang who the mucky is nor twoo
4 hoots in the corner nor three shouts on a hill (were he even
5 a constantineal namesuch of my very own, Attaboy Knowling,
6 and like enoch to my townmajor ancestors, the two that are
7 taking out their divorces in the Spooksbury courts circuits,
8 Rere Uncle Remus, the Baas of Eboracum and Old Father
9 Ulissabon Knickerbocker, the lanky sire of Wolverhampton,
10 about their bristelings), but as true as there's a soke for sakes in
11 Twoways Peterborough and sure as home we come to newsky
12 prospect from west the wave on schedule time (if I came any
13 quicker I'll be right back before I left) from the land of breach
14 of promise with Brendan's mantle whitening the Kerribrasilian
15 sea and March's pebbles spinning from beneath our footslips to
16 carry fire and sword, rest insured that as we value the very name
17 in sister that as soon as we do possibly it will be a poor lookout
18 for that insister. He's a markt man from that hour. And why do
19 we say that, you may query me? Quarry? Guess! Call'st thou?
20 Think and think and think, I urge on you. Muffed! The wrong
21 porridge. You are an ignoratis! Because then probably we'll
22 dumb well soon show him what the Shaun way is like how we'll
23 go a long way towards breaking his outsider's face for him for
24 making up to you with his bringthee balm of Gaylad and his
25 singthee songs of Arupee, chancetrying my ward's head into
26 sanctuary before feeling with his two dimensions for your nup-
27 tial dito. Ohibow, if I was Blonderboss I'd goandfrighthisdual-
28 man! Now, we'll tell you what we'll do to be sicker instead of
29 compensation. We'll he'll burst our his mouth like Leary to the
30 Leinsterface and reduce he'll we'll ournhisn liniments to a
31 poolp. Open the door softly, somebody wants you, dear! You'll
32 hear him calling you, bump, like a blizz, in the muezzin of the
33 turkest night. Come on now, pillarbox! I'll stiffen your scribeall,
34 broken reed! That'll be it, grand operoar style, even should I,
35 with my sleuts of hogpew and cheekas, have to coomb the brash
36 of the libs round Close Saint Patrice to lay my louseboob on his

1 behaitch like solitar. We are all eyes. I have his quoram of
2 images all on my retinue, Mohomadhawn Mike. Brassup! More-
3 over after that,bad manners to me,if I don't think strongly about
4 giving the brotherkeeper into custody to the first police bubbly
5 cunstableness of Dora's Diehards in the field I might chance to
6 follopon. Or for that matter, for your information, if I get the
7 wind up what do you bet in the buckets of my wrath I mightn't
8 even take it into my progromme, as sweet course, to do a rash act
9 and pitch in and swing for your perfect stranger in the meadow
10 of heppiness and then wipe the street up with the clonmellian,
11 pending my bringing proceedings verses the joyboy before a
12 bunch of magistrates and twelve good and gleeful men? *Filius*
13 *nullius per fas et nefas*. It should prove more or less of an event
14 and show the widest federal in my cup. He'll have pansements
15 then for his pensamientos, howling for peace. Pretty knocks, I
16 promise him with plenty burkes for his shins. Dumnlirn wimn
17 humn. In which case I'll not be complete in fighting lust until I
18 contrive to half kill your Charley you're my darling for you and
19 send him to Home Surgeon Hume, the algebrist, before his ap-
20 pointed time, particularly should he turn out to be a man in brown
21 about town, Rollo the Gunger, son of a wants a flurewaltzer to
22 Arnolff's, picking up ideas, of well over or about fiftysix or so,
23 pithecoid proportions, with perhaps five foot eight, the usual
24 X Y Z type, R.C. Toc H, nothing but claret, not in the studbook
25 by a long storch, with a toothbrush moustache and jawcrockeries,
26 *alias* grinner through collar, and of course no beard, meat and
27 colmans suit, with tar's baggy slacks, obviously too roomy for
28 him and springside boots, washing tie, Father Mathew's bridge
29 pin, sipping some Wheatley's at Rhoss's on a barstool, with some
30 pubpal of the Olaf Stout kidney, always trying to pourchase mov-
31 ables by hebdomedaries for to putt in a new house to loot, cigarette
32 in his holder, with a good job and pension in Buinness's, what
33 about our trip to Normandy style conversation, with an oc-
34 casional they say that filmacoulored featured at the Mothrapurl
35 skrene about Michan and his lost angeleens is corkyshows do
36 morvaloos, blueygreen eyes a bit scummy developing a series of

1 angry boils with certain references to the Deity, seeking relief
2 in alcohol and so on, general omnibus character with a dash of
3 railwaybrain, stale cough and an occasional twinge of claudication,
4 having his favourite fecundclass family of upwards of a decade,
5 both harefoot and loadenbrogued, to boot and buy off, lmean.
6 So let it be a knuckle or an elbow, I hereby admonish you!
7 It may all be topping fun but it's tip and run and touch and flow
8 for every whack when Marie stopes Phil fluther's game to go.
9 Arms arome, side aside, face into the wall. To the tumble of the
10 toss tot the trouble of the swaddled, O. And lest there be no
11 misconception, Miss Forstowelsy, over who to fasten the plight-
12 forlifer on (threehundred and thirty three to one on Rue the
13 Day!) when the nice little smellar squalls in his crydle what the
14 dirty old bigger'll be squealing through his coughin you better
15 keep in the gunbarrel straight around vokseburst as I recommence
16 you to (you gypseyeyed baggage, do you hear what I'm praying?)
17 or, Gash, without butthering my head to assortail whose stroke
18 forced or which struck backly, I'll be all over you myselx hori-
19 zontally, as the straphanger said, for knocking me with my name
20 and yourself and your babybag down at such a greet sacrifice with
21 a rap of the gavel to a third price cowhandler as cheap as the nig-
22 gerd's dirt (for sale!) or I'll smack your fruitflavoured jujube lips
23 well for you,so I will well for you,if you don't keep a civil tongue
24 in your pigeonhouse. The pleasures of love lasts but a fleeting but
25 the pledges of life outlusts a lieftime. I'll have it in for you. I'll
26 teach you bed minners, tip for tap, to be playing your oddaugghter
27 tangotricks with micky dazzlers if I find corsehairs on your
28 river-frock and the squirmside of your burberry lupitally covered
29 with chiffchaff and shavings. Up Rosemiry Lean and Potanasty
30 Rod you wos, wos you? I overstand you, you understand. Ask-
31 ing Annybetyelsas to carry your parcels and you dreaming of
32 net glory. You'll ging naemaer wi'Wolf the Ganger. Cutting
33 chapel, were you? and had dates with slickers in particular
34 hotels, had we? Lonely went to play your mother, isod? You was
35 wiffriends? Hay, dot's a doll yarn! Mark mean then! I'll homesseek
36 you, Luperca as sure as there's a palatine in Limerick and in

1 striped conference here's how. Nerbu de Bios! If you twos goes
2 to walk upon the railway, Gard, and I'll goad to beat behind the
3 bush! See to it! Snip! It's up to you. I'll be hatsnatching harrier
4 to hiding huries hinder hedge. Snap! I'll tear up your limpshades
5 and lock all your trotters in the closet, I will, and cut your silk-
6 skin into garters. You'll give up your ask unbrodhel ways when
7 I make you reely smart. So skelp your budd and kiss the hurt!
8 I'll have plenary sadisfaction, plays the bishop, for your partial's
9 indulgences if your my rodeo gell. Fair man and foul suggestion.
10 There's a lot of lecit pleasure coming bangslanging your way,
11 Miss Pinpernelly satin. For your own good, you understand, for
12 the man who lifts his pud to a woman is saving the way for
13 kindness. You'll rebmemer your mottob *Aveh Tiger Roma*
14 mikely smarter the nickst time. For I'll just draw my prancer
15 and give you one splitpuck in the crupper, you understand, that
16 will bring the poppy blush of shame to your peony hindmost till
17 you yelp papapardon and radden your rhodatantarums to the
18 beat of calorrubordolor, I am, I do and I suffer, (do you hear me
19 now, lickspoon, and stop looking at your bussycat bow in the
20 slate?) that you won't obliterate for the bulkier part of a running
21 year, failing to give a good account of yourself, if you think I'm
22 so tan cupid as all that. Lights out now (bouf!), tight and sleep
23 on it. And that's how I'll bottle your greedypuss beautibus for
24 ye, me bullin heifer, for 'tis I that have the peer of arrams that
25 carry a wallop. Between them.

26 Unbekownst to you would ire turn o'er see, a nuncio would
27 I return here. How (from the sublime to the ridiculous) times
28 out of oft, my future, shall we think with deepest of love and
29 recollection by rintrospection of thee but me far away on the
30 pillow, breathing foundly o'er my names all through the empties,
31 whilst moidhered by the rattle of the doppeldoorknockers. Our
32 homerole poet to Ostelinda, Fred Wetherly, puts it somewhys
33 better. You're sitting on me style, maybe, whereoft I helped
34 your ore. Littlegame rumilie from Liffalidebankum, (Toobli-
35 queme!) but a big corner fill you do in this unadulterated seat of
36 our affections. Aerwenger's my breed so may we uncreepingly

1 multipede like the sands on Amberhann! Sevenheavens, O heaven!
2 ly waount yiou! yore ways to melittleme were wonderful so
3 lckam purseproud in sending uym loveliest pansiful thoughts
4 touching me dash in-you through wee dots Hyphen, the so
5 pretty arched godkin of beddingnights. If I've proved to your
6 sallysfashion how I'm a man of Armor let me so, let me sue, let
7 me see your isabellis. How I shall, should I survive, as, please the
8 uniter of U.M.I. hearts, I am living in hopes to do, replacing
9 mig wandering handsup in yawers so yeager for mitch, positively
10 cover the two pure chicks of your comely plumpchake with
11 zuccherikissings, hong, kong, and so gong, that I'd scare the bats
12 out of the ivfry one of those puggy mornings, honestly, by my
13 rantandog and daddyoak I will, become come coming when,
14 upon the mingling of our meeting waters, wish to wisher, like
15 massive mountains to part no more, you will there and then, in
16 those happy moments of ouryour soft accord, rainkiss on me
17 back, for full marks with shouldered arms, and in that united
18 I.R.U. stade, when I come (touf! touf!) wildflier's fox into my
19 own greengeese again, swap sweetened smugs, six of one for half
20 a dozen of the other, till they'll bet we're the cuckoo derby
21 when cherries next come back to Ealing as come they must, as
22 they musted in their past, as they must for my pressing season,
23 as hereinafter must they chirrywill immediately suant on my
24 safe return to ignorance and bliss in my horseless Coppal Poor,
25 through suirland and noreland,kings country and queens, with
26 my ropes of pearls for gamey girls the way ye'll hardly. Knowme.
27 Slim ye, come slum with me and rally rats' roundup! 'Tis
28 post purification we will, sales of work and social service,
29 missus, completing our Abelite union by the adoption of
30 fosterlings. Embark for Euphonia! Up Murphy, Henson and
31 O'Dwyer, the Warchester Warders! I'll put in a shirt time
32 if you'll get through your shift and between us in our shared
33 slaves, brace to brassiere and shouter to shunter, we'll pull off our
34 working programme. Come into the garden guild and be free
35 of the gape athome! We'll circumcivicise all Dublin country.
36 Let us, the real Us, all ignite in our prepurgatory grade as apos-

1 cals and be instrumental to utensilise, help our Jakeline sisters
2 clean out the hogshole and generally ginger things up. Meliorism
3 in massquantities, raffling receipts and sharing sweepstakes till
4 navel, spokes and felloes hum like hymn. Burn only what's Irish,
5 accepting their coals. You will soothe the cokeblack bile that's
6 Anglia's and touch Armourican's iron core. Write me your
7 essayes, my vocational scholars, but corsorily, dipping your
8 nose in it, for Henrietta's sake, on mortinatality in the life of
9 jewries and the sludge of King Haarington's at its height, running
10 boulevards over the whole of it. I'd write it all by mownself if
11 I only had here of my jolly young watermen. Bear in mind, by
12 Michael, all the provincial's bananas peels and elacock eggs mak-
13 ing drawadust jubilee along Henry, Moore, Earl and Talbot
14 Streets. Luke at all the memmer manning he's dung for the pray
15 of birds, our priest-mayor-king-merchant, strewing the Castle-
16 knock Road and drawing manure upon it till the first glimpse of
17 Wales and from Ballses Breach Harshoe up to Dumping's Comer
18 with the Mirist fathers' brothers eleven versus White Friars out
19 on a rogation stag party. Compare them caponchin trowlers
20 with the Bridge of Belches in Fairview, noreast Dublin's favourite
21 souwest wateringplatz and ump as you lump it. What do you
22 mean by Jno Citizen and how do you think of Jas Pagan?
23 Compost liffe in Dufblin by Pierce Egan with the baugh in
24 Baughkley of Fino Ralli. Explain why there is such a number
25 of orders of religion in Asea! Why such an order number in
26 preference to any other number? Why any number in any order
27 at all? Now? Where is the greenest island off the black coats
28 of Spaign? Overset into universal: I am perdrix and upon my
29 pet ridge. Oralmus! Way, O way for the autointaxication of
30 our town of the Fords in a huddle! Hailfellow some wellmet
31 boneshaker or, to ascertain the facts for herself, run up your
32 showeryweather once and trust and take the Drumgondola tram
33 and, wearing the midlimb and vestee endorsed by the hierarchy
34 fitted with ecclastics, bending your steps, pick a trail and stand
35 on, say, Aston's, I advise you strongly, along quaith a copy of
36 the Seeds and Weeds Act when you have procured one for your-

1 self and take a good longing gaze into any nearby shopwindow
2 you may select at suppose, let us say, the hoyth of number
3 eleven, Kane or Keogh's, and in the course of about thirtytwo
4 minutes' time proceed to turn aroundabout on your heehills to-
5 wards the previous causeway and I shall be very cruelly mis-
6 taken indeed if you will not be jushed astunshed to see how you
7 will be meanwhile durn weel topcoated with kakes of slush
8 occasioned by the mush jam of the cross and blackwalls traffic
9 in transit. See Capels and then fly. Show me that complaint book
10 here. Where's Cowtends Kateclean, the woman with the muckrake?
11 When will the W.D. face of our sow muckloved d'lin, the Troia
12 of towns and Carmen of cities, crawling with mendiants in per-
13 forated clothing, get its wellbelavered white like l'pool and
14 m'chester? When's that grandnational goldcapped dupsydurby
15 houspill coming with its vomitives for our mothers-in-load and
16 stretchers for their devitalised males? I am all of me for freedom
17 of speed but who'll disasperaguss Pope's Avegnue or who'll
18 uproose the Opian Way? Who'll brighton Brayhowth and bait
19 the Bull Bailey and never despair of Lorcansby? The rampant
20 royal commissioners! 'Tis an ill weed blows no poppy good. And
21 this labour's worthy of my higher. Oil for meed and toil for feed
22 and a walk with the band for Job Loos. If I hope not charity what
23 profiteers me? Nothing! My tippers of flags are knobs of hard-
24 shape for it isagrim tale, keeping the father of curls from the
25 sport of oak. Do you know what, liddle giddles? One of those
26 days I am advised by the smiling voteseeker who's now snoring
27 elued to positively strike off hiking for good and all as I bldy
28 well bldy ought until such temse as some mood is made under
29 privy-sealed orders to get me an increase of automoboil and foot-
30 wear for these poor discalced and a bourse from bon Somewind for
31 a cure at Badanuweir (though where it's going to come from this
32 time —) as I sartunly think now, honest to John, for an income
33 plexus that that's about the sanguine boundary limit. Amean.
34 Sis dearest, Jaun added, with voise somewhit murky, what
35 though still high fa luting, as he turned his dorse to her to pay
36 court to it, and ouverleaved his booseys to give the note and

1 score, phonoscopically incuriosited and melancholic this time
2 whiles, as on the fulmament he gaped in wulderment, his on-
3 saturncast eyes in stellar attraction followed swift to an imagin-
4 ary swellaw, O, the vanity of Vanissy! All ends vanishing! Pur-
5 sonally, Grog help me, I am in no violent hurry. If time enough
6 lost the ducks walking easy found them. I'll nose a blue fonx
7 with any tristys blinking upon this earthlight of all them that
8 pass by the way of the deerdrive, conconey's run or wilfrid's
9 walk, but I'd turn back as lief as not if I could only spoonfind
10 the nippy girl of my heart's appointment, Mona Vera Toutou
11 lpostila, my lady of Lyons, to guide me by gastronomy under
12 her safe conduct. That's more in my line. I'd ask no kinder of
13 fates than to stay where I am, with my tinny of brownie's tea,
14 under the invocation of Saint Jamas Hanway, servant of Gamp,
15 lapidated, and Jacobus a Pershawm, intercissous, for my thuri-
16 fex, with Peter Roche, that frind of my boozum, leaning on my
17 cubits, at this passing moment by localoption in the birds' lodg-
18 ing, me pheasants among, where I'll dreamt that I'll dwealth mid
19 warblers' walls when throstles and choughs to my sigh hiehied,
20 with me hares standing up well and me longlugs dittoes, where
21 a maurdering row, the fox! has broken at the coward sight till
22 well on into the beausome of the exhaling night, pinching stop-
23 andgo jewels out of the hedges and catching dimtop brilliants
24 on the tip of my wagger but for that owledclock (fast cease to it!)
25 has just gone twoohoo the hour and that yen breezes zipping
26 round by Drumsally do be devils to play fleurt. I could sit on safe
27 side till the bark of Saint Grouseus for hoopoe's hours, till heoll's
28 hoerrisings, laughing lazy at the sheep's lightning and turn a wida-
29 most ear dreamily to the drummling of snipers, hearing the wire-
30 less harps of sweet old Aerial and the mails across the nightrives
31 (peepet! peepet!) and whippoor willy in the woody (moor park!
32 moor park!) as peacefed as a philopotamus, and crekking jugs
33 at the grenoulls, leaving tealeaves for the trout and belleeks for the
34 wary till I'd followed through my upfielded neviewscope the
35 rugaby moon cumuliously godrolling himself westasleep amuckst
36 the cloudscrums for to watch how carefully my nocturnal goose-

1 mother would lay her new golden sheegg for me down under in
2 the shy orient. What wouldn't I poach — the rent in my river-
3 side, my otther shoes, my beavery, honest! — ay, and melt my
4 belt for a dace feast of grannom with the finny ones, those happy
5 greppies in their minnowahaw, flashing down the swansway,
6 leaps ahead of the swift MacEels, the big Gillaroo redfellows
7 and the pursewinded carpers, rearin artis rood perches astench
8 of me, or, when I'd like own company best, with the help of a
9 norange and bear, to be reclined by the lasher on my logansome,
10 my g.b.d. in my f.a.c.e., solfanely in my shellyholders and lov'd
11 latakia, the benuvolent, for my nosethrills, with the jealosomines
12 wilting away to their heart's deelight and the king of saptimber
13 letting down his humely odours for my consternation, dapping
14 my griffeen, burning water in the spearlight or catching trophies
15 of the king's royal college of sturgeone by the armful for to bake
16 pike ahd pie while, O twined me abower in L'Alouette's Tower,
17 all Adelaide's naughtingerls juckjucking benighth me, I'd ga-
18 mut my twittynice Dorian blackbudds chthonic solphia off my
19 singasongapiccolo to pipe musicall airs on numerous fairy-
20 aciodes. I give, a king, to me, she does, alone, up there, yes see,
21 I double give, till the spinney all eclosed asong with them. Isn't
22 that lovely though? I give to me alone I trouble give! I may have
23 no mind to lamagnage the forte bits like the pianage but you
24 can't cadge me off the key. I've a voicical lilt too true. Nomario!
25 And bemolly and jiesis! For I sport a whatyoumacormack in the
26 latcher part of my throughers. And the lark that I let fly (olala!)
27 is as cockful of funantics as it's tune to my fork. Naturale you
28 might lower register me as diserecordant, but I'm athlone in the
29 lillabilling of killarnies. That's flat. Yet ware the wold, you!
30 What's good for the gorse is a goad for the garden. Lethals lurk
31 heimlocked in logans. Loathe laburnums. Dash the gaudy death-
32 cup! Bryony O'Bryony, thy name is Belladama! But enough of
33 greenwood's gossip. Birdsnests is birdsnests. Thine to wait but
34 mine to wage. And now play sharp to me. Doublefirst I'll head
35 foremost through all my examhoops. And what sensitive coin
36 I'd be possessed of at Latouche's, begor, I'd sink it sumtotal, every

1 dolly farting, in vestments of subdominal poteen at prime cost
2 and I bait you my chancey oldcoat against the whole ounce you
3 half on your backboard (if madamaud strips mesdamines may
4 cold strafe illglands!) that I'm the gogetter that'd make it pay like
5 cash registers as sure as there's a pot on a pole. And, what with one
6 man's fish and a dozen men's poissons, sowing my wild plums to
7 reap ripe plentihorns mead, lashings of erbole and hydromel and
8 bragget, I'd come out with my magic fluke in close time, fair,
9 free and frolicky, zooming tophole on the mart as a factor. And
10 I tell you the Bective's wouldn't hold me. By the unsleeping
11 Solman Annadromus, ye god of little pescies, nothing would
12 stop me for mony makes multimony like the brogues and the
13 kishes. Not the Ulster Rifles and the Cork Milice and the Dublin
14 Fusees and Connacht Rangers ensembled! I'd axe the channon
15 and leip a liffey and drink annyblack water that rann onme way.
16 Yip! How's thats for scats, mine shatz, for a lovebird? To funk is
17 only peternatural its daring feers divine. Bebold! Like Varian's
18 balaying all behind me. And before you knew where you
19 weren't, I stake my ignitial's divy, cash-and-cash-can-again, I'd
20 be staggering humanity and loyally rolling you over, my sow-
21 white sponse, in my tons of red clover, nighty nigh to the metro-
22 nome, fiehigh and fiehigher and fiehighest of all. Holy petter and
23 pal, I'd spoil you altogether, my sumptuous Sheila! Mumm all
24 to do brut frull up fizz and unpop a few shortusians or shake a
25 pale of sparkling ice, hear it swirl, happy girl! Not a spot of my
26 hide but you'd love to seek and scanagain! There'd be no stand-
27 ing me, I tell you. And, as gameboy as my pagan name K.C. is
28 what it is, I'd never say let fly till we shot that blissup and
29 swumped each other, manawife, into our sever nevers where I'd
30 plant you, my Gizzygay, on the electric ottoman in the lap of
31 lechery, simpringly stitchless with admiracion, among the most
32 uxuriously furnished compartments, with sybarate chambers,just
33 as I'd run my shoestring into near a million or so of them as a
34 firstclass dealer and everything. Only for one thing that, how-
35 over famiksed I would become, I'd he awful anxious, you under-
36 stand, about shoepisser pluvius and in assideration of the terrible

1 luftsucks woabling around with the hedrolics in the coold amstop-
2 here till the borting that would perish the Dane and his chapter
3 of accidents to be atramental to the better half of my alltoolyrical
4 health, not considering my capsflap, and that's the truth now out
5 of the cackling bag for truly sure, for another thing, I never could
6 tell the leest falsehood that would truthfully give sotisfiction. I'm
7 not talking apple sauce eithou. Or up in my hat. I earnst. Schue!
8 Sissibis dearest, as I was reading to myself not very long ago
9 in Tennis Flonnels Mac Courther, his correspondance, besated
10 upon my tripos, and just thinking like thauthor how long I'd like
11 myself to be continued at Hothelizod, peeking into the focus and
12 pecking at thumbnail reveries, pricking up ears to my phono on
13 the ground and picking up airs from th'other over th'ether, 'tis
14 transported with grief I am this night sublime, as you may see
15 by my size and my brow that's all forehead, to go forth, frank
16 and hoppy, to the tune the old plow tied off, from our nostorey
17 house, upon this benedictine errand but it is historically the most
18 glorious mission, secret or profound, through all the annals of our
19 — as you so often term her — efferfreshpainted livy, in beautific
20 repose, upon the silence of the dead, from pharoph the nextfirst
21 down to ramescheckles the last bust thing. The Vico road goes
22 round and round to meet where terms begin. Still onappealed
23 to by the cycles and unappalled by the recoursers we feel all
24 serene, never you fret, as regards our dutyful cask. Full of my
25 breadth from pride I am (breezed be the healthy same!) for 'tis a
26 grand thing (superb!) to be going to meet a king, not an every-
27 night king, nenni, by gannies, but the overking of Hither-on-
28 Thither Erin himself, pardee, I'm saying. Before there was patch
29 at all on Ireland there lived a lord at Lucan. We only wish
30 everyone was as sure of anything in this watery world as we are
31 of everything in the newlywet fellow that's bound to follow. I'll
32 lay you a guinea for a hayseed now. Tell mother that. And tell
33 her tell her old one. 'Twill amuse her.
34 Well, to the figends of Annanmeses with the wholeabuelish
35 business! For I declare to Jeshuam I'm beginning to get sunsick!
36 I'm not half Norawain for nothing. The fine ice so temperate

1 of our, alas, those times are not so far off as you might wish to
2 be congealed. So now, I'll ask of you, let ye create no scenes in
3 my poor primmafore's wake. I don't want yous to be billow-
4 fighting you biddy moriarty duels, gobble gabble, over me till
5 you spit stout, you understand, after soused mackerel, sniffling
6 clambake to hering and impudent barney, braggart of blarney,
7 nor you ugly lemoncholic gobs o'er the hobs in a sewing circle,
8 stopping oddments in maids' costumes at sweeping reductions,
9 wearing out your ohs by sitting around your ahs, making areek-
10 eransy round where I last put it, with the painters in too,
11 curse luck, with your rags up, exciting your mucuses, turning
12 breakfarts into lost soupirs and salon thay nor you flabbies on
13 your groaning chairs over Bollivar's troubles of a bluemoondag,
14 steamin your damp ossicles, praying Holy Prohibition and Jaun
15 Dyspeptist while Ole Clo goes through the wood with Shep
16 together, touting in the chesnut burrs for Goodboy Sommers
17 and Mistral Blownowse hugs his kindlings when voiceyversy
18 it's my gala bene fit, robbing leaves out of my taletold book.
19 May my tunc fester if ever I see such a miry lot of maggalenes!
20 Once upon a drunk and a fairly good drunk it was and the rest
21 of your blatherumskite! Just a plain shays by the fire for absent-
22 er Sh the Po and I'll make ye all as eastern hummingsphere of
23 myself the moment that you name the way. Look in the slag
24 scuttle and you'll see me sailspread over the singing, and what
25 do ye want trippings for when you've Paris inspire your hat?
26 Sussumcordials all round, let ye alloyiss and ominies, while I
27 stray and let ye not be getting grief out of it, though blighted
28 troth be all bereft, on my poor headsake, even should we forfeit
29 our life. Lo, improving ages wait ye! In the orchard of the bones.
30 Some time very presently now when yon clouds are dissipated
31 after their forty years shower, the odds are, we shall all be hooked
32 and happy, communionistically, among the fieldnights eliceam,
33 *élite* of the elect, in the land of lost of time. Johannisburg's a re-
34 velation! Deck the diamants that never die! So cut out the lone-
35 some stuff! Drink it up, ladies, please, as smart as you can lower
36 it! Out with lent! Clap hands postilium! Fastintide is by. Your

1 sole and myopper must hereupon part company. So for e'er fare
2 thee welt! Parting's fun. Take thou, the wringle's thine, love.
3 This dime doth trost thee from mine alms. Goodbye, swisstart,
4 goodbye! Haugh! Haugh! Sure, treasures, a letterman does be
5 often thought reading ye between lines that do have no sense at
6 all. I sign myself. With much leg. Inflexibly yours. Ann Posht
7 the Shorn. To be continued. Huck!

8 Something of a sidesplitting nature must have occurred to
9 westminstrel Jaunathaun for a grand big blossy hearty stenor-
10 ious laugh (even Drudge that lay doggo thought feathers fell)
11 hopped out of his wooly's throat like a ball lifted over the
12 head of a deep field, at the bare thought of how jolly they'd like
13 to be trolling his whoop and all of them truetotypes in missam-
14 men massness were just starting to spladher splodher with the
15 jolly magorios, hicky hecky hock, huges huges huges, hughy
16 hughy hughy, O Jaun, so jokable and so geepey, O, (Thou pure!
17 Our virgin! Thou holy! Our health! Thou strong! Our victory!
18 O salutary! Sustain our firm solitude, thou who thou well
19 strokest! Hear, Hairy ones! We have sued thee but late. Beauty
20 parlous!) when suddenly (how like a woman!), swifter as mer-
21 cury he wheels right round starnly on the Rizzies suddenly, with
22 his gimlets blazing rather sternish (how black like thunder!), to
23 see what's loose. So they stood still and wondered. Till first he
24 sighed (and how ill soufered!) and they nearly cried (the salt of
25 the earth!) after which he pondered and finally he replied:

26 — There is some thing more. A word apparting and shall the
27 heart's tone be silent. Engagements, I'll beseal you! Fare thee
28 well, fairy well! All I can tell you is this, my sorellies. It's prayers
29 in layers all the thumping time, begor, the young gloria's gang
30 voices the old doxologers, in the suburrs of the heavenly gardens,
31 once we shall have passed, after surceases, all serene through
32 neck and necklike Derby and June to our snug eternal retribu-
33 tion's reward (the scorchhouse). Shunt us! shunt us! shut us!
34 If you want to be felixed come and be parked. Sacred ease there!
35 The seanad and pobbel queue's remainder. To it, to it! Seekit
36 headup! No petty family squabbles Up There nor homemade

1 hurricanes in our Cohortyard, no cupahurling nor apuckalips
2 nor no puncheon jodelling nor no nothing. With the Byrns
3 which is far better and eve for ever your idle be. You will hardly
4 reconnoitre the old wife in the new bustle and the farmer shinner
5 in his latterday paint. It's the fulldress Toussaint's wakeswalks
6 experdition after a bail motion from the chamber of horrus.
7 Saffron buns or sovran bonhams whichever you'r avider to like
8 it and lump it, but give it a name. Iereny allover irelands. And
9 there's food for refection when the whole flock's at home. Hog-
10 manny di'yegut? Hogmanny di'yesmellygut? And hogmanny
11 di'yesmellyspatterygut? You take Joe Hanny's tip for it! Post-
12 martem is the goods. With Jollification a tight second. Toborrow
13 and toburrow and tobarrow! That's our crass, hairy and ever-
14 grim life, till one finel howdiedow Bouncer Naster raps on the
15 bell with a bone and his stinkers stank behind him with the
16 sceptre and the hourglass. We may come, touch and go, from
17 atoms and ifs but we're presurely destined to be odd's without
18 ends. Here we moult in Moy Kain and flop on the seemy side,
19 living sure of hardly a doorstep for a stop gap, with Whogoes-
20 there and a live sandbag round the corner. But upmeyant, Pro-
21 spector, you sprout all your abel and woof your wings dead
22 certain however of neuthing whatever to aye forever while
23 Hyam Hyam's in the chair. Ah, sure, pleasantries aside, in the tail
24 of the cow what a humpty daum earth looks our miseryme here-
25 today as compared beside the Hereweareagain Gaieties of the
26 Afterpiece when the Royal Revolver of these real globoes lets
27 regally fire of his *mio colpo* for the chrisman's pandemon to give
28 over and the Harlequinade to begin properly SPQueaRking
29 Mark Time's Finist Joke. Putting Allspace in a Notshall.

30 Well, the slice and veg joint's well in its way, and so is a
31 ribroast and jackknife as sporten dish, but home cooking every-
32 time. Mountains good mustard and, with the helpings of ladies'
33 lickfings and gentlemen's relish, I've eaten a griddle. But I fill
34 twice as steward what I felt before when I'm after eating a few
35 natives. The crisp of the crackling is in the chawing. Give us an-
36 other cup of your scald. Santos Mozos! That was a damn good

1 cup of scald! You could trot a mouse on it. I ingoyed your pick
2 of hissing hot luncheon fine, I did, than' awfully, (sublime!)
3 Tenderest bully ever I ate with the boiled protestants (allinoilia
4 allinoilia!) only for your peas again was a taste of tooth psalty to
5 carry flavour with my godown and hereby return with my best
6 savioury condiments and a penny in the plate for the jemes.
7 O.K. Oh Kosmos! Ah Ireland! A.I. And for kailkannonkabbis
8 gimme Cincinnatis with Italian (but *ci vuol poco!*) ciccalick cheese,
9 Haggis good, haggis strong, haggis never say die! For quid we
10 have recipimus, recipe, O lout! And save that, Oliviero, for thy
11 sunny day! Soupmeagre! Couldn't look at it! But if you'll buy me
12 yon coat of the varyy furry best, I'll try and pullll it awn mee. It's in
13 fairly good order and no doubt 'twill sarve to turn. Remove this
14 boardcloth! Next stage, tell the tabler, for a variety of Hugue-
15 not ligooms I'll try my set on edges grapeling an aigrydoucks,
16 grilled over birchenrods, with a few bloomancowls in albies.
17 I want to get outside monasticism. Mass and meat mar no man's
18 journey. Eat a missal lest. Nuts for the nerves, a flitch for the flue
19 and for to rejoice the chambers of the heart the spirits of the
20 spice isles, curry and cinnamon, chutney and cloves. All the vital-
21 mines is beginning to sozzle in chewn and the harmonies to
22 clingleclangle, fudgem, kates and eaps and naboc and erics and
23 oinnos on kingclud and xxxoxo and xooxox xxoxoxxxx till
24 I'm fustfed like fungstif and very presently from now posthaste
25 it's off yourll see me ryuoll on my usual rounds again to draw
26 Terminus Lower and Killadown and Letternoosh, Letterspeak,
27 Lettermuck to Littorananima and the roomiest house even in
28 Ireland, if you can understamp that, and my next item's platform
29 it's how I'll try and collect my extraprofessional postages owing
30 to me by Thaddeus Kellyesque Squire, dr, for nondesirable
31 printed matter. The Jooks and the Kelly-Cooks have been
32 milking turnkeys and sucking the blood out of the marshalsea
33 since the act of First Offenders. But I know what I'll do. Great
34 pains off him I'll take and that'll be your redletterday calendar,
35 window machree! I'll knock it out of him! I'll stump it out of
36 him! I'll rattattatter it out of him before I'll quite the doorstep of

1 old Con Connolly's residence! By the horn of twenty of both of
2 the two Saint Collopys, blackmail him I will in arrears or my
3 name's not penitent Ferdinand! And it's daily and hourly I'll
4 nurse him till he pays me fine fee. Ameal.

5 Well, here's looking at ye! If I never leave you biddies till
6 my stave is a bar I'd be tempted rigidly to become a passionate
7 father. Me hunger's weighed. Hungkung! Me anger's suaged!
8 Hangkang! Ye can stop as ye are, little lay mothers, and wait in
9 wish and wish in vain till the grame reaper draws nigh, with
10 the sickle of the sickles, as a blessing in disguise. Devil a curly
11 hair I care! If any lightfoot Clod Dewvale was to hold me up,
12 dicksturping me and marauding me of my rights to my onus, yan,
13 tyan, tethera, methera, pimp, I'd let him have my best pair of
14 galloper's heels in the creamsourer. He will have better manners,
15 I'm dished if he won't! Console yourself, drawhure deelish!
16 There's a refond of egg-sized coming to you out of me so mind
17 you do me duty on me! Bruise your bulge below the belt till I
18 blewblack beside you. And you'll miss me more as the narrowing
19 weeks wing by. Someday duly, oneday truly, twosday newly,
20 till whensday. Look for me always at my west and I will think
21 to dine. A tear or two in time is all there's toot. And then in a
22 click of the clock, toot toot, and doff doff we pop with sinnerettes
23 in silkettes lining longroutes for His Diligence Majesty, our
24 longdistance laird that likes creation. To whoosh!

25 — Meesh, meesh, yes, pet. We were too happy. I knew some-
26 thing would happen. I understand but listen, drawher nearest,
27 Tizzy intercepted, flushing but flashing from her dove and dart
28 eyes as she tactilifully grapbed her male corrispondee to fluster
29 sweet nunsongs in his quickturned ear, I know, benjamin brother,
30 but listen, I want, girls palmassing, to whisper my wish. (She
31 like them like us, me and you, had thoud he n'er it would haltin so
32 lithe when leased is tacitempust tongue). Of course, engine dear,
33 I'm ashamed for my life (I must clear my throttle) over this lost
34 moment's gift of memento nose-paper which I'm sorry, my
35 precious, is allathome I with grief can call my own but all the
36 same, listen, Jaunick, accept this witwee's mite, though a jenny-

1 teeny witween piece torn in one place from my hands in second
2 place of a linenhall valentino with my fondest and much left to
3 tutor. X.X.X.X. It was heavily bulledicted for young Fr MI,
4 my pettest parriage priest, and you know who between us by
5 your friend the pope, forty ways in forty nights, that's the
6 beauty of it, look, scene it, ratty. Too perfectly priceless for
7 words. And, listen, now do enhance me, oblige my fiancy and
8 bear it with you morn till life's e'en and, of course, when never
9 you make usage of it, listen, please kindly think galways again
10 or again, never forget, of one absendee not sester Maggy. Ahim.
11 That's the stupidest little cough. Only be sure you don't catch your
12 cold and pass it on to us. And, since levret bounds and larks is
13 soaring, don't be all the night. And this, Joke, a sprig of blue
14 speedwell just a spell of floralora so you'll mind your veronique.
15 Of course, Jer, I know you know who sends it, presents that
16 please, mercy, on the face of the waters like that film obote,
17 awfly charmig of course, but it doesn't do her justice, apart from
18 her cattiness, in the magginbottle. Of course, please too write,
19 won't you, and leave your little bag of doubts, inquisitive, be-
20 hind you unto your utterly thine, and, thank you, forward it
21 back by return pigeon's pneu to the loving in case I couldn't
22 think who it was or any funforall happens I'll be so curiose to
23 see in the Homesworth breakfast tablotts as I'll know etherways
24 by pity bleu if it's good for my system, what exquisite buttons,
25 gorgiose, in case I don't hope to soon hear from you. And thanks
26 ever so many for the ten and the one with nothing at all on. I will
27 tie a knot in my stringamejip to letter you with my silky paper,
28 as I am given now to understand it will be worth my price in
29 money one day so don't trouble to ans unless sentby special as
30 I am getting his pay and wants for nothing so I can live simply
31 and solely for my wonderful kinkless and its loops of loveliness.
32 When I throw away my rollets there's rings for all. Flee a girl,
33 says it is her colour. So does B and L and as for V! And listen
34 to it! Cheveluir! So distant you're always. Bow your boche!
35 Absolutely perfect! I will pack my comb and mirror to praxis
36 oval owes and artless awes and it will follow you pulpically

1 as far as come back under all my eyes like my sapphire chap-
2 lets of ringarosary I will say for you to the Allmichael and
3 solve qui pu while the dovedoves pick my mouthbuds (msch!
4 msch!) with nurse Madge, my linkingclass girl, she's a fright,
5 poor old dutch, in her sleeptalking when I paint the measles
6 on her and mudstuskers to make her a man. We. We. Issy
7 done that, I confesh! But you'll love her for her hessians
8 and sickly black stockies, cleryng's jumbles, salvadged from
9 the wash, isn't it the cat's tonsils! Simply killing, how she
10 tidies her hair! I call her Sosy because she's sosity for me
11 and she says sossy while I say sassy and she says will
12 you have some more scorns while I say won't you take a few
13 more schools and she talks about ithel dear while I simply
14 never talk about athel darling; she's but nice for enticing my
15 friends and she loves your style considering she breaksin me
16 shoes for me when I've arch trouble and she would kiss my
17 white arms for me so gratefully but apart from that she's
18 terribly nice really, my sister, round the elbow of Erne street
19 Lower and I'll be strictly forbidden always and true in my own
20 way and private where I will long long to betrue you along with
21 one who will so betrue you that not once while I betreu him not
22 once well he be betray himself. Can't you understand? O bother,
23 I must tell the trouth! My latest lad's loveliletter I am sore I done
24 something with. I like him lots coss he never cusses. Pity bon-
25 hom. Pip pet. I shouldn't say he's pretty but I'm cocksure he's
26 shy. Why I love taking him out when I unletched his cordon
27 gate. Ope, Jack, and atem! Obealbe myodorers and he dote so.
28 He fell for my lips, for my lisp, for my lewd speaker. I felt for
29 his strength, his manhood, his do you mind? There can be no
30 candle to hold to it, can there? And, of course, dear professor, I
31 understand. You can trust me that though I change thy name
32 though not the letter never while I become engaged with my
33 first horsepower, masterthief of hearts, I will give your lovely
34 face of mine away, my boyish bob, not for tons of donkeys, to
35 my second mate, with the twirlers the engineer of the passio-
36 flower (O the wicked untruth! whot a tell! that he has bought

1 me in his wellingtons what you haven't got!), in one of those
2 pure clean lupstucks of yours thankfully, Arrah of the passkeys,
3 no matter what. You may be certain of that, fluff, now I know
4 how to tackle. Lock my mearest next myself. So don't keep me
5 now for a good boy for the love of my fragrant saint, you villain,
6 peppering with fear, my goodless graceless, or I'll first murder
7 you but, hvisper, meet me after by next appointment near you
8 know Ships just there beside the Ship at the future poor fool's
9 circuts of lovemountjoy square to show my disrespects now, let
10 me just your caroline for you, I must really so late. Sweet pig,
11 he'll be furious! How he stalks to simself loucher and lover,
12 immutating aperybally. My prince of the courts who'll beat me
13 to love! And I'll be there when who knows where with the
14 objects of which I'll knowor forget. We say. Trust us. Our
15 game. (For fun!) The Dargle shall run dry the sooner I you
16 deny. Whoever heard of such a think? Till the ulmost of all
17 elmoes shall stele our harts asthone! And Mrs A'Mara makes
18 it up and befriends with Mrs O'Morum! I will write down all
19 your names in my gold pen and ink. Everyday, precious, while
20 m'm'ry's leaves are falling deeply on my Jungfraud's Messonge-
21 book I will dream telepath posts dulcets on this isinglass stream
22 (but don't tell him or I'll be the mort of him!) under the libans
23 and the sickamours, the cyprissis and babilonias, where the
24 frondoak rushes to the ask and the yewleaves too kisskiss them-
25 selves and 'twill carry on my hearz'waves my still waters reflec-
26 tions in words over Margrate von Hungaria, her Quaidy ways
27 and her Flavin hair, to thee, Jack, ahoy, beyond the boysforus.
28 Splash of hiss splash springs your salmon. Twick twick, twinkle
29 twings my twilight as Sarterday afternoon lex leap will smile on
30 my fourinhanced twelvemonthsmind. And what's this I was
31 going to say, dean? O, I understand. Listen, here I'll wait on thee
32 till Thingavalla with beautiful do be careful teacakes, more stues-
33 ser flavoured than Vanilla and blackcurrant there's a cure in, like
34 a born gentleman till you'll resemble me, all the time you're
35 awhile way, I swear to you, I will, by Candlemas! And listen,
36 joey, don't be ennoyed with me, my old evernew, when, by the

1 end of your chapter, you citch water on the wagon for me being
2 turned a star I'll dubeurry my two fesces under Pouts Vanisha
3 Creme, their way for spilling cream, and, accent, umto extend
4 my personnalitey to the latents, I'll boy me for myself only of
5 expensive rainproof of pinked elephant's breath grey of the
6 loveliest sheerest dearest widowshood over airforce blue I am
7 so wild for, my precious once, Hope Bros., Faith Street, Charity
8 Corner, as the bee loves her skyhighdeed, for I always had a
9 crush on heliotrope since the duses of yore cycled round the
10 Finest Park, and listen. And never mind me laughing at what's
11 atever! I was in the nerves but it's my last day. Always about
12 this hour, I'm sorry, when our gamings for Bruin and Noselong
13 is all oh you tease and afterdoon my lickle pussiness I stheal
14 heimlick in my russians from the attraction part with my terri-
15 blitall boots calvescatcher Pinchapoppapoff, who is going to be
16 a jennyroll, at my nape, drenched, love, with dripping to affec-
17 tionate slapmamma but last at night, look, after my golden vio-
18 lents wetting in my upperstairs splendidly welluminated with
19 such lidlylac curtains wallpapered to match the cat and a fire-
20 please keep looking of priceless pearlogs I just want to see will
21 he or are all Michales like that, I'll strip straight after devotions
22 before his fondstare—and I mean it too, (thy gape to my gazing
23 I'll bind and makeleash) and poke stiff under my isonbound with
24 my soiedisante-chineknees cheeckchubby chambermate for the
25 night's foreign males and your name of Shane will come forth
26 between my shamefaced whesen with other lipth I nakest open
27 my thight when just woken by his toccatootletoo my first morn-
28 ing. So now, to thalk thildish, thome, theated with Mag at the
29 oilthan we are doing to thay one little player before doing to
30 deed. An a tiss to the tassie for lu and for tu! Coach me how to
31 tumble, Jaime, and listen, with supreme regards, Juan, in haste,
32 warn me which to ah ah ah ah....

33 — MEN! Juan responded fullchantedly to her sororal sono-
34 rity, imitating himself capitally with his bubbleblown in his
35 patapet and his chalished drink now well in hand. (A spilt, see,
36 for a split, see see!) Ever gloriously kind! And I truly am

1 eucherised to yous. Also *sacré père* and *maître d'autel*. Well,
2 ladies upon gentlemen and toastmaster general, let us, brindising
3 brandisong, woo and win womenlong with health to rich vine-
4 yards, Erin go Dry! Amingst the living waters of, the living in
5 giving waters of. Tight! Loose! A stiff one for Staffetta mullified
6 with creams of hourmony, the coupe that's chill for jackless jill and
7 a filiform dhouché on Doris! Esterelles, be not on your weeping
8 what though Shaunathaun is in his fail! To stir up love's young
9 fizz I tilt with this bridle's cup champagne, dimming douce from
10 her peepair of hideseeks, tightsqueezed on my snowybrusted and
11 while my pearlies in their sparkling wisdom are nipping her
12 bubblets I swear (and let you swear!) by the bumper round of
13 my poor old snaggletooth's solidbowel I ne'er will prove I'm
14 untrue to your liking (theare!) so long as my hole looks. Down.

15 So gullaby, me poor Isley! But I'm not for forgetting me
16 innerman monophone for I'm leaving my darling proxy behind
17 for your consolering, lost Dave the Dancekerl, a squamous run-
18 away and a dear old man pal of mine too. He will arrive inces-
19 santly in the fraction of a crust, who, could he quit doubling and
20 stop tippling, he would be the unicorn of his kind. He's the
21 mightiest penumbrella I ever flourished on behond the shadow
22 of a post! Be sure and link him, me O treasauro, as often as you
23 learn provided there's nothing between you but a plain deal
24 table only don't encourage him to cry lessontimes over Lepers-
25 town. But soft! Can't be? Do mailstanes mumble? Lumtum
26 lumtum! Now! The froubadour! I fremble! Talk of wolf in a
27 stomach by all that's verminous! Eccolo me! The return of
28 th'athlate! Who can secede to his success! Isn't Jaunstown,
29 Ousterrike, the small place after all? I knew I smelt the garlic
30 leek! Why, bless me swits, here he its, darling Dave, like
31 the catoninelives just in time as if he fell out of space, all
32 draped in mufti, coming home to mourn mountains from his
33 old continece and not on one foot either or on two feet
34 aether but on quinquiseular cycles after his French evolution
35 and a blindfold passage by the 4.32 with the pork's pate in his
36 suicide paw and the gulls laughing lime on his natural skunk,

1 blushing like Pat's pig, begob! He's not too timtom well ashamed
2 to carry out onagliptograbakelly in his showman's sinister the
3 testymonicals he gave his twenty annis orf, showing the three
4 white feathers, as a home cured emigrant in Paddyouare far be-
5 low on our sealevel. Bearer may leave the church, signed, Figura
6 Porca, Lictor Magnaffica. He's the sneaking likeness of us, faith,
7 me altar's ego in miniature and every Auxonian aimer's ace as
8 nasal a Romeo as I am, for ever cracking quips on himself, that
9 merry, the jeenjakes, he'd soon arise mother's roses mid bedew-
10 ing tears under those wild wet lashes onto anny living girl's
11 laftercheeks. That's his little veiniality. And his unpeppepedi-
12 ment. He has novel ideas I know and he's a jarry queer fish be-
13 times, I grant you, and cantanberous, the poisoner of his word,
14 but lice and all and semicoloured stainedglasses, I'm enormously
15 full of that foreigner, I'll say I am! Got by the one goat, suckled
16 by the same nanna, one twitch, one nature makes us oldworld
17 kin. We're as thick and thin now as two tubular jawballs. I hate
18 him about his patent henesy, plasfh it, yet am I amorist. I love
19 him. I love his old portugal's nose. There's the nasturtium for
20 ye now that saved manny a poor sinker from water on the grave.
21 The diasporation of all pirates and quinconcentrum of a fake like
22 Basilius O'Cormacac MacArty? To camiflag he turned his shirt.
23 Isn't he after borrowing all before him, making friends with
24 everybody red in Rossya, white in Alba and touching every dis-
25 tinguished Ourishman he could ever distinguish before or be-
26 hind from a Yourishman for the customary halp of a crown and
27 peace? He is looking aged with his pebbled eyes, and johnnythin
28 too, from livicking on pidgins' ifs with puffins' ands, he's been
29 slanderising himself, but I pass no remark. Hope he hasn't the
30 cholera. Give him an eyot in the farout. Moseses and Noasies,
31 how are you? He'd be as snug as Columbsisle Jonas wrocked in
32 the belly of the whaves, as quotad before. Bravo, senior chief!
33 Famose! Sure there's nobody else in touch anysides to hold a
34 chef's cankle to the darling at all for sheer dare with that prison-
35 potstill of spanish breans on him like the knave of trifles! A jolly-
36 tan fine demented brick and the prince of goodfilips! Dave

1 knows I have the highest of respect of annyone in my oweand
2 smooth way for that intellectual debtor (Obbligado!) Mushure
3 David R. Crozier. And we're the closest of chems. Mark my use
4 of you, cog! Take notice how I yemploy, crib! Be ware as you,
5 I foil, cobby! It's a pity he can't see it for I'm terribly nice about
6 him. Canwyll y Cymry, the marmade's flamme! A leal of the
7 O'Looniys, a Brazel aboo! The most omportent man! *Shervos!*
8 Ho, be the holy snakes, someone has shaved his rough diamond
9 skull for him as clean as Nuntius' piedish! The burnt out
10 mesh and the matting and all! Thunderweather, khyber schinker
11 escapa sansa pagar! He's the spatton spit, so he is, scaly skin
12 and all, with his blackguarded eye and the goatsbeard in
13 his buttinghole of Shemuel Tulliver, me grandsourd, the old
14 cruxader, when he off with his paudeen! That was to let the
15 crowd of the Flu Flux Fans behind him see me proper. Ah,
16 he's very thoughtful and sympatrico that way is Brother Intelli-
17 gentius, when he's not absintheminded, with his Paris addresse!
18 He is, really. Holdhard till you'll ear him clicking his bull's
19 bones! Some toad klakkin! You're welcome back, Wilkins, to
20 red berries in the frost! And here's the butter exchange to pfeife
21 and dramn ye with a bawful of the Moulseybaysse and yunker
22 doodler wanked to wall awriting off his phoney. I'm tired hair-
23 ing of you. Hat yourself! Give us your dyed dextremity here,
24 frother, the Claddagh clasp! I met with dapper dandy and he
25 shocked me big the hamd. Where's your watch keeper? You've
26 seen all sorts in shapes and sizes, marauding about the moppa-
27 mound. How's the cock and the bullfight? And old Auster and
28 Hungrig? And the Beer and Belly and the Boot and Ball? Not
29 forgetting the oils of greas under that turkey in julep and Father
30 Freeshots Feilbogen in his rockery garden with the costard? And
31 tid you meet with Peadhar the Grab at all? And did you call on
32 Tower Geesyhus? Was Mona, my own love, no bigger than she
33 should be, making up to you in her bestbehaved manor when
34 you made your breastlaw and made her, tell me? And did you
35 like the landskip from Lambay? I'm better pleased than ten
36 guidneys! You rejoice me! Faith, I'm proud of you, french davit!

1 You've surpassed yourself! Be introduced to yes! This is me aunt
2 Julia Bride, your honour, dying to have you languish to scan-
3 dal in her bosky old delltangle. You don't reckoneyes him? He's
4 Jackot the Horner who boxed in his corner, jilting no fewer than
5 three female bribes. That's his penals. *Shervorum!* You haven't
6 seen her since she stepped into her drawoffs. Come on, spinister,
7 do your stuff! Don't be shoy, husbandmanvir! Weih, what's on
8 you, wip? Up the shamewaugh! She has plenty of woom in the
9 smallclothes for the bothsforus, nephews push! Hatch yourself
10 well! Enjombyourselves thurily! Would you wait biss she buds
11 till you bite on her? Embrace her bashfully by almeans at my
12 frank incensive and tell her in your semiological agglutinative yez,
13 how Idos be asking after her. Let us be holy and evil and let her
14 be peace on the bough. Sure, she fell in line with our tripertight
15 photos as the lyonised mails when we were stablelads together
16 like the corks again brothers, hungry and angry, cavileer
17 grace by roundhered force, or like boyrun to sibster, me and
18 you, shiners true and pinchme, our tertius quiddus, that never
19 talked or listened. Always raving how we had the wrinkles of
20 a snailcharmer and the slits and sniffers of a fellow that fell foul
21 of the county de Loona and the meattrap of the first vegetarian.
22 To be had for the asking. Have a hug! Take her out of poor
23 tuppenny luck before she goes off in pure treple licquidance. I'd
24 give three shillings a pullet to the canon for the conjugation to
25 shadow you kissing her from me leberally all over as if she was a
26 crucifix. It's good for her bilabials, you understand. There's no-
27 thing like the mistletouch for finding a queen's earring false.
28 Chink chink. As the curly bard said after kitchin the womn in
29 his hym to the hum of her garments. You try a little tich to the
30 tistle of his tail. The racist to the racy, rossy. The soil is for the
31 self alone. Be ownkind. Be kithkinish. Be bloodysibby. Be irish.
32 Be inish. Be offalia. Be hamlet. Be the property plot. Be Yorick;
33 and Lankystare. Be cool. Be mackinamucks of yourselves. Be
34 finish. No martyr where the preature is there's no plagues like
35 rome. It gives up the gripes. Watch the swansway. Take your
36 tiger over it. The leady on the lake and the convict of the forest.

1 Why, they might be Babau and Momie! Yipyip! To pan! To
2 pan! To tinpinnypan. All folly me yap to Curlew! Give us a pin
3 for her and we'll call it a tossup. Can you reverse positions?
4 Lets have a fuchu all round, courting cousins! Quuck, the duck
5 of a woman for quack, the drake of a man, her little live apples
6 for Leas and love potients for Leos, the next beast king. Put
7 me down for all ringside seats. I can feel you being corrupted.
8 Recoil. I can see you sprouting scruples. Get back. And as
9 he's boiling with water I'll light your pyre. Turn about, skeezy
10 Sammy, out of metaphor, till we feel are you still tropeful
11 of popetry. Told you so. If you doubt of his love of darearing
12 his feelings you'll very much hurt for mishmash mastufactured
13 on europe you can read off the tail of his. Rip ripper rippest and
14 jac jac jac. Dwell on that, my hero and lander! That's the side
15 that appeals to em, the wring wrong way to wright woman. Shuck
16 her! Let him! What he's good for. Shuck her more! Let him
17 again! All she wants! Could you wheedle a staveling encore out
18 of your imitationer's jubalharp, hey, Mr Jinglejoys? Congrega-
19 tional singing. Rota rota ran the pagoda *con dio in capo ed il dia-*
20 *volo in coda*. Many a diva devoucha saw her Dauber Dan at the
21 priesty pagoda Rota ran. Uck! He's so sedulous to singe always
22 if prompted, the mirthprovoker! Grunt unto us, I pray, your fore-
23 boden article in our own deas dockandoilish introducing the
24 death of Nelson with coloraturas! *Coraio, fra!* And I'll string
25 second to harmanize. My loaf and pottage neaheaheahear Ro-
26 chelle. With your dumpsey diddely dumpsey die, fiddleley fa.
27 *Diavoloh!* Or come on, schoolcolours, and we'll scrap, rug and
28 mat and then be as chummy as two bashed spuds. Bitrial bay
29 holmgang or betrayal buy jury. Attaboy! Fee gate has Heenan
30 hoity, mind uncle Hare? What, sir? Poss, myster? Acheve! Thou,
31 thou! What say ye? *Taurus periculosus, morbus pedeculosus.*
32 *Miserere mei in miseribilibus!* There's uval lavguage for you! The
33 tower is precluded, the mob's in her petticoats; Mr R. E. Meehan
34 is in misery with his billyboots. Begob, there's not so much
35 green in his Ireland's eye! Sweet fellow ovocal, he stones out of
36 stune. But he could be near a colonel with a voice like that. The

1 bark is still there but the molars are gone. The misery billyboots
2 I used to lend him before we split and, be the hole in the year,
3 they were laking like heaven's reflexes. But I told him make your
4 will be done and go to a general and I'd pray confessions for
5 him. Areesh! Areesh! And I'll be your intrepider. Ambras!
6 Ruffle her! Bussing was before the blood and bissing will behind
7 the curtain. Triss! Did you note that worrid expressionism on
8 his megalogue? A full octavium below me! And did you hear
9 his browrings rattlemaking when he was preaching to himself?
10 And, whoa! do you twig the schamlooking leaf greeping ghastly
11 down his blousyfrock? Our national umbloom! Areesh! He
12 won't. He's shoy. Those worthies, my old faher's onkel that
13 was garotted, Caius Cocoa Codinhand, that I lost in a crowd,
14 used to chop that tongue of his, japlatin, with my yuonkle's
15 owlseller, Woowoolfe Woodenbeard, that went stomebathred,
16 in the Tower of Balbus, as brisk, man, as I'd scoff up muttan
17 chepps and lobscouse. But it's all deafman's duff to me,
18 begob. Sam knows miles bettern me how to work the
19 miracle. And I see by his diarrhio he's dropping the stammer
20 out of his silenced bladder since I bonded him off more as a
21 friend and as a brother to try and grow a muff and canonise his
22 dead feet down on the river airy by thinking himself into the
23 fourth dimension and place the ocean between his and ours,
24 the churchyard in the cloister of the depths, after he was capped
25 out of beurlads scoel for the sin against the past participle and
26 earned the factitation of coddling chaplan and being as homely
27 gauche as swift B.A.A. Who gets twickly fullgets twice as alle-
28 manden huskers. But the whacker his word the weaker our ears
29 for auracles who parles parses orileys. Illstarred punster, lipster-
30 ing cowknucks. 'Twas the quadra sent him and Trinity too. And
31 he can cantab as chipper as any oxon ever I mood with, a tiptoe
32 singer! He'll priskly soon hand tune your Erin's ear for you.
33 *p.p.* a mimograph at a time, numan bitter, with his ancomartins
34 to read the road roman with false steps ad Pernicious from
35 rhearsilvar ormolus to torquinions superbers while I'm far
36 away from wherever thou art serving my tallyhos and tullying

1 my hostilious by going in by the most holy recitatandas ffff for
2 my varsatile examinations in the ologies, to be a coach on the
3 Fukien mission. P? F? How used you learn me, brather
4 soboostius, in my augustan days? With cesarella looking on.
5 In the beginning was the gest he jousstly says, for the end is
6 with woman, flesh-without-word, while the man to be is in a
7 worse case after than before since she on the supine satisfies
8 the verg to him! Thoughtough, tootoological. Thou the first
9 person shingeller. Art, an imperfect subjunctive. Paltry,
10 flappent, had serious. Miss Smith onamatterpoetic. Hammis-
11 andivis axes colles waxes warmas like sodullas. So pick your
12 stops with fondnes snow. And mind you twine the twos
13 noods of your nicenames. And pull up your furbelovs as far-
14 above as you're farthingales. That'll hint him how to click the
15 trigger. Show you shall and won't he will! His hearing is in-
16 doubting just as my seeing is onbelieving. So dactylise him up
17 to blankpoint and let him blink for himself where you speak the
18 best ticklish. You'll feel what I mean. Fond namer, let me never
19 see thee blame a kiss for shame a knee!

20 Echo, read ending! Siparioramoci! But from the stress of
21 their sunder enlivening, ay clasp, deciduously, a nikrokosmikon
22 must come to mike.

23 — Well, my positively last at any stage! I hate to look at alarms
24 but,however they put on my watchcraft,must now close as I
25 hereby hear by ear from by seeless socks 'tis time to be up and
26 ambling. Mymiddle toe's mitching, so mizzle I must else 'twill
27 sarve me out. Gulp a bulper at parting and the moore the
28 melodest! Farewell but whenever, as Tisdall told Toole.
29 Tempos fidgets. Let flee me fiacckles, says the grand old mano-
30 ark, stormcrested crowcock and undulant hair, hoodies tway!
31 Yes, faith, I am as mew let freer, beneath me corthage, bound.
32 I'm as bored now bawling beersgrace at sorepaws there as Andrew
33 Clays was sharing sawdust with Daniel's old collie. This shack's
34 not big enough for me now. I'm dreaming of ye, azores. And, re-
35 member this, a chorines, there's the witch on the heath, sistra!
36 'Bansheeba peeling hourihaared while her Orcotron is hoaring

1 ho. And whinn muinnuit flittsbit twinn her ttittshe cries
2 tallmidy! Daughters of the heavens, be lucks in turnabouts
3 to the wandering sons of red loam! The earth's atrot! The
4 sun's a scream! The air's a jig. The water's great! Seven oldy
5 oldy hills and the one blue beamer. I'm going. I know I am.
6 I could bet I am. Somewhere I must get far away from Banba-
7 shore, wherever I am. No saddle, no staffet, but spur on the
8 moment! So I think I'll take freeboots' advise. Psk! I'll borrow
9 a path to lend me wings, quickquack, and from Jehusalem's
10 wall, clickclack, me courser's clear, to Cheerup street I'll travel
11 the void world over. It's Winland for moyne, bickbuck! Jee-
12 jakers! I hurt meself nettly that time! Come, my good frog-
13 marchers! We felt the fall but we'll front the defile. Was not my
14 olty mutther, Sereth Maritza, a Runningwater? And the bould
15 one that quickened her the seaborne Fingale? I feel like that
16 hill of a whaler went yulding round Groenmund's Circus with
17 his tree full of seaweeds and Dinky Doll asleep in her shell.
18 Hazelridge has seen me. Jerne valing is. Squall aboard for Kew,
19 hop! Farewell awhile to her and thee! The brine's my bride to
20 be. Lead on, Macadam, and danked be he who first sights Halt
21 Linduff! Solo, solone, solong! Lood Erynnana, ware thee wail!
22 With me singame soarem o'erem! Here's me take off. Now's
23 nunc or nimmer, siskinder! Here goes the enemy! Bennydick
24 hotfoots onimpudent stayers! Sorry! I bless alls to the whished
25 with this panromain apological which Watllwewhistlem sang to
26 the kerrycoys. Break ranks! After wage-of-battle bother I am
27 thinking most. Fik yew! I'm through. Won. Toe. Adry. You
28 watch my smoke.

29 After poor Jaun the Boast's last fireless words of postludium
30 of his soapbox speech ending in'sheaven, twentyaid add one with
31 a flirt of wings were pouring to his bysistance (could they snip
32 that curl of curls to lay with their gloves and keep the kids
33 bright!) prepared to cheer him should he leap or to curse him
34 should he fall, but, with their biga triga rheda rodeo, the cherubs
35 in the charabang, set down here and sedan chair, don't you
36 wish you'd a yoke or a bit in your mouth, repulsing all attempts

1 at first hands on, as no es nada, our greatly misunderstood one
2 we perceived to give himself some sort of a hermetic prod or
3 kick to sit up and take notice, which acted like magic, while
4 the phalanx of daughters of February Fillydyke, embushed and
5 climbing, rambler and weeps, voiced approval in their customary
6 manner by dropping kneedeep in tears over their concelebrated
7 meednight sunflower, piopadey boy, their solase in dorckaness,
8 and splattering together joyously the plaps of their tappyhands
9 as, with a cry of genuine distress, so prettly prattly pollylogue,
10 they viewed him, the just one, their darling, away.

11 A dream of favours, a favourable dream. They know how they
12 believe that they believe that they know. Wherefore they wail.

13 Eh jourd'weh! Oh jourd'woe! dosiriously it psalmodied. Gues-
14 turn's lothlied answring to-maronite's wail.

15 Oasis, cedarous esaltarshoming Leafboughnoon!

16 Oisis, coolpressus onmountof Sighing!

17 Oasis, palmost esaltarshoming Gladdays!

18 Oisis, phantastichal roseway anjericho!

19 Oasis, newleavos spaciosing encampness!

20 Oisis, plantainous dewstuckacqmirage playtennis!

21 Pipetto, Pipetta has misery unnoticed!

22 But the strangest thing happened. Backscuttling for the hop
23 off with the odds altogether in favour of his tumbling into the
24 river, Jaun just then I saw to collect from the gentlest weaner
25 among the weiners, (who by this were in half droopleaf long
26 mourning for the passing of the last post) the familiar yellow
27 label into which he let fall a drop, smothered a curse, choked a
28 guffaw, spat expectoratically and blew his own trumpet. And next
29 thing was he gummalicked the stickyback side and stamped the
30 oval badge of belief to his agnelows brow with a genuine
31 dash of irrepressible piety that readily turned his ladylike
32 typmanzelles capsy curvy (the holy scamp!), with half a
33 glance of Irish frisky (a Juan Jaimesan *hastaluego*) from under
34 the shag of his parallel brows. It was then he made as if be
35 but waved instead a handacross the sea as notice to quit while
36 the pacifettes made their armpacts widdershins (Frida! Freda!

1 Paza! Paisy! Irine! Areinette! Bridomay! Bentamai! Soso-
2 sopky! Bebebekka! Bababadkessy! Ghugugoothoyou! Dama!
3 Damadomina! Takiya! Tokaya! Scioccara! Siuccherillina! Peoc-
4 chia! Peucchia! Ho Mi Hoping! Ha Me Happinice! Mirra! My-
5 rha! Solyma! Salemita! Santa! Sianta! O Peace!), but in self-
6 righting the balance of his corporeity to reexchange widerem-
7 brace with the pillarbosom of the Dizzier he loved prettier, be-
8 tween estellos and venoussas, bad luck to the lie but when next
9 to nobody expected, their star and gartergazer at the summit of
10 his climax, he toppled a lipple on to the off and, making a brand-
11 new start for himself to run down his easting, by blessing hes
12 sthers with the sign of the southern cross, his bungaloid borsa-
13 line with the hedgygreen bound blew off in a loveblast (award
14 for trover!) and Jawjon Redhead, bucketing after, meccamaniac,
15 (the headless shall have legs!), kingscouriered round with an easy
16 rush and ready relays by the bridge a stadion beyond Ladycastle
17 (and what herm but he narrowly missed fouling her buttress for
18 her but for he acqueducked) and then, cocking a snook at the
19 stock of his sermons, so mear and yet so fahr from that region's
20 general, away with him at the double, the hulk of a garron,
21 pelting after the road, on Shanks's mare, let off like a wind hound
22 loose (the bouchal! you'd think it was that moment they gave
23 him the jambos!) with a posse of tossing hankerwaves to his
24 windward like seraph's summonses on the air and a tempest of
25 good things in packetshape teeming from all accounts into the
26 funnel of his fanmail shrimpnet, along the highroad of the
27 nation, Traitor's Track, following which fond floral fray he W;IS
28 quickly lost to sight through the statuemen though without a
29 doubt he was all the more on that same head to memory dear
30 while Sickerson, that borne of bjoerne, *la garde auxiliaire* she
31 murmured, hellyg Ursulinka, full of woe (and how fitlier should
32 goodboy's hand be shook than by the warmin of her besom
33 that wrung his swaddles?): *Where maggot Harvey kneeled till bags?*
34 *Ate Andrew coos hogdam farvel!*
35 Wethen, now, may the good people speed you, rural Haun,
36 export stout fellow that you are, the crooner born with sweet

1 wail of evoker, healing music, ay, and heart in hand of Sham-
2 rogueshire! The googoo of the suckabolly in the rockabeddy are
3 become the copiosity of wiseableness of the friarylayman in the
4 pulpitbarrel. May your bawny hair grow rarer and fairer, our own
5 only wideheaded boy! Rest your voice! Feed your mind! Mint
6 your peas! Coax your qyous! Come to disdoon blarmey and
7 walk our groves so charming and see again the sweet rockelose
8 where first you hymned *O Ciesá Mea!* and touch the light the-
9 orbo! Songster, angler, choreographer! Piper to prisoned! Musi-
10 cianship made Embrassador-at-Large! Good by nature and
11 natural by design, had you but been spared to us, Hauneen lad,
12 but sure where's the use my talking quicker when I know you'll
13 hear me all astray? My long farewell I send to you, fair dream of
14 sport and game and always something new. Gone is Haun! My
15 grief, my ruin! Our Joss-el-Jovan! Our Chris-na-Murty! 'Tis well
16 you'll be looked after from last to first as yon beam of light we
17 follow receding on your photophoric pilgrimage to your anti-
18 podes in the past, you who so often consigned your distributory
19 tidings of great joy into our nevertoolatetolove box, mansuetudi-
20 nous manipulator, victimisedly victorihorse, dearest Haun of
21 all, you of the boots, true as adie, stepwalker, pennyatimer,
22 lampaddyfair, postanulengro, our rommanychie! Thy now pal-
23 ing light lucerne we ne'er may see again. But could it speak how
24 nicely would it splutter to the four cantons praises be to thee,
25 our pattern sent! For you had — may I, in our, your and their
26 names, dare to say it? — the nucleus of a glow of a zeal of soul
27 of service such as rarely, if ever, have I met with single men.
28 Numerous are those who, nay, there are a dozen of folks still
29 unclaimed by the death angel in this country of ours today,
30 humble indivisibles in this grand continuum, overlorded by fate
31 and interlarded with accidence, who, while there are hours and
32 days, will fervently pray to the spirit above that they may never
33 depart this earth of theirs till in his long run from that place
34 where the day begins, ere he retourneys postexilic, on that day
35 that belongs to joyful Ireland, the people that is of all time, the
36 old old oldest, the young young youngest, after decades of

1 longsuffering and decennia of brief glory, to mind us of what
2 was when and to matter us of the withering of our ways, their
3 Janyouare Fibyouare wins true from Sylvester (only Walker
4 himself is like Waltzer, whimsicalissimo they go murmurand)
5 comes marching ahome on the summer-crust of the flagway.
6 Life, it is true, will be a blank without you because avicum's not
7 there at all, to nomore cares from nomad knows, ere Molochy
8 wars bring the devil era, a slip of the time between a date and a
9 ghostmark, rived by darby's chilldays embers, spatched fun
10 Juhn that dandyforth, from the night we are and feel and fade
11 with to the yesterselves we tread to turnupon.

12 But, boy, you did your strong nine furlong mile in slick and
13 slapstick record time and a farfetched deed it was in troth, cham-
14 pion docile, with your high bouncing gait of going and your
15 feat of passage will be contested with you and through you, for
16 centuries to come. The phaynix rose a sun before Erebia sank his
17 smother! Shoot up on that, bright Bennu bird! *Va faotre!*
18 Eftsoon so too will our own sphoenix spark spirt his spyre
19 and sunward stride the rampante flambe. Ay, already the
20 sombrero opacities of the gloom are sphanished! Brave footsore
21 Haun! Work your progress! Hold to! Now! Win out, ye divil ye!
22 The silent cock shall crow at last. The west shall shake the east
23 awake. Walk while ye have the night for morn, lightbreakfast-
24 bringer, morroweth whereon every past shall full fost sleep.
25 Amain.

1 Lowly, longly, a wail went forth. Pure Yawn lay low. On the
2 mead of the hillock lay, heartsoul dormant mid shadowed land-
3 shape, brief wallet to his side, and arm loose, by his staff of citron
4 briar, tradition stick-pass-on. His dream monologue was over,
5 of cause, but his drama parapolylogic had yet to be, affect. Most
6 distressfully (but, my dear, how successfully!) to wail he did,
7 his locks of a lucan tinge, quickrich, ripely rippling, unfileted,
8 those lashbetasselled lids on the verge of closing time, whiles
9 ouze of his sidewiseopen mouth the breath of him, evenso
10 languishing as the princeliest treble treacle or lichee chewchow
11 purse could buy. Yawn in a semiswoon lay awailing and (hooh!)
12 what helpings of honeyful swoothhead (pew!), which ear-
13 piercing dulcitude! As were you suppose to go and push with
14 your bluntblank pin in hand upinto his fleshasplush cushionettes
15 of some chubby boybold love of an angel. Hwoah!

16 When, as the buzzer brings the light brigade, keeping the
17 home fires burning, so on the churring call themselves came at
18 him, from the westborders of the eastmidlands, three kings of
19 three suits and a crowner, from all their cardinal parts, along
20 the amber way where Brosna's furzy. To lift them they did,
21 senators four, by the first quaint skreek of the gloaming and
22 they hopped it up the mountainy molehill, traversing climes
23 of old times gone by of the days not worth remembering;
24 inventing some excusethems, any sort, having a sevenply

1 sweat of night blues moist upon them. Feefee! phopho!!
2 foorchtha!!! aggala!!!! jeeshee!!!!! paloola!!!!!! ooridiminy!!!!!!
3 Afeared themselves were to wonder at the class of a crossroads
4 puzzler he would likely be, length by breadth nonplussing his
5 thickness, ells upon ells of him, making so many square yards of
6 him, one half of him in Conn's half but the whole of him never-
7 theless in Owenmore's five quarters. There would he lay till
8 they would him descry, spancelled down upon a blossomy bed, at
9 one foule stretch, amongst the daffydowndillies, the flowers of
10 narcosis fourfettering his footlights, a halohedge of wild spuds
11 hovering over him, epicures waltzing with gardenfillers, puritan
12 shoots advancing to Aran chiefs. Phopho!! The meteor pulp
13 of him, the seamless rainbowpeel. Aggala!!!! His bellyvoid of
14 nebulose with his neverstop navel. Paloola!!!!!! And his veins
15 shooting melanite phosphor, his creamtocustard cometshair and
16 his asteroid knuckles, ribs and members. Ooridiminy!!!!!! His
17 electrolatiginous twisted entrails belt.

18 Those four claymen clomb together to hold their sworn star-
19 chamber quiry on him. For he was ever their quarrel, the way
20 they would see themselves, everybug his bodiment atop of
21 annywom her notion, and the meet of their noight was worth two
22 of his morning. Up to the esker ridge it was, Mallinger parish, to a
23 mead that was not far, the son's rest. First klettered Shanator
24 Gregory, seeking spoor through the deep timefield, Shanator
25 Lyons, trailing the wavy line of his partition footsteps (some-
26 thing in his blisters was telling him all along how he had
27 been in that place one time), then his Recordership, Dr Shuna-
28 dure Tarpey, caperchasing after honourable sleep, hot on to the
29 aniseed and, up out of his prompt corner, old Shunny MacShunny,
30 MacDougal the hiker, in the rere of them on the run, to make a
31 quorum. Roping their ass he was, their skygrey globetrotter,
32 by way of an afterthought and by no means legless either for
33 such sprouts on him they were that much oneven it was tumbling
34 he was by four lengths, within the bawl of a mascot, kuss yuss,
35 kuss cley, patsy watsy, like the kapr in the kabisses, the big ass,
36 to hear with his unaided ears the harp in the air, the bugle

1 dianablowing, wild as wild, the mockingbird whose word is
2 misfortune, so 'tis said, the bulbul down the wind.
3 The proto was traipsing through the tangle then, Mathew
4 Walker, godsons' goddestfar, deputising for gossipocracy,
5 and his station was a few perch to the weatherside of the
6 knoll Asnoch and it was from no other place unless there, how
7 and ever, that he proxtended aloof upon the ether Mesmer's
8 Manuum, the hand making silence. The buckos beyond on the lea,
9 then stopped wheresoever they found their standings and that way
10 they set ward about him, doing obedience, nod, bend, bow and
11 curtsey, like the watchers of Prospect, upholding their broad-
12 awake prober's hats on their firrum heads, the travelling court on
13 its findings circuiting that personer in his fallen. And a crack quat-
14 youare of stenoggers they made of themselves, solons and psy-
15 chomomers, all told, with their hurts and daimons, spites and
16 clops, not even to the seclusion of their beast by them that was
17 the odd trick of the pack, trump and no friend of carrots. And,
18 what do you think, who should be laying there above all other
19 persons forenenst them only Yawn! All of asprawl he was laying
20 too amengst the poppies and, I can tell you something more than
21 that, drear writer, profoundly as you may bedeave to it, he was
22 ocasleep asleep. And it was far more similar to a satrap he lay there
23 with unctuous beauty all surrounded, the poser, or for whatall I
24 know like Lord Lumen, coaching his preferred constellations in
25 faith and doctrine, for old Matt Gregory, 'tis he had the starmenag-
26 erie, Marcus Lyons and Lucas Metcalfe Tarpey and the mack
27 that never forgave the ass that lurked behind him, Jonny na
28 Hossaleen.
29 More than their good share of their five senses ensorcelled
30 you would say themselves were, fuming censor, the way they
31 could not rightly tell their heels from their stools as they cooched
32 down a mamalujo by his cubical crib, as question time drew
33 nighing and the map of the souls' groupography rose in relief
34 within their quarterings, to play tops or kites or hoops or marbles,
35 curchycurchy, gawking on him, for the issuance of his pnum and
36 softnoising one of them to another one, the boguaqueesthers.

1 And it is what they began to say to him tetrahedrally then, the
2 masters, what way was he.
3 — He's giving, the wee bairn. Yun has lived.
4 — Yerra, why dat, my leader?
5 — Wisha, is he boosed or what, alannah?
6 — Or his wind's from the wrong cut, says Ned of the Hill.
7 — Lesten!
8 — Why so and speak up, do you hear me, you sir?
9 — Or he's rehearsing somewan's funeral.
10 — Whisht outathat! Hubba's up!
11 And as they were spreading abroad on their octopuds their
12 drifter nets, the chromous gleamy seiners' nets and, no lie, there was
13 word of assonance being softspoken among those quartermasters.
14 — Get busy, kid!
15 — Chirpy, come now!
16 — The present hospices is a good time.
17 — I'll take on that chap.
18 For it was in the back of their mind's ear, temptive lissomer,
19 how they would be spreading in quadriliberall their azurespotted
20 fine attractable nets, their nansen nets, from Matt Senior to the
21 thurrible mystagogue after him and from thence to the neighbour
22 and that way to the puisny donkeyman and his crucifer's cauda.
23 And in their minds years backslibris, so it was, slipping beauty,
24 how they would be meshing that way, when he rose to it, with
25 the planckton at play about him, the quivers of scaly silver and
26 their clutches of chromes of the highly lucid spanishing gold
27 whilst, as hour gave way to mazing hour, with Yawn himself
28 keeping time with his thripthongue, to ope his blurbeous lips he
29 would, a let out classy, the way myrrh of the moor and molten
30 moonmist would be melding mellifond into his mouth.
31 — Y?
32 — Before You!
33 — Ecko! How sweet thee answer makes! Afterwheres? In the
34 land of lions' odor?
35 — Friends! First if yu don't mind. Name yur historical grounds.
36 — This same prehistoric barrow 'tis, the orangery.

1 — I see. Very good now. It is in your orangery, I take it, you
 2 have your letters. Can you hear here me, you sir?
 3 — Throsends. For my darling. Typette!
 4 — So long aforetime? Can you hear better?
 5 — Millions. For godsend. For my darling dearling one.
 6 — Now, to come nearer zone; I would like to raise my
 7 deuterous point audibly touching this. There is this madders.
 8 I am told by our interpreter, Hanner Esellus, that there are fully
 9 six hundred and six ragwords in your malherbal Magis lande-
 10 guage in which wald wand rimes alpman and there is resin in all
 11 roots for monarch but yav hace not one pronouncable teerm that
 12 blows in all the vallums of tartallaght to signify majestate, even
 13 provisionally, nor no rheda rhoda or torpentine path or halluci-
 14 nian via nor aurellian gape nor sunkin rut nor grossgrown trek
 15 nor crimeslaved cruxway and no moorhens cry or mooners
 16 plankgang there to lead us to hopenhaven. Is such the *unde deri-*
 17 *vatur* casematter messio! Frankly. *Magis megis enerretur mynus*
 18 *hoc intelligow.*
 19 — How? C'est mal prononsable, tartagliano, perfrances. Vous
 20 n'avez pas d'o dans votre boche provenciale, mousoo. Je m'in-
 21 cline mais *Moy jay trouvoy la clee dang les champs.* Hay sham nap
 22 poddy velour, come on!
 23 — Hep there! Commong, sa na pa de valure? Whu's teit dans
 24 yur jambs? Whur's that inclining and talkin about the messiah
 25 so cloover? A true's to your trefling! Whure yu!
 26 — Trinathan partnick dieudonnay. Have you seen her?
 27 Typette, my tactile O!
 28 — Are you in your fatherick, lonely one?
 29 — The same. Three persons. Have you seen my darling only
 30 one? I am sohold!
 31 — What are yu shevering about, ultramontane, like a houn?
 32 Is there cold on ye, doraphobian? Or do yu want yur primafairy
 33 schoolmam?
 34 — The woods of foglout! O mis padredges!
 35 — Whisht awhile, greyleg! The duck is rising and you'll wake
 36 that stand of plover. I know that place better than anyone. Sure,

1 I used to be always overthere on the fourth day at my grand-
2 mother's place, Tear-nan-Ogre, my little grey home in the west,
3 in or about Mayo when the long dog gave tongue and they
4 coursing the marches and they straining at the leash. Tortoise-
5 shell for a guineagould! Burb! Burb! Burb! Follow me up
6 Tucurlugh! That's the place for the claire oysters, Polldoody,
7 County Conway. I never knew how rich I was like another story in
8 the zoedone of the zephyros, strolling and strolling, carrying my
9 dragoman, Meads Marvel, thass withumpronouceable tail, along
10 the shore. Do you know my cousin, Mr Jasper Dougal that
11 keeps the Anchor on the Mountain, the parson's son, Jasper of
12 the Tuns, Pat Whateveryournameis?
13 — Dood and I dood. The wolves of Fochlut! By Whydoyou-
14 callme? Do not flingamejig to the twolves!
15 — Turcafiera amd that's a good wan right enough! Wooluvs
16 no less!
17 — One moment now, if I foeshorten the bloss on your
18 bleather. Encroachment spells erosion. Dunlin and turnstone
19 augur us where, how and when best as to burial of carcass, fuse-
20 lage of dump and committal of noisance. But, since you invoke
21 austers for the trailing of vixens, I would like to send a cormo-
22 rant around this blue lagoon. Tell me now this. You told my
23 larned friend rather previously, a moment since, about this mound
24 or barrow. Now I suggest to you that ere there was this plague-
25 burrow, as you seem to call it, there was a burialbattell, the boat
26 of millions of years. Would you bear me out in that, relatively
27 speaking, with her jackstaff jerking at her pennyladders, why
28 not, and sizing a fair sail, knowest thout the kind? The *Pourquoi*
29 *Pas*, bound for Weissduwasland, that fourmaster barquentine,
30 Webster says, our ship that ne're returned. The Frenchman, I say,
31 was an orangeboat. He is a boat. You see him. The both how
32 you see is they! Draken af Danemork! Sacked it or ate it? What!
33 Henu! Spake ab laut!
34 — Couch, cortege, ringbarrow, dungcairn. Beseek the runes
35 and see the longurn! Allmaun away when you hear the gang-
36 horn. And meet Nautsen. Ess Ess. O ess. Warum night! Con-

1 ning two lay payees. Norsker. Her raven flag was out, the
2 slaver. I trow pon good, jordan's scaper, good's barnet and
3 trustyman. Crouch low, you pigeons three! Say, call that girl with
4 the tan tress awn! Call Wolfhound! Wolf of the sea. Folchu!
5 Folchu!

6 — Very good now. That folklore's straight from the ass his
7 mouth. I will crusade on with the parent ship, weather prophet-
8 ting, far away from those green hills, a station, Ireton tells me,
9 bonofide for keeltappers, now to come to the midnight middy
10 on this levantine ponenter. From Daneland sailed the oxeyed
11 man, now mark well what I say.

12 — Magnus Spadebeard, korsets krosser, welsher perfyddye.
13 A destroyer in our port. Signed to me with his baling scoop. Laid
14 bare his breastpaps to give suck, to suckle me. Ecce Hagios
15 Chrisman!

16 — Oh, Jeyses, fluid! says the poisoned well. Futfishy the
17 First. Hootchcopper's enkel at the navel manuvres!

18 — Hep! Hello there, Bill of old Bailey! Whu's he? Whu's
19 this lad, why the pups?

20 — Hunkalus Childared Easterheld. It's his lost chance,
21 Emania Ware him well.

22 — Hey! Did you dream you were ating your own tripe,
23 acushla, that you tied yourself up that wrynecky fix?

24 — I see now. We move in the beast circuls. Grimbarb and
25 pancercruicer! You took the words out of my mouth. A child's
26 dread for a dragon vicefather. Hillcloud encompass us! You
27 mean you lived as milky at their lyceum, couard, while you
28 learned, volp volp, to howl yourself wolfwise. Dyb! Dyb! Do
29 your best.

30 — I am dob dob dobbling like old Booth's, courteous. The
31 cubs are after me, it zeebs, the whole totem pack, vuk vuk and
32 vuk vuk to them, for Robinson's shield.

33 — Scents and gouspils! The animal jangs again! Find the
34 fingall harriers! Here howl me wiseacre's hat till I die of the
35 milkman's lupus!

36 — What? Wolfgang? Whoah! Talk very slowe!

1 — *Hail him heathen, heal him holystone!*
 2 *Courser, Recourser, Changechild*?
 3 *Eld es endall, earth*?
 4 — A cataleptic mithyphallic! Was this *Totem Fulcrum Est*
 5 Ancestor yu hald in *Dies Eirae* where no spider webbeth or
 6 *Anno Mundi* ere bawds plied in Skiffstrait? Be fair, Chris!
 7 — Dream. Ona nonday I sleep. I dreamt of a somday. Of a
 8 wonday I shall wake. Ah! May he have now of here fearfilled
 9 me! Sinflowed, O sinflowed! Fia! Fia! Befurcht christ!
 10 — I have your tristich now; it recurs in three times the same
 11 differently (there is such a fui fui story which obtains of him):
 12 comming nown from the asphalt to the concrete, from the human
 13 historic brute, Finnsen Faynean, occeanyclived, to this same
 14 vulganized hillsir from yours, Mr Tupling Toun of Morning
 15 de Heights, with his lavast flow and his rambling undergroands,
 16 would he reoccur *Ad Horam*, as old Romeo Rogers, in city or
 17 county, and your sure ob, or by, with or from an urb, of you
 18 know the diferenciabus, as brauchbarred in apabhramsa, sierrah!
 19 We speak of Gun, the farther. And in the locative. Bap! Bap!
 20 — Ouer Tad, Hellig Babbau, whom certayn orbits assertant
 21 re humeplace of Chivitats Ei, Smithwick, Rhonnda, Kaledon,
 22 Salem (Mass), Childers, Argos and Duthless. Well, I am advised
 23 he might in a sense be both nevertheless, every at man like my-
 24 self, suffix it to say, Abrahamsk and Brookbear! By him it was
 25 done bapka, by me it was gone into, to whom it will beblive,
 26 Mushame, Mushame! I am afraid you could not heave ahore one
 27 of your own old stepstones, barnabarnabarn, over a stumble-
 28 down wall here in Huddlestown to this classic Noctuber night
 29 but itandthey woule binge, much as vecious, off the dosshouse
 30 back of a racerider in his truetoflesh colours, either handicapped
 31 on her flat or barely repeating himself. That is a tiptip tim oldy
 32 faher now the man I go in fear of, Tommy Terracotta, and he
 33 could be all your and my das, the brodar of the founder of the
 34 father of the finder of the pfander of the pfunder of the furst man
 35 in Ranelagh, fué! fué! Petries and violet ice (I am yam, as Me
 36 and Tam Tower used to jagger pemmer it, over at the house of

1 Eddy's Christy, meaning Dodgfather, Dodgson and Co) and
2 spiriduous sanction!
3 — Breeze softly. Aures are aureas. Hau's his naun?
4 — Me das has or oreils. Piercey, piercey, piercey, piercey!
5 — White eyeluscious and muddyhorsebroth! Pig Pursyriley!
6 But where do we get off, chiseller?
7 — Haltstille, Lucas and Dublinn! Vulva! Vulva! Vulva!
8 Vulva!
9 — Maccougal, Atlantic City, or his onagrass that is, chuam
10 and coughan! I would go near identifying you from your stavro-
11 tides, Jong of Maho, and the weslarias round your yokohahat.
12 And that O'mulanchonry plucher you have from the worst
13 curst of Ireland, Glwlwd of the Mghtwg Grwpp, is no use to
14 you either, Johnny my donkeyschott. Number four,fix up your
15 spreadeagle and pull your weight!
16 — Hooshin hom to our regional's hin and the gander of
17 Hayden. Would ye ken a young stepschuler of psychical chiro-
18 graphy, the name of Keven, or (let outers pray) Evan Vaughan,
19 of his Posthorn in the High Street, that was shooing a Guiney
20 gagag, Poulepinter, that found the dogumen number one, I
21 would suggest, an illegible downfumbed by an unelgible?
22 — If I do know sintered sageness? Sometimes he would keep
23 silent for a few minutes as if in prayer and clasp his forehead and
24 during the time he would be thinking to himself and he would
25 not mind anybody who would be talking to him or crying
26 stinking fish. But I no way need you, stroke oar nor your quick
27 handles. Your too farfar a cock of the north there, Matty Armagh,
28 and your due south so.
29 — South I see. You're up-in-Leal-Ulster and I'm-free-Down-
30 in-Easia, this is much better. He is cured by faith who is sick of
31 fate. The prouts who will invent a writing there ultimately is the
32 poeta, still more learned, who discovered the raiding there origin-
33 ally. That's the point of eschatology our book of kills reaches
34 for now in soandso many counterpoint words. What can't be
35 coded can be decorded if an ear aye sieze what no eye ere grieved
36 for. Now, the doctrine obtains, we have occasioning cause caus-

1 ing effects and affects occasionally recausing altereffects. Or I
2 will let me take it upon myself to suggest to twist the penman's
3 tale posterwise. The gist is the gist of Shaum but the hand is
4 the hand of Sameas. Shan - Shim - Schung. There is a strong
5 suspicion on counterfeit Kevin and we all remember ye in child-
6 hood's reverye. 'Tis the bells of scandal that gave tune to
7 grumble over him and someone between me and thee. He would
8 preach to the two turkies and dipdip all the dindians, this master
9 the abbey, and give gold tidings to all that are in the bonze age
10 of anteprosurrectionism to entrust their easter neappearance
11 to Borsaiolini's house of hatcraft. He is our sent on the firm.
12 Now, have you reasonable hesitancy in your mind about him
13 after fourpriest redmass or are you in your post? Tell me andat
14 sans dismay. Leap, pard!

15 — Fierappel putting years on me! Nwo, nwo! This bolt in
16 hand be my worder! I'll see you moved farther, blarneying
17 Marcantonio! What cans such wretch to say to I or how have My
18 to doom with him? We were wombful of mischief and initium-
19 wise, everliking a liked, hairytop on heeltipper, alpybecca's un-
20 wachsibles, an ikeson am ikeson, that babe, imprincipially, my
21 leperd brethern, the Puer, ens innocens of but fifteen primes.
22 Ya all in your kalblionized so trilustriously standing the real
23 school, to be upright as his match, healtheous as is egg, saviour
24 so the salt and good wee braod, parallaling buttyr, did I alter-
25 mobile him to a flare insiding hogsfat. Been ike hins kinder-
26 gardien? I know not, O cashla, I am sure offed habitand this
27 undered heaven, meis enfins, contrasting the first mover, that
28 father I ascend fromming knows, as I think, caused whom I, a
29 self the sign, came remaining being dwelling ayr, plage and
30 watford as to I was eltered impostulance possessing my future
31 state falling towards thrice myself resting the childhide when
32 I received the habit following Mezienius connecting Mezosius
33 including was verted embracing a palegrim, circumcised my
34 hairs, Oh laud, and removed my clothes from patristic motives,
35 meas minimas culpads! Permitting this ick (ickle coon icocoon)
36 crouched low entering humble down, dead throe mean scato-

1 logical past, making so smell partaking myself to confess abiding
2 clean tumbuponing yous octopods, mouthspeech allno finger-
3 force, owning my mansuetude before him attaching Audeon's
4 prostratingwards mine sore accompanying my thrain tropps
5 offering meye eyesalt, what I (the person whomin I now am) did
6 not do, how he to say essied anding how he was making errand
7 andanding how he all locutey sunt, why did you, my sixth best
8 friend, blabber always you would be so delated to back me, then
9 ersed irredent, toppling Humphrey hugging Nephew, old begge-
10 laut, designing such post sitting his night office? Annexing then,
11 producing Saint Momuluius, you snub around enclosing your
12 moving motion touching the other catachumens continuing say
13 providing append of signature quoniam you will celebrand my
14 dirthdags quoniam, concealed a concealer, I am twosides uppish,
15 a mockbelief insulant, ending none meer hyber irish. Well, chunk
16 your dimned chink, before avtokinatown, forasmuch as many
17 have tooken in hand to, I may as well humbly correct that ves-
18 pian now in case of temporalities. I've my pockets full comeplay
19 of you laycreated cardonals, ap rince, ap rowler, ap rancer, ap
20 rowdey! Improperial! I saved you fore of the Hekkites and you
21 loosed me hind bland Harry to the burghmote of Aud Dub. I
22 teachet you in fair time, my elders, the W.X.Y.Z. and P.Q.R.S. of
23 legatine powers and you, Ailbey and Ciardeclan, I learn, episcop-
24 ing me altogether, circumdeditioned me. I brought you from the
25 loups of Lazary and you have remembered my lapsus langways.
26 Washywatchywataywatashy! Oirasesheorebukujibun! Wata-
27 cooshy lot! Mind of poison is. That time thing think! Honorific
28 remembrance to spit humble makes. My ruridecanal caste is a cut
29 above you peregrines. Aye vouchu to rumanescu. See the leabhour
30 of my generations! Has not my master, Theophrastius Spheropneu-
31 maticus, written that the spirit is from the upper circle? I'm of the
32 ochlocracy with Prestopher Palumbus and Porvus Parrio. Soa
33 koa Kelly Terry per Chelly Derry lepossette. Ho look at my
34 jailbrand Exquovis and sequencias High marked on me fake-
35 similar in the foreign by Pappagallus and Pumpusmugnus:
36 ahem! Anglicey: *Eggs squawfish lean yoe nun feed marecurious.*

1 Sagart can self laud nilobstant to Lowman Catlick's patrician
2 morning coat of arms with my High tripenniferry cresta and
3 caudal mottams: Itch dean: which Gaspey, Otto and Sauer, he
4 renders: echo stay so! Addressing eat or not eat body Yours
5 am. And, Mind, praisegad, is the first praisonal Egoname Yod
6 heard boissboissy in Moy Bog's domesday. Hastan the vista! Or
7 in alleman: Suck at!

8 — Suck it yourself, sugarstick! Misha, Yid think whose was
9 asking to luckat your sore toe or to taste your gaspy, hot and
10 sour! Ichthyan! Hegvat tosser! Gags be plebsed! Between his
11 voyous and her consinnantes! Thugg, Dirke and Hacker with
12 Rose Lankester and Blanche Yorke! Are we speachin d'anglas
13 landadge or are you sprakin sea Djoytsch? Oy soy, Bleseyblasey,
14 where to go is knowing remain? Become quantity that discourse
15 bothersome when what do? Knowing remain? Come back, baddy
16 wriily, to Bullydamestough! Cum him, buddy rowly, with me!
17 What about your thruppenny croucher of an old fellow, me boy,
18 through the ages, tell us, eh? What about Brian's the Vauntand-
19 onlieme, Master Monk, eh, eh, *Spira in Me Domino*, spear me
20 Doyne! Fat prize the bonafide peachumpidgeonlover, eh, eh,
21 eh, esquire earwugs, escusado, of Jenkins' Area, with his I've Ivy
22 under his tangué and the hohallo to his dullaphone, before there
23 was a sound in the world? How big was his boost friend and be
24 shanghaied to him? The swaaber! The twicer, trifoaled in Wan-
25 stable! Loud's curse to him! If you hored him outerly as we
26 harum lubberintly, from morning rice till nightmale, with his
27 drums and bones and hums in drones your innereer'd heerdly
28 heer he. Ho ha hi he hung! Tsing tsing!

29 — Me no angly mo, me speakee Yellman's lingas. Nicey Doc
30 Mistel Lu, please! Me no pigey ludiments all same numpa one
31 Topside Tellmastoly fella. Me pigey savvy a singasong anothel
32 time. Pleasie, Mista Lukie Walkie! Josadam cowbelly maam
33 belongame shepullamealahmalong, begolla, Jackinaboss belonga-
34 she; plentymuch boohoomeo.

35 — Hell's Confucium and the Elements! Tootoo moohootch!
36 That's never the postal cleric, checking chinchin chat with nip-

1 ponnippers! Halt there sob story to your lambdad's tale! Are
2 you roman cawthrick 432?
3 — *Quadrigue my yoke.*
4 *Triple my tryst.*
5 *Tandem my sire.*
6 — History as her is harped. Too the toone your owldfrow lied
7 of. Tantris, hattrick, tryst and parting, by vowelglide! I feel
8 your thrilljoy mouths overtspeaking, O dragoman, hands under-
9 studium. Plunger words what paddle verbed. Mere man's mime:
10 God has jest. The old order changeth and lasts like the first.
11 Every third man has a chink in his conscience and every other
12 woman has a jape in her mind. Now, fix on the little fellow in my
13 eye, Minucius Mandrake, and follow my little psychosinology,
14 poor armer in slingslang. Now I, the lord of Tuttu, am placing
15 that inital T square of burial jade upright to your temple a
16 moment. Do you see anything, templar?
17 — I see a blackfrinch pliestrycook . . . who is carrying on
18 his brainpan . . . a cathedral of lovejelly for his . . . *Tiens*, how
19 he is like somebodies!
20 — Pious, a pious person. What sound of tistress isoles my
21 ear? I horizont the same, this serpe with ramshead, and lay it
22 lightly to your lip a litde. What do you feel, liplove?
23 — I feel a fine lady . . . floating on a stillstream of
24 isisglass . . . with gold hair to the bed . . . and white arms to the
25 twinklers . . . O la la!
26 — Purely, in a pure manner. O, sey but swift and still a vain
27 essaying! Trothed today, trenned tomorrow. I invert the initial
28 of your tripartite and sign it sternly, and adze to girdle. on your
29 breast. What do you hear, breastplate?
30 — I ahear of a hopper behidin the door slappin his feet in a
31 pool of bran.
32 — Bellax, acting like a bellax. And so the triptych vision
33 passes. Out of a hillside into a hillside. Fairshee fading. Again
34 am I deliciated by the picaresqueness of your irmages. Now,
35 the oneir urge iterimpellant, I feel called upon to ask did it
36 ever occur to you, *qua* you, prior to this, by a stretch of

1 your iberboreallic imagination, when it's quicker than this quack-
2 ing that you might, bar accidens, be very largely substituted in
3 potential secession from your next life by a complementary char-
4 acter, voices apart? Upjack! I shudder for your thought! Think!
5 Put from your mind that and take on trust this. The next word
6 depends on your answer.

7 — I'm thinking to, thogged be thenked! I was just trying to
8 think when I thought I felt a flea. I might have. I cannot say for
9 it is of no significance at all. Once or twice when I was in odin-
10 burgh with my addlefoes, Jake Jones, the handscabby, when I
11 thinkled I wore trying on my garden substisuit, boy's apert, at
12 my nexword nighboor's, and maybe more largely nor you
13 quosh yet you, messmate, realise. A few times, so to shape, I chanced
14 to be stretching, in the shadow as I thought, the liferight out
15 of myself in my ericulous imaginating. I felt feeling a half Scotch
16 and pottage like rounq my middle ageing like Bewley in the
17 baste so that I indicate out to myself and I swear my gots how
18 that I'm not meself at all!, no jolly fear, when I realise bimiselves
19 how becomingly I to be going to become.

20 — O, is that the way with you, you craythur? In the becom-
21 ing was the weared, wontnat! Hood maketh not frere. The voice
22 is the voice of jokeup, I fear. Are you imitation Roma now or
23 Amor now. You have all our empathies, eh, Mr Trickpat, if you
24 don't mind, that is, aside from sings and mush, answering to my
25 straight question?

26 — God save the monk! I won't mind this is, answering to
27 your strict crossqueets, whereas it would be as unethical for me
28 now to answer as it would have been nonsensical for you then
29 not to have asked. Same no can, home no will, gangin I am.
30 Gangang is Mine and I will return. Out of my name you call me,
31 Leelander. But in my shelter you'll miss me. When Lapac walks
32 backwards he's darkest horse in Capalisoot. You knew me once
33 but you won't know me twice. I am *simpliciter arduus*, ars of
34 the schoo, Freeday's child in loving and thieving.

35 — My child, know this! Some portion of that answer appears
36 to have been token by you from the writings of Saint Synodius,

1 that first liar. Let us hear, therefore, as you honour and obey the
2 queen, whither the indwellingness of that which shamefieth be
3 entwined of one or atoned of two. Let us hear, Art simplicissime!
4 — Dearly beloved brethren: Bruno and Nola, leymon bogholders
5 and stationary lifepartners off orangey Saint Nessau Street, were
6 explaining it avicendas all round each other ere yesterweek out
7 of Ibn Sen and Ipanzussch. When himupon Nola Bruno mono-
8 polises his egobruno most unwillingly seses by the mortal powers
9 alionola equal and opposite brunoipso, *id est*, eternally provoking
10 alio opposite equally as provoked as Bruno at being eternally
11 opposed by Nola. Poor omniboose, singalow singelearum: so
12 is he!
13 — One might hear in their beyond that lionroar in the air
14 again, the zoohoohoom of Felin make Call. Bruin goes to Noble,
15 aver who is? If is itsen? Or you mean Nolans but Volans, an
16 alibi, do you Mutemalice, suffering unegoistically from the singular
17 but positively enjoying on the plural? Dustify of that sole, you
18 breather! Ruemember, blither, thou must lie!
19 — Oyessoyess! I never dramped of prebeing a postman but
20 I mean in ostralian someplace, mults deeply belubdead; my
21 allaboy brother, Negoist Cabler, of this city, whom 'tis better
22 ne'er to name, my said brother, the skipgod, expelled for
23 looking at churches from behind, who is sender of the Hullo
24 Eve Cenograph in prose and worse every Allso's night. High
25 Brazil Brandan's Deferred, midden Erse clare language, Nought-
26 noughtnought nein. Assass. Dublire, per Neuropaths. Punk.
27 Starving today plays punk opening tomorrow two plays punk
28 wire splosh how two plays punk Cabler. Have you forgotten
29 poor Alby Sobrinos, Geoff, you blighter, identifiable by the
30 necessary white patch on his rear? How he went to his swilters-
31 land after his lungs, my sad late brother, before his coglional
32 expancier? Won't you join me in a small halemerry, a bottle of
33 the best, for wellmet Capeler, united Irishmen, what though pre-
34 ferring the stranger, the coughs and the itches and the minnies
35 and the ratties the opulose and bilgenses, for of his was the
36 patriots mistaken. The heart that wast our Graw McGree!

1 Yet be there some who mourn him, concluding him dead,
2 and more there be that wait astand. His fuchs up the staires
3 and the ladgers in his haire, he ought to win that V.V.C.
4 Fullgrapce for an endupper, half muxy on his whole! Would
5 he were even among the lost! From ours bereft beyond be-
6 longs. Oremus poor fraternibus that he may yet escape the
7 gallews and still remain ours faithfully departed. I wronged you.
8 I never want to see more of bad men but I want to learn from
9 any on the airse, like Tass with much thanks, here's ditto, if
10 he lives sameplace in the antipathies of austrasia or anywhere
11 with my fawngest on his hooshmoney, safe and damned, or
12 has hopped it or who can throw any lime on the sopjack,
13 my fond fosther, E. Obiit Nolan, The Workings, N.S.W.,
14 his condition off the Venerable Jerrybuilt, not belonging to
15 these parts, who, I remember ham to me, when we were like
16 bro and sis over our castor and porridge, with his roamin I
17 suppose, expecting for his clarenx negus, a teetotum abstainer.
18 He feels he ought to be as asamed of me as me to be ashunned of
19 him. We were in one class of age like to two clots of egg. I am
20 most beholding to him, my namesick, as we sayed it in our Am-
21 harican, through the Doubly Telewisher. Outpassed hearts wag
22 short pertimes. Worndown shoes upon his feet, to whose re-
23 dress no tongue can tell! In his hands a boot! Spare me, do, a
24 copper or two and happy I'll hope you'll be! It will pleased
25 me behind with thanks from before and love to self and all I
26 remain here your truly friend. I am no scholar but I loved that
27 man who has africot lupps with the moonshane in his profile,
28 my shemblable! My freer! I call you my halfbrother because
29 you in your soberer otiumic moments remind me deeply of my
30 natural saywhen brothel in feed, hop and jollity, S. H. Devitt,
31 that benighted irismaimed, who is tearly belaboured by Sydney
32 and Alibany.
33 — As you sing it it's a study. That letter selfpenned to one's
34 other, that neverperfect everplanned?
35 — This nonday diary, this allnights newseryreel.
36 — My dear sir! In this wireless age any owl rooster can peck

1 up bostoons. But whoewaxed he so anquished? Was he vector
2 victored of victim vexed?
3 — Mighty sure! Way way for his wehicul! A parambolator
4 ram into his bagsmall when he was reading alawd, with two eco-
5 lites and he's been failing of that kink in his arts over sense.
6 — Madonagh and Chiel, idealist leading a double life! But who,
7 for the brilliance of brothers, is the Nolan as appearant nominally?
8 — Mr Nolan is pronominally Mr Gottgab.
9 — I get it. By hearing his thing about a person one begins to
10 place him for a certain in true. You reeker, he stands pat for
11 you before a direct object in the feminine. I see. By maiden
12 sname. Now, I am earnestly asking you, and putting it as
13 between this yohou and that houmonymh, will just you search
14 through your gabgut memoirs for all of two minutes for this
15 impersonating pronolan, fairhead on foulshoulders. Would it be
16 in twofold truth an untaken mispatriate, too fullfully true and
17 rereally a doblinganger much about your own medium with a
18 sandy whiskers? Poke me nabs in the ribs and pick the erstwort
19 out of his mouth.
20 — Treble Stauter of Holy Baggot Street, formerly Sword-
21 meat, who I surpassed him lately for four and six bringing home
22 the Christmas, as heavy as music, hand to eyes on the peer for
23 Noel's Arch, in blessed foster's place is doing the dirty on me
24 with his tantrums and all these godforgiven kilowatts I'd be
25 better off without. She's write to him she's levt by me, Jenny
26 Rediviva! Toot! Detter for you, Mr Nobru. Toot toot! Better for
27 you, Mr Anol! This is the way we. Of a redtetterday morning.
28 — When your contraman from Tuwarceathay is looking for
29 righting that is not a good sign? Not?
30 — I speak truly, it's a shower sign that it's not.
31 — What though it be for the sow of his heart? If even she
32 were a good pool Pegeen?
33 — If she ate your windowsill you wouldn't say sow.
34 — Would you be surprised after that my asking have you a
35 bull, a bosbully, with a whistle in his tail to scare other birds?
36 — I would.

1 — Were you with Sindy and Sandy attending Goliath, a bull?
2 — You'd make me sag what you like to. I was intending a
3 funeral. Simply and samply.
4 — They are too wise of solbing their silbings?
5 — And both croon to the same theme.
6 — Tugbag is Baggut's, when a crispin sokolist besoops juts
7 kamps or clapperclaws an irvingite offthedocks. A luckchange, I
8 see. Thinking young through the muddleage spread, the moral
9 fat his mental leans on. We can cop that with our straat that is
10 called corkscrewed. It would be the finest boulevard billy for a
11 mile in every direction, from Lismore to Cape Brendan, Patrick's,
12 if they took the bint out of the mittle of it. You told of a tryst
13 too, two a tutu. I wonder now, without releasing seeklets of the
14 alcove, turturs or raabraabs, have I heard mention of whose name
15 anywhere? Mallowlane or Demaasch? Strike us up either end
16 *Have You Erred off Van Homper or Ebell Teresa Kane.*
17 — *Marak! Marak! Marak!*
18 *He drapped has draraks an Mansianhase parak*
19 *And he had ta barraw tha watarcrass shartclaths aff the ark-*
20 *bashap af Yarak.!*
21 — Braudribnob's on the bummel?
22 — And lillypets on the lea.
23 — A being again in becomings again. From the sallies to
24 the allies through their central power?
25 — Pirce! Perce! Quick! Queck!
26 — O Tara's thrush, the sharepusher! And he said he was only
27 taking the average grass temperature for green Thurdsday, the
28 blutchy scaliger! Who you know the musselman, his muscle
29 mum and mistlemam? Maomi, Mamie, My Mo Mum! He loves
30 a drary lane. Feel Phylliscitations to daff Mr Hairwigger who
31 has just hadded twinned little curls! He was resting between
32 horrockses' sheets, wailing for white warfare, prooboor welsht-
33 breton, and unbiassed by the embarrassment of disposal but, the
34 first woking day,by Thunder, he stepped into the breach ant put
35 on his recriution trousers and riding apron in Baltic Bygrad, the
36 old soggy, was when the bold bhuoys of Iran wouldn't join up.

1 — How voice you that, nice Sandy man? Not large goodman
2 is he, Sandy nice. Ask him this one minute upthrow inner lotus
3 of his burly ear womit he dropped his Bass's to P flat. And for
4 that he was allaughed? And then baited? The whole gammat?
5 — Loonacied! Marterdyed!! Madwakemiherculossed!!! Ju-
6 dascessed!!!! Pairaskivvymenassed!!!!!! Luredogged!!!!!! And,
7 needatellye, faulscrescendied!!!!!!!
8 — Dias domnas! Dolled to dolthood? And Annie Delittle,
9 his daintree diva, in deltic dwilights, singing him henpecked rusish
10 through the bars? My Wolossay's wild as the Crasnian Sea!
11 Grabashag, groogy, scoop and I'll cure ye! Mother of emeralds,
12 ara poog neighbours!
13 — Capilla, Rubrilla and Melcamomilla! Dauby, dauby, with-
14 out dulay! Well, I beg to traverse same above statement by saxy
15 luters in their back haul of Coalcutter what reflects upon my
16 administrants of slow poisoning as my dodear devere revered
17 mainhirr was confined to guardroom, I hindustand, by my pint
18 of his Filtered pilsens bottle due to Zenaphiah Holwell, H and
19 J. C. S, Which I was bringing up my quee parapotacarry's orders
20 in my sedown chair with my mudfacepacket from my cash
21 chemist and family drugger, Surager Dowling, V.S. to our aural
22 surgeon, Afamado Hairductor Achmed Borumborad, M.A.C.A,
23 Sahib, of a 1001 Ombrilla Street, Syringa padham, Alleypulley, to
24 see what was my watergood, my mesical wasserguss, for repairs
25 done by bollworm in the rere of pilch knickers, seven yerds to
26 his galandhar pole on perch, together with his for me unfillable
27 slopper, property of my deeply forfear revebereared, who is costing
28 us mostfortunes which I am writing in mepetition to Kavanagh
29 Djanaral, when he was sitting him humpbacked in dryfilthy-
30 heat to his trinidads pinslers at their orpentings, entailing a
31 laxative tendency to mary, especially with him being forbidden
32 fruit and certified by his sexular clergy to have as badazmy
33 emotional volvular, with a basketful of priests crossing the
34 singorgeous to aroint him with tummy moor's maladies, and
35 thereafter liable to succumb when served with letters potent
36 below the belch, if my rupee repure rипuted husbandship H.R.R.

1 took a brief one in his shirtsails out of the alleged given mineral,
2 telling me see his in Foraignghistan sambat papers Sunday feac-
3 tures of a welcomed aperrytiff with vallad of Erill Pearcey O
4 he never battered one eagle's before paying me his duty on my
5 annaversary to the parroteyes list in my nil ensemble, in his lazy-
6 chair but he hided up my hemifaces in all my mayarannies and
7 he locked plum into my mirrymouth like Ysamasy morning in
8 the end of time, with the so light's hope on his ruddycheeks and
9 rawjaws and, my charmer, whom I dipped my hand in, he simply
10 showed me his propendiculous loadpoker, Seaserpents hisses
11 sissastones, which was as then is produced in his mansway by
12 this wisest of the Vikramadityationists, with the remere remind
13 remure remark, in his gulughurutty: Yran for parasites with rum
14 for the turkeycockeys so Lithia, M.D., as this is for Snooker,
15 bort!

16 — Which was said by whem to whom?
17 — It wham. But whim I can't whumember.
18 — Fantasy! funtasy on fantasy, amnaes fintasies! And there is
19 nihil nuder under the clothing moon. When Ota, weewahrwificle
20 of Torquells, bumpsed her dumpsydiddle down in her woolsark
21 she mode our heuteyleutey gurlery of peerlesses to set up in all
22 their bombossities of feudal fiertey, fanned, flounced and frangi-
23 panned, while the massstab whereby Ephialtes has exceeded is the
24 measure, *simplex mendaciis*, by which our Outis cuts his thruth.
25 Arkaway now!

26 — Yerds and nudes say ayes and noes! Vide! Vide!
27 — Let Eivin bember for Gates of Gold for their fadeless
28 suns berayed her. Irise, Osirises! Be thy mouth given unto thee!
29 For why do you lack a link of luck to poise a pont of perfect,
30 peace? On the vignetto is a ragingoos. The overseer of the house
31 of the oversire of the seas, Nu-Men, triumphant, sayeth: Fly as
32 the hawk, cry as the corncrake, Ani Latch of the postern is thy
33 name; shout!

34 — My heart, my mother! My heart, my coming forth of
35 darkness! They know not my heart, O coolun dearest! Mon
36 gloomerie! Mon glamourie! What a surpraise, dear Mr Preacher,

1 I to hear from your strawnummical modesty! Yes, there was
2 that skew arch of chrome sweet home, floodlit up above the
3 flabberghosted farmament and bump where the camel got the
4 needle. Talk about iridecencies! Ruby and beryl and chrysolite,
5 jade, sapphire, jasper and lazul.
6 — Orca Bellona! Heavencry at earthcall, etnat athos? Extinct
7 your vulcanology for the lava of Moltenis!
8 — It's you not me's in erupting, hecklar!
9 — Ophiuchus being visible above thORIZON, muliercula oc-
10 cluded by Satarn's serpent ring system,the pisciolinnies Nova
11 Ardonis and Prisca Parthenopea, are a bonnies feature in the
12 northern sky. Ers, Mores and Merkery are surgents below the rim
13 of the Zenith Part while Arctura, Anatolia, Hesper and Mesembria
14 weep in their mansions over Noth, Haste, Soot and Waste.
15 — Apep and Uachet! Holy snakes, chase me charley, Eva's
16 got barley under her fluencies! The Ural Mount he's on the
17 move and he'll quivvy her with his strombolo! Waddlewurst,
18 the bag of tow, as broad above as he is below! Creeping
19 through the liongrass and bullsrusshius, the obesendean, before
20 the Empfang de Maurya's class, in Bill Shasser's Shotshrift writing
21 academy, camouflaged as a blancmange and maple syrop! Obei-
22 sance so their sitinins is the follicity of this Orp! Her sheik to
23 Slave, his dick to Dave and the fat of the land to Guygas. The
24 treadmill pebbledropper haha halfahead overground and she'd
25 only chitschats in her spanking bee bonetry, Allapolloosa! Up the
26 slanger! Three cheers and a heva heva for the name Dan Magraw!
27 — The giant sun is in his emanence but which is chief of those
28 white dwarfees of which he ever is surabanded? And do you think
29 T might have being his seventh! He will kitsse me on melbaw.
30 What about his age? says you. What about it? says I. I will
31 confess to his sins and blush me further. I would misdemean to
32 rebuke to the libels of snots from the fleshambles,the canalles.
33 Synamite is too good for them. Two overthirties in shore shor-
34 ties. She's askapot at Nile Lodge and she's citchincarry at the
35 left Mrs Hamazum's. Will you warn your old habasund, barking
36 at baggermen, his chokefull chewing his chain? Responsif you

1 plais. The said Sully, a barracker associated with tinkers, the
2 blackhand, Shovellyvans, wreuter of annoyimgmost letters and
3 skirriless ballets in Parsee Franch who is Magrath's thug and
4 smells cheaply of Power's spirits, like a deepsea dibbler, and he is
5 not fit enough to throw guts down to a bear. Sylphling me
6 when is a maid nought a maid he would go to anyposs length
7 for her! So long, Sulleyman! If they cut his nose on the stitcher
8 they had their siven good reasons. Here's to the leglift of my
9 snuff and trout stockangt henkerchoff, orange fin with a mosaic
10 of dispensations and a froren black patata, from my church milli-
11 ner. When Lynch Brother, Withworkers, Friends and Company
12 with T. C. King and the Warden of Galway is prepared to
13 stretch him sacred by the powers to the starlight, L.B.W. Hemp,
14 hemp, hurray! says the captain in the moonlight. I could put
15 him under my pallyass and slepp on him all nights as I would
16 roll myself for holy poly over his borrowing places. How we will
17 make laugh over him together, me and my Riley in the Vickar's
18 bed! Quink! says I. He cawls to me Granny-stream-Auborne
19 when I am hiding under my hair from him and I cool him my
20 Finnyking he's so joyant a bounder. Plunk! said he. Inasmuch
21 as I am delightful to be able to state, with the joy of lifing in my
22 forty winkers, that a handsome sovereign was freely pledged
23 in their pennis in the sluts maschine, alonging with a cherry-
24 wickerkishabrack of maryfruit under Shadow La Rose, to both
25 the legintimate lady performers of display unquestionable, Elsebett
26 and Marryetta Gunning, H₂O, by that noblesse of leechers at
27 his Saxontannery with motto in Wwalshe's ffrenchllatin: O'Neill
28 saw Queen Molly's pants: and much admired engraving, meaning
29 complet manly parts during alleged recent act of our chief
30 mergey margey magistrades, five itches above the kneecap, as
31 required by statues. V.I.C.^{5.6}. If you won't release me stop to
32 please me up the leg of me. Now you see! Respect. S.V.P.
33 Your wife. Amn. Anm. Amm. Ann.

34 — You wish to take us, Frui Mria, by degrees, as *artis litterarum-*
35 *que patrona* but I am afraid, my poor woman of that same
36 name, what with your silvanes and your salvines, you are misled.

1 — Alas for livings' pledjures!
2 — Lordy Daw and Lady Don! Uncle Foozle and Aunty
3 Jack! Sure, that old humbugger was boycotted and girlcutted
4 in debt and doom, on hill and haven, even by the show-the-flag
5 flotilla, as I'm given now to understand, illscribed in all the
6 gratuitouses and conspued in the takeyourhandaways. Bumbty,
7 tumbty, Sot on a Wall, Mute art for the Million. There wasn't an
8 Archimandrite of Dane's Island and the townlands nor a minx
9 from the Isle of Woman nor a one of the four cantins nor any on
10 the whole wheel of his ecunemical conciliabulum nor nogent
11 ingen meid on allad the hold scurface of the jorth would come
12 next or nigh him, Mr Eelwhipper, seed and nursery man, or
13 his allgas bumgalowre, Auxilium Meum Solo A Domino (Amsad),
14 for rime or ration, from piles or faces, after that.
15 — All ears did wag, old Eire wake as Piers Aurell was flapper-
16 gangsted.
17 — Recount!
18 — I have it here to my fingall's ends. This liggly piggy wanted
19 to go to the jampot. And this leggy peggy spelt pea. And theese
20 lucky puckers played at pooping tooletom. Ma's da. Da's ma.
21 Madas. Sadam.
22 — *Pater patruum cum filiabus familiarum*. Or, but, now, and,
23 ariring out of her mirgery margery watersheads and, to change
24 that subjunct from the traumaturgid for once in a while and dart-
25 ing back to stuff, if so be you may identify yourself with the him
26 in you, that fluctuous neck merchamtur, bloodfadder and milk-
27 mudder, since then our too many of her, Abha na Life, and getting
28 on to dadaddy again, as them we're ne'er free of, was he in tea
29 e'er he went on the bier or didn't he ontime do something seemly
30 heavy in sugar? He sent out Christy Columb and he came back
31 with a jailbird's unbespokables in his beak and then he sent out
32 Le Caron Crow and the peacies are still looking for him. The
33 seeker from the swayed, the beesabouties from the parent swarm.
34 Speak to the right! Rotacist ca canny! He caun ne'er be bothered
35 but maun e'er be waked. If there is a future in every past that is
36 present *Quis est qui non novit quinnigan and Qui quae quot at*

1 *Quinnigan's Quake!* Stump! His producers are they not his con-
2 sumers? Your exagmination round his factification for incam-
3 ination of a warping process. Declaim!
4 — Arra irrara hirrara man, weren't they arriving in clansdes-
5 tinies for the Imbandiment of *Ad Regias Agni Dapes*, fogabawlers
6 and panhibernskers, after the crack and the lean years, scalpjaggers
7 and houthunters, like the messicals of the great god, a scarlet
8 trainful, the Twoedged Petrard, totalling, leggats and prelaps, in
9 their aggregate ages two and thirty plus undecimmed centries
10 of them with insiders, extraomnes and tuttifrutties allcunct, from
11 Rathgar, Rathanga, Rountown and Rush, from America Avenue
12 and Asia Place and the Affrian Way and Europa Parade and be-
13 sogar the wallies of Noo Soch Wilds and from Vico, Mespil
14 Rock and Sorrento, for the lure of his weal and the fear of his
15 oppidumic, to his salon de espera in the keel of his kraal, like
16 lodes of ores flocking fast to Mount Maximagnetic, afeerd he was
17 a gunner but affaird to stay away, Merrionites, Dumstdumb-
18 drummers, Luccanicans, Ashtoumers, Batterysby Parkes and
19 Krumlin Boyards, Phillipsburgs, Cabraists and Finglossies,
20 Ballymunites, Raheniacs and the bettlers of Clontarf, for to con-
21 template in manifest and pay their firstrate duties before the both
22 of him, twelve stone a side, with their *Thieve le Roué!* and their
23 *Shvr yr Thrst!* and their *Uisgye ad Inferos!* and their *Usque ad*
24 *Ebbraios!* at and in the licensed boosiness primises of his del-
25 hightful bazar and reunited magazine hall, by the magazine wall,
26 Hosty's and Co, Exports, for his five hundredth and sixtysixth
27 borthday, the grand old Magennis Mor, Persee and Rahli, taker
28 of the tributes, their Rinseky Poppakork and Piowtor the Grape,
29 holding Dunker's durbar, boot kings and indiarubber umpires
30 and shawhs from paisley and muftis in muslim and sultana
31 reiseines and jordan almonders and a row of jam sahibs and a
32 odd principeza in her pettedcoat and the queen of knight's clubs
33 and the claddagh ringleaders and the two salaames and the Halfa
34 Ham and the Hanzas Khan with two fat Maharashers and the
35 German selver geyser and he polished up, protemptible, tintanam-
36 bulating to himsilf so silfrich, and there was J. B. Dunlop, the

1 best tyrent of ourish times, and a swanks of French wine stuart
2 and Tudor keepsakes and the Cesarevitch for the current coun-
3 ter Leodegarius Sant Legerleger riding lapsaddlelonglegs up the
4 oakses staircase on muleback like Amaxodias Isteroprotos, hind-
5 quarters to the fore and kick to the lift, and he handygrabbed on
6 to his trulley natural anthem: *Horsibus, keep your tailyup*, and
7 as much as the halle of the vacant fhronerroom, Oldloafs
8 Buttery, could safely accomodate of the houses of Orange and
9 Betters M.P, permeated by Druids D.P, Brehons B.P, and
10 Flawhoolags F.P, and Agiapommenites A.P, and Antepum-
11 melites P.P, and Ulster Kong and Munster's Herald with
12 Athclee Ensigning and Athlone Poursuivant and his Imperial
13 Catchering, his fain awan, and his gemmynosed sanctsons
14 in epheud and ordilawn and his diamondskulled granddaucher,
15 Adamantaya Liubokovskva, all murdering Irish, amok and
16 amak, out of their boom companions in paunchjab and dogril
17 and pammel and gougerotty, after plenty of his fresh stout and
18 his good balls of malt, not to forget his oels a'mona nor his beers
19 o'ryely, sopped down by his pani's annagolorum, (at Kennedy's
20 kiln she kned her dough, back of her bake for me, buns!) social-
21 izing and communicanting in the deification of his members, for
22 to nobble or salvage their herobit of him, the poohpooher old
23 bolssloose, with his arthurious clayroses, Dodderick Ogonoch
24 Wrack, busted to the wurd at large, on the table round, with the
25 floodlight switched back, as true as the Vernons have Brian's
26 sword, and a dozen and one by one tilly tallows round in ring-
27 campf, circumassembled by his daughters in the foregiftness of
28 his sons, lying high as he lay in all dimensions, in court dress and
29 ludmers chain, with a hogo, fluorescent of his swathings, round
30 him, like the cummulium of scents in an italian warehouse, erica's
31 clustered on his hayir, the spectrem of his prisent mocking the
32 candiedights of his dattid, bagpuddingpodded to the deafspot,
33 bewept of his chilidrin and serafim, poors and personalities, ven-
34 turous, drones and dominators, ancients and auldancients, with
35 his buttend up, expositoed for sale after referee's inspection,
36 bulgy and blowrious, bunged to ignorious, healed cured and

1 embalsemate, pending a rouseruction of his bogey, most highly
 2 astounded, as it turned up, after his life overlasting, at thus being
 3 reduced to nothing.
 4 — Bappy-go-gully and gaff for us all! And all his morties
 5 calisenic, tripping a trepas, neniatwantyng: Mulo Mulelo! Homo
 6 Humilo! Dauncy a deady O! Dood dood dood! O Bawse! O
 7 Boese! O Muerther! O Mord! Mahmato! Moutmaro! O Smir-
 8 tsch! O Smertz! Woh Hillill! Woe Hallall! Thou Thuoni I Thou
 9 Thauaton! Umartir! Udamnor! Tschitt! Mergue! Eulumu!
 10 Huam Khuam! Malawinga! Malawunga! Ser Oh Ser! See ah
 11 See! Hamovs! Hemoves! Mamor! Rockquiem eternuel give donal
 12 aye in dolmeny! Bat luck's perpepperpot loosen his eyis! (Psich!).
 13 — But there's leps of flam in Funnycoon's Wick. The keyn
 14 has passed. Lung lift the keying!
 15 — God save you king! Muster of the Hidden Life!
 16 — God serf yous kingly, adipose rex! I had four in the morn-
 17 ing and a couple of the lunch and three later on, but your saouls
 18 to the dhaoul, do ye. Finnk. Fime. Fudd?
 19 — Impassable tissue of improbable liyers! D'yu mean to sett
 20 there where y'are now, coddlin your supernumerary leg, wi'that
 21 bizar tongue in yur talkshap, and your hindies and shindies, like a
 22 muck in a market, Sorley boy, repeating yurself, and tell me that?
 23 — I mean to sit here on this altknoll where you are now,
 24 Surly guy, replete in myself, as long as I live, in my homespins,
 25 like a sleepingtop, with all that's buried ofsins insince insensed
 26 insidesofme. If I can't upset this pound of pressed ollaves I can
 27 sit up zounds of sounds upon him.
 28 — Oliver! He may be an earthpresence. Was that a groan or
 29 did I hear the Dingle bagpipes Wasting war and? Watch!
 30 — *Tris tris a ni ma mea!* Prisoner of Love! Bleating Hart!
 31 Lowlaid Herd! Aubain Hand! Wonted Foot! *Usque! Usque!*
 32 *Usque! Lignum in . . .*
 33 — Rawth of Gar and Donnerbruck Fire? Is the strays world
 34 moving mound or what static babel is this, tell us?
 35 — Whoishe whoishe whoishe whoishe linking in? Whoishe
 36 whoishe whoishe?

1 — The snare drum! Lay yer lug till the groun. The dead giant
2 manalive! They're playing thimbles and bodkins. Clan of the
3 Gael! Hop! Whu's within?
4 — Dovegall and finshark, they are ring to the rescune!
5 — Zinzin. Zinzin.
6 — Crum abu! Cromwell to victory!
7 — We'll gore them and gash them and gun them and gloat on
8 them.
9 — Zinzin.
10 — O, widows and orphans, it's the yeomen! Redshanks for
11 ever! Up Lancs!
12 — The cry of the roedeer it is! The white hind. Their slots,
13 linklink, the hound hunthorning! Send us and peace! Title! Title!
14 — Christ in our irish times! Christ on the airs independence!
15 Christ hold the freedman's chareman! Christ light the dully
16 expressed!
17 — Slog slagt and sluaughter! Rape the daughter! Choke the
18 pope!
19 — Aure! Cloudy father! Unsure! Nongood!
20 — Zinzin.
21 — Sold! I am sold! Brinabride! My ersther! My sidster!
22 Brinabride, goodbye! Brinabride! I sold!
23 — Pipette dear! Us! Us! Me! Me!
24 — Fort! Fort! Bayroyt! March!
25 — Me! I'm true. True! Isolde. Pipette. My precious!
26 — Zinzin.
27 — Brinabride, bet my price! Brinabride!
28 — My price, my precious?
29 — Zin.
30 — Brinabride, my price! When you sell get my price!
31 — Zin.
32 — Pipette! Pipette, my priceless one!
33 — O! Mother of my tears! Believe for me! Fold thy son!
34 — Zinzin. Zinzin.
35 — Now we're gettin it. Tune in and pick up the forain
36 counties! Hello!

1 — Plenty. If you wend farranoch.
 2 — There fell some fall of littlewinter snow, holy-as-ivory,
 3 I gather, jesse?
 4 — By snaachtha clocka. The nicest at all. In hilly-and-even
 5 zimalayars.
 6 — Did it not blow some gales, westnass or ostscent, rather
 7 strongly to less, allin humours out of turn, jusse as they rose and
 8 sprungun?
 9 — Out of all jokes it did. Pipep! Icecold. Brr na brr, ny prr!
 10 Lieto galumphantes!
 11 —Stll cllng! Nmr! Peace, Pacific! Do you happen to recollect
 12 whether Muna, that highlucky-nackt, was shining at all?
 13 — Sure she was, my midday darling! And not one but a pair
 14 of pritty geallachers.
 15 — Quando? Quonda? Go datey!
 16 — Latearly! Latearly! Latearly! Latearly!
 17 — That was latterlig certainly. And was there frostwork
 18 about and thick weather and hice, soon calid, soon frozen, cold on
 19 warm but moistly dry, and a boatshaped blanket of bruma air-
 20 sighs and hellstohns and flammballs and vodashouts and every-
 21 thing to please everybody?
 22 — Hail many fell of greats! Horey morey smother of fog!
 23 There was, so plays your ahtides. Absolutely boiled.
 24 Obsoletely cowled. Julie and Lulie at their parkiest.
 25 — The amenities, the amenities of the amenities with all their
 26 amenities. And the firmness of the formous of the famous of the
 27 fumous of the first fog in Maidanvale?
 28 — Catchecatche and couchamed!
 29 — From Miss Somer's nice dream back to Winthrop's
 30 delugium stramens. One expects that kind of rimey feeling in the
 31 sire season?
 32 — One certainly does. Desire, for hire, would tire a shire,
 33 phone, phunkel, or wire. And mares.
 34 — Of whitecaps any?
 35 — Foamflakes flockfuyant from Foxrock to Finglas.
 36 — A lambskip for the marines! Paronama! The entire hori-

1 zon cloth! All effects in their joints caused ways. Raindrum,
 2 windmachine, snowbox. But thundersheet?
 3 — No here. Under the blunkets.
 4 — This common or garden is now in stiller realthy the
 5 starey sphere of an oleotorium for broken pottery and ancient
 6 vegetables?
 7 — Simply awful the dirt. An evernasty ashtray.
 8 — I see. Now do you know the wellknown kikkinnidden
 9 where the illassorted first couple first met with each other? The
 10 place where Ealdermann Fanagan? The time when Junkermenn
 11 Funagin?
 12 — Deed then I do, W.K.
 13 — In Fingal too they met at Littlepeace aneath the bidetree,
 14 Yellowhouse of Snugsborough, Westreeve-Astagob and Sluts-
 15 end with Stockins of Winning's Folly Merryfalls, all of a two,
 16 skidoo and skephumble?
 17 — Godamedy, you're a delville of a tolkar!
 18 — Is it a place fairly expoused to the four last winds?
 19 — Well, I faithly sincerely believe so indeed if all what I hope
 20 to charity is half true.
 21 — This stow on the wolds, is it Woful Dane Bottom?
 22 — It is woful in need whatever about anything or allselse
 23 under the grianblachk sun of gan greyne Eireann.
 24 — A tricolour ribbon that spells a caution. The old flag, the cold
 25 flag.
 26 — The flagstone. By tombs, deep and heavy. To the unaveiling
 27 memory of. Peacer the grave.
 28 — And what sigeth Woodin Warneung thereof?
 29 — Trickspissers vill be pairsecluded.
 30 — There used to be a tree stuck up? An overlisting eshtree?
 31 — There used, sure enough. Beside the Annar. At the ford
 32 of Slivenamond. Oakley Ashe's elm. With a snoodrift from one
 33 beerchen bough. And the grawndest crowndest consecrated may-
 34 pole in all the reignladen history of Wilds. *Browne's Thesaurus*
 35 *Plantarum* from Nolan's, The Prittlewell Press, has nothing alike
 36 it. For we are fed of its forest, clad in its wood, burqued by its

1 bark and our lecture is its leave. The cran, the cran, the king of all
2 crans . Squiremade and damesman of plantagenets, high and holy.
3 — Now, no hiding your wren under a bushle! What was it
4 doing there, for instance?
5 — Standing foreninst us.
6 — In Summerian sunshine?
7 — And in Cimmerian shudders.
8 — You saw it visibly from your hidingplace?
9 — No. From my invisibly lyingplace.
10 — And you then took down in stereo what took place being
11 tunc committed?
12 — I then tuk my takenplace lying down, I think I told you.
13 Solve it!
14 — Remounting aliftle towards the ouragan of spaces. Just
15 how grand in cardinal rounders is this preeminent giant, sir
16 Arber? Your bard's highview, avis on valley! I would like to hear
17 you burble to us in strict conclave, purpurando, and without
18 too much italiote interfairance, what you know ? *in petto* about our
19 sovereign beingstalk, Tonans Tomazeus. *O dite!*
20 — Corcor Andy, *Udi, Udite!* Your Ominence, Your Immi-
21 nence and delicted fraternitrees! There's tuodore queensmaids
22 and Idahore shopgirls and they woody babies growing upon her
23 and bird flamingans sweenyswinging foglewards on the tipmast
24 and Orania epples playing hopptociel bommptaterre and Ty-
25 burn fenians snoring in his quickenbole and crossbones strewing
26 its holy floor and culprines of Erasmus Smith's burstall boys
27 with their underhand leadpencils climbing to her crotch for the
28 origin of spices and charlotte darlings with silk blue askmes
29 chattering in dissent to them, gibbonses and gobbenses, guelfing
30 and ghiberring proferring praydews to their anatolies and blight-
31 ing findblasts on their catastripes and the killmaimthem pen-
32 sioners chucking overthrown milestones up to her to fall her
33 cranberries and her pommies annettes for their unnatural refection
34 and handpainted hoydens plucking husbands of him and cock
35 robins muchmore hatching most out of his missado eggdrazzles
36 for him, the sun and moon pegging honeysuckle and white

1 heather down and timtits tapping resin there and tomahawks
2 watching tar elsewhere, creatures of the wold approaching him,
3 hollow mid ivy, for to claw and rub, hermits of the desert
4 barking their infernal shins over her trilateral roots and his acorns
5 and pinecorns shooting wide all sides out of him, plantitude
6 outsends of plenty to thousands, after the truants of the utmost-
7 fear and her downslyder in that snakedst-tu-naughsy whimpering
8 woman't seeleib such a fashionaping sathinous dress out of that
9 exquisite creation and her leaves, my darling dearest, sinsin-
10 sinning since the night of time and each and all of their branches
11 meeting and shaking twisty hands all over again in their new
12 world through the germination of its gemination from Ond's
13 outset till Odd's end. And encircle him circuly. Evovae!
14 — Is it so exaltated, eximious, extraoldandairy and excels-
15 siorising?
16 — Amengst menlike trees walking or trees like angels weep-
17 ing nobirdy aviar soar anywing to eagle it! But rocked of agues,
18 cliffed for aye!
19 — Telleth that eke the treeth?
20 — Mushe, mushe of a mixness.
21 — A shrub of libertine, indeed! But that steyne of law indead
22 what stiles its neming?
23 — Tod, tod, too hard parted!
24 — I've got that now, Dr Melamanessy. Finight mens mid-
25 infinite true. The form masculine. The gender feminine. I see.
26 Now, are you derevatov of it yourself in any way? The true
27 tree I mean? Let's hear what science has to say, pundit-the-
28 next-best-king. Splanck!
29 — Upfellbowm.
30 — It reminds of the weeping of the daughters?
31 — And remounts to the sense arrest.
32 — The wittold, the frausch and the dibble! How this loose-
33 affair brimsts of fussforus! And was this treemanangel on his
34 soredbohmend because Knockout, the knickknaver, knacked
35 him in the knechtschaft?
36 — Well, he was ever himself for the presentation of crudities to

1 animals for he had put his own nickelname on every toad, duck
2 and herring before the climber clomb aloft, doing the midhill of
3 the park, flattering his bitter hoolft with her conconundrums.
4 He would let us have the three barrels. Such was a bitte too thikke
5 for the Muster of the hoose so as he called down on the Grand
6 Precursor who coiled him a crawler of the dupest dye and
7 thundered at him to flatch down off that erection and be aslimed
8 of himself for the bellance of hissch leif.
9 — Oh Finlay's coldpalled!
10 — Ahday's begatem!
11 — Were you there, eh Hehr? Were you there when they
12 lagged um through the coombe?
13 — Wo wo! Who who! Psalmtimes it grauws on me to ramble,
14 ramble, ramble.
15 — Woe! Woe! So that was kow he became the foerst of our
16 treefellers?
17 — Yesche and, in the absence of any soberiquiet, the fanest
18 of our truefalluses. Bapsbaps Bomslinger!
19 — How near do you feel to this capocapo promontory, sir?
20 — There do be days of dry coldness between us when he does
21 be like a lidging house far far astray and there do be nights of wet
22 windwhistling when he does be making me onions woup all kinds
23 of ways.
24 — Now you are mehrer the murk, Lansdowne Road. She's
25 threwed her pippin's thereabouts and they've cropped up tooth
26 oneydge with hates to leaven this socried isle. Now, thornyborn,
27 follow the spotlight, please! Concerning a boy. Are you acquainted
28 with a pagany, vicariously known as Toucher 'Thom' who is. I
29 suggest Finoglam as his habitat. Consider yourself on the stand
30 now and watch your words, take my advice. Let your motto be:
31 *Inter nubila numbum.*
32 — Never you mind about my mother or her hopitout. I con-
33 sider if I did, I would feel frightfully ashamed of admired vice.
34 — He is a man of around fifty, struck on Anna Lynsha's
35 Pekoe with milk and whisky, who does messuages and has more
36 dirt on him than an old dog has fleas, kicking stones and knocking

1 snow off walls. Have you ever heard of this old boy “Thom” or
2 “Thim” of the fishy stare who belongs to Kimmage, a crofting dis-
3 trict, and is not all there, and is all the more himself since he is
4 not so, being most of his time down at the Green Man where he
5 steals, pawns, belches and is a curse, drinking gaily two hours after
6 closing time, with the coat on him skinside out against rappari-
7 tions, with his socks outsewed his springsides, clapping his hands
8 in a feeble sort of way and systematically mixing with the public
9 going for groceries, slapping greats and littlegets soundly with
10 his cattedgut belts, flapping baresides and waltzywembling about
11 in his accountrements always in front of the tubbernuckles, like
12 a longarmed lugh, when he would be finished with his tea?

13 — Is it that fellow? As mad as the brambles he is. Touch him.
14 With the lawyers sticking to his trewsershins and the swatme-
15 notting on the basque of his beret. He has kissed me more than
16 once, I am sorry to say and if I did commit gladrolleries may the
17 loone forgive it! O wait till I tell you!

18 — We are not going yet.

19 — And look here! Here’s, my dear, what he done, as snooks
20 as I am saying so!

21 — Get out, you dirt! A strangely striking part of speech for
22 the hottest worked word of ur sprogue. You’re not! Unhindered
23 and odd times? Mere thumbshow? Lately?

24 — How do I know? Such my billet. Buy a barrack pass. Ask
25 the horneys. Tell the robbers.

26 — You are alluding to the picking pockets in Lower O’Connell
27 Street?

28 — I am illuding to the Pekin packet but I am eluding from
29 Laura Connor’s treat.

30 — Now, just wash and brush up your memoirias a little bit.
31 So I find, referring to the pater of the present man, an ereley de-
32 mented brick thrower, I am wondering to myself in my mind,
33 *qua* our arc of the covenant, was Toucher, a methodist, whose
34 name, as others say, is not really ‘Thom’, was this salt son of a
35 century from Boaterstown, Shivering William, the sealiest old for-
36 ker ever hawked crannock, who is always with him at the Big Elm

1 and the Arch after his teeth were shaken out of their suckets by the
 2 wrang dog, for having 5 pints 73 of none Eryen blood in him abaft
 3 the seam level, the scatterling, wearing his cowbeamer and false
 4 clothes of a brewer's grains pattern with back buckcons with his
 5 motto on, *Yule Remember*, ostensibly for that occasion only of the
 6 twelfth day Pax and Quantum wedding, I'm wondering.
 7 — I bet you are. Well, he was wandering, you bet, whatever
 8 was his matter, in his mind too, give him his due, for I am sorry
 9 to have to tell you, hullo and evoe, they were coming down from
 10 off him.
 11 — How culious an epiphany!
 12 — *Hodie casus esobhrakonton?*
 13 — It looked very like it.
 14 — Needer knows necess and neither garments. Man is minded
 15 of the Meagher, wat? Wooly? Walty?
 16 — Ay, another good button gone wrong.
 17 — Blondman's bluff! Like a skib leaked lintel the arbour
 18 leidend with . . .?
 19 — Pamelas, peggylees, pollywollies, questuants, quai
 20 aquilties, quickamerries.
 21 — Concaving now convexly to the semidemihemispheres and,
 22 from the female angle, music minnestirring, were the subligate
 23 sisters, P. and Q., Clopatrick's cherierapest, *mutatis mutandis*,
 24 in pretty much the same pickle, the peach of all pedom, the
 25 quest of all quicks?
 26 — Peequeen ourselves, the prettiest pickles of unmatchemable
 27 mute antes I ever bopeeped at, seesaw shallshee. since the town go
 28 went gonning on Pranksome Quaine.
 29 — Silks apeel and sulks alusty?
 30 — Boy and giddle, gape and bore.
 31 — I hear these two goddesses are liable to sue him?
 32 — Well, I hope the two Collinses don't leg a bail to shoot him.
 33 — Both were white in black arpists at cloever spilling, knickt?
 34 — Gels bach, I, languised, liszted. Etoudies for the right hand.
 35 — Were they now? And were they watching you as watcher
 36 as well?

1 — Where do you get that wash? This representation does not
2 accord with my experience. They were watching the watched
3 watching. Vechers all.
4 — Good. Hold that watching brief and keep this witching
5 longer. Now, retouching friend Tomsy, the enemy, did you
6 gather much from what he let drop? We are sitting here for that.
7 — I was rooshian mad, no lie. About his shapeless hat.
8 — I suspect you must have been.
9 — You are making your thunderous mistake. But I was dung
10 sorry for him too.
11 — O Schaum! Not really? Were you sorry you were mad
12 with him then?
13 — When I tell you I was rooshiamarodnimad with myself
14 altogether, so I was, for being sorry for him.
15 — So?
16 — Absolutely.
17 — Would you blame him at all stages?
18 — I believe in many an old stager. But what seemed sooth to
19 a Greek summed nooth to a giantle. Who kills the cat in Cairo
20 coaxes cocks in Gaul.
21 — I put it to you that this was solely in his sunflower state
22 and that his haliodraping het was why maids all sighed for him,
23 ventured and vied for him. Hm?
24 — After Putawayo, Kansas, Liburnum and New Aimstir-
25 dames, it wouldn't surprise me in the very least.
26 — That tare and this mole, your tear and our smile. 'Tis life
27 that lies if woman's eyes have been our old undoing. Lid efter lid.
28 Reform in mine size his deformation. Tiffpuff up my nostril,
29 would you puff the earthworm outer my ear.
30 — He could claud boose his eyes to the birth of his garce, he
31 could lump all his lot through the half of her play, but he jest
32 couldn't laugh through the whole of her farce becorpse he warn't
33 billed that way. So he outandouts his volimetangere and has a
34 lightning consultation and he downadowns his pantoloogions
35 and made a piece of first perpersonal puetry that staystale re-
36 mains to be. Cleaned.

1 — Booms of bombs and heavy rethudders?
2 — This aim to you!
3 — The tail, so mastrodantic, as you tell it nearly takes your
4 own mummouth's breath away. Your troppers are so unrelieved
5 because his troopers were in difficulties. Still let stultitiam done
6 in veino condone ineptias made of veritues. How many were
7 married on that top of all strapping mornings, after the midnight
8 turkay drive, my good watcher?
9 — Puppaps. That'd be telling. With a hoh frohim and heh
10 fraher. But, as regards to Tammy Thornycraft, Idefyne the lawn
11 mare and the laney moweress and all the prentisses of wildes to
12 massage him.
13 — Now from Gunner Shotland to Guinness Scenography.
14 Come to the ballay at the Tailors' Hall. We mean to be mellay on
15 the Mailers' Mall. And leap, rink and make follay till the Gaelers'
16 Gall. Awake! Come, a wake! Every old skin in the leather world,
17 infect the whole stock company of the old house of the Leaking
18 Barrel, was thomistically drunk, two by two, lairking o' tootlers
19 with tombours a'beggars, the blog and turfs and the brandywine
20 bankrompers, trou Normend fashion, I have been told down to
21 the bank lean clorks? Some nasty blunt clubs were being operated
22 after the tradition of a wellesleyan bottle riot act and a few plates
23 were being shied about and tumblers bearing traces of fresh
24 porter rolling around, independent of that, for the ehren of Fyn's
25 Insul, and then followed that wapping breakfast at the Heaven
26 and Covenant, with Rodey O'echolowing how his breadcost on
27 the voters would be a comeback for e'er a one, like the depre-
28 dations of Scandalknivery, in and on usedtowobble sloops off
29 cloasts, eh? Would that be a talltale too? This was the grandsire
30 Orther. This was his innwhite horse. Sip?
31 — Well, naturally he was, louties also genderymen. Being
32 Kerssfesstiydt. They came from all lands beyond the wave for
33 songs of Inishfeel. Whiskway and mortem! No puseyporcious
34 either, invitem kappines all round. But the right reverend priest,
35 Mr Hopsinbond, and the reverent bride elef, Frizzy Fraufrau,
36 were sober enough. I think they were sober.

1 — I think you're widdershins there about the right reverence.
2 Magraw for the Northwhiggern cupteam was wedding beastman,
3 papers before us carry. You saw him hurriedly, or did you if
4 thatseme's not irrelevant? With Slater's hammer perhaps? Or he
5 was in serge?
6 — I horridly did. On the stroke of the dozen. I'm sure I'm
7 wrong but I heard the irreverend Mr Magraw, in search of a
8 stammer, kuckkuck kicking the bedding out of the old sexton,
9 red-Fox Good-man around the sacristy, till they were bullbeadle
10 black and bufeteer blue, while I and Flood and the other men,
11 jazzlike brollies and sesuos, was gickling his missus to gackles in
12 the hall, the divileen, (she's a lamp in her throth) with her
13 cygncygn leckle and her twelve pound lach.
14 — A loyal wifish woman cacchinic wheepingcaugh! While
15 she laylylaw was all their rage. But you did establish personal
16 contact? In epexegesis or on a point of order?
17 — That perkumiary pond is beyawnd my pinnigay pre-
18 tonsions. I am resting on a pigs of cheesus but I've a big
19 suggestion it was about the pint of porter.
20 — You are a suckersome! But this all, as airs said to oska,
21 as only that childbearer might blogas well sidesplit? Where
22 letties hereditate a dark mien swart hairy?
23 — Only. 'Twas womans' too woman with mans' throw man.
24 — Bully burley yet hardly hurley. The saloon bulkhead, did
25 you say, or the tweendecks?
26 — Between drinks, I deeply painfully repeat it.
27 — Was she wearing shubladey's tiroirs in humour of her
28 hubbishobbis, Massa's star stellar?
29 — Mrs Tan-Taylour? Just a floating panel, secretairlid-
30 ingdraws, a budge of kleees on her schalter, a siderbrass seh-dass
31 on her anulas findring and forty crocelips in her curlingthongues.
32 — So this was the dope that woolied the cad that kinked the
33 ruck that noised the rape that tried the sap that hugged the mort?
34 — That legged in the hoax that joke bilked.
35 — The jest of junk the jungular?
36 — Jacked up in a jock the wrapper.

1 — Lollgoll! You don't soye so! All upsydown her whole
2 creation? So there was nothing serical between you? And Dry-
3 salter, father of Izod, how was he now?
4 — To the pink, man, like an allmanox in his shirt and stickup,
5 brustall to the bear, the Megalomagellan of our winevatswater-
6 way, squeezing the life out of the liffey.
7 — Crestofer Carambas! Such is zodisfaction. You punk me!
8 He came, he kished, he conquered. Vulturuvvarnar! The must of
9 his glancefull coaxing the beam in her eye? That musked bell of
10 this masked ball! Annabella, Lovabella, Pullabella, yep?
11 — Yup! Titentung Tollertone in S. Sabina's. Aye aye, she
12 was lithe and pleasurable. Wilt thou the lee? Wilt thou the hee?
13 Wilt thou the hussif?
14 — The quicker the deaf the safer the sapstaff, but the main
15 the mightier the stricker the strait. To the vast go the game! It
16 is the circumconversioning of antelithual paganelles by a hugger-
17 knut cramwell energuman, or the caecodedition of an absque-
18 litteris puttagonianne to the herreraism of a cabotinesque ex-
19 ploser?
20 — I believe you. Tairtope reelly, O reelly!
21 — Nautaey, nautaey, we're nowhere without ye! In steam of
22 kavos now arbatos above our hearths doth hum. And Malkos
23 crackles logs of fun while Anglys cheers our ingles. So lent she
24 him ear to burrow his manhood (or so it appierce) and borrow
25 his namas? Suilful eyes and shallowfoul hairweed and the sickly
26 sigh from her gingering mouth like a Dublin bar in the moarning.
27 — *Primus auriforasti me.*
28 — The park is gracer than the hole, says she, but shekleton's
29 my fortune?
30 — Eversought of being artained? You've soft a say with ye,
31 Flatter O'Ford, that, honey, I hurdley chew you.
32 — Is that answers?
33 — It am queery!
34 — The house was Toot and Come-Inn by the bridge called
35 Tiltass, but are you solarly salemly sure, beyond the shatter of
36 the canicular year? *Nascitur ordo seculi numfit.*

1 — Siriously and selenely sure behind the shutter. *Securius indicat*
2 *umbris tellurem.*
3 — Date as? Your time of immersion? We are still in drought
4 of. . . ?
5 — Amnis Dominae, Marcus of Corrig. A laughin hunter and
6 Purty Sue.
7 — And crazyheaded Jorn, the bulweh born?
8 — Fluteful as his orkan. *Ex ugola lenonem.*
9 — And Jambs, of Delphin's Bourne or (as olders lay) of
10 Tophat?
11 — Dawncing the kniejinsky choreopiscopally like an easter
12 sun round the colander, the vice! Taranta boontoday! You
13 should pree him prance the polcat, you whould sniff him wops
14 around, you should hear his piedigrotts schraying as his skimpies
15 skirp a . . .
16 — Crashedafar Corumbas! A Czardanser indeed! Dervilish
17 glad too. Ortovento semi ricordo. The pantaglionic affection
18 through his blood like a bad influenza in a leap at bounding
19 point?
20 — Out of Prisky Poppagenua, the palsied old priamite, home
21 from Edwin Hamilton's Christmas pantaloonade, *Oropos Roxy*
22 *and Pantharhea* at the Gaiety, trippudiating round the aria, with
23 his fiftytwo heirs of age! They may reel at his likes but it's Noeh
24 Bonum's shin do.
25 — And whit what was Lillabil Issabil maideve, maid at?
26 — Trists and thranes and trinies and traines.
27 — A take back to the virgin page, darm it!
28 — Ay, graunt ye.
29 — The quobus quartet were there too, if I mistake not, as a
30 sideline but, *pace* the contempt of senate, well to the fore, in an
31 amenessy meeting, metandmorefussed to decide whereagainwhen
32 to meet themselves flopsome and jerksome, lubber and deliric,
33 drinking unsteadily through the Kerry quadrilles and Listowel
34 lancers and mastersinging always with that consecutive fifth of
35 theirs, eh? Like four wise elephants inandouting under a twelve-
36 pedestalled table?

1 — They were simple scandalmongers, that familiar, and all!
2 Normand, Desmond, Osmund and Kenneth. Making mejical
3 history all over the show!
4 — In sum, some hum? And other marrage feats?
5 — All our stakes they were astumbling round the ranky roars
6 assumbling when Big Arthur flugged the field at Annie's courting.
7 — Suddenly some wellfired clay was cast out through the
8 schappsteckers of hoy's house?
9 — Schottenly there was a hellfire club kicked out through the
10 wasistas of Thereswhere.
11 — Like Heavystost's envil catacalamitumbling. Three days
12 three times into the Vulcuum?
13 — Punch!
14 — Or Noe et Ecclesiastes, nonne?
15 — Ninny, there is no hay in Eccles's hostel.
16 — Yet an I saw a sign of him, if you could scrape out his
17 acquinntence? Name or redress him and we'll call it a night!
18 —.i..'. .o..l .
19 — You are sure it was not a shuler's shakeup or a plighter's
20 palming or a winker's wake *etcaetera etcaeterorum* you were at?
21 — Precisely.
22 — Mayhap. Hora pro Nubis, Thundersday, at A Little Bit Of
23 Heaven Howth, the wife of Deimetuus (D'amn), Earl Adam Fitz-
24 adam, of a Tartar (Birtha) or Sackville-Lawry and Morland-
25 West, at the Auspice for the Living, Bonnybrook, by the river
26 and A. Briggs Carlisle, guardian of the birdsmaids and deputil-
27 iser for groom. Pontifical mess. Or (soddenly) Schott, furtivfired
28 by the riots. No flies. Agreeest?
29 — Mayhem. Also loans through the post. With or without
30 security. Everywhere. Any amount. Mofsovitz, swampstakers,
31 purely providential.
32 — Flood's. The pinkman, the squeeze, the pint with the kick.
33 Gaa. And then the punch to Gaelicise it. Fox. The lady with the
34 lamp. The boy in the barleybag. The old man on his ars. Great
35 Scrapp! 'Tis we and you and ye and me and hymns and hurts and
36 heels and shields. The eirest race, the ourest nation, the airest place

1 that ertestationed. He was culping for penance while you were
2 ringing his belle. Did the kickee, goodman rued fox, say anything
3 important? Clam or cram, spick or spat?
4 — No more than Richman's periwhelker.
5 — Nnn ttt wrd?
6 — Dmn ttt thg.
7 — A gael galled by scheme of scorn? Nock?
8 — Sangnifying nothing. Mock!
9 — *Fortitudo eius rhodammum tenuit?*
10 — Five maim! Or something very similar.
11 — I should like to euphonise that. It sounds an isochronism.
12 Secret speech Hazelton and obviously disemvowelled. But it is
13 good laylaw too. We may take those wellmeant kicks for free
14 granted, though *ultra vires*, void and, in fact, unnecessarily so.
15 Happily you were not quite so successful in the process verbal
16 whereby you would sublimate your blepharospasmockical sup-
17 pressions, it seems?
18 — What was that? First I heard about it.
19 — Were you or were you not? Ask yourself the answer, I'm
20 not giving you a short question. Now, not to mix up, cast your
21 eyes around Capel Court. I want you, witness of this epic struggle,
22 as yours so mine, to reconstruct for us, as briefly as you can, in-
23 exactly the same as a mind's eye view, how these funeral games,
24 which have been poring over us through homer's kerryer pid-
25 geons, massacreedoed as the holiname rally round took place.
26 — Which? Sure I told you that afoul. I was drunk all lost life.
27 — Well, tell it to me befair, the whole plan of campaign, in
28 that bamboozelem mincethrill voice of yours. Let's have it,
29 christie! The Dublin own, the thrice familiar.
30 — Ah, sure, I eyewitless foggus. 'Tis all around me bebatters-
31 bid hat.
32 — Ah, go on now, Masta Bones, a gig for a gag, with your
33 impendements and your perroqtriques! Blank memory of hatless
34 darky in blued suit. You were ever the gentle poet, dove from
35 Haywarden. Pitcher cup, patcher cap, pratey man? Be nice about
36 it, Bones Minor! Look chairful! Come, delicacy! GO to the end,

1 thou slackerd! Once upon a grass and a hopping high grass it
2 was.
3 — Faith, then, Meesta Cheeryman, first he come up, a gag
4 as a gig, badgeler's rake to the town's major from the wesz,
5 MacSmashall Swingy of the Cattelaxes, got up regardless, with
6 a cock on the Kildare side of his Tattersull, in his riddlesneek's
7 ragamufflers and the horrid contrivance as seen above, whisklyng
8 into a bone tolerably delicately, the *Wearing of the Blue*, and taking
9 off his plushkwadded bugsby in his perusual flea and loisy man-
10 ner, saying good mrowkas to weevilybolly and dragging his feet
11 in the usual course and was ever so terribly naas, really, telling
12 him clean his nagles and fex himself up, Miles, and so on and so
13 fort, and to take the coccoomb to his grizzlies and who done
14 that foxy freak on his bear's hairs like fire bursting out of the
15 Ump pyre and, half hang me, sirr, if he wasn't wanting his
16 calicub body back before he'd to take his life or so save his life.
17 Then, begor, counting as many as eleven to thirtytwo seconds
18 with his pocket browning, like I said, wann swanns wann, this is
19 my awethorrorty, he kept forecursing hascupth's foul Fanden,
20 Cogan, for coaccoackey the key of John Dunn's field fore it was
21 for sent and the way Montague was robbed and wolfling to
22 know all what went off and who burned the hay, perchance wilt
23 thoul't say, before he'd kill all the kanes and the price of Patsch
24 Purcell's faketotem, which the man, his plantagonist, up from the
25 bog of the depths who was raging with the thirst of the sacred
26 sponge and who, as a mashter of pasht, so far as him was con-
27 cerned, was only standing there nonplush to the corner of Turbot
28 Street, perplexing about a paumpshop and pupparing to spit,
29 wanting to know whelp the henconvention's compuss memphis
30 he wanted with him new nothing about.
31 — A sarsencruxer, like the Nap O' Farrell Patter Tandy moor
32 and burgess medley? In other words, was that how in the annusual
33 curse of things, as complement to compliment though, after a
34 manner of men which I must and will say seems extraordinary,
35 their celicolar subtler angelic warfare or photoplay finister
36 started?

1 — Truly. That I may never!

2 — Did one scum then in the auradrama, the deff, after some

3 clever play in the mud, mention to the other undesirable, a

4 dumm, during diverse intentional instants, that upon the resume

5 after the angerus, how for his deal he was a pigheaded Swede and

6 to wend himself to a medicis?

7 — To be sore he did, the huggornut! Only it was turnip-

8 huddled dunce, I beg your pardon, and he would jokes bowlder-

9 blow the betholder with his black masket off the bawling green.

10 — Sublime was the warning!

11 — The author, in fact, was mardred.

12 — Did he, the first spikesman, do anything to him, the last

13 spokesman, when, after heaving some more smutt and chaff

14 between them, they rolled togutter into the ditch together?

15 Black Pig's Dyke?

16 — No, he had his teeth in the hack of his head.

17 — Did Box then try to shine his puss?

18 — No but Cox did to shin the punman.

19 — The worsted crying that if never he looked on Leaverhol-

20 ma's again and the bester huing that he might ever save sunlife?

21 — Trulytruly Asbestos he ever. And sowasso I never.

22 — That forte carlyсле touch breaking the campdens pianoback.

23 — Pansh!

24 — Are you of my meaning that would be going on to about

25 half noon, click o'clock, pip emma, Grinwicker time, by your

26 querqcut quadrant?

27 — You will be asking me and I wish to higgins you wouldn't.

28 Would it?

29 — Let it be twelve thirty after a somersautch of the tardest!

30 — And it was eleven thirstytoo befour in soandsuch, reloy on it!

31 — Tick up on time. Howday you doom? That rising day

32 sinks rosing in a night of nine week's wonder.

33 — Amties, marcy buckup! The uneven day of the unleventh

34 month of the unevented year. At mart in mass.

35 — A triduum before Our Larry's own day. By which of your

36 chronos, my man of four watches, larboard, starboard, dog or dath?

1 — Dunsink, rugby, ballast and ball. You can imagine.
2 — Language this allfare for the loathe of Marses ambiviolent
3 about it. Will you swear all the same you saw their shadows a
4 hundred foot later, struggling diabolically over this, that and
5 the other, their virtues *pro* and his principality con, near the
6 Ruins, Drogheda Street, and kicking up the devil's own dust
7 for the Milesian wind?
8 — I will. I did. They were. I swear. Like the heavenly militia.
9 So wreek me Ghyllgully! With my tongue through my toecap on
10 the headlong stone of kismet if so 'tis the will of Whose B. Dunn.
11 — Weepin Lorcans! They must have put in some wonderful
12 work, ecad, on the quiet like, during this arms' parley, meatierities
13 forces vegateareans. Dost thou not think so?
14 — Ay.
15 — The illegallooking range or fender, alias turfing iron, a
16 product of Hostages and Co, Engineers, changed feet several
17 times as briars revalvered during the weaponswap? Piff?
18 — Puff! Excuse yourself. It was an ersatz lottheringcan.
19 — They did not know the war was over and were only bere-
20 belling or bereppelling one another by chance or necessity with
21 sham bottles, mere and woiney, as betwinst Picturshirts and
22 Scutticules, like their caractacurs in an Irish Ruman to sorowbrate
23 the expeltsion of the Danos? What sayest thou, scusascmerul?
24 — That's all. For he was heavily upright man, Limba romena
25 in Bucclis tucsada. Farcing gutterish.
26 — I mean the Morgans and the Dorans, in finnish?
27 — I know you don't, in Feeney's.
28 — The mujic of the footure on the barbarihams of the bashed?
29 Co Canniley?
30 — Da Donnuley.
31 — Yet this war has meed peace? *In voina viritas*. Ab chaos lex,
32 neat wehr?
33 — O bella! O pia! O pura! Amem. Handwalled amokst us.
34 Thanksbeer to Balbus!
35 — All the same you sound it twould clang houlish like Hull
36 hopen for christmians?

1 — But twill cling hellish like engels opened to neuropeans, if
2 you've sensed, whole the sum. So be vigil!
3 — And this pattern pootsch punnermine of concoon and
4 proprey went on, hog and minne, a whole whake, your night after
5 larry's night, spittinspite on Dora O'Huggins, ormonde caught
6 butler, the artillery of the O'Hefferns answering the cavalry of the
7 MacClouds, fortey and more fortey, a thousand and one times,
8 according to your cock and a biddy story? Lludillongi, for years
9 and years perhaps?
10 — That's ri. This is his largos life, this is me timtomtum and
11 this is her two peekweeny ones. From the last finger on the
12 second foot of the fourth man to the first one on the last one of
13 the first. That's right.
14 — Finny. Vary vary finny!
15 — It may look funny but fere it is.
16 — This is not guid enough, Mr Brasslattin. Finging and tong-
17 ing and winging and ponging! And all your rally and ramp and
18 rant! Didget think I was asleep at the wheel? D'yu mean to tall
19 grand jurors of thathens of tharctic on your oath, me lad, and
20 ask us to believe you, for all you're enduring long terms, with
21 yur last foot foremouthst, that yur moon was shining on the
22 tors and on the cresties and winblowing night after night, for
23 years and years perhaps, after you swearing to it a while back
24 before your Cortth examiner, Markwalther, that there was reen
25 in planty all the teem?
26 — Perhaps so, as you grand duly affirm, Robman Calvinic.
27 I never thought over it, faith. I most certainly think so about it.
28 I hope. Unless it is actionable. It would be a charity for me to
29 think about something which I must on no caste accounts omit,
30 if you ask to me. It was told me as an inspired statement by a
31 friend of myself, in reply to salute, Tarpey, after three o'clock
32 mass, with forty ducks indulgent, that some rain was promised
33 to Mrs Lyons, the invalid of Aunt Tarty Villa, with lots gulp
34 and sousers and likewise he told me, the recusant, after telling
35 mass, with two hundred genuflexions, at the split hour of
36 blight when bars are keeping so sly, as was what's follows. He

1 is doing a walk, says she, in the feelmick's park, says he, like
2 a tarrable Turk, says she, letting loose on his nursery and,
3 begalla, he meet himself with Mr Michael Clery of a Tuesday
4 who said Father MacGregor was desperate to the bad place about
5 thassbawls and ejaculating about all the stairrods and the cats-
6 pew swashing his earwanker and thinconvenience being locked
7 up for months, owing to being putrenised by stragglers abusing
8 the apparatus, and for Tarpey to pull himself into his soup and
9 fish and to push on his borrowsaloaner and to go to the tumples
10 like greased lining and see Father MacGregor and, be Cad, sir, he
11 was to pipe up and salute that clergyman and to tell his holiness
12 the whole goat's throat about the three shillings in the confusional
13 and to say how Mrs Lyons, the cuptosser, was the infidel who
14 prophessed to pose three shielings Peter's pelf off her tocher
15 from paraguais and albs by the yard to Mr Martin Clery for
16 Father Mathew to put up a midnight mask saints within of a
17 Thrushday for African man and to let Brown child do and to leave
18 he Anlone and all the nuisances committed by soldats and non-
19 behavers and missbelovers for N.D. de l'Ecluse to send more
20 heehaw hell's flutes, my prodder again! And I never brought my
21 cads in togs blanket! Foueh!

22 — Angly as arrows, but you have right, my celtslinger! Nils,
23 Mugn and Cannut. Should brothers be for awe then?

24 — So let use off be octo while oil bike the bil and wheel
25 whang till wabblin befoul you but mere and mire trulopes will
26 knaver mate a game on the bibby bobby burns of.

27 — Quatsch! What hill ar yu fluking about, ye lamelookond
28 fyats! I'll discipline ye! Will you swear or affirm the day to yur
29 second sight noo and recant that all yu affirmed to profetised at
30 first sight for his southerly accent was all paddyflaherty? Will
31 ye, ay or nay?

32 — Ay say aye. I affirmly swear to it that it rooly and cooly
33 boolyhooly was with my holyhagionous lips continuously poised
34 upon the rubricated annuals of saint ulstar.

35 — That's very guid of ye, R.C.! Maybe yu wouldn't mind
36 talling us, my labrose lad, how very much bright cabbage or

1 paperming comfirts d'yu draw for all yur swearin? The spanglers,
2 kiddy?
3 — Rootha prootha. There you have me! Vurry nothing, O
4 potators, I call it for I might as well tell yous Essexelcy, and I
5 am not swallowing my air, the Golden Bridge's truth. It amounts
6 to nada in pounds or pence. Not a glass of Lucan nor as much as
7 the cost price of a highlandman's trousertree or the three crowns
8 round your draphole (isn't it dram disgusting?) for the whole
9 dumb plodding thing!
10 — Come now, Johnny! We weren't bom yesterday. *Pro tanto*
11 *quid retribuamus?* I ask you to say on your scotty pictail you
12 were promised fines times with some staggerjuice or deadhorse,
13 on strip or in larges, at the Raven and Sugarloaf, either Jones's
14 lame or Jamesy's gait, anyhow?
15 — Bushmillah! Do you think for a moment? Yes, by the way.
16 How very necessarily true! Give me fair play. When?
17 — At the Dove and Raven tavern, no, ah? To wit your wiz-
18 zend?
19 — Water, water, darty water! Up Jubilee sod! Beet peat wheat
20 treat!
21 — What harm wants but demands it! How would you like to
22 hear yur right name now, Ghazi Power, my trusty minstrel, if
23 yur not freckened of frank comment?
24 — Not afrightened of Frank Annybody's gaspower or ill-
25 conditioned ulcers neither.
26 — Your uncles!
27 — Your gullet!
28 — Will you repeat that to me outside, leinconnmuns?
29 — After you've shouted a few? I will when it suits me,
30 hulstler.
31 — Guid! We make fight! Three to one! Raddy?
32 — But no, from exemple, Emania Raffaroo! What do you
33 have? What mean you, august one? Fairplay for Finnians! I will
34 have my humours. Sure, you would not do the cowardly thing
35 and moll me roon? Tell Queen's road I am seilling. Farewell,
36 but whenever! Buy!

1 — Ef I chuse to put a bullet like yu through the grill for
2 heckling what business is that of yours, yu bullock?
3 — I don't know, sir. Don't ask me, your honour!
4 — Gently, gently Northern Ire! Love that red hand! Let me
5 once more. There are sordidly tales within tales, you clearly
6 understand that? Now my other point. Did you know, whether
7 by melanodactylism or purely libationally, that one of these two
8 Crimeans with the fender, the taller man, was accused of a cer-
9 tain offence or of a choice of two serious charges, as skirts were
10 divided on the subject, if you like it better that way? You did,
11 you rogue, you?
12 — You hear things. Besides (and serially now) bushes have
13 eyes, don't forget. Hah!
14 — Which moral turpitude would you select of the two, for
15 choice, if you had your way? Playing bull before shebears or the
16 hindlegs off a clotheshorse? Did any orangepeelers or green-
17 goaters appear periodically up your sylvan family tree?
18 — Bugged if I know! It all depends on how much family
19 silver you want for a nass-and-pair. Hah!
20 — What do you mean, sir, behind your hah! You don't hah
21 to do thah, you know, snapograph.
22 — Nothing, sir. Only a bone moving into place. Blotogaff.
23 Hahah!
24 — Whahat?
25 — Are you to have all the pleasure quizzing on me? I didn't
26 say it aloud, sir. I have something inside of me talking to myself.
27 — You're a nice third degree witness, faith! But this is no
28 laughing matter. Do you think we are tonedeafs in our noses to
29 boot? Can you not distinguish the sense, prain, from the sound,
30 bray? You have homosexual catheis of empathy between narcis-
31 sism of the expert and steatopygic invertedness. Get yourself
32 psychoanolised!
33 — O, begor, I want no expert nursis symaphy from yours
34 broons quadroons and I can psoakoonaloose myself any time I
35 want (the fog follow you all!) without your interferences or any
36 other pigeonstealer.

1 — Sample! Sample!
2 — Have you ever weflected, wepowtew, that the evil what
3 though it was willed might nevewtheless lead somehow on to
4 good towawd the genewality?
5 — A pwopwo of haster meets waster and talking of plebiscites
6 by a show of hands, whether declaratory or effective, in all
7 seriousness, has it become to dawn in you yet that the deponent,
8 the man from Saint Yves, may have been (one is reluctant to use
9 the passive voiced) may be been as much sinned against as sin-
10 ning, for if we look at it verbally perhaps there is no true noun in
11 active nature where every bally being—please read this mufto
12 — is becoming in its owntown eyeballs. Now the long form and
13 the strong form and reform alltogether!
14 — Hotchkiss Culthur's Everready, one brother to never-
15 reached, well over countless hands, sieur of many winners and
16 losers, groomed by S. Samson and son, bred by dilalahs, will
17 stand at Bay (Dublin) from nun till dan and vites inversion and
18 at Miss or Mrs's MacMannigan's Yard.
19 — Perhaps you can explain, sagobean? The Mod needs a
20 rebus.
21 — Pro general continuation and in particular explication to
22 your singular interrogation our asseveralation. Ladiegent, pals
23 will smile but me and Frisky Shorty, my inmate friend, as is un-
24 common struck on poplar poetry, and a few fleabesides round at
25 West Pauper Bosquet, was glad to be back again with the chaps
26 and just arguing friendlylike at the Doddercan Easehouse having
27 a wee chatty with our hosty in his comfy estably over the old
28 middlesex party and his moral turps, meaning flu, pock, pox
29 and mizzles, grip, gripe, gleet and sprue, caries, rabies, numps
30 and dumps. What me and Frisky in our concensus and the whole
31 double gigscrew of suscribers, notto say the burman, having
32 successfully concluded our tour of bibel, wants to know is thisa-
33 here. Supposing, for an ethical fict, him, which the findings
34 showed, to have taken his epscene licence before the norsect's
35 divisional respectively as regards them male privates and or
36 concomitantly with all common or neuter respects to them

1 public excess females, whereas albeit really sweet fillies, as was
2 very properly held by the metropolitan in connection with this
3 regrettable nuisance, touching arbitrary conduct, being in strict
4 contravention of schedule in board of forests and works bylaws
5 regulationing sparkers' and succers' amusements section of our
6 beloved naturpark in pursuance of which police agence me and
7 Shorty have approached a reverend gentleman of the name of
8 Mr Coppinger with reference to a piece of fire fittings as was
9 most obliging, 'pon my sam, in this matter of his explanations
10 affirmative, negative and limitative, given to me and Shorty,
11 touching what the good book says of toooldaisymen, concerning
12 the merits of early bisectualism, besides him citing from approved
13 lectionary example given by a valued friend of the name of Mr
14 J. P. Cockshott, reticent of England, as owns a pretty maisonette,
15 *Quis ut Deus*, fronting on to the Soussex Bluffs as was telling us
16 categoric how Mr Cockshott, as he had his assignation with,
17 present holder by deedpoll and indenture of the swearing belt,
18 he tells him hypothetic, the reverend Mr Coppinger, hereckons
19 himself disjunctively with his windward eye up to a dozen miles
20 of a unifarm school of herring, passing themselves supernatently
21 by the Bloater Naze from twelve and them mayridinghim by the
22 silent hour. Butting, charging, bracing, backing, springing,
23 shrinking, swaying, darting, shooting, bucking and sprinkling
24 their dossies sodouscheock with the twinx of their taylz. And,
25 reverend, he says, summat problematical, by yon socialist sun,
26 gut me, but them errings was as gladful as Wissixy kippers could
27 be considering, flipping their little coppingers, pot em, the fresh
28 little flirties, the dirty little gillybrighteners, pickle their spratties,
29 the little smolty gallockers, and, reverend, says he, more asser-
30 titoff, zwelf me Zeus, says he, lettin olfac be the extenck of the
31 supperfishies, lamme the curves of their scaligerance and pesk
32 the everurge flossity of their pectoralium, them little salty popu-
33 lators, says he, most apodictic, as sure as my briam eggs is on
34 cockshot under noose, all them little upandown dippies they was
35 all of a libidous pickpuckparty and raid on a wriggolo finsky
36 doodah in testimonials to their early bisectualism. Such, he says,

1 is how the reverend Coppinger, he visualises the hidebound
2 homelies of creed crux ethics. Watsch yourself tillicately every
3 morkning in your bracksullied twilette. The use of cold water,
4 testificates Dr Ruddy, may be warmly recommended for the sug-
5 jugation of cungalinals loosed. Tolloh, schools!
6 — Tallhell and Barbados wi ye and your Errian copulation!
7 Pelagiarist! Remonstrant Montgomeryite! Short lives to your
8 relatives! Y'are absexed, so y'are, with mackerglosia and mick-
9 roocyphyllicks.
10 — Wait now, leixlep! I scent eggoarchicism. I will take you
11 to task. I don't follow you that far in your otherwise accurate
12 account. Was it *esox lucius* or *salmo ferax*? You are taxing us
13 into the driven future, are you not, with this ruttymaid fishery?
14 — Lalia Lelia Lilia Lulia and lively lovely Lola Montez.
15 — Gubernathor! That they say is a fenian on the secret.
16 Named Parasol Ireilly. Spawning ova and fry like a marrye
17 monach all amanygoround his seven parish churches! And
18 peopling the ribald baronies with dans, oges and conals!
19 — Lift it now, Hosty! Hump's your mark! For a runnymede
20 landing! A dondhering vesh vish, *Magnam Carpam*, es hit neat zoo?
21 — *There's an old psalmsobbing lax salmoner fogebyboren Herrin*
22 *Plundehowse.*
23 *Who went floundering with his boatloads of spermin spunk about.*
24 *Leaping freck after every long tom and wet lissy between Howth and*
25 *Humbermouth.*
26 *Our Human Conger Eel!*
27 — Hep! I can see him in the fishnoo! Up wi'yer whippy!
28 Hold that lad! Play him, Markandeyn! Bullhead!
29 — Pull you, sir! Olive quill does it. Longeal of Malin, he'll
30 cry before he's flayed. And his tear make newisland. Did a rise?
31 Way, lungfush! The great fin may cumule! Three threeth o'er
32 the wild! Manu ware!
33 — He missed her mouth and stood into Dee, Romunculus
34 Remus, plying the rape, so as now any bompriss's bound to get
35 up her if he pool her leg and bunk on her butt. No, he skid like
36 a skate and berthed on her byrnie and never a fear but they'll

1 land him yet, slitheryscales on liffeybank, times and times and
2 halve a time with a pillow of sand to polster him.
3 — Do you say they will?
4 — I bet you they will.
5 — Among the shivering sedges so? Weedy waving.
6 — Or tulipbeds of Rush below.
7 — Where you take your mugs to wash after dark?
8 — To my lead, Toomey lout, Tommy lad.
9 — Besides the bubblye waters of, babblyebubblye waters of?
10 — Right.
11 — Grenadiers. And tell me now. Were these anglers or angel-
12 ers coexistent and compresent with or without their *tertium quid*?
13 — *Three in one, one and three.*
14 *Shem and Shaun and the shame that sunders em.*
15 *Wisdom's son, folly's brother.*
16 — God bless your ginger, wigglewaggle! That's three slots
17 and no burners. You're forgetting the jinnyjos for the fayboys.
18 What, Walker John Referent? Play us your patmost! And un-
19 packyoulloups!
20 — Naif Cruachan! Woe on woe, says Wardeb Daly. Woman
21 will water the wild world over. And the maid of the folley will go
22 where glory. Sure I thought it was larking in the trefoll of the furry
23 glans with two stripping baremaids, Stilla Underwood and Moth
24 MacGarry, he was, hand to dagger, that time and their mother, a
25 rawkneepudsfrowse, I was given to understand, with superflow-
26 vius heirs, begum. There was that one that was always mad gone
27 on him, her first king of cloves and the most broadcussed man
28 in Corrack-on-Sharon, County Rosecarmon. Sure she was near
29 drowned in pondest coldstreams of admiration forherself, as bad
30 as my Tarpeyan cousin, Vesta Tully, making faces at her bach-
31 spilled likeness in the brook after and cooling herself in the
32 element, she pleasing it, she praising it, with salices and weidow-
33 wehls, all tossed, as she was, the playactrix, Lough Shieling's love!
34 — O, add shielsome bridelittle! All of her own! Nircississies
35 are as the doaters of inversion. Secilas through their laughing
36 classes becoming poolermates in laker life.

1 — It seems to same with Iscappellas? Ys? Gotellus! A tickey
2 for tie taughts!
3 — Listenest, meme mearest! They were harrowd, those fin-
4 weeds! Come, rest in this bosom! So sorry you lost him, poor
5 lamb! Of course I know you are a viry vikid girl to go in the
6 dreemplace and at that time of the draym and it was a very wrong
7 thing to do, even under the dark flush of night, dare all grand-
8 passia! He's gone on his bombashaw. Through geesing and so
9 pleasing at Strip Teasy up the stairs. The boys on the corner were
10 talking too. And your soreful miseries first come on you. Still to
11 forgive it, divine my lickle wiffey, and everybody knows you do
12 look lovely in your invisibles, Eulogia, a perfect apposition with
13 the coldcream, Assoluta, from Boileau's I always use in the wards
14 after I am burned a rich egg and derive the greatest benefit,
15 sign of the cause. My, you do! Simply adorable! Could I but
16 pass my hands some, my hands through, thine hair! So vicky-
17 vicky veritiny! O Fronces, say howdyedo, Dotty! Chic hands.
18 The way they curve there under nue charmeen cuffs! I am more
19 divine like that when I've two of everything up to boyproof
20 knicks. Winning in a way, only my arms are whiter, dear.
21 Blanchemain, idler. Fairhair, frail one. Listen, meme sweety! O
22 be joyfold! Mirror do justice, taper of ivory, heart of the cona-
23 vent, hoops of gold! My veil will save it undyeing from his ether-
24 nal fire! It's meemly us two, meme idoll. Of course it was down-
25 right verry wickred of him, reely meeting me disguised, Bortolo
26 mio, peerfectly appealling, D.V., with my lovebirds, my colom-
27 binas. Their sensitives shrinked. Even Netta and Linda,our seeyu
28 tities and they've sin sumtim, tankus! My rillies were liebeneaus,
29 my aftscents embre. How me adores eatsother simply (Mon ishe-
30 beau! Ma reinebelle!), in his storm collar, as I leaned yestreen
31 from his muskished labs, even my little pom got excited, when I
32 turned his head on his same manly bust and kissed him more.
33 Only he might speak to a person, lord so picious, taking up my
34 worths ill wrong! May I introduce! This is my futuous, lips and
35 looks lovelast. Still me with you, you poor chilled! Will make it
36 up with mother Concepcion and a glorious lie between us,

1 sweetness, so as not a novene in all the convent loretos, not my
2 littlest one of all, for mercy's sake need ever know, what passed
3 our lips or. Yes sir, we'll will! Clothea wind! Fee o fie! Covey us
4 niced! Bansh the dread! Alitten's looking. Low him lovely! Make
5 me feel good in the moontime. It will all take bloss as oranged at
6 St Audiens rosan chocolate chapelry with my diamants blickfeast
7 after at minne owned hos for all the catclub to go cryzy and
8 Father Blesius Mindelsinn will be beminding hand. Kyrielle elation!
9 Crystal elation! Kyrielle elation! Elation immanse! Sing to
10 us, sing to us, sing to us! Amam! So meme nearest, languished
11 hister, be free to me! (I'm fading!) And listen, you, you beauty,
12 esster, I'll be clue to who knows you, pray Magda, Marthe with
13 Luz and Joan, while I lie with warm lisp on the Tolka. (I'm fay!)
14 — Eusapia! Fais-le, tout-tait! Languishing hysteria? The clou
15 historique? How is this at all? Is dads the thing in such or are
16 tits the that? Hear we here her first poseproem of suora unto
17 suora? Alicious, twinstreams twinestraines, through alluring
18 glass or alas in jumboland? Ding dong! Where's your pal in
19 silks alustre? Think of a maiden, Presentacion. Double her, An-
20 nunciacion. Take your first thoughts away from her, Immacolacion.
21 Knock and it shall appall unto you! Who shone yet shimmers
22 will be e'er scheining. Cluse her, voil her, hild her hindly.
23 After liirc and themodius soft aglo iris of the vals. This young
24 barlady, what, euphemiasly? Is she having an ambidual act herself
25 in apparition with herself as Consuelas to Sonias may?
26 — Dang! And tether, a loguy O!
27 — Dis and dat and dese and dose! Your crackling out of your
28 turn, my Moonster firefly, like always. And 2 R.N. and Long-
29 horns Connacht, stay off my air! You've grabbed the capital and
30 you've had the lion's shire since 1542 but there's all the difference
31 in Ireland between your borderation, my chatty cove, and me. The
32 leinstrel boy to the wall is gone and there's moreen astoreen for
33 Monn and Conn. With the tyke's named moke. Doggymens'
34 nimmer win! You last led the first when we last but we'll first
35 trump your last with a lasting. Jump the railchairs or take them,
36 as you please, but and, sir, my queskins first, foxyjack! Ye've as
37 much skullabogue cheek on you now as would boil a caldron of

1 kalebrose. Did the market missionaries Hayden Wombwell, when
2 given the raspberry, fine more than sandsteen per cent of chalk
3 in the purity, promptitude and perfection flour of this raw
4 materialist and less than a seventh pro mile in his meal? We
5 bright young chaps of the brandnew braintrust are briefed here
6 and with maternal sanction compellably empanelled at quarter
7 sessions under the six disqualifications for the uniformication of
8 young persons (Nodding Neutrals) removal act by Committal-
9 man Number Underfifteen to know had the peeress of generals,
10 who have been getting nose money cheap and stirring up the
11 public opinion about private balls with their legs, Misses Mirtha
12 and Merry, the two dreeper's assistents, had they their service
13 books in order and duly signed J. H. North and Company when
14 discharged from their last situations? Will ye gup and tell the
15 board in the anterim how, in the name of the three tailors on
16 Tooley Street, did O'Bejorumsen or Mockmacmahonitch, ex of
17 Butt and Hocksett's, violating the bushel standard, come into
18 awful position of the barrel of bellywash? And why, is it any harm
19 to ask, was this hackney man in the coombe, a papersalor with
20 a whiteluke to him, Fauxfitzhuorson, collected from Manofisle,
21 carrying his ark, of eggshaped fuselage and made in Fredborg
22 into the bullgine, across his back when he might have been
23 setting on his jonass inside like a Glassthure cabman? Where
24 were the doughboys, three by nombres, won in ziel, cavehill
25 exers or hearts of steel, Hansen, Morfydd and O'Dyar, V.D.,
26 with their glenagearries directing their steps according to the
27 R.U.C's liaison officer, with their trench ulcers open and
28 their hands in their pockets, contrary to military rules, when
29 confronted with his lifesize obstruction? When did he live off
30 rooking the pooro and how did start pfuffpfaffing at his Paterson
31 and Hellicott's? Is it a factual fact, proved up to scabsteethshilt,
32 that this fancydress nordic in shaved lamb breeches, child's kilts,
33 bibby buntings and wellingtons, With club, torc and headdress,
34 preholder of the Bar Ptolomei, is coowner of a hengster's circus
35 near North Great Denmark Street (incidentally, it's the most
36 enjoyable show going the province and I'm taking the youngsters

1 there Saturday first when it's halfprice naturals night to see the
2 fallensickners aping the buckleybackers and the blind to two
3 worlds taking off the deffydowndummies) and the shamshem-
4 showman has been complaining to the police barracks and
5 applying for an order of *certiorari* and crying out something vile
6 about him being molested, after him having triplets, by offers of
7 vacancies from females in this city, neighing after the man and his
8 outstanding attraction ever since they seen his X ray picture turned
9 out in wealthy red in the sabbath sheets? Was it him that suborned
10 that surdumutual son of his, a litterydivider in Saint Patrick's
11 Lavatory, to turn a Roman and leave the chayr and gout in his
12 bare balbriggans, the sweep, and buy the usual jar of porter at
13 the Morgue and Cruses and set it down before the wife with her
14 fireman's halmet on her, bidding her mine the hoose, the strum-
15 pet, while him and his lagenloves were rampaging the roads in
16 all their paroply under the noses of the Heliopolitan constabu-
17 lary? Can you beat it? Prepare the way! Where's that gendarm
18 auxiliar, arianautic sappertillery, that reported on the whole hood-
19 lum, relying on his morse-erse wordybook and the trunchein up
20 his tail? Roof Seckesign van der Deckel and get her story from
21 him! Recall Sickerson, the lizzyboy! Seckersen, magnon of Errick.
22 Sackerson! Hookup!

23 — *Day shirker four vanfloats he verdants market.*

24 *High liquor made lust torpid dough hunt her orchid.*

25 — Hunt her orchid! Gob and he found it on her right enough!

26 With her shoes upon his shoulders, 'twas most trying to be-
27 holders when he upped their frullatullepleats with our warning.
28 A disgrace to the homely protestant religion! Bloody old pre-
29 adamite with his twohandled umberella! Trust me to spy on me
30 own spew!

31 — Wallpurgies! And it's this's your deified city? Norganson?
32 And it's we's to pray for Bigmessenger's conversions? Call Kitty the
33 Beads, the Mandame of Tipknock Castle! Let succuba succumb, the
34 improvable his wealth made possible! He's cookinghagar that rost
35 her prayer to him upon the top of the stairs. She's deep, that one.

36 — A farternoiser for his tuckish armenities. Uhr Former

1 who erred in having down to gibbous disdag our darling breed.
2 And then the confisieur for the boob's indulligence. As sunctioned
3 for his salmenbog by the Councillors-om-Trent. Pave Pannem
4 at his gaiter's bronze! Nummer half dreads Log Laughty. Mas-
5 ter's gunne he warrs the bedst. I messaged his dilltoyds sause-
6 pander mussels on the kisschen table. With my ironing duck
7 through his rollpins of gansyfett, do dodo doughdy dough, till
8 he was braising red in the toastface with lovensoft eyebulbs and
9 his kiddledrum steeming and rattling like the roasties in my
10 mockamill. I awed to have scoured his Abarm's brack for him.
11 For the loaf of Obadiah, take your pastryart's noas out of me
12 flouer bouckuet! Of the strainger scene you given squeezers to
13 me skillet! As cream of the hearth thou reinethst alhome. His
14 lapper and libbers was glue goulewed as he sizzled there watch-
15 ing me lautterick's pitcher by Wexford-Atelier as Katty and
16 Lanner, the refined souprette, with my bust alla brooche and the
17 padbun under my matelote, showing my jigotty sleeves and all
18 my new toulong touloosies. Whisk! There's me shims and here's
19 me hams and this is me juppettes, gause be the meter! Whisk!
20 What's this? Whisk! And that? He never cotched finer, balay
21 me, at Romiolo Frullini's flea pantamine out of Griddle-the-Sink
22 or Shusies-with-her-Soles-Up or La Sauzerelly, the pucieboots,
23 when I started so hobmop ladlelike, highty tighty, to kick the
24 time off the cluckclock lucklock quamquam camcam potapot
25 panapan kickakickkack. Hairhorehounds, shake up pfortner.
26 Fuddling fun for Fullacan's sake!

27 — All halt! Sponsor programme and close down. That's
28 enough, genral, of finicking about Finnegan and fiddling with
29 his faddles. A final ballot, guvnor, to remove all doubt. By sylph
30 and salamander and all the trolls and tritons, I mean to top her
31 drive and to tip the tap of this, at last. His thoughts that wouldbe
32 words, his livings that havebeen deeds. And will too, by the holy
33 child of Coole, primapatriock of the archsee, if I have at first
34 to down every mask in Trancenania from Terreterry's Hole to
35 Stutterers' Corner to find that Yokeoff his letter, this Yokan his
36 dahet. Pass the jousters of the king, the Kovnor-Journal and

1 eirenarch's custos himself no less, the meg of megs, with the Carri-
2 son old gang! Off with your persians! Search ye the Finn! The
3 sinder's under shriving sheet. Fa Fe Fi Fo Fum! Ho, croak,
4 evildoer! Arise, sir ghostus! As long as you've lived there'll be no
5 other. Doff!

6 — Amtsadam, sir, to you! Eternest cittas, heil! Here we are
7 again! I am bubub brought up under a camel act of dynasties long
8 out of print, the first of Shitric Shilkanbeard (or is it Owllaugh
9 MacAuscullpth the Thord?), but, in pontofacts massimust, I am
10 known throughout the world wherever my good Allenglisches
11 Angleslachsen is spoken by Sall and Will from Augustanus to
12 Ergastulus, as this is, whether in Farnum's rath or Condra's
13 ridge or the meadows of Dalkin or Monkish tunshep, by saints
14 and sinners eyeeye alike as a cleanliving man and, as a matter of
15 fict, by my halfwife, I think how our public at large appreciates
16 it most highly from me that I am as cleanliving as could be and
17 that my game was a fair average since I perpetually kept my
18 ouija ouija wicket up. On my verawife I never was nor can afford
19 to be guilty of crim crig con of malfeasance trespass against par-
20 son with the person of a youthful gigirl frifrif friend chirped
21 Apples, acted by Miss Dashe, and with Any of my cousines in
22 Kissilov's Slutsgartern or Gigglotte's Hill, when I would touch
23 to her dot and feel most greenily of her unripe ones as it should
24 prove most anniece and far too bahad, nieceless to say, to my
25 reputation on Babbyl Maltet for daughters-in-trade being lightly
26 clad. Yet, as my acquainters do me the complaisance of apprising
27 me, I should her have awristed under my duskguise of whippers
28 through toombs and deempeys, lagmen, was she but tinkling of
29 such a tink. And, as a mere matter of ficfect, I tell of myself how
30 I popo possess the ripest littlums wifukie around the globelettes
31 globes upon which she was romping off on Floss Mundai out of
32 haram's way round Skinner's circusalley first with her consola-
33 tion prize in my serial dreams of faire women, Mannequins Passe,
34 with awards in figure and smile subsections, handicapped by two
35 breasts in operatops, a remarkable little endowment garment.
36 Fastened at various places. What spurt! I kickkick keenly love

1 such, particularly while savouring of their flavours at their most
2 perfect best when served with heliotrope eyelips, as this is, where
3 I do drench my jolly soul on the pure beauty of hers past.
4 She is my bestpreserved wholewife, sowell her as hereafter, in
5 Evans's eye, with incompatibly the smallest shoenummer outside
6 chinatins. They are jolly dainty, spekin tully. May we not recom-
7 mend them? It was my proofpiece from my prenticeserving.
8 And, alas, our private chaplain of Lambeyth and Dolekey, bishop-
9 regionary, an always sadfaced man, in his lutestring pewcape with
10 tabinet band, who has visited our various hard hearts and reins
11 by imposition of fufuf fingers, also haddock's fumb, in that
12 Upper Room can speak loud to you some quite complimentary
13 things about my clean charactering, even when detected in the
14 dark, distressful though such recital prove to me, as this is, when
15 I introduced her (Frankfurters, numborines, why drive fear?) to
16 our fourposter tunies chantreying under Castrucci Sinior and De
17 Mellos, those whapping oldsteirs, with sycamode euphonium in
18 either notation in our altogether cagehoused duckyheim on
19 Goosna Greene, that cabinteeny homesweetened through affec-
20 tion's hoardpayns (First Murkiss, or so they sankeyed. Dodo! O
21 Clearly! And Gregorio at front with Johannes far in back. Aw,
22 aw!), gleeglom there's gnome sweepplaces like theresweep No-
23 whergs. By whom, as my Kerk Findlater's, ye litel chuch rond
24 ye coner, and K. K. Katakasm enjoineth in the Belief and, as you
25 all know, of a child, dear Humans, one of my life's ambitions of
26 my youngend from an early peepee period while still to hedje-
27 skool, intended for broadchurch, I, being fully alive to it, was
28 parruchially confirmed in Caulofat's bed by our bujibuji beloved
29 curate-author. Michael Engels is your man. Let Michael relay
30 Sutton and tell you people here who have the phoney habit (it
31 was remarketable) in his clairaudence, as this is, as only our own
32 Michael can, when reicherout at superstation, to bring ruptures
33 to our roars how I am amp amp amplify. Hiemlancollin. Pim-
34 pim's Ornery forninehalf. Shaun Shemsen saywhen saywhen.
35 Holmstock unsteadan. Livpoomark lloyrge hoggs one four tupps
36 noying. Big Butter Boost! Sorry! Thnkyou! Thatll beall for-

1 tody. Cal it off. Godnotch, vryboily. End a muddy crushmess!
2 Abbreciades anew York gustoms. Kyow! Tak.
3 — Tiktak. Tikkak.
4 — Awind abuzz awater falling.
5 — Poor a cowe his jew placator.
6 — It's the damp damp damp.
7 — Calm has entered. Big big Calm, announcer. It is most
8 ernst terooly a moresome intartenment. Colt's tooth! I will give
9 tandsel to it. I protest there is luttrelly not one teaspoonspill of
10 evidence at bottomlie to my babad, as you shall see, as this is.
11 Keemun Lapsang of first pickings. And I contango can take off
12 my dudud dirtynine articles of quoting here in Pynix Park be-
13 fore those in heaven to provost myself, by gramercy of justness,
14 I mean veryman and moremon, stiff and staunch for ever, and
15 enter under the advicies from Misrs Norris, Southby, Yates and
16 Weston, Inc, to their favoured client, into my preprotestant caveat
17 against the pupup publication of libel by any tixtim tipsyloon or
18 tobtomtowley of Keisserse Lean (a bloweyed lanejoymt, waring
19 lowbelt suit, with knockbrecky kenees and bullfist rings round
20 him and a fallse roude axehand (he is cunvesser to Saunter's
21 Nocelettres and the Poe's Toffee's Directory in his pisness), the
22 best begrudged man in Belgradia who doth not belease to our
23 pavious) to my nonesuch, that highest personage at moments
24 holding down the throne. So to speak of beauty scouts in elegant
25 pursuit of flowers, searchers for tabernacles and the celluloid art!
26 Happen seen sore eynes belived? The caca cad! He walked by
27 North Strand with his Thom's towel in hand. Snakeeeye! Strangler
28 of soffiacated green parrots! I protest it that he is, by my
29 wipehalf. He was leaving out of my double inns while he was all
30 teppling over my single ixits. So was keshaned on for his recent
31 behaviour. Sherlook is lorking for him. Allare beltspanners.
32 Get your air curt! Shame upon Private M! Shames on his ful-
33 someness! Shamus on his atkinscum's lulul lying suulen for an
34 outcast mastiff littered in blood currish! Eristocras till Hanging
35 Tower! Steck a javelin through his advowtried heart! Instaun-
36 ton! Flap, my Larrybird! Dangle, my highflyer! Jiggety jig my

1 jackadandyline! Let me never see his waddppez again! And mine
2 it was, Barktholed von Hunarig, Soesown of Furrows (hour-,
3 springlike his joussture, immitiate my chry! as urs now, so yours.
4 then!), when to our lot it fell on my poplar Sexsex, my Sexen-
5 centaurnary, whenby Gate of Hal, before his hostel of the Wodin
6 Man, I hestened to freeholdit op to his Mam his Maman, Majus-
7 cules, His Magnus Maggerstick, first city's leasekuays of this
8 Nova Tara, our most noble, when hrossbucked on his pricelist
9 charger, Pferdinamd Allibuster (yeddonot need light oar till
10 Noreway for you fanned one o'er every doorway) with my all-
11 bum's greethims through this whole of my promises, handshakey
12 congrandyoulikethems, ecclesency.

13 Whosaw the jackery dares at handgripper thisa breast? Dose
14 makkers ginger. Some one we was with us all fours. Adversarian!
15 The spiking Duyvil! First liar in Londsend! Wulv! See you scar-
16 gore on that skeepsbrow! And those meisies! Sulken taarts! Man
17 sicker at I ere bluffet konservative? Shucks! Such ratshause bugs-
18 mess so I cannot barely conceive of! Lowest basemeant in hystry!
19 lbscenest nansence! Noksagt! Per Peeler and Pawr! The broker-
20 heartened shugon! Hole affair is rotten muckswinish porcupig's
21 draff. Enouch!

22 — Is that yu, Whitehed?

23 — Have you headnoise now?

24 — Give us your mespilt reception, will yous?

25 — Pass the fish for Christ's sake!

26 — Old Whitehowth he is speaking again. Ope Eustace tube!

27 Pity poor whiteoath! Dear gone mummeries, goby! Tell the
28 woyld I have lived true thousand hells. Pity, please, lady, for
29 poor O.W. in this profundust snobbing I have caught. Nine dirty
30 years mine age, hairs hoar, mummery failend, snowdrift to my
31 ellpow, deff as Adder. I askt you, dear lady, to judge on my tree
32 by our fruits. I gave you of the tree. I gave two smells, three eats.
33 My freeandies, my celeberrimates: my happy bossoms, my all-
34 falling fruits of my boom. Pity poor Haveth Childers Every-
35 where with Mudder!

36 That was Communicator, a former colonel. A disincarnated

1 spirit, called Sebastian, from the Rivera in Januero, (he is not
2 all hear) may fernspreak shortly with messuages from my dead-
3 ported. Let us cheer him up a little and make an appunkment for
4 a future date. Hello, Commudicate! How's the buttes? Ever-
5 sceptistic! He does not believe in our psychous of the Real Ab-
6 sence, neither miracle wheat nor soulsurgery of P. P. Quemby.
7 He has had some indiejestings, poor thing, for quite a little while,
8 confused by his tonguer of baubble. A way with him! Poor Felix
9 Culapert! Ring his mind, ye staples, (bonze!) in my ould reeke-
10 ries' ballyheart and in my krumlin and in aroundisements and
11 stremmis! Sacks eleathury! Sacks eleathury! Bam! I deplore over
12 him ruely. Mongrieff! O Hone! Guestermed with the nobelities,
13 to die bronxitic in achershous! So enjoying of old thick whiles,
14 in haute white toff's hoyt of our formed reflections, with stock
15 of eisen all his prop, so buckely hosiered from the Royal Leg,
16 and his puertos mugnum, he would puffout a dhymful bock.
17 And the how he would husband her that verikerfully, his cigare
18 divane! (He would redden her with his vestas, but 'tis naught.)
19 With us his nephos and his neberls, mest incensed and befogged
20 by him and his smoke thereof. But he shall have his glad stein of
21 our zober beerbest in Oscarshal's winetavern. *Buen retiro!* The
22 boyce voyce is still flautish and his mounth still wears that
23 soldier's scarlet though the flaxafloyeds are peppered with salse-
24 dine. It is bycause of what he was ascend into his prisonce on
25 account off. I whit it wel. Hence his deepraised words. Some day
26 I may tell of his second storey. Mood! Mood! It looks like some-
27 one other bearing my burdens. I cannot let it. Kanes nought.

28 Well, yeamen, I have bared my whole past, I flatter myself,
29 on both sides. Give me even two months by laxlaw in second
30 division and my first broadcloth is business will be to protest to
31 Recorder at Thing of all Things, or court of Skivinis, with mar-
32 chants grey, antient and credibel, Zerobubble Barrentone, Jonah
33 Whalley, Determined Codde or Cucumber Upright, my jurats,
34 if it does not occur again. O rhyme us! Haar Faagher, wild heart
35 in Homelan; Harrod's be the naun. Mine kinder come, mine
36 wohl be won. There is nothing like leuther. O Shee! And nosty

1 mens in gladshouses they shad not peggot stones. The elephant's
2 house is his castle. I am here to tell you, indeed to goodness, that,
3 allbe I discountenanced beallpersuasions, in rinuncination of
4 pomps of heretofore, with a wax too held in hand, I am thorgt-
5 fulldt to do dope me of her miscisprinks and by virchow of those
6 filthered Ovocnas presently like Browne umbracing Christina
7 Anya, after the Irishers, to convert me into a selt (but first I must
8 proxy babetise my old antenaughties), when, as Sigismond Stol-
9 terforth, with Rabbin Robroost for my auspicer and Leecher
10 Ruty for my lifearst and Lorencz Pattorn (*Ehren til viktraef*),
11 when I will westerneyes those poor sunuppers and outbrihten
12 their land's eng. A man should stump up and I will pay my
13 pretty decent trade price for my glueglue gluecose, peebls,
14 were it even, as this is, the legal eric for infelicitous conduit (here
15 incloths placefined my pocketanchoredcheck) and, as a matter of
16 fact, I undertake to discontinue entyrelly all practices and I deny
17 wholeswiping *in toto* at my own request in all stoytness to have
18 confermentated and confoederated and agreed in times prebellic,
19 when here were waders for the trainsfolk, as it is now nuggently
20 laid to me, with a friend from mine, Mr Billups, pulleter, my
21 quarterbrother, who sometimes he is doing my locum for me
22 on a grubstake and whom I have cleped constoutuent, for so it
23 was felt by me, at goodbuy cootcoops byusucapiture a mouth-
24 less niggeress, Blanchette Brewster from Cherna Djamja, Blaw-
25 lawnd-via-Brigstow, or to illsell my fourth part in her, which al-
26 though allowed of in Deuterogamy as in several places of Scrip-
27 ture (copyright) and excluded books (they should quite rightly
28 verbanned be), would seem eggseggs excessively haroween to
29 my feelimbs for two punt scotch, one pollard and a crockard or
30 three pipples on the bitch. Thou, Frick's Flame, Uden Sulfer,
31 who strikest only on the marryd bokks, enquick me if so be I
32 did cophetuisse milady's maid! In spect of her beavers she is a
33 womanly and sacret. Such wear a frillick for my comic strip,
34 Mons Meg's Monthly, comes out aich Fanagan's Weck, to bray
35 at by clownsillies in Donkeybrook Fair. It would lackin mackin
36 Hodder's and Cocker's erithmatic. The unpurdonable preemp-

1 son of all of her of yourn, by Juno Moneta! If she, irished Marry-
2 onn Teheresiann, has been disposed of for her consideration, I,
3 Ledwidge Salvatorious, am tradefully unintiristid. And if she is
4 still further talc slopping over her cocoa contours, I hwat mick
5 angars, am strongly of opinion why I should not be. Inprobable!
6 I do not credit one word of it from such and suchess mistra-
7 versers. Just feathers! Nanenities! Or to have ochtroyed to
8 resolde or borrough by exchange same super melkkaart, means
9 help; best Brixton high yellow, no outings: cent for cent on
10 Auction's Bridge. 'Twere a honnibel crudelty wert so tente-
11 ment to their naktlives and scatab orgias we devour about in
12 the mightyevil roohms of encient cartage. Utterly improperable!
13 Not for old Crusos or white soul of gold! A pipple on the
14 panis, two claps on the cansill, or three pock pocks cassey
15 knocked on the postern! Not for one testey tickey culprik's
16 coyonds ore for all ecus in cunziehowffse! So hemp me Cash!
17 I meanit.

18 My herrings! The surdity of it! Amean to say. Her bare
19 idears, it is choochoo chucklesome. Absurd bargain, mum, will
20 call. One line with! One line, with with! Will ate everadayde sau-
21 mone like a boyne alive O. The tew cherrpickers, with their
22 Catheringnettes, Lizzy and Lissy Mycock, from Street Flesh-
23 shambles, were they moon at aube with hespermun and I their
24 covin guardient, I would not know to contact such gretched
25 youngsteys in my ways from Haddem or any suistersees or
26 heiresses of theirn, claiming by, through, or under them. Ous of
27 their freiung pfann into myne foyer. Her is one which rassembled
28 to mein enormally. The man what shocked his shanks at contey
29 Carlow's. He is Deucollion. Each habe goheerd, uptaking you
30 are innersence, but we sen you meet sose infance. Deucollion!
31 Odor. Evilling chimbes is smutsick rivulverblott but thee hard
32 casted thereass pigstenes upann Congan's shootsmen in Schot-
33 tenhof, ekeascent? Igen Deucollion! I liked his Gothamm chic!
34 Stuttertub! What a shrubbery trick to play! I will put my oath-
35 head unner my whitepot for ransom of beeves and will stand
36 me where I stood mine in all free heat between Pelagios and little

1 Chistayas by Roderick's our mostmonolith, after my both ears-
2 toear and brebreeches buybibles and, minhatton, testify to my
3 unclothed virtue by the longstone erectheion of our allfirst man-
4 here. I should tell you that honestly, on my honour of a Near-
5 wicked, I always think in a wordworth's of that primed favou-
6 rite continental poet, Daunty, Gouty and Shopkeeper, A. G.,
7 whom the generality admoyers in this that is and that this is to
8 come. Like as my palmer's past policy I have had my best mas-
9 ter's lessons, as the public he knows, and do you know, home-
10 sters, I honestly think, if I have failed lamentably by accident
11 benefits though shintoed, spitefired, perplagued and cram-
12 krieged, I am doing my dids bits and have made of my prudentials
13 good. I have been told I own stolemines or something of that
14 sorth in the sooth of Spainien. Hohohoho! Have I said ogso how
15 I abhor myself vastly (truth to tell) and do repent to my nether-
16 heart of suntry clothing? The amusin part is, I will say, hotel-
17 men, that since I, over the deep drowner Athacleeath to seek
18 again Irrlanding, shamed in mind, with three plunges of my
19 ruddertail, yet not a bottlenim, vanced imperial standard by
20 weaponright and platzed mine residenze, taking bourd and
21 burgage under starrymisty and ran and operated my brixtol selec-
22 tion here at thollstall, for mean straits male with evorage fimmel,
23 in commune soccage among strange and enemy, among these
24 plotlets, in Poplinstown, alore Fort Dunlip, then-on-sea, hole
25 of Serbonian bog, now city of magnificent distances, good-
26 walldabout, with talus and counterscarp and pale of palisades,
27 upon martiell siegewin, with Abbot Warre to blesse, on yon
28 slauchterday of cleantarriffs, in that year which I have called
29 myriabellous, and overdrave these marken (the soord on Whence-
30 hislaws was mine and mine the prusshing stock of Allbrecht
31 the Bearn), under patroonshaap of our good kingsinturns,
32 T. R. H. Urban First and Champaign Chollyman and Hungry
33 the Loaved and Hangry the Hathed, here where my tenenure of
34 office and my toils of domestication first began, with weight of
35 woman my skat and skuld but Flukie of the Ravens as my sure
36 piloter, famine with Englisch sweat and oppedemics, the two-

1 toothed dragon worms with allsort serpents, has compolitely
2 seceded from this landleague of many nations and open and
3 notorious naughty livers are found not on our rolls. This seat of
4 our city it is of all sides pleasant, comfortable and wholesome.
5 If you would traverse hills, they are not far off. If champain land,
6 it lieth of all parts. If you would be delited with fresh water, the
7 famous river, called of Ptolemy the Libnia Labia, runneth fast
8 by. If you will take the view of the sea, it is at hand. Give heed!
9 — *Do Drumcollogher whatever you do!*
10 — *Visitez Drumcollogher-la-Belle!*
11 — *Be suke ad sie so ersed Drumcollogher!*
12 — *Vedi Drumcollogher e poi Moonis.*
13 — Things are not as they were. Let me briefly survey. Pro clam
14 a shun! Pip! Peep! Pipitch! Ubipop jay piped, ibipep goes the
15 whistle. Here Tyeburn throttled, massed murmars march: where
16 the bus stops there shop I: here which ye see, yea reste. On me,
17 your sleeping giant. Estoesto! Estote sunt! From the hold of
18 my capt in altitude till the mortification that's my fate. The end
19 of aldest mostest ist the beginning of all thisorder so the last of
20 their hansballis shall the first in our sheriffsby. New highs for
21 all! Redu Negru may be black in tawn but under them lintels
22 are staying my horneymen meet each his mansiemagd. For peers
23 and gints, quaysirs and galleyliers, fresk letties from the say and
24 stale headygabblers, gaingangers and dudder wagoners, pullars
25 off societies and pushers on rothmere's homes. Obeyance from
26 the townsmen spills felixity by the toun. Our bourse and politico-
27 ecomedy are in safe with good Jock Shepherd, our lives are on
28 sure in sorting with Jonathans, wild and great. Been so free!
29 Thank you, besters! Hattentats have mindered. Blaublaze devil-
30 bobs have gone from the mode and hairtrigger nicks are quite
31 out of time now. Thuggeries are reere as glovars' metins, lepers
32 lack, ignerants show beneath suspicion like the bitterhalves of
33 esculapuloids. In midday's mallsight let Miledd discourverself.
34 Me ludd in her hide park seek Minuinette. All is waldy bonums.
35 Blownose aerios we luft to you! Firebugs, good blazes! Lubbers,
36 kepp your poudies drier! Seamen, we segn your skivs and wives!

1 Seven ills so barely as centripunts havd I habt, seaventy seavens
2 for circumference inkeptive are your hill prospect. Braid Black-
3 fordrock, the Calton, the Liberton, Craig and Lockhart's, A.
4 Costofino, R. Thursitt. The chort of Nicholas Within was my
5 guide and I raised a dome on the wherewithouts of Michan: by
6 awful tors my wellworth building sprang sky spearing spires,
7 cloud cupoled campaniles: further this. By fineounce and im-
8 posts I got and grew and by grossscruple gat I grown outreaches-
9 ly: murage and lestage were my mains for Ouerlord's tithing
10 and my drains for render and prender the doles and the tribute:
11 I was merely out of my mint with all the percussors on my
12 braincap till I struck for myself and muched morely by token: to
13 Sirrherr of Gambleden ruddy money, to Madame of Pitymount
14 I loue yous. Paybads floriners moved in hugheknots against us and
15 I matt them, pepst to papst, barthelemew: milreys (mark!) on-
16 fell, and (Luc!) I arose Daniel in Leonden. Bulafests onvied me,
17 Corkcuttas graatched. Atabey! I braved Brien Berueme to berow
18 him against the Loughlins, all her tolkie shraking: Fugabollags!
19 Lusqu'au bout! If they had ire back of eyeball they got damage
20 on front tooth: theres were revelries at ridottos, here was rivalry
21 in redoubt: I wegschicked Duke Wellinghof to reshockle Roy
22 Shackleton: Walhalloo, Walhalloo, Walhalloo, mourn in plein!
23 Under law's marshall and warschouw did I thole till lead's
24 plumbate, ping on pang, relieved me. I made praharfeast upon
25 acorpolous and fastbroke down in Neederthorpe. I let faireviews
26 in on slobodens but ranked rothgardes round wrathminders: I
27 bathandbaddend on mendicity and I corocured off the unoculated.
28 Who can tell their tale whom I filled ad liptum on the plain of
29 Soulsbury? With three hunkered peepers and twa and twas!
30 For sleeking beauties I spinned their nightinveils, to slumbred
31 beast I tummed the thief air. Round the musky moved a mur-
32 mel but mewses whinninaird and belluas zoomed: tendulcis
33 tunes like water parted fluted up from the westinders while from
34 gorges in the east came the strife of ourangoontangues. All in
35 my thicville Escuterre ofen was thorough fear but in the meck-
36 ling of my burgh Belvaros was the site forbed: tuberclosies I

1 reized spudfully from the murphyplantz Hawkinsonia and berri-
2 berries from the pletoras of the Irish shou. I heard my liberti-
3 lands making free through their curraghcoombs, my trueblues
4 hurusalaming before Wailingtone's Wall: I richmounded the
5 rainelag in my bathtub of roundwood and conveyed it with
6 cheers and cables, roaring mighty shouts, through my longer-
7 tubes of elm: out of fundness for the outhzone I carried them
8 amd curried them in my Putzemdown cars to my Kommeandine
9 hotels: I made sprouts fontaneously from Philuppe Sobriety in
10 the coupe that's cheyned for noon inebriates: when they weaned
11 weary of that bibbing I made infusion more infused: sowerpacers
12 of the vinegarth, obtemperate unto me! When you think me in
13 my coppeecuffs look in ware would you meckamockame, as you
14 pay in caabman's sheltar tot the ites like you corss the tees.
15 Wwherefore watch ye well! For, while I oplooked the first of
16 Janus's straight, I downsaw the last of Christmas steps: syndic
17 pedestril and on the rates, I for indigent and intendente: in
18 Forum Foster I demosthrenated my folksfiendship, enmy pupuls
19 felt my burk was no worse than their brite: Sapphrageta and
20 Consciencia were undecidedly attached to me but the maugher
21 machrees and the auntieparthenopes my schwalby words with
22 litted spongelets set their soakye pokeys and botchbons afume:
23 Fletcher-Flemmings, elisaboth, how interquackeringly they ro-
24 gated me, their golden one, I inhesitant made replique: Mesde-
25 memdes to leursieuresponsor: and who in hillsaide, don't you
26 let flyfire till you see their whites of the bunkers' eyes! Mr An-
27 swers: Bringem young, bringem young, bringem young!: in
28 my bethel of Solyman's I accouched their rotundaties and I turn-
29 keyed most insultantly over raped lutetias in the lock: I gave bax
30 of biscums to the jacobeaters and pottage bakes to the esausted;
31 I dehlivered them with freakandesias by the constant droppings
32 from my smalls instalmonths while I titfortotalled up their
33 farinadays for them on my slataper's slate with my chandner's
34 chauk: I jaunted on my jingelbrett rapt in neckloth and sashes,
35 and I beggered about the amnibushes like belly in a bowle. In
36 the humanity of my heart I sent out heyweywomen to refresh

1 the ballwearing and then, doubling megalopolitan poleetness,
2 my great great greatest of these charities, devaleurised the base
3 fellows for the curtailment of their lower man: with a slog to
4 square leg I sent my boundary to Botany Bay and I ran up a
5 score and four of mes while the Yanks were huckling the Em-
6 pire: I have been reciping om omominous letters and widely-
7 signed petitions full of pieces of pottery about my monumental-
8 ness as a thingabolls and I have been enchanting causeries to the
9 feshest cheoilboys so that they are allcalling on me for the song
10 of a birch: the more secretly bi built, the more openly palas-
11 tered. Attent! Couch hear! I have becket my vonderbilt hutch
12 in sunsmidnought and at morningrise was encampassed of
13 mushroofs. Rest and bethinkful, with licence, thanks. I con-
14 sidered the lilies on the veldt and unto Balkis did I disclothe
15 mine glory. And this. This missy, my taughters, and these man,
16 my son, from my fief of the villa of the Ostmanorum to Thor-
17 stan's, *recte* Thomars Sraid, and from Huggin Please to William
18 Inglis his house, that man de Loundres, in all their barony of
19 Saltus, bonders and foeburghers, helots and zelots, strutting oges
20 and swaggering macks, the darsy jeanses, the drury joneses,
21 redmaids and bleucotts, in hommage all and felony, all who have
22 received tickets, fair home overcrowded, tidy but very little
23 furniture, respectable, whole family attends daily mass and is
24 dead sick of bread and butter, sometime in the militia, mentally
25 strained from reading work on German physics, shares closet
26 with eight other dwellings, more than respectable, getting com-
27 fortable parish relief, wageearner freshly shaven from prison,
28 highly respectable, planning new departure in Mountgomery
29 cyclefinishing, eldest son will not serve but peruses Big-man-up-
30 in-the-Sky scraps, anoopanadoon lacking backway, quasi respec-
31 table, pays ragman in bones for faded windowcurtains, staircase
32 continually lit up with guests, particularly respectable, house
33 lost in dirt and blocked with refuse, getting on like Roe's dis-
34 tillery on fire, slovenly wife active with the jug, in business for
35 himself, has a tenth illegitimate coming, partly respectable,
36 following correspondence courses, chucked work over row, both

1 cheeks kissed at levee by late marquess of Zetland, sharing closet
2 which is profusely written over with eleven other subscribers,
3 once respectable, open hallway pungent of Baltic dishes, bangs
4 kept woman's head against wall thereby disturbing neighbours,
5 private chapel occupies return landing, removal every other
6 quarter day, case one of peculiar hopelessness, most respectable,
7 nightsoil has to be removed through snoring household, eccen-
8 tric naval officer not quite steady enjoys weekly churchwarden
9 and laugh while reading foreign pictorials on clumpstump before
10 door, known as the trap, widow rheumatic and chars, haunted,
11 condemned and execrated, of dubious respectability, tools too
12 costly pledged or uninsured, reformed philanthropist whenever
13 feasible takes advantage of unfortunates against dilapidating
14 ashpits, serious student is eating his last dinners, floor dangerous
15 for unaccompanied old clergymen, thoroughly respectable, many
16 uncut pious books in evidence, nearest watertap two hundred
17 yards' run away, fowl and bottled gooseberry frequently on
18 table, man has not had boots off for twelve months, infant being
19 taught to hammer flat piano, outwardly respectable, sometimes
20 hears from titled connection, one foot of dust between banister
21 and cracked wall, wife cleans stools, eminently respectable, otta-
22 wark and regular loafer, should be operated would she consent,
23 deplorable rent in roof, claret cellar cobwebbed since the ponti-
24 ficate of Leo, wears drill trousers and collects rare buddhas,
25 underages very treacly and verminous have to be separated, sits
26 up with fevercases for one and threepence, owns two terraces
27 (back to back breeze), respectable in every way, harmless im-
28 becile supposingly weakminded, a sausage every Sunday, has a
29 staff of eight servants, outlook marred by ne'er-do-wells using
30 the laneway, lieabed sons go out with sisters immediately after
31 dark, has never seen the sea, travels always with her eleven
32 trunks of clothing, starving cat left in disgust, the pink of re-
33 spectability, resting after colonial service, labours at plant, the
34 despair of his many benefactresses, calories exclusively from
35 Rowntrees and dumplings, one bar of sunlight does them all
36 january and half february, the V. de V's (animal diet) live in five-

1 storied semidetached but rarely pay tradesmen, went security
2 for friend who absconded, shares same closet with fourteen simi-
3 lar cottages and an illfamed lodginghouse, more respectable than
4 some, teawidow pension but held to purchase, inherited silk hat
5 from father-in-law, head of domestic economy never mentioned,
6 queery how they live, reputed to procure, last four occupants
7 carried out, mental companionship with mates only, respecta-
8 bility unsuccessfully aimed at, copious holes emitting mice, de-
9 coration from Uganda chief in locked ivory casket, grandmother
10 has advanced alcoholic amblyopia, the terror of Goodmen's
11 Field, and respected and respectable, as respectable as respec-
12 table can respectably be, though their orable amission were the
13 horrors I could have expected, all, let them all come, they are my
14 villeins,with chartularies I have talledged them. Wherfor I will and
15 firmly command, as I willed and firmly commanded, upon my
16 royal word and cause the great seal now to be affixed, that from
17 the farthest of the farther of their fathers to their children's chil-
18 dren's children they do inhabit it and hold it for me unencum-
19 bered and my heirs, firmly and quietly, amply and honestly,
20 and with all the liberties and free customs which the men of Tol-
21 bris, a city of Tolbris, have at Tolbris, in the county of their city
22 and through whole my land. Hereto my vouchers, knive and
23 snuffbuchs. Fee for farm. Enwreak us wrecks.

24 Struggling forlongs I have livramentoed, milles on milles of
25 mancipelles. Lo, I have looked upon my pumpadears in their
26 easancies and my drummers have tattled tall tales of me in the land:
27 in morgenattics litt I hope, in seralcellars louched I bleakmealers:
28 on my siege of my mighty I was parciful of my subject but in street
29 wauks that are darkest I debelledem superb: I deemed the drugtails
30 in my pettycourts and domstered dustyfeets in my husinclose: at
31 Guy's they were swathed, at Foulke's slashed, the game for a
32 Gomez, the loy for a lynch: if I was magmonimoss as staidy lavgiver
33 I revolucanized by my eruptions: the hye and bye wayseeds I
34 scattered em, in my graben fields sew sowage I gathered em: in
35 Sheridan's Circle my wits repose, in black pitts of the pestered
36 Lenfant he is dummed. (Hearts of Oak, may ye root to piece!

1 Rechabites abstain! Clayed sheets, pineshrouded, wake not, walk
2 not! Sigh lento, Morgh!) *Quo warranto* has his greats my soliven
3 and puissant lord V. king regards for me and he has given to me
4 my necknamesh (flister it!) which is second fiddler to nomen.
5 These be my genteelician arms. At the crest, two young frish,
6 etoiled, flappant, devoiled of their habiliments, vested sable, with-
7 drewers argent. For the boss a coleopter, pondant, partiffesswise,
8 blazoned sinister, at the slough, proper. In the lower field a terce
9 of lanciers, shaking unsheathed shafts, their arms crossed in sal-
10 tire, embusked, sinople. Motto, in letters portent: *Hery Crass*
11 *Evohodie*. Idle were it, repassing from elserground to the elder
12 disposition, to inquire whether I, draggedasunder, be the forced
13 generation of group marriage, holocryptogam, of my essenes, or
14 carried of cloud from land of locust, in ouzel galley borne, I,
15 huddled til summe be the massproduct of teamwork, three
16 surtouts wripped up in itchother's, two twin pritticoaxes lived as
17 one, troubled in trine or dubildin too, for abram nude be I or
18 roberoyed with the faineans, of Feejeean grafted ape on merfish,
19 surrounded by obscurity, by my virtue of creation and by boon
20 of promise, by my natural born freeman's journeymanright and
21 my otherchurch's inher light, in so and such a manner as me it
22 so besitteth, most surely I pretend and reclam to opt for simul-
23 taneous. Till daybowbreak and showshadows flee. Thus be hek.
24 Verily! Verily! Time, place!
25 — What is your numb? Bun!
26 — Who gave you that numb? Poo!
27 — Have you put in all your sparepennies? I'm listening. Sree!
28 — Keep clear of propennies! Fore!
29 — Mr Televox, Mrs Taubiestimm and invisible friends! I may-
30 may mean to say. Annoyin part of it was, had faithful Fulvia,
31 following the wiening courses of this world, turned her back on
32 her ways to gon on uphill upon search of louvers, brunette men of
33 Earalend, Chief North Paw and Chief Goes in Black Water and
34 Chief Brown Pool and Chief Night Cloud by the Deeps, or again
35 had Fluvia, amber witch she was, left her chivily crookcrook
36 crocus bed at the bare suggestions of some prolling bywaymen

1 from Moabit who could have abused of her, the foxrogues, there
2 might accrue advantage to ask wher in pellmell her deceivers
3 sinned. Yet know it was vastly otherwise which I have heard it
4 by mmummy goods waif, as I, chiefly endmost hartyly aver, for
5 Fulvia Fluvia, iddle woman to the plusneeborn, ever did ensue
6 tillstead the things that pertained unto fairnesse, this wharom
7 I am fawned on, that which was loost. Even so, for I
8 waged love on her: and spoiled her undines. And she wept: O
9 my lors!
10 — Till we meet!
11 — Ere we part!
12 — Tollollall!
13 — This time a hundred years!
14 — But I was firm with her. And I did take the reached of my
15 delights, my jealousy, ymashkt, beyashmakt, earswathed, snout-
16 snooded, and did raft her flumingworthily and did leftlead her
17 overland the pace, from lacksleap up to liffsloup, tiding down, as
18 portreeve should, whimpering by Kevin's creek and Hurdlesford
19 and Gardener's Mall, long rivierside drive, embankment large,
20 to Ringsend Flott and Ferry, where she began to bump a little
21 bit, my dart to throw: and there, by wavebrink, on strond of
22 south, with mace to masthigh, taillas Cowhowling, quailless
23 Highjakes, did I upreized my magicianer's puntpole, the tridont
24 sired a tritan stock, farruler, and I bade those polyfizzyboisterous
25 seas to retire with hemselves from os (rookwards, thou seasea
26 stamoror!) and I abridged with domfine norsemanship till I had
27 done abate her maidan race, my baresark bride, and knew her
28 fleshly when with all my bawdy did I her whorship, min
29 bryllupswibe: Heaven, he hallthundered; Heydays, he flung
30 blissforhers. And I cast my tenspan joys on her, arsched over-
31 tugged, from bank of call to echobank, by dint of strongbow
32 (Galata! Galata!) so streng we were in one, malestream in
33 shegulf: and to ringstresse I thumbed her with iern of Erin
34 and tradesmanmarked her lieflang mine for all and singular, iday,
35 igone, imorgans, and for ervigheds: base your peak, you! you,
36 strike your flag!: (what screech of shippings! what low of dampf-

1 bulls!): from Livland, hoks zivios, from Lettland, skall vives!
2 With Impress of Asias and Queen Columbia for her pairanymphs
3 and the singing sands for herbrides' music: goosegaze annoynted
4 uns, canailles canzoned and me to she her shyblumes lifted: and
5 I pudd a name and wedlock boltioned round her the which to
6 carry till her grave, my durdin dearly, Appia Lippia Pluviabilla,
7 whiles I herr lifer amstell and been: I chained her chastemate to
8 grippe fiuming snugglers, her chambrett I bestank so to spanish
9 furiosos: I was her hochsized, her cleavunto, her everest, she was
10 my annie, my lauralad, my pisoved: who cut her ribbons when
11 nought my prowes? who expoused that havenliness to beacha-
12 lured ankerrides when not I, freipforter?: in trinity huts they
13 met my dame, pick of their poke for me: when I foregather 'twas
14 my sumbad, if I farseeker itch my list: had I not workit in my
15 cattagut with dogshunds' crotts to clene and had I not gifted
16 of my coataways, constantonoble's aim: and, fortiffed by my
17 right as man of capitol, I did umgyrdle her about, my vermin-
18 celly vinagerette, with all loving kindness as far as in man's
19 might it lay and enfranchised her to liberties of fringes: and I
20 gave until my lilienyonger turkeythighs soft goods and hard-
21 ware (catalogue, *passim*) and ladderproof hosiery lines (see
22 stockinger's raiment), cocquette coiffs (see Agnes' hats) and
23 peningsworths of the best taste of knaggs of jets and silvered
24 waterroses and geegaws of my pretty novelties and wispywaspy
25 frocks of redferns and lauralworths, trancepearances such as
26 women cattle bare and peltries piled, the peak of Pim's and
27 Slyne's and Sparrow's, loomends day lumineused luxories on
28 looks, *La Primamère, Pyrrha Pyrrhine, Or de Reinebeau, Sourire*
29 *d'Hiver* and a crinoline, wide a shire, and pattens for her trilibies
30 that know she might the tortuours of the boots and bedes of
31 wampun with to toy and a murcery glaze of shard to mirrow, for
32 all daintiness by me and theetime, the cupandnaggin hour: and
33 I wound around my swanchen's neckplace a school of shells of
34 moyles marine to swing their saysangs in her silents: and, upping
35 her at king's count, her aldritch cry oloss unheading, what
36 though exceeding bitter, I pierced her beak with order of the

1 Danabrog (Cunnig's great! Soll level! Soll level!): with mare's
2 greese cressets at Leonard's and Dunphy's and Madonna lan-
3 thorns before quintacasas and tallonkindles spearhead syneing
4 nickendbookers and mhutton lightburnes dipdippingdownes in
5 blackholes, the tapers of the topers and his buntingpall at hoist:
6 for days there was no night for nights were days and our folk had
7 rest from Blackheathen and the pagans from the prince of pacis:
8 what was trembling sod quaked no more, what were frozen loins
9 were stirred and lived: gone the septuor, dark deadly dismal dole-
10 ful desolate dreadful desperate, no more the tolvmaans, bloody
11 gloomy hideous fearful furious alarming terrible mournful
12 sorrowful frightful appalling: peace, perfect peace: and I hung up
13 at Yule my duindleeng lunas, helphelped of Kettil Flashnose, for
14 the souperhore of my frigid one, *coloumba mea, frimosa mea*, in
15 Wastewindy tarred strate and Elgin's marble halles lamping
16 limp from black to block, through all Livania's vouted ampire,
17 from anodes to cathodes and from the topazolites of Mourne,
18 Wykinloeflare, by Arklow's sapphire siomen's lure and Wexter-
19 ford's hook and crook lights to the polders of Hy Kinsella:
20 avenyue ceen my peurlis ahumming, the crown to my estuarine
21 munipicence?: three firths of the sea I swept with draughtness
22 and all ennempties I bottled em up in bellomport: when I stab-
23 marooned jack and maturin I was a bad boy's bogey but it was
24 when I went on to sankt piotersbarq that they gave my devil his
25 dues: what is seizer can hack in the old wold a sawyer may hew
26 in the green: on the island of Breasil the wildth of me perished
27 and I took my plowshure sadly, feeling pity for me soled: where
28 bold O'Connee weds on Alta Mahar, the tawny sprawling beside
29 that silver burn, I sate me and settled with the little crither of my
30 hearth: her intellects I charmed with I calle them utile thoughts,
31 her turlyhyde I plumped with potatums for amiens pease in
32 plenty: my biblous beadells shewed her triumphs of craftygild
33 pageantries, loftust Adam, duffed our cousterclother, Conn and
34 Owel with cortopped baskib, Sire Noeh Guinnass, exposant of
35 his bargeness and Lord Joe Starr to hump the body of the camell:
36 I screwed the Emperor down with ninepins gaelic with sixpenny-

1 hapennies for his hanger on: my worthies were bised and trised
2 from Joshua to Godfrey but my *processus prophetarum* they would
3 have plauded to perpetuation. Moral: book to besure, see press.
4 — He's not all buum and bully.
5 — But his members handly food him.
6 — Steving's grain for's greet collegtium.
7 — The S. S. Paudraic's in the harbour.
8 — And after these things, I fed her, my carlen, my barelean lin-
9 steer, upon spiceries for her garbage breath, italics of knobby
10 lauch and the rich morsel of the marrolebone and shains of gar-
11 leeks and swinespepper and gothakrauts and pinkee dillisks,
12 primes of meshallehs and subtleties in jellywork, come the feast
13 of Saint Pancreas, and shortcake nutrients for Paas and Pingster's
14 pudding, bready and nutalled and potted flesh neats from store
15 dampkookin, and the drugs of Kafa and Jelupa and shallots out
16 of Ascalon, feeding her food convenient herfor, to pass them into
17 earth: and to my saffronbreathing mongoloid, the skinsyg, I gave
18 Biorwik's powlver and Uliv's oils, unguents of cuticure, for the
19 swarthy searchall's face on her, with handewers and groinscrubbers
20 and a carrycam to tease her tussy out, the brown but comby,
21 a mopsa's broom to duist her sate, and clubmoss and wolves-
22 foot for her more moister wards (amazing efficiencies!): and, my
23 shopsoiled doveling, when weeks of kindness kinly civicised, in
24 our saloons esquirial, with fineglas bowbays, draped embrasures
25 and giltedged librariums, I did devise my telltale sports at even-
26 bread to wring her withers limberly, wheatears, slapbang,
27 drapier-cut-dean, bray, nap, spinado and ranter-go-round: we
28 had our lewd mayers and our lairdie meiresses kiotowing and
29 smuling fullface on us out of their framous latenesses, oilclothed
30 over for cohabitation and allpointed by Hind: Tamlane the Cus-
31 sacke, Dirk Wettingstone, Pieter Stuyvesant, Outlawrie O'Niell,
32 Mrs Currens, Mrs Reyson-Figgis, Mrs Dattery, and Mrs Pruny-
33 Quetch: in hym we trust, footwash and sects principles, apply to
34 overseer, Amos five six: she had dabblingtime for exhibiting her
35 grace of aljambras and duncingk the bloodanoobs in her vaux-
36 halls while I, dizzed and dazed by the lumpty thumpty of our

1 interloopings, fell clocksure off my ballast: in our windtor palast
2 it vampared for elenders, we lubded Sur Gudd for the sleep and
3 the ghoasts: she chauffed her fuesies at my Wigan's jewels while
4 she skalded her mermeries on my Snorryson's Sagos: in pay-
5 cook's thronsaale she domineered, lecking icies off the dormer
6 panes all admired her in camises: on Rideau Row Duanna dwells,
7 you merk well what you see: let wellth were I our pantocreator
8 would theirs be tights for the gods: in littleritt reddinghats and
9 cindery yellows and tinsel and glitter and bibs under hoods: I
10 made nuisance of many well pressed champdamors and peddled
11 freely in the scrub: I foredreamed for thee and more than full-
12 made: I prevened for thee in the haunts that joybelled frail light-
13 a-leaves for sturdy traemen: *pelves ad hombres sumus*: I said to
14 the shiftless prostitute; let me be your fodder; and to rodies and
15 prater brothers; Chau, Camerade!: evangel of good tidings, om-
16 nient as the Healer's word, for the lost, loathsome and whomso-
17 ever will: who, in regimentation through liberal donation in co-
18 ordination for organisation of their installation and augmenta-
19 tion plus some annexation and amplification without precipita-
20 tion towards the culmination in latification of what was formerly
21 their utter privation, competence, cheerfulness, usefulness and
22 the meed, shall, in their second adams, all be made alive: my tow
23 tugs steered down canal grand, my lighters lay longside on
24 Regalia Water. And I built in *Urbs in Rure*, for minne elskede,
25 my shiny brows, under astrolobe from my upservatory, an erd-
26 closet with showne ejector wherewithin to be squatquit in most
27 covenience from her sabbath needs, when open noise should
28 stilled be: did not I festfix with mortarboard my unniversiries,
29 wholly rational and gottalike, sophister agen sorefister, life sizars
30 all?: was I not rosetted on two stellas of little egypt? had not I
31 rockcut readers, hieros, gregos and democriticos?: triscastellated,
32 bimedallised: and by my sevendialled changing charties Hiberns-
33 ka Ulitzas made not I to pass through twelve Threadneedles and
34 Newgade and Vicus Veneris to cooinsight?: my camels' walk,
35 kolossa kolossa! no porte sublimer benared my ghates: Oi polled
36 ye many but my fews were chousen (Voter, voter, early voter,

1 he was never too oft for old Sarum): terminals four my staties
2 were, the Geenar, the Greasouwea, the Debwickweck, the Mif-
3 greawis. And I sept up twinminsters, the pro and the con, my
4 stavekirks wove so norcelly of peeled wands and attachatouchy
5 floodmud, now all loosebrick and stonefest, freely masoned
6 arked for covennanters and shiners' rifuge: descent from above
7 on us, Hagiasofia of Astralia, our orisons thy nave and absedes,
8 our aeone tone aeones thy studvaast vault; Hams, circuitise!
9 Shemites, retrace!: horns, hush! no barkeys! hereround is't
10 holied!: all truanttrulls made I comepull, all rubbeling gnomes
11 I pushed, gowgow: Cassels, Redmond, Gandon, Deane, Shep-
12 perd, Smyth, Neville, Heaton, Stoney, Foley, Farrell, Vnost with
13 Thorneycroft and Hogan too: sprids serve me! gobelins guard!:
14 tect my tileries (O tribes! O gentes!), keep my keep, the peace
15 of my four great ways: oathiose infernals to Booth Salvation,
16 arcane celestials to Sweatenburgs Welhell!!! My seven wynds I
17 trailed to maze her and ever a wynd had saving closes and all these
18 closes flagged with the gust, hoops for her, hatsoff for him and
19 ruffles through Neeblow's garding: and that was why Blabus was
20 razing his wall and eltering the suzannes of his nighboors: and
21 thirdly, for ewigs, I did reform and restore for my smuggy
22 piggiesknees, my sweet coolocked, my auburn coyquailing one,
23 her paddypalace on the crossknoll with massgo bell, sixton
24 clashcleshant, duominous and muezzatinties to commind the fit-
25 ful: doom adimdim adoom adimadim: and the oragel of the lauds
26 to tellforth's glory: and added thereunto a shallow laver to slub
27 out her hellfire and posied windows for her oriel house: gospelly
28 pewmillieu, christous pewmillieu: zackbutts babazounded, ollguns
29 tararulled: and she sass her nach, chillybombom and forty bon-
30 nets, upon the altarstane. May all have mossyhonours!
31 — Hoke!
32 — Hoke!
33 — Hoke!
34 — Hoke!
35 — And wholehail, snaeffell, dreardrizzle or sleetshowers of bless-
36 ing, where it froze in chalix eller swum in the vestry, with fairskin

1 book and ruling rod, vein of my vergin page, her chastener ever
2 I did learn my little ana countrymouse in alphabeater cameltem-
3 per, from alderbirk to tannenyow, with myraw rattan atter dun-
4 drum; ooah, oyir, oyir, oyir: and I did spread before my Livvy,
5 where Lord street lolls and ladies linger and Cammomile Pass
6 cuts Primrose Rise and Coney Bend bounds Mulbreys Island but
7 never a blid had bludded or bludded since long agore when the
8 whole blightly acre was bladey well pessonvered, my selvage mats
9 of lecheworked lawn, my carpet gardens of Guerdon City, with
10 chopes pyramidous and mousselimes and beaconphires and colos-
11 sets and pensilled turisses for the busspleaches of the summira-
12 mies and esplanadas and statuesques and templeogues, the Par-
13 donell of Maynooth, Fra Teobaldo, Nielsen, rare admirable, Jean
14 de Porteleau, Conall Gretecloke, Guglielmus Caulis and the eiligh
15 ediculous Passivucant (glorietta's inexcelsiored!): for irkdays
16 and for folliedays till the comple anniums of calendarias, gregoro-
17 maios ant gypsyjuliennes as such are pleased of theirs to walk:
18 and I planted for my own hot lisbing lass a quickset vineyard and
19 I fenced it about with huge Chesterfield elms and Kentish hops
20 and rigs of barlow and bowery nooks and greenwished villas
21 and pampos animos and (N.I.) necessitades iglesias and pons for
22 aguaducks: a hawthorndene, a feyrieglenn, the hallow vall, the
23 dyrchace, Finmark's Howe, against lickybudmonth and gleaner-
24 month with a magicscene wall (rimrim! rimrim!) for a Queen's
25 garden of her phoenix: and (hush! hush!) I brewed for my alpine
26 plurabelle, wigwarming wench, (speakeasy!) my granvilled brand-
27 old Dublin lindub, the free, the froh, the frothy freshener, puss,
28 puss, pussyfoot, to split the spleen of her maw: and I laid down
29 before the trotters to my eblanite my stony battered waggon-
30 ways, my nordsoud circulums, my eastmoreland and westland-
31 more, running boullowards and syddenly parading, (hearsemen,
32 opslo! nuptiallers, get storting!): whereon, in mantram of true-
33 men like yahoomen (expect till dutc cundoctor summoneth him
34 all fahrts to pay, velkommen all hankinhunkn in this vongn of
35 Hoseyeh!), claudesdales withe arabinstreeds, Roamer Reich's
36 rickysaws with Hispain's King's trompateers, madridden mus-

1 tangs, buckarestive bronchos, poster shays and turnintaxis, and
2 tall tall tilburys and nod nod noddies, others gigging gaily, some
3 sedated in sedans: my priccoping gents, aroger, aroger, my dam-
4 sells softsidesaddled, covertly, covertly, and Lawdy Dawe a perch
5 behind: the mule and the hinny and the jennet and the mustard
6 nag and piebald shjelties and skewbald awknees steppit lively
7 (lift ye the left and rink ye the right!) for her pleashadure: and
8 she lalaughed in her diddydid domino to the switcheries of the
9 whip. Down with them! Kick! Playup!
10 Mattahah! Marahah! Luahah! Joahanahanahana!

1 What was thaas? Fog was whaas? Too mult sleepth. Let
2 sleepth.
3 But really now whenabouts? Expatriate then how much times
4 we live in. Yes?
5 So,nat by night by naught by naket, in those good old lousy
6 days gone by, the days, shall we say? of Whom shall we say?
7 while kinderwardens minded their twinsbed, therenow they-
8 stood, the sycomores, all four of them, in their quartan agues, the
9 majorchy, the minorchy, the everso and the fermentarian with
10 their ballyhooric blowreaper, titranicht by tetranoxst, at their
11 pussycorners, and that old time pallyollogass, playing copers fear-
12 some, with Gus Walker, the cuddy, and his poor old dying
13 boosy cough, esker, newcsle, saggard, crumlin, dell me, donk,
14 the way to wumblin. Follow me beeline and you're bumblin,
15 esker, newcsle, saggard, crumlin. And listening. So gladdied up
16 when nicechild Kevin Mary (who was going to be comman-
17 deering chief of the choirboys' brigade the moment he grew up
18 under all the auspices) irishsmiled in his milky way of cream
19 dwibble and onage tustard and dessed tabbage, frighted out when
20 badbrat Jerry Godolphing (who was hurrying to be cardinal
21 scullion in a night refuge as bald as he was cured enough
22 unerr all the hospitals) furrinfrowned down his wrinkly waste
23 of methylated spirits, ick,and lemoncholy lees, ick, and pulverised
24 rhubarbarorum, icky;

1 night by silentsailing night while infantina Isobel (who will be
2 blushing all day to be, when she growed up one Sunday,
3 Saint Holy and Saint Ivory, when she took the veil, the
4 beautiful presentation nun, so barely twenty, in her pure coif,
5 sister Isobel, and next Sunday, Mistlemas, when she looked
6 a peach, the beautiful Samaritan, still as beautiful and still
7 in her teens, nurse Saintette Isabelle, with stiffstarched cuffs but
8 on Holiday, Christmas, Easter mornings when she wore a wreath,
9 the wonderful widow of eighteen springs, Madame Isa Veuve La
10 Belle, so sad but lucksome in her boyblue's long black with
11 orange blossoming weeper's veil) for she was the only girl they
12 loved, as she is the queenly pearl you prize, because of the way
13 the night that first we met she is bound to be, methinks, and not
14 in vain, the darling of my heart, sleeping in her april cot, within
15 her singachamer, with her greengageflavoured candywhistle
16 duetted to the crazyquilt, Isobel, she is so pretty, truth to tell,
17 wildwood's eyes and primarose hair, quietly, all the woods so
18 wild, in mauves of moss and daphnedews, how all so still she lay,
19 neath of the whitethorn, child of tree, like some losthappy leaf,
20 like blowing flower stilled, as fain would she anon, for soon again
21 'twill be, win me, woo me, wed me, ah weary me! deeply, now
22 evencalm lay sleeping;
23 nowth upon nacht, while in his tumbril Wachtman Havelook
24 seequeerscenes, from yonsides of the choppy, punkt by his
25 curserbog, went long the grassgross bumpinstrass that henders
26 the pubbel to pass, stowing his bottle in a hole for at whet his
27 whuskle to stretch ecrooksman, sequestering for lovers' lost pro-
28 pertied offices the leavethings from allpurgers' night, og gneiss
29 ogas gnasty, kikkers, brillers, knappers and bands, handsboon
30 and strumpers, sminkysticks and eddiketsflaskers;
31 wan fine night and the next fine night and last find night while
32 Kothereen the Slop in her native's chambercushy, with dreamings
33 of simmering my veal astore, was basquing to her pillasleep how
34 she thawght a knogg came to the dowanstairs dour at that howr
35 to peirce the yare and dowandshe went, schritt be schratt, to see
36 was it Schweeps's mingerals or Shuhorn the posth with a tilly-

1 cramp for Hemself and Co, Esquara, or them four hoarsemen on
2 their apolkaloops, Norreys, Soothbys, Yates and Welks, and,
3 galorybit of the sanes in hevel, there was a crick up the stirkiss
4 and when she ruz the cankle to see, galohery, downand she went
5 on her knees to blessersef that were knogging together like milk-
6 juggles as if it was the wrake of the hapsurus or old Kong
7 Gander O'Toole of the Mountains or his googoo goosth she
8 seein, sliving off over the sawdust lobby out ofthe backroom, wan
9 ter, that was everywans in turruns, in his honeymoon trim, holding
10 up his fingerhals, with the clookey in his fisstball, tocher of davy's,
11 tocher of ivileagh, for her to whisht, you sowbelly, and the
12 whites of his pious eyebulbs swering her to silence and coort;
13 ech and every juridical sessions night, whenas goodmen
14 twelve and true at fox and geese in their numbered habitations
15 tried old wireless over boord in their juremembers, whereas by
16 reverendum they found him guilty of their and those imputations
17 of fornicolopulation with two of his albowcrural correlations on
18 whom he was said to have enjoyed by anticipation when school-
19 ing them in amown, mid grass, she sat, when man was, amazingly
20 frank, for their first conjugation whose colours at standing up
21 from the above were of a pretty carnation but, if really 'twere
22 not so, of some deretane denudation with intent to excitation,
23 caused by his retrogradation, among firearmed forces proper to
24 this nation but apart from all titillation which, he said, was under
25 heat pressure and a good mitigation without which in any case
26 he insists upon being worthy of continued alimentation for him
27 having displayed, he says, such grand toleration, reprobate so
28 noted and all, as he was, with his washleather sweeds and his
29 smokingstump, for denying transubstantiation nevertheless in
30 respect of his highpowered station, whereof more especially as
31 probably he was meantime suffering genteel tortures from the
32 best medical attestation, as he oftentimes did, having only
33 strength enough, by way of festination, to implore (or I believe
34 you have might have said better) to complore, with complete
35 obsecration, on everybody connected with him the curse of co-
36 agulation for, he tells me outside Sammon's in King Street, after

1 two or three hours of close confabulation, by this pewterpint of
2 Gilbey's goatswhey which is his prime consolation, albeit in-
3 volving upon the same no uncertain amount of esophagous re-
4 gurgitation, he being personally unpreoccupied to the extent of
5 a flea's gizzard anent eructation, if he was still extremely offen-
6 sive to a score and four nostrils' dilatation, still he was likewise,
7 on the other side of him, for some nepmen's eyes a delectation, as
8 he asserts without the least alienation, so prays of his fault you
9 would make obliteration but for our friend behind the bars,
10 though like Adam Findlater, a man of estimation, summing him
11 up to be done, be what will of excess his exaltation, still we think
12 with Sully there can be no right extinuation for contravention
13 of common and statute legislation for which the fit remedy
14 resides, for Mr Sully, in corporal amputation: so three months for
15 Gubbs Jeroboam, the frothwhiskered pest of the park, as per
16 act one, section two, schedule three, clause four of the fifth of
17 King Jark, this sentence to be carried out tomorrowmorn by
18 Nolans Volans at six o'clock shark, and may the yeastwind and
19 the hoppinghail malt mercy on his seven honeymeats and his
20 hurlyburlygrowth, Amen, says the Clarke;

21 niece by nice by neat by natty, whilst amongst revery's happy
22 gardens nine with twenty Leixlip yearlings, darters all, had such a
23 ripping time with gleeful cries of what is nice toppingshaun made
24 of made for and weeping like fun, him to be gone, for they were
25 never happier, huhu, than when they were miserable, haha;

26 in their bed of trial, on the bolster of hardship, by the glimmer
27 of memory, under coverlets of cowardice, Albatrus Nyanzer with
28 Victa Nyanza, his mace of might mortified, her beautifell hung
29 up on a nail, he, Mr of our fathers, she, our moddereen ru arue
30 rue, they, ay, by the hodypoker and blazier, they are, as sure as
31 dinny drops into the dyke . . .

32 A cry off.

33 Where are we at all? and whenabouts in the name of space?

34 I don't understand. I fail to say. I dearsee you too.

35 House of the cederbalm of mead. Garth of Fyon. Scene and
36 property plot. Stagemanager's prompt. Interior of dwelling on out-

1 skirts of city. Groove two. Chamber scene. Boxed. Ordinary bed-
2 room set. Salmonpapered walls. Back, empty Irish grate, Adam's
3 mantel, with wilting elopement fan, soot and tinsel, condemned.
4 North, wall with window practicable. Argentine in casement
5 Vamp. Pelmit above. No curtains. Blind drawn. South, party wall
6 Bed for two with strawberry bedspread, wickerworker clubsessel
7 and canesated millikinstool. Bookshrine without, facetowel upon.
8 Chair for one. Woman's garments on chair. Man's trousers with
9 crossbelt braces, collar on bedknob. Man's corduroy surcoat with
10 tabrets and taces, seapan nacre buttons on nail. Woman's gown
11 on ditto. Over mantelpiece picture of Michael, lance, slaying
12 Satan, dragon with smoke. Small table near bed, front. Bed with
13 bedding. Spare. Flagpatch quilt. Yverdown design. Limes.
14 Lighted lamp without globe, scarf, gazette, tumbler, quantity
15 of water, julepot, ticker, side props, eventuals, man's gummy
16 article, pink.
17 A time.
18 Act: dumbshow.
19 Closeup. Leads.
20 Man with nightcap, in bed, fore. Woman, with curlpins, hind.
21 Discovered. Side point of view. First position of harmony. Say!
22 Eh? Ha! Check action. Matt. Male partly masking female. Man
23 looking round, beastly expression, fishy eyes, paralleliped
24 homoplatts, ghazometron pondus, exhibits rage. Business. Ruddy
25 blond, Armenian bole, black patch, beer wig, gross build,
26 episcopalian, any age. Woman, sitting, looks at ceiling, haggish
27 expression, peaky nose, trekant mouth, fithery wight, exhibits
28 fear. Welshrabbit teint, Nubian shine, nasal fossette, turfy tuft,
29 undersized, free kirk, no age. Closeup. Play!
30 Callboy. Cry off Tabler. Her move.
31 Footage.
32 By the sinewy forequarters of the mare Pocahontas and by the
33 white shoulders of Finnuala you should have seen how that
34 smart sallowlass just hopped a nanny's gambit out of bunk like
35 old mother Mesopotomac and in eight and eight sixtyfour she
36 was off, door, knightlamp with her, billy's largelimbs prodgering

1 after to queen's lead. Promiscuous Ornebound to Fiammelle la
2 Diva. Huff! His move. Blackout.
3 Circus. Corridor.
4 Shifting scene. Wall flats: sink and fly. Spotlight working wall
5 cloths. Spill playing rake and bridges. Room to sink: stairs to
6 sink behind room. Two pieces. Haying after queue. Replay.
7 The old humburgh looks a thing incomplete so. It is so. On its
8 dead. But it will pawn up a fine head of porter when it is finished.
9 In the quicktime. The castle arkwright put in a chequered staircase
10 certainly. It has only one square step, to be steady, yet notwith-
11 stumbling are they stalemating backgammoner supstairs by skips
12 and trestles tiltop double corner. Whist while and game.
13 What scenic artist! It is ideal residence for realtar. By him
14 ingang tilt tinkt a tunning bell that Limen Mr, that Boggey
15 Godde, be airwaked. Lingling, lingling. Be their maggies in all.
16 Chump, do your ephort. Shop! Please shop! Shop ado please!
17 O ado please shop! How hominous his house, haunt it? Yesses
18 indead it be! Nogen, of imperial measure, is begraved beneadher.
19 Here are his naggins poured, his alladim lamps. Around the
20 bloombiered, booty with the bedst. For them whom he have
21 fordone make we newly thankful!
22 Tell me something. The Porters, so to speak, after their
23 shadowstealers in the newsbaggers, are very nice people, are they
24 not? Very, all fourlike tellt. And on this wise, Mr, Porter (Bar-
25 tholomew, heavy man, astern, mackerel shirt, hayamatt peruke)
26 is an excellent forefather and Mrs Porter (leading lady, a
27 poopahead, gaffneysaffron nightdress, iszoppy chepelure) is a
28 most kindhearted messmother. A so united family pateramater
29 is not more existing on papel or off of it. As keymaster fits the
30 lock it weds so this bally builder to his streamline secret. They
31 care for nothing except everything that is allporterous. *Porto*
32 *da Brozzo!* Isn't that terribly nice of them? You can ken that they
33 come of a rarely old family by their costumance and one must
34 togive that one supped of it in all tonearts from awe to zest. I
35 think I begin to divine so much. Only snakkest me truesome! I
36 stone us I'm hable.

1 To reachy a skeer do! Still hoyhra, till venstra! Here are two
2 rooms on the upstairs, at forkflank and at knifekanter. Whom in
3 the wood are they for? Why, for little Porter babes, to be saved!
4 The coeds, boytom thwackers and timbuy teaser. Here is one.
5 thing you owed two noe. This one once upon awhile was the
6 other but this is the other one nighadays. Ah so? The Corsicos?
7 They are numerable. Guest them. Major bed, minor bickhive.
8 Halosobuth, sov us! Who sleeps in now number one, for ex-
9 ample? A pussy, purr esimple. Cunina, Statulina and Edulia,
10 but how sweet of her! Has your pussy a pessname? Yes, indeed,
11 you will hear it passim in all the noveletta and she is named
12 Buttercup. Her bare name will tellt it, a monitress. How very
13 sweet of her and what an excessively lovecharming missynome
14 to forsake, now that I come to drink of it filtred, a gracecup
15 fulled of bitterness. She is dadad's lottiest daughterpearl and
16 brooder's cissiest auntybride. Her shellback thimblecasket mirror
17 only can show her dearest friendeen. To speak well her grace
18 it would ask of Grecian language, of her goodness, that legend
19 golden. Biryina Saindua! Loreas with lillias flocaflake arrosas!
20 Here's newyearspray, the posquiflor, a windaborne and helio-
21 trope; there miriamsweet and amaranth and marygold to crown.
22 Add lightest knot unto tiptition. O Charis! O Charissima!
23 A more intriguing bambolina could one not colour up out
24 of Boccuccia's Enameron. Would one but to do apart a lilybit her
25 virginelles and, so, to breath, so, therebetween, behold, she had
26 instantt with her handmade as to graps the myth inmid the air.
27 Mother of moth! I will to show herword in flesh. Approach not for
28 ghost sake! Itis dormition! She may think, what though little doth
29 she realise, as morning fresheth, it hath happened her, you know
30 what, as they too what two dare not utter. Silvoo plush, if scolded
31 she draws a face. Petticoat's asleep but in the gentlenest of her
32 thoughts apoo is a nursepin. To be presented, Babs for Bim-
33 bushi? Of courts and with enticers. Up, girls, and at him! Alone?
34 Alone what? I mean, our strifestirrer, does she do fleurty winkies
35 with herself Pussy is never alone, as records her chambrette, for
36 she can always look at Biddles and talk petnames with her little

1 playfully when she is sitting downy on the ploshmat. O, she
2 talks, does she? Marry, how? Rosepetalleted sounds. Ah Biddles
3 es ma plikplak. Ah plikplak wed ma Biddles. A nice jezebel bary-
4 tinette she will gift but I much prefer her missnomer in maidenly
5 golden lasslike gladsome wenchful flowery girlish beautycapes.
6 So do I, much. Dulce delicatissima! Doth Dolly weeps she is
7 hastings. Will Dally bumpsetty it is tubtime. Allaliefest, she who
8 pities very pebbles, dare we not wish on her thrice onsk?
9 A lovely fear! That she seventip toe her chrysming, that she spin
10 blue to scarlad till her temple's veil, that the Mount of Whoam it
11 open it her to shelterer! She will blow ever so much more pro-
12 misefuller, blee me, than all the other common marygales that
13 romp round brigidschool, charming Carry Whambers or saucy
14 Susy Maucepan of Merry Anna Patchbox or silly Polly Flinders.
15 Platsch! A plikaplak.

16 And since we are talking amnessly of brukasloop crazedledaze,
17 who doez in sleeproom number twobis? The twobirds. Holy
18 policeman, O, I see! Of what age are your birdies? They are to
19 come of twinning age so soon as they may be born to be elder-
20 ing like those olders while they are living under chairs. They are
21 and they seem to be so tightly tattached as two maggots to touch
22 other, I think I notice, do I not? You do. Our bright bull babe
23 Frank Kevin is on heartsleeveside. Do not you waken him! Our
24 farheard bode. He is happily to sleep, limb of the Lord, with his
25 lifted in blessing, his buchel losa, like the blised angel he looks so
26 like and his mou is semiope as though he were blowdelling on a
27 bugigle. Whene'er I see those smiles in eyes 'tis Father Quinn
28 again. Very shortly he will smell sweetly when he will hear a weird
29 to wean. By gorgeous, that boy will blare some knight when he will
30 take his dane's pledges and quit our ingletears, spite of undesirable
31 parents, to wend him to Amoricca to quest a cashy job. That keen
32 dean with his veen nonsolance! O, I adore the profeen music!
33 Dollarmighty! He is too audorable really, eunique! I guess to
34 have seen somekid like him in the story book, guess I met some-
35 where somelam to whom he will be becoming liker. But hush!
36 How unpardonable of me! I beg for your venials, sincerely I do.

1 Hush! The other, twined on codliverside, has been crying in
2 his sleep, making sharpshape his inscissors on some first choice
3 sweets fished out of the muck. A stake in our mead. What a
4 teething wretch! How his book of craven images! Here are post-
5 humious tears on his intimelle. And he has pipettishly bespilled
6 himself from his foundingpen as illspent from inkinghorn. He is
7 jem job joy pip poo pat (jot um for a sobrat!) Jerry Jehu. You will
8 know him by name in the capers but you cannot see whose heel he
9 sheepfolds in his wrought hand because I have not told it to you.
10 O, foetal sleep! Ah, fatal slip! the one loved, the other left, the
11 bride of pride leased to the stranger!He will be quite within the pale
12 when with lordbeeron brow he vows him so tosset to be of the sir
13 Blake tribes bleak while through life's unblest he rodes backs of
14 bannars. Are you not somewhat bulgar with your bowels?
15 Whatever do you mean with bleak? With pale blake I write tint-
16 ingface. O, you do? And with steelwhite and blackmail I ha'scint
17 for my sweet an anemone's letter with a gold of my bridest hair
18 betied. Donatus his mark, address as follows. So you did? From
19 the Cat and Cage. O, I see and see! In the ink of his sweat
20 he will find it yet. What Gipsy Devereux vowed to Lylian and
21 why the elm and how the stone. You never may know in the
22 preterite all perhaps that you would not believe that you ever
23 even saw to be about to. Perhaps. But they are two very blizky
24 little portereens after their bredscrums, Jerkoff and Eatsup, as
25 for my part opinion indeed. They would be born so, costarred,
26 puck and prig, the maryboy at Donnybrook Fair, the godolphing-
27 lad in the Hoy's Court. How frilled one shall be as at taledold of
28 Formio and Cigarette! What folly innocents! Theirs whet pep of
29 puppyhood! Both barmhearts shall become yeastcake by their
30 brackfest. I will to leave a my copperwise blessing between the
31 pair of them, for rosengorge, for greenafang. Blech and tin soldies,
32 weals in a sniffbox. Som's wholed, all's parted. Weeping shouldst
33 not thou be when man falls but that divine scheming ever adoring
34 be. So you be either man or mouse and you be neither fish nor
35 flesh. Take. And take. Vellicate nyche! Be ones as wes for gives for
36 gives now the hour of passings sembles quick with quelled. Adieu,
37 soft adieu, for these nice presents, kerryjevin. Still tosorrow!

1 Jeminy, what is the view which now takes up a second posi-
2 tion of discordance, tell it please? Mark! You notice it in that
3 rereway because the male entail partially eclipses the femecover-
4 It is so called for its discord the meseedo. Do you ever heard the
5 story about Helius Croesus, that white and gold elephant in our
6 zoopark? You astonish me by it. Is it not that we are command-
7 ing from fullback, woman permitting, a profusely fine birdseye
8 view from beauehind this park? Finn his park has been much the
9 admiration of all the stranger ones, grekish and romanos, who
10 arrive to here. The straight road down the centre (see relief map)
11 bisexes the park which is said to be the largest of his kind in the
12 world. On the right prominence confronts you the handsome
13 vinesregent's lodge while, turning to the other supreme piece of
14 cheeks, exactly opposite, you are confounded by the equally hand-
15 some chief sacristary's residence. Around is a little amiably tufted
16 and man is cheered when he bewonders through the boskage
17 how the nature in all frisko is enlivened by gentlemen's seats.
18 Here are heavysuppers — 'tis for daddies housings for hun-
19 dredaires of our super thin thousand. By gum, but you have
20 resin! Of these tallworts are yielded out juices for jointoils and
21 pappasses for paynims. Listeneth! 'Tis a tree story. How olave,
22 that firile, was aplantad in her liveside. How tannoboom held
23 tonobloom. How rood in norlandes. The black and blue marks
24 athwart the weald, which now barely is so stripped, indicate the
25 presence of sylvious beltings. Therewithal shady rides lend
26 themselves out to rustic cavalries. In yonder valley, too,
27 stays mountain sprite. Any pretty dears are to be caught inside
28 but it is a bad pities of the plain. A scarlet pimparnell now
29 mules the mound where anciently first murders were wanted
30 to take root. By feud fionghalian. Talkingtree and sinningstone
31 stay on either hand. Hystorical leavesdroppings may also be gar-
32 nered up with sir Shamus Swiftpatrick, Archfieldchaplain of Saint
33 Lucan's. How familiar it is to see all these interesting advenements
34 with one snaked's eyes! Is all? Yet not. Hear one's. At the bodom
35 fundus of this royal park, which, with tvigate shyasian gardeenen,
36 is open to the public till night at late, so well the sissastrides so will

1 the pederestians, do not fail to point to yourself a depression
2 called Holl Hollow. It is often quite guttergloomering in our
3 duol and gives wankyrious thoughts to the head but the banders
4 of the pentapolitan poleetsfurchers bassoons into it on windy
5 woodensdays their wellbooming wolvertones. Ulvos! Ulvos!
6 Whervolk dorst ttou begin to tremble by our moving pictures
7 at this moment when I am to place my hand of our true friend-
8 shapes upon thee knee to mark well what I say? Throu shayest
9 who? In Amsterdam there lived a. . . But how? You are trem-
10 blotting, you retchad, like a verry jerry! Niet? Will you a gui-
11 neeser? Gaij beutel of staub? To feel, you? Yes, how it trembles,
12 the timid! Vortigern, ah Gortigern! Overlord of Mercia! Or
13 doth brainskin flinchgreef? Stemming! What boyazhness! Sole
14 shadow shows. Tis jest jibberweek's joke. It must have stole. O,
15 keve silence, both! Putshameyu! I have heard her voice some-
16 where else's before me in these ears still that now are for mine.
17 Let op. Slew musies. Thunner in the eire.
18 You were dreamend, dear. The pawdrag? The fawthrig?
19 Shoe! Hear are no phanthares in the room at all, avikkeen. No
20 bad bold faathern, dear one. Opop opop capallo, muy malinchily
21 malchick! Gothgorod father godown followay tomollow the
22 lucky load to Lublin for make his thoroughbass grossman's big-
23 ness. Take that two piece big slap slap bold honty bottomsside
24 pap pap pappa.
25 — *Li ne dormis?*
26 — *S! Malbone dormas.*
27 — *Kia li krias nikte?*
28 — *Parolas infanetes. S!*
29 Sonly all in your imagination, dim. Poor little brittle magic
30 nation, dim of mind! Shoe to me now, dear! Shoorn of me! While
31 elvery stream winds seling on for to keep this barrel of bounty
32 rolling and the nightmail afarfrom morning nears.
33 When you're coaching through Lucalised, on the sulphur spa
34 to visit, it's safer to hit than miss it, stop at his inn! The hammers
35 are telling the cobbles, the pickts are hacking the saxums, it's
36 snugger to burrow abed than ballet on broadway. Tuck in your

1 blank! For it's race pound race the hosties rear all roads to ruin
2 and layers by lifetimes laid down riches from poormen. Cried
3 unions to chip, saltpetre to strew, gallpitch to drink, stonebread
4 to break but it's bully to gulp good blueberry pudding. Doze
5 in your warmth! While the elves in the moonbeams, feeling why,
6 will keep my lilygem gently gleaming.
7 In the sleepingchambers. The court to go into half morning.
8 The four seneschals with their palfrey to be there now, all
9 balaaming in their sellaboutes and sharpening up their penisills. The
10 boufeither Soakersoon at holdup tent sticker. The swabsister
11 Katya to have duntalking and to keep shakenin dowan her drogh-
12 edars. Those twelve chief barons to stand by duedesmally with
13 their folded arums and put down all excursions and false alarums
14 and after that to go back now to their runameat farums and re-
15 compile their magnum chartarums with the width of the road
16 between them and all harrums. The maidbrides all, in favours
17 gay, to strew sleety cinders on their falling hair and for wouldbe
18 joybells to ring sadly ringless hands. The dame dowager to stay
19 kneeled how she is, as first mutherer with cord in coil. The two
20 princes of the tower royal, daulphin and deevlin, to lie how they
21 are without to see. The dame dowager's duffgerent to present
22 wappon, blade drawn to the full and about wheel without to be
23 seen of them. The infant Isabella from her coign to do obeisance
24 toward the duffgerent, as first futherer with drawn brand. Then
25 the court to come in to full morning. Herein see ye fail not!
26 — *Vidu, porkego! Ili vi rigardas. Returnu, porkego. Maldeli-*
27 *kato!*
28 Gauze off heaven! Vision. Then. O, pluxty suddly, the sight
29 entrancing! Hummels! That crag! Those hullocks! O Sire! So be
30 accident occur is not going to commence! What have you there-
31 fore? Fear you the donkers? Of roovers? I fear lest we have lost
32 ours (non grant it!) respecting these wildy parts. How is hit finis-
33 ter! How shagsome all and beastful! What do you show on? I
34 show because I must see before my misfortune so a stark pointing
35 pole. Lord of ladders, what for lungitube I Can you read the verst
36 legend hereon? I am hather of the missed. Areed! To the dun-

1 leary obelisk via the rock vhat myles knox furlongs; to the
2 general's postoffice howsands of patience; to the Wellington
3 memorial half a league wrongwards; to Sara's bridge good hun-
4 ter and nine to meet her: to the point, one yeoman's yard. He, he,
5 he! At that do you leer, a setting up? With a such unfettered belly?
6 Two cascades? I leer (O my big, O my bog, O my bigbagbone!)
7 because I must see a buntingcap of so a pinky on the point. It is
8 for a true glover's greetings and many burgesses by us, greats
9 and grosses, uses to pink it in this way at tet-at-tet. For long has
10 it been effigy of standard royal when broken on roofstaff which
11 to the gunnings shall cast welcome from Courtmilitis' Fortress,
12 umptydum dumptydum. Bemark you these hangovers, those
13 streamer fields, his influx. Do you not have heard that, the queen
14 lying abroad from fury of the gales, (meeekname mocktitles her
15 Nan Nan Nanetta) her liege of lateenth dignisties shall come on
16 their bay tomorrow, Michalsmas, mellems the third and fourth of
17 the clock, there to all the king's aussies and all their king's men,
18 knechts trampers and cavalcadars, led of herald graycloak, Ulaf
19 Goldarskiel? Dog! Dog! Her lofts will be loosed for her and
20 their tumblers broodcast. A progress shall be made in walk, ney? I
21 trow it well, and uge by uge. He shall come, sidesmen accostant, by
22 aryan jubilarian and on brigadier-general Nolan or and buccaneer-
23 admiral Browne, with — who can doubt it? — his golden beagles
24 and his white elkox terriers for a hunting on our littlego illcome
25 faxes. In blue and buff of Beaufort the hunt shall make. It is
26 poblesse noblige. Ommes will grin through collars when each
27 riders other's ass. Me Eccls! What cats' killings overall! What
28 popping out of guillotened widows! Quick time! Beware of
29 waiting! Squintina plies favours on us from her rushfrail and
30 Zosimus, the crowder, in his surcoat, sues us with souftwister.
31 Apart we! Here are gantlets. I believe, by Plentifolks Mixymost!
32 Yet if I durst to express the hope how I might be able to be pre-
33 sent. All these peeplers entrapped and detrained on bikeygelts
34 and troykakyls and those puny farting little solitires! Tollacre,
35 tollacre! Polo north will beseem Sibernian and Plein Pelouta will
36 behowl ne yerking at lawncastrum ne ghimbelling on guelflinks.

1 Mauser Misma shall cease to stretch her and come abroad for what
2 the blinkins is to be seen. A ruber, a rancher, a fullvide, a veri-
3 dust and as crerdulous behind as he was before behind a damson
4 of a sloe cooch. Mbv! The annamation of evabusies, the livlia-
5 ness of her laughings, such as a plurality of bells! Have peacience,
6 pray you! Place to dames! Even the Lady Victoria Landauner
7 will leave to loll and parasol, all giddied into gushgasps with her
8 dickey standing. Britus and Gothius shall no more joustle for
9 that sonneplace but mark one autonement when, with si so silent,
10 Cloudia Aiduolcis, good and dewed up, shall let fall, yes, no, yet,
11 now,a rain. Muchsias grapcias! It is how sweet from her, the
12 wispful, and they are soon seen swopsib so a sautil as a meise.
13 Its ist not the tear on this movent sped. Tix sixponce! Poum!
14 Hool poll the bull? Fool pay the bill. Becups a can full. Peal, pull
15 the bell! Still sayeme of ceremonies, much much more! So please-
16 your! It stands in *Instopressible* how Meynhir Mayour, our
17 boorgomaister, thon staunch Thorsman, (our Nancy's fancy, our
18 own Nanny's Big Billy), his hod hoisted, in best bib and tucker,
19 with Woolington bottes over buckram babbishkis and his clouded
20 cane and necknoose aureal, surrounded of his full cooperation
21 with fixed baronets and meng our pueblos, restrained by chain of
22 hands from pinchgut, hoghill, darklane, gibbetmeade and beaux
23 and laddes and bumbellye, shall receive Dom King at broadstone
24 barrow meet a keys of goodmorrow on to his pompey cushion.
25 Me amble dooty to your grace's majers! Arise, sir Pompkey
26 Dompkey! Ear! Ear! Weakear! An allness eversides! We but
27 miss that horse elder yet cherchant of the wise graveleek in
28 cabbuchin garden. That his be foison, old Caubenhauben!
29 'Twill be tropic of all days. By the splendour of Sole! Perfect
30 weatherest prevailing. Thisafter, swift's mightmace deposing, he
31 shall adress to His Serenemost by a speechreading from his
32 miniated vellum, alfi byrni gamman dealter etcera zezera eacla
33 treacla youghta kaptor lomdom noo, who meaningwhile that
34 illuminatured one, Papyroy of Pepinregn,my Sire, great,big King,
35 (his scaffold is there set up, as to edify, by Rex Ingram, pageant-
36 master) will be poking out with his canule into the arras of

1 what brilliant bridgeloths and joking up with his tonguespitz
2 to the crimosing balkonladies, here's a help undo their modest
3 stays with a fullbelow may the funnyfeelbelong. Oddsbones,
4 that may it! Carilloners will ring their gluckspeels. Rng rng!
5 Rng rng! S. Presbutt-in-the-North, S. Mark Underloop,
6 S. Lorenz-by-the-Toolechest, S. Nicholas Myre. You shall
7 hark to anune S. Gardener, S. George-le-Greek, S. Barclay
8 Moitered, S. Phibb, Iona-in-the-Fields with Paull-the-Aposteln.
9 And audialterand: S. Jude-at-Gate, Bruno Friars, S. Weslen-
10 on-the-Row, S. Molyneux Without, S. Mary Stillamaries with
11 Bride-and-Audeons-behind-Wardborg. How chimant in effect!
12 Alla tingaling pealabells! So a many of churches one cannot
13 pray own's prayers. 'Tis holyyear's day! Juin jully we may!
14 Agithetta and Tranquilla shall demure umclaused but Marl-
15 borough-the-Less, Greatechrist and Holy Protector shall have
16 open virgilances. Beata Basilica! But will be not pontifi-
17 cation? Dock, dock, agame! Primatially. At wateredge. Can-
18 taberra and Neweryork may supprecate when, by vepers, for
19 towned and travalled, his goldwhite swaystick aloft ylifted,
20 umbrella-parasoul, Monsigneur of Deublan shall impart to all.
21 *Benedictus benedicat!* To board! And mealsight! Unjoint him
22 this bittern, frust me this chicken, display yon crane, thigh her
23 her pigeon, unlace allay rabbit and pheasant! Sing: Old Finncoole,
24 he's a mellow old saoul when he swills with his fuddlers free!
25 Poppop array! For we're all jollygame fellhellows which no-
26 bottle can deny! Here be trouts culponed for ye and salmons
27 chined and sturgeons tranched, sanced capons, lobsters barbed.
28 Call halton eatwords! Mumm me moe mummers! What, no
29 lthalians? How, not one Moll Pamelas? Accordingly! Play actors
30 by us ever have crash to their gate. Mr Messop and Mr Borry will
31 produce of themselves, as they're two genitalmen of Veruno,
32 Senior Nowno and Senior Brolano (finaly! finaly!), all for love of
33 a fair penitent that, a she be broughton, rhoda's a rosy she. Their
34 two big skins! How they strave to gat her! Such a boyplay! Their
35 bouchiculture! What tyronte power! Buy our fays! My name is
36 novel and on the Granby in hills. Bravose! Thou traitor slave!

1 Mine name's Aprnorval and o'er the Grandbeyond Mountains.
2 Bravossimost! The royal nusick their show shall shut with song-
3 slide to nature's solemn silence. Deep Dalchi Dolando! Might
4 gentle harp addurge! It will give piketurns on the tummliplads
5 and forain dances and crosshurdles and dollmanovers and viceuv-
6 ious pyrolyphics, a snow of dawnflakes, at darkfall for Grace's
7 Mamnesty and our fancy ladies, all assombred. Some wholetime in
8 hot town tonight! You do not have heard? It stays in book
9 of that which is. I have heard anyone tell it jesterday (master
10 currier with brassard was't) how one should come on morrow
11 here but it is never here that one today. Well but remind to think,
12 you where yestoday Ys Morganas war and that it is always to-
13 morrow in toth's tother's place. Amen.

14 True! True! Vouchsafe me more soundpicture! It gives furi-
15 ously to think. Is rich Mr Pornter, a squire, not always in his such
16 strong health? I thank you for the best, he is in taken deal ex-
17 ceedingly herculeneous. One sees how he is lot stoutlier than of
18 formerly. One would say him to hold whole a litteringture of
19 kidlings under his aproham. Has handsome Sir Pournter always
20 been so long married? O yes, Lord Pournterfamilias has been
21 marryingman ever since so long time in Hurtleforth, where he
22 appeers as our oily the active, and, yes indeed, he has his mic son
23 and his two fine mac sons and a superfine mick want they mack
24 between them. She, she, she! But on what do you again leer? I am
25 not leering, I pink you pardons. I am highly sheshe sherious.
26 Do you not must want to go somewhere on the present?
27 Yes, O pity! At earliest moment! That prickly heat feeling! For-
28 think not me spill it's at always so guey. Here we shall do a
29 far walk (O pity) anygo khaibits till the number one of sairey's
30 place. Is, is. I want you to admire her sceneries illustrationing
31 our national first rout, one ought ought one. We shall too
32 downlook on that ford whcre Sylvanus Sanctus washed but
33 hurdley those tips of his anointed. Do not show ever retrorsehim,
34 crockodeyled, till that you become quite crimstone in the face!
35 Beware! guardafew! It is Stealer of the Heart! I am anxious in
36 regard you should everthrown your sillarsalt. I will dui sui, tef-

1 nute! These brilling waveaplighs! Please say me how sing you
 2 them. Seekhem seckhem! They arise from a clear springwell in
 3 the near of our park which makes the daft to hear all blend. This
 4 place of endearment! How it is clear! And how they cast their
 5 spells upon, the fronds that thereup float, the bookstaff branch-
 6 ings! The drugged stems, the leaves incut on trees! Do you
 7 can their tantrist spellings? I can lese, skillmistress aiding. Elm,
 8 bay, this way, cull dare, take a message, tawny runes ilex sallow,
 9 meet me at the pine. Yes, they shall have brought us to the water
 10 trysting, by hedjes of maiden ferm. then here in another place is
 11 their chapelofeases, sold for song, of which you have thought
 12 my praise too much my price. O ma ma! Yes, sad one of Ziod?
 13 Sell me, my soul dear! Ah, my sorrowful, his cloister dreeping
 14 of his monkshood, how it is triste to death, all his dark ivytod!
 15 Where cold in dearth. Yet see, my blanching kissabelle, in the
 16 under close she is allso gay, her kirtles green, her curtsies white,
 17 her peony pears, her nistlingsloes! I, pipette, I must also quick-
 18 lingly to tryst myself softly into this littleeasechapel. I would
 19 rather than Ireland! But I pray, make! Do your easiness! O,
 20 peace, this is heaven! O, Mr Prince of Pouringtoher, whatever
 21 shall I ppease to do? Why do you so lifesighs, my precious, as
 22 I hear from you, with limmenings lemantitions, after that swollen
 23 one? I am not sighing, I assure, but only I am soso sorry about
 24 all in my saarasplace. Listen, listen! I am doing it. Hear more to
 25 those voices! Always I am hearing them. Horsehem coughs
 26 enough. Annshee lispes privily.
 27 — He is quieter now.
 28 — Legalentitled. Accesstopartnuzz. Notwildebeestsch. By-
 29 rightfoaptz. Twainbeonerflsh. Haveandholdpp.
 30 — S! Let us go. Make a noise. Slee . . .
 31 — Qui . . . The gir . . .
 32 — Huesofrichunfoldingmorn. Wakenupriseandprove. Pro-
 33 videforsacrifice.
 34 — Wait! Hist! Let us list!
 35 For our netherworld's bosomfoes are working tooth and nail
 36 overtime: in earthveins, toadcavites, chessganglions, saltkles-

1 ters, underfed: nagging firenibblers knockling aterman up out of
2 his hinterclutch. Tomb be their tools! When the youngdammers
3 will be soon heartpocking on their betters' doornoggers: and the
4 youngfries will be backfrisking diamondcuts over their lyingin
5 underlayers, spick and spat trowelling a gravetrench for their
6 fourinhand forebears. Vote for your club!

7 — Wait!
8 — What!
9 — Her door!
10 — Ope?
11 — See!
12 — What?
13 — Careful.
14 — Who?

15 Live well! Iniivdluaritzas! Tone!
16 Cant ear! Her dorters ofe? Whofe? Her eskmeno daughters
17 hope? Whope? Ellme, elmme, elskmestoon! Soon!
18 Let us consider.

19 The procurator Interrogarius Mealterum presents us this pro-
20 poser.

21 Honuphrius is a concupiscent exservicemajor who makes dis-
22 honest propositions to all. He is considered to have committed,
23 invoking *droit d'oreiller*, simple infidelities with Felicia, a virgin,
24 and to be practising for unnatural coits with Eugenius and Jere-
25 mias, two or three philadelphians. Honophrius, Felicia, Eugenius
26 and Jeremias are consanguineous to the lowest degree. Anita
27 the wife of Honophrius, has been told by her tirewoman, For-
28 tissa, that Honuphrius has blasphemously confessed under volun-
29 tary chastisement that he has instructed his slave, Mauritius, to
30 urge Magravius, a commercial, emulous of Honuphrius, to solicit
31 the chastity of Anita. Anita is informed by some illegitimate
32 children of Fortissa with Mauritius (the supposition is Ware's)
33 that Gillia, the schismatical wife of Magravius, is visited clandes-
34 tinely by Barnabas, the advocate of Honuphrius, an immoral
35 person who has been corrupted by Jeremias. Gillia, (a cooler
36 blend, D'Alton insists) *ex equo* with Poppea, Arancita, Clara,

1 Marinuzza, Indra and Iodina, has been tenderly debauched
2 (in Halliday's view), by Honuphrius, and Magravius knows
3 from spies that Anita has formerly committed double sacrilege
4 with Michael, *vulgo* Cerularius, a perpetual curate, who wishes
5 to seduce Eugenius. Magravius threatens to have Anita molested
6 by Sulla, an orthodox savage (and leader of a band of twelve
7 mercenaries, the Sullivani), who desires to procure Felicia for
8 Gregorius, Leo, Vitellius and Macdugalius, four excavators, if
9 she will not yield to him and also deceive Honuphrius by ren-
10 dering conjugal duty when demanded. Anita who claims to have
11 discovered incestuous temptations from Jeremias and Eugenius
12 would yield to the lewdness of Honuphrius to appease the
13 savagery of Sulla and the mercernariness of the twelve Sullivani,
14 and (as Gilbert at first suggested), to save the virginity of
15 Felicia for Magravius when converted by Michael after the
16 death of Gillia, but she fears that, by allowing his marital rights
17 she may cause reprehensible conduct between Eugenius and
18 Jeremias. Michael, who has formerly debauched Anita, dispen-
19 ses her from yielding to Honuphrius who pretends publicly to
20 possess his conjunct in thirtynine several manners (*turpiter!*
21 affirm *ex cathedris* Gerontes Cambronses) for camal hygiene
22 whenever he has rendered himself impotent to consummate by
23 subdolence. Anita is disturbed but Michael comminates that
24 he will reserve her case tomorrow for the ordinary Guglielmus
25 even if she should practise a pious fraud during affrication
26 which, from experience, she knows (according to Wadding),
27 to be leading to nullity. Fortissa, however, is encouraged by
28 Gregorius, Leo, Viteilius, and Magdugalius, reunitedly, to warn
29 Anita by describing the strong chastisements of Honuphrius
30 and the depravities (*turpissimas!*) of Canicula, the deceased wife
31 of Mauritius, with Sulla, the simoniac, who is abnegand and
32 repents. Has he hegemony and shall she submit?
33 Translate a lax, you breed a bradaun. In the goods of Cape and
34 Chattertone, deceased.
35 This, lay readers and gentlemen, is perhaps the commonest
36 of all cases arising out of umbrella history in connection with

1 the wood industries in our courts of litigation. D'Oyly Owens
2 holds (though Finn Magnusson of himself holds also) that so
3 long as there is a joint deposit account in the two names a
4 mutual obligation is posited. Owens cites Brerfuchs and Warren,
5 a foreign firm, since disseized, registered as Tangos, Limited,
6 for the sale of certain proprietary articles. The action which was
7 at the instance of the trustee of the heathen church emergency
8 fund, suing by its trustee, a resigned civil servant, for the pay-
9 ment of tithes due was heard by Judge Doyle and also by a com-
10 mon jury. No question arose as to the debt for which vouchers
11 spoke volumes. The defence alleged that payment had been made
12 effective. The fund trustee, one Jucundus Fecundus Xero Pecun-
13 dus Coppercheap, counterclaimed that payment was invalid
14 having been tendered to creditor under cover of a crossed cheque,
15 signed in the ordinary course, in the name of Wieldhelm, Hurls
16 Cross, voucher copy provided, and drawn by the senior partner
17 only by whom the lodgment of the species had been effected but
18 in their joint names. The bank particularised, the national misery
19 (now almost entirely in the hands of the four chief bondholders
20 for value in Tangos), declined to pay the draft, though there
21 were ample reserves to meet the liability, whereupon the trusty
22 Coppercheap negotiated it for and on behalf of the fund of the
23 thing to a client of his, a notary, from whom, on consideration, he
24 received in exchange legal relief as between trustee and bethrust,
25 with thanks. Since then the cheque, a good washable pink, em-
26 bossed D you D No 11 hundred and thirty 2, good for the figure
27 and face, had been circulating in the country for over thirtynine
28 years among holders of Pango stock, a rival concern, though not
29 one demonetised farthing had ever spun or fluctuated across the
30 counter in the semblance of hard coin or liquid cash. The jury (a
31 sour dozen of stout fellows all of whom were curiously named
32 after doyles) naturally disagreed jointly and severally, and the
33 belligerent judge, disagreeing with the allied jurors' disagree-
34 ment, went outside his jurisdiction altogether and ordered a gar-
35 nishee attachment to the neutral firm. No *mandamus* could lo-
36 cate the depleted whilom Breyfawkes as he had entered into an

1 ancient moratorium, dating back to the times of the early barbers,
2 and only the junior partner Barren could be found, who entered an
3 appearance and turned up, upon a notice of motion and after service
4 of the motion by interlocutory injunction, among the male jurors
5 to be an absolute turfwoman, originally from the proletarian class,
6 with still a good title to her sexname of Ann Doyle, 2 Coppinger's
7 Cottages, the Doyle's country. Doyle (Ann), add woman in,
8 having regretfully left the juryboxers, protested cheerfully on the
9 stand in a long juryriad *in re* corset checks, delivered in doy-
10 lish, that she had often, in supply to brusque demands rising almost
11 to bollion point, discounted Mr Brakeforth's first of all in ex-
12 change at nine months from date without issue and, to be strictly
13 literal, unbottled in corrubberation a current account of how
14 she had been made at sight for services rendered the payee-
15 drawee of unwashable blank assignations, sometimes pinkwilliams
16 (laughter) but more often of the *crème-de-citron*, *vair émail paon-*
17 *coque* or marshmallow series, which she, as bearer, used to en-
18 dorse, adhesively, to her various payers-drawers who in most cases
19 were identified by the timber papers as wellknown tetigists of the
20 city and suburban. The witness, at her own request, asked if she
21 might and wrought something between the sheets of music paper
22 which she had accompanied herself with for the occasion and
23 this having been handed up for the bench to look at *in camera*,
24 Coppinger's doll, as she was called, (*annias*, Mack Erse's Dar,
25 the adopted child) then proposed to jerrykin and jureens and every
26 jim, jock and jarry in that little green courtinghouse for her satis-
27 faction and as a whole act of settlement to reamalgamate herself,
28 tomorrow perforce, in pardonership with the permanent suing fond
29 trustee, Monsignore Pepigi, under the new style of Will Break-
30 fast and Sparrem, as, when all his cognisances had been estreated,
31 he seemed to proffer the steadiest interest towards her, but this
32 preproposal was ruled out on appeal by Judge Jeremy Doyler, who,
33 reserving judgment in a matter of courts and reversing the find-
34 ings of the lower correctional, found, beyond doubt of treuson,
35 fending the dissassents of the pickpackpanel, twelve as upright
36 judaces as ever let down their thoms, and, *occupante extremum*

1 *scabie*, handed down to the jury of the Liffey that, as a matter of
2 tact, the woman they gave as free was born into contractual in-
3 capacity (the Calif of Man v the Eaudelusk Company) when, how
4 and where mamy's mancipium act did not apply and therefore held
5 supremely that, as no property in law can exist in a corpse,
6 (Hal Kilbride v Una Bellina) Pepigi's pact was pure piffle (loud
7 laughter) and Wharrem would whistle for the rhino. Will you,
8 won't you, pango with Pepigi? Not for Nancy, how dare you do!
9 And whew whewwhew whew.
10 — He sighed in sleep.
11 — Let us go back.
12 — Lest he forewaken.
13 — Hide ourselves.
14 While hovering dreamwings, folding around, will hide from
15 fears my wee mee mannikin, keep my big wig long strong mano-
16 men, guard my bairn, *mon beau*.
17 — To bed.
18 Prospector projector and boomooster giant builder of all
19 causeways woesoever, hopping offpoint and true terminus of
20 straxstraightcuts and corkscrewn perambulaups, zeal whence to
21 goal whither, wonderlust, in sequence to which every muckle
22 must make its mickle, as different as York from Leeds, being the
23 only wise in a muck's world to look on itself from beforehand;
24 mirrorminded curiositease and would-to-the-large which bring
25 hills to molehunter, home through first husband, perils behind
26 swine and horsepower down to hungerford, prick this man and
27 tittup this woman, our forced payrents, Bogy Bobow with his
28 cunnynghost couchmare, Big Maester Finnykin with Phenicia
29 Parkes, lame of his ear and gape of her leg, most correctingly,
30 we beseach of you, down their laddercase of nightwatch service
31 and bring them at suntime flush with the nethermost gangrung
32 of their stepchildren, guide them through the labyrinth of their
33 samilikes and the alteregoases of their pseudoselves, hedge them
34 bothways from all roamers whose names are ligious, from loss
35 of bearings deliver them; so they keep to their rights and be
36 ware of duty frees, neoliffic smith and magdalenian jinnyjones,

1 mandragon mor and weak wiffeyducky, Morionmale and Thry-
2 dacianmad, basilisk glorious with his weeniequeenie, tigernack
3 and swansgrace, he as hale as his arduories, she as verve as her
4 veines; this prime white arsenic with bissemate alloyed, martial
5 sin with peccadilly, free to lease hold with first mortgage, dow-
6 ser dour and dipper douce, stop-that-war and feel-this-feather,
7 norsebloodheartened and landsmoolwashable, great gas with
8 fun-in-the-corner, grand slam with fall-of-the-trick, solomn one
9 and shebby, cod and coney, cash and carry, in all we dreamed
10 the part we dreaded, corsair coupled with his dame, royal biber
11 but constant lymph, boniface and bonnyfeatures, nazil hose and
12 river mouth, bang-the-change and batter-the-bolster, big smoke
13 and lickley roesthy, humanity's fahrman by society leader, voguener
14 and trulley, humpered and elf, Urloughmoor with Miryburrow,
15 leaks and awfully, basal curse yet grace abunda, Regies Producer
16 with screendoll Vedette, peg of his claim and pride of her heart,
17 cliffscaur grisly but rockdove cooing, hodinstag on fryggabet,
18 baron and feme: that he may dishcover her that she may uncouple
19 him, that one may come and crumple them, that they may soon
20 recoup themselves: now and then, time on time again, as per
21 periodicity; from Neaves to Willses, from Bushmills to Enos; to
22 Goerz from Harleem, to Hearths of Oak from Skittish Widdas;
23 via mala, hyber pass, heckhisway per alptrack: through lands-
24 vague and vain, after many mandelays: in their first case, to the
25 next place, till their cozenkerries: the high and the by, both pent
26 and plain: cross cowslips yillow, yellow, yallow, past pumpkins
27 pinguind, purplesome: be they whacked to the wide other tied
28 to hustings, long sizzleroads neath arthruseat, him to the derby,
29 her to toun, til sengentide do coddlam: in the grounds or unter-
30 linnen: rue to lose and ca canny: at shipside, by convent garden:
31 monk and sempstress, in sackcloth silkily: curious dreamers,
32 curious dramas, curious deman, plagiast dayman, playajest
33 dearest, plaguiest dourest: for the strangfort planters are pro-
34 desting, and the karkery felons dryflooring it and the leperties'
35 laddos railing the way, blump for slogo slee!

36 Stop! Did a stir? No, is fast. On to bed! So he is. It's only the

1 wind on the road outside for to wake all shivering shanks from
2 snoring.

3 But. Oom Godd his villen, who will he be, this mitryman, some
4 king of the yeast, in his chrismy greyed brunzewig, with the snow
5 in his mouth and the caspian asthma, so bulk of build? Relics of
6 pharrer and livite! Dik Gill, Tum Lung or Macfinnan's cool
7 Harryng? He has only his hedcosycasket on and his wollsey
8 shirtplisse with peascod doublet, also his feet wear doubled width
9 socks for he always must to insure warm sleep between a pair of
10 fullyfleeced bankers like a finnoc in a cauwl. Can thus be Misthra
11 Norkmann that keeps our hotel? Begor, Mr O'Sorgmann, you're
12 looking right well! Hecklar's champion ethnicist. How deft as a
13 fuchser schouws daft as a fish! He's the dibble's own doges for
14 doublin existents! But a jolly fine daysent form of one word.
15 He's rounding up on his family.

16 And who is the bodikin by him, sir? So vouldzievalsshie? With
17 ybbs and zabs? Her trixiestrial is tripping her, vop! Luck at the
18 way for the lucre of smoke she's looping the lamp! Why, that's
19 old missness wipethemdry! Well, well, wellsowells! Donau-
20 watter! Ardechious me! With her halfbend as proud as a peahen,
21 allabalmy, and her troutbeck quiverlipe, ninyananya. And her
22 steptojazyma's culunder buzztle. Happy tea area, naughtygay
23 frew! Selling sunlit sopes to washtout winches and rhaincold
24 draughts to the props of his pubs. She tired lipping the swells at
25 Pont Delisle till she jumped the boom at Brounemouth. Now
26 she's borrid his head under Hatesbury's Hatch and loamed his
27 fate to old Love Lane. And she's just the same old haporth of
28 dripping. She's even brennt her hair.

29 Which route are they going? Why? Angell sitter or Amen
30 Corner, Norwood's Southwalk or Euston Waste? The solvent
31 man in his upper gambeson withnot a breth against him and the
32 wee wiping womanahoussy. They're coming terug their dia-
33 mond wedding tour, giant's inchly elfkin's ell, vesting their char-
34 acters vixendevolment, andens aller, athors err, our first day man
35 and your dresser and mine, that Luxuumburgher avec cettelis
36 Alzette, konyglik shire with his queensh countess, Stepney's

1 shipchild with the waif of his bosun, Dunmow's flitcher with
2 duck-on-the-rock, down the scales, the way they went up,
3 under talls and threading tormentors, shunning the startraps and
4 slipping in sliders, risking a runway, ruing reveals, from Elder
5 Arbor to La Puiree, eskiping the clockback, crystal in carbon,
6 sweetheartedly. Hot and cold and electrickerly with attendance
7 and lounge and promenade free. In spite of all that science could
8 boot or art could eke. Bolt the grinden. Cave and can em.
9 Single wrecks for the weak, double axe for the mail, and quick
10 queck quack for the radiose. Renove that bible. You will never
11 have post in your pocket unless you have brasse on your plate.
12 Beggards outdoor. Goat to the Endth, thou slowguard! Mind
13 the Monks and their Grasps. Scrape your souls. Commit no
14 miracles. Postpone no bills. Respect the uniform. Hold the raa-
15 bers for the kunning his plethoron. Let leash the dooves to the
16 cooin her coynt. Hatenot havenots. Share the wealth and spoil
17 the weal. Peg the pound to tom the devil. My time is on draught.
18 Bottle your own. Love my label like myself. Earn before eating.
19 Drudge after drink. Credit tomorrow. Follow my dealing. Fetch
20 my price. Buy not from dives. Sell not to freund. Herenow chuck
21 english and learn to pray plain. Lean on your lunch. No cods
22 before Me. Practise preaching. Think in your stomach. Import
23 through the nose. By faith alone. Season's weather. Gomorrha.
24 Salong. Lots feed from my tidetable. Oil's wells in our lands. Let
25 earwigger's wivable teach you the dance!
26 Now their laws assist them and ease their fall!
27 For they met and mated and bedded and buckled and got and
28 gave and reared and raised and brought Thawland within Har
29 danger, and turned them, tarrying to the sea and planted and
30 plundered and pawned our souls and pillaged the pounds of the
31 extramurals and fought and feigned with strained relations and
32 bequeathed us their ills and recrutchted cripples gait and under-
33 mined lungachers, manplanting seven sisters while wan warm-
34 wooed woman scrubbs, and turned out coats and removed their
35 origins and never learned the first day's lesson and tried to
36 mingle and managed to save and feathered foes' nests and fouled

1 their own and wayleft the arenotts and ponted vodavalls for the
2 zollgebordened and escaped from liquidation by the heirs of their
3 death and were responsible for congested districts and rolled
4 olled logs into Peter's sawyery and werfed new woodcuts on
5 Paoli's wharf and ewesed Rachel's lea and rammed Dominic's
6 gap and looked haggards after lazatables and rode fourscore odd-
7 winters and struck rock oil and forced a policeman and col-
8 laughed at their phizes in Toobiassed and Zachary and left off
9 leaving off and kept on keeping on and roused up drink and
10 poured balm down and were cuffed by their customers and bit
11 the dust at the foot of the poll when in her deergarth he gave up
12 his goat after the battle of Multaferry. Pharoah with fairy, two
13 lie, let them! Yet they wend it back, qual his leif, himmortality,
14 bullseaboob and rivishy divil, light in hand, helm on high, to
15 peekaboo durk the thicket of slumbwhere, till their hour with
16 their scene be struck for ever and the book of the dates he close,
17 he clasp and she and she seegn her tour d'adieu, Pervinca calling,
18 Soloscar hears. (O Sheem! O Shaam!), and gentle Isad Ysut gag,
19 flispering in the nightleaves flattery, dinsiduously, to Finnegan,
20 to sin again and to make grim grandma grunt and grin again
21 while the first grey streaks steal silvering by for to mock their
22 quarrels in dollymount tumbling.

23 They near the base of the chill stair, that large incorporate
24 licensed vintner, such as he is, from former times, nine hosts in
25 himself, in his hydrocomic establishment and his ambling limfy
26 peepingpartner, the slave of the ring that worries the hand that
27 sways the lamp that shadows the walk that bends to his bane the
28 busynext man that came on the cop with the fenian's bark that
29 pickled his widow that primed the pope that passed it round on
30 the volunteers' plate till it croppied the ears of Purses Relle that
31 kneed O'Connell up out of his doss that shouldered Burke that
32 butted O'Hara that woke the busker that grattaned his crowd
33 that bucked the jiggers to rhyme the rann that flooded the routes
34 in Eryan's isles from Malin to Clear and Carnsore Point to Slynag-
35 gollow and cleaned the pockets arid ransomed the ribs of all the
36 listeners, leud and lay, that bought the ballad that Hosty made.

1 Anyhow (the matter is a troublous and a peniloose) have they
2 not called him at many's their mock indignation meeting, veh-
3 men's vengeance vective volleying, invader and uitlander, the
4 notables, crashing libels in their sullivan's mounted beards about
5 him, their right renownsable patriarch? Heinz cans everywhere
6 and the swanee her ainsell and Eyrewaker's family sock that they
7 smuggled to life betune them, roaring (Big Reilly was the worst):
8 free boose for the man from the nark, sure, he never was worth
9 a cornerwall fark, and his banishee's bedpan she's a quareold bite
10 of a tark: as they wendelled their zingaway wivewards from his
11 find me cool's moist opulent vinery, highjacking through the
12 nagginneck pass, as they hauled home with their hogsheads,
13 axpoxtelating, and claiming cowled consollation, sursumcordial,
14 from the bluefunkfires of the dipper and the martian's frost?

15 Use they not, our noesmall termtraders, to abhors offrom
16 him, the yet unregendered thunderslog, whose sbrogue cunneth
17 none lordmade undersiding, how betwixt wifely rule and *mens*
18 *conscia recti*, then hemale man all unbracing to omniewomen, but
19 now shedropping his hitches like any maidavale oppersite orse-
20 riders in an idinhole? Ah, dearo! Dearo, dear! And her illian!
21 And his willyum! When they were all there now, matinmarked
22 for lookin on. At the carryfour with awlus plawshus, their happy-
23 ass cloudious! And then and too the trivials! And their bivouac!
24 And his monomyth! Ah ho! Say no more about it! I'm sorry!
25 I saw. I'm sorry! I'm sorry to say I saw!

26 Gives there not too amongst us after all events (or so grunts
27 a leading hebdromadary) some togethershush of stillandbutall-
28 youknow that, inssofarforth as, all up and down the whole con-
29 creation say, efficient first gets there finally every time, as a com-
30 plex matter of pure form, for those excess and that pasphalt
31 hardhearingness from their eldfar, in gripes and rumblions,
32 through fresh taint and old treason, another like that alter but
33 not quite such anander and stillandbut one not all the selfsame
34 and butstillone just the maim and encore emmerhim may always,
35 with a little difference, till the latest up to date so early in the
36 morning, have evertheless been allmade amenable?

1 Yet he begottom.
2 Let us wherefore, tearing ages, presently preposterose a
3 snatchvote of thanksalot to the huskiest coaxing experimenter
4 that ever gave his best hand into chancerisk, wishing him with
5 his famblings no end of slow poison and a mighty broad venue
6 for themselves between the devil's punchbowl and the deep
7 angleseaboard, that they may gratefully turn a deaf ear closhed
8 upon the desperanto of willynully, their shareholders from Taafe
9 to Auliffe, that will curse them below par and mar with their
10 descendants, shame, humbug ant profit, to greenmould upon
11 mildew over jaundice as long as ever there's wagtail surtaxed to
12 a testcase on enver a man.

13 We have to had them whether we'll like it or not. They'll have
14 to have us now then we're here on theirspot. Scant hope theirs
15 or ours to escape life's high carnage of semperidentity by sub-
16 sisting peasemeal upon variables. Bloody certainly have we got
17 to see to it ere smellful demise surprends us on this concrete that
18 down the gullies of the eras we may catch ourselves looking
19 forward to what will in no time be staring you larrikins on the
20 postface in that multimirror megaron of returningties, whirled
21 without end to end. So there was a raughty . . . who in Dyfflins-
22 borg did . . . With his soddering iron, spadeaway, hammerlegs
23 and . . . Where there was a fair.young . . . Who was playing her
24 game of . . . And said she you rockaby . . . Will you peddle in
25 my bog . . . And he sod her in Iarland, paved her way from
26 Maizenhead to Youghal. And that's how Humpfrey, champion
27 emir, holds his own. Shysweet, she rests.

28 Or show pon him now, will you! Derg rudd face should take
29 patrick's purge. Hokoway, in his hiphigh bearserk! Third posi-
30 tion of concord! Excellent view from front. Sidome. Female
31 imperfectly masking male. Redspot his browbrand. Woman's
32 the prey! Thon's the dullakeykongsbyogblagroggerswagginline
33 (private judgers, change here for Lootherstown! Onlyromans,
34 keep your seats!) that drew all ladies please to our great mettroll-
35 ops. Leary, leary, twentytun nearly, he's plotting kings down
36 for his villa's extension! Gaze at him now in momentum! As his

1 bridges are blown to babbyrags, by the lee of his hulk upright
2 on her orbits, and the heave of his juniper arx in action, he's
3 naval I see. Poor little tartanelle, her dinties are chattering, the
4 strait's she's in, the bulloge she bears! Her smirk is smeeching
5 behind for her hills. By the queer quick twist of her mobcap and
6 the lift of her shift at random and the rate of her gate of going
7 the pace, two thinks at a time, her country I'm proud of. The
8 field is down, the race is their own. The galleonman jovial on his
9 bucky brown nightmare. Bigrob dignagging his lylyputtana.
10 One to one bore one! The datter, io, io, sleeps in peace, in peace.
11 And the twillingsons, ganymede, garrymore, turn in trot and
12 trot. But old pairamere goes it a gallop, a gallop. Bossford and
13 phospherine. One to one on!

14 O, O, her fairy setalite! Casting such shadows to Persia's
15 blind! The man in the street can see the coming event. Photo-
16 flashing it far too wide. It will be known through all Urania soon.
17 Like jealousy titaning fear; like rumour rhean round the planets;
18 like china's dragon snapping japets; like rhodagrey up the east.
19 Satyrdaysboost besets Phoebe's nearest. Here's the flood and the
20 flaxen flood that's to come over helpless Irryland. Is there no-one
21 to malahide Liv and her bettyship? Or who'll buy her rosebuds,
22 jettyblack rosebuds, ninsloes of nivia, nonpaps of nan? From the
23 fall of the fig to doom's last post every ephemeral anniversary while
24 the park's police peels peering by for to weight down morrals from
25 county bubblin. That trainer's trundling! Quick, pay up!

26 Kickakick. She had to kick a laugh. At her old stick-in-the-
27 block. The way he was slogging his paunch about, elbiduubled,
28 meet oft mate on, like hale King Willow, the robberer. Cain-
29 maker's mace and waxened capapee. But the tarrant's brand on
30 his hottoweyt brow. At half past quick in the morning. And her
31 lamp was all askew and a trumbly wick-in-her, ringeysingey.
32 She had to spofforth, she had to kicker, too thick of the wick
33 of her pixy's loomph, wide lickering jessup the smooky shiminey.
34 And her duffed coverpoint of a wickedy batter, whenever she
35 druv behind her stumps for a tyddlesly wink through his tunnill-
36 cleft bagslops after the rising bounder's yorkers, as he studd and

1 stoddard and trutted and trumpered, to see had lordherry's
2 blackham's red bobby abbels, it tickled her innings to consort
3 pitch at kicksolock in the morm. Tipatonguing him on in her
4 pigeony linguish, with a flick at the bails for lubrication, to scorch
5 her faster, faster. Ye hek, ye hok, ye hucky hiremonger! Magrath
6 he's my pegger, he is, for bricking up all my old kent road.
7 He'll win your toss, flog your old tom's bowling and I darr ye,
8 barrackybuller, to break his duck! He's posh. I lob him. We're
9 parring all Oogster till the empsyseas run googlie. Declare to
10 ashes and teste his metch! Three for two will do for me and he
11 for thee and she for you. Goeasyosey, for the grace of the fields,
12 or hooley pooley, cuppy, we'll both be bye and by caught in the
13 slips for fear he'd tyre and burst his dunlops and waken her
14 bornybarnies making his boobybabies. The game old merri-
15 mynn, square to leg, with his lolleywide towelhat and his hobbsy
16 socks and his wisden's bosse and his norsery pinafore and his
17 gentleman's grip and his playaboy's plunge and his flannelly
18 feelyfooling, treading her hump and hambledown like a maiden
19 wellheld, ovalled over, with her crease where the pads of her
20 punishments ought to be by womanish rights when, keek, the hen
21 in the doran's shantyqueer began in a kikkery key to laugh it
22 off, yeigh, yeigh, neigh, neigh, the way she was wuck to doodle-
23 doo by her gallows bird (how's that? Noball, he carries his bat!)
24 nine hundred and dirty too not out, at all times long past con-
25 quering cock of the morgans.
26 How blame us?
27 Cocorico!
28 Armigerend everfasting horde. Rico! So the bill to the bowe.
29 As the belle to the beau. We herewith pleased returned auditors'
30 thanks for those and their favours since safely enjoined. Coco-
31 ree! Tellaman tillamie. Tubbernacul in tipherairy, sons, travel-
32 lers in company and their carriageable tochtors, tanks tight anne
33 thynne for her contractations tugowards his personeel. Echo,
34 choree chorecho! O I you O you me! Well, we all unite thought-
35 fully in rendering gratias, well, between loves repassed, begging
36 your honour's pardon for, well, exclusive pigtorial rights of here-

1 hear fond tiplady his weekreations, appearing in next eon's issue
2 of the Neptune's Centinel and Tritonville Lightowler with well
3 the widest circulation round the whole universe. Echolo choree
4 choroh choree chorico! How me O my youhou my I youtou to
5 I O? Thanks furthermore to modest Miss Glimglow and neat
6 Master Mettresson who so kindly profiteered their serwishes as
7 demysell of honour and, well, as strainbearer respectively.
8 And a cordiallest brief nod of chinchin dankyshin to,well,patient
9 ringasend as prevenient (by your leave), to all such occasions,
10 detachably replaceable (thanks too! twos intact!). As well as
11 his auricular of Malthus, the promethean paratonnerwetter which
12 first (Pray go! pray go!) taught love's lightning the way (pity
13 shown) to,well,conduct itself (mercy, good shot! only please
14 don't mention it!). Come all ye goatfathers and groanmothers,
15 come all ye markmakers and piledrivers, come all ye labour-
16 saving devisers and chargeleyden dividends, firefinders, water-
17 workers, deeply condeal with him! All that is still life with death
18 inyeborn, all verbumsaps yet bound to be, to do and to suffer,
19 every creature, everywhere, if you please, kindly feel for her!
20 While the dapplegray dawn drags nearing nigh for to wake all
21 droners that drowse in Dublin.

22 Humperfeldt and Anunska, wedded now evermore in annas-
23 tomoses by a ground plan of the placehunter, whiskered beau
24 and donahbella. Totumvir and esquimeena, who so shall sepa-
25 rate fetters to new desire, repeals an act of union to unite in
26 bonds of schismacy. O yes! O yes! Withdraw your member!
27 Closure. This chamber stands abjourned. Such precedent is
28 largely a cause to lack of collective continencies among Don-
29 nelly's orchard as lifelong the shadyside to Fairbrother's field.
30 Humbo, lock your kekkle up! Anny, blow your wickle out!
31 Tuck away the tablesheet! You never wet the tea! And you
32 may go rightoway back to your Aunty Dilluvia, Humprey,
33 after that!

34 Retire to rest without first misturbing your nighboor, man-
35 kind of baffling descriptions. Others are as tired of themselves
36 as you are. Let each one learn to bore himself. It is strictly re-

1 requested that no cobs smoking, spitting, pubchat, wrestle rounds,
2 coarse courting, smut, etc, will take place amongst those hours
3 so devoted to repose. Look before behind before you strip you.
4 Disrobe clothed in the strictest secrecy which privacy can afford.
5 Water *non* to be discharged *coram* grate or *ex* window. Never
6 divorce in the bedding the glove that will give you away. Maid
7 Maud ninnies nay but blabs to Omama (for your life, would you!)
8 she to her bosom friend who does all chores (and what do you
9 think my Madeleine saw?): this ignorant mostly sweeps it out
10 along with all the rather old corporators (have you heard of one
11 humbledown jungleman how he bet byrn-and-bushe playing
12 peg and pom?): the maudlin river then gets its dues (adding a
13 din a ding or do): thence those laundresses (O, muddle me more
14 about the maggies! I mean bawnee Madge Ellis and brownie
15 Mag Dillon). Attention at all! Every ditcher's dastard in Dupling
16 will let us know about it if you have paid the mulctman by
17 whether your rent is open to be foreclosed or aback in your
18 arrears. This is seriously meant. Here is a homelet not a hothel.

19 That's right, old oldun!

20 All in fact is soon as all of old right as anywas ever in very
21 old place. Were he, hwen scalded of that couverfowl, to beat the
22 bounds by here at such a point of time as this is for at sammel
23 up all wood's haypence and riviers argent (half back from three
24 gangs multaplussed on a twentylot add allto a fiver with the
25 deuce or roamer's numbers ell a fee and do little ones) with the
26 caboosh on him opheld for thrushes' mistiles yet singing oud his
27 parasangs in cornish token: mean fawthery eastend appullcelery,
28 old laddy he high hole: polly sigh patrolman Seekersenn, towney's
29 tanquam, crumlin quiet down from his hoonger, he would mac
30 siccar of inket goodsforetombbed ereshiningem of light turkling
31 eitheranny of thuncle's windopes. More, unless we were neverso
32 wrongtaken, if he brought his boots to pause in peace, the one
33 beside the other one, right on the road, he would seize no sound
34 from cache or cave beyond the flow of wand was gypsing water,
35 telling him now, telling him all, all about ham and livery, stay
36 and toast ham in livery, and buttermore with murmurladen, to

1 waker oats for him on livery. Faurore! Fearhoure! At last it
2 past! Loab at cod then herrin or wind thin mong them treen.
3 Hiss! Which we had only our hazelight-to see with, cert, in
4 our point of view, me and my auxy, Jimmy d'Arcy, hadn't we,
5 Jimmy? — Who to seen with? Kiss! No kidd, captn, which he
6 stood us, three jolly postboys, first a couple of Mountjoys and
7 nutty woodbines with his cadbully's choculars, pepped from our
8 Theoatre Regal's drolleries puntomine, in the snug at the Cam-
9 bridge Arms of Teddy Ales while we was laying, crown jewels
10 to a peanut, was he stepmarm, old noseheavy, or a wouldower,
11 which he said, lads, a taking low his Whitby hat, lopping off the
12 froth and whishing, with all respectfulness to the old country,
13 tomorow comrades, we, his long life's strength and cuirscreen
14 loan to our allhallowed king, the pitchur that he's turned to
15 weld the wall, (Lawd lengthen him!) his standpoint was,
16 to belt and blucher him afore the hole pleading churchal and
17 submarine bar yonder but he made no class at all in port
18 and cemented palships between our trucers, being a refugee,
19 didn't he, Jimmy? — Who true to me? Sish! Honeysuckler,
20 that's what my young lady here, Fred Watkins, bugler Fred, all
21 the ways from Melmoth in Natal, she calls him, dip the colours,
22 pet, when he commit his certain questions vivaviz the secret
23 empire of the snake which it was on a point of our sutton down,
24 how was it, Jimmy? — Who has sinnerettes to declare? Phiss!
25 Touching our Phoenix Rangers' nuisance at the meeting of the
26 waitresses, the daintylines, Elsie from Chelsies, the two leggle-
27 gels in blooms, and those pest of parkies, twitch, thistle and
28 charlock, were they for giving up their fogging trespasses
29 by order which we foregathered he must be raw in cane
30 sugar, the party, no, Jimmy MacCawthelock? Who trespass
31 against me? Briss! That's him wiv his wig on, achewing of his
32 maple gum, that's our grainpopaw, Mister Beardall, an accom-
33 pliced burgomaster, a great one among the very greatest, which
34 he told us privates out of his own scented mouf he used to was,
35 my lads, afore this wineact come, what say, our Jimmy the
36 chapelgoer? — Who fears all masters! Hi, Jocko Nowlong, my

1 own sweet boosy love, which he puts his feeler to me behind
2 the beggar's bush, does Freda, don't you be an emugee! Carry-
3 one, he says, though we marooned through this woylde. We
4 must spy a half a hind on honeysuckler now his old face's
5 hardalone wiv his defences down during his wappin stillstand,
6 says my Fred, and Jamessime here which, pip it, she simply must,
7 she says, our pet, she'll do a retroussy from her point of view
8 (Way you fly! Like a frush!) to keep her flouncies off the
9 grass while paying the wetmenots a musichall visit and pair her
10 fiefighs fore him with just one curl after the cad came back which
11 we fought he wars a gunner and his corkiness lay up two bottles
12 of joy with a shandy had by Fred and a *fino oloroso* which he
13 was warming to, my right, Jimmy, my old brown freer?—
14 Whose dolour, O so mine!

15 Following idly up to seepoint, neath kingmount shadow the
16 ilk for eke of us, whose nathem's banned, whose hofd a-hooded,
17 welkim warsail, how di' you dew? Hollymerry, ivysad, whicher
18 and whoer, Mr Black Atkins and you tanapanny troopertwos,
19 were you there? Was truce of snow, moonmounded snow? Or
20 did wolken hang o'er earth in umber hue his fulmenbomb?
21 Number two coming! Full inside! Was glimpsed the mean
22 amount of cloud? Or did pitter rain fall in a sprinkling? If the
23 waters could speak as they flow! Tingle Tom, pall the bell!
24 Izzy's busy down the dell! Mizpah low, youyou, number
25 one, in deep humidity! Listen, misled peerless, please! You
26 are of course. You miss him so, to listleto! Of course, my
27 pledge between us, there's no-one Noel like him here to
28 hear. Esch so eschess, douls a doulse! Since Allan Rogue
29 loved Arrah Pogue it's all Killdoughall fair. Triss! Only trees
30 such as these such were those, waving there, the barketree, the
31 o'briertree, the rowantree, the o'corneltree, the behanshrub near
32 windy arbour, the magill o'dendron more. Trem! All the trees
33 in the wood they trembold, humbold, when they heard the stop-
34 press from domday's erewold.

35 Tiss! Two pretty mistletots ribboned to a tree, up rose libe-
36 rator and, fancy, they were free! Four witty missywives, wink-

1 ing under hoods, made lasses like lads love maypolderiding and
2 dotted our green with tricksome couples, fiftyfifty, their chil-
3 tren's hundred. So childish pence took care of parents' pounds
4 and many made money the way in the world where rushroads
5 to riches crossed slums of lice and, the cause of it all, he forged
6 himself ahead like a blazing urbanorb, brewing treble to drown
7 grief, giving and taking mayom and tuam, playing milliards with
8 his three golden balls, making party capital out of landed self-
9 interest, light on a slavey but weighty on the bourse, our hugest
10 commercial emporialist, with his sons boeing home from afar
11 and his daughters bridling up at his side. Finner!

12 How did he bank it up, swank it up, the whaler in the punt,
13 a guinea by a goat, his index on the balance and such wealth
14 into the bargain, with the boguey which he snatched in the
15 baggage coach ahead? Going forth on the prowl, master jackill,
16 under night and creeping back, dog to hide, over morning.
17 Humbly to fall and cheaply to rise, exposition of failures.
18 Through Duffy's blunders and MacKenna's insurance for upper
19 ten and lower five the band played on. As one generation tells
20 another. Offer the fall. First for a change of a seven days license
21 he wandered out of his farmer's health and so lost his early
22 parishlife. Then ('twas in fenland) occidentally of a sudden, six
23 junelooking flamefaces straggled wild out of their turns through
24 his parsonfired wicket, showing all shapes of striplings in sleepless
25 tights. Promptly whomafter in undated times, very properly a
26 dozen generations anterior to themselves, a main chanced to burst
27 and misflooded his fortunes, wrothing foulplay over his fives'
28 court and his fine poultryyard wherein were spared a just two of
29 a feather in wading room only. Next, upon due reflotation, up
30 started four hurrigan gales to smithereen his plateglass house-
31 walls and the slate for accounts his keeper was cooking. Then
32 came three boy buglehorners who counterbezzled and cross-
33 bugled him. Later on in the same evening two hussites ab-
34 sconded through a breach in his bylaws and left him, the infidels,
35 to pay himself off in kind remembrances. Till, ultimatehim, fell
36 the crowning barleystraw, when an explosium of his distilleries

1 deafadumped all his dry goods to his most favoured sinflute and
2 dropped him, what remains of a heptark, leareyed and letterish,
3 weeping worrybound on his bankrump.
4 Pepep. Pay bearer, sure and sorry, at foot of ohoho honest
5 policist. On never again, by Phoenis, swore on him Lloyd's,
6 not for beaten wheat, not after Sir Joe Meade's father, thanks!
7 They know him, the covenanter, by rote at least, for a chameleon
8 at last, in his true falseheaven colours from ultraviolet to subred
9 tissues. That's his last tryon to march through the grand
10 tryomphal arch. His reignbolt's shot. Never again! How you do
11 that like, Mista Chimepiece? You got nice yum plemiums. Pray-
12 paid my promishles!
13 Agreed, Wu Welsher, he was chogfulled to beacsate on earn
14 as in hiving, of foxold conningnesses but who, hey honey, for
15 all values of his latters, integer integerrimost, was the formast
16 of the firm? At folkmoood hailed, at part farwailed, accwmwladed
17 concloud, Nuah-Nuah, Nebob of Nephilim! After all what fol-
18 lowed for apprentice sake? Since the now nighs nearing as the
19 yetst hies hin. Jeebies, ugh, kek, ptah, that was an ill man! Jaw-
20 boose, puddigood, this is for true a sweetish mand! But Jum-
21 bluffer, bagdad, sir, yond would be for a once over our all
22 honoured christmastyde easteredman. Fourth position of solu-
23 tion. How johnny! Finest view from horizon. Tableau final.
24 Two me see. Male and female unmask we hem. Begum by gunnel!
25 Who now broothes oldbrawn. Dawn! The nape of his name-
26 shielder's scalp. Halp! After having drummed all he dun. Hun!
27 Worked out to an inch of his core. More! Ring down. While
28 the queenbee he staggerhorned blesses her bliss for to feel her
29 funnyman's functions Tag. Rumbling.
30 Tiers, tiers and tiers. Rounds.

1 Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Sandhyas!
2 Calling all downs. Calling all downs to dayne. Array! Surrec-
3 tion! Eireweeker to the wohld bludyn world. O rally, O rally, O
4 rally! Phlenxty, O rally! To what lifelike thyne of the bird can
5 be. Seek you somany matters. Haze sea east to Osseania. Here!
6 Here! Tass, Patt, Staff, Woff, Havv, Bluvv and Rutter. The smog
7 is lofting. And already the olduman's olduman has godden up on
8 othertimes to litanate the bonnamours. Sonne feine, somme
9 feehn avaunt! Guld modning, have yous viewsed Piers' aube?
10 Thane yaars agon we have used yoors up since when we have
11 fused now orther. Calling all daynes. Calling all daynes to dawn.
12 The old breeding bradsted culminwillth of natures to Foyn Mac-
13 Hooligan. The leader, the leader! Securest jubilends albas Te-
14 moram. Clogan slogan. Quake up, dim dusky, wook doom for
15 husky! And let Billey Feghin be baallad out of his humulation.
16 Confindention to churchen. We have highest gratifications in
17 announcing to pewtewr publikumst of pratician pratyusers, gen-
18 ghis is ghoon for you.
19 A hand from the cloud emerges, holding a chart expanded.
20 The eversower of the seeds of light to the cowld owld sowls
21 that are in the domnatory of Defmut after the night of the carry-
22 ing of the word of Nuahs and the night of making Mehs to cuddle
23 up in a coddlepot, Pu Nuseht, lord of risings in the yonderworld
24 of Ntamplin, tohp triumphant, speaketh.

1 Vah! Suvarn Sur! Scatter brand to the reneweller of the sky,
2 thou who agnites! Dah! Arcthuris comeing! Be! Verb umprin-
3 cipient through the transitive spaces! Kilt by kelt shell kithagain
4 with kinagain. We elect for thee, Tirtangel. Svadesia salve! We
5 Durbalanars, theeadjure. A way, the Margan, from our astamite,
6 through dimdom done till light kindling light has led we hopas
7 but hunt me the journeyon, iteritinerant, the kal his course,
8 amid the semitary of Somnionia. Even unto Heliotropolis, the
9 castellated, the enchanting. Now if soomone felched a twoel
10 and soomoneses warmet watter we could, while you was saying
11 Morkret Miry or Smud, Brunt and Rubbinsen, make sunlike
12 sylp om this warful dune's battam. Yet clarify begins at. Whither
13 the spot for? Whence the hour by? See but! Lever hulme! Take
14 in. Respassers should be pursaccoutred. Qui stabat Meins quan-
15 tum qui stabat Peins. As of yours. We annew. Our shades of
16 minglings mingle them and help help horizons. A flasch and,
17 rasch, it shall come to pasch, as hearth by hearth leaps live. For
18 the tanderest stock with the rosinost top Ahlen Hill's, clubpub-
19 ber, in general stores and. Atriathroughwards, Lugh the
20 Brathwacker will be the listened after and he larruping sparks out of
21 his teiney ones. The spearspid of dawnfire totouches ain the
22 tablestoane ath the centre of the great circle of the macroliths of
23 Helusbelus in the boshiman brush on this our penepplain by Fan-
24 galuvu Bight whence the horned cairns erge, stanserstanded,
25 to floran frohn, idols of isthmians. Overwhere. Gaunt grey
26 ghostly gossips growing grubber in the glow. Past now pulls.
27 Cur one beast, even Dane the Great, may treadspath with
28 sniffer he snout impursuant to byelegs. Edar's chuckal humuristic.
29 But why pit the cur afore the noxe? Let shrill their duan
30 Gallus, han, and she, hou the Sassqueehenna, makes ducks-
31 runs at crooked. Once for the chantermale, twoce for the pother
32 and once twoce threecce for the waither. So an inedible yellow-
33 meat turns out the invasable blackth. Kwhat serves to rob with
34 Alliman, saelior, a turnkeyed trot to Seapoint, pierrotettes, means
35 Noel's Bar and Julepunsch, by Joge, if you've tippertaps in your
36 head or starting kursses, tailour, you're silenced at Henge Ceol-

1 leges, Exmooth, Ostbys for ost, boys, each and one? Death banes
2 and the quick quoke. But life wends and the dombs spake!
3 Whake? Hill of Hafid, knock and knock, nachasach, gives relief
4 to the langscape as he strauches his lamusong untoupon gazelle
5 channel and the bride of the Bryne, shin high shake, is dotter
6 than evar for a damse wed her farther. Lambel on the up! We
7 may plesently heal Geoglyphy's twentynine ways to say good-
8 bett an wassing seosoon liv. With the forty wonks winking
9 please me your much as to. With her tup. It's a long long ray to
10 Newirgland's premier. For korps, for streamfish, for confects,
11 for bullyongs, for smearsassage, for patates, for steaked pig, for
12 men, for limericks, for waterfowls, for wagsfools, for louts, for
13 cold airs, for late trams, for curries, for curlews, for leekses, for
14 orphalines, for tunnygulls, for clear goldways, for lungfortes, for
15 moonyhaunts, for fairmoneys, for coffins, for tantrums, for
16 armaurs, for waglugs, for rogues comings, for sly goings,
17 for larksmathes, for homdsmeethes, for quailsmeathes, kilalooly.
18 Tep! Come lead, crom lech! Top. Wisely for us Old Bruton has
19 withdrawn his theory. You are alpsulumply wroght! Amsu-
20 lummmm. But this is perporteroguing youpoorapps? Naman-
21 tanai. Sure it's not reviang your? Amslu! Good all so. We seem
22 to understand apad vellumtomes muniment, Arans Duhkha,
23 among hoseshoes, cheriotiers and etceterogenious bargainbout-
24 barrows, ofver and umnder, since, evenif or although, in double
25 preposition as in triple conjunction, how the mudden research in
26 the topaia that was Mankaylands has gone to prove from the
27 picalava present in the maramara melma that while a successive
28 generation has been in the deep deep deeps of Deepereras. Buried
29 hearts. Rest here.
30 Conk a dook he'll doo. Svap.
31 So let him slap, the sap! Till they take down his shatter from
32 his shap. He canease. Fill stap.
33 Thus faraclacks the friarbird. Listening, Syd!
34 The child, a natural child, thenown by the mnames of, (aya!
35 aya!), wouldbewas kidnapped at an age of recent probably,
36 possibly remoter; or he conjured himself from seight by slide

1 at hand; for which theatron is a lemoronage; at milch-
2 goat fairmesse; in full dogdhis; sod on a fall; pat; the hundering
3 blundering dunderfunder of plundersundered manhood; behold,
4 he returns; renascenent; fincarnate; still foretold around the hearth-
5 side; at matin a fact; hailed chimers' ersekind; foe purmanant,
6 fum in his mow; awike in wave risurging into chrest; *victis poenis*
7 *hesternis*; fostfath of solas; fram choicest of wiles with warmen
8 and sogns til Banba, burial aranging; under articles thirtynine of
9 the reconstitution; by the lord's order of the canon consecrand-
10 able; earthlost that we thought him; pesternost, the noneknown
11 worrier; from Tumberumba mountain; in persence of whole
12 landslots; forebe all the rassias; sire of leery subs of dub; the Dig-
13 gins, Woodenhenge, as to hang out at; with spawnish oel full his
14 angalach; the sousenugh; gnomeosulphidosalamermauderman; the
15 big brucer, fert in fort; Gunnar, of The Gunnings, Gund; one
16 of the two or three forefivest fellows a bloke could in holiday
17 crowd encounter; benedicted be the barrel; kilderkins, lids off; a
18 roache, an oxmaster, a sort of heaps, a pamphilius, a vintivat
19 niviceny, a hygiennic contrivance socalled from the editor; the
20 thick of your thigh; you knox; quite; talking to the vicar's joy
21 and ruth; the gren, woid and glue been broking by the maybole
22 gards; he; when no crane in Elga is heard; upout to speak this
23 lay; without links, without impediments, with gygantogyres,
24 with freeflawforms; parasama to himself; atman as evars; whom
25 otherwise becauses; no puler as of old but as of young a palatin;
26 whitelock not lacked nor temperasoleon; though he appears a
27 funny colour; stoatters some; but a quite a big bug after the
28 dahlias; place inspectorum sarchent; also the hulloow chyst ex-
29 cavement; astronomically fabulafigured; as Jambudvispa Vipra
30 foresaw of him; the last half versicle repurchasing his pawned
31 word; sorensplit and paddypatched; and pfor to pfinish our pfun
32 of a pfan coalding the keddle mickwhite; sure, straight, slim,
33 sturdy, serene, synthetical, swift.

34 By the antar of Yasas! Ruse made him worthily achieve in-
35 herited wish. The drops upon that mantle rained never around
36 Fingal. Goute! Loughlin's Salts, Will, make a newman if any-

1 worn. Soe? La! Lamfadar's arm it has cocoincidences. You mean
2 to see we have been hadding a sound night's sleep? You may so.
3 It is just, it is just about to, it is just about to rolywholyover.
4 Svapnasvap. Of all the stranger things that ever not even in the
5 hundrund and badst pageans of unthowsent and wonst nice or
6 in eddas and oddes bokes of tomb, dyke and hollow to be have
7 happened! The untireties of livesliving being the one substance
8 of a streamsbecoming. Totalled in toldteld and teldtold in tittle-
9 tell tattle. Why? Because, graced be Gad and all giddy gadgets,
10 in whose words were the beginnings, there are two signs to tum
11 to, the yest and the ist, the wright side and the wronged side,
12 feeling aslip and wauking up, so an, so farth. Why? On the sourd-
13 site we have the Moskiosk Djinpalast with its twin adjacencies,
14 the bathouse and the bazaar, allahallahallah, and on the sponthe-
15 site it is the alcovan and the rosegarden, boony noughty, all pura-
16 puthry. Why? One's apurr apuss a story about brid and break-
17 fedes and parricombating and couchcouch but others is of tholes
18 and oubworn buyings, dolings and chafferings in heat, contest
19 and enmity. Why? Every talk has his stay, vidnis Shavarsanjivana,
20 and all-a-dreams perhapsing under lucksloop at last are through.
21 Why? It is a sot of a swigswag, systomy dystomy, which evera-
22 body you ever anywhere at all doze. Why? Such me.

23 And howpsadrowsay.

24 Lok! A shaft of shivery in the act, anilancinant. Cold's sleuth!
25 Vayuns! Where did thots come from? It is infinitesimally fevers,
26 resty fever, risy fever, a coranto of aria, sleeper awakening, in
27 the smalls of one's back presentiment, gip, and again, geip, a
28 flash from a future of maybe mahamayability through the windr
29 of a wondr in a wildr is a weltr as a wirbl of a warbl is a world.

30 Tom.

31 It is perfect degrees excelsius. A jaladaew still stilleth. Cloud
32 lay but mackrel are. Anemone activescent, the torporature is re-
33 turning to mornal. Humid nature is feeling itself freely at ease
34 with the all fresco. The vervain is to herald as the grass admini-
35 sters. They say, they say in effect, they really say. You have eaden
36 fruit. Say whuit. You have snakked mid a fish. Telle whish.

1 Every those personal place objects if nonthings where soevers
2 and they just done been doing being in a dromo of todos with-
3 outen a bound to be your trowsers. Forswundled. You hald him
4 by the tap of the tang. Not a salutary sellable sound is since. In-
5 steed for asteer, adrift with adraft. Nuclumbulumbumus wander-
6 wards the Nil. Victorias neanzas. Alberths neantas. It was a long,
7 very long, a dark, very dark, an allburt unend, scarce endurable,
8 and we could add mostly quite various and somenwhat stumble-
9 tumbling night. Endee he sendee. Diu! The has goning at gone,
10 the is coming to come. Greetts to ghaslern, hie to morgning. Dor-
11 midy, destady. Doom is the faste. Well down, good other! Now
12 day, slow day, from delicate to divine, divases. Padma, brighter
13 and sweetster, this flower that bells, it is our hour or risings.
14 Tickle, tickle. Lotus spray. Till herenext. Adya.

15 Take thanks, thankstum, thamas. In that european end meets
16 Ind.

17 There is something supernoctural about whatever you called
18 him it. Panpan and vinvin are not alonety vanvan and pinpin in
19 your Tamal without tares but simplysoley they are they. This-
20 utter followis that odder fellow. Himkim kimkim. Old yeaster-
21 loaves may be a stale as a stub and the pitcher go to aftoms on the
22 wall. Mildew, murk, leak and yarn now want the bad that they
23 lied on. And your last words todote in camparative accousto-
24 mology are going to tell stretch of a fancy through strength to-
25 wards joyance, adyatants, where he gets up. Allay for allay, a
26 threat for a throat.

27 Tim!

28 To them in Ysat Loka. Hearing. The urb it orbs. Then's now
29 with now's then in tense continuant. Heard. Who having has
30 he shall have had. Hear! Upon the thuds trokes truck, chim,
31 it will be exactlyso fewer hours by so many minutes of the
32 ope of the diurn of the sennight of the maaned of the yere of
33 the age of the madamanvantora of Grossguy and Littleylady,
34 our hugibus hugibum and our weewee mother, actaman house-
35 truewith, and their childer and their napirs and their napirs'
36 childers napirs and their chattels and their servance and their

1 cognance and their ilks and their orts and their everythings that
2 is be will was theirs.
3 Much obliged. Time-o'-Thay! But wherth, O clerk?
4 Whithr a clonk? Vartman! See you not soo the pfaht they
5 pfunded, oura vatars that arred in Himmal, harruad bathar na-
6 mas, the gow, the stiar, the tigara, the liofant, when even thurst
7 was athar vetals, mid trefoils slipped the sable rampant, hoof,
8 hoof, hoof, hoof, padapodopudupedding on fattafottafutt. Ere
9 we are! Signifying, if tungs may toltan, that, primeval condi-
10 tions having gradually receded but nevertheless the emplacement
11 of solid and fluid having to a great extent persisted through
12 intermittences of sullemn fulminance, sollemn nuptialism, sallemn
13 sepulture and providential divining, making possible and ever;
14 inevitable, after his a time has a tense haves and havenots hesitency,
15 at the place and period under consideration a socially organic
16 entity of a millenary military maritory monetary morphological
17 circumformation in a more- or less settled state of equonomic
18 ecolube equalobe equilab equilibrium. Gam on, Gearge! Nomo-
19 morphemy for me! Lessnatbe angardsmanlake! You jast gat a
20 tache of army on the stumuk. To the Angar at Anker. Aecquo-
21 tincts. Seeworthy. Lots thankyouful, polite pointsins! There's
22 a tavarn in the tarn.
23 Tip. Take Tamotimo's topical. Tip. Browne yet Noland. Tip.
24 Advert.
25 Where. Cumulonubulocirrhonimbant heaven electing, the dart
26 of desire has gored the heart of secret waters and the poplarest
27 wood in the entire district is being grown at present, eminently
28 adapted for the requirements of pacnincstricken humanity and,
29 between all the goings up and the whole of the comings down and
30 the fog of the cloud in which we toil and the cloud of the fog
31 under which we labour, bomb the thing's to be domb about it so
32 that, beyond indicating the locality, it is felt that one cannot with
33 advantage add a very great deal to the foregoing by what, such as
34 it is to be, follows, just mentioning however that the old man of
35 the sea and the old woman in the sky if they don't say nothings
36 about it they don't tell us lie, the gist of the pantomime, from

1 cannibal king to the property horse, being,slumply and slopely, to
2 remind us how, in this drury world of ours, Father Times and
3 Mother Spacies boil their kettle with their crutch. Which every
4 lad and lass in the lane knows. Hence.

5 Polycarp pool, the pool of Innalavia, Saras the saft as, of
6 meadowy marge, atween Deltas Piscium and Sagittariastrion,
7 wherinn once we lave 'tis alve and vale, minnyhahing here from
8 hiarwather, a poddlebridges in a passabed, the river of lives, the
9 regenerations of the incarnations of the emanations of the appa-
10 rentations of Funn and Nin in Cleethabala, the kongdomain of
11 the Alieni, an accorsaired race, infester of Libnud Ocean, Moyla-
12 more, let it be! Where Allbroggt Neandser tracking Viggynette
13 Neeinsee gladsighted her Linfian Fall and a teamdiggingharrow
14 turned the first sod. Sluce! Caughtirect! Goodspeed the blow!
15 (Incidentally 'tis believed that his harpened before Gage's Fane
16 for it has to be over this booty spotch, though some hours to
17 the wester, that ex-Colonel House's preterpost heiress is to re-
18 turn unto the outstretcheds of Dweyr O'Michael's loinsprung
19 the blunerbusted pikehead which his had hewn in hers,pro-
20 longed laughter words). There an alomdree begins to green,
21 soreen seen for loveseat, as we know that should she, for by
22 essentience his law, so it make all. It is scainted to Vitalba. And
23 her little white bloomkins, twittersky trimmed, are hobdoblins'
24 hankypanks. Saxenslyke our anscessers thought so darely on
25 now they're going soever to Anglesen, free of juties, dyrt chapes.
26 There too a slab slob, immermemorial, the only in all swamp.
27 But so bare, so boulder, brag sagging such a brr bll bmm show
28 that, of Barindens, the white alfred, it owed to have at leased
29 some butchup's upperon. *Homos Circas Elochlannensis!* His
30 showplace at Leeambye. Old Wommany Wyes. Pfif! But, while
31 gleam with gloom swan here and there, this shame rock and that
32 whispy planter tell Paudheen Steel-the-Poghue and his perty
33 Molly Vardant, in goodbroomirish, arrah, this place is a proper
34 and his feist a ferial for curdnal communal, so be who would
35 celibrate the holy mystery upon or that the pirigrim from Mainy-
36 lands beatend, the calmleaved hutcaged by that look whose glaum

1 is sure he means bisnigels to empalmover. A naked yogpriet,
2 clothed of sundust, his oakey doaked with frondest leoves, offrand
3 to the ewon of her owen. Tasyam kuru salilakriyamu! Pfaf!
4 Bring about it to be brought about and it will be, loke, our lake
5 lemented, that greyt lack, the citye of Is is issuant (atlanst!), urban
6 and orbal, through seep froms umber under wasserres of Erie.
7 Lough!
8 Hwo! Hwy, dairmaidens? Asthoreths, assay! Earthsigh to is
9 heavened.
10 Hillsengals, the daughters of the cliffs, responsen. Longsome
11 the samphire coast. From thee to thee, thoo art it thoo, that
12 thouest there. The like the near, the liker nearer. O sosay! A
13 family, a band, a school, a clanagirls. Fiftines andbut fortines by
14 novanas andor vantads by octettes ayand decadendecads by a
15 lunary with last a lone. Whose every has herdifferent from the
16 similies with her site. *Sicut campanulae petalliferentes* they coroll
17 in caroll round Botany Bay. A dweam of dose innocent dirly
18 dirls. Keavn! Keavn! And they all setton voicies about singsing
19 music was Keavn! He. Only he. Ittle he. Ah! The whole
20 clangalied. Oh!
21 S. Wilhelmina's, S. Gardenia's, S. Phibia's, S. Veslandrua's,
22 S. Clarinda's, S. Immeacula's, S. Dolores Delphin's, S. Perlant
23 throa's, S. Errands Gay's, S. Eddaminiva's, S. Rhodamena's, S.
24 Ruadagara's, S. Drimicumtra's, S. Una Vestity's, S. Mintargisia's,
25 S. Misha-La-Valse's, S. Churstry's, S. Clouonaskieym's, S. Bella
26 vistura's, S. Santamonta's, S. Ringsingsund's, S. Heddadin
27 Drade's, S. Glacianivia's, S. Waidafirira's, S. Thomassabbess's
28 and (trema! unloud!! pepet!!!) S. Loellisotoelles!
29 Prayfulness! Prayfulness!
30 Euh! Thaet is seu whaet shaell one naeme it!
31 The meidinogues have tingued togethering. Ascend out of
32 your bed, cavern of a trunk, and shrine! Kathlins is kitchin.
33 Soros cast, ma brone! You must exterra acquarate to interirigate
34 all the arkypelicans. The austrologer Wallaby by Tolan, who
35 farshook our showrs from Newer Aland, has signed the you and
36 the now our mandate. Milenesia waits. Be smark.

1 One seekings. Not the lithe slender, not the broad roundish
2 near the lithe slender, not the fairsized fullfeatured to the leeward
3 of the broad roundish but, indeed and inneed, the curling, perfect-
4 portioned, flowerfleckled, shapely highhued, delicate features
5 swaying to the windward of the fairsized fullfeatured.

6 Was that in the air about when something is to be said for it or
7 is it someone impartial who will somewherise for the whole
8 anyhow?

9 What does Coemghen? Tell his hidings clearly! A woodtoo-
10 gooder. Is his moraltack still his best of weapons? How about a
11 little more goaling goold? Rowlin's tun he gadder no must. It is
12 the voice of Roga. His face is the face of a son. Be thine the silent
13 hall, O Jarama! A virgin, the one, shall mourn thee. Roga's stream
14 is solence. But Croona is in adestance. The ass of the O'Dwyer
15 of Greyglens is abrowtobayse afeald in his terroirs of the Potter-
16 ton's forecoroners, the reeks around the burleyhearthed. When
17 visited by an independant reporter, "Mike" Portlund, to burrow
18 burning the latterman's Resterant so is called the gortan in ques-
19 ture he mikes the fallowing for the Durban Gazette? firstcoming
20 issue. From a collispendent. Any were. Deemsday. Bosse of Upper
21 and Lower Byggotstrade, Ciwareke, may he live for river! The
22 Games funeral at Valleytemple. Saturnights pomps, exhabiting
23 that corricatore of a harss, revealed by Oscur Camerad. The last
24 of Dutch Schulds, perhumps. Pipe in Dream Cluse. Uncovers Pub
25 History. The Outrage, at Length. Affected Mob Follows in Reli-
26 gious Sullivence. Rinvention of vestiges by which they drugged
27 the buddhy. Moviefigure on in scenic section. By Patathicus. And
28 there, from out of the scuity, misty Londan, along the canavan
29 route, that is with the years gone, mild beam of the wave his
30 polar bearing, steerner among stars, trust touthena and you
31 tread true turf, comes the sorter, Mr Hurr Hansen, talking allthe-
32 ways in himself of his hopes to fall in among a merryfoule
33 of maidens happynghome from the dance, his knyckle allaready
34 in his knackskey fob, a passable compatriate properly of the
35 Grimstad galleon, old pairs frieze, feed up to the noxer with
36 their geese and peeas and oats upon a trencher and the toyms

1 he'd lust in Wooming but with that smeoil like a grace of backon-
2 ing over his egglips of the sunsoonshine. Here's heering you in
3 a guessmasque, latterman! And such an improofment! As royt
4 as the mail and as fat as a fuddle! Schoen! Shoan! Shoon the
5 Puzt! A penny for your thought abouts! Tay, tibby, tanny,
6 tummy, tasty, tosty, tay. Batch is for Baker who baxters our
7 bread. O, what an ovenly odour! Butter butter! Bring us this
8 days our maily bag! But receive me, my frensheets, from the
9 emerald dark winterlong! For diss is the doss for Eilder Downes
10 and dass is it duss,as singen sengers,what the hardworking
11 straightwalking stoutstamping securelysealing officials who trow
12 to form our G.M.P.'s pass muster generally shay for shee and
13 sloo for slee when butting their headd to the pillow for a night-
14 shared nakeshift with the alter girl they tuck in for sweepsake.
15 Dutiful wealker for his hydes of march. Haves you the time.
16 Hans ahike? Heard you the crime, senny boy? The man was
17 giddy on letties on the dewry of the duary, be pursueded,
18 whethered with entrenous, midgreys, dagos, teatimes, shadows,
19 nocturnes or samoans, if wellstocked fillerouters plushfeverfraus
20 with dopy chonks, and this, that and the other pigskin or muffle
21 kinkles, taking a pipe course or doing an anguish, seen to his
22 fleece in after his foul, when Dr Chart of Greet Chorsles street
23 he changed his backbone at a citting. He had not the declain-
24 tion, as what with the foos as whet with the fays, but so far as
25 hanging a goobes on the precedings, wherethen the lag allows, it
26 might be anything after darks. Which the deers alones they sees
27 and the darkies they is snuffing of the wind up. Debbling.
28 Greanteavvents! Hyacinssies with heliotrollops! Not once
29 fullvixen freakings and but dubbledecoys! It is a lable iction on
30 the porte of the cuthulic church and summum most atole for it.
31 Where is that blinketey blanketer, that quound of a pealer, the
32 sunt of a hunt whant foxes good men! Where or he, our loved
33 among many?
34 But what does Coemghem, the fostard? Tyro a tora. The
35 novened iconostase of his blueygreyned vitroils but begins
36 in feint to light his legend. Let Phosphoron proclaim! Peechy

1 peechy. Say he that saw him that saw! Man shall sharp run
2 do a get him. Ask no more, Jerry mine, Roga's voice! No
3 pice soorkabatcha. The bog which puckerood the posy. The
4 vinebranch of Heremonheber on Bregia's plane where Teffia lies
5 is leaved invert and fructed proper but the cublic hatches endnot
6 open yet for hourly rincers' mess. Read Higgins, Cairns and Egen.
7 Malthus is yet lukked in close. Withun. How swathed there-
8 answer alcove makes theirinn! Besoakers loiter on. And primi-
9 libatory solicates of limon sodias will be absorbable. It is
10 not even yet the engine of the load with haled morries full of
11 crates, you mattinmummur, for dombell dumbs? Sure and 'tis
12 not then. The greek Sideral Reulthway, as it havvents, will soon
13 be starting a smooth with its first single hastencraft. Danny buz-
14 zers instead of the vialact coloured milk train on the fartykkt
15 plan run with its endless gallaxion of rotatorattlers and the smool-
16 troon our elderens rememberem as the scream of the service,
17 Strubry Bess. Also the waggonwobblers are still yet everdue to
18 precipitate after night's combustion. Aspect, Shamus Rogua or!
19 Taceate and! *Hagiographice canat Ecclesia*. Which aubrey our
20 first shall show. Inattendance who is who is will play that's what's
21 that to what's that, what.

22 Oyes! Oyeses! Oyesesyeses! The primace of the Gaulls, pro-
23 tonotorious, I yam as I yam, mitrogenerand in the free state on
24 the air, is now aboil to blow a Gael warning. Inoperation Eyr-
25 lands Eyot, Meganesia, Habitant and the onebut thousand insels,
26 Western and Ostthern Approaches.

27 Of Kevin, of increate God the servant, of the Lord Creator a
28 filial fearer, who, given to the growing grass, took to the tall tim-
29 ber, slippery dick the springy heeler, as we have seen, so we
30 have heard, what we have received, that we have transmitted,
31 thus we shall hope, this we shall pray till, in the search for
32 love of knowledge through the comprehension of the unity in
33 altruism through stupefaction, it may again how it may again,
34 shearing aside the four wethers and passing over the dainty daily
35 dairy and dropping by the way the lapful of live coals and
36 smoothing out Nelly Nettle and her lad of mettle, full of stings,

1 fond of stones, friend of gnawgnaws bones and leaving all the
2 messy messy to look after our douche douche, the miracles,
3 death and life are these.

4 Yad. Procreated on the ultimate ysland of Yreland in the en-
5 cyclical yrish archipelago, come their feast of precreated holy
6 whiteclad angels, whomamong the christener of his, voluntarily
7 poor Kevin, having been graunted the praviloge of a priest's
8 postcreated portable *altare cum balneo*, when espousing the one
9 true cross, invented and exalted, in celibate matrimony at matin
10 chime arose and westfrom went and came in alb of cloth of gold
11 to our own midmost Glendalough-le-vert by archangelical guid-
12 ance where amiddle of meeting waters of river Yssia and Essia
13 river on this one of eithers lone navigable lake piously Kevin,
14 lawding the triune trishagion, amidships of his conducible altar
15 super bath, rafted centripetally, diaconal servent of orders hiber-
16 nian, midway across the subject lake surface to its supreem epi-
17 centric lake Ysle, whereof its lake is the ventrifugal principality,
18 whereon by prime, powerful in knowledge, Kevin came to where
19 its centre is among the circumfluent watercourses of Yshgafiena
20 and Yshgafiuna, an enysled lakelet yslanding a lacustrine yslet,
21 whereupon with beached raft subdiaconal bath *propter* altar,
22 with oil extremely anointed, accompanied by prayer, holy Kevin
23 bided till the third morn hour but to build a rubric penitential
24 honeybeehivehut in whose enclosure to live in fortitude, acolyte
25 of cardinal virtues, whereof the arenary floor, most holy Kevin
26 excavated as deep as to the depth of a seventh part of one full
27 fathom, which excavated, venerable Kevin, anchorite, taking
28 counsel, proceded towards the lakeside of the ysletshore whereat
29 seven several times he, eastward genuflecting, in entire ubidence
30 at sextnoon collected gregorian water sevenfold and with am-
31 brosian eucharistic joy of heart as many times receded, carrying
32 that privileged altar *unacumque* bath, which severally seven timcs
33 into the cavity excavated, a lector of water levels, most venerable
34 Kevin, then effused thereby letting there be water where was there-
35 tofore dry land, by him so concreated, who now, confirmed a strong
36 and perfect christian, blessed Kevin, exorcised his holy sister

1 water, perpetually chaste, so that, well understanding, she should
2 fill to midheight his tubbathaltar, which hanbathtub, most blessed
3 Kevin, ninthly enthroned, in the concentric centre of the trans-
4 lated water, whereamid, when violet vesper veiled, Saint Kevin,
5 Hydrophilos, having girded his sable *cappa magna* as high as to
6 his cherubical loins, at solemn compline sat in his sate of wis-
7 dom, that handbathtub, whereverafter, recreated *doctor insularis*
8 of the universal church, keeper of the door of meditation, memory
9 *extempore* proposing and intellect formally considering, recluse,
10 he meditated continuously with seraphic ardour the primal sacra-
11 ment of baptism or the regeneration of all man by affusion of
12 water. Yee.

13 Bisships, bevel to rock's rite! Sarver buoy, extinguish! Nuota-
14 bene. The rare view from the three Benns under the bald heaven
15 is on the other end, askan your blixom on dimmen and blastun,
16 something to right hume about. They were erected in a purvious
17 century, as a hen fine coops and, if you know your Bristol and
18 have trudged the trolly ways and elventurns of that old cobbold
19 city, you will sortofficially scribble a mental Peny-Knox-Gore.
20 Whether they were franklings by name also has not been fully
21 probed. Their design is a whosold word and the charming de-
22 tails of light in dark are freshed from the feminiairity which
23 breathes content. *O ferax cupla!* Ah, fairypair! The first exploder
24 to make his ablations in these parks was indeed that lucky mortal
25 which the monster trial showed on its first day out. What will
26 not arky paper, anticidingly inked with penmark, push, per sample
27 prof, kuvertly faltd, when style, stink and stigmataphoron are
28 of one sum in the same person? He comes out of the soil very
29 well after all just where Old Toffler is to come shuffling along-
30 soons Panniquanne starts showing of her peequuliar talonts.
31 Awaywrong wandler surking to a rightrare rute for his plain
32 utterrock sukes, appelled to by her fancy claddaghs. You plied
33 that pokar, gamesy, swell as aye did, while there were flickars
34 to the flores. He may be humpy, nay, he may be dumpy but there
35 is always something racey about, say, a sailor on a horse. As soon
36 as we sale him geen we gates a sprise! He brings up tofatufa and

1 that is how we get to Missas in Massas. The old Marino tale. We
2 veriters verity notefew demmed lustres priorly magistrite maxi-
3 mollient in ludubility learned. Facst. Teak off that wise head!
4 Great sinner, good sonner, is in effect the motto of the Mac-
5 Cowell family. The gloved fist (skrimmhandsker) was intraduced
6 into their socerdatal tree before the fourth of the twelfth and it
7 is even a little odd all four horolodgeries still gonging restage
8 Jakob van der Bethel, smolking behing his pipe, with Essav of
9 Messagepostumia, lentling out his borrowed chafingdish, before
10 cymbaloosing the apostles at every hours of changeover. The
11 first and last rittlerattle of the anniverse; when is a nam nought a
12 nam whenas it is a. Watch! Heroes' Highway where our fleshers
13 leave their bonings and every bob and joan to fill the bumper fair.
14 It is their segnall for old Champelysied to seek the shades of his
15 retirement and for young Chappielassies to tear a round and tease
16 their partners lovesofffun at Finnegans Wake.

17 And it's high tigh tigh. Titley hi ti ti. That my dig pressed in
18 your dag si. Gnug of old Gnig. Ni, gnid mig brawly! I bag your
19 burden. Mees is thees knees. Thi is Mi. We have caught one-
20 selves, Sveasmeas, in somes incontigruity coumplegs of heopon-
21 hurrish marrage from whose I most sublumbunate. A polog, my
22 eng! Excutes. Om still so sovvy. Whyle om till ti ti.

23 Ha!

24 Dayagreening gains in schlimninging. A summerwint spring-
25 falls, abated. Hail, regn of durknass, snowly receassing, thund
26 lightening thund, into the dimbelowstard departamenty whither-
27 out, soon hist, soon mist, to the hothehill from the hollow,
28 Solsking the Frist (attempted by the admirable Captive Bunting
29 and Loftonant-Cornel Blaire) will processingly show up above
30 Tumplen Bar whereupont he was much jubilated by Boerge-
31 mester "Dyk" ffogg of Isoles, now Eisold, looking most plussed
32 with (exhib 39) a clout capped sunbubble anaccanponied from
33 his bequined torse. Up.

34 Blanchardstown mewspeppers pleads coppyl. Gracest good-
35 ness, heave mensy upponnus! Grand old Manbutton, give your
36 bowlers a rest!

1 It is a mere mienerism of this vague of visibilities, mark you,
2 as accorded to by moisturologist of the Brehons Assorceration for
3 the advancement of scayence because, my dear, mentioning of
4 it under the breath, as in pure (what bunkum!) essenesse, there
5 have been disselving forenenst you just the draeper, the two
6 drawpers assisters and the three droopers assessors confraterni-
7 tisers. Who are, of course, Uncle Arth, your two cozes from
8 Niece and (kunject a bit now!) our own familiars, Billyhealy, Bally-
9 hooly and Bullyhowley, surprised in an indecorous position by
10 the Sigurd Sigerson Sphygmomanometer Society for bled-
11 prusschers.

12 Knightsmore. Haventyne?

13 Ha ha!

14 This Mister Ireland? And a live?

15 Ay, ay. Aye, aye, baas.

16 The cry of Stena chills the vitals of slumbring off the motther
17 has been pleased into the harms of old salaciters, meassurers
18 soon and soon, but the voice of Alina gladdens the cockly-
19 hearted dreamerish for that magic moning with its ching
20 chang chap sugay kaow laow milkee muchee bringing becker-
21 brose, the brew with the foochoor in it. Sawyest? Nodt? Nyets,
22 I dhink I sawn to remumb or sumbsuch. A kind of a thinglike
23 all traylogged then pubably it resymbles a pelvic or some kvind
24 then props an acutedbacked quadrangle with aslant off ohahn-
25 thenth a wenchyoumaycuddler, lying with her royalirish upper-
26 shoes among the theeckleaves. Signs are on of a mere by token
27 that wills still to be becoming upon this there once a here was
28 world. As the dayeleyves unfolden them. In the wake of the
29 blackshape, *Nattenden Sorte*; whenat, hindled firth and hunded
30 furth, the week of wakes is out and over; as a wick weak woking
31 from ennumberable Ashias unto fierce force fuming, temtem
32 tamtam, the Phoenican wakes.

33 Passing. One. We are passing. Two. From sleep we are pass-
34 ing. Three. Into the wikeawades warld from sleep we are passing.
35 Four. Come, hours, be ours!

36 But still. Ah diar, ah diar! And stay.

1 It was allso agreeable in our sinegear clutchless, touring the
2 no placelike no timelike absolent, mixing up pettyvaughan popu-
3 lose with the magnummoore genstries, lloydhaired mersscenary
4 blookers with boydskinnd piggtetails and goochlipped gwendo-
5 lenes with duffeyed dolores; like so many unprobables in their
6 poor suit of the impossable. With Mata and after please with
7 Matamaru and after please stop with Matamaruluka and after stop
8 do please with Matamarulukajoni.

9 And anotherum. Ah ess, dapple ass! He will be longing after
10 the Grogram Grays. And, Weisingchetaoli, he will levellaut
11 ministel Trampleasure be. Sheflower Rosina, younger Sheflower
12 fruit Amaryllis, youngest flowerfruityfrond Sallysill or Sillysall.
13 And house with heaven roof occupanters they are continuatngly
14 attraverse of its milletestudinous windows, ricocoursing them-
15 selves, as staneglass on stonegloss, inplayn unglisch Wynn's
16 Hotel. Brancherds at: Bullbeck, Oldboof, Sassondale, Jorsey
17 Uppygard, Mundelonde, Abbeytotte, Bracquyuitte with Hoc-
18 keyvilla, Fockeyvilla, Hillewille and Wallhall. Hoojahoo mana-
19 gers the thingaviking. Obning shotly. When the messanger of
20 the risen sun, (see other oriel) shall give to every seeable a hue and
21 to every hearable a cry and to each spectacle his spot and to each
22 happening her houram. The while we, we are waiting, we are
23 waiting for. Hymn.

24 *Muta:* Quodestnunc fumusiste volhvuns ex Domoyno?

25 *Juva:* It is Old Head of Kettle puffing off the top of the mornin.

26 *Muta:* He odda be thorly well ashamed of himself for smoking
27 before the high host.

28 *Juva:* Dies is Dorminus master and commandant illy tonob-
29 brass.

30 *Muta:* Diminussed aster! An I could peecieve amonkst the
31 gatherings who ever they wolk in process?

32 *Juva:* Khubadah! It is the ChrystantheMLander with his
33 porters of bonzos, pompommy plonkyplonk, the ghariwallahs,
34 moveyovering the cabrattlefield of slaine.

35 *Muta:* Pongo da Banza! An I would uscertain in druidful
36 scatterings one piece tall chap he stand one piece same place?

1 *Juva*: Bulkily: and he is fundementially theosophagusted over
2 the whorse proceedings.
3 *Muta*: Petrificationibus! O horild haraflare! Who his dickhuns
4 now rearrexes from underneath the memorialorum?
5 *Juva*: Beleave filmly, beleave! Fing Fing! King King!
6 *Muta*: Ulloverum? Fulgitudo ejus Rhedonum teneat!
7 *Juva*: Rolantlossly! Till the tipp of his ziff. And the ubideintia
8 of the savium is our ervics fenicitas.
9 *Muta*: Why soly smiles the supremest with such for a leary on
10 his rugular lips?
11 *Juva*: Bitchorbotchum! Eebrydime! He has help his crewn on
12 the burkeley buy but he has holf his crown on the Eurasian
13 Generalissimo.
14 *Muta*: Skulkasloot! The twyly velleid is thus then paridi-
15 cynical?
16 *Juva*: Ut vivat volumen sic pereat pouradosus!
17 *Muta*: Haven money on stablecert?
18 *Juva*: Tempt to wom Outsider!
19 *Muta*: Suc? He quoffs. Wutt?
20 *Juva*: Sec! Wartar wartar! Wett.
21 *Muta*: Ad Piabelle et Purabelle?
22 *Juva*: At Winne, Woermann og Sengs.
23 *Muta*: So that when we shall have acquired unification we
24 shall pass on to diversity and when we shall have passed on to
25 diversity we shall have acquired the instinct of combat and when
26 we shall have acquired the instinct of combat we shall pass back to
27 the spirit of appeasement?
28 *Juva*: By the light of the bright reason which daysends to us
29 from the high.
30 *Muta*: May I borrow that hordwanderbaffle from you, old
31 rubberskin?
32 *Juva*: Here it is and I hope it's your wormingpen, Erinmonker!
33 Shoot.
34 Rhythm and Colour at Park Mooting. Peredos Last in the
35 Grand Natural. Velivision victor. Dubs newstage oldtime turf-
36 tussle, recalling Winny Willy Widger. Two draws. Heliotrope

1 leads from Harem. Three ties. Jockey the Ropper jerks Jake the
2 Rape. Paddock and bookley chat.
3 And here are the details.
4 Tunc. Bymeby, bullocky vampas tappany bobs topside joss
5 pidgin fella Balkelly, archdruid of islish chinchinjoss in the his
6 heptachromatic sevenhued septicoloured roranyellgreenindigan
7 mantle finish he show along the his mister guest Patholic with
8 alb belongahim the whose throat hum with of sametime all the his
9 cassock groaner fellas of greysfriaryfamily he fast all time what
10 time all him monkafellas with Same Patholic, quoniam, speeching,
11 yeh not speeching noh man liberty is, he drink up words, scilicet,
12 tomorrow till recover will not, all too many much illusiones
13 through photoprismic velamina of hueful panepiphanal world
14 spectacurum of Lord Joss, the of which zoantholitic furniture,
15 from mineral through vegetal to animal, not appear to full up to-
16 gether fallen man than under but one photoreflexion of the
17 several iridals gradationes of solar light, that one which that part
18 of it (furnit of heupanepi world) had shown itself (part of fur of
19 huepanwor) unable to absorbere, whereas for numpa one pura- -
20 duxed seer in seventh degree of wisdom of Entis-Onton he savvy
21 inside true inwardness of reality, the Ding hvad in idself id est,
22 all objects (of panepiwor) allside showed themselves in trues
23 coloribus resplendent with sextuple gloria of light actually re-
24 tained, untisintus, inside them (obs of epiwo). Rumnant Patholic,
25 stareotypopticus, no catch all that preachybook, utpiam, to-
26 morrow recover thing even is not, bymeby vampsybobsy tap-
27 panasbullocks topside joss pidginfella Bilkilly-Belkelly say pat-
28 fella, ontesantes, twotime hemhaltshealing, with other words
29 verbigratiagradating from murmurulentous till stridulocelerious in
30 a hunghorangoangoly tsinglontseng while his comprehen-
31 duriend, with diminishing claractinism, augumentationed himself
32 in caloripeia to vision so throughsighty, you anxiooust melan-
33 cholic, High Thats Hight Uberking Leary his fiery grassbelong-
34 head all show colour of sorrelwood herbgreen, again, nigger-
35 blonker, of the his essixcoloured holmgrewnworsteds costume
36 the his fellow saffron pettikilt look same hue of boiled spinasses,

1 other thing, voluntary mutismuser, he not compyhandy the his
2 golden twobreasttorc look justsamelike curlicabbis, moreafter, to
3 pace negativisticists, verdant readyrainroof belongahim Exuber
4 High Ober King Leary very dead, what he wish to say, spit of
5 superexuberabundancy plenty laurel leaves, after that com-
6 mander bulopent eyes of Most Highest Ardreet sar King same
7 thing like thyme choppy upon parsley, alongsidethat, if please-
8 sir, nos displace tauttung, sowlofabishospastored, enamel Indian
9 gem in maledictive fingerfondler of High High Siresultan Em-
10 peror all same like one fellow olive lentil, onthelongsidethat, by
11 undesendas, kirikirikiring, violaceous warwon contusiones of
12 facebuts of Highup Big Cockywocky Sublissimime Autocrat, for
13 that with pure hueglut intensely saturated one, tinged uniformly,
14 allaroundside upinandoutdown, very like you see cut chowchow
15 of plentymuch sennacassia Hump cumps Ebblybally! Sukkot?

16 Punc. Bigseer, reflects the petty padre, whackling it out, a
17 tumble to take, ripeness to call thing and to call if say is good
18 while, you pore shiroskuro blackinwhitepaddynger, by thiswis
19 aposterioprismically apatstrophied and paralogically periparoly-
20 lysed, celestial from principalest of Iro's Irismans ruinboon pot
21 before, (for beingtime monkblinkers timeblinged completamen-
22 tarily murkblankered in their neutrolysis between the possible
23 viriditude of the sager and the probable eruberuption of the
24 saint), as My tappropinquis to Me wipenmeselps gnosegates a
25 handcaughtscheaf of synthetic shammyrag to him hers, seeming-
26 such four three two agreement cause heart to be might, saving to
27 Balenoarch (he kneeleths), to Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths
28 down) to Greatest Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths down quite-
29 somely), the sound sense sympol in a weedwayedwold of the
30 firethere the sun in his halo cast. Onmen.

31 That was thing, bygotter, the thing, bogcotton, the very thing,
32 begad! Even to uptoputty Bilkilly-Belkelly-Balkally. Who was
33 for shouting down the shatton on the lamp of Jeeshes. Sweating
34 on to stonker and throw his seven. As he shuck his thumping
35 fore features apt the hoyhop of His Ards.

36 Thud.

1 Good safe firelamp! hailed the heliots. Goldselforelump!
2 Halled they. Awed. Where thereon the skyfold high, trampa-
3 trampatramp. Adie. Per ye comdoom doominoom noonstroom.
4 Yeasome priestomes. Fullyhum toowhoom.
5 Taawhaar?
6 Sants and sogs, cabs and cobs, kings and karls, tentes and
7 taunts.
8 'Tis gone infarover. So fore now, dayleash. Pour deday. To
9 trancefixureashone. Feist of Taborneccles, scenopegia, come!
10 Shamwork, be in our scheining! And let every crisscouple be so
11 crosscomplimentary, little eggons, youlk and meelk, in a farbig
12 pancosmos. With a hottyhammyum all round. Gudstruce!
13 Yet is no body present here which was not there before. Only
14 is order othered. Nought is nulled. *Fuitfiat!*
15 Lo, the laud of laurens now orielising benedictively when
16 saint and sage have said their say.
17 A spathe of calyptrous glume involucrumines the perinanthean
18 Amenta: fungoalgaceous muscafilicial graminopalmular plan-
19 teon; of increasing, livivorous, feelful thinkamalinks; luxuriotia-
20 ting everywhencewithersoever among skullhullows and charnel-
21 cysts of a weedwastewoldwevild when Ralph the Retriever
22 ranges to jawrode his knuts knuckles and her theas thighs; one-
23 gugulp down of the nauseous forere brarkfarsts oboboosaround
24 and you're as paint and spickspan as a rainbow; wreathe the bowl
25 to rid the bowel; no runcure, no rank heat, sir; amess in amullium;
26 chlorid cup.
27 Health, chalce, endnessnessesity! Arrive, likkypuggers, in
28 a poke! The folgor of the frightfools is olympically optimo-
29 minous; there is bound to be a lovleg day for mirrages in the
30 open; Murnane and Aveling are undertoken to berry that ort-
31 chert: provided that. You got to make good that breachsuit,
32 seamer. You going to haulm port houlm, toilermaster. You yet
33 must get up to kill (nonparticular). You still stand by and do as
34 hit (private). While for yous, Jasminia Aruna and all your likers,
35 affinitatively must it be by you elected if Monogynes his is or
36 hers Diander, the tubous, limbersome and nectarial. Owned or

1 grazeheifer, ethel or bonding. Mopsus or Gracchus, all your
2 horodities will incessantly be coming back from the Annone
3 Wishwashwhose, Ormepierre Lodge, Doone of the Drumes,
4 blanches bountifully and nightsend made up, every article lather-
5 ing leaving several rinsings so as each rinse results with a dap-
6 perent rolle, cuffs for meek and chokers for sheek and a kink in
7 the pacts for namby. Forbeer, forbear! For nought that is has
8 bane. In mournenslaund. Themes have thimes and habit reburns.
9 To flame in you. Ardor vigor fordors order. Since ancient was
10 our living is in possible to be. Delivered as. Caffirs and culls and
11 onceagain overalls, the fittest surviva lives that blued, iorn and
12 storridge can make them. Whichus all claims. Clean. Whenast-
13 cleeps. Close. And the mannormillor clipperclappers. Noxt. Doze.
14 Fennsense, finnsonse, aworn! Tuck upp those wide shorts.
15 The pink of the busket for sheer give. Peeps. Stand up to hard
16 ware and step into style. If you soil may, puett, guett me prives.
17 For newmanmaun set a marge to the merge of unnotions. Inni-
18 tion wons agame.
19 What has gone? How it ends?
20 Begin to forget it. It will remember itself from every sides, with
21 all gestures, in each our word. Today's truth, tomorrow's trend.
22 Forget, remember!
23 Have we cherished expectations? Are we for liberty of peru-
24 siveness? Whyafter what forewhere? A plainplanned liffeyism
25 assemblments Eblania's conglomerate horde. By dim delty Deva.
26 Forget!
27 Our wholemole millwheeling vicociclocometer, a tetradoma-
28 tional gazebocroticon (the "Mamma Lujah" known to every
29 schoolboy scandaller, be he Matty, Marky, Lukey or John-a-
30 Donk), autokinatonetically preprovided with a clappercoupling
31 smeltingworks exprogressive process, (for the farmer, his son and
32 their homely codes, known as eggburst, eggblend, eggburial and
33 hatch-as-hatch can) receives through a portal vein the dialytically
34 separated elements of precedent decomposition for the verypet-
35 purpose of subsequent recombination so that the heroticisms,
36 catastrophes and eccentricities transmitted by the ancient legacy

1 of the past; type by tope, letter from litter, word at ward, with
2 sendence of sundance, since the days of Plooney and Colum-
3 cellas when Giacinta, Pervenche and Margaret swayed over the
4 all-too-ghoulish and illyrical and innumantic in our mutter nation,
5 all, anastomosically assimilated and preteridentified paraidioti-
6 cally, in fact, the sameold gamebold adomic structure of our
7 Finnius the old One, as highly charged with hophaz-
8 ards can effective it, may be there for you, Cockalooralooraloo-
9 menos, when cup, platter and pot come piping hot, as sure as
10 herself pits hen to paper and there's scribings scrawled on eggs.

11 Of cause, so! And in effect, as?

12 Dear. And we go on to Dirdump. Reverend. May we add
13 majesty? Well, we have frankly enjoyed more than anything
14 these secret workings of natures (thanks ever for it, we humbly
15 pray) and, well, was really so denighted of this lights time.
16 Mucksrats which bring up about uhrweckers they will come to
17 know good. Yon clouds will soon disappear looking forwards
18 at a fine day. The honourable Master Sarmon they should be
19 first born like he was with a twohangled warpon and it was
20 between Williamstown and the Mairrion Ailesbury on the top
21 of the longcar, as merrily we rolled along, we think of him looking
22 at us yet as if to pass away in a cloud. When he woke up in a
23 sweat besidus it was to pardon him, goldylocks, me having an
24 airth, but he daydreamsed we had a lovelyt face for a pulltomine.
25 Back we were by the jerk of a bearnstark, backed in paladays last,
26 on the brinks of the wobblish, the man what never put a dramn
27 in the swags but milk from a national cowse. That was the prick
28 of the spindle to me that gave me the keys to dreamland. Sneakers
29 in the grass, keep off! If we were to tick off all that cafflers head,
30 whisperers for his accomodation, the me craws, namely, and their
31 bacon what harmed butter! It's margarseen oil. Thinthin thin-
32 thin. Stringstly is it forbidden by the honorary tenth commend-
33 mant to shall not bare full sweetness against a nighboor's wiles.
34 What those slimes up the cavern door around you, keenin, (the
35 lies is coming out on them frecklefully) had the shames to suggest
36 can we ever? Never! So may the low forget him their trespasses

1 against Molloyd O'Reilly, that hugglebeddy fann, now about to
2 get up, the hartiest that Coolock ever! A nought in nought
3 Eirinishmhan, called Ervigsen by his first mate. May all similar
4 douters of our oldhame story have that fancied widming! For
5 a pipe of twist or a slug of Hibernia metal we could let out and,
6 by jings, someone would make a carpus of somebody with the
7 greatest of pleasure by private shootings. And in contravention to
8 the constancy of chemical combinations not enough of all the
9 slatters of him left for Peeter the Picker to make their threi sevelty
10 filfths of a man out of. Good wheat! How delituous for the three
11 Sulvans of Dulkey and what a sellpriceget the two Peris of
12 Monacheena! Sugars of lead for the chloras ashpots! Peace! He
13 possessing from a child of highest valency for our privileged
14 beholdings ever complete hairy of chest, hamps and eyebags in
15 pursuance to salesladies' affectionate company. His real devotes.
16 Wriggling reptiles, take notice! Whereas we exgust all such
17 sprinkling snigs. They are pestituting the whole time never with
18 standing we simply agree upon the committee of amusance! Or
19 could above bring under same notice for it to be able to be seen.

20 About that coerogenal hun and his knowing the size of an egg-
21 cup. First he was a skulksman at one time and then Cloon's fired
22 him through guff. Be sage about sausages! Stuttutistics shows
23 with he's heacups of teatables the oldfirm's fatspitters are most
24 eatenly appreciated by metropolonians. While we should like to
25 drag attentions to our Wolkmans Cumsensation Act. The magnets
26 of our midst being foisted upon by a plethorace of parachutes.
27 Did speece permit the bad example of setting before the military
28 to the best of our belief in the earliest wish of the one in mind was
29 the mitigation of the king's evils. And how he staired up the
30 step after it's the power of the gait. His giantstand of manun-
31 known. No brad wishy washy wathy wanted neither! Once you
32 are balladproof you are unperceable to haily, icy and missile-
33 throes. Order now before we reach Ruggers' Rush! As we now
34 must close hoping to Saint Laurans all in the best. Moral. Mrs
35 Stores Humphreys: So you are expecting trouble, Pondups, from
36 the domestic service questioned? Mr Stores Humphreys: Just as

1 there is a good in even, Levia, my cheek is a compleet bleenk.
2 Plumb. Meaning: one two four. Finckers. Up the hind hose of
3 hizzars. Whereapon our best again to a hundred and eleven ploose
4 one thousand and one other blessings will now concloose those
5 epoostles to your great kindest, well, for all at trouble to took.
6 We are all at home in old Fintona, thank Danis, for ourselfsake,
7 that direst of housebonds, whool wheel be true unto lovesend
8 so long as we has a pockle full of brass. Impossible to remember
9 persons in improbable to forget position places. Who would
10 pellow his head off to conjure up a, well, particularly mean stinker
11 like funn make called Foon MacCrawl brothers, mystery man of
12 the pork martyrs? Force in giddersh! Tomothy and Lorcan, the
13 bucket Toolers, both are Timsons now they've changed their
14 characticuls during their blackout. Conan Boyles will pudge the
15 daylives out through him, if they are correctly informed. Music, me
16 ouldstrow, please! We'll have a brand rehearsal. Fing! One must
17 simply laugh. Fing him aging! Good licks! Well, this ought to weke
18 him to make up. He'll want all his fury gutmurderers to redress
19 him. Gilly in the gap. The big bad old sprowly all uttering foon!
20 Has now stuffed last podding. His fooneal will sneak pleace by
21 creeps o'clock toosday. Kingen will commen. Allso brewbeer.
22 Pens picture at Manchem House Horsegardens shown in Morn-
23 ing post as from Boston transcripped. Femelles will be preadam-
24 inant as from twentyeight to twelve. To hear that lovelade
25 parson, of case, of a bawl gentlemale, pour forther moracles. Don't
26 forget! The grand fooneal will now shortly occur. Remember.
27 The remains must be removed before eaght hours shorp. With
28 earnestly conceived hopes. So help us to witness to this day to
29 hand in sleep. From of Mayasdaysed most duteoused.
30 Well, here's lettering you erroneously anent other clerical
31 fands allieged herewith. I wisht I wast be that dumb tyke and he'd
32 wish it was me yonther heel. How about it? The sweetest song
33 in the world! Our shape as a juvenile being much admired from
34 the first with native copper locks. Referring to the Married
35 Woman's Improperly Act a correspondent paints out that the
36 Swees Auburnn vogue is hanging down straith fitting to her

1 innocent eyes. O, felicious coolpose! If all the MacCrawls would
2 only handle virgils like Armsworks, Limited! That's handsel for
3 gertles! Never mind Micklemans! Chat us instead! The cad
4 with the pope's wife, Lily Kinsella, who became the wife of
5 Mr Sneakers for her good name in the hands of the kissing
6 solicitor, will now engage in attentions. Just a prinche for to-
7 night! Pale bellies our mild cure, back and streaky ninepace.
8 The thicks off Bully's Acre was got up by Sully. The Boot lane
9 brigade. And she had a certain medicine brought her in a
10 licenced victualler's bottle. Shame! Thrice shame! We are
11 advised the waxy is at the present in the Sweeps hospital and
12 that he may never come out! Only look through your leather-
13 box one day with P.C.Q. about 4.32 or at 8 and 22.S with the
14 quart of scissions masters and clerk and the bevyhum of Marie
15 Reparatrices for a good allround sympowdhericks purge, full view,
16 to be surprised to see under the grand piano Lily on the sofa (and
17 a lady!) pulling a low and then he'd begin to jump a little bit to
18 find out what goes on when love walks in besides the solicitous
19 bussness by kissing and looking into a mirror.

20 That we were treated not very grand when the police and
21 everybody is all bowing to us when we go out in all directions
22 on Wanterlond Road with my cubarola glide? And, personably
23 speaking, they can make their beaux to my alce, as Hillary Allen
24 sang to the opernnine knights. Item, we never were chained to a
25 chair, and, bitem, no widower whother soever followed us about
26 with a fork on Yankskilling Day. Meet a great civilian (proud
27 lives to him!) who is gentle as a mushroom and a very affectable
28 when he always sits forenenst us for his wet while to all whom
29 it may concern Sully is a thug from all he drunk though he is a
30 rattling fine bootmaker in his profession. Would we were here-
31 arther to lodge our complaint on sergeant Laraseny in consequence
32 of which in such steps taken his health would be constably broken
33 into potter's pance which would be the change of his life by a
34 Nollwelshian which has been oxbelled out of crispianity.

35 Well, our talks are coming to be resumed by more polite con-
36 versation with a huntered persent human over the natural bestness

1 of pleasure after his good few mugs of humbedumb and shag.
2 While for whoever likes that urogynal pan of cakes one apiece it is
3 thanks, beloved, to Adam,our former first Finnletter and our
4 grocerest churcher, as per Grippiths' varuations, for his beautiful
5 crossmess parzel.

6 Well, we simply like their demb cheeks, the Rathgarries,
7 wagging here about around the rhythms in me amphybed and he
8 being as bothered that he pausably could by the fallth of hampty
9 damp. Certified reformed peoples, we may add to this stage, are
10 proptably saying to quite agreeable deaf. Here gives your
11 answer, pigs and scuts! Hence we've lived in two worlds. He is
12 another he what stays under the himp of holth. The herewaker
13 of our hamefame is his real namesame who will get himself up
14 and erect, confident and heroic when but, young as of old, for my
15 daily comfreshenall, a wee one woos.

16 Alma Luvia, Pollabella.

17 P.S. Soldier Rollo's sweetheart. And she's about fettetted up now
18 with nonsery reams. And rigs out in regal rooms with the ritzies.
19 Rags! Worns out. But she's still her deckhuman amber too.

20 Soft morning, city! Lsp! I am leafy speafing. Lpf! Foltly and
21 foltly all the nights have falled on to long my hair. Not a sound,
22 falling. Lispn! No wind no word. Only a leaf, just a leaf and
23 then leaves. The woods are fond always. As were we their babes
24 in. And robins in crews so. It is for me goolden wending.
25 Unless? Away! Rise up, man of the hooths, you have slept so
26 long! Or is it only so mesleems? On your pondered palm.
27 Reclined from cape to pede. With pipe on bowl. Terce for a
28 fiddler, sixt for makmerriers, none for a Cole. Rise up now and
29 aruse! Norvena's over. I am leafy, your goolden, so you called
30 me, may me life, yea your goolden, silve me solve, exsogerraider!
31 You did so drool. I was so sharm. But there's a great poet in you
32 too. Stout Stokes would take you offly. So has he as bored me
33 to slump. But am good and rested. Taks to you, toddy, tan ye!
34 Yawhawaw. Helpunto min, helpas vin. Here is your shirt, the day
35 one, come back. The stock, your collar. Also your double brogues.
36 A comforter as well. And here your iverol and everthelest your

1 umbr. And stand up tall! Straight. I want to see you looking fine
2 for me. With your brandnew big green belt and all. Blooming in
3 the very lotust and second to nill, Budd! When you're in the
4 buckly shuit Rosensharonals near did for you. Fiftyseven and
5 three, cosh, with the bulge. Proudpurse Alby with his pooraroon
6 Eireen, they'll. Pride, comfytousness, enevy! You make me think
7 of a wonderdecker I once. Or somebalt the sailder, the man me-
8 gallant, with the bangled ears. Or an earl was he, at Lucan? Or,
9 no, it's the Iren duke's I mean. Or somebrey erse from the Dark
10 Countries. Come and let us! We always said we'd. And go abroad.
11 Rathgreany way perhaps. The childher are still fast. There is no
12 school today. Them boys is so contrary. The Head does be
13 worrying himself. Heel trouble and heal travel. Galliver and
14 Gellover. Unless they changes by mistake. I seen the likes in
15 the twinnling of an aye. Som. So oft. Sim. Time after time.
16 The sehm asnuh. Two bredder as doffered as nors in soun. When
17 one of him sighs or one of him cries 'tis you all over. No peace
18 at all. Maybe it's those two old crony aunts held them out to the
19 water front. Queer Mrs Quickenough and odd Miss Dodd-
20 pebble. And when them two has had a good few there isn't much
21 more dirty clothes to publish. From the Launderdale Minssions.
22 One chap googling the holyboy's thingabib and this lad wetting
23 his widdle. You were pleased as Punch, recitating war exploits
24 and pearse orations to them jackeen gapers. But that night after,
25 all you were wanton! Bidding me do this and that and the other.
26 And blowing off to me, hugly Judsys, what wouldn't you give
27 to have a girl! Your wish was mewill. And, lo, out of a sky! The
28 way I too. But her, you wait. Eager to choose is left to her shade.
29 If she bad only more matcher's wit. Findlings makes runaways,
30 runaways a stray. She's as merry as the gricks still. 'Twould be
31 sore should ledden sorrow. I'll wait. And I'll wait. And then if
32 all goes. What will be is. Is is. But let them. Slops hospodch and
33 the slusky slut too. He's for thee what she's for me. Dogging you
34 round cove and haven and teaching me the perts of speech. If you
35 spun your yarns to him on the swishbarque waves I was spelling
36 my yearns to her over cottage cake. We'll not disturb their sleep-

1 ing duties. Let besoms be bosuns. It's Phoenix, dear. And the
2 flame is, hear! Let's our joornee saintomichael make it. Since the
3 lausafire has lost and the book of the depth is. Closed. Come!
4 Step out of your shell! Hold up you free fing! Yes. We've light
5 enough. I won't take our laddy's lampern. For them four old
6 windbags of Gustsofairy to be blowing at. Nor you your ruck-
7 sunck. To bring all the dannymans out after you on the hike. Send
8 Arctur guiddus! Isma! Sft! It is the softest morning that ever I
9 can ever remember me. But she won't rain showerly, our Ilma. Yet.
10 Until it's the time. And me and you have made our. The sons of
11 bursters won in the games. Still I'll take me owld Finvara for my
12 shawlders. The trout will be so fine at brookfisht. With a taste
13 of roly polony from Blugpuddels after. To bring out the tang of
14 the tay. Is't you fain for a roost brood? Oaxmealturn, all out of
15 the woolpalls! And then all the chippy young cuppinjars clutter-
16 ing round us, clottering for their creams. Crying, me, grownup
17 sister! Are me not truly? Lst! Only but, theres a but, you must
18 buy me a fine new girdle too, nolly. When next you go to Market
19 Norwall. They're all saying I need it since the one from Isaacsen's
20 slooped its line. Mrknrk? Fy arthou! Come! Give me your great
21 bearspaw, padder avilky, fol a miny tiny. Dola. Mineninecy-
22 handsy, in the languo of flows. That's Jorgen Jargonsen. But you
23 understood, nodst? I always know by your brights and shades.
24 Reach down. A lil mo. So. Draw back your glave. Hot and hairy,
25 hugon, is your hand! Here's where the falskin begins. Smoos as
26 an infams. One time you told you'd been burnt in ice. And one
27 time it was chemicalled after you taking a lifeness. Maybe that's
28 why you hold your hodd as if. And people thinks you missed the
29 scaffold. Of fell design. I'll close me eyes. So not to see. Or see only
30 a youth in his florizel, a boy in innocence, peeling a twig, a child be-
31 side a weenywhite steed. The child we all love to place our hope in
32 for ever. All men has done something. Be the time they've come to
33 the weight of old fletch. We'll lave it. So. We will take our walk
34 before in the timpul they ring the earthly bells. In the church
35 by the hearseyard. PaY Goodmens will. Or the birds start their
36 treestirm shindy. Look, there are yours off, high on high! And

1 cooshes, sweet good luck they're cawing you, Coole! You see,
2 they're as white as the riven snae. For us. Next peaters poll you
3 will be elicited or I'm not your elicitous bribe. The Kinsella
4 woman's man will never reduce me. A MacGarath O'Cullagh
5 O'Muirk MacFewney sookadoodling and sweepacheeping round
6 the lodge of Fjorn na Galla of the Trumpets! It's like potting the
7 po to shambe on the dresser or tammimg Uncle Tim's Caubeen
8 on to the brows of a Viker Eagle. Not such big strides, huddy
9 foddy! You'll crush me antilopes I saved so long for. They're
10 Penisole's. And the two goodiest shoeshoes. It is hardly a Knut's
11 mile or seven, possumbotts. It is very good for the health of a
12 morning. With Buahbuah. A gentle motion all around. As
13 leisure paces. And the helpyourselftoastrool cure's easy. It seems
14 so long since, ages since. As if you had been long far away.
15 Afartodays, afearonights, and me as with you in thadark. You
16 will tell me some time if I can believe its all. You know where
17 I am bringing you? You remember? When I ran berrying after
18 hucks and haws. With you drawing out great aims to hazel me
19 from the hummock with your sling. Our cries. I could lead you
20 there and I still by you in bed. Les go dutc to Danegreven,
21 nos? Not a soul but ourselves. Time? We have loads on our
22 hangs. Till Gilligan and Halligan call again to hooligan. And
23 the rest of the guns. Sullygan eight, from left to right. Olobobo,
24 ye foxy theagues! The moskors thought to ball you out. Or
25 the Wald Unicorns Master, Bugley Captain, from the Naul, drawls
26 up by the door with the Honourable Whilp and the Reverend
27 Poynter and the two Lady Pagets of Tallyhaugh, Ballyhuntus,
28 in their riddletight raiding hats for to lift a hereshealth to their
29 robost, the Stag, evers the Carlton hart. And you needn't host
30 out with your duck and your duty, capapole, while they reach
31 him the glass he never starts to finish. Clap this wis on your poll
32 and stick this in your ear, wiggly! Beauties don't answer and the
33 rich never pays. If you were the enlarged they'd hue in cry you,
34 Heathtown, Harbourstown, Snowtown, Four Knocks, Fleming-
35 town, Bodingtow to the Ford of Fyne on Delvin. How they
36 housed to house you after the Platonic garlens! And all because,

1 loosed in her reflexes, she seem she seen Ericoricori coricome
2 huntsome with his three poach dogs aleashing him. But you came
3 safe through. Enough of that homer corner! And old mutther-
4 goosip! We might call on the Old Lord, what do you say? There's
5 something tells me. He is a fine sport. Like the score and a moighty
6 went before him. And a proper old promnentory. His door
7 always open. For a newera's day. Much as your own is. You
8 invoiced him last Eatster so he ought to give us hockockles and
9 everything. Remember to take off your white hat, ech? When
10 we come in the presence. And say hoothoothoo, ithmuthisthy!
11 His is house of laws. And I'll drop my graciast kertssey too. If
12 the Ming Tung no go bo to me homage me hamage kow bow
13 tow to the Mong Tang. Ceremonialness to stand lowest place
14 be! Saying: What'll you take to link to light a pike on porpoise,
15 plaise? He might knight you an Armor elsor daub you the first
16 cheap magyerstrape. Remember Bomthomanew vim vam vom
17 Hungerig. Hoteform, chain and epolettes, botherbumbose. And
18 I'll be your aural eyeness. But we vain. Plain fancies. It's in the
19 castles air. My currant bread's full of sillymottocraft. Aloof is
20 anoof. We can take or leave. He's reading his ruffs. You'll know
21 our way from there surely. Flura's way. Where once we led so
22 many car couples have follied since. Clatchka! Giving Shaugh-
23 nassy's mare the hillymount of her life. With her strulldeburg-
24 ghers! Hnmn hnmn! The rollcky road adondering. We can sit
25 us down on the heathery benn, me on you, in quolm uncon-
26 sciounce. To scand the arising. Out from Drumleek. It was there
27 Evora told me I had best. If I ever. When the moon of mourning
28 is set and gone. Over Glinaduna. Lonu nula. Ourselves, oursouls
29 alone. At the site of salvocean. And watch would the letter you're
30 wanting be coming may be. And cast ashore. That I prays for
31 be mains of me draims. Scratching it and patching at with a
32 prompt from a primer. And what scrips of nutsnolleges I pecked
33 up me meself Every letter is a hard but yours sure is the hardest
34 crux ever. Hack an axe, hook an oxe, hath an an, heth hith ences.
35 But once done, dealt and delivered, tattat, you're on the map.
36 Rased on traumscrip from Maston, Boss. After rounding his

1 world of ancient days. Carried in a caddy or screwed and corked.
2 On his mugisstosst surface. With a bob, bob, bottledby. Blob.
3 When the waves give up yours the soil may for me. Sometime
4 then, somewhere there, I wrote me hopes and buried the page
5 when I heard Thy voice, ruddery dunner, so loud that none but,
6 and left it to lie till a kissmiss coming. So content me now. Lss.
7 Unbuild and be buildn our bankaloan cottage there and we'll
8 cohabit respectable. The Gowans, ser, for Medem, me. With
9 acute bubel runtoer for to pippup and gopeep where the sterres
10 be. Just to see would we hear how Jove and the peers talk. Amid
11 the soleness. Tilltop, bigmaster! Scale the summit! You're not
12 so giddy any more. All your graundplotting and the little it
13 brought! Humps, when you hised us and dumps, when you
14 doused us! But sarra one of me cares a brambling ram, pomp
15 porteryark! On limpidy marge I've made me hoom. Park and a
16 pub for me. Only don't start your stunts of Donachie's yeards
17 agoad again. I could guessp to her name who tuckt you that one,tuf-
18 nut! Bold bet backwards. For the loves of sinfintins! Before the
19 naked universe. And the bailby pleasemarm rincing his eye! One
20 of these fine days, lewdy culler, you must redoform again.
21 Blessed shield Martin! Softly so. I am so exquisitely pleased about
22 the loveleavest dress I have. You will always call me Leafiest,
23 won't you, dowing? Wordherfhull Ohldhbhoy! And you won't
24 urbjunk to me parafume, oiled of kolooney, with a spot of mara-
25 shy. Sm! It's Alpine Smile from Yesthers late Yhesters. I'm in
26 everywince nasturtls. Even in Hoult's nose. Medeurscodeignus!
27 Astale of astoun. Grand owld marauder! If I knew who you are!
28 When that hark from the air said it was Captain Finsen makes cum-
29 hulments and was mayit pressing for his suit I said are you there
30 here's nobody here only me. But I near fell off the pile of samples.
31 As if your tinger winged ting to me hear. Is that right what
32 your brothermilk in Bray bes telling the district you were bragged
33 up by Brostal because your parents would be always tumbling
34 into his foulplace and losing her pentacosts after drinking their
35 pledges? Howsomendeavour, you done me fine! The only man
36 was ever known could eat the crushts of lobsters. Our native

1 night when you twicetook me for some Marianne Sherry and
2 then your Jermyn cousin who signs hers with exes and the beard-
3 wig I found in your Clarksome bag. Pharaohs you'll play you're
4 the king of Aeships. You certainly make the most royal of noises.
5 I will tell you all sorts of makeup things, strangerous. And show
6 you to every simple storyplace we pass. *Cadmillersfolly, Bellevenue,*
7 *Wellcrom, Quid Superabit,* villities valleties. Change the plates
8 for the next course of murphies! Spendlove's still there and the
9 canon going strong and so is Claffey's habits endurtaking and
10 our parish pomp's a great warrent. But you'll have to ask that
11 same four that named them is always snugging in your bar-
12 salooner, saying they're the best relicts of Conal O'Daniel and
13 writing *Finglas since the Flood*. That'll be some kingly work in pro-
14 gress. But it's by this route he'll come some morrow. And I
15 can signal you all flint and fern are rasstling as we go by. And
16 you'll sing thumb a bit and then wise your selmon on it. It is all
17 so often and still the same to me. Snf? Only turf, wick dear! Clane
18 turf. You've never forgodden batt on tarf, have you, at broin
19 burrow, what? Mch? Why, them's the muchrooms, come up
20 during the night. Look, agres of roofs in parshes. Dom on dam,
21 dim in dym. And a capital part for olympics to ply at. Steadyon,
22 Cooloosus! Mind your stride or you'll knock. While I'm dodging
23 the dustbins. Look what I found! A lintil pea. And look at here!
24 This cara weeseed. Pretty mites, my sweetthings, was they poor-
25 loves abandoned by wholawidey world? Neighboulotts for new-
26 town. The Eblanamagna you behazyheld looming up out of the
27 dumblynass. But the still sama sitta. I've lapped so long. As you
28 said. It fair takes. If I lose my breath for a minute or two don't
29 speak, remember! Once it happened, so it may again. Why I'm
30 all these years within years in soffran, allbeleaved. To hide away
31 the tear, the parted. It's thinking of all. The brave that gave their.
32 The fair that wore. All them that's gunne. I'll begin again in a
33 jiffey. The nik of a nad. How glad you'll be I waked you! My!
34 How well you'll feel! For ever after. First we turn by the vagurin
35 here and then it's gooder. So side by side, turn agate, wedding-
36 town, laud men of Londub! I only hope whole the heavens sees

1 us. For I feel I could near to faint away. Into the deeps. Anna-
2 mores leep. Let me lean, just a lea, if you le, bowldstrong big-
3 tider. Allgearls is wea. At times. So. While you're adamant evar.
4 Wrhps, that wind as if out of norewere! As on the night of the
5 Apophanyes. Jumpst shootst throbbst into me mouth like a
6 bogue and arrohs! Ludegude of the Lashlanns, how he whips
7 me cheeks! Sea, sea! Here, weir, reach, island, bridge. Where you
8 meet I. The day. Remember! Why there that moment and us
9 two only? I was but teen, a tiler's dot. The swankysuits was
10 boosting always, sure him, he was like to me fad. But the swag-
11 gerest swell off Shackvulle Strutt. And the fiercest freaky ever
12 followed a pining child round the slupperry table with a forkful
13 of fat. But a king of whistlers. Scieoula! When he'd prop me atlas
14 against his goose and light our two candles for our singers duohs
15 on the sewingmachine. I'm sure he squirted juice in his eyes to
16 make them flash for flightening me. Still and all he was awful
17 fond to me. Who'll search for *Find Me Colours* now on the hilly-
18 droops of Vikloefells? But I read in Tobecontinued's tale that while
19 blubles blows there'll still be sealskers. There'll be others but non
20 so for me. Yed he never knew we seen us before. Night after
21 night. So that I longed to go to. And still with all. One time you'd
22 stand fornenst me, fairly laughing, in your bark and tan billows of
23 branches for to fan me coolly. And I'd lie as quiet as a moss. And
24 one time you'd rush upon me, darkly roaring, like a great black
25 shadow with a sheeny stare to perce me rawly. And I'd frozen
26 up and pray for thawe. Three times in all. I was the pet of everyone
27 then. A princeable girl. And you were the pantymammy's Vulkung
28 Corsergoth. The invision of Indelond. And, by Thorrer, you
29 looked it! My lips went livid for from the joy of fear. Like almost
30 now. How? How you said how you'd give me the keys of me
31 heart. And we'd be married till delth to uspart. And though dev
32 do espart. O mine! Only, no, now it's me who's got to give. As
33 duv herself div. Inn this linn. And can it be it's nnow fforvell?
34 Illas! I wisht I had better glances to peer to you through this bay-
35 light's growing. But you're changing, acoolsha, you're changing
36 from me, I can feel. Or is it me is? I'm getting mixed. Brightening

1 up and tightening down. Yes, you're changing, sonhusband, and
2 you're turning, I can feel you, for a daughterwife from the hills
3 again. Imlamaya. And she is coming. Swimming in my hindmoist.
4 Diveltaking on me tail. Just a whisk brisk sly spry spink spank
5 sprint of a thing theresomere, saultering. Saltarella come to her
6 own. I pity your oldself I was used to. Now a younger's there.
7 Try not to part! Be happy, dear ones! May I be wrong! For she'll
8 be sweet for you as I was sweet when I came down out of me
9 mother. My great blue bedroom, the air so quiet, scarce a cloud.
10 In peace and silence. I could have stayed up there for always only.
11 It's something fails us. First we feel. Then we fall. And let her rain
12 now if she likes. Gently or strongly as she likes. Anyway let her
13 rain for my time is come. I done me best when I was let. Think-
14 ing always if I go all goes. A hundred cares, a tithe of troubles and
15 is there one who understands me? One in a thousand of years of
16 the nights? All me life I have been lived among them but now
17 they are becoming lothed to me. And I am lothing their little
18 warm tricks. And lothing their mean cosy turns. And all the
19 greedy gushes out through their small souls. And all the lazy
20 leaks down over their brash bodies. How small it's all! And me
21 letting on to meself always. And liling on all the time. I thought
22 you were all glittering with the noblest of carriage. You're only
23 a bumpkin. I thought you the great in all things, in guilt and in
24 glory. You're but a puny. Home! My people were not their sort
25 out beyond there so far as I can. For all the bold and bad and
26 bleary they are blamed, the seahags. No! Nor for all our wild
27 dances in all their wild din. I can seen meself among them, alla-
28 niuvia pulchrabelled. How she was handsome, the wild Amazia,
29 when she would seize to my other breast! And what is she weird,
30 haughty Niluna, that she will snatch from my ownest hair! For
31 'tis they are the stormies. Ho hang! Hang ho! And the clash of
32 our cries till we spring to be free. Auravoles, they says, never heed
33 of your name! But I'm lothing them that's here and all I lothe.
34 Loonely in me loneness. For all their faults. I am passing out. O
35 bitter ending! I'll slip away before they're up. They'll never see.
36 Nor know. Nor miss me. And it's old and old it's sad and old it's

1 sad and weary I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad
2 father, my cold mad feary father, till the near sight of the mere
3 size of him, the moyles and moyles of it, moananoaning, makes me
4 seasilt saltsick and I rush, my only, into your arms. I see them
5 rising! Save me from those therrble prongs! Two more. Onetwo
6 moremens more. So. Avelaval. My leaves have drifted from me.
7 All. But one clings still. I'll bear it on me. To remind me of. Lff!
8 So soft this morning, ours. Yes. Carry me along, taddy, like you
9 done through the toy fair! If I seen him bearing down on me now
10 under whitespread wings like he'd come from Arkangels, I sink
11 I'd die down over his feet, humbly dumbly, only to washup. Yes,
12 tid. There's where. First. We pass through grass behush the bush
13 to. Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here. Us
14 then. Finn, again! Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Till thous-
15 endsthee. Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a
16 long the

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PARIS,
1922-1939.