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riverrun, past Eve and Adam’s, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.

Sir Tristram, violer d’amores, fr’over the short sea, had passen-core rearrived from North Armorica on this side the scraggisthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor had topsawyer’s rocks by the stream Ocone exaggerated themself to Laurens County’s gorgios while they went doublin their mumper all the time: nor avoice from afire bellowed mishe mishe to taufauf thuartpeartack not yet, though venissoon after, had a kidsced buttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all’s fair in vanessy, were sosie sesthers wrotch with twone nathandjoe. Rot a peck of pa’s malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and rory end to the regginbrow to was seen ringsome on the aquaface.

The fall (bababadalgharaghtakaminarronkonbrontonner-ronntuonnthunntrovarrhouhounawnskawtooohoohoordenenthur — nuk!) of a once wallstrait oldparr is retaled early in bed and later on life down through all christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the offwall entailed at such short notice the pfitschute of Finnegan, erse solid man, that the humptyhillhead of humself promptly sends an unequiring one well to the west in quest of his tumpptymutos: and their upturnpikepointandplace is at the knock out in the park where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since dev-linsfirst loved livvy.

What clashes here of wills gen wonts, ovystrygods gaggin fishy-gods! Brékkek Kékkek Kékkek Kékkek! Kóax Kóax Kóax! Uulu Uulu Uulu! Quaoouah! Where the Baddelaries partisans are still out to mathmaster Malachus Micgranes and the Verdons cata-pelting the camibalistics out of the Whoyteboyce of Hoodie Head. Assiaglates and boomerangstrooms. Sod’s brood, be me fear! Sanglorians, save! Arms apleat with larms, appalling. Killykill-killy: a toll, a toll. What chance cuddleys, what cashels aired and ventilated! What bidimetoloves sinduced by what tegotetab-solvers! What true feeling for their’s hayair with what strawng voice of false jiccup! O here here how hoth sprawled met the dusk the father of fornicationists but, (O my shining stars and body!) how hath panespanned most high heaven the skysign of soft advertisement! But was iz? Iselt? Ere were sewers? The oaks of ald now they lie in peat yet elms leap where askes lay. Phall if you but will, rise you must: and none so soon either shall the pharce for the nunce come to a setdown secular phoenish.

Bygmester Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand, freemen’s mau-rer, lived in the broadest way immarginable in his rushlit toofar — back for messuages before joshuan judges had given us numbers or Helviticus committed deuteronomy (one yeastyday he sternely struxk his tete in a tub for to watsch the future of his fates but ere he swiftly stook it out again, by the might of mosies, the very wat-er was evaporated and all the guenneses had met their exodus so that ought to show you what a pentschanjeuhty chap he was!) and during mighty odd years this man of hod, cement and edi-gers, had passen from North Armorica on this side the scraggy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor had topsawyer’s rocks by the stream Ocone exaggerated themself to Laurens County’s gorgios while they went doublin their mumper all the time: nor avoice from afire bellowed mishe mishe to taufauf thuartpeartack not yet, though venissoon after, had a kidsced buttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all’s fair in vanessy, were sosie sesthers wrotch with twone nathandjoe. Rot a peck of pa’s malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and rory end to the regginbrow to was seen ringsome on the aquaface.

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

What then anglelike brought about that tragadoy thundersday this municipal sin business? Our cubehouse still rocks as earwitness to the thunder of his arafatas but we hear also through successive ages that shebby choruysh of unkalified muzzenimissilehims that would blackguardise the metch whitestone ever hurtlerturtle out of heaven. Stay us wherefore in our search for tighteousness, O Sus-tainer, what time we rise and when we take up to toothmick and before we lump down upown our leatherbed and in the night and at the fading of the stars! For a nod to the nabir is better than wink to the wabsanti. Otherways wesways like that provost scoffing bedoueen the jebel and the jpsian sea. Crohrepber the crunch-bracken shall decide. Then we’ll know if the feast is a flyday. She has a gift of seek on site and she allcasually ansars helpers, the dreamydeary. Heed! Heed! It may half be a missfired brick, as some say, or it mought have been due to a collapsus of his
back promises, as others looked at it. (There extand by now one thou-sand and one stories, all told, of the same). But so sore
did abe ite ivvy’s holired abbles, (what with the wallhall’s horrors of rolls-rights, carhacks, stonengs, kisstvanes, tramtrees,
fargobawlers, autokotonos, hipphobbilies, streelfleets, tourintaxes, mega-phogggs, circuses and wardsmoats and basilikerkers
and aeropagods and the hoyse and the jollybrool and the peeler in the coat and the mecklenburk bitch bite at his ear and the
merlinburrow bur-rocks and his fore old porecourts, the bore the more, and his blightblack workingstacks at twelvepins a
dozzen and the noobi-busses sleighding along Safetyfirst Street and the derryjellybies snooping around Tell–No–Tailors’
Corner and the fumes and the hopes and the strupithum of his ville’s indigenous romekeepers, homescapers,
domecreepers, thurum and thurum in fancymud murum and all the uproof from all the auproofs, a roof for may and a reef for
hugh butt under his bridge tony) wan warning Phill filt tippling full. His howd feeled heavy, his hoddit did shake. (There
was a wall of course in erection) Dimb! He stot-tered from the latter. Damb! he was dud. Dumb! Mastabatoom,
mastabatoommm, when a mon merries his lute is all long. For whole the world to see.

Shize? I should shee! Macool, Macool, orra whyi deed ye diie? of a trying thristay mourning? Sobs they sighd at Fillagain’s
chrisrormiss wake, all the hoolivans of the nation, prostrated in their consternation and their duodismally profusive plethora
of ululation. There was thrombs and grumes and sheriffes and citherers and raiders and cinemen too. And the all gianed in
with the shout-most shoviality. Agog and magog and the round of them argog. To the continuation of that celebration until
Hanandunigan’s’ extermination! Some in kinkin corass, more, kankan keening. Belling him up and filling him down. He’s
stiff but he’s steady is Priam Olin! ’Twas he was the dacent gaylabouring youth. Sharpen his pillowscone, tap up his bier!
E’erawhere in this whorl would ye hear sich a din again? With their deepbrow fundigs and the dusty fidelios. They laid him
brawdawn alanglast bed. With a bockalips of finisky fore his feet. And a barrowload of guenesys hoer his head. Tee the tootal
of the fluid hang the twoddle of the fuddled, O!

Hurrah, there is but young gleve for the owl globe wheels in view which is tautaulogically the same thing. Well, Him a being
so on the flounder of his bulk like an overgrown babeling, let wee peep, see, at Hom, well, see peegee ought he ought,
platterplate. Hum! From Shopalist to Bailywick or from ashtun to baroanath or from Byuhtebanks to Roundthead or from
the foot of the bill to ireglint’ eye he calmyly extensolies. And all the way (a horn!) from fiorid to fijjel his baywinds’ oboobes
shall wail him rockbound (hoahoahoah) in swimswamswum and all the livvy-long night, the deldell dalpling night, the
night of blueerybells, her flitalflute in tricky trochees (O carina! O carina!) wake him. With her issavann essavans and her
patterjackmartins about all them inns and ouses. Tilling a teel of a tum, telling a toll of a tea
Yet may we not see still the brontoichthyan form outlineg a-slimbered, even in our own nighttime by the sedge of the trout
— ling stream that Bronto loved and Brunto has a lean on. Hic cubat editis. Apud libertinam parvulam. Whatif she be in flags
or flitters, reekierags or sundyechosies, with a mint of mines or beggar a pinnyweight. Arrah, sure, we all love little Anny
Ruiny, or, we mean to say, about to believe. So pool the begg and pass the kish for crawsake. Omen. So
patterjackmartins about all them inns and ouses. Tilling a teel of a tum, telling a toll of a tea
long night, the

This the way to the museyroom. Mind your hats goan in! Now yiz are in the Willingdone Museyroom. This is a Prooshi-ous
gunn. This is a frinch. Tip. This is the flag of the Prooshi — ous, the Cap and Soracer. This is the bullet that byng the flag of
the Prooshious. This is the frinch that fire on the Bull that bang the flag of the Prooshious. Saloos the Crossgunn! Up with
your pike and fork! Tip. (Bullsfoot! Fine!) This is the triplewon hat of Lipoleum. Tip. Lipoleumhat. This is the Willingdone
on his same white harse, the Cokenhape. This is the big Slaughter Wil-lingdone, grand and magentic in his goldtin spurs and his ironed dux and his quarterbrass woodysheos and his magnate’s qarters and his bangkok’s best and goliar’s goloshes and his pullupon-easyan wartrews. This is his big wide harse. Tip. This is the three lipoleum boyne grouchong down in the living detch. This is an intinyskilling inglis, this is a scoter grey, this is a davy, stooping. This is the bog lipoleum mordering the lipoleum beg. A Gallaghurs argaumunt. This is the petty lipoleum boy that was nayther bag nor bug. Assaye, assaye! Touchole Fitz Tuo-mush. Dirty MacDyke. And Hairy O’Hurry. All of them arminus-varminus. This is Delian alps. This is Mont Tivel, this is Mont Tipsey, this is the Grand Mons Injun. This is the crimealine of the alps hooping to sheltershock the three lipoleums. This is the jinnies with their legahorns feinting to reading in their handmade’s book of stragely while making their war undisides the Willingdone. The jinnies is a cooin her hand and the jinnies is a ravin her hair and the Willingdone git the band up. This is big Willingdone mormorial tallowcoop Wounderworker obscides on the flanks of the jinnies. Sexcaler hrosspower. Tip. This is me Belchum sneaking his philliphy out of his most Aful Grimnest Sunshat Cromwelly. Looted. This is the jinnies’ hast-ings dispatch for to irrigate the Willingdone. Dispatch in thin red lines cross the shortfront of me Belchum. Yaw, yaw, yaw! Leaper Orthor. Fear siecken! Fieldgaze thy tiny frow. Hugacting. Nap. That was the tictacs of the jinnies for to fontannoy the Willingdone. Shue, shue, shee! The jinnies is jilloos agincourtting all the lipoleums. And the lipoleums is gonn boycottencrery onto the one Willingdone. And the Willingdone git the band up. This is bode Belchum, bonnet to busby, breaking his sacred word with a ball up his ear to the Willingdone. This is the Willingdone’s hur-old dispitchback. Dispatch deployed on the regions rare of me Belchum. Salamangra! Ayi, ayi, ayi! Cherry jinnies. Figgreyou! Damn fairy ann, Voutre. Willingdone. That was the first joke of Willingdone, tic for tac. Hee, hee, hee! This is me Belchum in his twelvemile cowchooks, weet, tweet and stampforth foremost, footing the camp for the jinnies. Drink a sip, drankasup, for he’s as sooner buy a guiness than he’d stae store stout. This is Roo-shious balls. This is a trinch. This is mistletropes. This is Canon Futter with the popynose. After his hundred days’ indulgence. This is the blessed. Tarra’s widdars! This is jinnies in the bonny bawn bloochees. This is the Willingdone, by the splinters of Cork, order fire. Tonnerre! (Bullsear! Play!) This is camelry, this is floodens, this is the solphereens in action, this is their m. jinnies in the bonny bawn bloochees. This is lipoleums in the rowdy howses. This is the Willingdone, by the splinters of Cork, order fire. Tonnerre! (Bullsear! Play!) This is camelry, this is floodens, this is the solphereens in action, this is their m. jinnies in the bonny bawn bloochees. This is li-
in the ilandiskippy, with peewee and powwows in beggybaggy on her bickybacky and a flick flask fleckflinging its pixylighting pacts’ huemeramybows, picking here, pecking there, pussypussy plunderpussy. But it’s the arimitides toonigh, militopucus, and toomourn we wish for a muddy kismans to the minitua workers and there’s to be a gorgeous truce for happiest childher everwre. Come nebo me and suso sing the day we sallybright. She’s burrowed the coacher’s headlight the better to pry (who goes cute goes siocur and shoos aroun) and all spoiled goods go into her nabsack: curtrages and rattlin battins, nappy spattees and flasks of all nations, clavicures and scampulars, maps, keys and woodpiles of haypennies and moonled brooches with bloodstanned breek in em, boaston nightgarters and masses of shoesets and nickelly nacks and foder allmichael and a lugly parson of caters and howitzer muchears and midgers and maggets, ills and ells with loffs of toffs and plures of bells and the last sigh that come fro the hart (bucklied!) and the fairest sin the sunsaw (that’s cearc!). With Kiss. Kiss Criss. Cross Criss. Kiss Cross. Undo lives end. Slain.

How bootifull and how trueetowife of her, when strengey fore-bidden, to steal our historic presents from the past postpropheti — cals so as to will make us all lordy heirs and ladymaidesses of a pretty nice kettle of fruit. She is living in our midst of debt and lapping through all plores for us (her birth is uncontrollable), with a naperon for her mask and her sabboes kickin arias (so sair! so solly!) if yous ask me and I saack you. Hou! Hou! Gricks may rise and Troyirs fall (there being two sights for ever a picture) for in the byways of high improvidence that’s what makes life-work leaving and the world’s a cell for citters to cit in. Let young wimman run away with the story and let young min talk smooth behind the buttler’s back. She knows her knight’s duty while Luntum sleeps. Did ye save any tin? says he. Did I what? with a grin says she. And we all like a manriedannn because she is mer-cenary. Though the length of the land lies under liquidation (floote!) and there’s nare a hairbow nor an eyebush on this glau-brous phace of Herrschuft Whatarwelther she’ll loan a vesta and hire some peat and sarch the shores her cockles to heat and she’ll do all a turfwoman can to piff the business on. Paff. To puff the blaziness on. Poffpoff. And even if Humpty shell fall frumpty times as awkward again in the beioldsosoloom of all our grand remonstrancers there’ll be igs for the brekkers come to mourn-him, sunny side up with care. So true is it that therewheere’s a turnover the tay is wet too and when you think you ketch sight of a hind make sure but you’re cocked by a hin.

Then as she is on her beavourite job of quainance ban -r -tendant to be stugging at the jubalee harp from a second existed lishener, Fie -ry Farrelly.) It is well known. Lokk for -de treepurty on the planko in the purk. Stand up, mickos! Make strake for minnas! By order, Nicholas Proud. We may see and hear nothing if we choose of the shortlegged bergins off Corkhill or the bergamoors of Arbourhill or the bergagambols of Summerhill or the bergincellies of Miseryhill or the country-bossed bergones of Constitutionhill though every crowd has its several tones and every trade has its clever mechanics and each harmonical has a point of its own, Olaf’s on the rise and Ivor’s on the lift and Sitric’s place’s between them. But all they are all there scraping along to sneeze out a likelihood that will solve and salve life’s robulous rebus, hopping round his middle like ki -ppers on a griddle, O, as he lays dormont from the macroborg of Holdhard to the microbirg of Pied de Poudre. Behove this sound of Irish sense. Really? Here English might be seen. Royally? One sovereign punned to petery pence. Regally? The silence scenes the scene. Fake!

So This Is Dyoublong?

Hush! Caution! Echoland!

How charmingly exquisite! It reminds you of the outwashed engravure that we used to be blurring on the blotchwall of his innkempt house. Used they? (I am sure that tiring chabelshovel ler with the mujikal chocolat box, Miry Mitchel, is listening) I say, the remains of the outworn gravemure where used to be blurried the Ptollmens of the Incabus. Used we? (He is only innkempt house. Used they? (I am sure that tiring chabelshovel

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Four things therefore, saith our herodatory Mammon Lujius in his grand old historiorum, wrote near Boriorum, bluest book in baile’s annals, f t. in Dyffinarsky ne’er sall fail ti heathersmoke and cloudweed Eire’s ile sall pall. And here now they are, the fear of um. T. Totities! Unum. (Adar.) A bulbennboss surmounted upon an alderman. Ay, ay! Diaum. (Nizam.) A shoe on a puir old wobban. Ah, ho! Triom. (Tamuz.) An auburn mayde, o’brine a’bride, to be desarted. Adead, adead! Quodlibus. (Marchessvan.) A penn no weightier nor a polepost. And so. And all. (Succoth.)
So, how idlers’ wind turning pages on pages, as innocens with anaclete play popeye antipop, the leaves of the living in the boke of the deeds, annals of themselves timing the cycles of events grand and national, bring fossilwise to pass how.

1132 A.D. Men like to ants or emmets wondern upon a groot hwide Whallfisk which lay in a Runnel. Blunny wares upat Ublanium.

566 A.D. On Baalfire’s night of this year after deluge a crone that hadde a wickered Kish for to hale dead tunes from the bog look-it under the blay of her Kish as she ran for to sothisfeige her cow — rieosity and be me sawl but she found hersell sackvulle of swart goody quickenshoon ant small illigant brogues, so rich in sweat. Blurry works at Hurdlesford.

(Silent.)

566 A.D. At this time it fell out that a brazenlockt damsel grieved (sobralasolas!) because that Puppette her minion was ravish’t-of her by the ogre Puropeus Pious. Bloody wars in Ballyaughacleeagh-bally.

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

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

Now after all that farfatch’d and peragrine or dingnant or clere lift we our ears, eyes of the darkness, from the tome of Liber Lividus and, (toh!), how paisibly eirenical, all dimmering dunes and gloamering glades, selfstretches afore us our fredeland’s plain! Lean neath stone pine the pastor lies with his crook; young pric-ket by pricket’s sister nibbleth on returned viridities; amid her rocking grasses the herb trinity shams lowliness; skyup is of ever-grey. Thus, too, for donkey’s years. Since the bouts of Hebear and Hairyman the cornflowers have been staying at Ballymun, the duskrose has choosed out Goatstown’s hedges, twolips have pressed togather them by sweet Rush, townland of twinedlights, the whitethorn and the redthorn have fairygeyed the mayvalleys of Knockmaroon, and, though for rings round them, during a chiliaid of periheliongongs, the Formoreans have brittled the too-en of the Danes and the Oxman has been pestered by the Fire — bugs and the Joynts have thrown up jerrybuilding to the Kevan — ses and Little on the Green is childsfather to the City (Year! Year! And laughtears!), these paxsealing buttonholes have quad-rolled across the centuries and whiff now whafft to us, fresh and made-of-all-smiles as, on the eve of Killallwho.

The babbelers with their thangas vain have been (confusium hold them!) they were and went; thigging thugs were and houblond has sought of the brune: Elsekiss thou may, mean Kerry piggy?: and the duncedames have countered with the hellish fel-lows: Who ails tongue coddeau, aspace of dumbillsilly? And they fell upong one another: and themselves they have fallen. And still nowanights and by nights of yore do all bold florals of the field to their shyfaun lovers say only: Cull me ere I wilt to thee!: and, but a little later: Pluck me whilst I blush! Well may they wilt, marry, and profusely blush, be troth! For that saying is as old as the howitts. Lave a whale a while in a whillbarrow (isn’t it the truath I’m tallin ye?) to have fins and flippers that shimmy and shake. Tim Timmycan timped hir, tampting Tam. Fleppety! Flippety! Fleapow! Hop!

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

Jute. — Yutah!

Mutt. — Mukk’s pleasurad.

Jute. — Are you jeff?

Mutt. — Somehards.

Jute. — But you are not jeffmute?

Mutt. — Noho. Only an utterer.

Jute. — Whoa? Whoat is the mutter with you?

Mutt. — I became a stun a stummer.

Jute. — What a hauhauhauhauhahallobble thing, to be cause! How, Mutt?

Mutt. — Aput the buttle, surd.

Jute. — Whose poddle? Wherein?

Mutt. — The Inns of Dungtarf where Used awe to be he.

Jute. — You that side your voise are almost inedible to me. Become a bitskin more wiseable, as if I were you.

Mutt. — Has? Has at? Hasatency? Urp, Boohooru! Booru Usurp! I trumple from rath in mine mines when I rimimirim!

Jute. — One eyegonblack. Bisons is bisons. Let me fore all your hasitancy cross your qualm with trink gilt. Here have sylvan coyne, a piece of oak. Ghinees hies good for you.

Mutt. — Louee, louee! How wooden I not know it, the intel-lible greycloak of Cedric Silkyshag! Cead mealy faulty rices for one dabblin bar. Old grilsy growlsy! He was poached on in that eggntetical spot. Here where the liveries, Monomark. There where the mis-sers moony, Minnikin passe.

Jute. — Simply because as Taciturn pretells, our wrongstory-shortener, he dumptied the wholeborrow of rubba — ges on to soil here.

Mutt. — Just how a puddinstone inat the brookcells by a riverpool.

Jute. — Load Allmarshy! Wid wad for a nose like?

Mutt. — Somular with a bull on a cloapturf. Rooks roarum rex roome! I could snore to him of the spumy horn, with his woolseley side in, by the neck I am sutton on, did Brian d’ of Linn.
Jute. — Boildoyle and rawhoney on me when I can beuraly forsstand a weird from sturk to finnic in such a pat-what as your rutterdamrotter. Onheard of and um — scene! Gut aftermeal! See you doomed.

Mutt. — Quite agreem. Bussave a sec. Walk a dun blink roundward this albutisle and you skull see how olde ye plaine of my Elters, hunfree and ours, where wone to wail whimbrel to peewee o’er the saltings, where wilby citie by law of isthmon, where by a droit of signory, icfloe was from his Inn the Byggnig to whose Finishthere Punct. Let ererhim ruhmuhrmuhr. Mearmerge two races, sweete and brack. Morthering rue. Hither, craching eastuards, they are in surgence: hence, cool at ebb, they requiesce. Countlessness of livestories have netherfallen by this plage, flick as flowflakes, litters from aloft, like a waast wizzard all of whirlworlds. Now are all tombed to the mound, isges to isges, erde from erde. Pride, O pride, thy prize!

Jute. — ‘Stench!

Mutt. — Fiatfuit! Hereinunder lyethey. Llarge by the smal an’ everynight life also th’e strange, babylone the great-grandhotelled with tit tit tittlehouse, alp on earwig, drukn on ild, likeas equal to anequal in this sound seemetry which iz leebez luv.

Jute. — ‘Zmorde!

Mutt. — Meldundleize! By the fearse wave behoughted. Des-pond’s sung. And thanacestross mound have swollup them all. This outh of years is not save brickdust and being humus the same roturns. He who runes may rede it on all fours. O’c’stle, n’wc’stle, tr’c’stle, crumbling! Sell me sooth the fare for Humblin! Hum-blady Fair. But speak it allosiftly, moulder! Be in your whisht!

Jute. — Whysht?

Mutt. — The gyant Forficules with Amni the fay.

Jute. — Howe?

Mutt. — Here is viceking’s graab.

Jute. — Hwaad!

Mutt. — Ore you astoneaged, jute you?

Jute. — Oye am thonthorstrok, thing mud.

(Stoop) if you are abcedminded, to this claybook, what curios of signs (please stoop), in this allaphbed! Can you rede (since We and Thou had it out already) its world? It is the same told of all. Many. Miscegenations on miscegenations. Tieckle. They lived und laughed ant loved end left. Forsin. Thy thingdome is given to the Meades and Porsons. The meandertale, aloss and again, of our old Heidenburgh in the days when Head-inClouds walked the earth. In the ignorance that implies impression that knits knowledge that finds the nameform that whets the wits that convey contacts that sweeten sensation that drives desire that adheres to attachment that dogs death that bitches birth that en-tails the ensuance of existentiality. But with a rush out of his navel reaching the reredos of Ramasbatham. A terricolous vively-onview this; queer and it continues to be quaky. A hatch, a celt, an earshare the pourquose of which was to cassay the earthcrust at all of hours, furrowards, bagawards, like yoxen at the turnpaht. Here say figurines billycoose arming and mounting. Mounting and arming bellicose figurines see here. Futhorc, this liffle effingee is for a firefing called a flintforfall. Face at the eased! O I fay! Face at the waist! Ho, you fie! Upwap and dump em, ace to ace! When a part so ptee does duty for the holos we soon grow to use of an allforabit. Here (please to stoop) are selveran cued peteet peas of quite a pecuniar interes inaslittle as they are the pellets that make the tomtummy’s pay roll. Right rank ragnar rocks and with these rox orangotangos rangled rough and rightgorong. Wisha, wisha, whyditha? Thik is for thorn that’s thuck in its thoil like thum-fool’s thraitor thrust for vengeance. What a mnice old mness it all mnakes! A middenhide hoard of objects! Olives, beets, kim-mells, dollies, alfrids, beatties, cormacks and daltons. Owlets’ eegs (O stoop to please!) are here, creakish from age and all now quite epsilene, and oldwolldy wobblewers, haudworth a
wipe o grass. Sss! See the snake wurrums everyside! Our durlbin is swimming in sneakers. They came to our island from triangular Toucheaterre beyond the wet prairie rared up in the midst of the cargon of prohibitive pomefruits but along landed Paddy Wip-pingham and the his garagecans cotted the creeps of them prickler than our whosethere outofman could quick up her whats-thats. Somedive and sumthelot but the tally turns round the same balifusion. Racketeers and bottloggers.

Axe on thwacks on thracks, axenwise. One by one place one be three dittho and one before. Two nursus one make a plausible free and idim behind. Starting off with a big boaboa and three — legged calvers and ivagraine jadesses with a message in their mouths. And a hundreadfilled unleavenweight of liberorumqueue to con an we can till allhorrors eve. What a meanderthalltale to unfurl and with what an end in view of squattor and antisisquattor and postproneantisquattor! To say too us to be every tim, nick and larry of us, sons of the sod, sons, little sons, yea and leallittle-sons, when usses not to be, every sue, siss and sally of us, durtgers of Nan! Accusative ahnsire! Damadam to inferences

True there was in nillohs dieybos as yet no lumpend paper in the waste, and mightymountain Penn still groaned for the micies to let flee. All was of ancientsry. You gave me a boot (signs on it!) and I ate the wind. I quizzed you a quid (with for what?) and you went to the quod. But the world, mind, is, was and will be writing its own wrunes for ever, man, on all matters that fall under the ban of our infrastrational senses fore the last milch-camel, the heartvein throbbing between his eyeblows, has still to moor before the tomb of his cousin charmian where his date is tethered by the palm that’s hers. But the horn, the drinking, the day of dreads are not now. A bone, a pebble, a ramskin; chip them, chap them, cut them up allways; leave them to terracook in the motheringpot: and Gutenmorg with his cromagnum charter, singingfast and great primer must once for omniboss step rub-rickredd out of the wordpress else is there no virtue more in al — cohoran. For that (the rapt one warns) is what paper is need of, made of, hides and hints and misses in prints. Till ye finally (though not yet endlike) meet with the acquaintance of Mister Typus, Mistress Tope and all the little typtopies. Fillstup. So you need hardly spell me how every word will be bound over to carry three score and ten toptypsical readings throughout the book of Douplane jined (may his forehead be darkened with mud who would sunder!) till Daleth, mahomahouma, who oped it closeth thereof the. Dor.

Cry not yet! There’s many a smile to Nondun, with styty maids per man, sir, and the park’s so dark by kindlelight. But look what you have in your handself! The movibles are scrawling in motions, marching, all of them ago, in pitpat and zingzang for every busy eerie whig’s a bit of a tortyale to tell. One’s upon a thyme and two’s behind their lettuce leap and three’s among the strubbely beds. And the chucks picked their teeths and the domb-key he begay began. You can ask your ass if he believes it. And so cuddly me only wallops have heels. That one of a wife with fofty barnets. For then was the age when hoops ran high. Of a noarch and a chopwife; of a pomme full grave and a fammy of levity; or of golden youths that wanted gelding; or of what the mischiefvmiss made a man do. Malmarriedad he was reverso-gassed by the friese of her frasques and her pritty pyrhique. Maye faye, she’s la gaye this snaky woman! From that tripperie toe expectunggelic! Veil, volante, valentine eyes. She’s the very besch Winnie blows Nay on good. Flou inn, flow ann. Hohore! So it’s sure it was her not we! But lay it easy, gentle mien, we are in rearing of a norewhig. So weenybeeney-veenuteenyen. Comsy see! Het wis if ee newt. Lissom! lissom! I am doing it. Hark, the corne entreats! And the larpnotes prattle.

It was of a night, late, lang time ago, in an auldstone eld, when Adam was delvin and his madameen spining watersilts, when mulk mountynotty man was everyburl and the first leaf robberbrother that ever had her airway everybuddy to his love-saking eyes and everybilly lived alone with everybiddy else, and Jarl van Hoothor had his burnt head high up in his lamphouse, laying cold hands on himself. And his two little jiminies, cousins of ourn, Tristopher and Hilary, were kickaheeling their dummy on the oil cloth flure of his homerigh, castle and earthenhouse. And, be demort, who come to the keep of his inn only the niece-of-his-inlaw, the prankquean. And the prankquean pulled a rosy one and made her wit foreninst the door. And she lit up and firekeep of his inn only

It was of a night, late, lang time agone, in an auldstone eld, when Adam was delvin and his madameen spinning watersilts, when mulk mountynotty man was everyburl and the first leaf robberbrother that ever had her airway everybuddy to his love-saking eyes and everybilly lived alone with everybiddy else, and Jarl van Hoothor had his burnt head high up in his lamphouse, laying cold hands on himself. And his two little jiminies, cousins of ourn, Tristopher and Hilary, were kickaheeling their dummy on the oil cloth flure of his homerigh, castle and earthenhouse. And, be demort, who come to the keep of his inn only the niece-of-his-inlaw, the prankquean. And the prankquean pulled a rosy one and made her wit foreninst the door. And she lit up and firekeep of his inn only
flack — ering from the hillcombs. And she made her witter before the wicked, saying: Mark the Twy, why do I am aloof alike two poss of porterpease? And: Shuf! says the wicked, handwording her majesty. So her majesty ‘a forethought’ set down a jiminy and took up a jiminy and all the lilipath ways to Woeman’s Land she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl von Hoother blethered atter her with a loud finegale: Stop! I am domb stop come back with my earring stop. But the prankquean swaradid: Am liking it. And there was a wild old grannewail that laucreny night of starshootings somewhere in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years’ walk in Turnlemeem and she punched the curses of cromcruwell with the nail of a top into the jiminy and she had her four larkslit monitrix to touch him his tears and she provorted him to the onecertain allsecure and he became a tristian. So then she started raining, raining, and in a pair of changers, be dom ter, she was back again at Jarl von Hoother’s and the Larryhill with her under her abromette. And why would she halt at all if not by the ward of his mansionhome of another nice lace for the third charm? And Jarl von Hoother had his hurricane hips up to his pantry-box, ruminating in his holdfour stomachs (Dare! O dare!), ant the jiminy Toughertrees and the dummy were belove on the watercloth, kissing and spitting, and rouging and poghuing, like knapepaltry and naivebride and in their second infancy. And the prankquean picked a blank and lit out and the valleys lay twinkling. And she made her wittest in front of the arkway of trihump, asking: Mark the Tris, why do I am aloof alike three poss of porter pease? But that was how the skirtmishes endupped. For like the campbells acoming with a fork lance of lightning, Jarl von Hoother Boanerges himself, the old terror of the dames, came hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened arkway of his three shuttoned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic chollar and his allabuff hemmed and his bullbraggin soxangloves and his ladbroke breeks and his cattegut bandolair and his fur-framed panuncanal cumbottes like a rudd yellan gruebleen or-angeman in his violet indignation, to the whole length of the strength of his bowman’s bill. And he clopped his rude hand to his eacy hitch and he orthurd and his thick spch spc for her to shut up shop, dappy. And the duppy shot the shutter clup (Per-kodhuskurunbarggrauraugokgorlayorgromgrenmitghundhurth — rumathunaradidillifaititillibumullunukkanun!) And they all drank free. For one man in his armour was a fat match always for any girls under shurts. And that was the first peace of illitterative porthery in all the flamend floody flatuous world. How kirssy the tiler made a sweet unclose to the Narweheinian capitol. Saw fore shalt thou sea. Betoun ye and be. The prankquean was to hold her dummyship and the jimminies was to keep the peacewave and van Hoothor was to git the wind up. Thus the hearsomeness of the burger felicitates the whole of the polis.

O foenix culprit! Ex nickylo malo comes nickelmassed bonum. Hill, rill, ones in company, billeted, less be proud of. Breast high and bestride! Only for that these will not breathe upon Norronesen or Irenean the secrest of their soorcellossness. Quarry silex, Homfrie Noanswa! Undy gentian festyknies, Livia No — answa? Wolkencap is on him, frowned; audiurient, he would evesdrip, were it mous at hand, were it dinn of bottles in the far ear. Murk, his vales are darkling. With lipth she lithpeth to him all to time of thuch on thuch and thou on thow. She he she ho she ha to la. Hairfluke, if he could bad twig her! Impalpabunt, he abhears. The soundwaves are his buffeteers; they trompe him with their trompes; the wave of roary and the wave of hooshed and the wave of hawhawhawrd and the wave of neverheedthemhorseluggarsandlisteltomin. Landloughed by his neighboormis — tress and perpetrified in his offsprung, sabes and suckers, the moaning pipers could tell him to his faceback, the loothy one whose loab we are devourers of, how butt for his hold halibutt, or her to her pudor puff, the lipalip one whose libe we drink at, how biff for her tiddywink of a windfall, our breed and washer givers, there would no liking it. And there was a wild old grannewwail that laurency night of starshootings somewhere in Erio. And the prankquean picked a blank and lit out and the valleys lay twinkling. And she made her wittest in front of the arkway of trihump, asking: Mark the Tris, why do I am aloof alike three poss of porter pease? But that was how the skirtmishes endupped. For like the campbells acoming with a fork lance of lightning, Jarl von Hoother Boanerges himself, the old terror of the dames, came hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened arkway of his three shuttoned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic chollar and his allabuff hemmed and his bullbraggin soxangloves and his ladbroke breeks and his cattegut bandolair and his fur-framed panuncanal cumbottes like a rudd yellan gruebleen or-angeman in his violet indignation, to the whole length of the strength of his bowman’s bill. And he clopped his rude hand to his eacy hitch and he orthurd and his thick spch spc for her to shut up shop, dappy. And the duppy shot the shutter clup (Per-kodhuskurunbarggrauraugokgorlayorgromgrenmitghundhurth — rumathunaradidillifaititillibumullunukkanun!) And they all drank free. For one man in his armour was a fat match always for any girls under shurts. And that was the first peace of illitterative porthery in all the flamend floody flatuous world. How kirssy the tiler made a sweet unclose to the Narweheinian capitol. Saw fore shalt thou sea. Betoun ye and be. The prankquean was to hold her dummyship and the jimminies was to keep the peacewave and van Hoothor was to git the wind up. Thus the hearsomeness of the burger felicitates the whole of the polis.

He dug in and dug out by the skill of his tilth for himself and all belonging to him and he sweated his crew beneath his auspice for the living and he urned his dread, that dragon volant, and he made louse for us and delivered us to boll weevils amain, that mighty liberator, Unfru-Chikda-Uru-Wukru and begad he did, our ancestor most worshipful, till he thought of a better one in his windower’s house with that blushtooman upon him from earsend to earsend. And would again could whispring grassies wake him and may again when the fiery bird disembers. And will again if so be sooth by elder to his youngsters shall be said. Have you whines for my wedding, you shall bring bride and bedding, will you whoop for my deading is a? Wake? Usgueadbaugham!

Anam muck an dhoul! Did ye drink me doornail?

Now be aisy, good Mr Finnimore, sir. And take your laysure like a god on pension and don’t be walking abroad. Sure you’d only lose yourself in Healioporis now the way your roads in Kapelavaster are that winding there after the calvary, the North Umbrian and the Fivs Barrow and Waddlings Raid and the Bower Moore and wet your feet maybe with the foggy dew’s abroad. Meeting some sick old bankrupt or the Cottericks’ donkey with his shoe hanging, clankatachankata, or a slut snoring with an impure infant on a bench. ‘Twould turn you against life, so ‘twould. And the weather’s that mean too. To part from
Devlin is hard as Nugent knew, to leave the clean tanglesome one lushier than its neighbour enfranchisable fields but let your ghost have no grievance. You’re better off, sir, where you are, primsigned in the full of your dress, bloodeagle waistcoat and all, remembering your shapes and sizes on the pillow of your babycurls under your sycamore by the keld water where the Tory’s clay will scare the varmints and have all you want, pouch, gloves, flask, bricket, kerchief, ring and amberulla, the whole treasure of the pyre, in the land of souls with Homin and Broin Baroke and pole ole Lonan and Nobucketnozzler and the Guinghishis Khan. And we’ll be coming here, the ombre players, to rake your gravel and bringing you presents, won’t we, fenians? And it isn’t our spittle we’ll stint you of, is it, druids? Not shabbily little imagettes, pennydirts and dodgemeyes you buy in the soottee stores. But offerings of the field. Mieliodories, that Doctor Faherty, the madison man, taught to gooden you. Poppypap’s a passport out. And honey is the holiest thing ever was, hive, comb and earwax, the food for glory, (mind you keep the pot or your nectar cup may yield too light!) and some goat’s milk, sir, like the maid used to bring you. Your fame is spreading like Basilio’s ointment since the Fintan Lalors piped you overborder and there’s whole households beyond the Bothnians and they calling names after you. The men — here’s always talking of you sitting around on the pig’s cheeks under the sacred rootree, over the bowls of memory where every hollow holds a hallow, with a pledge till the drengs, in the Salmon House. And admiring to our supershillelagh where the palmsweat on high is the mark of your monument. All the toothpicks ever Eirenenses chewed on are chips chopped from that battery block. If you were bowed and soilid and letdown itself from the oner of the load it was that paddyplanters might pack up plenty and when you were undone in every point fore the laps of goddesses you showed our labourlasses how to free was easy. The game old Gunne, they do be saying, (skull!) that was a planter for you, a Spicer of them all. Begog but he was, the G.O.G! He’s duddandgunne now and we’re apter finding the sores of his sedeq but peace to his great limbs, the buddhoch, with the last league long rest of him, while the millioncandled eye of Tuskar sweeps the Myolean Main! There was never a warlord in Great Erinnes and Brettland, no, nor in all Pike County like you, they say. No, nor a king nor an ardking, bung king, sung king or hung king. That you could fell an elmstree twelve urchins couldn’t ring round and hoist high the stone that Liam failed. Who but a Macculaghmore the reise of our fortunes and the faunayman at the funeral to compass our cause? If you was hoggyleb itself and most flirtly if you was taken waters still what all where was your like to lay the cable or who was the battier could better Your Grace—Mick Mac Magnus MacCawley can take you off to the pure perfection and Leatherbags Reynolds tries your shuffle and cut. But as Hopkins and Hopkins puts it, you were the pale eggygangy and a kis to tile up. We calls him the journeyllall Buggaloffs since he went Jerusalemfaring in Arssia Manor. You had a gamier cock than Pete, Jake or Martin and your archgoose of geese stubbled for All Angels’ Day. So may the priest of seven worms and scalding tayboil, Papa Vestray, come never anear you as your hair grows wheater beside the Liffey that’s in Heaven! Hep, hep, hurrah there! Hero! Seven times thereto we salute you! The whole bag of kits, falconplumes and jackboots inclosed, is where you flung them that time. Your heart is in the system of the Shewolf and your crested head is in the tropic of Copricapron. Your feet are in the cloister of Virgo. Your oala is in the region of sahuls. And that’s ashore as you were born. Your shuck tick’s swell. And that there texas is tow linen. The loasmose roam to Laffayette is ended. Drop in your tracks, babe! Be not unrested! The headboddywatcher of the chempel of Isid, Totumcalmum, saith: I know thee, metherjar, I know thee, salvation boat. For we have performed upon thee, thou abrama — nation, who comest ever without being invoked, whose coming is unknown, all the things which the company of the preceptors and of the grammarians of Christpatrick’s ordered concerning thee in the matter of the work of thy tombing. Howe of the shipmen, steep wall!

Everything’s going on the same or so it appeals to all of us, in the old holmsted here. Coughings all over the sanctuary, bad scent to aunt Florenza. The horn for breakfast, one o’gong for lunch and dinnerchime. As popular as when Belly the First was keng and his members met in the Diet of Man. The same shop slop in the window. Jacob’s lettercrackers and Dr Tipple’s Vi–Cocoa and the Eswuards’ desippated soup beside Mother Seagull’s syrup. Meat took a drop when Reilly–Parsons failed. Coal’s short but we’ve plenty of bog in the yard. And barley’s up again, begrained to it. The lads is attending school nessan regular, sir, spelling beesknees with hatans and turning out tables by mudapplication. Allfor the books and never pegging smashers after Tom Bowe Glassarse or Timmy the Tosser. ’Tisraelly the truth! No isn’t it, roman pathoricks? You were the regular, sir, spelling beesknees with hathatansy and turning...
Aisy now, you decent man, with your knees and lie quiet and repose your honour’s lordship! Hold him here, Ezekiel Irons, and may God strengthen you! It’s our warm spirits, boys, he’s spooring. Dimitrius O’Flagonan, cork that cure for the Clancartys! You swamped enough since Portobello to float the Pomeroy. Fetch neahere, Pat Koy! And fetch nouyou, Pam Yates! Be nayther angst of Wramawitch! Here’s lumbos. Where misties swaddlum, where misches lodge none, where mysteries pour kind on, O sleepy! So be yet!

I’ve an eye on queer Behan and old Kate and the butter, trust me. She’ll do no jugglywuggly with her war souvenir postcards to help to build me mural, tippers! I’ll trip your traps! Assure a sure there! And we put on your clock again, sir, for you. Did or didn’t we, sharestutterers? So you won’t be up a stump entirely. Nor shed your remnants. The sternwheel’s crawling strong. I seen your missus in the hall. Like the queenovere. Arrah, it’s herself that’s fine, too, don’t be talking! Shirkends? You storyan Harry chap longa me Harry chap storyan grass woman pleththy good trout. Shakeshands. Dibble a hayfork’s wrong with her only her lex’s salig. Boald Tib does be yawning and smirking cat’s hours on the Pollocks’ woolly round tabouretcushion watching her sewing a dream together, the tailor’s daughter, stitch to her last. Or while waiting for winter to fire the enchantement, decyoying more nesters to fall down the flue. It’s allavalonche that blows nopussy food. If you only were there to explain the meaning, best of men, and talk to her nice of guldenselver. The lips would moisten once again. As when you drove with her to Findrinny Fair. What with reins here and ribbons there all your hands were employed so she never knew was she on land or at sea or swooped through the blue like Airwinger’s bride. She was flittersome then and she’s fluttersome yet. She can second a song and adores a scandal when the last post’s gone by. Fond of a concertina and pairs passing when she’s had her forty winks for supper after kanekanman and abelly dimpling and is in her merlin chair assotted, reading her Evening World. To see it is smart, full lengths or swaggerers. News, news, all the news. Death, a leopard, kills fellah in Fez. Angry scenes at Stormount. Stillia Star with her lucky in goingaways. Opportunity fair with the China floods and we hear these rosy rumours. Ding Tams he noise about all same Harry chap. She’s seeking her way, a chickle a chuckle, in and out of their serial story, Les Loves of Selskar et Pervenche, freely adapted to The Novvergin’s Viv. There’ll be bluebells blowing in salty sepulchres the night she signs her final tear. Zee End. But that’s a world of ways away. Till track laws time. No silver ash or switches for that one! While flattering candles flare. Anna Stacey’s how are you! Worther waist in the noblest, says Adams and Sons, the wouldpay actionneers. Her hair’s as brown as ever it was. And wivvy and wavvy. Repose you now! Finn no more!

For, be that samesake sibsubstitute of a hooky salmon, there’s already a big rody ram lad at random on the premises of his haunt of the hungred bordles, as it is told me. Shop Illicit, flourishing like a lordmajor or a buaboaboybohmi, litting flop a deadlop (aloose!) to lee but lifting a bennbranch a yardalong (Ivoeh!) the breezy side (for showm!), the height of Brewster's haunt of the hungred bordles, as it is told me. Shop Illicit, flourishing like a lordmajor or a buaboaboybohmi, litting flop a deadlop (aloose!) to lee but lifting a bennbranch a yardalong (Ivoeh!) the breezy side (for showm!), the height of Brewster's haunt of the hungred bordles, as it is told me.
sabbath afternoon, Hag Chivychas Eve, in prefall paradise peace by following his plough for rootles in the rere garden of mobhouse, ye olde marine hotel, when royalty was announced by runner to have been pleased to have halted itself on the highroad along which a leisureloving dogfox had cast followed, also at walking pace, by a lady pack of cocker spaniels. For — getful of all save his vassal’s plain fealty to the ethnarch Humphrey or Harold stayed not to yoke or saddle but stumbled out hotface as he was (his sweatful bandanna loose from his pocketcoat) hasting to the forecourts of his public in topee, surcingle, solascarf and plaid, plus fours, puttees and bulldog boots ruddled cinnabar with flagrant marl, jingling his turnpike keys and bearing aloft amid the fixed pikes of the hunting party a high perch atop of which a flowerpot was fixed earthside hoist with care. On his majesty, who was, or often feigned to be, noticeably longsighted from green youth and had been meaning to inquire what, in effect, had caused you causeway to be thus potholed, asking substitutionally to be put wise as to whether patronoster and silver doctors were not now more fancied bait for lobstertrapping honest blunt Haromphreyld answered in no uncertain tones very similarly with a fear — less forehead: Naw, yer maggers, aw war jist a cochtin on thon bluggy earwuggers. Our sailor king, who was draining a gugglet of obvious adamaile, gift both and gorbah, upon this, ceasing to swallow, smiled most heartily beneath his walrus moustaches and indulging that none too genial humour which William the Conk on the spindle side had inherited with the hereditary whitelock and some shortfingeredness from his greataunt Sophy, turned towards two of his retinue of gallowslasses, Michael, etheling lord of Leix and Offaly and the jubilee mayor of Drogheda, Elcock, (the two scatterguns being Michael M. Manning, protosyndic of Waterford and an Italian excellency named Giubilei according to a later version cited by the learned scholarch Canavan of Canmakenoise), in either case a triptychal religious family symbolising puritas of doctrina, business per usuals and the purchypatch of hamlock where the paddish preties grow and remarked dilysdulysily: Holybones of Saint Hubert how our red brother of Pour — ingraining we would audibly fume did he know that we have for sur — trusty bailiwic a turnpike who is by turns a pikebailer no sel — demer than an earwigger For he kinned Jom Pill with his court so gray and his haunts in his house in the mourning. (One still hears that pebble crusted laughta, japijap cheerycherrily, among the roadside tree the lady Holmpatrick planted and still one feels the amosive silence of the cladstone allegelling: Ive mies outs ide Bourn.) Comes the question are these the facts of his nominigentilisation as recorded and accolated in both or either of the collateral andrewpaulmurphyc narratives. Are those their fata which we read in sibylline between the fas and its nefas? No dung on the road?And shall Nohomiah be our place like? Yea, Mulachy our kingable khan? We shall perhaps not so soon see. Pinck poncks that bail for seeks alience where cumsceptres with scentaurs stay. Bear in mind, bear of Hokmah, if so be you have me — thag in your midness, this man is mountain and unto changeth doth one ascend. Heave we aside the fallacy, as punical as finikin, that it was not the king kingself but his inseparable sisters, uncontrollable nighttalkers, Skertsiraizde with Donyahzade, who afterwards, when the robbers shot up the socialights, came down into the world as amusers and were staged by Madame Sudlow as Rosa and Lily Miskinguette in the pantalime that two pitts paythronosed, Miliodorus and Galathe. The great fact emerges that after that historic date all holographs so far exhumed initialled by Haromphrey bear the sigla H.C.E. and while he was only and long and always good Dook Umphrey for the hungerlean spalpeens of Lucalizod and Chimbers to his cronies it was equally that historic date all holographs so far exhumed initialled by Haromphrey bear the sigla H.C.E. and while he was only and long and always good Dook Umphrey for the hungerlean spalpeens of Lucalizod and Chimbers to his cronies it was equally a pleasant turn of the populace which gave him as sense of those normative letters the nickname Here Comes Everybody. An imposing everybody he always indeed looked, constantly the same as and equal to himself and magnificently well worthy of any and all such universalisation, every time he continually surveyed, amid vociferatings from in front of Accept these few nutties! and Take off that white hat!, relieved with Stop his Grog and Put It in the Log and Loots in his well worthy of any and all s

A baser meaning has been read into these characters the literal sense of which decency can safely scarcely hint. It has been bluntly blughted by certain wisecrackers (the stinks of Mohorat are in the nightplots of the morning), that he suffered from a vile disease. Athma, unmanner them! To such a suggestion the one selfrespecting answer is to affirm that there are certain
statements which ought not to be, and one should like to hope to be able to add, ought not to be allowed to be made. Nor have his detractors, who, an imperfectly warmblooded race, apparently conceive him as a great white caterpillar capable of any and every enormity in the calendar recorded to the discredit of the Juke and Kellikek families, mended their case by insinuating that, alternately, he lay at one time under the ludicrous imputation of annoying Welsh fusiliers in the people’s park. Hay, hay, hay! Hoq, hoq, hoq! Faun and Flora on the lea love that little old joq. To anyone who knew and loved the christlikeness of the big cleanminded giant H. C. Earwicker throughout his excellency long vicegeregal existence the mere suggestion of him as a lustleuth nosing for trou — ble in a boobytrap rings particularly preposterous. Truth, beard on prophet, compels one to add that there is said to have been quondam (pfuit! pfuit!) some case of the kind implicating, it is interdum believed, a quidam (if he did not exist it would be necessary quoniam to invent him) abhout that time stambuling ha — round Dumbaling in leaky sneakers with his tarrk record who has remained topantically anonymos but (let us hue him Abdullah Gamellaxarksky) was, it is stated, posted at Mallon’s at the instance of watch warriors of the vigilance committee and years afterwards, cries one even greater, Ibib, a commender of the frightful, seemingly, unto such as were sulhan sated, tropped head (pfiat! pfiat!) waiting his first of the month froods turn for thatt chopp pah kabbakks alicubi on the old house for the chargehard, Roche Haddocks off Hawkins Street. Lowe, you blondy liar, Gob scene you in the narked place and she what’s edith ar home defeith these boyles! There’s a cabful of bash indeed in the homeur of that meal. Slander, let it lie its flattest, has never been able to convict our good and great and no ordinary Southron Earwicker, that homogenius man, as a pious author called him, of any graver impropriety than that, advanced by some woodwards or Regarding, who did not dare deny, the shomers, that they had, chin Ted, chin Tam, chinchin Taffyd, that day consumed their soul of the corn, of having behaved with ongentilmensky immodus opposite a pair of dainty maidservants in the swooth of the rushed hollow whither, or so the two gown and pinners pleaded, dame nature in all innocence had spontaneously and about the same hour of the eventide sent them both but whose published combinations of silknlaine testimonies are, where not dubiously pure, visibly divergent, as wasp from wept, on minor points touch—which was admittedly an incautious but, at its wildest, a partial ex — ing the intimate nature of this, a first offence in vert or venison posure with such attenuating circumstances (garthen gadde green hwere sokeman brideth girling) as an abnormal Saint Swithin’s summer and, (Jesses Rosasharon!) a ripe occasion to provoke it.

We can’t do without them. Wives, rush to the restyours! Ofman will toman while led is the lol. Zessid’s our kadem, villa — pleach, vollapluck. Fikup, for fleshnelly, el mundo nov, zole flen! If she’s a lilyth, pull early! Pauline, allow! And malers abused, keep black, keep black! Guiltless of much laid to him he was clearly for once at least he clearly expressed himself as being with still a trace of his erstwhile burr sod hence it has been received of us that it is true. They tell the story (an amalgam as absorbing as calzium chloereydes and hydrophobe sponges could make it) how one happygogustly Ides-of-April morning (the anniversary, as it fell out, of his first assumption of his birthday suit and rights in appurtenance to the confusioning of human races) ages and ages after the alleged misdemeanour when the tried friend of all creation, tigerwood roadstaff to his stay, was billowing across the wide expanse of our greatest park in his caoutchouc kepi and great belt and hideinsacks and his blaufunx fustian and ironsides jackboots and Bhagafat gaiters and his rubberised inverness, he met a cad with a pipe. The latter, the luciferant not the oriuolate (who, the odds are, is still berting dagabout in the same straw bam carryn his overgoat under his schulder, sheepside out, so as to look more like a cowmy gentleman and signing the pledge as gaily as you please) hardly accosted him with: Guinness thaw tool in jew me dinner ouzel fin? (a nice how carryin h)

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the flaxen Gygas tapped his chronometrum drumdrum and, now standing full erect, above the ambijacent floodplain, scene of its happening, with one Berlin gauntlet chopstuck in the hough of his ellboge (by ancientest signlure his gesture meaning: 🕉️)
pointed at an angle of thirty-two degrees towards his duc de Fer’s overgrown milestone as fellow to his gage and after a rendyresent pause averred with solemn emotion’s fire: Shsh shake, co-comeraid! Me only, them five ones, he is equal combat. I have won straight. Hence my nonation wide hotel and creamery establishments which for the honours of our mewmew mutual daughters, credit me, I am woo-woo willing to take my stand, sir, upon the monument, that sign of our wuru redemption, any hygienic day to this hour and to make my hoath to my sinnfinners, even if I get life for it, upon the Open Bible and before the Great Taskmaster’s (I lift my hat!) and in the presence of the Deity Itself andwell of Bishop and Mrs Michan of High Church of England as of all such of said my immediate withdwellers and of every living sohole in every corner wheresoever of this globe in general which useth of my British to my backbone tongue and commutative justice that there is not one tittle of truth, allow me to tell you, in that purest of fibfib fabrications.

Gaping Gill, swift to mate erthors, stern to checkself, (diagnosing through eustacetube that it was to make with a markedly postpuberal hypertitulatory type of Heidelberg mannleich cavern ethics) lufted his slopingforward, bad Sweatagore good murrough and dubnocket on to it as he was greedily obliged, and like a sensible harm, with infinite tact in the delicate situation seen the touchy nature of its perilous theme, thanked um for guardians received and time of day (not a little token abock all the same that that was owl the God’s clock it was) and, upon humble duty to greet his Tyskminister and he shall gildthegap Gaper and thee his a moudly voids, went about his business, whoever it was, saluting corpuses, as a mater of corse (one could hound him out had one hart to for the monticules of scalp and dandruff droppings blaze his trail) accompanied by his trusty snorler and his permanent reflection, verbigracious; I have met with you, bird, too late, or if not, too worm and early: and with tag for idiot repeated in his secondmouth language as many of the bigtimer’s verbatem words which he could bably call to memory that same kveldeve, ere the hour of the twattering of bards in the twitterlitter between Druidia and the Deepsleep Sea, when suppertide and souvenir to Charlatan Mall jointly kem gently and along the quiet darkenings of Grand and Royal, ff, flitmansfluh, and, kk, ‘t crept i’ hedge whenas to many a softongue’s pawkytalk mude unswer u sufter poghyogh, Arvanda always aquissiant, while, studying castelles in the blowne and studding cowshots over the noran, he spat in careful convertedness a musica dispensation about his heartstone, if you please, (Irish saliva, mawshe dho hole, but would a respectable prominently connected fellow of Iro–European ascendances with welldressed ideas who knew the correct thing such as Mr Shallwesigh or Mr Shallwelauge expectorate after such a callous fashion, no thank yous! when he had his belcher spuckertuck in his pocket, ptuck?!) musefed wit such as Mr Shallwesigh or Mr Shallwelauge expectorate after such a callous fashion, no thank yous! when he had his belcher
the cream colt Bold Boy Cromwell after a clever getaway by Captain Chaplain Blount’s roe hinny Saint Dalough, Drummer Coxon, nondepict third, at breakneck odds, thanks to you great little, bonny little, portey little, Winny Widgey! you’re all their nappies! who in his never-rip mud and purpurular cap was surely leagues unlike any other phantomweight that ever toppitt our timber maggies.

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

This Treacle Tom to whom reference has been made had been absent from his usual wild and woolly haunts in the land of counties capalleens for some time previous to that (he was, in fact, in the habit of frequenting common lodginghouses where he slept in a nude state, hailfellow with meth, in strange men’s cots) but on racenight, blotto after divers toots of hell fire, red biddy, bull dog, blue ruin and creeping jenny, Englandine’s choicest herbage, supplied by the Duck and Doggies, the Galop — ping Primrose, Brigid Brewster’s, the Cock, the Postboy’s Horn, the Little Old Man’s and All Swell That Aimswell, the Cup and the Stirrup, he sought his wellwarmed leababobed in a housingroom Abide With Oneanother at Block W.W., (why didn’t he back it?) Pump Court, The Liberties, and, and what with moltpuuke on voltapuke, resnored awho alocoherently to the burden of I come, my horse delayed, nom num, the substance of the tale of the evangelical bussybozzy and the resinur — bean (the ‘girls’ he would keep calling them for the collarette and skirt, the sunbonnet and carnation) in parts (it seemed he was before the eyots of martas or otherwales the thirds of fossil-years, he having beham with katya when lavinias had her mens lease to sea in a pumppship doodly show whereat he was looking for fight niggers with whilde roarses) oft in the chilly night (the metagonistic! the epickthalamorous!) during uneasy slumber in their hearings of a small and stonybroke cashdraper’s executive, Peter Cloran (discharged), O’Mara, an exprivative secretary of no fixed abode (locally known as Mildew Lisa), who had passed several nights, fushniss enough, in a doorway under the blankets of homelessness on the bunk of iceland, pillowed upon the stone of destiny colder than man’s knee or woman’s breast, and Hosty, (no slouch of a name), an illstarred beachbusker, who, sans rootie and sans scrapie, suspicicioning as how he was setting on a twoodstool on the verge of selfabyss, most starved, with melancholia over everything in general, (night birman, you served him with natigal’s nano!) had been towhead tossing on his shakedown, devising ways and manners of means, of what he loved to ifidalicence somehow or other in the nation getting a hold of some chap’s parabellum in the hope of taking a wing sociable and lighting upon a sidewhile drive somewhere off the Dullkey Downlairy and Bleakrooky tramaline where he could throw true and go and blow the sibicidal napper off himself for two bits to boldywell baltitude in the peace and quitybus of a one sure shot bottle, he sleeping in a nude state, hailfellow with meth, after having been able to jerrywangle it anysides. Lisa O’Deavis and Roche Mongan (who had so much incommon, episypychidically; if the phrase be permitted hostis et odor insu—"

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This Treacle Tom to whom reference has been made had been absent from his usual wild and woolly haunts in the land of counties capalleens for some time previous to that (he was, in fact, in the habit of frequenting common lodginghouses where he slept in a nude state, hailfellow with meth, in strange men’s cots) but on racenight, blotto after divers toots of hell fire, red biddy, bull dog, blue ruin and creeping jenny, Englandine’s choicest herbage, supplied by the Duck and Doggies, the Galop — ping Primrose, Brigid Brewster’s, the Cock, the Postboy’s Horn, the Little Old Man’s and All Swell That Aimswell, the Cup and the Stirrup, he sought his wellwarmed leababobed in a housingroom Abide With Oneanother at Block W.W., (why didn’t he back it?) Pump Court, The Liberties, and, and what with moltpuuke on voltapuke, resnored awho alocoherently to the burden of I come, my horse delayed, nom num, the substance of the tale of the evangelical bussybozzy and the resinur — bean (the ‘girls’ he would keep calling them for the collarette and skirt, the sunbonnet and carnation) in parts (it seemed he was before the eyots of martas or otherwales the thirds of fossil-years, he having beham with katya when lavinias had her mens lease to sea in a pumppship doodly show whereat he was looking for fight niggers with whilde roarses) oft in the chilly night (the metagonistic! the epickthalamorous!) during uneasy slumber in their hearings of a small and stonybroke cashdraper’s executive, Peter Cloran (discharged), O’Mara, an exprivative secretary of no fixed abode (locally known as Mildew Lisa), who had passed several nights, fushniss enough, in a doorway under the blankets of homelessness on the bunk of iceland, pillowed upon the stone of destiny colder than man’s knee or woman’s breast, and Hosty, (no slouch of a name), an illstarred beachbusker, who, sans rootie and sans scrapie, suspicicioning as how he was setting on a twoodstool on the verge of selfabyss, most starved, with melancholia over everything in general, (night birman, you served him with natigal’s nano!) had been towhead tossing on his shakedown, devising ways and manners of means, of what he loved to ifidalicence somehow or other in the nation getting a hold of some chap’s parabellum in the hope of taking a wing sociable and lighting upon a sidewhile drive somewhere off the Dullkey Downlairy and Bleakrooky tramaline where he could throw true and go and blow the sibicidal napper off himself for two bits to boldywell baltitude in the peace and quitybus of a one sure shot bottle, he sleeping in a nude state, hailfellow with meth, after having been able to jerrywangle it anysides. Lisa O’Deavis and Roche Mongan (who had so much incommon, episypychidically; if the phrase be permitted hostis et odor insu—"
was joined by a further — intentions — apply — tomorrow casual and a decent sort of the hadbeen variety who had just been touching the weekly insult, phewit, and all figblabbers (who saith of noun?) had stimulants in the shape of gee and gees stood by the damn decent sort after which stag luncheon and a few ones more just to celebrate yesterday, flushed with their firestufffortered friendship, the rascals came out of the licensed premises, (Browne’s first, the small p.s. ex-ex-executive capahand in their sad rear like a lady’s postscript: I want money. Pleasead), wiping their laughleaking lipes on their sleeves, how the bouckaleyes shout their roscan generally (seinn fion, seinn fion’s arau) and the rhymer’s world was with reason the richer for a wouldbe ballad, to the ballededr of which the world of cumannity singing owes a tribute for having placed on the planet’s melomap his lay of the vilest bogeyer but most attractionable avatar the world has ever had to explain for.

This, more krectly lubeen or fellow — me — lieder was first poured forth where Riav Liviau riots and col de Houdo humps, under the shadow of the monument of the shouldhavebeen legislator (Eleutheriodendron! Spare, woodmann, spare!) to an over — flow meeting of all the nations in Lenster fullyfilling the visional area and, as a singleminded supercrowd, easily representative, what with masks, withet with faces, of all sections and cross sections (wineshop and cocabhouse poured out to brim up the broaching) of our lifeyeside people (to omit to mention of the mainland minority and such as had wayfare via Watling, Erninn, Icknild and Sane, in chief a halted cockney car with its quotal of Hardmuth’s hacks, a northern tory, a southern whig, an eastanglian chronicle and a landwester guardian) ranging from slips of young dublinos from Cutpurse Row having nothing better to do than walk about with their hands in their kneepants, sucking airwhackers, weedulicet, jumbobricks, side by side with truant officers, three woollen balls and poplin in search of a croust of pawn to busy professional gentlemen, a brace of palesmen with dundrearies, nooning toward Daly’s, fresh from snippetking and mallardmissing on Rutland heath, exchanging cool sneers, mass-going ladies from Hume Street in their chairs, the bearers baited, some wandering hamalags out of the adjacent cloverfields of Mosse’s Gardens, an oblate father from Skinner’s Alley, brick-layers, a fleming, in tabinet fumant, with spouse and dog, an aged hammerer who had some chisellers by the hand, a bout of cudgel players, not a few sheep with the braxy, two bluecoat scholars, four broke gents out of Simpson’s on the Rocks, a portly and a pert still tassing Turkey Coffee and orange shrub in tickeyes door, Peter Pim and Paul Fry and then Elliot and, O, Atkinson, suffering hell’s delights from the blains of their annui-tants’ acorns not forgetting a deuce of dianas ridy for the hunt, a particularist prebendary pondering on the roman easter, the ton-sure question and greek uniates, plunk em, a lace lappet hat or two or three or four from a window, and so on down to a few good old souls, who, as they were juiced after taking their pledge over at the uncle’s place, were evidently under the spell of liquor, from the wake of Tarry the Tailor a fair girl, a jolly postboy thinking off t to the added strains (so peacifold) of his majesty the flute, that onecrowned king of inscrewments, Piggot crying to village, through the five pussyfours green of the united st byway to the rose of the winds and the blew of the gaels, from archway to lattice and from black hand to pink ear, village rough and red woodcut, privately printed at the rimepress of Taiocebo in his Casudas de Poulichinello Artahut, stump the wararrow went round, so it did, (a nation wants a gaze) and the ballad, in the felibrine trancoped metre affectioned by Tatiocebo in his Casudas de Poulichinello Artahut, stump-stamped on to a slip of blancovide and headed by an excessively rough and red woodcut, privately printed at the rimepress of Delville, soon fluttered its secret on white highway and brown byway to the rose of the winds and the blew of the gaels, from archway to lattice and from black hand to pink ear, village crying to village, through the five puffyours green of the united states of Scotia Picta — and he who denays it, may his hairs be rubbed in dirt! To the added strains (so peacefold) of his majesty the flute, that onecrowned king of inscrewments, Piggott’s purest, ciello alsoliuto, which Mr Delaney (Mr Delacey?), horn, anticipating a perfect downpour of plaudits among the rapsods, piped out of his decentsoort hat, looking still more like his purseyful namesake as men of Gaul noted, but before of purest, ciello alsoliuto, which Mr Delaney (Mr Delacey?), horn, anti-

And around the lawn the rann it rann and this is the rann that Hosty made. Spoken. Boyles and Cahills, Skerretts and Annona’s Street and Church.

Ardite, arditi!
Music cue
“The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly

Have you heard of one Humpty Dumpty
How he fell with a roll and a rumble
And curled up like Lord Olofa Crumple
By the butt of the Magazine Wall,
(Chorus) Of the Magazine Wall,
Hump, helmet and all?

He was one time our King of the Castle
Now he’s kicked about like a rotten old parsnip.
And from Green street he’ll be sent by order of His Worship
To the penal jail of Mountjoy
(Chorus) To the jail of Mountjoy!
Jail him and joy.

He was faffather of all schemes for to bother us
Slow coaches and immaculate contraceptives for the populace,
Mare’s milk for the sick, seven dry Sundays a week,
Openair love and religion’s reform,
(Chorus) And religious reform,
Hideous in form.

Arrah, why, says you, couldn’t he manage it?
I’ll go bail, my fine dairyman darling,
Like the bumping bull of the Cassidys
All your butter is in your horns.
(Chorus) His butter is in his horns.
   Butter his horns!

(Repeat) Hurrah there, Hosty, frosty Hosty, change that shirt on ye,
Rhyme the rann, the king of all ranns!

Balbaccio, balbuccio!
We had chaw chaw chops, chairs, chewing gum, the chicken-pox and china chambers
Universally provided by this soffsoaping salesman.
Small wonder He'll Cheat E'erawan our local lads nicknamed him
When Chimpden first took the floor
   (Chorus) With his bucketshop store
       Down Bargainweg, Lower.

So snug he was in his hotel premises sumptuous
But soon we'll bonfire all his trash, tricks and trumpery
And'tis short till sheriff Clancy'll be winding up his unlimited company
With the bailiff's born at the door,
   (Chorus) Bimbam at the door.
       Then he'll bum no more.

Sweet bad luck on the waves washed to our island
The hooker of that hammerfast viking
And Gall’s curse on the day when Eblana bay
Saw his black and tan man-o'-war.
   (Chorus) Saw his man-o’-war.
       On the harbour bar.

Where from? roars Poolbeg. Cookingha’pence, he bawls Donneze-moi scampitle, wick an wipin’fampiny
Fingal Mac Oscar Onesine Bargearse Boniface
Thok’s min gammelhole Norveegickers moniker
Og as ay are at gammelhore Norveegickers cod.
   (Chorus) A Norwegian camel old cod.
       He is, begod.

Lift it, Hosty, lift it, ye devil ye! up with the rann, the rhyming rann!
It was during some fresh water garden pumping
Or, according to the Nursing Mirror, while admiring the mon keys
That our heavyweight heathen Humpharey
Made bold a maid to woo
   (Chorus) Woohoo, what’ll she doo!
       The general lost her maidenloo!

He ought to blush for himself, the old hayheaded philosopher,
For to go and shove himself that way on top of her.
Begob, he’s the crux of the catalogue
Of our antediluvial zoo,
   (Chorus) Messrs. Billing and Coo.
       Noah’s larks, good as noo.

He was joulting by Wellinton’s monument
Our notorious hippopopotamuns
When some bugger let down the backtrap of the omnibus
And he caught his death of fusiliers,
(Chorus) With his rent in his rears.
Give him six years.

'Tis sore pity for his innocent poor children
But look out for his missus legitimate!
When that frew gets a grip of old Earwicker
Won’t there be earwigs on the green?
(Chorus) Big earwigs on the green,
The largest ever you seen.

Suffoclose! Shikespower! Seudodanto! Anonymoses!
Then we’ll have a free trade Gaels’ band and mass meeting
For to sod the brave son of Scandiknavery.
And we’ll bury him down in Oxmanstown
Along with the devil and Danes,
(Chorus) With the deaf and dumb Danes,
And all their remains.

And not all the king’s men nor his horses
Will resurrect his corpus
For there’s no true spell in Connacht or hell
(bis) That’s able to raise a Cain.

Chest Cee! ‘Sdense! Corpo di barragio! you spoof of visibility in a freakfog, of mixed sex cases among goats hill cat and plain mousey, Bigamy Bob and his old Shanvocht! The Blackfriars treacle plaster outrage be liddled! Therewith was released in that kingsrick of Humidia a poisoning volume of cloud barrage indeed. Yet all they who heard or redelivered are now with that family of bards and Vergobretas himself and the crowd of Caraculacticors as much no more as be they not yet now or had they then not-ever been. Canbe in some future we shall presently here amid those zouave players of Inkermann the mime mumming the nick and his nick miming their maggies, Hilton St Just (Mr Frank Smith), Ivanne Ste Austelle (Mr J. F. Jones), Coleman of Lucan taking four parts, a choir of the O’Daley O’Doyles doublesixing the chorus in Fenn Mac Call and the Serven Feeries of Loch Neach, Galloper Troppler and Hurleyquinn the zitherer of the past with his merrymen all, zimzim, zimzim. Of the persins sin this Eyrawyg-gla saga (which, thorough readable to int from and, is from tubb to buttom all falsetissues, antilibellous and nonactionable and this applies to its whole wholume) of poor Osti–Fosti, described as quite a musical genius in a small way and the owner of an exceedingly nice ear, with tenorist voice to match, not alone, but a very major poet of the poorly meritorious order (he began Tuonisonian but worked his passage up as far as the we-all-hang-together Anmandovites) no one end is known. If they whistled him before he had curtains up they are whistling him still after his curtain’s doom’s doom. Ei f —. His husband, poor old A’Hara (Okaroff?) crestfallen by things and down at heels at the time, they squeak, accepted the (Zassnoch!) ardree’s shilling at the conclusion of the Crimean war and, having flown his wild geese, alohned in crowds to warnder on like Shuley Luney, enlisted in Tyrone’s horse, the Irish whites, and soldiered a bit with Wolsey under the assumed name of Blanco Fusilovna Buck-lovitch (spurious) after which the cawer and the marble halls of Pump Court Columbarium, the home of the old seakings, looked upon each other and queth their haven evermore for it transpires that on the other side of the water it came about that on the field of Vasileff’s Cornix inauspiciously with his unit he perished, saying, this papal leafless to old chap give, rawl chaw-clates for mouther-inlouth. Bouil. Poor old dear Paul Horan, to satisfy his literary as well as his criminal aspirations, at the suggestion thrown out by the doomster in loquacity lunacy, so says the Dublin Intelligence, was thrown into a Ridley’s for inmates in the northern counties. Under the name of Orani he may have been the utility man of the troupe capable of sustaining long parts at short notice. He was. Sordid Sam, a dour decent deblancer, the unwashed, haunted always by his ham, the unwished, at a word from Israel the Summoner, passed away painlessly after life’s upsomdowns one hallowe’en night, ebbrous and in the state of nature, propelled from Behind into the great Beyond by footblows coulinclouted upon his oyster and atlas on behanged and behooved and behicked and behulked of his last fishandblood bedscrappers, a Northwegian and his mate of the Sheawolving class. Though the last straw glimt his baring this stage thunkhard is said (the pitfallen gagged him as ‘Promptboxer’) to have solemnly said — as had the brief thot but fell in till his head like a bass dropt neck fust in till a bung crate (cogged!): Me drames, O’Loughlons, has come through! Now let the centuple celves of my egourge as Micholas de Cusack calls them, — of all of whose I in my hereinafter of course by recourse demission me — by the coincidance of their contraries reamalgemerge in that indentity of undiscernibles where the Baxters and the Fleshmans may they cease to bidivil uns and (but at this point though the iron
thrust of his cockspurt start might have prepared us we are well-nigh stinkpotthered by the mustardpunge in the tailend) this outandin brown candlestock melt Nolan’s into peese! Han var. Dislikin as he was to druriodrama, her wife Langley, the prophet, and the decentest dozendez short of a frusker whoever stuck his spickle through his spoke, disappeared, (in which toodoing he has taken all the French leaves unveurable out of Calomne-quiller’s Pravities) from the sourface of this earth, that austral plain he had transmaried himself to, so entirely spoorlessly (the mother of the book with a dustwhisk tabularasing his obliteration done upon her involucrum) as to tickle the speculative to all but opine (since the Levey who might have been Langley may have really been a redivivus of paganinism or a volunteer Vousden) that the hobo (who possessed a large amount of the humoresque) had trastuled his funster’s latitat to its finsterest interrimiest. Bhi she. Again, if Father San Browne, tea and toaster to that quaint-estest of yarnspinners is Padre Don Bruno, treu and troster to the queen of Iar–Spain, was the reverend, the sodality director, that eutepic viceflayer, a barefaced carmelite, to whose palpi-tating pulpit (which of us but remembers the rarevalent and hornerable Fratomistor Nawlanmore and Browne.) sinning society sirens (see the [Roman Catholic] presspassim) fortunately became so enthusiastically attached and was an objectionable ass who very occasionally cockaded a raffles ticket on his hat which he wore all to one side like the hangle of his pan (if Her Elegance saw him she’d have the canary!) and was semiprivately convicted of mal-practices with his hotwashed tableknife (glossing over the cark in his pocket) that same snob of the dunhill, fully several year-schaums riper, encountered by the General on that redletter morning or maynoon jovesday and were they? Fuitfuit.

When Phishlin Phil wants throws his lip ‘tis pholly to be fortune flonting and whoever’s gone to mix Hotel by the salt say water there’s nix to nothing we can do for he’s never again to sea. It is nebuless an autodidact fact of the commonest that the shape of the average human cloudyphiz, whereas sallow has long daze faded, frequently altered its ego with the possing of the showers (Not original!). Whence it is a slopperish matter, given the wet and low visibility (since in this scherzarade of one’s thousand one nightinesses that sword of certainty which would indentif the body never falls) to idendifine the individuone in scratch wig, squarecuts, stock lavaleer, regattable oxeter, baggy pants and shufflers (he is often alluded to as Slyphatrick, the Ilad in the Ilane) with already an incipience (lust!) in the direction of area baldness (one is continually firstmeeting with odd sorts of others at all sorts of ages!) who was asked by free boardschool shirkers in drenched coats overwall, Will, Conn, and Otto, to tell them overagait, Vol, Pov and Dev, that fishabled glooatstory of the haardly creditable edventyres of the Haberdasher, the two Cur-chies and the three Enkelchums in their Bearskin goats! Girls and jongers, but he has changed alok syne Thorkill’s time! Ya, da, tra, gathery, pimp, shesses, shossafat, okodeboko, edventyres of the Haberdasher, the two Cur

Sport’s a common thing. It was the Lord’s own day for damp (to wait for a postponed regatta’s eventualising is not of Battlecock Shettedore — Juxta — Mare only) and the request for a fully armed explanation was put (in Loo of Pat) to the porty (a native of the sisterisle — Meathman or Meccan? — by his brogue, ex-race eyes, lokil calour and local odour which are said to have been average clowtrurkish (though the capelist’s voiced nasal liquids and the way he sneezed at zeas haul us back to the craogs and bryns of the Silurian Ordovices) who, the lesser pilgrimage accomplished, had made, pats’ and pigs’ older inselt, the south-east bluffs of the stranger stepshore, a regifugium persecutorum, hence hindquarters) as he paused at evenchime for some or so minutes (hit the pipe dannyboy! Time to won, barmon. I’ll take ten to win.) amid the devil’s one duldrum (Apple by her blossom window and Charlotte at her toss panomancy his sole admirers, his only tearts in store) for a fragrend culubosh during his week-end pastime of executing with Anny Oakley deadliness (the consummatory pairs of provocatives, of which remained provokingly but two, the ones he fell for, Lili and Tutu, cork em!) empties which had not very long before contained Reid’s family (you raud that before, soaky, but all the bottles in sodemd histrly will not softn your blooddathirst!) stout. Having reprimed his repeater and resiteroomed his timespiece His Revenances, with still a life or provicents with his hotwashed tableknife (glossing of the average human cloudyphiz, whereas sallow has long daze faded, frequently altered its ego with the possing of the showers (Not original!). Whence it is a slopperish matter, given the wet and low visibility (since in this scherzarade of one’s thousand one nightinesses that sword of certainty which would indentif the body never falls) to idendifine the individuone in scratch wig, squarecuts, stock lavaleer, regattable oxeter, baggy pants and shufflers (he is often alluded to as Slyphatrick, the Ilad in the Ilane) with already an incipience (lust!) in the direction of area baldness (one is continually firstmeeting with odd sorts of others at all sorts of ages!) who was asked by free boardschool shirkers in drenched coats overwall, Will, Conn, and Otto, to tell them overagait, Vol, Pov and Dev, that fishabled glooatstory of the haardly creditable edventyres of the Haberdasher, the two Cur-chies and the three Enkelchums in their Bearskin goats! Girls and jongers, but he has changed alok syne Thorkill’s time! Ya, da, tra, gathery, pimp, shesses, shossafat, okodeboko, edventyres of the Haberdasher, the two Cur-chies and the three Enkelchums in their Bearskin ghoats! Girles and jongers, but...
of whom his nation seemed almost already to be about to have need. Then, stealing his thunder, but in the befitting le-gomena of the smaller country, (probable words, possibly said, of field family gleaming) a bit dushman and flavoured with a smile, sein as ow his thoughts consisted chiefly of the cheerio, he aptly sketched for our soontobe second parents (sukand see whybe!) the touching scene. The solence of that stilling! Here one might a fin fell. Boomster rombombonant! It scenes like a landscape from Wildu Picturescu or some seem on some dimb Arras, dumb as Mum’s mutyness, this mimage of the seventyseventh kusin of kristansen is odable to os across the wireless Ere no þnor nor mere eerie nor liss potent of suggestion than in the tales of the tingmount. (Prigged!)

And there oftafter, jauntyjogging, on an Irish visavis, instea-dily with shoulder to shoulder Jehu will tell to Christianier, saint to sage, the humphriada of that fall and rise while daisy winks at her pinker sister among the tussocks and the copoll between the shafts mocks the couple on the car. And as your who may look like how on the owther side of his big beltry your tyrts and clos your noes and paradigm maymay rererise in eren. Follow we up his whip vindicative. Thurston’s! Lo bebald! La arboro, lo petrusu. The augustin peacebetothem oaks, the monolith rising stark from the moonlit pinebarren. In all fortitudinous ajaxious rowdinoisy tenacuity. The angelus hour with ditches bent upon their farm usetensiles, the soft belling of the fallow deers (doerheh-moose genuine!) advertising their milky approach as midnight was striking the hours (letate!), and how brightly the great tri-bune outed the sharkskin smokewallet (imitation!) from his frock, kippers, and by Joshua, he tips un a topping swank cheroot, none of your swellish soide, quoit the reverse, and how manfully he says, pluk to pluk and lekan for lukan, he was to just pluggy well suck that brown boyo, my son, and spend a whole half hour in Havana. Sorer of the kreeksmen, would not thore be old high gothsprogue! Wherefore he met Master, he mean to say, he do, sire, bester of redpublicans, at Eagle Cock Hostel on Lorenzo Tooley street and how he wished his Honour the ban-nocks of Gort and Morya and Bri Head and Puddyrick, yore Loudship, and a starchyboxsitting in the pit of his St Tomach’s,—a strange wish for you, my friend, and it would poleaxe your sonson’s grandson utterly though your own old sweatandswear floruerunts heaved it hoch many as the times, when they were terrrified by the hitz.

Chee chee cheers for Upkingbilly and crow cru cramwells Downaboo! Hup, boys, and hat him! See! Oilbeam they’re lost we’ve fount rerembrandters, their hours to date link these heirs to here but wowhere are those yours of Yestersdays? Fareseinge-therich and Poolaulwoman Charachthercuss and his Ann van Vogt. D.e.e.d! Edned, ended or sleeping soundlessly? Favour with your tongues! Intendite!


And, Cod, says he with mugger’s tears: Would you care to know the prise of a liard? Maggis, nick your nightynovel! Mass Travener’s at the mike again! And that bag belly is the buck to goa and how brightly the great tri-bune outed the sharkskin smokewallet (imitation!) from his frock, kippers, and by Joshua, he tips un a topping swank cheroot, none of your swellish soide, quoit the reverse, and how manfully he says, pluk to pluk and lekan for lukan, he was to just pluggy well suck that brown boyo, my son, and spend a whole half hour in Havana. Sorer of the kreeksmen, would not thore be old high gothsprogue! Wherefore he met Master, he mean to say, he do, sire, bester of redpublicans, at Eagle Cock Hostel on Lorenzo Tooley street and how he wished his Honour the ban-nocks of Gort and Morya and Bri Head and Puddyrick, yore Loudship, and a starchyboxsitting in the pit of his St Tomach’s,—a strange wish for you, my friend, and it would poleaxe your sonson’s grandson utterly though your own old sweatandswear floruerunts heaved it hoch many as the times, when they were terrrified by the hitz.

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The house of Atreox is fallen indeedust (Ilyam, Ilyum! Mae-romor Mournomates!) averging on blight like the mundibanks of Fennyana, but deeds bounds going arise again. Life, he himself said once, (his biografiend, in fact, kills him verysoon, if yet not, after) is a wake, livit or krikit, and on the bunk of our bread-winning lies the cropse of our seedfather, a phrase which the establissher of the world by law might prentately write across the chestfront of all manorwominborn. The scene, refreshed, reroused, was never to be forgotten, the hen and crusader ever-intermutuomergent, for later in the century one of that puisse band of factferreters, (then an excivilly (out of the custom huts) (retired), (hurt), under the sixtyfives act) in a dressy black modern style and we were shiny tan burlingtons, (tam, homd and dicky, quopiquos and peajagd) rehearsed it, pippa pointing,
with a dignified (copied) bow to a namecosin of the late archdeacon F. X. Preserved Coppinger (a hot fellow in his night, may the mouter of guard have mastic on him!) in a pullwoman of our first transhibernian with one still odder circumstance which is a dirkandark heartskewerer if ever to bring bounting brimmers from marbled eyes. Cycloptically through the windowdisks and with eddying awes the round eyes of the runtreisers, back to back, buck to bucker, on their airish haunting car, beheld with intouriouring anterestedness the clad pursue the bare, the bare the green, the green the frore, the frore the cladagain, as their convoy wheeled encircullingly abound the gigantig’s lifefree, our fire-leaved loverlucky blomsterbohm, phoenix in our woodlessness, haughty, cacuminal, erubescent (repetition!) whose roots they be asches with lustres of peins.

For as often as the Archicadens, pleasuring aside his Irish Field and craving their auriculas to re-cepticle particulars before they got the bump at Castlebar (mat and far!) spoke of it by request all, hearing in this new reading of the part whereby, because of Dyas in his machina, the new garrickson’s grimacing grimaldism hypostasised by substintuation the axiomatic ororotundity of that once grand old elrington bawl, the copycs’s description of that fellowcommuter’s play upon countenants, could simply imagine themselves in their bo-son’s inmost core, as pro tem locums, timesorted acroos the yawn — ing (abyss), as once they were seasiders, listening to the cocksky — shooter’s evensong evocation of the doomed but always ventri — loquent Agitator, (nonot more plangorpound the billows o’er Thounawahallya Reef!) silhouhatted, a whallrhosminghtiaad, a-ginsts the dusk of skumring, (would that fane be Saint Muezzin’s calling — holy places! — and this fez brimless as brow of faithful toucher of the ground, did wish it were — blessed be the bones! — the ghazi, power of his sword.) his manslayer’s gunwielder pretended towards that overgrown leadpencil which was soon, monumentally at least, to rise as Molyvokondylion to, to be, to be his mausoleum (O’dan stod tillsteyne at meisies aye skould show pon) while olover his exculpatory features, as Roland rung, a wee droopen of grief about to sillonise his jouejous, the ghost of resignation diffused a spectral appeallingness, as a young man’s drown o’er the fate of his waters may gloat, similar in origin and akkurat in effective to a beam of sunshine upon a coffin plate.

Not olderwise Inn the days of the Bygning would our Travel-lar remote, unfriended, from van Demon’s Land, some lazy skald or maundering pote, lift wearywilly his slowcut snobsic eyes to the semisigns of his zooteac and lengthily lingering along flaskneck, cracket cup, downtrodden brogue, turfsod, wild-broom, cabbageblad, stockfisch, longingly learn that there at the Angel were herberged for him poteen and tea and praties and baccy and wine width woman wordth warbling: and

But in the pragma what formal cause made a smile of that to-think? Who was he to whom? (O’Breen’s not his name nor the brown one his maid.) Whose are the placewheres? Kiwasti, kis-ker, kither, kitnabudja? Tal the tem of the tumulum. Giv the gav of the grube. Be it cudgelplayers’ country, orfishfellows’ town or leeklickers’ land or panpanungopovengreskey. What regnans raised the rains have levelled but we hear the pointers and can gauge their compass for the melos yields the mode and the mode the manners plicyman, plansiman, plousiman, plab. Tsin tsin tsin tsin! The forfarther folkers for a prize of two peaks with Ming, Ching and Shunny on the lie low lea. We’ll sit down on the hope of the ghously ghost for the titheman tribuleth but his hatitat hies not here. They answer from their Zoans; Hear the four of them! Hark toroar of them! I, says Deansgrange, and say nothing. I, says Barna, and

Thus the unfacts, did we possess them, are too imprecisely few to warrant our certitude, the evidencegivers by legpooi too untrustworthily irreparable where his adjurers are semmingly freak threes but his judicandees plainly minus twos. Nevertheless Madam’s Toshows waxes largely more lifefarked (entrance, one kudos; exits, free) and our notional gellery is now completely complament, an exegious monument, aerily perennious. Oblige with your blackthorns; gamps, degrace! And there may the mouther of guard have mastic on him!) in a pullwoman of our first transhibernian with one still odder circumstance which is a dirkandark heartskewerer if ever to bring bounting brimmers from marbled eyes. Cycloptically through the windowdisks and with eddying awes the round eyes of the runtreisers, back to back, buck to bucker, on their airish haunting car, beheld with intouriouring anterestedness the clad pursue the bare, the bare the green, the green the frore, the frore the cladagain, as their convoy wheeled encircullingly abound the gigantig’s lifefree, our fire-leaved loverlucky blomsterbohm, phoenix in our woodlessness, haughty, cacuminal, erubescent (repetition!) whose roots they be asches with lustres of peins.

Yet certes one is. Eher the following winter had overed the pages of nature’s book and till Ceadubar-atta-Cleath became Dablenta Tertia, the shadow of the huge outlander, maladik, mult-vult, magnoperous, had bulked at the bar of a rota of tribunals in manor hall as in thieves’ kitchen, mid pillow talk and chthouse chat, on Marlborough Green as through Molesworth Fields, here sentenced pro tried with Jedburgh justice, there acquitted con testimony with benefit of clergy. His Thing Mod have undone him: and his madthing has done him man. His beneficiaries are legion in the part he created: they number up his years. Greatwheel Dunlop was the name was on him: behung, all we are his bisaacles. As hollyday in his
house so was he priest and king to that: ulvy came, envy saw, ivy conquered. Lou! Lou! They have waved his green boughs o’er him as they have torn him limb from limb. For his mortuification and expiration and duration and annu-hulation. With schreis and grida, deprofound soupirs. Steady, sullivans! Mannequins pause! Longtong’s breach is fallen down but Grauny’s spread’s abroad. Ahdostay, feeddailones, and feel the Flucher’s bawls for the total of your flouts is not fit to fan his fettle, O! Have a ring and sing wohl! Chin, chin! Chin, chin! And of course all chimed din width the eatmost boviality. Swiping rums and beaunes and sherries and cider and negus and cit — ronnades too. The stronger. Oho, oho, Mester Begge, you’re about to be bagged in the bog again. Bugge. But softsies seuf-sighed: Eheu, for gassies! But, lo! lo! by the threatening gods, human, erring and condonable, what the statues of our kuo, who is the messchef be our kuang, ashu ashure there, the unforgettable treeshade looms up behind the jostling judgements of those, as all should owe, malreceptable days.

A railways barmaid’s view (they call her Spilltears Rue) was thus expressed: to sympathisers of the Dole Line, Death Avenue, anent those objects of her pity, who is the messchef be our kuang, ashu ashure there, the unforgettable treeshade looms up behind the jostling judgements of those, as all should owe, malreceptable days.

Tap and pat and tapatagain, (fire firstshot, Missiers the Refusel-eers! Peingpeong! For saxonlootie!) three tommyx, soldiers free, cockaleak and cappapee, of the Coldstream. Guards were walking, in (pardonnez-leur, je vous en prie, eh?) Montgomery Street. One voiced an opinion in which on either wide (pardonnez!), nod-ding, all the Finner Camps concurred (je vous en prie, eh?). It was the first woman, they said, souped him, that fatal wellesday, Lili Coningham, by suggesting him they go in a field. Wroth mod elfdar, ruth red standist, wrath wraat pets, confessed private Pat Marchison retro. (Terse!) Thus contenters with san-toys play. One of our coming Vauxhall ontheboarders who is resting for the moment (she has been callit by a noted stagey ele-ctuier a wastepacket Sittons) was interfued in a waistend peowy parlour. Looking perhaps even more pertyflushed in her cherry- derry padouasous, girdle and braces by the halfmoon and Seven Stars, russets from the Blackamoor’s Head, amongst the climbing boys at his Eagle and Child and over the corn and hay emtors at their Black and All Black, Mrs F . . A . . .saidsaidise, half in stage of whisper to her confidante glass, while recoopering her cartwheel chopat (ahat! — and we now know what thimbles a baquets on lallance a tallis mean), she hoped Sid Arthur would git a Chissman’s portrait of orange and lemonsized orichids with hollegs and ether, from the featre of the Innocent, as the worryd had been uncained. Then, while it is odrous comparing to the sprangflowers of his burstday which was a virid — able goddipnotty for the reinworms and the charlatinas and all branches of climatiss, it has been such a wandering noyth untirely, added she, with many regards to Maha’s pranjapansies. (Tart!) Prehistoric, obitered to his dictaphone an entychologist: his pro-penomen is a properismenon. A dustman nocknamed Seven — churches in the employ of Messrs Achnub, Soulpetre and Ashreborn, prairmakers, Glintalook, was asked by the sisterhood the vexed question during his midday collation of leaver an alternativly with stenk and kitteney phie in a hash-housh and, thankeaven, responsed impulsively: We have just been propagandering his nullity suit and what they took out of his ear among my own crush. All our fellows at O’Dea’s sages with Aratar Calaman he is a cemented brick, buck it all! A more nor usually sober cardriver, who was jauntingly hosing his runabout, Ginger Jane, took a strong view. Lorry hosed her as he talked and this is what he told rewritemen: Irewaker is just a plain pink joint reformee in private life but folks all have it by brehemoons laws he has parliamentary honours. Eiskaffier said (Louigi’s, you know that man’s, brillant Savourain): Mon foie, you wish to ave some homelette, yes, lady! Good, mein leber! Your hegg he must b...
but by now one hears turtlings all over Doveland!) when supplied with informations as to the several facets of the case in her 
cozy-dozy bachelure’s flat, quite overlooking John a ‘Dream’s mews, leaned back in her really truly easy chair to query 
restfully through her vowelthreaded syllables: Have you evew thought, wapow-tew, that sheew greatness was his 
twadgedy? Nevertheless ac — cowding to my considewed attitudes fow this act he should pay the full penalty, pending 
pwusansuance, as pew Subsec. 32, section II, of the C. L. A. act 1885, anything in this act to the cornwaivy notwithstanding. 
Jarley Jilke began to silke for he couldn’t get home to Jelsey but ended with: He’s got the sack that helped him moul 
stinchst of his gladssome rags. Meagher, a naval rating, seated on one of the granite cromlech sets of our new fish-shambles 
for the usual ariating after the ever popular act, with whom were Questa and Puella, piquante and quoite, (this had a cold in 
her brain while that felt a sink in her summock, wit’s wat, wot’s wet) was encouraged, although nearavanished himself, by 
one of his co-affianced to get your breath, Walt, and gobbit and when ther chidden by her fastra sastra to saddle up your 
pance, Naville, thus cor replied to her other’s thanksskissing: I lay my two fingerbuttons, fiancee Meagher, (he speaks!) he 
was to blame about your two velvetthighs up Horniman’s Hill — as hook and eye blame him or any other piscman? — but I 
also think, Puellywally, by the siege of his trousers there was some-one else behind it — you bet your boughtem blarneys — 
about their three drummers down Keysars Lane. (Trite!).

Be these meer marchant taylor’s fablings of a race referend with oddman rex? Is now all seenheard then forgotten? Can it 
was, one is fain in this leaden age of letters now to wit, that so diversified outrages (they have still to come!) were planned 
and partly carried out against so staunch a covenanter if it be true than any of those recorded ever took place for many, we 
trow, beyessed to and denied of, are given to us by some who use the truth but sparingly and we, on this side ought to 
sorrow for their pricking pens on that account. The seventh city, Urovivla, his citadear of refuge, whiter (would we believe 
the laimen and their counts), beyond the outraved gales of Atreeatic, changing clues with a baggermalster, the hejirite had 
feld, silentiousse-meant under night’s altosonority, shipalone, a raven of the wave, (be mercy, Mara! A he whence 
Rahoulas!) from the ostmen’s dirty on the old vid, to forget in expiating manslaughter and, rebterhing in remarriment out of 
dead seekness to devine previ-dence, (if you are looking for the bilder deep your ear on the movietone!) to league his lot, 
palm and patte, with a papishee. For mine qvinne I thee giftake and bind my hosenband I thee halter. The wastobe land, a 
lottuse land, a luctuous land, Emerald-illuim, the peasant pastured, in which by the fourth commandment with promise his 
ays apostolic were to be long by the abundant mercy of Him Which Thundereth From On High, murmured, would rise 
against him with all which in them were, franchisab-les and inhabitands, astea as agora, helotsphilots, do him hurt, poor jink, 
ghostly following bodily, as were he made a curse for them, the corruptible lay quick, all saints of incorruption-of-an holy 
nation, the common or ere-ingarden castaway, in red re-surrection to condemn so they might convince him, first pha — roah, 
Humpheres Cheops Exarchas, of their proper sins. Busi — ness bred to speak with a stiff upper lip to all men and most occa 
— sions the Man we wot of took little short of fighting chances but for all that he or his or his care were subjected to the 
horrors of the premier terror of Errorland. (perorhaps!)

We seem to us (the real Us!) to be reading our Amenti in the sixth sealed chapter of the going forth by black. It was after the 
show at Wednesbury that one tall man, humping a suspicius parcel, when returning late amid a dense particular on his home 
way from the second house of the Boone and Burgess Christy Menestrels by the old spot, Roy’s Corner, had a barkiss 
revolver placed to his faced with the words: you’re shot, major: by an unknowable assailant (masked) against whom he 
was, one is fain in this leaden age of letters now to wit, that so diversified outrages (they have still to come!) were planned 
and partly carried out against so staunch a covenanter if it be true than any of those recorded ever took place for many, we 
trow, beyessed to and denied of, are given to us by some who use the truth but sparingly and we, on this side ought to 
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feld, silentiousse-meant under night’s altosonority, shipalone, a raven of the wave, (be mercy, Mara! A he whence 
Rahoulas!) from the ostmen’s dirty on the old vid, to forget in expiating manslaughter and, rebterhing in remarriment out of 
dead seekness to devine previ-dence, (if you are looking for the bilder deep your ear on the movietone!) to league his lot, 
palm and patte, with a papishee. For mine qvinne I thee giftake and bind my hosenband I thee halter. The wastobe land, a 
lottuse land, a luctuous land, Emerald-illuim, the peasant pastured, in which by the fourth commandment with promise his 
ays apostolic were to be long by the abundant mercy of Him Which Thundereth From On High, murmured, would rise 
against him with all which in them were, franchisab-les and inhabitands, astea as agora, helotsphilots, do him hurt, poor jink, 
ghostly following bodily, as were he made a curse for them, the corruptible lay quick, all saints of incorruption-of-an holy 
nation, the common or ere-ingarden castaway, in red re-surrection to condemn so they might convince him, first pha — roah, 
Humpheres Cheops Exarchas, of their proper sins. Busi — ness bred to speak with a stiff upper lip to all men and most occa 
— sions the Man we wot of took little short of fighting chances but for all that he or his or his care were subjected to the 
horrors of the premier terror of Errorland. (perorhaps!)

Fifthly, how parasiloloquisingly truetoned on his first time of hearing the wretch’s statement that, muttering Irish, he had had 
had o’gloriously a’lot too much hanguest or hoshoe fine to drink in the House of Blazes, the Parrot in Hell, the Orange Tree, 
the Gibt, the Sun, the Holy Lamb and, lapse not leashed, in Ramitdown’s ship hotel since the morning moment he could 
dixtnguish a white thread from a black till the engine of the laws declosed unto Murray and was only falling filltheflurthered
up against the gatestone pier which, with the cow’s bonnet a top o’ it, he falsettook for a catttlepillar with purest peaceablest intentions. Yet how lamely hobbles the hoy of his then pseudo-jocax axplanation how, according to his own story, he was a process server and was merely trying to open zoizmus a bottlop stoub by mortailly hammering his magnum bonum (the curter the club the sorer the savage) against the bludgey gate for the boots about the swan, Maurice Behan, who hastily into his shoes with nothing his hald barra tinntack and came dawn with homp, shitemap and jumptet to the tiltyard from the wastes a sleep in his obi ohny overclothes or choker, attracted by the nose of guns playing Delandy is cartager on the raglar rock to Duly, said war’ prised safe in bed as he dreamed that he’d wealthes in mor-mon halls when woken by a fourth loud snore out of his land of byelo while hickstrey’s maws was grazing in the moonlight by hearing hammering on the pandywhank scale emanating from the blind pig and everything like it (oonagh!oonagh!) in the whole history of the Mullingcan Inn he never. This battering babel allower the door and sideposts, he always said, was not in the very remotest like the belzey babble of a bottle of boose which would not rouse him out o’ slumber deep but reminded him loads more of the martialsawey mares of foreign musi-kants’ instrumongs or the overthrower to the third last days of Pomerpy, if anything. And that after this most nooless knockturn the young reine came down desperate and the old lifiopotamus started ploring all over the plains, as mud as she cud be, ruinating all the bouchers’ schurts and the backers’ wischandtugs so that be the chandeleure of the Rejanejjailey they were all night wasching the walters of, the weltering walters off. Whyte.

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

Come on, ordinary man with that large big nonobli head, and that blanko berbecked fishtial ekksprezzion Machinsky Scapolo-polos, Duzinascu or other. Your machelar’s mutton leg’s getting musclebend from being too pulled. Noah Beery weighed stone thousand one when Hazel was a hen. Now her fat’s falling fast. Therefore, chatbags, why not yours? There are 29 sweet reasons why blossoms time the best. Elders fall for green almonds when they’re raised on bruised stone root ginger though it winters on their heads as if auctunmed round their waistbands. If you’d had pains in your hairs you wouldn’t look so orgibald. You’d have Colley Macaires on your lump of head. Now listen, Mr Leer! And stow that sweatyfunnyadams Simper! Take an old geeser who calls on his skirt. Note his sleek hair, so elegant, tableau vivant. He vows her to be his own honeylamb, swears they will be papa pals, by Sam, and share good times way down west in a guaranteed happy lovenest when May moon she shines and they twit twinkle all the night, combing the comet’s tail up right and shooting popguns at the stars. Creampuffs all to dime! Every nice, missymackenzies! For dear old grumapar, he’s gone on the razzledar, th ust and for the love of the saunces and the honour of Keavens pike puddywhackback to Pamintul. And roll away the reel world, the reel world! And call all your smokeblushes, Snowwhite and Rosered, if you will have the real cream! Now for a strawberry frolic! Filons, filoosh! Cherchons la flamme! Famm-famm! Fammfamm!

Ack, ack, ack. With which clap, trap and soddenment, three to a loaf, our mutual friends the fender and the bottle at the gate seem to be implicitly in the same bateau, so to singen, bearing also several of the earmarks of design, for there is in fact no use in putting a tooth in a snippery of that sort and the amount of all those sort of things which has been going on oneaday in and twiceaday out every other nachtstag among all kinds of pro-misicous individuals at all ages in private homes and reboos publikiss and allover all and elsewhere throughout secular sequence the country over and overabroad has been particularly stundens. To be continued. Federals’ Uniteds’ Transports’ Unions’ for Exultations’ of Triumphants’ Ecstasies.

But resuming inquiries. Will it ever be next morning the postal unionist’s (officially called carrier’s, Letters Scotch, Limited) strange fate (Fierecendgidleex he’s hight, d.e., the losel that hucks around missivemaid’s gummibacks) to hand in a huge chain envelope, written in seven divers stages of ink, from blanch-essance to lavandaiette, every pothook and pancrook bespaking the wisherwife, superscribed and subpencilled by yours A Laugh-able Party, with afterwite, S.A.G., to Hyde and Cheek, Eden — berry, Dubblenn, WC? Will whatever will be written in lappish language with inbursts of Maggyer always
The coffin, a triumph of the illusionist’s art, at first blench naturally taken for a handharp (it is handwarp to tristgising jubabe from jabule or either from tubote when all three have just been invende) had been removed from the hardware premises of Oetzmann and Nephew, a noted house of the gomenest west, which in the natural course of all things continues to supply funeral requisites of every needed description. Why needed, though? Indeed needed (wouldn’t you feel like rattanfowl if you hadn’t the oscar!) because the flash brides or bride in their lily boleros one games with at the Nivynubies’ finery ball and your upright grooms that always come right up with you (and by jingo when they do!) what else in this mortal world, now ours, when meet there night, mid their nackt, me there na-ket, made their nought the hour strikes, would bring them right — came back in the flesh, thumbs down, to their orses and their hashes.

To proceed. We might leave that nitrience of oxagants to take its free of the air and just anaelectrasye that very chymrical con-bimation, the gasbag where the warderworks. And try to pour somour heiterscene up thealemstofere. In the bottled helioste case continuing, Long Lally Tobkids, the special, sporting a fine breast of medals, and a conscientious scripturereader to boot in the brick and tin choorch round the coroner, sawere like a Nowreweezeian taulluir on the stand before the proper functionary that he was up against a right quernorrnt of a mand in the butcher of the blues who, he guntinued, on last evening after delivering some car-casses matooncheps and meatjutes on behalf of Messrs Otto Sands and Eastman, Limericked, Victuallers, went and, with his unmitigated astonissment, hickicked at the dun and dorass against all the runes and, when challenged about the pretended hick (it was kickup and down with him) on his solemn by the imputant imputed, said simply: I appop pie oath, Phylippes Captain. You did, as I sostressed before. You are deepknee in e

Now to the obverse. From velveteens to dimities is barely a fivefinger span and hence these camelback excesses are thought to have been instigated by one or either of the causing causes of all, those rusty hollow heroines in their skirtsleeves, be she ma-gretta be she the posque. Oh! Oh! Because it is a horrible thing to have to say to say to day but one dilalah, Luptia Lorette, short-ly after in a fit of the unexpectednesses drank carbolic with all her dear placid life before her and paled off while the other soiled dove that’s her sister-inlove, Luperca Latouche, finding one day while dodging chores that she stripped teasil for binocu-lar man and that her jams were jimpjoyed to see each other, the nautyly girly soon her fruitful hat too small for her and rapidly taking time, look, she rapidly took to necking, partying and selling her spare favours in the haymow or in lumbor closets or in the greenawn ad huck (there are certain intimacies in all ladies’ lavastories we just lease to imagination) or in the sweet churchyard close itself for a bit of soft coal or an array of thin trunks, serving whom in fine that same hot coney a la Zingara which our own little Graunya of the chiled cheeks dished up to the greatsire of Oscar, that son of a Coole. Houri of the coast of emerald, arrah of the lascive poghue, Astlim-all-Muslim, the resigned to her surrender, did not she, come leinsters even, true dotter of a dearless, (her pitch was Forty Steps and his perch old Cromwell’s Quarters) with so vallirry a licence as sent many a poor puck ove or ire in Aaarlund. Or you Dair’s Hair or Mussle, the resigned to her surrender, did not she, come leinsters even, true dotter of a dearless, (her pitch was Forty Steps and his perch old Cromwell’s Quarters) with so vallirry a licence as sent many a poor puck ove or ire in Aaarlund. Or you Dair’s Hair or

seem semposed, black looking white and white guarding black, in that siamixed twoa-talk used twist stern swift and jolly roger? Will it bright upon us, nightle, and we plunging to our plight? Well, it might now, miracle, so it light. Always and ever till Cox’s wife, twice Mrs Hahn, pokes her beak into the matter with Owen K. after her, to see whawa smutter after, will this kiribis pouch filled with litterish frag-ments lurk dormant in the paunch of that halpbrother of a herm, a pillarbox?
you Diggin Mosses or your horde of orts and oriorts to garble a garthen of Odin and the lost paladays when all the eddams ended with aves. Armen? The doun is theirs and still to see for menags if he strikes a lousasfirth and we’ll come to those baregazed shoeshines if you just shooodov a second. And let oggs be good old gaggles and Isthber Estarr play Yester Asterr. In the demna of Sorestost Areas, Diseased. A stonehinged gate then was for another thing while the suroptimist had bought and enlarged that shack under fair rental of one yearling sheep, (prime) value of sixpence, and one small yearling goat (cadel) value of eight-pence, to grow old and happy (hogg it and kidd him) for the re — minants of his years; and when everything was got up for the purpose he put an applegate on the place by no means as some pretext a bedstead in loo thereof to keep out donkeys (the pig-dirt hanging from the jags to this hour makes that clear) and just thenabouts the iron gape, by old custom left open to prevent the cats from getting at the gout, was triplepatlockt on him on purpose by his faithful poorters to keep him inside probably and possibly enaunter he felt like sticking out his chest too far and tempting gracious providence by a stroll on the peoplaide’s egg-day, unused as he was yet to being freely clodded.

O, by the by, lets wee brag of praties, it ought to be always remembered in connection with what has gone before that there was a northeroomer, Herr Betreffender, out for his zimmer hole-digs, digging in number 32 at the Rum and Puncheon (Branch of Dirty Dick’s free house) in Laxlip (where the Sockeye Sammons were stopping at the time orange fasting) prior to that, a Kom-merzial (Gorbotipacco) he was wreaking like Zentral Oylrubber) from Osterich, the U.S.E. paying (Gaul save the mark!) Il/ — in the week (Gosh, these wholly romads!) of conscience money in the first deal of Uuly wheil he was, swishing beestness with bles-sure, and swobbing brogun engerie myth brockendootsch, making his reporterage on Der Fall Adams for the Frankfurto Siding, a Fastland payrodicule, and er, consstated that one had on him the Lynn ’O’Brien, a meltoned lammswolle, disturbed, and wider might he might the same zurischchicken other he would, with tosend and obertosend tonnowatters, one monkey’s damages become. Now you must know, franksman, to make a heart of glass, that the game of gaze and sandstand butcherly was merely a Patsy O’Strap tissue of threats and obuses such as roebucks ruckg at pineapple’s peak and after this sort. Humphrey’s unsolicited visitor, Davy or Titus, on a burgley’s clan march from the middle west, a hilky excellent crude man about road who knew his Bullfoost Mountains like a starling bierd, after doing a long dance untidled to Cloudy Green, depose his bockstump on the waiyoumay-wantme, after having blew some quaker’s (for you! Oates!) in through the houseking’s keyhole to attract attention, bleated through the gale outside which the tairor of his clo...
of all the Ruttledges, O’Phelim’s Cutprice, And at Number Wan Wan Wan, What He Done to Castlecostello, Sleeps with Feathers end Ropes, It is Known who Sold Horace the Rattler, Enclosed find the Sons of Fingal, Swayed in his Falling, Wants a Wife and Forty of Them, Let Him Do the Fair, Apegeequanee Chimmuck, Plowp Goes his Whistle, Ruin of the Small Trader, He — — Milkinghoneybeaverbrooker, Vee was a Vindner, Sower Rapes, Armenian Atrocity, Sickfish Bellyup, Edomite,— ‘Man Devoyd of the Commoner Characteristics of an Irish Nature, Bad Humborg, Hraabhaabraab, Coocoohandler, Dirt, Miching Daddy, Born Burst Feet Foremost, Woolworth’s Worst, Easyathic Phallusaphist, Guiltey-pig’s Bastard, Fast in the Barrel, Boose in the Bed, Mister Fatmate, In Custody of the Polis, Boawwll’s Alscutionist, Deposed, but anar-chistically respectful of the liberties of the noninvasive words, did not respond a solitary wedgeword beyond such sedentarity, though it was as easy as kissanywhere for the passive resistant in the booth he was in to reach for the hello gripes and ring up Kim-mage Outer 17.67, because, as the fundamentalist explained, when at last shocked into speech, touchin his woundid feelins in the fuchsiar the dominican mission for the sowsealist potty was on at the time and he thought the rowmish devotion known as the howly rowsary might reeform ihm, Gonn. That more than considerably unpleasant bullocky before he rang off drunkishly pegged a few glatt stones, all of a size, by way of final mocks for his grapes, at the wicket in support of his words that he was not guilphy but, after he had so slaugna vollayed, reconnoi-tring through his semisubconscious the seriousness of what he might have done had he really polished off his terrible intentions finally caused him to change the bawling and leave down the whole grunus of brookpebbles pangpung and, having sobered up a bit, paces his groundould diablo liondub, the fly the flegm, the floedy fleshener, (purse, purse, pursyfurse, I’ll splish the splume of them all!) this backblocks boor bruskly put out his langwedge and quite quit the paleologic scene, telling how by his selfdenying ordnance he had left Hyland on the dissenting table, after exhorting Earwicker or, in slightly modified phrase-ology, Messrs or Missrs Earwicker, Seir, his feminisible name of multitude, to cocoa come outside to Mockerloo out of that for the honour of Crumlin, with his broody old fishguds, Gog’s curse to thim, so as he could brianslog and burst him all dizzy, you go bail, like Potts Fracture did with Keddle Flatnose and nobodytutall with Wholyphamous and build rocks over him, or if he didn’t, for two and thirty straws, be Cacao Campbell, he didn’t know what he wouldn’t do for him nor nobody else no-more nor him after which, batell martell, a brisha a milla a stroka a boola, so the rage of Malbruk, playing on the least change of his manjester’s voice, the first heroic couplet from th

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

Yed he med leave to many a door beside of Oxmanswold for so witness his chambered cairns a cloudletlitter silent that are at browse up hill and down coombe and on eolithostroton, at Howth or at Coolock or even at Enniskerry, a theory none too rectiline of the evolution of human society and a testament of the rocks from all the dead unto some the living. Oivers lambs we do call them, skatterlings of a stone, and they shall be ga-thered unto him, their herd and paladin, as nubileettes to cumule, in that day hwen, same the lightning lancer of Azava Arthur- honoured (some Finn, some Finn avant!), he shall wake from earthsleep, haught crested elmer, in his valle of briers of Green-cumule, in that day hwen, same the lightning lancer of Azava Arthu.

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

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

As the lion in our teargarten remembers the nenuphrs of his Nile (shall Ariuz forget Arioun or Boghas the baregams of the Marmarazalles from Marmeniere?) it may be, tots wearsense full a naggins in twentyg have sigilposted what in our brievingbust, the besieged bedreamt him stil and solely of those lililiths undeveiled which hat undone him, gone for age, and
knew not the watchful treachers at his wake, and theirs to stay. Fooi, fooi, chamermisies! Zeepyzoepy, larcenlads! Zijnzijn Zijnzijn! It may be, we moest ons hasten selves te declareer it, that he reglimmed? presaw? the fields of heat and yields of wheat where corngold Ysit? shamed and shone. It may be, we habben to upseek a bitty door our good township’s coursants want we knew’t, that with his deepseeing insight (had not wishing oftebeen but good time wasted), within his patriarchal shamanah, broadstreete ‘bove citie (Twillby! Twillby!) he conscious of enemies, a kingbilly white-horsed in a Finglas mill, prayed, as he sat on anxious seat, (kunt ye neat gift mey toe bout a peer saft eyballds!) during that three and a hellow hours’ agony of silence, ex profundis malorum, and bred with unfeigned charity that his wordwounder (an engles to the teeth who, nomened Nash of Girahash, would go anyold where in the weeping world on his mottled belly (the rab, the kreepons-kneed!) for milk, music or married missusses) might, mercy to providential benevolence’s who hates prudencies’ astuteness, unfold into the first of a distinguished dynasty of his posteriors, blackfaced connemarars not of the fold but elder children of his household, his most besetting of ideas (pace his twelve predama-nant passions) being the formation, as in more favoured climes, where the Meadow of Honey is guestfriendly and the Mountain of Joy receives, of a truly criminal stratum, Ham’s cribcracking yeggs, thereby at last eliminating from all classes and masses with directly derivative decasualisation: sigarius (sic!) vindicat urbes terrorum (sicker!): and so, to mark a bank taal she arter, the obedience of the citizens elp the ealth of the ole.

Now gode. Let us leave theories there and return to here’s here. Now hear. ’Tis gode again. The teak coffin, Pughglasspanelfitted, feets to the east, was to turn in later, and pitly patly near the porpus, materially effecting the cause. And this, lierer, is the thinghowe. Any number of conservative public bodies, through a number of select and other committees having power to add to their number, before voting themselves and himself, town, port and garrison, by a fit and proper resolution, following a koorts order of the groundwet, once for all out of plotty existence, as a foorscut, so you maateskippey might to you cuttinrunner on a neuw pack of kierds, made him, while his body still persisted, their present of a proton grave in Moyelta of the best Lough Neagh pattern, then as much in demand among misonesans as the Isle of Man today among lumniphobes. Wacht even! It was in a fairly flesky kettlekerry, after the Fianna’s foreman had taken his handful, enriched with ancient woods and dear dutchy deep-lins mind which were an old knoll and a troutbeak, vainyvain of her osiery and a chatty sally with any Wilt or Walt who would ongle her as Izaak did to the tickle of his rod and watch her waters of her silyling waters of and there now brown peater arripple (may their quilt gild lightly over his somnolulutent form!) Whoforyou lies his last, by the wrath of Bog, like the erst curst Hun in the bed of his treubleu Donawhu.

Best. This wastohavebeen underground heaven, or more’s paradise which was probably also an inversion of a phallopharos, intended to foster wheat crops and to ginger up tourist trade (its architecht, Mgr Peurelachasse, having been obcaecated lest he should petrifake suchanevver intended to foster wheat crops and to ginger up tourist trade (its architecht, Mgr Peurelachasse, having been obcaecated lest he should petrifake suchanevver while the contractors Messrs T. A. Birkett and L. O. Tuohalls were made invulnerably vener-able) first in the west, our misterbilder, Castlevillainous, openly damned and blasted by means of a hydromine, system, Sowan and Belting, exploded from a reinvented T.N.T. bombingpost up ahoey of eleven and thirty wingrests (ciciter) to sternbooard out of his aerial thorpeto, Auton Dynamon, contacted with the ex-pectant minefield by tins of improved ammonia lashed to her shieldplated gunwale, and fused into tripupcasps, slipping through tholse and playing down from the conning tower into the ground battery fuseboxes, all differing as clocks from keys since nobody appeared to have the same time of beard, some saying by their Oorlog it was Sygstryggs to nine, more hol sticks.

He afterwards whaan-ever his blaetther began to fail off him and his rough bark was wholly husky and, stoop by stoop, he neared it (wouldmanspare!) carefully lined the ferroconcrete result with rotproof bricks and mortar, fassed to fossed, and retired beneath the heptarchy of his towerettes, the beauchamp, byward, bull and lion, the white, the wardrobe and bloodied, wanting we k

But thouse and allaboardhoops! Show coffins, winding sheets, goodbuy bierchepes, cinerary urns, liealoud blasses, sniffchesties, poteentubs, lacrimal vases, hoodendoses, reekwaterbeckers, breakmiddles, zootzaks for eatlust, including upyourhealthing rookworst and meathewersoftened forkenpootsies and for that matter, javel also, any kind of inhumationary bric au brac for the adornment of his glasstone honophreum, would, met these trein of konditiens, naturally follow, halas, in the ordinary course, enabling that roundtheworlder wandelingswight, did suches pass him, to live all safeathomely the presenile days of his life of opulence, ancient ere decrepitude, late lents last lenience, till suffering stage, whaling away the whole of the while (hypnos chilia eonion!) lethelulled between explosion and reexplosion (Donnaurwatteur! Hunderthunder!) from grosskopp to megapod, embalmed, of grand age, rich in death anticipated.
But abide Zeit’s sumonserving, rise afterfall. Blueblitzbolted from there, knowing the hingeworms of the hallmirk of habitationlessness, buried burrowing in Gehinnon, to proliferate through all his Unterwealth, seam by seam, sheol om sheol, and revisit our Uppercrust Sideria of Utilarios, the divine one, the hoar-der hidden propagating his plutopopular progeniem of pots and pans and pokers and puns from biddenland to boughtenland, the spearway fore the spoorway.

The other spring offensive on the heights of Abraham may have come about all quite by accident. Foughtarundser (for Breedabrooda had at length persuaded him to have himself to be as septuply buried as the murdered Cian in Finntown), had not been three monads in his watery grave (what vigilantes and ridings then and spuitwyne pledges with aardappel frittling!) when portrifaction, dreyfussed as ever, began to ramp, ramp, ramp, the boys are parching. A hodenwinkle gave the signal and a blessing paper freed the flood. Why did the patrizien make him scares with his gruntens? Because the druiven were muskating at the door. From both Celtiberian camps (granting at the onset for the sake of argument that men on the two sides in New South Ire-land and Vetea Uldad, blueumin and pillfices, during the ferment With the Pope or On the Pope, had, moors or lets, grant ideas, grunted) all conditions, poor cons and dives mor, each, of course, on the purely offensive since the eternals were owly wise on their side every time, were drawn towowards their Bellona’s Black Bottom, once Woolwhite’s Waltz (Oihob, how becrimed, becursekissed and bedumbtoit!) some for want of proper feeding in youth, others already caught in the honourable act of slicing careers for family and carcers in conjunction; and, if emaciated nough, the person garrotted may have suggested to whomever he took the ham of, the plain being involved in darkness, low cirque waggery, nay, even the first old wagger of himself in the flesh, whigissimus incarnadined, when falsesighted by the ifsucchewas bully on the hill for there had circulated freely fairly among his opposition the feeling that in so hibernating Massa Ewacka, who, previous to that demidetached life, had been known of barmi-cidal days, cook said, between soups and savours, to get outside his own length of rainbow trout and taerts atta tarn as no man of woman born, nay could, like the great crested brebe, devour his threescoreten of roach per lifeday, ay, and as many minnow a minute (the big mix, may Gibbet chose him!) was, like the salmon of his ladderleap all this time of totality secretly and by suckage feeding on his own misplaced fat.

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

Kate Strong, a widow (Tiptip!)— she pulls a lane picture for us, in a dreariodreama setting, glowing and very vidual, of old dumplan as she nosed it, a homelike cottage of elvanstone with droppings of biddies, stinkend pusshies, moggies’ duggies, rotten witchawubbles, festering rubbages and beggars’ bullets, if not worse, sending salmofarious dumplan, glowing and very vidual, of old

For hear Allhighest sprack for krishnians as for propagana fidies and his nuptial eagles sharplyd their beaks of prey: and every morphyl man of us, pome by pome, falls back into this terrine: as it was let it be, says he! And it is as though where Agni araflammed and Mithra monished and Shiva slew as maya-mutras the obluous waters of our noarchic memory withdrew, windingly goharksome, to some hastyswasty timberman torch-priest, flamenfan, the ward of the wind that lightened the fire that lay in the wood that Jove bolt, at his rude word. Posidonius O’Fluctuary! Lave that bloody stone as it is! What are you doing your dirty minx and his big treeblock way up your path? Slip around, you, by the rare of the ministers’! And, you, take that barrel back where you got it, Mac Shane’s, and go the way your old one went, Hatchettsbury
Yes, the viability of vicinals if invisible is invincible. And we are not trespassing on his corns either. Look at all the plotsch! Fluminian! If this was Hannibal’s walk it was Hercules’ work. And a hungry thousand of the unemancipated slaved the way. The mausoleum lies behind us (O Adigigista, multipopulipater!) and there are milestones in their headmillias faltering along the tramestrack by Brah and Anton Hermes! Per omnibus secular seekalarum. Amain. But the past has made us this present of a rhedarhoad. So more boher O’Connell! Though rainy-hidden, you’re rhoinhode. And if he’s not a Romeo you may scallop your hat. Wereupnder in the fane of Saint Fiacre! Halte!

It was hard by the hoe’s there, plainly on this disolded and a buchan cold spot, rupestric then, resurfaced that now is, that Luttrell sold if Lautrill bought, in the saddle of the Brennan’s (now Malpasplace?) pass, verst and verst from true civilisation, not where his dreams top their traums halt (Beneathere! Bena-there!) but where livland yontide meared with the wilde, saltlea with flood, that the attacker, a cropolatin, though under medium and between colours with truly native pluck, engaged the Adver-sary who had more in his eye than was less to his leg but whom for plunder sake, he mistook in the heavy rain to be Og lethorpe or some other ginkus, Parr apparetlynt, to whom the headandheel-less chickenestegg bore some Michelangiolesque resemblance, making use of sacrilegious languages to the defect that he would challenge their hemospheres to exterminate them but he would cannonise the b — y b — r’s life out of him and lay him out contritely as smart as the b — r had his b — y nightprayers said, three patrecknocksters and a couplet of hellmimiries (tout est sacré, pour un sacré, femme … barbe ou homme-nourrice) at the same time, so as to plugg well let the blubwybail ghoats out of him, catching holst of an oblong bar he had and with which he usually broke furnitures he rose the stick at him. The boarder incident prerepeated itself. The pair (whethertheywere Nippo-huono engaging Wei–Ling-Taou or de Razkzias trying to recon — noistre the general Boukeleff, man may not say), struggled apparenantly for some considerable time, (the cradle rocking equally to one and oppositely from the other on its law of capture and recapture), under the All In rules around the booksafe, fighting like purple top and topперhry Swede, (Secremended Servious of the Divine Zeal!) and in the course of their tussle the toller man, who had opened his bully bowl to beg, said to the miner who was carrying the worm (a handly term for the portable distillery which consisted of three vats, two jars and several bottles though we purposely say nothing of the stuff, both parties having an interest in the spirits): Let me go, Pautheen! I hardly knew ye. Later on, after the solstitial pause for refleshmeant, the same man (or a different and younger him of the same ham) asked in the vermicular with a very oggly chew-chin-grin: Was six vic-tilos fifteen pigeon takee offa you, tell he me, stlongfella, by picky

...
Goalball I’ve struck this daylit dieolate night of nights, by golly! My hat, you have some bully German grit, sundowner! He spud in his faust (axin); he toped the raw best (pardun); he poked his pick (a tip is a tap): and he tucked his friend’s leave, and, with French hen or the portifowlum of hastes and leisures, about to continue that, the queer mixture exchanged the pax in embrace or poghue puxy as practised between brothers of the same breast, hillelulua, killelulua, allenalaw, and, having ratified before the god of the day their torgantrupe which belitters have schmall-kalled the treatyng to cognac, turning his fez menialstraist in the direction of Moscas, he first got rid of a few mitsmillers and hurroshoos and levanted off with tubular jurbulation at a bull’s run over the assback bridge, spitting his teeths on rooths, with the seven and four in danegeld and their humoral hurlbat or other uncertain weapon of lignum vitae, but so evermore rhumanasant of a toboggan poop, picked up to keep some crowplucking ap-pointment with some rival rialtos anywheres between Pearidge and the Littlehorn while this poor delaney, who they left along with the confederate fender behind and who albeit ballsbluffed, bore up wonderfully wunder all of it with a whole number of plumsized contusiums, plus alasalah bruised coccyx, all over him, reported the occurrence in the best way he could, to the flabber-gaze of the whole lab, giving the Paddybanners the military salute as for his exilicy’s the O’Daffy, in justifiable hope that, in nobiloroman review of the hugely satisfactory conclusion of their negotiations and the jugglemonkesh agriment dein-derivative, some lotion or fomentation of poppyheads would be jennerously exhibited to the parts, at the nearest watchhouse in Vicar Lane, the white ground of his face all covered with digon-ally redcrossed nonfatal mammalian blood as proofpositive of the seriousness of his character and that he was bleeding in self defence (stanch it!) from the nostrils, lips, pavilion and palate, while some of his hitter’s hairs had been pulled off his knut’s head by Colt though otherwise his allround health appeared to be middling along as it proved most fortunate that not one of the two hundred and six bones and five hundred and one muscles in his corso was a whit the whorse for her whacking. Herwho?

Nowthen, leaving clashing ash, brawn and muscle and brass-made to oust earthernborn and rockcrystal to wreck isinglass but wurring along gradually for our savings backtowards mother-waters so many miles from bank and Dublin stone (olympiading even till the eleventh dynasty to reach that thuddysickend Ham-laugh) and to the question of boney’s unlawfully obtained a pierced parafalamme and claptrap fireguard there crops out the still more salient point of the politish leanings and town pursuits of our forebeer, El Don De Dunelli, (may his ship thicked stick in the bottol of the river and all his crewsers stock locked in the burral of the seas!) who, when within the black of your toenail, sir, of being mistakenly ambushed by one of the uddahveddahs, and as close as made no matter, mam, to being kayoed offhand when the hyougono heckler with the Peter the Painter wanted to hole him, was consistently practising the first of the primary and imprescriptible liberties of the pacific subject by circulating (be British, boys to your bellybone a heckler with the Peter the Painter wanted to hole him, was consistently practising the first of the primary and imprescriptible liberties of the pacific subject by circulating) amongst one of our umphrohibited semitary thurfahrts, open to buggy and bike, to walk, Wellington Park road, with the curb or quaker’s quacknostrum under his auxter and his alpenstuck in his redhand, a highly commendable exercise our umphrohibited semitary thrufahrts, open to buggy and bike, to walk, Wellington Park road, with the curb or quaker’s quacknostrum under his auxter and his alpenstuck in his redhand, a highly commendable exercise of our umphrohibited semitary thrufahrts, open to buggy and bike, to walk, Wellington Park road, with the curb or quaker’s quacknostrum under his auxter and his alpenstuck in his redhand, a highly commendable exercise our umphrohibited semitary thrufahrts, open to buggy and bike, to walk, Wellington Park road, with the curb or quaker’s quacknostrum under his auxter and his alpenstuck in his redhand, a highly commendable exercise of our umphrohibited semitary thrufahrts, open to buggy and bike, to walk, Wellington Park road, with the curb or quaker’s quacknostrum under his auxter and his alpenstuck in his redhand, a highly commendable exercise.
greybeard and suckling, priest and pauper, matrmatron and merrymeg, into the meddle of the mudstorm. The gathering, convened by the Irish Angri-cultural and Prepostoral Ouraganisations, to help the Irish muck to look his brother dane in the face and attended thanks to Larry by large numbers, of christies and jew’s totems, tospite of the deluge, was distinctly of a scattery kind when the bally-bricken he could get no good of, after cockothewalking through a few fancyfought mains ate some of the doorweg, the pikey later selling the gentleman ratepayer because she, Francie’s sister, that is to say, ate a whole side of his (the animal’s) sty, on a struggle Street, Qui Sta Troia, in order to pay off, hiss or lick, six doubloons fifteen arrears of his, the villain’s not the rumber’s rent.

Remarkable evidence was given, anon, by an eye, ear, nose and throat witness, whom Wesleyan chapelgoers suspected of being a plain clothes priest W.P., situate at Nullnull, Medical Square, who, upon letting down his rice and peacegreen cover-disk and having been sullenly cautioned against yawning while being grilled, smiled (he had had a onebumper at parting from Mrs Molroe in the morning) and stated to his eliciter under his muse mustaccents (gobbless!) that he slept with a bonafides and that he would be there to remember the filth of November, hataining, rowdy O, which, with the jiboulee of Juno and the dates of ould lanxiety, was going, please the Rainmaker, to decembs in the ephemerides of profane history, all one with Tourmay, Yetstoslay and Temorah, and one thing which would pigstickularly strike a person of such sorely tried observational powers as Sam, him and Moffat, though theirs not to reason why, the striking thing about it was that he was patrified to see, hear, taste and smell, as his time of night, how Hyacinth O’Donnell, B.A., described in the calendar as a mixer and wordpainter, with part of a sivispacem (Gaeltact for dungfork) on the fair green at the hour of twenty-four o’clock sought (the bullycassidy of the friedhoiffer!) to sack, sock, stab and slaughter singlehanded another two of the old kings, Gush Mac Gale and Roaring O’Crian, Jr., both changelings, unlocalised, of no address and in noncommunicables, between him and whom, ever since wal-llops before the Mise of Lewes, bad blood existed on the ground of the boer’s trespass on the bull or because he firstparted his polarbeeber hair in twoways, and in the best basel to boot, as to whether he was one of those lucky cocks for whom the audible

of his, the villain’s not the rumbler’s rent.
And if middleclassd. portavorous was a usual beast? Bynight as useful as a vomit to a shorn man. If he had rognarised dtheir gcourts marsheshy? Dthat nday in ndays he had. Lindendelly, coke or skillies spell me gart without a gate? Harlyadrophe. The grazing rights (Mrs Magistra Martinetta) expiered with the expiry of the goat’s sire, if they were not mistaken? That he exactly could not tell the worshipfuls but his mother-inwarders had the recipis for the price of the coffin and that he was there to tell them that herself was the velocipede that could tell them kitcat. A maun-darin tongue in a pounderin jowl? Father ourder about the matthers of prenancialtion. Distributary endings? And we recom-mends. Quare hircum? No answer. Unde gentium fe . . .? No ah. Are you not danzzling on the age of a vulcano? Siar, I am deed. And how olld of him? He was intendant to study pulu. Which was meant in a shire of two shifts macoghamade or up Finn, threehatted ladder? That a head in thighs under a bush at the sunface would bait a serpent to a millrace through the heather. Arm bird colour defdum ethnic fort perhaps? Sure and glomsk handy jotalpheson as well. Hokey jasons, then, in a piggeegeeses? On a pontiff’s order as ture as there’s an ital on atac. As a goloy bit to joss? Leally and tulinly. But, why this hawkowaff and whence this second tone, son-yet-sun? He had the cowtaw in his buxers flay of face. So thus that Solasistras, setting odds evens at defiance, took the laud from Labourirer. What displaced Tob, Dilke and Halley, not been greatly in love with the game. And, changing the venders, from the king’s head to the republican’s arms, as to the pungnaxaeivs exvined from flagfall to antepost during the effrays round fatherthyme’sbeckside and the regents in the plantsown raining, with the skiddystars and the morkern-windup, how they appealed to him then? That it was wildfires night on all the bettygallaghers. Mickmichael’s soords shrieking shrecks through the wilkinses and neckanicholas’ toastingforks pricking prongs up the tunnybladders. Let there be fight? And there was. Fought. On the site of the Angel’s, you said? Guinney’s Gap, he said, between what they said and the pussykitties. In the middle of the garth, then? That they mushn’t touch it. The de-voted couple was or were only two disappainted solicittresses on the job of the unfortunate class on Saturn’s mountain fort? That was about it, jah! And Camellus then said to Gemellus: I should know you? Perfectly. And Gemellus then said to Camellus: Yes, your brother? Obosolutely. And if it was all about that, egregious sir? About that and the other. If he was not alluding to the whole in the wall? That he was when he was not eluding from the whole of the woman. Briefly, how such beginall finally struck him now? Like the crack that bruck the bank in Multifarnham. Whether he fell in with what they meant? Cursed that he supposed he did. Thos Thoris, Thomar’s Thom? The rudacist rotter in Roebuck-dom. Surtopical? And subhuman. If it was, in yappanoise lan — guage, ach bad clap? Oo! Ah! Augs and ohrs with Rhian O’- kehley to put it tertiarily, we wrong? Shocking! Such as turly pearced our really’s that he might, that he might never, that he might never that night? Treely and rurally. Bladyughfoolmeocklenburgwhurawhorascortastrumpapornanennykokskaspastippata — ppatupperstrippuckputtanach, eh? You have it alright.

Meirdreach an Oincuish! But a new complexion was put upon the matter when to the perplexedly uncondemnatory bench (whereon punic judgeship strove with penal law) the seniour king of all, Pegger Festy, as soon as the outer layer of stuckomuck had been removed at the request of a few live jurors, declared in a loudburst of poesy, through his Brythonic interpereter on his oath, mhuith peisth mhuise as fearra bheura muirre hriosmas, whereas take notice be the relics of the bones of the story bouchael that was ate be Chliprpatrick (the sow) princess of parked parkers, afore God and all their honours and king’s commons that, what he would swear to the Tierney of Dundal-gan or any other Tierney, yif live thurkells folloged him about that sure that was no steal and that, nevertheless, what was deposited from that eyebold earbig noseknaving guthroat, he did not fire a stone either before or after he was born down and up to that time. And, incidentalising that they might talk about Markarthry or they might walk to Baalastartey or they might join the nabour party and come on to Porterfeud this the sockdolader had the neck to endorse with the head bowed on him over his outturned noeaster by protesting to his lipreaders with a justbeencleaned barefacedness, abeam of sockdologer had the neck to endorse with the head bowed on him over his outturned noeaster by protesting to his lipreaders. As a gololy bit to joss? Leally and tululy. But, why this hankowchaff and whence this second tone, son-yet-sun? He had the cowtaw in his buxers flay of face. So thus that Solasistras, setting odds evens at defiance, took the laud from Labourirer. What displaced Tob, Dilke and Halley, not been greatly in love with the game. And, changing the venders, from the king’s head to the republican’s arms, as to the pungnaxaeivs exvined from flagfall to antepost during the effrays round fatherthyme’sbeckside and the regents in the plantsown raining, with the skiddystars and the morkern-windup, how they appealed to him then? That it was wildfires night on all the bettygallaghers. Mickmichael’s soords shrieking shrecks through the wilkinses and neckanicholas’ toastingforks pricking prongs up the tunnybladders. Let there be fight? And there was. Fought. On the site of the Angel’s, you said? Guinney’s Gap, he said, between what they said and the pussykitties. In the middle of the garth, then? That they mushn’t touch it. The de-voted couple was or were only two disappainted solicittresses on the job of the unfortunate class on Saturn’s mountain fort? That was about it, jah! And Camellus then said to Gemellus: I should know you? Perfectly. And Gemellus then said to Camellus: Yes, your brother? Obosolutely. And if it was all about that, egregious sir? About that and the other. If he was not alluding to the whole in the wall? That he was when he was not eluding from the whole of the woman. Briefly, how such beginall finally struck him now? Like the crack that bruck the bank in Multifarnham. Whether he fell in with what they meant? Cursed that he supposed he did. Thos Thoris, Thomar’s Thom? The rudacist rotter in Roebuck-dom. Surtopical? And subhuman. If it was, in yappanoise lan — guage, ach bad clap? Oo! Ah! Augs and ohrs with Rhian O’- kehley to put it tertiarily, we wrong? Shocking! Such as turly pearced our really’s that he might, that he might never, that he might never that night? Treely and rurally. Bladyughfoolmeocklenburgwhurawhorascortastrumpapornanennykokskaspastippata — ppatupperstrippuckputtanach, eh? You have it alright.

The hilariohoot of Pegger’s Windup cumjustled as neatly with the tristitone of the Wet Pinter’s as were they isce et ille equals of opposites, evolved by a onesame power of nature or of spirit, iste, as the sole condition and means of its himundher
manifestation and polarised for reunion by the symphysis of their antipathies. Distinctly different were their dusdestinies. Whereas the maidies of the bar, (a pairless trente, a lunarised score) when the eranthus myrmyred: Show’m the Posed: fluttered and flattered around the willingly pressed, nominating him for the swiney prize, complimenting him, the captivating youth, on his having all his senses about him, stinking thymainis through his curls (O feen! O deur!) and bringing busses to his cheeks, their masculine Orisher Rose (his neece cleur!), and legando round his nice new neck for him and pizzicagnolining his woollywags, with their dindy dandy sugar de candy mecheer me postheen flows courrier to belive them of all his untiring young dames and send treaties in their times. Ymen. But it was not unobserved of those presents, their worshipps, how, of one among all, her depusited to defeme him by the Lunar Sisters’ Celibacy Club, a lovelooking leagirl, all alone, Gentia Gemma of the Makegiddyculling Reeks, he, wan and pale in his unmixed admir-ation, seemed blindly, mutely, tastelessly, tactlessly, innamorate with heruponhim in shining aminglement, the shaym of his hisu shifting into the shimmering of her hers, (youthesy, beautsy, hee’s her chap and shey’ll tell memmas when she gays whom) till the wild wishwish of her sheesha melted most musically mid the dark deepdeep of his hayshaun.

And whereas distracted (for was not just this in effect which had just caused that the effect of that which it had caused to oc-ur?) the four justicers laid their wigs together, Untius, Mun — cius, Punchus and Pylax but could do no worse than promulgate their standing verdict of Nolans Brumans whereoneafter King, having murdered all the English he knew, picked out his pockets and left the tribunal sayctuary’s “tunie” in his hurry, thereinunder proudly showing off the blink patch to his brijits to prove himself (an’t plase vous!) a rael genteele. To the Switz bobbyguard’s curial but courtlike: Commodore valley O hairy, Arthre jennyrosy?: the firewerelorover returrted with such a vinessmelling fortuytudor ages rawdownhams tanyohude as would the latten stomach even of a tumass equinos (we were prepared for the chap’s clap cap, the accent, but, took us as, by surprise and now we’re geshing it like gush gash from a burner!) so that all the twofromthirty advocates within echo, pulling up their briefs at the krigkry: Shun the Punnman!: safely and soundly soccered that fenemine Parish Poser, (how dare he!) umprumptu right-oway hames, much to his thanks, gratiasagam, to all the wrong donatrices, biss Drinkbattle’s Dingy Dwellings where (for like your true venuson Esau he was dovemid as the dears at Bottome) he shat in (zoo), like the muddy goalbind who he was (dun), the chassetitties belles conclaining: You and your gift of your gaft of your garbage abaht our Farvver! and gaingridando: Hon! Verg! Nau! Putor! Skam! Schams! Shames! And so it all ended. Artha kama dharmna moksa. Ask Kavya for the kay. And so everybody heard their plaint and all listened to their plausible. The letter! The litter! And the soother the bitther! Of eyebrow pencilled, by lipstipple penned. Borrowing a word and begging the question and stealing tinder and slipping like soap. From dark Rasa Lane a sigh and a weep, from Lesbia Looshe the beam in her eye, from lone Coogan Barry his arrow of song, from Sean Kelly’s anagrim a blush at the name, from I am the Sullivan that trumpetting tramp, from Suffering Duf-ferin the Sit of her Style, from Kathleen May Vernon her Mebbe fair efforts, from Fithlopet Curran his scotchlove machree-ther, from hymn Op. 2 Phil Adolphos the weary O, the leery, O, from Samyouwill Leaver or Damyouwell Lover thatjolly old molly bit or that bored saunter by, from Timm Finn again’s weak tribes, loss of strength to his sowheel, from the wedding on the greene, agirlies, the gretmass of joyboys, from Pat Mullen, Tom Mallon, Dan Meldon, Don Maldon a slickstick picnic made in Moate by Muldoons. The solid man saved by his silled woman. Crackajolking away like a hearse on fire. The elm that whimperes at the top told the stone that moans when stricken. Wind broke it. Wave bore it. Reed wrote of it. Syce ran with it. Hand tore it and wild went war. Hen tried it and plight pledged peace. It was folded with cunning, sealed with crime, uptied by a harlot, undone by a child. It was life but was it fair? It was free but was it art? The old hunks on the hill read it to perlection. It made ma make mer...
nickname, Dirty Daddy Pantaloons, in his monopoleums, behind the war of the two roses, with Michael Victory, the sheemen’s preester, before he caught his paper dispillations from the poke, old Minace and Minster York? Do I mind? I mind
the gush off the mon like Bal-lybock manure works on a tradewinds day. And the O’Moyly gracies and the O’Briny rossies chaffing him bluchface and playing him pranks. How do you do, todo, North Mister? Get into my way! Ah dearome forsalosh! Gone over the bays! When ginabawdy meadabawdy! Yerra, why would he heed that old gazometer with his hooping coppin and his dyinboosycough and all the birds of the southside after her. Minxy Cunningham, their dear divorcee darling, jimmies and jonnies to be her jo? Hold there. There’s three other corners to our isle’s cork float. Sure, ’tis well I can telesmell him H2 C E3 that would take a township’s breath away! Gob and I nose him too well as I do meself, heaving up the Kay Wall by the 32 to II with his limelooking horse — bags full of sesameseed, the Whiteside Kaffir, and his sayman’s effluvium and his scentpainted voice, puffing out his thundering big brown cabbage! Pa! Thawt I’m glad a gull for his pawsdeen fiunn! Goborro, sez he, Lankysheed! Gobugga ye, sez I! O breezes! I sniffed that lad long before anyone. It was when I was in my farfather out at the west and she and myself, the redheaded girl, firstnighting down Sycomore Lane. Fine feelplay we had of it mid the kissabetts frisking in the kool kurkle dusk of the lushiness. My perfume of the pampas, says she (meaning me) putting out her netherlights, and I’d sooner one precious sip at your pure mountain dew than enrich my acquaintance with that big brewer’s belch.

And so they went on, the fourbottle men, the analists, ungu-am and nunguam and lunguam again, their anschluss about her whosebeoff and his whereafters and how she was lost away away in the fern and how he was founded deep on deep in anear, and the rustlings and the twitterings and the risappings and the snippings and the paintings and the ukukuings and the (hist!) the springapartings and the (hast!) the bybyscuddlings and all the scandalmunkers and the pure craigs that used to be (up) that time living and lying and rating and riding round Nunsbelly Square. And all the buds in the bush. And the laugh-ing jackass. Harik! Harik! Harik! The rose is white in the dark! And Sunfella’s nose has got rhinoceritis from haunting the roes in the park! So all rogues lean to rhyme. And contradrinking themselves about Lillytrily law pon hilly and Mrs Niall of the Nine Corsages and the old markiss their besterfar, and, arrah, sure there was never a marcus at all at all among the manlies and dear Sir Armoury, queer Sir Rumoury, and the old house by the churpelizod, and all the goings on so very wrong long before when they were going on retreat, in the old gammeldags, the four of them, in Milton’s Park under lovely Father Whisperer and making her love with his stuffstuff in the languish of flowers and feeling to find was she mushymushy, and wasn’t that vely both of them, the saucicissters, a drahereen o machree!, and (peep!) meeting waters most improper (peepeette!) ballround the garden, trickle trickle trickle triss, please, miman, may I go flirtling? farmers gone with a groom and how they used her, mused her, licked her and cuddled. I differ with ye! Are you sure of your-self now? You’re a liar, excuse me! I will not and you’re an — other! And Lully holding their breach of the peace for them. Pool loll Lolly! To give and to take! And to forego the pasht! And all will be forgotten! Ah ho! It was too too bad to be falling out about her kindness pet and the shape of O O O O O O O Ourang’s time. Well, all right, Lelly. And shakeahand. And schenkusmore. For Craig sake. Be it suck.

Well?

Well, even should not the framing up of such figments in the evidential order bring the true truth to light as fortuitously as a dim seer’s setting of a starchart might (heaven helping it!) uncover the nakedness of an unknown body in the fields of blue or as forehearingly as the si-
bspeeches of all mankind have foli-ated (earth seizing them!) from the root of some funner’s stotter all the soundest sense to be found immense our special mentalists now holds (securus iudicat orbis terrarum) that by such forehearingly as the si-

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But the spoil of hesitants, the spell of hesitency. His atake is it ashe, tittery taw tattertytail, hasitense humponadimply, heyheheyheyheyhe a winceywencycky.

Assembly men murmured. Reynard is slow!

One feared for his days. Did there yawn? 'Twas his stom-mick. Eruct? The libber. A gush? From his visuals. Pung? De — livver him, orelole! He had laid violent hands on himself, it was brought in Fugger’s Newsletter, lain down, all in, faged out, with equally melancholy death. For the triduum of Saturnalia his goosavert had paraded hiz willingsons in the Forum while the jenny infanted the lass to be greeted raucously (the Yardstat-ed) with hox and epheus and measured with missiles too from a hundred of manhood and a wimmering of weibes. Big went the bang: then wildewide was quiet: a report: silence: last Fama put it under ether. The noase or the loal had dreven him blem, blem, stun blem. Sparks flew. He had fled again (open shun-shema!) this country of exile, sloughed off, sidleshomed via the subterranean shoreed with bedboards, stowed away and ankered in a dutch bottom tank, the Arsa, hod S.S. Finlandia, and was even now occupying, under an islamic newhame in his seventh generation, a physical body Cornelius Magrath’s (badoldkarak-ter, commonorrong canbung) in Asia Major, where as Turk of the theater (first house all flatty: the king, eleven sharps) he had bepiastered the buidkansuses from the opulence of his omni-box while as arab at the streetdoor he bepestered the bumbashaws for the alms of a para’s pence. Wires hummed. Peacefully general astonishment assisted by regrettitude had put a term till his exis-tence: he saw the family saggarth, resigned, put off his remain — ders, was recalled and scrapheaped by the Maker. Chirpings crossed. An infamous private ailment (vulgavorioveneral) had claimed endright, closed his vicious circle, snap. Jams jarred. He had walked towards the middle of an ornamental lilypond when innebriated up to the point where braced shirts meet knic-kerbockers, as wangfish daring the buoyant waters, when rod — men’s firstaidding hands had rescued un from very possibly several feel of demifrish water. Mush spread. On Umbrella Street where he did drinks from a pumps a kind workman, Mr Whitook, gave him a piece of wood. What words of power were made fas between them, ekenames and achnomes, acnomina ecnumina? That, O that, did Hansard tell us, would gar ganz Dub’s ear wag in every pub of all the citta! Battly believes a baton while Hogan hears a hod yet Heer prefers a pensil shapner and Cope and Bull go cup and ball. And the Cassidy — Cread coke and reme round e’er a wiege ne’er a waage is still immer and immor awagering over it, a cradle with a care in it or a casket with a kick behind. Toties testies quoties questies. The war is in words and the wood is the world. Maply me, willowy we, hickory he and yew yourselves. Howforhim chirrupeth evereach behind. Toties testies quoties questies. The war is in words and the wood is the world. Maply me, willowy we, hickory he and yew yourselves. Howforhim chirrupeth evereach- bird! From golddawn glory to glowworm gleam. We were lowquacks did we not tacit turn. Elsewere there here no concern of the Guinesses. But only the ruining of the rain has heard. Estout pourportral! Cracklings cricked. A human pest cycling (pist!) and recycling (past!) about the sledgy streets, here he was (pust!) again! Morse nuisance noised. He was loose at large and (Oh baby!) might be anywhere when a disguised ex-nun, of huge standbuid and masculine manners in her fairly fat forties, Carpullenta Gygasta, hattracted hattention by harbitrary conduct with a homnibus. Aerials buzzed to coastal listeners of an oertax bror collector’s budget, fullybigs, sporran, tie, tuft, tabard and bloody antichill cloak, its tailor’s (Baernfather’s) tab reading V.P.H., found nigh Scaldbrothar’s Ho.

shivered to think what kaind of beast, wolves, croppis’s or four turreted and envenomoloped in piggotry:

move up. Mumpty! Mike room for Rumpty! By order, Nickekellous Plugg; and this go, no pentecostal jest about it, how (pust!) again! Morse nuisance noised. He was loose at large and (Oh baby!) might be anywhere when a disguised ex-nun, of huge standbuid and masculine manners in her fairly fat forties, Carpullenta Gygasta, hattracted hattention by harbitrary conduct with a homnibus. Aerials buzzed to coastal listeners of an oertax bror collector’s budget, fullybigs, sporran, tie, tuft, tabard and bloody antichill cloak, its tailor’s (Baernfather’s) tab reading V.P.H., found nigh Scaldbrothar’s Ho.


But, their bright little contemporaries notwithstanding, on the morrowing morn of the suicidal murder of the unrescued expatriate, aslike as asnake comes sliduant down that oaktree onto the duke of beavers, (you may have seen some liquidamber exude exotic from a balsam poplar at Parteen-a-lax Limestone. Road and cried Abies Magnifica! not, noble fir?) a quarter of
nine, imploring his resipency, saw the infallible spike of smoke’s justiff punctual from the seventh gable of our Quintus Centimachus’ porphyroid buttertower and then thirsty p.m. with oaths upon his lastiness (En caecos haraupscies! Annos longos patimir!) the lamps of maintenance, beaconsfarafiel innerhalf the zuggurat, all brevetnamed, the wasting wyvern, the tawny of his mane, the swinglowswaying bluepaw, the outstanding man, the lolllike lady, being litter for the long (O land, how long!) lifensnight, with suffusion of fineglass transrom and leadlight panes.

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

Dispersal women wondered. Was she fast?

Do tell us all about. As we want to hear allabout. So tellus tel-las allabouter. The why or whether she looked alottylke like ussies and whether he had his windop like thensmes shut? Notes and queries, tipbids and answers, the laugh and the shout, the ards and downsm. Now told to one anither and liss them down and smoothen out your leaves of rose. The war is o’er. Wimwim wimwim! Was it Unity Moore or Estella Swifte or Varina Fay or Quarta Quaeadam? Toemaas, mark oom for yor ounckel! Pig-eyes, hold op med yer leg! Who, but who (for second time of asking) was then the scourge of the parts about folkrich Luca-lizod it was wont to be asked, as, in ages behind of the Homo Capite Erectus, what price Peabody’s money, or, to put it bluntly, whence is the herringtons’ white cravat, as, in epochs more caninozoic, who struck Buckley though nowadays as then-times every schoolilly of sevenscore moons or more who know — her intimologies and every colleen bawl aroof and every red — flammevwaving warwife and widowpeace upon Dublin Wall for ever knows as yayas is yayas how it was Buckleyself (we need no blooding paper to tell it neither) who struck and the Russian generals, da! da!, instead of Buckley who was caddishly struck by him when be herselles. What fullpried paulpoison in the spy of three castles or which hatefilled smileyseller? And that such a vetricel of venom, that queen’s head affranchisant, a quiet stinkingplaster zeal could cover, prepostered or postpaid! The lounge — lizards of the pumproom had their nine days’ jeer, and pratsch — kats at their platschpails too and holpenpolendom beside, Szpasz — pas Szpissmas, the zhanyzhonies, when, still believing in her owenglass, when izrres were twinklins, that the upper reaches of her mouthless face and her impermanent waves were the better half of her, one nearer him, dearer than all, first warming creature of his early morn, bondwoman of the man of the house, and murrmurr of all the mackavicks, she who had given his eye for her bed and a tooth for a child till one one and one ten and one hundred again, O me and O ye! cadet and prim, the hungry and angreen (and if she is older now than her teeth she has hair that is younger than thighne, my dear!) she who shuttered him after his fall and waked him widowt sparing and gave him keen and made him able and held adazillahs to each arche of his noes, she who will not rast her from her running to seek him till, with the help of the okeamic, some such time that she shall have been after hiding the crumbends of his enormousness in the areyou looking-for Pearlfar sea, (ur, uri, uria!) stood forth, burnzburn the gorg — gony old danworld, in gogor’s name, for gagar’s sake, dragging the countryside in her train, finickin here and funickin there, with her louisequean’s broques and her culuder buckle and her litde bolero boa and all and two times twenty curlicornies for her headdress, specks on her eyeye, and spudds on horeilles and a circusf brogues and her culunder buzzle and her litde bolero boa and all and two times twenty curlicornies for her headdress, specks on her eyeye, and spudds on horeilles and a circusf.

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

Sold him her lease of ninenineninetee,
Tresses undresses so dyed andaintee.

Goo, the groot gudgeon, gulped it all.

Hoo was the C. O. D.?

Bum!

At Island Bridge she met her tide.

Attabom, attabom, attabombomboom!

The Fin had a flux and his Ebba a ride.

Attabom, attabom, attabombomboom!

We’re all up to the years in hues and cribies.

That’s what she’s done for wee!

Woe!

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

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

Her untitled mamafesta memorialising the Mosthighest has gone by many names at disjointed times. Thus we hear of, The Augusta Angustissimum for Old Seabeastius’ Salvation, Rockabilh Booby in the Wave Trough, Here’s to the Relicts of All Decencies, Anna Stessa’s Rise to Notice, Knickle Down Duddy Gunne and Arishe Sir Cannon, My Golden One and My Selver Wedding, Amoury Treestam and icy Siseule, Saith a Sawyer til a Strame, Ik dik dopedope et tu mihimihi, Buy Birthplate for a Bite, Which of your Hesterdays Mean Ye to Morra? Hoebegunne the Hebrewer Hit Waterman the Brayned, Arcs in His Ceiling Flee Chinz on the Flur, Rebus de Hibernicis, The Crazier Letters, Groans of a Briton-ess, Peter Peopler Picked a Plot to Pitch his Poppolin, An Apology for a Big (some such nonoun as Husband or husboat or hose-bound is probably understood for we have also the plutherplethoric My Hoonsbood Hansbaad’s a Journey to Forthgill gone and He Never Has the Hour), Ought We To Visit Him? For Ark see Zoo, Cleopater’s Nedlework Ficturing Aldborougham on the Sahara with the Coombing of the Cammels and the Parlourmaids of Aegypt, Cock in the Pot for Father, Placeat Vestrae, A New Cure for an Old Clap, Where Portentos they’d Grow Gonder how I’d Wish I Woose a Geese; Gettle Nettie, Thrust him not, When the Myrtes of Venice Played to Blocuss’s Line, To Plenge Me High He Waives Chiltern on Friends, Oremunds Queue Visits Amen Mart, E’en Tho’ I Granny a-be He would Fain Me Cuddle, Twenty of Chambers, Weighty Ten Beds and a Wan Ceteroom, I led the Life, Through the Boxer Coder Rising in the House with the Golden Stairs, The Following Fork, He’s my O’Jerusalem and I’m his Po, The Best in the West, By the Stream of Zemzem under Zig-zag Hill, The Man That Made His Mother in the Marlborry Train, Try Our Taal on a Taub, The Log of Anny to the Base All, Nopper Tipped a Nappiwenk to his Nootylyl Dantsigirls, Przss Orel or the King of Orbrdz, Intimier Minnelisp of an Extor-reor Monolothe, Drink to Him, My Juckey, and Dhoulth Bemine Thy Winnowing Sheet, I Ask You to Believe I was his Mistress, He Can Explain, From Victrolia Nuancee to Allbart Noahsny, Da’s a Daisy so Guimea your Handsel too, What Barbaras Done to a Barrel Organ Before the Rank, Tank and Bonnbtail, Huskvy Admortal, What Jumbo made to Jalice and what Anisette to Him, Ophelia’s Culpreints, Hear Hubty Hublin, My Old Dansk, I am Older northe Rogues among Whisht I Slips and He Calls Me his Dual of Ayessha, Suppotes a Ventriliquorst Merries a Corpse, Lapps for Finns This Funnycoon’s Week, How the Buckling Shut at Rush in January, Look to the Lady, From the Rise of the Dudge Papublick to the Fall of the Potsitll, Of the Two Ways of Opening the Mouth, I have not Stopped Water Where It Should Flow and I Know the Twentynine Names of Attraente, The Tortor of Tory Island Traits Galasia like his Milchcow, From Abbeygate to Crowley Through a Lift in the
Lude, Smocks for Their Graces and Me Aunt for Them Clodshoppers, How to Pull a Good Horus-coup even when Oldsire is Dead to the World, Inn the Gleam of Watherlow, Fathe He’s Suceeded to My Esperations, Thee Steps Forward, Two Stops Back, My Skin Appeals to Three Senses and My Curly Lips Demand Columbkisses; Gage Street on a Crany’s Savings, Them Lads made a Trion of Battlewatches and They Totties a Doeit of Deers, In My Lord’s Bed by One Whore Went Through It, Mum It is All Over, Cowpoyride by Twelve Acre Ter-riss in the Unique Estates of Amessican, He Gave me a Thou so I serve Him with Thee, Of all the Wide Torsoes in all the Wild Glen, O’Donogh, White Donogh, He’s Hye to Me Cry, I’m the Stitch in his Baskside You’d be Nought Without Mom, To Keep the Huskies off the Hustings and Picture Pets from Lifting Shops, Nor- sker Torsker Find the Poddle, He Pressed Me Here with the Ardour of a Tonnoburkes, A Boob Was Weeping This Mower was Reaping, O’Loughlin, Up from the Pit of my Stomach I Swish you the White of the Mourning, Inglo–Andeen Medoleys from Tommany Moohr, The Great Polynesional Entertrainer Exhibits Ballantine Braut-chers with the Link of Nature, The Mimic of Meg Neg end the Mackyes, Entered as the Lastest Pigtrial and My Pooridioical at Stitchoner’s Hall, Siegfield Follies and or a Gentlehomme’s Faut Pas, See the First Book of Jealesies Pessim, The Suspended Sen-tence, A Pretty Brick Story for Childsize Heroes, As Lo Our Sleep, I Knew I’d Got it in Me so Thit settles That, Thonderbalt Captain Smeth and La Belle Sauvage Pocahontese, Way for Wet Week Welikin’s Douchka Marianne, The Last of the Fangillians, It Was Me Egged Him on to the Stork Exchange and Lent my Dutiful Face to His Customs, Chee Chee Cheels on their China Miction, Pickedmeup Peters, Lumpytumtumpy had a Big Fall, Pimpimp Pimpimp, Measly Ventures of Two Lice and the Fall of Fruit, The Fokes Family Interior, If my Spreadeagles Wasn’t so Tight I’d Loosen my Cursits on that Bunch of Maggiestraprs, Allolosha Popofets and Howke Cotche Eye, Seen Aples and Thin Dyed, i big U to Beleaves from Love and Mother, Fine’s Fault was no Felon, Exat Delvin Renter Life, The Flash that Flies from Vuggy’s Eyes has Set Me Hair On Fire, His is the House that Malt Made, Divine Views from Back to the Front, Abe to Sare Stood Icyk Neuter till Brahm Taulelled Him Common Sex, A Nibble at Eve Will That Bowal Relieve, Allfor Guineas, Sounds and Compliments Libidous, Seven Wives Awake Aweek, Airy Ann and Barber Blu, Amy Licks Porter While Huffy Chops Eads, Abbrace of Umbellas or a Tripple of Caines, Buttbuterbust, From the Manorlord Hoved to the Misses O’Mollies and from the Dames to their Sames, Many-festoons for the Colleagues on the Green, An Outstanding Back and an Excellent Halfcentre if Called on, As Tree is Quick and Stone is White So is My Washing Done by Night, First and Last Only True Account about the Honorary Mirsu Earwicker, L.S.D., and the Snake (Nuggets!) by a Woman of the World who only can Tell Naked Truths about a Dear Man and all his Conspirators how they all Tried to Fall him Putting it all around Lucalizod about Privates Earwicker and a Pair of Sloppy Sluts plainly Showing all the Unmentionability falsely Accusing about the Raincoats.

The proteinform graph itself is a polyhedron of scripture. There was a time when naif alphabetters would have written it down the tracing of a purely deliquescent recidivist, possibly ambidextrous, snubnosed probably and presenting a strangely profound rainbow in his (or her) occupit. To the hardly curio-sing entomophilust then it has shown a very sexmosaic of nym — phosis in which the eternal chimerahunter Oriolopos, now frond of sugars, then lief of saults, the sensory crowd in his bellycop with an eye for the goods trooth bewilderblished by their night effluvia with guns like drums and fondlers like forceps persequestellates his vanessas from flore to flore. Somehow this sounds like the purest kidooool belly coupled with an eye for the goods trooth bewilderblissed by their night effluvia with guns like drums and fondlers like —

Say, baroun lousadoor, who in hallhagal wrote the durn thing anyhow? Erect, beseated, mountback, against a partywall, below freezigrade, by the use of quill or style, with turbid or pellucid mind, accompanied or the reverse by mastication, interrupted by visit of seer to scribe or of scribe to site, atwixt two showers or atosst of a trike, rained upon or blown ar

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

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

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

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

About that original hen. Midwinter (fruur or kuur?) was in the offing and Premver a promise of a pril when, as kischabrigies sang life’s old sahtsong, an iccelad shiverer, merest of banltlings ob-served a cold fowl behaviourising strangely on that fatal midden or chip factory or comicalbottomed copsjute (dump for short) afterwards changed into the orangery when in the course of deeper demolition unexpectedly one bushman’s holiday its limon threw up a few spontaneous fragments of orangepel, the last remains of an outdoor meal by some unknown sunseeker or place-hider illico way back in his mistridden past. What child of a strand — looper but keepy little Kevin in the despondful surrounding of such sneezing cold would ever have trouved up on a strate that was called strete a motive for future sainity by eurching the finding of the Ardagh chalice by another heily innocent and beachwalker whilst trying with pious clamour to wheedle Tip- peraw raw raw reeraw putters out of Now Sealand in spignt of the patchpurple of the massacre, a dual a duel to die to day, goddam and biggod, sticks and stanks, of most of the Jacobiteres.
The bird in the case was Belinda of the Dorans, a more than quinquegentarian (Terziis prize with Serni medal, Cheepalizzy’s Hane Exposition) and what she was scratching at the hour of klokking twelve looked for all this zogzag world like a goodish-sized sheet of letterpaper originating by tranship from Boston (Mass.) of the last of the first to Dear whom it proceeded to mention Maggy well & allathome’s health only then the hate turned the mild on the van Houtens and the general’s elections with a lovely face of some born gentleman with a beautiful present of wedding cakes for dear thankyou Christey and with grand funerall of poor Father Michael don’t forget unto life’s & Muggy well how are you Maggy & hopes soon to hear well & must now close it with fondest to the twoinns with four crosskisses for holy paul holey comei holipoli wholysland pee ess from (locust may eat all but this sign shall they never) affectionate largelooking tache of tch. The stain, and that a teastain (the overcautelousness of the masterbilker here, as usual, signing the page away), marked it off on the spout of the moment as a genuine relique of ancient Irish pleasant pottery of that lydialike languishing class known as a hurry-me-o’er-the-hazy.

Why then how?

Well, almost any photoist worth his chemicots will tip anyone asking him the teaser that if a negative of a horse happens to melt enough while drying, well, what you do get is, well, a positively grotesquely distorted macromass of all sorts of horsehappy values and masses of meltwhile horse. Tip. Well, this freely is what must have occurred to our missive (there’s a sod of a turb for you! please wisp off the grass!) unfilthed from the boucher by the sagacity of a lookmelittle likemelon hen. Heated residence in the heart of the orangeflavoured mudmound had partly ob-literated the negative to start with, causing some features pal — pably nearer your pecker to be swollen up most grossly while the farther back we manage to wiggle the more we need the loan of a lens to see as much as the hen saw. Tip.

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

Lead, kindly fowl! They always did: ask the ages. What bird has done yesterday man may do next year, be it fly, be it moult, be it hatch, be it agreement in the nest. For her socioscientific sense is sound as a bell, sir, her volucrine automutativeness right on normalcy: she knows, she just feels she was kind of born to lay and love eggs (trust her to propagate the species and hoosh her fluffballs safe through din and danger!); lastly but mostly, in her genesic field it is all game and no gammon; she is ladylike in everything she does and plays the gentleman’s part every time. Let us auspice it! Yes, before all this has time to end the golden age must return with its venance. Man will become dirigible, Ague will be rejuvenated, woman with her discipular manram will lie down together publicly flank upon fl—

And. She may be a mere marcella, this midget madgetcy, Misthress of Arths. But. It is not a hear or say of some anomous letter, signed Toga Girilis, (teasy dear). We have a cop of her fist right against our nosibos. We note the pap & must now close it with fondest to the twoinns with four crosskisses for holy paul holey comei holipoli wholysland pee ess from (locust may eat all but this sign shall they never) affectionate largelooking tache of tch. The stain, and that a teastain (the overcautelousness of the masterbilker here, as usual, signing the page away), marked it off on the spout of the moment as a genuine relique of ancient Irish pleasant pottery of that lydialike languishing class known as a hurry-me-o’er-the-hazy.

Why then how?
Let us now, weather, health, dangers, public orders and other circumstances permitting, of perfectly convenient, if you police, after you, polisepolice, pardoning mein, ich beam so fresch, bey? drop this jiggerypokery and talk straight turkey meet to mate, for while the ear, be we mikealls or nicholists, may sometimes be inclined to believe others the eye, whether browned or nolensed, find it devilish hard now and again even to believe itself. Habes aures et num videbis? Habes oculos ac mannepalpabat? Tip! Drawing nearer to take our slant at it (since after all it has met with misfortune while all underground), let us see all there may remain to be seen.

I am a worker, a tombstone mason, anxious to pleace avery-buries and jully glad when Christmas comes his once ayear. You are a poorjoist, unctuous to polise nopebobbies and tunnibelly souly when ’tis thime took o’er home, gin. We cannot say aye to aye. We cannot smile noes from noes. Still. One cannot help noticing that rather more than half of the lines run north-south in the Nemzes and Bukarahast directions while the others go west-east in search from Malizies with Bulgarad for, tiny tot though it looks when schtchupnistiing alongside other incuna-bula, it has its cardinal points for all that. These ruled barriers along which the traced words, run, march, halt, walk, stumble at doubtful points, stumble up again in comparative safety seem to have been drawn first of all in a pretty checker with lamp-black and blackthorn. Such crossing is antechristian of course, but the use of the homeborn shillelagh as an aid to calligraphy shows a distinct advance from savagery to barbarism. It is seriously believed by some that the intention may have been geodetic, or, in the view of the cannier, domestic economical. But by writing thithaways end to end and turning, turning and end to end hithaways writing and with lines of litters slittering up and louds of latters slettering down, the old sememonyplace and jupetbackagain from tham Let Rise till Hum Lit. Sleep, where in the waste is the wisdom?

Another point, in addition to the original sand, pounce pow-der, drunkard paper or soft rag used (any vet or inhanger in ous sot’s social can see the seen for seemself, a wee flofty od room, the cheery slobbered on the one karrig, a darka disheen of voos from Dalbania, any gotsquantity of racky, a portogal and some buk setting out on the sofer, you remember the sort of softball sucker motru used to tell us when we were all biribiyas or nippies and messas) it has acquired accretions of terrious matter whilst loitering in the past. The teatimestained terminal (say not the tag, mummer, or our show’s a failure!) is a cosy little brown study all to oneself and, whether it be thumb-print, mademark or just a poor trait of the artless, its importance in establishing the identities in the writer complexus (for if the hand was one, the minds of active and agitated were more than so) will be best appreciated by never forgetting that both before and after the battle of the Boyne it was a habit not to sign letters always. Tip. And it is surely a lesser ignorance to write a word with every consonant too few than to add all too many. The end? Say it with missiles then and thus arabesque the page. You have your cup of scalding Souchong, your taper’s waxen drop, your cat’s paw, the clove or coffinnail you chewed or champed as you worded it, your lark in clear air. So why, pray, sign any-thing as long as every word, letter, penstroke, paperspace is a perfect signature of its own? A true friend is known much more easily, and better into the bargain, by his personal touch, habits of full or undress, movements, response to appeals for charity than by his footwear, say. And, speaking anent Tiberias and other incestuish salacities among gerontophils, a word of warning about the tenderloined passion hinted at. Some softnosed per-user might mayhem take it up erogenously as the usual case of spoons, prostituta in herba plus dinky pinks deliberatively summer-saulting off her biseycle, at the main entrance of curate’s per — petual soutane suit with her one to see and awoh! who picks her up as gingerly as any balmbeareer would to feel whereupon the virgin was most hurt and nicely asking: whyre have you been so grace a mailing and where were you chaste me child? Be who, farther potential? and so wider but we grisly old Sykos who have done our unsmiling bit on ’alices, when they were yung and easily freuended, in the penumba of the procureing room and what oral acrampression we have had apply to them! could (did we care to sell our feebought silence in camera) tell our very moistnostrilled one that father in such virgated contexts is not always that undemonstrative relative (often held up to our cuntunity) who settles our hashbill for us and what an innocent all — abroad’s adverb such as Michaelly looks like can be suggestive of under the pudendascope and, finally, what a neurasthene nym thistling alongside other incuna-bula, it has its cardinal points for all that. These ruled barriers along which the traced words, run, march, halt, walk, stumble at doubtful points, stumble up again in comparative safety seem to have been drawn first of all in a pretty checker with lamp-black and blackthorn. Such crossing is antechristian of course, but the use of the homeborn shillelagh as an aid to calligraphy shows a distinct advance from savagery to barbarism. It is seriously believed by some that the intention may have been geodetic, or, in the view of the cannier, domestic economical. But by writing thithaways end to end and turning, turning and end to end hithaways writing and with lines of litters slittering up and louds of latters slettering down, the old sememonyplace and jupetbackagain from tham Let Rise till Hum Lit. Sleep, where in the waste is the wisdom?

Another point, in addition to the original sand, pounce pow-der, drunkard paper or soft rag used (any vet or inhanger in ous sot’s social can see the seen for seemself, a wee flofty od room, the cheery slobbered on the one karrig, a darka disheen of voos from Dalbania, any gotsquantity of racky, a portogal and some buk setting out on the sofer, you remember the sort of softball sucker motru used to tell us when we were all biribiyas or nippies and messas) it has acquired accretions of terrious matter whilst loitering in the past. The teatimestained terminal (say not the tag, mummer, or our show’s a failure!) is a cosy little brown study all to oneself and, whether it be thumb-print, mademark or just a poor trait of the artless, its importance in establishing the identities in the writer complexus (for if the hand was one, the minds of active and agitated were more than so) will be best appreciated by never forgetting that both before and after the battle of the Boyne it was a habit not to sign letters always. Tip. And it is surely a lesser ignorance to write a word with every consonant too few than to add all too many. The end? Say it with missiles then and thus arabesque the page. You have your cup of scalding Souchong, your taper’s waxen drop, your cat’s paw, the clove or coffinnail you chewed or champed as you worded it, your lark in clear air. So why, pray, sign any-thing as long as every word, letter, penstroke, paperspace is a perfect signature of its own? A true friend is known much more easily, and better into the bargain, by his personal touch, habits of full or undress, movements, response to appeals for charity than by his footwear, say. And, speaking anent Tiberias and other incestuish salacities among gerontophils, a word of warning about the tenderloined passion hinted at. Some softnosed per-user might mayhem take it up erogenously as the usual case of spoons, prostituta in herba plus dinky pinks deliberatively summer-saulting off her biseycle, at the main entrance of curate’s per — petual soutane suit with her one to see and awoh! who picks her up as gingerly as any balmbeareer would to feel whereupon the virgin was most hurt and nicely asking: whyre have you been so grace a mailing and where were you chaste me child? Be who, farther potential? and so wider but we grisly old Sykos who have done our unsmiling bit on ’alices, when they were yung and easily freuended, in the penumba of the procureing room and what oral acrampression we have had apply to them! could (did we care to sell our feebought silence in camera) tell our very moistnostrilled one that father in such virgated contexts is not always that undemonstrative relative (often held up to our cuntunity) who settles our hashbill for us and what an innocent all — abroad’s adverb such as Michaelly looks like can be suggestive of under the pudendascope and, finally, what a neurasthene nym thistling alongside other incuna-bula, it has its cardinal points for all that. These ruled barriers along which the traced words, run, march, halt, walk, stumble at doubtful points, stumble up again in comparative safety seem to have been drawn first of all in a pretty checker with lamp-black and blackthorn. Such crossing is antechristian of course, but the use of the homeborn shillelagh as an aid to calligraphy shows a distinct advance from savagery to barbarism. It is seriously believed by some that the intention may have been geodetic, or, in the view of the cannier, domestic economical. But by writing thithaways end to end and turning, turning and end to end hithaways writing and with lines of litters slittering up and louds of latters slettering down, the old sememonyplace and jupetbackagain from tham Let Rise till Hum Lit. Sleep, where in the waste is the wisdom?
prostitute be whoso stands before a door and winks or parks herself in the fornix near a makeussin wall (sinsin! sinsin!) and the curate one who brings strong waters (gingin! gingham!), but also, and dinna forget, that there is many asleeps between someathome’s first and moreinausland’s last and the beautiful presence of waiting kates will until life’s (!) be more than enough to make any milkmike in the language of sweet tarts punch hell’s hate into his twin nicky and that Maggy’s tea, or your majesty, if heard as a boost from a born gentleman is (?) For if the lingo gasped between kicksherheets, however basically English, were to be preached from the mouths of wickerchurchwardens and metaphysicians in the row and advokatoes, allvoyous, demiovoyelles, lanuvathes, les-biels, dentelles, gutterhows and furzt, where would their prac — ticbe or where the human race itself were the Pythagorean ses — quipedal of the panepistemion, however apically Volapucky, grunted and gromwelled, ichabod, habakuk, opanoff, uggamyg, hapaxle, gomenon, pppppff, over country stiles, behind slated dwellings-houses, down blind lanes, or, when all fruit falls, under some sacking left on a coarse cart? So hath been, love: tis tis: and will be: till wears and tears and ages. Thief us the night, steal we the air, shawl thiner liefest, mine! Here, Ohere, insult the fair! Traitor, bad hearer, brave! The lightning look, the birding cry, awe from the grave, ever-flowing on the times. Feuergusasaria iordenwater; now godsun shine on menday’s daughter; a good clap, a fore marriage, a bad wake, tell hell’s well; such is manowife’s lot of lose and win again, like he’s guen quhiskers on who’s chin again, she plucketed them out but they grown in again. So what are you going to do about it? O dear!

If juness she saved! Ah ho! And if yulone he pouded! The ol-old stoliolum! From quiqui quinet to michimiche chelet and a jambebatiste to a brulobrulo! It is told in sounds in utter that, in signs so adds to, in universal, in polyglutтурal, in each auxiliary neutral idiom, sordomutics, florilingua, sheltafocal, flayflutter, a con’s cubane, a pro’s tutute, strassarab, reperese and anything else athall. Since nozzy Nanette tripped palmyways with Highho Harry there’s a spurtfire turf a’kind o’kindling when oft as the souffsouff blows her peaties up and a claypot wet for thee, my Sitys, and talkatalka tell Tibbs has eve: and whathough (revious life proving aye the death of ronaldses when winpower wine has bucked the kick on poor won man) billiousness has been billious-ness during millions of millenions and our mixed racings have been giving two hoots or three jeers for the grape, vine and brew and Pieter’s in Nieuw Amsteldam and Paoli’s where the poules go and rum smelt his end for him and he dined off sooth ameri-can (it would give one the frier even were one a normal Kettle licker) this oldworld epistola of their weatherings and their marryings and their buryings and thei-er-se of sweet tarts punch hell’s hate into his twin nicky and that Maggy’s tea, or —

Now, kapnimancy and infusionism may both fit as tight as two trivets but while we in our wee free state, holding to that prestatute in our charter, may have our irremovable doubts as to the whole sense of the lot, the interpretation of any phrase in the whole, the meaning of every word of a phrase so far de-ciphered out of it, however unfettered our Irish daily indepen—dence, we must vaunt no idle dubiosity as to its genuine author — ship and holusbolus authoritativeness. And let us bringtheecese to beakering on that clink, olmond bottler! On the face of it, to volt back to our desultory horses, and for your roughshod mind, baffelost bull, the affair is a thing once for all done and there you are somewhere and finished in a certain time, be it a day or a year or even supposing, it should eventually turn out to be a serial number of goodness gracious alone knows how many days or years. Anyhow, somehow and somewhere, before the bookflood or after her ebb, somebody mentioned by name in his telephone directory, Coccolanius or Gallotaurus, wrote it, wrote it all, wrote it all down, and there you are, full stop. O, undoubtedly yes, and very potably so, but one who deeper thinks will always bear in the baccuccus of his mind that this down-right there you are and there it is is only all in his eye. Why?

Because, Soferim Bebel, if it goes to that, (and dormerwindow gossip will cry it from the house-tops no surelier than the writing on the wall will hue it to the mod of men that mote in the main street) every person, place and thing in the chaosmos of Alle anyway connected with the gobblidumped turkery was moving and changing every part of the time: the travelling inkhorn (possibly pot), the hare and turtle pen and paper, the continually more and less intermisunderstanding minds of the anticollabora-tors, the as time went on as it will variously inflected, differently pronounced, otherwise spelled, changeably meaning vocable scriptsigns. No, so holp me Petault, it is not a misseffectual why-acinhinous riot of blots and blurs and bars and balls and hoops and wriggles and juxtaposed jottings linked by spurs of speed: it only looks as like it as damn it; and, sure, we ought really to rest thankful that at this delightful hour of dungflies dawning we have even a written on with dried ink scrap of paper at all to show for ourselves, tare it or leaf it, (and we are lufted to ourselves as the soulfisher when he led the cat out of the bout) after all that we lost and plundered of it even to the hidmost coignings of the earth and all it has gone through and by all means, after a good ground kiss to Terracussa and for wars luck our lefttoff’s flung over our home homoplote, cling to it as with drowning hands, hoping against hope all the while that, by the light of philo-phosy, (and may she never folsage us!) things will begin to clear up a bit one way or another within the next quarrel of an hour and be hanged.
to them as ten to one they will too, please the pigs, as they ought to categorically, as, strictly between ourselves, there is a limit to all things so this will never do.

For, with that farmfrow’s foul flair for that flayfell foxfetor, (the calamite’s columnitas calling for calamitous calamitate) who that scrutinising marvels at those indigent whiploophashes; those so prudently bolted or blocked rounds; the touching reminiscence of an incompletet trail or dropped final; a round thousand whirligig glorioles, prefaced by (alus!) now illegible airy plumeffets, all tiberiously ambimmelishing the initials majuscule of Earwicker: the meant to be baffling chrismon trillionth sign Π, finally called after some his hes hectency Hec, which, moved contra-watchwise, represents his title in sigla as the smaller Δ, fointly called following a certain change of state of grace of nature alp or delta, when single, stands for or tautologically stands beside the consort: (though for that matter, since we have heard from Cathay cyrcles how the hen is not merely a tick or two after the first fifth fourth of the second eighth twelfth — siangchang hongkong sansheneul — but yirely the other and thirtieth of the ninth from the twentieth, our own vulgar 432 and 1132 irre-spectively, why not take the former for a village inn, the latter for an upsidown bridge, a multiplication marking for crossroads ahead, which you like pothook for the family gibbet, their old fourwheeler for the buckler’s field, a tea anyway for a tryst someday, and his onesidemissing for an allblind alley leading to an Irish plot in the Champ de Mors, not?) the steady monotony of the interiors; the pardonable confusion for which some blame the cudgel and more blame the soot but unthanks to which the peas with their caps awry are quite as often as not taken for kews with their tails in their or are quite as often as not taken for pews with their tails in their mouths, thence your pristopher polombos, hence our Kat Kresbyterians; the curt witty wotty dashes never quite just right at the trim trite truth letter; the sudden spluttered petulance of some capitalised Middle; a word as cunningly hidden in its maze of confused drapery as a fieldmuse in a nest of coloured ribbons: that ab-surly bullfooled bee declaring with an even plainer dummp — show than does the mute commoner with us how hard a thing it is to mpe mporn a gentleman: and look at this preprononinal funerual, engraved and retouched and edgewiped and pudden-padded, very like a whale’s egg farced with memnicca, as were it sentenced to be nuzzled over a full trillion times for ever and a night till his noddle sink or swim by that ideal reader suffering from an ideal insomnia: all those red raddled obeli cyennepep-percast over the text, calling unnecessary attention to errors, omissions, repetitions and misalignments: that (probably local or personal) variant maggers for the more generally accepted ma-jesty which is but a trifle and yet may quietly amuse: those super — ciliousslooking crisscrossed Greek ees awkwardlike perched there and here out of date like sick owls hawked back to Athens: and the geegees too, jesuistically formed at first but afterwards genu-flected aggrily towards the occident: the Ostrogothic kako — graphy affected for certain phrases of Etruscan stables and, in short, the learning betrayed at almost every line’s end: the head-strength (at least eleven men of thirtytwo paflrycraft) revealed by a constant labour to make a ghimel pass through the eye of an iota: this, for instance, utterly unexpected sinistrogyric return to one peculiar sore point in the past; those throne open doubleyous (of an early muddy terranean origin whether man chooses to damn them agglutinatively loo — too — blue — face — ache or illwoodawpeehole or, kants koorts, topplefouls) seated with such floprightdown determination and reminding us elucidately of nature at her naturalest while that fretful fidget eff, the hornful digamma of your bornabarbar, rarely heard now save when falling from the unfashionable lipsus of some hetarosexual (used always in two bolixised print types — one of them as wrongheaded as his Claudian brother, is it worth while interrupting to say? — throughout the papyrus as the revise mark) stalks all over the page broods ῥ, sensationseeking an idea, amid the verbiage, gaunt, stands dejectedly in the diapered window margin, with its basque of bayleaves all aflutter about its forksfrogs, paces with a frown, jeering to and fro, flinging phrases here, there, or returns inhibited, with some half-halted suggestion, F, dragging its shoestring; the curious warning sign before our protoparent’s ipsissima verba (a very pure nondescript, by the way, sometimes a palmtail fro, flinging phrases here, there, or returns inhibited, with some half — observation: these munchables occur only in the Bootheterbrowm family of MSS., Bb — Cod IV, Pap II, Brek XI, Lun III, Dinn XVII, Sup XXX, Fullup M D C X C: the scholiast has hungrily misheared a deadman’s toller as a muffinbell): the four shortened ampersands under which we can glimpse at and feel for ourselves all those rushyears the warm soft short
pant's of the quick-scribbler: the vocative lapse from which it begins and the accu — sative hole in which it ends itself; the aphasia of that heroic agony of recalling a once loved number leading slip by slipper to a general amnesia of misnaming one's own: next those ars, rrrr! those ars all bellicial, the highest priest's hieroglyph of kettleatom and oddsbones, wasted red-handedly from our hallowed rubric prayer for truce with booty, O'Remus pro Romulo, and rudely from the fame's pinnacle tossed down by porter to within an aim's ace of their quatrains of rubyjets among Those Who are without the Temple nor since Roe's Distillery burn'd have quaff'd Night's firekill'd Cup But jig jog jug as Day the Dicebox Throws, whang, loyal six I lead, out wi' yer heart's bluid, blast ye, and there she's for you, sir, whang her, the fine ooman, rouge to her lobster locks, the rossy, whang, God and O'Mara has it with his ruddy old Villain Rufus, wait, whang, God and you're another he hasn't for there's my spoil five of spads's trumps, whang, whack on his pigskin's Kissers for him, K.M. O'Mara where are you?: then (coming over to the left aisle corner down) the cruciform postscript from which three basisia or shorter and smaller oscula have been overcarefully scraped away, plainly inspiring the tene-brous Tunc page of the Book of Kells (and then it need not be lost sight of that there are exactly three squads of candidates for the crucian rose awaiting their turn in the marginal panels of Columkiller, chugged in their three ballotboxes, then set apart for such hanging committees, where two was enough for anyone, starting with old Matthew himself, as he with great distinction said then just as since then people speaking have fallen into the custom, when speaking to a person, of saying two is company when the third person is the person darkly spoken of, and then that last labiolingual basium might be read as a suavium if who-ever the embracer then was wrote with a tongue in his (or per — haps her) cheek as the case may have been then) and the fatal droopadwindle slope of the blamed scrawl, a sure sign of imper-fectible moral blindness; the toomuchness, the fartoomanyness of all those fourlegged ems: and why spell dear god with a big thick dhee (w-)

Duff--Muggli, who now may be quoted by very kind arrange-ment (his dectrosophonious photosension under supersonic light control may be logged for by our none too distant futures as soon astone values can be turned out from Chromophilomos, Limited at a millicentime the microamp), first called this kind of paddygoeasy partnership the uylkheen or tetrachoric or quad-rumane or ducks and drakes or debts and dishes perplex (v. Some Forestallings over that Studium of Sexophonomological Schizophre-ness, vol. xxiv, pp. 2–555) after the wellinformed observation, made miles apart from the Master by Tung--Toyd (cf. Later Frustrations amengst the Neomugglian Teachings abaft the Semi-unconscience, passim) that in the case of the littleknown periplic bestseller popularly associated with the names of the wretched mariner (trianforan deffwedoff our plumsucked pattern shape-keeper) a Punic admiralty report, From MacPerson’s Oshean Round By the Tides of Jason’s Cruise, had been cleverly capsized and saucily republished as a dodecanesian baedeker of the every-tale-a-treat-initself variety which could hope satisfactorily to tickle me gander as game as your goose.

The unmistaken identity of the persons in the Tiberiast du-plex came to light in the most devious of ways. The original document was in what is known as Hanno O’Nonhanno’s unbrookable script, that is to say, it showed no signs of punctua — tion of any sort. Yet on holding the verso against a lit rush this new book of Morses responded most remarkably to the silent query of our world’s oldest light and its recto let out the piquant fact that it was but pierced butnot punctured (in the university sense of the term) by numerous stabs and foliated gashes made by a pronged instrument. These paper wounds, four in type, were gradually and correctly understood to mean stop, please stop, do please stop, and O do please stop respectively, and following up their one true clue, the circumflexuous wall of a singleminded men’s asylum, accentuated by a tine in type, were gradually and correctly understood to mean stop, please stop, do please stop, and O do please stop respectively.

The lettermaking of the exploits of Fjorgn Camhelsson when he was in the Kvinnes country with Soldru's men. With acknowledgment of our fervour of the first instant he remains years most painfully. For postscript see spoils. Though not yet had the
sailor sipped that sup nor the humphar foamed to the fill. And fox and geese still kept the peace around L’Auberge du Pere Adam.

Small need after that, old Jeromesolem, old Huffsnuff, old Andycox, old Olecasandrum, for quizzing your weekenders come to the R.Q. with: shoots off in a hiss, muddles up in a mussmass and his whole’a dismantled noondrunkard’s son. Howbeit we heard not a son of sons to bring him to oceanic society in his old man without a thing in his ignorance, Tulko MacHooley. And it was thus he was at every time, that son, and the other time, the day was in it and after the morrow Diremood is the name is on the writing chap of the psalter, the juxtapunct of a dearmate and he passing out of one desire into its fellow. The daughters are after going and looing for him, Torba’s nice-lookers of the fair neck. Wanted for millinary servance to olderly’s person by the Totty Askinesses. Formelly confounded with another. Maybe growing a moustache, did you say, with an adorabe look of amuzement? And uses noclass billiardhalls with an upandown ladder? Not Hans the Curier though had he had have only had some little laughings and some less of cheeks and were he not so warried by his bulb of persecution he could have, ay, and would have, as true as Essex bridge. And not Go-plexh go gossip, I declare to man! Noe! To all’s much relief one’s half hypothesis of that jabberjaw ape amok the showering jestnuts of Bruisanose was hotly dropped and his room taken up by that odious and still today insufficiently malestimated note-snatcher (kak, pfooi, bosh and fiety, much earny, Gus, poteen? Sez you!) Shem the Penman.

So?

Who do you no tonigh, lazy and gentleman?

The echo is where in the back of the wodes; callhim forth!

(Shaun Mac Irewick, briefdragger, for the concern of Messrs Jhon Jhamieson and Song, rated one hundrick and thin per storehundred on this nightly quisquisquock of the twelve aposter-trophes, set by Jockit Mic Ereweak. He misunderstruck and aim for am ollo of number three of them and left his free natural ri-postes to four of them in their own fine artful disorder.)

I. What secondtonone myther rector and maximost bridges-maker was the first to rise taller through his beanstale than the bluegum buaboahabbaun or the gigantic Wellingtonia Sequoia; went nudiboots with trouters into a lifeyette when she was barely in her tricklies; was well known to claud a conciliation cap onto the esker of his hooth; sports a chainganger’s alber.

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mildewstaned he’s mouldystoned; is a quer-cuss in the forest but plane member for Megalopolis; mountun — mighty, faunofleetfoot; plank in our platform, blank in our scouturn; hidal, in carucates he is enumerated, hold as an earl, he counts; shipshaped phrase of buglooking words with a form like the easing moments of a graminivorous; to our dooms brought he law, our manors he made his vill of; was an over-grind to the underground and acquiesced for fierythroats; sends boys in socks acoughawhooping when he lets farth his carbon-oxide and silk stockings show her shapings when he looses hose on hers; stocks dry puder for the Ill people and pinkun’s pellets for all the Pale; gave his moundyfoot to Miserius, her pinch to Anna Livia, that superfine pigtail to Cerisia Cerosia and quid rides to Titius, Caius and Sempronius; made the man who had no notion of shopkeepers feel he’d rather play the duke than play the gentleman; shot two queens and shook three caskles when he won his game of dwarfs; fumes inwards like a strombolist till he smokes at both ends; mammote, befer of him, womankind, pietad!; shows one white drift of snow among the gorsegrowth of his crown and a chaperon of repentance on that which shed gore; pause and quies, triple bill; went by metro for the polis and then hove by; to the finders, hail! woa, you that seek!; whom filth had plenished, dearth devoured; hock is leading, cocoa comes next, emery tries for the flag; can dance the O’Brun’s polerpasse at Noolahn to his own orchestrustr accompainment; took place before the internatural convention of catholic widows and found steady before the congress for the study of endonotal calamities; makes a deliciuous entr,e and finishes off the course between sweets and savouries; flouts for forecasts, flairs for finds and the fun of the fray on the fairground; cleared out three hun-dred sixty five idle to set up one all khallasal for henwives hoping to have males; the flawhoolagh, the grasping one, the kindler of paschal fire; forbids us our trespassers as we forgate him; the phoenix be his pyre, the cineres his sire!; piles big pelium on little ossas like the pilluls of hirculeas; has an eatupus complex and a drinkthedregs kink; wrustmeats for chumps and cowcar-low for scullions; when he plies for our favour is very trolly ours; two psychic espousals and three desertions; may be matter of fact now but was futter of magd then; Cattermole Hill, ex-mountain of flesh was reared up by stress and sank under strain; tank it up, dank it up, tells the tailor to his tout; entoutcas for a man, but bit a thimble for a maid; blimp, blump; a dud letter, a sing a song a syllbe; a byword, a sentence with surcease; while stands his canyouseheim frails shall fall; was hatched at Cellbridge but ejoculated abrood; as it gan in the biguinnings so wound up in a battle of Boss; Roderick, Roderick, Roderick, O, you’ve gone the way of the Danes; variously catalogued, regularly regrouped; a bushboys holoday, a quacker’s mating, a wenches’ sandhath; the same homoheatherous checkinlossegg as when sollyeye airly blew ye; real detonation but false report; spa mad but inn sane; half emillian via bogus census but a no street hausman when allphannd; is the handiest of all andies and a most allegant spot to dump your hump; hands his secession to the new patricius but plumps plebmatichally for the bloody old centuries; eats with doors open and ruts with gates closed; some dub him Rotshield and m———

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his keep; B.V.H., B.L.G., P.P.M., T.D.S., V.B.D., T.C.H., L.O.N.; is Breakfates, Lunger, Diener and Souper; as the streets were paved with cold he felt his topographical; taught himself skating and learned how to fall; distinctly dirty but rather a dear; hoveth chieftains evrywehr, with morder; Ostman Effendi, Serge Paddishaw; bases two mmany, outpriaims al’ his parishes; first of the fenians, roi des fain,ants; his Tiara of scones was held unfillable. till one Liam Fail felled him in West-munster; was struck out of his sittem when he rowed saulely to demask us and to our appauling predicament brought as plagues from Budapesst; put a matchhead on an aspenstalk and set the living a fire; speared the rod and spoiled the lightning; married with cakes and repunked with pleasure; till he was buried how-happy was he and he made the welkins ring with Up Micawber!; god at the top of the staircase, carrion on the mat of straw; the false hood of a spindler web chokes the cavemouth of his unsightliness but the nestlings that liven his leafscreen sing him a lover of arbuties; we strike hands over his bloodied warsheet but we are pledged entirely to his green mantle; our friend vikelegal, our swaran foi; under the four stones by his streams who vanished the wassailbowl at the joy of shells; Mora and Lora had a hill of a high time looking down on his confusion till firm look in readiness, forward spear and the windfoot of curach strewed the lakemist of Lego over the last of his fields; we darkened for you, faulterer, in the year of mourning but we’ll fidhil to the diintwinklers when the steamy morvenlight lifts up the sunbeam; his striped pantaloons, his rather strange walk; hereditatis columna erecta, haigion chiton eraphon; nods a nap for the nonce but crows cheefio when they get ecumenical; is a simul-taneous equator of eliminated integras when three upon one is by inspection improper; has the most conical hodpiece of confusianist heronim and that chuchuffous chinchin of his is like a footsey kungolo around Taishantyland; he’s as globeful as a gasometer of lithium and luridity and he was thrice ten anular years before he walled round Raggiant Circos; the cabalstone at the coping of his cavin is a cane constant but only an amiri-can could appercave the apuepresiory of his atlast’s along — ment; sticklered rights and lefts at Baddersdown in his hunt for the boar trwth but made his end with the modareds that came at him in Camlenstrete; a hunnibal in exhaustive conflict, an otho to return; burning body to aiger air on melting mountain in wooing wave; we go into him sleepy children, we come out of him strucklers for life; he divested to save from the Mrs Drown-ing their rival queens while Grimshaw, Bragshaw and Renshaw made off with his storen clothes; taxed and rated, licensed and ranting; his threefaced stonehead was found on a whitehorse hill and the print of his costellous feet is seen in the goat’s grass-circle; pull the blind, toll the deaf and call dumb, lame and halty; Miraculone, Monstruceleen; led the upplaws at the Creation and hissed a snake charmer off her stays; hounded become haunter, hunter become fox; harrier, marrier, terrier, tav; Olaph the Man, Thorker the Torable; you feel he is Vespasian yet you think of him as Aurelius; whugamore, tradertory, socialist, com-moniser; made a summer assault on our shores and begiddy got his sands full; first he shot down Raglan Road and then he tore up Marlborough Place; Cromlecheight and Crommalhill were his farfamed feetrests when our lurch as lout let free into the Lubar heloved; mareschalled his wardmotes and delimited the main; netted before nibbling, can scarce turn a scale but, grossed after meals, weighs a town in himself; Banba prayed for his conversion, Beurla missed that grand old voice; a Colossus among cabbages, the Melarancitron of fruits; larger than life, doughtier than death; Gran Turco, orege forment; lachsembluger, leperlean; the spark of his genial fancy, the depth of his calm sagacity, the clearness of his spotless honour, the flow of his boundless bene-volence; our family forbear, our tribal tarmpike; quary was he incivibled and cur was he burked; partitioned Irskaholm, united Irshmen; he took a sivg at his own methyr but she tested a bit gorky and as for the salmon he was coming up in him all life long; comm, eilerdich heckley and sawyer thee, warden; silent as the bee in honey, stark as the breath on hauwck, Cos

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hunt his family ancestors and then pled double trouble or quick quits to hush the buckers up; threw peb-blets for luck over one sodden shoulder and droggede peopledes armed to their teeth; pept as Gaullo Gambinus, grim as Potter the Grave; ace of arts, deuce of damimonds, trouble of clubs, fear of spates; cumbrum, cumbrum, twniceyunurses fore a drum but tre to uno tips the scale; reeled the titleroll opposite a brace of girdles in Silver on the Screen but was sequenced from the set as Cookback by the even more titulars, Rick, Dave and Barry; he can get on as early as the twentysecond of Mars but occasion-ally he doesn’t come offbefore Virgintiquinke Germainal; his In — dian name is Hapapososojibway and his number in arithmo — sophy is the stars of the plough; took weapon in the province of the pike and let fling his line on Eelwick; moves in vicous cicles yet remews the same; the drain rats bless his offals while the park birds curse his floodlights; Portobello, Equadocta, Therecocta, Percorelo; he pours into the softclad shellborn the hard cash earned in Watling Street; his birth proved accidental shows his death its grave mistake; brought us giant ivy from the land of younkers and bewithered Apostoloplos with the gale of his gaff; while satisfied that soft youthful bright matchless girls should bosom into fine slikclad joyous blooming young women is not so pleased that heavy swearsome strongsmelling irregularshaped men should blottout active handsome wellformed frankayed boys; herald hairyfair, alloaf the wheat; husband your aunt and endow your nepos; hearken but hush it, screen him and see; time is, an archbishopric; time was, a tradesmen’s entrance; beckburn brooked with wath, scale scarred by scow; his rainfall is a couple of kneehighs while his meannest grass temperature marked three in the shade; is the meltingpoint of snow and the bubblingplace of alcohol; has a tussle with the trulls and then does himself justice; hinted at in the eschatological chapters of Humphrey’s Justesse of the Jaypees and hunted for by Theban recensors who sniff there’s something behind the Bug of the Deaf; the king was in his cornerwall melting mark so murry, the queen was steep in armboor feeling fain and furry, the mayds was midst the haw-thorns shoeing up their hose, out pimps the back guards (pomp!) and pump gun they goes; to all his foretellars he reared a stone and for all his comethers he planted a tree; forty acres, sixty miles, white stripe, red stripe, washes his fleet in annacrwitter; whou missed a aporter so what shall he do for he wanted to sit for Pimploclo but they’ve wanted him to stand for Sue?: Dutchlord, Dutchlord, overawes us; Headmound, king and martyr, dunstung in the Yeast, Pitre-le-Pore-in Petrin, Barth-the-Grete-by-the-Exchange; he hestens towards dames troth and wedding hand like the prince of Orange and Nassau while he has trinity left behind him like Bawlbeeggar Bill-the-Busotony; brow of a hazel-wood, pool in the dark; changes blowicks into bullocks and a well of Artesia into a bird of Arabia; the handwriting on his facewall, the cryptoconchoidsiphostomata in his expressians; his birthspot lies beyond the herospoint and his burialplot in the pleasant little field; is the yldist kiosk on the plenisnula and the unquest hostel in Saint Scholard; walked many hundreds and many score miles of streets and lit thousands in one nightlights in hectares of windows; his great wide cloak lies on fifteen acres and his little white horse decks by dozens our doors; O sorrow the sail and woe the rudder that were set for Mairie Quai!; his suns the huns, his dartars the tartars, are plenty here today; who repulsed from his burst the bomboles of Ostenton and falchioned each flash downsaduck in the deep; apenormal problem, a loca-tive enigma; upright one, vehicle of arcansilation in the field, lying chap, floodsupplier of celication through ebblanes; a part of the whole as a port for a whale; Dear Hewitt Castello, Equerry, were daylighted with our outing and are looking backwards to unearly summers, from Rhoda Dundrums; is above the seedfruit level and outside the leguminiferous zone; when older links lock older hearts then he’ll resemble she; can be built with glue and clippings, scrawled or voided on a buttress; the night express sings his story, the song of sparrownotes on his stave of wires; he crawls with lice, he swarms with saggarts; is as quiet as a mursque but can be as noisy as a sonogog; was Dilmun when his date was palmy and Mudlin when his rainfall is a couple of kneehighs while his meanst grass temperature marked three in the shade; is the meltingpoint of snow and the bubblingplace of alcohol; has a tussle with the trulls and then does himself justice; hinted at in the eschatological chapters of Humphrey’s Justesse of the Jaypees and hunted for by Theban recensors who sniff there’s something behind the Bug of the Deaf; the king was in his cornerwall melting mark so murry, the queen was steep in armboor feeling fain and furry, the mayds was midst the haw-thorns shoeing up their hose, out pimps the back guards (pomp!) and pump gun they goes; to all his foretellars he reared a stone and for all his comethers he planted a tree; 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Dermod, swank and swarthy; once diamond cut garnet now dammat cuts groany; you might find him at the Florence but watch our for him in Wynn’s Hotel; thee’er his bow and wheer’er his leaker and hear lays his bequiet hearse, deep; Swed Albiony, likeliest villain of the place; Henney Can-terel — Cockran, eggotisters, limited; we take our tays and frees our fleas round sadurn’s mounted foot; built the Lund’s kirk and destroyed the church’s land; who guess his title grabs his deeds; fletch and pritties, fash and chaps; artful Juke of Wilysly; Hugglebelly’s Funnril; Kukkuk Kalllikak; heard in camera and excruciated; boon when with benches billeted, bann if buckshot-backshattered; heavengendered, chaosfoedted, earthborn; his father presumptively ploughed it deep on overtime and his mother as all evince must have travailed her fair share; a foot-prinse on the Megacene, helman unhorsed by Searingsand; honorary captain of the extemporised fire brigade, reported to be friendly with the police; the door is still open; the old stock collar is coming back; not forgetting the time you laughed at Elder Charterhouse’s duckwhite pants and the way you said the whole township can see his hairy legs; by stealth of a kersse her aulburntress abaft his nape she hung; when his kettle became a heartscudlus our thorstyites set their lymphymphyre; his year-letter concocted by masterhands of assays, his hallmark imposed by the standard of wrought plate; a pair of pectorals and a triple-screen to get a wind up; lights his pipe with a rosin tree and hires a towhorse to haul his shoes; cures slavey’s scurvy, breaks barons boils; called to sell polosh and was found later in a bed-room; has his seat of justice, his house of mercy, his com o’copious and his stacks a’rye; prospector, he had a rooksacht, retrospector, he holds the holpenstake; won the freedom of new yoke for the minds of jugoslaves; acts active, peddles in passivism and is a gorgon of selffridgeousness; pours a laughsworth of his ilformation over a larmsworth of salt; half heard the single maiden speech La Belle spun to her Grand Mount and wholed a lifetime by his ain fireside, wondering was it hebrew set to himmeltones or the quicksilver song of qwaternions; his troubles may be over but his doubles have still to come; the lobster pot that crabbred our keel, the garden pet that spoiled our squeezed peas; he stands in a lovely park, sea is not far, importunate towns of X, Y and Z are easily over reached; is an excrescence to civilised humanity and but a wart on Europe; wanamade singsigns to soundsense an yit he wanna git all his flesch nuemaid mots truly prural and plausible; has excisively large rings and is uncustomarily perfumed; lusteth ath he listeth the cleah whithpeh of a themise; is a prince of the fingallian in a hiberniad of hoolies; has a hodge to wherry him and a frenchy to curri him and a brabanson for his beetar and a fritz at his switch; was waylaid of a parker and beschotten by a buckeley; kicks lintils when he’s cuppy and casts Jacob’s arroroots, dime after dime, to poor waifstrays on the perish; reads the charms of H. C. Endersen all the weaks of his evenin and the crimes of Ivaun the Taurrible every strongday morn; soaps you soft to your face and slaps himself when he’s badend; owns the bulgiest bung

Answer: Finn MacCool!

2. Does your mutter know your mike?

Answer: When I tum meoptics, from suchurban prospects, ’tis my filial’s bosom, doth behold with pride, that pontificator, and circumvallator, with his dam night garrulous, slipt by his side. Ann alive, the lisp of her, ‘twould grig mountains whisper her, and the bergs of Iceland melt in waves of fire, and her spoon-me-spondees, and her dirckle-me-ondenees, make the Rageous Ossean, kneel and quaff a lyre! If Dann’s dane, Ann’s dirty, if he’s plane she’s purty, if he’s fane, she’s flirty, with her auburn streams, and her coy cajoleries, and her dabblin drolleries, for to rouse his rudderup, or to drench his dreams. If hot Hammurabi, or cowld Cleisiastes, could espay her pranklings, they’d burst bounds agin, and renounce their ruings, and denounce their do-ings, for river and iver, and a night. Amin!
3. Which title is the true-to-type motto-in-lieu for that Tik for Teac thatchment painted witt wheth one darkness, where astnake is under clover and birds aprowl are in the rookeries and a magda went to monkishouse and a riverpaard was spotted, which is not Whichcroft Whorot not Osterholm Dreyeschluss not Haraldsky, grocer, not Vatanedcan, vintner, not Houseboat and Hive not Knox-atta-Belle not O’Faynix Coalprince not Wohn Squarr Roomyec not Ebblawn Downes not Le Dececr Le Mieux not Benjamin’s Lea not Tholomew’s Whaddingtun gnot Antwarp gnat Musca not Corry’s not Weir’s not the Arch not The Smug not The Dutch House not The Uval nothing Grand nothing Splendid (Grahot or Spletel) nayther Erat Est Erit noor Non michi sed luciphro?

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

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

Answer: a) Delfas. And when ye’ll hear the Gould hommers of my heart, my floxy loss, bingbanging again the ribs of yer resistance and the tenderbolts of my rivets working to your destruction ye’ll be sheverin wi’ all yer dinful sobes when we’ll go riding acope-acycurly, you with yer orange garland and me with my conny cordial, down the greaseways of rollicking into the waters of wetted life. b) Dorhcgk. And sure where can you have such good old chimes anywhere, and leave you, as on the Mash and how’tis I would be engaging you with my plovery soft ac-cent and descanting upover the scene bender me of your loose vines in their hairfall with them two loving lofs braceleting the slims of your ankles and your mouth’s flower rose and sinking ofter the soapstone of silvry speech. c) Nublid. Isha, why wouldn’t we be happy, avourneen, on. the mills’ money he’ll soon be leaving you as soon as I’ve my own owned brooklined Georgian mansion’s lawn to recruit upon by Doctor Cheek’s special orders and my copper’s panful of soybeans and Irish in my east hand and a James’s Gate in my west, after all the errears and erroiboos.

5. Thad slags of a loughladd would retten smuttyflesks, empt-out old mans, melk villaus geit, scareoff jackinjills fra tiddle anding, smoothpick waste papish pastures, insidez man outsiders angell, sprink dirted water around village, newses, tobaggon and sweeds, plain general kept, louden on the kirkpeal, foottreats given to malafides, outshriek hyelp hyelf nor the haier efter bugglawgs, might underhold three barnets, putzpolish crotty bottes, nightcoover all fireglims, serve’s time till baass, grindstone his knifesves, fullest boarded, lewd man of the method of godliness, perchance he nieows and thans sits in the spoorwaggen, X.W.C.A. on Z.W.C.U., Doorsteps, Limited, or Baywindaws Bros slobber preferred. Walther Clausetter’s and Sons with the H. E. Chimneys’ Company to not skreve, will, on advices, be bacon or stable hand, must begripe fullstandingly irers’ languge, jublander or northquain bigger prefurred, all duties, kine rights, family fewd, outings fived, may get earnst, no get combitsch, profusional drinklords to please obstain, he is fatherlow soun-digged inmoodminned pershoot but aleconnerman, nay, that must he n’t?

Answer: Pore ole Joe!

6. What means the saloon slogan Summon In The House-sweep Dinah?

Answer: Tok. Galory bit of the sales of Cloth nowand I have to beeswax the bringing in all the claub of the porks to us how I thawght I knew his stain on the flower if me ask and can could speak and he called by me midden name Tik. I am your honey honeysugger phwhtphwht tha Bay and who bruk the dandleass and who seen the blackcullen jam for Tomorrha’s big pickneck I hope it’ll pour prais the Climate of all Ireland I heard the grackles and I skimming the crock on all your sangwidges fip-pence per leg per drake.Tuk. And who eight the last of the goose — bellies that was mowlding from measlest years and who leff that there and who put that here and who let the kilkenney stale the chump. Tek. And whowasit youwasit propped the pot in the yard and whatinthe nameofsen lakeareyou rubbinthe sideofthe flureofthe lobbywith. Shite! will you have a plateful? Tak.
7. Who are those component partners of our societate, the doorboy, the cleaner, the sojer, the crook, the squeezer, the loun-
ger, the curman, the tourabout, the musroomsniffer, the bleaka — blue tramp, the funpowtherplother, the christymansboxer, from their pr.s sal,s and Donnybrook prater and Roebuck’s campos and the Ager Arountown and Crumglen’s grassy but Kimmage’s champ and Ashstown fields and Cabra fields and Finglas fields and Santry fields and the feels of Raheny and their fails and Bal-doygle to them who are latecomers all the year’s round by anti — cipation, are the porters of the passions in virtue of retroratioci — nation, and, contributing their conflingent controversies of differentiation, unify their voxes in a vote of vaticination, who crunch the crusts of comfort due to depredation, drain the mead for misery to incur intoxication, condone every evil by practical justification and condemn any good to its own gratification, who are ruled, roped, duped and driven by those numen daimons, the feekeepers at their laws, nightly consternation, fortnightly fornication, monthly miserecordation and omnianual recreation, doyles when they deliberate but sullivans when they are swordsed, Maty, Teddy, Simon, Jorn, Pedher, Andy, Barty, Philly, Jamesy Mor and Tom, Matt and Jakes Mac Carty?

Answer: The Morphios!

8. And how war yore maggies?

Answer: They war loving, they love laughing, they laugh weeping, they weep smelling, they smell smiling, they smile hating, they hate thinking, they think feeling, they feel tempting, they tempt daring, they dare waiting, they wait taking, they take thanking, they thank seeking, as born for lorn in lore of love to live and wive by wile and rile by rule of ruse ‘reathed rose and hose hol’d home, yeth cometh elope year, coach and four, Sweet Peck-at-my-Heart picks one man more.

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

Answer: A collideorscape!

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

Answer: I know, pepette, of course, dear, but listen, precious! Thanks, pette, those are lovely, pitounette, delicious! But mind the wind, sweet! What exquisite hands you have, you angiol, if you didn’t gnaw your nails, isn’t it a wonder you’re not achedame of me, you pig, you perfect little pigaleen! I’ll nudge you in a minute! I bet you use her best Peris

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remembrancetie, shoeweek will be trotting back with red heels at the end of the moon but look what the fool bought cabbage head and, as I shall be to gracious heaven, I’ll always in always remind of snappy new girters, me being always the one for charms with my very best in proud and gloving even if he was to be vermilion miles my youth to live on, the rubberend Mr Polkingtone, the quonian fleshmonger who Mother Browne solicited me for unlawful converse with, with her mug of October (a pots on it!), creaking around on his old shanksaxle like a croesty old cornquake. Airman, waterwag, terrier, blazer! I’m fine, thanks ever! Ha! O mind you poo tickly. Sall I puwhim in momou. Mummum. Funny spot to have a fingey! I’m terribly sorry, I swear to you I am! May you never see me in my birthday pets seenso tutu and that her branches mainges may rot leprous off her whatever winking maggis I’ll bet by your cut you go fleurting after with all the glass on her and the jumps in her somewheres! Haha! I suspected she was! Sink her! May they fire her for a barren ewe! So she says: Tay for thee? Well, I saith: Angst so mush: and desired she might not take it amiss if I esteemed her but an odd. If I did ate toughturf I’m not a mishy-missy. Of course I know, pettesest, you’re so learningful and considerate in yourself, so friend of vegetables, you long cold cat you! Please by acquiescent to meek my acquaintance! Codling, snakelet, iciclist! My diapier has more life to it! Who drowned you in drears, man, or are you pillale with ink? Did a weep get past the gates of your pride? My tread on the clover, sweetness? Yes, the buttercups told me, hug me, damn it all, and I’ll kiss you back to life, my peachest. I mean to make you suffer, meddlear, and I don’t care this fig for contempt of courting. That I chid you, sweet sir? You know I’m tender by my eye. Can’t you read by dazzling ones through me true? Bite me laughters, drink my tears. Pore into me, volumes, spell me stark and spill me swooning. I just don’t care what my thwarters think. Transname me loveliness, now and here me for all times! I’d risk a policeman passing by, Magrath or even that beggar of a boots at the Post. The flame? O, pardone! That was what? Ah, did you speak, stuffstuff? More poestries from Chickspeer’s with gleechoreal music or a jaculation from the garden of the soul. Of I be leib in the immoralities? O, you mean the strangle for love and the sowiveall of the prettiest? Yep, we open hap coseries in the home. And once upon a week I improve on myself I’m so keen on that New Free Woman with novel inside. I’m always as tickled as can be over Man in a Surplus by the Lady who Pays the Rates. But I’m as pie as is possible. Let’s root out Brimstoker and give him the thrill of our lives. It’s Dracula’s “noughtout. For creepsake don’t make a flush! Draw the shades, curfe you, and I’ll beat any sonnamonk to love. Holy bug, how my highness would jump to make you flame your halve a ban-nan in two when I’d run my burning torchlight through (to adore me there and then cease to be? Whatever for, blossoms?) Your hairmeijif if you had one. If I am laughing with you? No, lovingest, I’m not so dying to take my rise out of you, adored. Not in the very least. True as God made my Mamaw hiplength modesty coomawther! It’s only because the rison is I’m only any girl, you lovely fellow of my dreams, and because old somebooby is not a roundabout, my trysting of the tulipies, like that puff pape bucking Daveran assoiling us behinds. What a nerve! He thinks that’s what the vesprey’s for. How vain’s that hope in cleric’s heart Who still pursues th’adult’ rous art, Cocksure that rustic gown of his Will make fair Sue forget his phiz! Tame Schwipps. Blessed Marguerite bosses, I hope they threw away the mould or else we’ll have Ballshosser and Sourdamplers with their medical assassinations all over the place. But hold hard till I’ve got my latchkey vote and I’ll teach him when to wear what woman callours. On account of the gloss of the gleison Hasabooobwhees isabeaubel. And because, you pluckless lanka-loot, I hate the very thought of the thought of you and because, dearling, of course, adorest, I was always meant for an engin-dear from the French college, to be musband, nomme d’engien, when we do and contract with encho tencho solver when you are married to reading and writing which pleasebusiness now won’t course, adorest, I was always meant for an engin-
churchdome and Sainte Andr’e’s Under-shift, by all I hold secret from my world and in my underworld of nighties and naughties and all the other wonderworlds! Close your, notmust look! Now open, pet, your lips, pepette, like I used my sweet parted lipsabuss with Dan Holohan of facetious memory taught me after the flannel dance, with the proof of love, up Smock Alley the first night he smelled pounder and I coloured beneath my fan, pipetta mia, when you learned me the linguo to melt. Whowham would have ears like ours, the blackhaired! Do you like that, silenzioso? Are you enjoying, this same little me, my life, my love? Why do you like my whispering? Is it not divinely delusicious? But in’t it bafforyou? Misi missi! Tell me till my thrillme comes! I will not break the seal. I am enjoying it still. I swear I am! Why do you prefer its in these dark nets, if why may ask, my sweeteykins? Shh! Long-ears is flying. No, sweetissest, why would that ennoy me? But don’t! You want to be slap well slapped for that. Your delightful lips, love, be careful! Mind my duvetyne dress above all! It’s gilded silvy, the newest sextones with princess effect. For Rut-land blue’s got out of passion. So, so, my precious! O, I can see the cost, chare! Don’t tell me! Why, the boy in sheeps’ lane knows that. If I sell whose, dears? Was I sold here’ tears? You mean those conversation lozenges? How awful! The bold shame of me! I wouldn’t, chickens, not for all the juliettes in the twinkly way! I could snap them when I see them winking at me in bed. I didn’t did so, my intended, or was going to or thinking of. Shshsh! Don’t start like that, you wretch! I thought ye knew all and more, ye authour, to explicate to ones the significat of their exsystems with your nieu vulnon. It’s only another queer fish or other in Brinbrou’s damned old touchorous river again, Gothewisgoths bless us and spare her! And gibos rest from the bosso! Excuse me for swearing, love, I swear to the sorrasims on their trons of Uian I didn’t mean to by this alpin armlet! Did you really never in all our cantalang lives speak clothse to a girl’s before? No! Not even to the charmermaid? How marfellows! Of course I believe you, my own dear doting liest, when you tell me. As I’d live to, O, I’d love to! Liss, liss! I muss whiss! Never that ever or I can remember dearstreaming faces, you may go through me! Never in all my whole white life of my match-less and pair. Or ever for bitter be the frucht of this hour! With my whiteyness I thee woo and bind my silk breasts I thee bound! Always, Amory, amor andmore! Till always, thou lovest! Shshshsh! So long as the lucksmith. Laughs!

11. If you met on the binge a poor acheseyeld from Ailing, when the tune of his tremble shook shimmy on shin, while his countraryragged in the weak of his wailing, like a rulant pigu-lant Lyon O’Lynn; if he maundered in misliness, plaining his plight or, played fox and lice, pricking and dropping hips teeth, or wringing his handcuffs for peace, the blind blighter, praying Dieuf and Domb Nostrums foh thomethinks to eath; if he weapt while he leapt and guffalled quith a quhimper, made cold blood a blue mundy and no bones without flech, taking kiss, kake or kick with a suck, sigh or simper, a diffile to larn and a dibble to lech; if the fain shinner pegged you to shave his immartial, wee skillmustered shoul with his ooh, hoodoodoo! brok — ing wind that to wiles, woemaid sin he was partial, we don’t think, Jones, we’d care to this evening, would you?

Answer: No, blank ye! So you think I have impulsivism? Did they tell you I am one of the fortysixths? And I suppose you heard I had a wag on my ears? And I suppose they told you too that my roll of life is not natural? But before proceeding to conclusively confute this begging question it would be far fitter for you, if you dare! to hasitate to consult with and consequentially attempt at my disposale of the same dime-cash problem elsewhere naturalistically of course, from the blinkpoint of so eminent a spatialist. From it you will here notice, Schott, upon my for the first remarking you that the sophology of Bitchson while driven as under by a purely dime-dime urge is not without his cashcash characktericksticks, borrowed for its nonce ends from the fiery goodmother Miss Fortune (who the lost time we had the pleasure we have had our naughties and all the other wonderworlds! Close your, notmust look! Now open, pet, your lips, pepette, like I used my sweet parted lipsabuss with Dan Holohan of facetious memory taught me after the flannel dance, with the proof of love, up Smock Alley the first night he smelled pounder and I coloured beneath my fan, pipetta mia, when you learned me the linguo to melt. Whowham would have ears like ours, the blackhaired! Do you like that, silenzioso? Are you enjoying, this same little me, my life, my love? Why do you like my whispering? Is it not divinely delusicious? But in’t it bafforyou? Misi missi! Tell me till my thrillme comes! I will not break the seal. I am enjoying it still. I swear I am! Why do you prefer its in these dark nets, if why may ask, my sweeteykins? Shh! Long-ears is flying. No, sweetissest, why would that ennoy me? But don’t! You want to be slap well slapped for that. Your delightful lips, love, be careful! Mind my duvetyne dress above all! It’s gilded silvy, the newest sextones with princess effect. For Rut-land blue’s got out of passion. So, so, my precious! O, I can see the cost, chare! Don’t tell me! Why, the boy in sheeps’ lane knows that. If I sell whose, dears? Was I sold here’ tears? You mean those conversation lozenges? How awful! The bold shame of me! I wouldn’t, chickens, not for all the juliettes in the twinkly way! I could snap them when I see them winking at me in bed. I didn’t did so, my intended, or was going to or thinking of. Shshsh! Don’t start like that, you wretch! I thought ye knew all and more, ye authour, to explicate to ones the significat of their exsystems with your nieu vulnon. It’s only another queer fish or other in Brinbrou’s damned old touchorous river again, Gothewisgoths bless us and spare her! And gibos rest from the bosso! Excuse me for swearing, love, I swear to the sorrasims on their trons of Uian I didn’t mean to by this alpin armlet! Did you really never in all our cantalang lives speak clothse to a girl’s before? No! Not even to the charmermaid? How marfellows! Of course I believe you, my own dear doting liest, when you tell me. As I’d live to, O, I’d love to! Liss, liss! I muss whiss! Never that ever or I can remember dearstreaming faces, you may go through me! Never in all my whole white life of my match-less and pair. Or ever for bitter be the frucht of this hour! With my whiteyness I thee woo and bind my silk breasts I thee bound! Always, Amory, amor andmore! Till always, thou lovest! Shshshsh! So long as the lucksmith. Laughs!

Talis is a word often abused by many passims (I am working out a quantum theory about it for it is really most tantumising state of affairs). A pessim may frequent you to say: Have you been seeing much of Talis and Talis those times? optimately meaning: Will you put up at hree of irish? Or a ladyeater may perhaps have casualised as you tempted her … la sourdine: Of your plates? Is Talis de Talis, the swordswallower, who is on at the Craterium the same Talis von Talis, the penschruer, no funk you! who runs his duty mile? Or this is a perhaps cleaner example. At a recent postvortex piece infustigation of a determinised case of chronic spinosis an extension lecturer on The Ague who out of matter of form was trying his seeers, Dr’s Het Ubeleeft, borrowed the question: Why’s which Suchman’s talis qualis? to whom, as a fatter of macht, Dr Gedankje of Stoutgirth, who was wiping his whistle, toarsely retoarted: While thou beast’ one zoom of a whorl! (Talis and Talis originally mean the same thing, hit it’s: Qualis.)
Professor Loewy–Bruecker (though as I shall promptly prove his whole account of the Sennacherib as distinct from the Shalmanesir sanitational reforms and of the Mr Skekels and Dr Hydes problem in the same connection differs to coelo from the fruit of my own investigations — though the reason I went to Jericho must remain for certain reasons a political secret — especially as I shall shortly be wanted in Cavantry, I congratulate myself, for the same and other reasons — as being again hope-lessly vitiating what I have now resolved to call the dime and cash diamond fallacy) in his talked off confession which recently met with such a lemonine uproar after its confinement Why am I not born like a Gentleman and why am I now so speak-able about my own eatables (Feigenbaumblatt and Father, Juda — pest, 5688, A.M.) whole-heartedly takes off his gabbercoat and wig, honest draughty fellow, in his public interest, to make us see how though, as he says: ‘by Allswill’ the inception and the descent and the endswell of Man is temporarily wrapped in ob-scenity, looking through at these accidents with the faroscope of television, (this nightlife instrument needs still some subtrac-tional betterment in the readjustment of the more refrangible angles to the squeals of his hypothesis on the outer tin sides), I can easily believe heartily in my own most spacious immensity as my ownhouse and microbestom coss when I am reassured by ratio that the cube of my volumes is to the surfaces of their sub-jects as the sphericity of these globes (I am very pressing for a parliamentary motion this term which, under my guidance, would establish the deleteriousness of decorousness in the morbidsis-ation of the modern mandaboutwoman type) is to the fera — city of Fairynelly’s vacancy. I need not anthropologise for any obintentional (I must here correct all that school of neoitalian or paleoparisien schola of tinkers and spanglers who for any I’m wrong parcequeue out of revolsician from romanitis I want to be) — down-trodding on my foes. Professor Levi–Brullo, F.D. of Sexe — Weiman–Eitelhny finds, from experiments made by hinn with his Nuremberg eggs in the one hands and the watches cudnuldon apan the oven, though it is a stensably a case of Ket’s rebellions cooling the Popes back, because the number of squire faiths in weekly circulation will not be appreciably augmented by the notherslogging of my cupular clods. What the romantic in rags pines after like all tomtomplings haunting crevices for a deadbeat escupement and what het importunes our Mitilef for in accordnish with the Mortadatherella taradition is the poorest commonon-guardiant waste of time. His everpresent toes are always in retailsian out through his overpast boots. Hear him squak! ‘Teek heet to that looswallawer how he bole the bat! Tyro a toray! When Mullocky won the couple of colds, when we were stripping in number three, I would like the neat drop that would malt in my mouth but I fail to see when I am purposely refraining from expounding the obvious fallacy as to the specific gravitates of the two deglutables implied nor to the lapses lequou asosiated with the royal gorge through students of mixed hydrostatics and pneumodipsics will after some difficulties grapple away with my meinings). Myrrdin aloer! as old Mar-sellas Cambriannus puts his. But, on Professor Llewellys ap Bryllars, F.D., Ph. Dr’s showings, the plea, if he pleads, is all posh and robbage on a melodentio scale since his man’s when is no otherman’s quandour (Mine, dank you?) while, — for aught I care for the contrary, the all is where in love as war and the plane where me arts soar you’d aisy rouse a thunder from and where I cling true’tis there I climb tree and where Innocent looks best (pick!) there’s holly in his ives.

As my explanations here are probably above your understand-ings, lattlebrattons, though as augmentatively uncomparisoned as Cadwan, Cadwallon and Cadwalloner, I shall revert to a more expletive method which I frequently use when I have to sermo with muddlecrass pupils. Imagine for my purpose that you are a squad of urchins, sni as Cadwan, Cadwallon and Cadwalloner, I shall revert to a more expletive method which I frequently use when I have to

As he set off with his father’s sword, his lancia spezzata, he was girded on, and with that between his legs and his tarkeels, our once in only Bragspear, he clanked, to my clinking, from veetoes to threetop, every inch of an immortal.
He had not walked over a pentiadpair of parsecs from his azylium when at the turning of the Shinshone Lanteran near Saint Bowery’s-without-his-Walls he came (secunding to the one one oneth of the propecies, Amnis Limina Permanent) upon the most unconsciously boggylouking stream he ever locked his eyes with. Out of the colliens it took a rise by daubing itself Non-non. It looked little and it smelt of brown and it thought in nar — rows and it talked showshallow. And as it rinn it dribbled like any lively purlitesey: My, my, my! Me and me! Little down dream don’t I love thee!

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

His pips had been neatly all drowned on him; his polps were charging odours every older minute; he was quickly for getting the dresser’s desdain on the flyleaf of his frons; and he was quietly for giving the bailiff’s distrain on to the bulkside of his cul de Pompe. In all his specious heavings, as he lived by Opti-mus Maximus, the Mookse had never seen his Dubville brooder — on-low so nigh to a pickle.

Adrian (that was the Mookse now’s assumptinome) stuccstill phiz—phiz to the Gripes in an accessit of aurignacian. But All-mookse must to Moodend much as Allrouts, austereways or wastersways, in roaming run through Room. Hic sor a stone, singularly illud, and on hoc stone Seter satt hac sate which it filled quite poposterously and by acclammitation to its fullest justotoryum and whereopum with his unfallable encycling upom his alloilable, diupetriark of the wouest, and the athemyst-sprinkled pederefact he always walked with, Deusdedit, cheek by jowel with his frisherman’s blague? Bellua Triumphanes, his everyway addedto wallat’s collectium, for yea longer he lieved yea broader he betaught of it, the fetter, the summe and the haul it cost, he looked the first and last michailike laicness of Quartus the Fifth and Quintus the Sixth and Sixtus the Seventh giving allnight sitting to Lio the Faultyfindth.

— Good appetite us, sir Mookse! How do you do it? cheeped the Gripes in a wherry whiggy maidelenian voice and the jackasses all within bawl laughed and brayed for his intentions for they knew their sly toad lowry now. I am rarumominum blessed to see you, my dear mouster. Will you not perhopes tell me everything if you are pleased, sanity? All about aulne and liseias? Ney?

Think of it! O miserendissimest retempter! A Gripes! — Rats! bullowed the Mookse most telesphorously, the concionator, and the sissymusses and the zozzymusses in their robahouses quailed to hear his tardeynois at all for you cannot wake a silken nouse out of a hoarse oar. Blast yourself and your anathomy infairioriboos! No, hang you for an animal rurale! I am superbly in my supremest poncif! Abase you, baldyqueens! Gather behind me, satraps! Rots! — I am till infinity obliged with you, bowed the Gripes, his whine having gone to his palpruy head. I am still always having a wish on all my extremities. By the watch, what is the time, pace?

Figure it! The pining peever! To a Mookse!

— Ask my index, mund my achilles, swell my obulum, wosh-up my nose serene, answered the Mookse, rapidly by turning clement, urban, eugenious and celestian in the formose of good gregory humours. Quote awhore? That is quite about what I came on my missions with my intentions laudibiliter to settle with you, barbarousse. Let thor be orlog. Let Pauline be Irene. Let you be Beeton. And let me be Los Angeles. Now measure your length. Now estimate my capacity. Well, sour? Is this space of our couple of hours too dimensional for you, temporiser? Will you give you up? Como? Fuert it?

Sancta Patientia! You should have heard the voice that an-swered him! Culla vosellina.

— I was just thinkling upon that, swees Mooksey, but, for all the rime on my raisins, if I connow make my submission, I cannots give you up, the Gripes whimpered from nethermost of his wanhope. Ishallassoboundbewilsothouoosezit. My tumble, lou-dy bullocker, is my own. My velicity is too fit in one stockend. And my spetial inexshellsis the belowing things ab ove. But I will never be abler to tell Your Honoriousness (here he near lost his limb) though my corked father was bott a pseudowaiter, whose o’cloak you ware.
Incredible! Well, hear the inevitable.

— Your temple, sus in cribro! Semperexcommunicambiambi-sumers. Tugurios-inNewrobe or Tukurias-inAshies. Novar — ome, my creature, blievend bleives. My building space in lyonine city is always to let to leonlike Men, the Mookse in a most consistoruous allocution pompifically with immediate jurisdiction constantinently concludded (what a crammer for the shape-wrucked Gripes!). And I regret to proclaim that it is out of my temporal to help you from being killed by inchies, (what a thrust!), as we first met each other newwhere so airly. (Poor little sowsieved subsquashed Gripes! I begin to feel contemption for him!). My side, thank decreals, is as safe as motherour’s houses, he continued, and I can seen from my holeydome what it is to be wholly sane. Unionjok and be joined to yok! Parysis, tu sais, crucycrooks, belongs to him who parises himself. And there I must leave you subject for the pressing. I can prove that against you, weight a momentum, mein goot enemy! or Cospol’s not our star. I bet you this dozen odd. This foluminous dozen odd. Quas primas — but ’tis bitter to compote my knowledge’s fructos of. Tomes.

Elevating, to give point to his blick, his jewelled pedereck to the allmysty cielung, he luckystruck blueild out of a few should-be santillants, a cloister of starabouts over Maples, a lucciolys in Teresa street and a stopsign before Sophy Barratt’s, he gaddered togodder the odds docence of his vellumes, gresk, letton and Russicruxian, onto the lapse of his prolegs, into umfullth one-scuppered, and sat about his widerproof He proved it well who — onearth dry and drysick times, and vreemiant, tu cesses, to the extinction of Niklaus altogether (Niklaus Aloysius having been the once Gripes’s popwilled nimbum) by Neulcidius and In-exagoras and Mumfsen and Thumpsem, by Orasmus and by Amenius, by Anacletus the Jew and by Malachy the Augurer and by the Cappon’s collection and after that, with Cheekee’s gelainting and Alldaybrandy’s formolon, he reproved it ehrtogether when not in that order sundering in some different order, alter three thirty and a hundred times by the binomial dioram and the penic walls and the ind, the Inklespill legends and the rure, the rule of the hoop and the blessions of expedience and the jus, the jugicants of Pontius Pilax and all the mummyscrips in Sick Bokes’ Junckroom and the Chapters for the Cunning of the Chap-ters of the Conning Fox by Tail.

While that Mooksius with preproccession and with propre-cession, duplicitly and diplussedly, was promulgating ipsofacts and sadcontras this raskolly Gripes he had allbut seceded in monophysicking his illsoborderates. But asawfulas he had caught his base semenoyous sarchnaktiers to combuccinate upon the silipses of his aspillouts and the acheporeoozers of his haggy-own pneumax to synerethetise with the breadchestviousness of his sweeatovular ducose sofarfully the loggerthuds of his sakel-laries were fond at variance with the synodals of his somepooliom and his babskissed nepogreasymost got the hoof from his philio-quus.

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

— Ofter thousand yores, answered Gripes the gregary, be the goat of MacHammud’s, yours may be still, O Mookse, more botheared.

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

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

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

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

And they viterberated each other, canis et coluber with the wildest ever wielded since Tarriestinus lashed Pissasphaltium.

— Unuchorn!
— Ungulant!
— Uvuloid!
— Uskybeak!

And bullfolly answered volleyball.

Nuvoletta in her lightdress, spun of sixteen shimmers, was looking down on them, leaning over the bannisters and listening all she childishly could. How she was brightened when Should-rups in his glauering hochskied his welkinstuck and how she was overclused when Kneesknobs on his zwivvel was makeacting such a paulse of himshelp! She was alone. All her nubied companions were asleping with the squirrels. Their mivver, Mrs Moonan, was off in the Fuerst quarter scrubbing the back-steps of Number 28. Fuver, that Skand, he was up in Norwood’s sokaparlour, eating oceans of Voking’s Blemish. Nuvoletta lis-tened as she reflected herself, though the heavenly one with his constellatria and his emanations stood between, and she tried all she tried to make the Mookse look up at her (but he was fore too adiaptotously farseeing) and to make the Gripes hear how coy she could be (though he was much too schystimatically auricular about his ens to heed her) but it was all mild’s vapour moist. Not even her feign reflection, Nuvoluccia, could they toke their gnoses off for thiep clearest fate and bungless curiasity, were conclaved with Heliogobbleus and Commodus and Enobarbarus and whatever the coordinal dickens they did as their damprauch of papyrs and buchstubs said. As if that was their spiration! As if theirs could duiparate her queendim! As if she would be third perty to search on search proceedings! She tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught her. She tossed her sfumastelliacinous hair like le princesse de la Petite Bretagne and she roun-dered her mignons arms like Mrs Cornwallis–West and she smiled over herself like the beauty of the image of the pose of the daughter of the queen of the Em-perour of Irelande and she sighed after herself as were she born to bride with Tristis Tristior Tristiissimus. But, sweet madonine, she might fair as well have carried her daisy’s worth to Florida. For the Mookse, a dogmad Accanite, were not amoosed and the Gripes, a dubliboused Catalick, wis pinefully obliviscent.

I see, she sighed. There are menner.

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

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

Then there came down to the thither bank a woman of no appearance (I believe she was a Black with chills at her feet) and she gathered up his hoariness the Mookse motamourfully where he was spread and carried him away to her invisible dwelling, thats hights, Aquila Rapax, for he was the holy sacred solem and poshup spit of her boschop’s apron. So you see the Mookse he had reason as I knew and you knew and he knew all along. And there came down to the hither bank a woman to all important (though they say that she was comely, spite the cold in her heed) and, for he was as like it as blow it to a hawker’s banch, she plucked down the Gripes, torn panicky autotone, in angeu from his limb and cariad away its beoti-tubes with her to her unseen shieling, it is, De Rore Coeli. And so the poor Gripes got wrong; for that is always how a Gripes is, always was and always will.be. And it was never so thoughtfull of either of them. And there were left now an only elmtree and but a stone. Polled with pietrous, Sierre but saule. O! Yes! And Nuvoletta, a lass.

Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one. She cancelled all her engauzements. She climbed over the bannisters; she gave a childly cloudy cry: Nu,e! Nu,e! A lightdress fluttered. She was gone. And into the river that had been a stream (for a thousand of tears had gone eon her and come on her and she was stout and struck on dancing and her muddie d name was Missis-liffi) there fell a tear, a singult tear, the loveliest
of all tears (I mean for those crylove fables fans who are ‘keen’ on the pretty-pretty commonface sort of thing you meet by hopeharrods) for it was a leaptarrow. But the river tripped on her by and by, lapping as though her heart was brook: Why, why, why! Weh, O weh I se so silly to be flowing but I no canna stay!

No applause, please! Bast! The romescot nattleshaker will go round your circulation in diu dursus.

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

As I have now successfully explained to you my own natural-born rations which are even in excise of my vaultybrain insure me that I am a mouth’s more deserving case by genius. I feel in symbathos for my ever devoted friend and halfaloafonwashed, Gnants Gnoccovitch. Darling gem! Darling smallfox! Horose-shoe! I could love that man like my own ambo for being so baileycliaver though he’s a nawful curilllass and I must slay to methodiousness. I want him to go and live like a theambil in charge of the night brigade on Tristan da Cunha, isle of man-overboard, where he’ll make Number 106 and be near Inacces — sible. (The meeting of mahoganies, be the waves, rementious me that this exposed sight though it pines for an umbrella of its own and needs a shelter belt of the true service sort to keep its boles clean, — the weeping beeches, Picea and Tillia, are in a wild state about it — ought to be classified, as Cricketbutt Will-owm and his two nurserymen advisers suggested, under genus Inexhaustible when we refloat upon all the butternat, sweet gum and manna ash redcedera which is so purvulent there as if there was howthorns in Curraghchasa which ought to look as plane as a lodgepole to anybody until we are introduced to that pine-tacotta of Verney Rubeus where the deodarty is pinctured for us in a pure stand, which we do not doubt ha has a habitat of doing, but without those selfsownseedlings which are a species of proof that the largest individual can occur at or in an olivetion such as East Conna Hillock where it mixes with foolth accacians and common sallies and is tender) Vux Populus, as we say in hickory genteel he may want ours, if we please (I am speaking to us in the second person), for to this graded intellecktuals dime is

Will you please come over and let us mooremoore murgessly to each’s other down below our vices. I am underheerd by old unenglish and I sha

My heeders will recoil with a great leisure how at the out-break before trespassing on the space question where even michelangelines have fooled to dread I proved to mindself as to your sotisfaction how his abject all through (the quickquid o

Burrus, let us like to imagine, is a genuine prime, the real choice, full of natural greace, the mildest of milkstoffs yet unbeaten as a risicade and, of course, obsoletely unadulterous whereat Caseous is oversely the revise of him and in fact not an ideal choose by any meals, though the betterman of the two is meltingly addicted to the more casual side of the arrivalist case and, let me say it at once, as zealous over him as is passably he. The seemsame home and histry seeks and hidepence which we used to be reading for our prepurgatory, hot, Schott? till Duddy shut the shopper op and Mutti, poor Mutti! brought us our poor supply, (ah who! eh how!) in Acetius and Oleous and Sellius Volatilis and Petrus Pappicus! Our Old Party quite united round the Slattbowl at Commons: Pfarrer Salamoss himself and that sprog of a Pedersill and his Sprig of Thyme and a dozen of the Murphybuds and a score and more of the hot young Capels and Lettucia in her greensleeves and you too and me three, twinsome bibs but hansome ates, like shakespill and eggs! But there’s many a split pretext bowl and jowl; and (snob screwing that cork, Schott!) to understand this as well as you can, feeling how back-ward you are in your down-to-the-ground
benches, I have com — pleted the following arrangement for the coarse use of stools and if I don’t make away with you I’m beyond Caesar outnullused

The older sisars (Tyrants, regicide is too good for you!) be-come unbeurrable from age, (the compositor of the farce of dustiny however makes a thumbedrum mistake by letting off this pienofarte effect as his furst act as that is where the juke comes in) having been sort-of-nineknived and chewly removed (this soldier — author — batman for all his commontoryism is just another of those soutsfiezed bubbles who never quite got the sandhurst out of his eyes so that the champaign he draws for us is as flop as a plankrieg) the twinfreer types are billed to make their reupprearance as the knew knack and knife knickknots on the deserted champ de bouteilles. (A most cursery reading into the Persic—Uraliens hosstery shows us how Fonnumagula picked up that proper numen out of a collection of prifixes though to the perminting cannasure the Coucousien oafesprung of this sun of a kuk is as sattin as there’s a tub in Tobolosk) Ostia della Vogul Marina! But that I dannoy the fact of wanton to weste point I could point you to that butter (cheese it!) if you had some wash. Mordvealive! Oh me none onsens! Why the case is as inressive and impessive as kezom hands! Their inter-locative is conprovocative just as every hazzy hates to having a hazbane in her noze. Caseous may bethink himself a thought of a caviller but Burrus has the reachly roundered head that goes best with thofthinking fideism. He has the lac of wis-dom under every dent in his lofter while the other follow’s omni verymilky inedendmym. Laughing over the linnuts and weeping off the uninn. He hins’t the hey og he isn’t the lug, poohoo. And each night sim misses mand he winks he had the semagen. It was aptly and corrigidly stated (and, it is royally needless for one ex ungue Leonem to say by whom) that his seesingscraft was that clarety as were the wholeborough of Poutres-bourg to be averlaunched over him pitchbatch he could still make out with his augstritch the green moat in Ireland’s Eye. Let me well out with him the fulltroth of Burrus when he wore a younker. Here it is, and charming too, in six by sevens! A cleanly line, by the gods! A king off duty and a jaw for ever! And what a cheery ripe outlook, good help me Deus v Deus! If I were to speak my ohole mouthful to arinam about it you should call me the ormuзд aliment in your mi

Thus we cannot escape our likes and mislikes, exiles or am-busheers, beggar and neighbour and — this is where the dime — show advertisers advance the temporal relief plea — let us be tolerant of antipathies. Nex quovis burro num fit mercaseus? I am not hereby giving my final endorsement to the learned ignorants of the Cusanus philosophism in which old Nicholas pegs it down that the smarter the spin of the top the sounder the span of the buttom (what the worthy old auberginieste ought to have meant was: the more stolidly immobile in space appears to me the bottom which is presented to use in time by the top —

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

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

We now romp through a period of pure lyricism of shame-bred music (technologically, let me say, the appetising entry of this subject on a fool chest of vialds is plumply pudding the carp before doevre hors) evidenced by such words in distress as I cream for thee, Sweet Margareen, and the more hopeful O Mar-gareena! O Margareen! Still in the bowl is left a lump of gold! (Correspondents, by the way, will keep on asking me what is the correct garnish to serve drisheens with. Tansy Sauce.
Enough). The pawnbreaking pathos of the first of these shoddy pieces reveals it as a Caseous effort. Burrus’s bit is often used for a toast. Criniculture can tell us very precisely indeed how and why this particular streak of yellow silver first appeared on (not in) the bowel, that is to see, the human head, bald, black, bronze, brown, brindled, betteraved or blanchemanged where it might be use-fully compared with an earwig on a fullbottom. I am offering this to Signorina Cuticura and I intend to take it up and bring it under the nosetice of Herr Harlene by way of diverting his attentions. Of course the unskilled singer continues to pervert our wiser ears by subordinating the space-element, that is to sing, the aria, to the time-factor, which ought to be killed, ill tempor. I should advise any unborn singer who may still be among my headders to forget her temporal diaphragm at home (the best thing that could happen to it!) and attack the roulade with a swift colpo di glottide to the lug (though Maace I will insist was reclined from overdoing this, his recovery often being slow) and then, O! on the third dead beat, O! to close her eyes and aipen her oath and see what spice I may send her. How? Cease thee, cantattrickee! I fain would be solo. Arouse thee, my valour! And save for e’er my true Bdur!

I shall have a word! to say in a few years about the acoustic and architectual management of the tonehall but, as ours is a vivarious where one plant’s bref is a lunguer planner’s byscent and you may not care for argon, it will be very convenient for me for the emolument to pursue Burrus and Caseous for a rung or two up their isosingeling triangle. Every admirer has seen my goulache of Marge (she is so like the sister, you don’t know, and they both dress A L I K E!) which I titled The Very Picture of a Needlesswoman which in the presence ornaments our national cruetstand. This genre of portraiture of changes of mind in order to be truly torse should evoke the bush soul of females so I am leaving it to the experienced victim to complete the general suggestion by the mental addition of a walloopy bound or, should the zulugical zealot prefer it, a congoroool teal. The hatboxes which composed Rhomba, lady Trabezond (Marge in her ex-celsis), also comprised the climactogram up which B and C may fondly be imagined ascending and are suggestive of gentlemen’s spring modes, these modes carrying us back to the superimposed claylayers of oecene and pleistoseen formation and the gradual morphological changes in our body political which Professor Ebahi–Ahuri of Philadespoinis (Ill) — whose bluebutterbust I have just given his coupe de grass to — neatly names a bofEte … surprises. The boxes, if I may break the subject gently, are worth about fourpence pourbox but I am inventing a more patent pro-cess, foolproof and pryperfect (I should like to ask that Shedlock Homes person who is out for removing the roofs of our criminal classics by what deductio ad domunum he hopes de tacto to detect anything unless he happens of himself, movible tectu, to have a slade off) after which they can be reduced to a fragment of their true crust by even the youngest of Margees if she will take plase to be seated and smile if I please.

Now there can be no question about it either that I having done as much, have quite got the size of that demilitery young female (we will continue to call her Marge) whose types may be met with in any public garden, wearing a very “dressy” affair, known as an “ethel” of instep length and with a real fur, reduced to 3/9, and muffin cap to tone (they are “angelskin” this fall), ostentatiously hemming apologetically over the shirtness of some “sweet” garment, when she is not sitting on all the free benches avidously reading about “it” but ovidently on the look out for “him” or so “thri... fume” which ought factor, which ought... Maltese can tell us very precisely... A creased, foolproof and pryperfect (I should like to ask that Shedlock Homes person who is out for removing the roofs of our criminal classics by what deductio ad domunum he hopes de tacto to detect anything unless he happens of himself, movible tectu, to have a slade off) after which they can be reduced to a fragment of their true crust by even the youngest of Margees if she will take plase to be seated and smile if I please.

(I am closely watching Master Pules, as I have regions to suspect from my post that her “litde man” is a secondary school — teacher under the boards of education, a voted disciple of Infan — tulus who is being utilised thus publicly by the seducente infanta to conceal her own more mascular personality by flaunting frivolish teacher under the boards of education, a voted disciple of Infan... Margareena she’s very fond of Burrus but, alick and alack! she velly fond of chee. (The important influence exercised on everything by this eastasian import has not been till now fully flavoured though we can comfortably taste it in this case. I shall come back for a little more say farther on.) A cleopatrician in her own right she at once complicates the position while Burrus and Caseous are contending for her misstery by implicating her- self with an elusive Antonius, a wop who would appear to hug a personal interest in refined chees of all chades at the same time as he wags an antomine art of being rude li... this is why any simple philadolphus of a fool you like to dress, an athemisthused lowtownian, exleged phatrisight, may be awfully green to one side of him and fruitfully...
blue on the other which will not screen him however from appealing to my gropesarching eyes, through the strongholes of my acropolll, as a boosted blasted bleeding blatant bloaten blasphorous blesphorous idiot who kennot tail a bomb from a painapple when he steals one and wannot psing his psalmen with the cong in our gregational pompoms with the canting crew.

No! Topsman to your Tarpeia! This thing, Mister Abby, is nefand. (And, taking off soutstuffes and alkaliike matters, I hope we can kill time to reach the salt because there’s some forlglass neutral assets bitering in the soldpewter for you to plump your pottage in). The thundering legion has stormed Olymp that it end. Twelve tabular times till now have I edicted it. Merus Genius to Careous Caseous! Moriture, te salutat! My phemous themis race is run, so let Demoncracy take the highmost! (Abra-ham Triper. Those old diligences are quite out of date. Read next answer). I’ll beat you so lon. (Bigtempered. Why not take direct action. See previous reply). My unchanging Word is sacred. The word is my Wife, to exponse and expound, to vend and to velerate, and may the curlews crown our nuptias! Till Breath us depart! Wamen. Beware would you change with my years. Be as young as your grandmother! The ring man in the rong shop but the rite words by the rote order! Ubi lingua nuncpassit, ibi fas! Adversus hostem semper sac! She that will not feel my ful-moon let her peel to thee as the howyen and the impudent! That mon that hoth no moses in his sole nor is not awed by conquists of word’s law, who never with himself was fed and leaves his soil to lave his head, when his hope’s in his highlows from whisking his woe, if he came to my preach, a proud pursedenger broken, when the heavens were welling the spite of their spout, to beg for a bite in our bark Noisdanger, would meself and Mac Jeffet, four-in-hand, foot him out? — ay! — were he my own breastbrother, my doubled withth love and my singlebiassed hate, were we bread by the same fire and signed with the same salt, had we tapped from the same master and robbed the same till, were we tucked in the one bed and bit by the one flea, homo-gallant and hemycapnoise, bum and dingo, jack by churl, though it broke my heart to pray it, still I’d fear I’d hate to say!

12. Sacer esto?

Answer: Semus sumus!

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

Shem’s bodily getup, it seems, included an adze of a skull, an eight of a larkeye, the whoel of a nose, one numb arm up a sleeve, fortytwo hairs off his uncrong, eighteen to his mock lip, a trio of barbels from his megaceg chin (sowman’s son), the wrong shoulder higher than the right, all ears, an artificial tongue with a natural curl, not a foot to stand on, a handful of thumbs, a blind stomach, a deaf heart, a loose liver, two fifths of two buttocks, one gleetsteen avoirdupoider for him, a wrong shoulder higher than the sleeve, fortytwo hairs off his uncrown, eighteen to his mock lip, a trio of barbels from his me Mageg chin (sowman’s son), the

Shem was a sham and a low sham and his lowness creeped out first via foodstuffes. So low was he that he preferred Gibsen’s tea-time salmon tinned, as inexpensive as pleasing, to the plumpest roehvay lax or the friskiest parr or smolt troutlet that
ever was gaffed between Leixlip and Island Bridge and many was the time he repeated in his botulism that no junglegrown pineapple ever smacked like the whoppers you shook out of Ananias’ cans, Findlater and Gladstone’s, Corner House, Engeland. None of your inchthick blueblooded Balaclava fried-at-belief-stakes or juicejelly legs of the Grex’s molten mutton or greasilygristy grunters’ gourons or slice upon slab of luscious goosebosom with lump after load of plumpudding stuffing all aswim in a swamp of bogoakgravy for that greekhearted yude! Rosbif of Old Zealand! he could not attouch it. See what happens when your somatophage merman takes his fancy to our virgitanian swan? He even ran away with himself and became a farsoonerite, saying he would far sooner muddle through the hash of lentils in Europe than meddle with Irland’s split little pea. Once when among those rebels in a state of hopelessly helpless intoxication the piscivore strove to lift a cztirround peel to either nostril, hic-cupping, apparently impromptued by the hibat he had with his glottal stop, that he kukkanould flowrishment for ever by the smell, as the czit, as the kcedron, like a scedar, of the founts, on moun-tains, with limon on, of Lebanon. O! the lowness of him was beneath all up to that sunk to! No likedbylike firewater or first-served firstshot or gulletburn gin or honest brewbanner beer either. O dear no! Instead the tragic jester sobbed himself wheywhing-ingly sick of life on some sort of a rhubarbarous maundarin yella — green funkleblue windgit diodying applejack squeezed from sour grapefruice and, to hear him twixt his sedimental cupslips when he had gulfed down mmmmmuch too mmmmmany gourds of it retching off to almost as low withwillers, who always knew notwithstanding when they had had enough and were rightly indignant at the wretch’s hospitality when they found to their horror they could not carry another drop, it came straight from the noble white fat, jo, openwide sat, jo, jo, her why hide that, jo jo jo, the winaret, of the most serene magyansty az archdio-chesse, if she is a duck, she’s a douches, and when she has a feherbour snort her fault, now is it? artstouchups, funny you’re grinning at, fancy you’re in her yet, Fanny Urinia.

Aint that swell, hey? Peamengro! Talk about lowness! Any dog’s quantity of it visibly oozed out thickly from this dirty little blacking beetle for the very fourth snap the Tulloch–Turn-bull girl with her coldblood kodak shotted the as yet unre — muneranded national apostate, who was cowardly gun and camera shy, taking what he fondly thought was a short cut to Caer Fere, Soak Amerigas, via the shipsteam Prideeven, after having buried a hatchet not so long before, by the wrong goods exeunt, num- mer desh to tren, into Patatatapavervi’s, fruiterers and musical florists, with his Ciaho, chavi! Sat shin, shillipen? she knew the vice out of bridewell was a bad fast man by his walk on the spot.

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

Around that time, moravar, one generally, for luvromony hoped or at any rate suspected among morticians that he would early turn out badly, develop hereditary pulmonary T.B., and do for himself one dandy time, nay, of a pelting night blan-

You see, chaps, it will trickle out, freakishly of course, but the tom and the shorty of it is: he was in his bardic memory low. All the time he kept on treasuring with condign satisfaction each and every crumb of trektalk, covetous of his neighbour’s creditors, hearing a coarse song and splash off Eden Quay sighed and rolled over, sure all was up, but, though he fell heavily and locally into debit, not even then could such an antinomian be true to type. He would not put fire to his cerebrum; he would not throw himself in Liffey; he would not explaud himself with pneumantics; he refused to saffrocake himself with a gargling off to almost as low withswillers, who

...
existence, abusing his deceased ancestors wherever the sods were and one moment tarabooming great blunderguns (poh!) about his farfamed fine Poppamore, Mr Humhum, whom history, climate and entertainment made the first of his sept and always up to debt, though Eavens ears ow many fines he faces, and another moment visanversssas, cruaching three jeers (pah!) for his rotten little ghost of a Peppybeg, Mr Himmyshimmy, a blighty, a reeky, a lighty, a scrapy, a bab-bly, a ninny, dirty seventh among thieves and always bottom sawyer, till nowan knewed how homely howmne could be, giving unsolicited testimony on behalf of the absent, as glib as eaves — water to those present (who meanwhile, with increasing lack of interest in his semantics, allowed various subconscious smickers to drivel slowly across their fichers), unconsciously explaining, for inkstands, with a meticulous bordering on the insane, the various meanings of all the different foreign parts of speech he misused and cuttlefishing every lie unshrinkable about all the other people in the story, leaving out, of course, foreconsciously, the simple worf and plague and poison they had cornered him about until there was not a snoozer among them but was utterly undeceived in the heel of the reel by the recital of the rigmarole.

He went without saying that the cull disliked anything anyway approaching a plain straightforward standup or knockdown row and, as often as he was called in to umpire any octagonal argu-ment among slangwhangers, the accomplished washout always used to rub shoulders with the last speaker and clasp shakers (the handtouch which is speech without words) and agree to every word as soon as half uttered, command me!, your servant, good, I revere you, how, my seer? be drinking that! quite truth, grati-as, I’m yoush, see wha’m hearing?, also goods, please it, me sure?, be filling this!, quiso, you said it, apasafello, muchas grassyass, is there firing-on-me?, is their girlic-on-you?, to your good self, your sulphur, and then at once focuss his whole unbalanced attention upon the next octagonist who managed to catch a listener’s eye, asking and imploring him out of his piteous onewinker, (hemopty sia diadumenos) whether there was anything in the world he could do to please him and to overflow his tumbleantaliser for him yet once more.

One hailcannon night (for his departure was attended by a heavy downpour) as very recently as some thousand rains ago he was therefore treated with what closely resembled parsonal viol-ence, being sogger all unsuspectingly through the deserted village of Tumblin-on-the-Leafy from Mr Vanhomrigh’s house at 81 bis Mabbot’s Mall as far as Green Patch beyond the brickfields of Salmon Pool by rival teams of slowspiers counter quicklimers who finally, as rahilly they had been deteened out rawther lae-tich, thought, busnis hits busnis, they had better be streaking for home after their Auborne-to-Auborne, with thanks for the pleasant evening, one and all disgustedly, instead of ruggering him back, and awake, reconciled (though they were as jealous as could be cullions about all the truffles they had brought on him) to a friendship, fast and furious, which merely arose out of the noxious pervert’s perfect lowness. Again there was a hope that people, looking on him with the contempt of the contempibles, after first gaving him a roll in the dirt, might pity and forgive him, if properly deloused, but the pleb was born a Quicklow and sank alowing till he stank out of sight.

All Saints beat Belial! Mickil Goals to Nichil! Notpossible! Already? In Nowhere has yet the Whole World taken part of himself for his Wife; By Nowhere have Poorparents been sentenced to Worms, Blood and Thunder for Life Not yet has the Emp from Corpsica forced the Arth out of Engleterre; Not yet have the Sachsen and Judder on the Mound of a Word made Warre; Not yet Witchywitchy of Wench struck Fire of his Heath from on Hoath; Not yet his Arcobaleine forespoken Peacepeace upon Oath; Cleftfoot from Hempal must tumpel, Blamefool Gardener’s bound to fall; Broken Eggs will poursuive bitten Apples for where theirs is Will there’s his Wall; But the Mountstill frowns on the Millstream while their Madsons leap his Bier And her Rillstrill liffs to His Murkesty all her daft Daughters laff
in her Ear. Till the four Shores of deff Tory Island let the douze dumm Eire-whiggs raille! Hirp! Hirp! for their Missed Understandings! chirps the Ballat of

Perce–Oreille.

O fortunous casualitas! Lefty takes the cherubicake while Rights cloves his hoof Darkies never done tug that coon out to play non-excretory, anti-sexuous, misoxenenetic, gaasy pure, flesh and blood games, written and composed and sung and danced by Niscemus Nemon, same as piccaninnies play all day, those old (none of your honeys and rubbers!) games for fun and element we used to play with Dina and old Joe kicking her behind and before and the yellow girl kicking him behind old Joe, games like Thom Thom the Thonderman, Put the Wind up the Peeler, Hat in the Ring, Prisson your Pritchards and Play Withers Team, Mikel on the Luckypig, Nickel in the Slot, Sheila Harnett and her Cow, Adam and Ell, Humble Bumble, Moggie’s on the Wall, Twos and Threes, American Jump, Fox Come out of your Den, Broken Bottles, Writing a Letter to Punch, Tiptop is a Sweetstore, Henressy Crump Expolled, Postman’s Knock, Are We Fairlys Represented?, Solomon Silent reading, Appletree Bearstone, I know a Washer-woman, Hospitals, As I was Walking, There is Oneyone’s House in Dreamcolouhour, Battle of Waterloo, Colours, Eggs in the Bush, Habberdasherisher, Telling your Dreams, What’s the Time, Nap, Ducking Mammy, Last Man Standing, Heali Baboon and the Forky Theagues, Fickleyes and Fuitiveurs, Handmarried but once in my Life and I’ll never commit such a Sin agin, Zip Cooney Candy, Turkey in the Straw, This is the Way we sow the Seed of a long andusty Morning, Hops of Fun at Miliken’s Make, I seen the Toothbrush with Pat Farrel, Here’s the Fat to graze the Priest’s Boots, When his Steam was like a Raimbrandtround Mac Garvey.

Now it is notoriously known how on that surprisingly bludgeony Unity Sunday when the grand germogall allstar bout was harrily the rage between our weltingtoms and our petty-thicks the marshalaissy and Irish eyes of welcome were smiling daggers down their backs, when the roth, vice and blause met the noyr blank and rouges and the grim white and cold bet the black fighting same, categorically unimperatived by the maxims, a rank funk getting the better of him, the scut in a bad fit of pyjamas fled like a leveret for his bare lives, to Talviland, ahone ahaza, pur-suied by the scented curses of all the village belles and, without having struck one blow, (pig stole on him was lust he lagging it was becaused dust he shook) kuskykorked himself up tight in his inkbattle house, badly the worse for boosegas, there to stay in afar for the life, where, as there was not a moment to be lost, after he had boxed around with his fortepiano till he was whole bach bamp him and bump him blues, he collapsedcarefully under a bedtick from Schwitzer’s, his face enveloped into a dead war-rior’s telemac, with a lullobaw’s somnbomnet and a whotwater — wottle at his feet to stoke his energy of waiting, moaning feebly, in monkmarian monotheme, but tamed long and then a nation louder, while engaged in swallowing from a large ampullar, that his pawdry’s purgatory was more than a nigger bloke could bear, hemiparalysed by the tong warfare and all the shemozzle, (Daily Maily, fullup Lace! Holy Maly, Mothelup Joss!) his cheeks and trousers changing colour every time a gat croaked.

How is that for low, laities and gentlenuns? Why, dog of the Crostiguns, whole continents rang with this Kairokorran lowness! Sheols of houris in chems upon divans, (revolted stellas vespertine vesamong them) at a bare (O!) mention of the sc

But would anyone, short of a madhouse, believe it? Neither of those clean little cherubum, Nero or Nobookinsonester himself, ever nursed such a spoiled opinion of his monstrous marvellosity as did this mental and moral defective (here perhaps at the vanessance of his lownest) who was known to grognt rather than gunnard upon one occasion, while drinking heavily of spirits to that interlocutor a latere and private privysuckatary he used to pal around with, in the kavehazs, one Davy Browne–Nowlan, his heavenlaid twin, (this hambone dogpoet pseudoed himself under the hangname he gave himself of Bethgelert) in the porchway of a gipsy’s bar (Shem always blaspheming, so holy writ, Billy, he would try, old Belly, and pay this one manjack congregant of his four soups every lass of nexmouth, Bolly, so sure as thair’s a tail on a commet, as a taste for storik’s fortytooth, that is to stay, to listen out, ony twenny minnies moe, Bully, his Ballade Imaginaire which was to be dubbed Wine, Woman and Water-clocks, or How a Guy Finks and Fawkes When He Is Going Batty, by Maistre Sheames de la Plume, some most dreadful stuff in a murderous mirrorhand) that he was avoopf (parn me!) aware of no other shaggspick, other Shakhisbeard, either preaxtly unlike his polar andthisishis or procisely the seem as woops (parn!) as what he fancied or guessed the same as he was him-self and that, greet scoot, duckings and thuggery, though he was foxed fur to fux like a bunnyboy rodger with all the teashop liones of Lumdrum hivanhoesed up against him, being a lapsis linguo with a ruvidubb shortartempera, bad cad dad sad sad mad nad vanhaty bear, the consiquencers of casualty preestered crosswords in postposition, scruff, scruffer, scrubberumruramost andallthatshortofffing, if reams stood to reason and his lanka-livline lasted he would wipe alley english spooker, mutapho — niaskically spuking, off the face of the erse.
After the thorough fright he got that bloody, Swithun’s day, though every doorpost in muchtried Lucalizod was smeared with generous erstborn gore and every free for all cobbleway slippery with the bloods of heroes, crying to Welkins for others, and noaks and cul verts agush with tears of free, our low waster never had the common baalamb’s pluck to stir out and about the com-pound while everyone else of the torchlit throng, slashers and sliced alike, mobbu on massa, waaded and baaded around, yamp-yam pampyam, chanting the Gillooly chorus, from the Monster Book of Paltryyttic Puertie, O pura e pia bella! in junk et sampam or in secular sinkalarum, heads up, on his bonafide avocation (the little folk creeping on all fours to their natural school treat but childishly gleeful when a stray whizzer sang out intermittently) and happy belongs to the fairer sex on their usual quest for higher things, but vying with Lady Smythe to avenge Mac–Jobber, went stonestepping with their bickerrstaffs on educated feet, plinkity plonk, across the sevenspan ponte dei colori set up over the slop after the war-to-end war by Messrs a charitable government for the only once (dia dose Finnados!) he did take a tompip peepestrella throug a three-draw eighteen hawkspower durdicky telescope, luminous to harbord only like the lamps in Nassaustrass, out of his westernmost keyhole, spitting at the impenetrablum wetter, (and it was porgasghastly that outumn) with an eachway hope in his shivering soul, as he prayed to the cloud Incertitude, of finding out for himself, on akkount of all the kules in Kroukakarka or oving to all the kodseogs in Kalatavala, whether true conciliation was forging ahead or falling back after the celestious intemperance and, for Duvvelsache, why, with his see me see and his my see a corves and his frokerfoserfuskar layen loves in meeingseeing, he got the charm of his optical life when he found himself (hic sunt lennones!) at pointblank range blinking down the barrel of an irregular revolver of the bulldog with a purpose pattern, handled by an unknown quarreler who, supposedly, had been told off to shade and shoot shy Shem should the shit show his shiny snout out awhile to look facts in their face before being hosed and creased (uprip and jack him!) by six or a dozen of the gayboys.

What, para Saom Plaom, in the names of Deuclaiion and Pyrrha, and the incensed privy and the licensed pantry gods and Stator and Victor and Kutt and Runn and the whole mesa redonda of Lorencao Otulass in convocacon, was this dis-interestingly low human type, this Caluminum Column of Cloaxity, this Bengalese Beacon of Biloxity, this Annamate Aper of Atroxity, really at, it will be precise to quarify, for he seems in a badbad case?

The answer, to do all the diddies in one dedal, would sound: from pulling himself on his most flavoured canal the huge chest-house of his elders (the Popapreta, and some navico, navvies!) he had flickered up and finnered down into a drug and drunkery addict, growing megalomane of a loose past. This explains the litany of septuncial lettertrumpets honorific, highpitched, erudite, neoclassical, which he so loved as patricianly to manuscripte after his name. It would have diverted, if ever seen, the shuddersome spectacle of this semidemented zany amid the inspissated grime of his glaucous den making believe to read his usylessly unread-able Blue Book of Eccles, ,ditén de t.nȘbres, (even yet sighs the Most Different, Dr. Poindejenk, authorised bowdler and censor, it can’t be repeated!) turning over three sheets at a wind, telling himself delightedly, no espellor mor so, that every splurge on the vellum he blundered ove
their house down on, shouting: Bravure, surr Charles! Letter purfect! Culossal, Loose Wallor! Spache!) how he had been toed out of all the schicker families of the klondykers from Pioppioureich, Swabspays, the land of Nod, Shruggers’ Country, Pension Danubierhome and Barbaropolis, who had settled and stratified in the capital city after its hebdomodary metropoliaarchialisation as sunblistered, moonplastered, gory, wheedling, joviale, litche-rous and full, ordered off the gorgeous premises in most cases on account of his smell which all cookmaids eminently objected to as resembling the bombinubble puzzo that wellled out of the pozzo. Instead of chuthorning those model households plain wholesome poothooks (a thing he never possessed of his Nigerian own) what do you think Vulgariano did but study with stolen fruit how cutely to copy all their various styles of signature so as one day to utter an epical forged cheque on the public for his own private profit until, as just related, the Dustbin’s United Scullery-maid’s and Househelp’s Sorority, better known as Sluttery’s Mowlted Futt, turned him down and assisted nature by unitedly shoeing the source of annoyance out of the place altogether and taytotally on the heat of the moment, holding one another’s gonk (for no-one, hound or scrublady, not even the Turk, ungreekable in purscent of the armenable, dared whiff the polecat at close range) and making some pointopointing remarks as they done so at the perfections of the Sniffey, your honour, aboon the lyow why a stunk, mister.

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

One cannot even begin to post figure out a statuesquo ante as to how slow in reality the excommunicated Drumcondriac, nate Hamis, really was. Who can say how many pseudostylic shamiana, how few or how many of the most venerated public impostures, how very many piously forged palimpsests slipped in the first place by this morbid process from his pelagiarist pen?

Be that as it may, but for that light phantastic of his gnose’s glow as it slid luciferiously within an inch of its page (he would touch at its from time to other, the red eye of his fear in sadness, to ensign the colours by the beelitz in his mathness and his educandees to outhue to themselves in the cries of girl-glee; gember! inkware! chonchambre! cinsero! zinnzabar! tinc — ture and gin!) Nibs never would have quilled a serip to sheepskin. By that rosy lampoon’s effluvious burning and with help of the simulchonic flush in his pann (a ghinee a ghirk he ghets there!) he scrabbled and scratched and scriobbled and skrevened nameless shamelessness about everybody ever he met, even sharing a precipitation under the idlish tarriers’ umbrella of a showerproof wall, while all over up and down the four margins of this rancid Shem stuff the evilsmler (who was devoted to Uldfadar Sardanapalus) used to stipple endlessly inartistic portraits of himself in the act of reciting old Nichiabelli’s monolook interyerear Hanno, o Nonanno, ace’l brubblemm’as, ser Autore, q.e.d., a heartbreakingly handsome young paolo with love lyrics for the goyls in his eyols, a plain-tiff’s Tanner vuice, a jucal income of one hundred and thirtytwo dranchmas per yard from Broken Hill stranded estate, Came-breech mannings, cutting a great dash in a brandnew two guinea dress suit and a burled hogsford hired for a Fursday evenin mthirtytwo dranchmas per yard from Broken Hill stranded estate, Came.

The house O’Shea or O’Shame, Quivapieno, known as the Haunted Inkbottle, no number Brimstone Walk, Asia in Ireland, as it was infested with the raps, with his penname SHUT sepia-scraped on the doorplate and a blind of black sailcloth over its wan phwinshogue, in which the soulcontracted son of the secret cell groped through life at the expense of the taxpayers, dejected into day and night with jesuit bark and bitter bite, calico- hydrants of zolfor and scopcialamina by full and forty Quesi-sanos, every day in everyone’s way more exceeding in violent abuse of self and others, was the worst, it is hoped, even in our western metropoliarchialisation as sunblistered, moonplastered, gory, wheedling, joviale, litche-rous and full, ordered off the gorgeous premises in most cases on account of his smell which all cookmaids eminently objected to as resembling the bombinubble puzzo that wellled out of the pozzo. Instead of chuthorning those model households plain wholesome poothooks (a thing he never possessed of his Nigerian own) what do you think Vulgariano did but study with stolen fruit how cutely to copy all their various styles of signature so as one day to utter an epical forged cheque on the public for his own private profit until, as just related, the Dustbin’s United Scullery-maid’s and Househelp’s Sorority, better known as Sluttery’s Mowlted Futt, turned him down and assisted nature by unitedly shoeing the source of annoyance out of the place altogether and taytotally on the heat of the moment, holding one another’s gonk (for no-one, hound or scrublady, not even the Turk, ungreekable in purscent of the armenable, dared whiff the polecat at close range) and making some pointopointing remarks as they done so at the perfections of the Sniffey, your honour, aboon the lyow why a stunk, mister.

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Jymes wishes to hear from wearers of abandoned female cos-tunes, gratefully received, wadmel jumper, rather full pair of culottes and onthergarmentories, to start city life together. His jymes is out of job, would sit and write. He has lately commited one of the then commandments but she will now assist. Superior built, domestic, regular layer. Also got the boot. He appreciates it. Copies. ABORTISEMENT.
widows’, ex nuns’, vice abbess’s, pro virgins’, super whores’, silent sisters’, Charleys’ aunts’, grand-mothers’, mothers’-in-laws, fostermothers’, godmothers’ garters, tress clippings from right, lift and cintrum, worms of snot, toothsome pickings, cans of Swiss condensed milk, highbrow lotions, kisses from the antipodes, presents from pickpockets, borrowed plumes, relaxable handgrips, princess promises, lees of white, deoxidised carbons, convertible collars, diviliouker doffers, broken wafers, unloosed shoe latches, crooked strait waistcoats, fresh horrors from Hades, globules of mercury, undeleted glete, glass eyes for an eye, gloss teeth for a tooth, war moans, special sighs, longsufferings of longstanding, ahs ohsouis sis jas gias neys thaws sos, yeses and yeses and yeses, to which, if one has the stomach to add the breakages, upheavals distortions, inversions of all this chambermade music one stands, given a grain of goodwill, a fair chance of actually seeing the whirling dervish, Tumult, son of Thunder, self exiled in upon his ego, a nightlong a shaking betwixtween white or reddr haw-rors, noondayterrorised to skin and bone by an ineluctable plan — tom (may the Shaper have mercy on him!) writing the mystery of himself in furniture.

Of course our low hero was a self valetor by choice of need so up he got whatever is meant by a stourbridge clay kitchenette and lirthogagalenu fowllhouse for the sake of akes (the umpple does not fall very far from the dumpertree) which the moromelodious jigsaw, in defiance of the Uncontrollable Birth Preservation (Game and Poultry) Act, playing lallaryrook cookerynook, by the doginess of his lenten, brooled and cocked and potched in an athanor, whites and yolkis and ylks and whotes to the frulling freonance of Mas blanca que la blanca hermana and Amarilla, muy bien, with cinnamon and locusts and wild bees-wax and liquorice and Carrageen moss and blaster of Barry’s and Asther’s mess and Huster’s picture and Yellownna’s embrocation and Pinkingtone’s patty and starchus and sinner’s tears, acurendent to Sharadan’s Art of Fanning, chanting, for all regale to the like of the legs he left behind with Litty jun Letty fan Leven, his cantraps of fomented words, abracadabra calubra culorum, (his oewfs … la Madame Gabrielle de l’Eglise, his avgs … la Mistress B. de B. Meinfelde, his eiers Usquadmalala … la pomme de ciel, his uoves, oves and uves … la Sulphate de Soude, his ochiuri sowtay sownmonay a la Monseigneur, his soufflossion of oogs with somekat on toyst … la MŠre Puard, his Poggadovies alla Fenella, his Fridedgs … la Tricarˆme) in what was meant for a closet (Ah ho! If only he had listened better to the four masters that infanted him Father Mathew and Le PŠre Noble and Pastor Lucas and Padre Aguilar — not forgetting Layteacher Baudwin! Ah ho!) His costive Satan’s antimonian manganese limolitimious nature never needed such an alcove so, when Robber and Mum-sell, the pulpic dictators, on the nudgment of their legal advisers, Messrs Codex and Podex, and under his own beneficition of their pastor Father Flammeus Falconer, boycotted him of all mutton

Primum opifex, altus prosator, ad terram viviparam et cuncti-potentem sine ullo pudore nec venia, suscepto pluviali atque discinctis perizomatis, natibus nudis uti nati fuissent, sese adpropinquans, flens et gemens, in manum suam evacuavit (highly prosy, crap in his hand, sorry!), postea, animale nigro exoneratus, classicum pulsans, stercus proprium, quod appellavit —

Then, pious Eneas, conformant to thc fulminant firman which enjoins on the tremylose terrian that, when the call comes, he shall produce nichthemerically from his unheavenly body a no uncertain quantity of obsce

Layteacher Baudwin! Ah ho!) His costive Satan’s antimonian manganese limolitimious nature never needed such an alcove so, when Robber and Mum-sell, the pulpic dictators, on the nudgment of their legal advisers, Messrs Codex and Podex, and under his own beneficition of their pastor Father Flammeus Falconer, boycotted him of all mutton-suet candles and romeruled stationery for any purpose, he winged away on a wildgoup’s chase across the kathartic ocean and made synthetic ink and sensitive paper for his own end out of his wit’s waste. You ask, in Sam Hill, how? Let manner and matter of this for these our sporting times be cloaked up in the language of blushfed porporates that an Anglican ordinal, not reading his own rude dunsky tunga, may ever behold the brand of scarlet on the brow of her of Babylon and feel not the pink one in his own damned cheek.
change, if what is sauce for the zassy is souse for the zazimas, the blond cop who thought it was ink was out of his depth but bright in the main.

Petty constable Sisterson of the Kruis–Kroon-Kraal it was, the parochial watch, big the dog the dig the bog the bagger the dagger the begadag degabug, who had been detailed from pollute stoties to save him, this the quemquem, that the quum, from the ligatureliablous effects of foul clay in little clots and mobmauling on looks, that wrongcountered the tenderfoot an evening near the livingsmeansuniumgetherum, Knockmaree, Comty Mea, reeling more to the right than he lurched to the left, on his way from a protoprostitute (he would always have a (stp!) little pigeoness somewhure with his arch girl, Arcoiris, smockname of Mergyt) just as he was butting in rand the couner of bad times under a hideful between the rival doors of warm bethel's of worship through his boardelhouse fongster, greeting for grazious oras as usual: Where ladies have they that a dog meansort herring? Sergo, search me, the incapable reparteed with a selfleviant subtlety so obviously spurious and, raising his hair, after the grace, with the christmas under his clutcharm, for Portsymasser and Portsymessus and Portsymiss and Partsymasters, like a prance of findigos, with a shilto shallto slippy stripny, in he skittled. Swikey! The allwhite poors guardiant, pulpably of balltossic stummung, was literally astundished over the painful sake, how he bursttesself, which he was gone to, where he intent to did he, whether you think will, wherend the whole current of the after-noon what the souch of a surch hads of hits of hims, urged and staggered thereto in his countryports at the caledosian capacity for Lieutuvisky of the caftan’s wineskin and even more so, during, looking his bigmost astonishments, it was said him, aschu, fun the concerned outgift of the dead med dirt, how that, arrahbejibbers, conspuent to the caftan’s wineskin and even more so, during, looking his bigmost astonishments, it was said him, aschu, fun the concerned outgift of the dead med dirt, how that, arrahbejibbers, conspuent to the
dom? I shall shiver for my purity while they will weepbig for your sins. Away with covered

dom on the vacuum of your own most
ouss effects of foul clay in little clots and mobmauling on looks, that wrongcountered the tenderfoot an eveling

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

has been plutherotested so enough of such porterblack lowness, too base for printink! Perpending that Putterick O’Purcell
pulls the coald stoane out of Winterwater’s and Silder Seas sing for Harreng our Keng, sept okt nov dez John Phibbs march!
We cannot, in mercy or justice nor on the lovom for labaryntos, stay here for the residence of our existings, discussing
Tamstar Ham of Ten-man’s thirt.

Stand forth, Nayman of Noland (for no longer will I follow you obliqueike through the inspired form of the third person
singular and the moods and hesitensies of the deponent but ad-dress myself to you, with the empirative of my vendettative,
pro — vocative and out direct), stand forth, come boldly, jolly me,- move me, zwilling though I am, to laughter in your true
colours ere you be back for ever till I give you your talkingto! Shem Macadamson, you know me and I know you and all your
she-meries. Where have you been in the uterim, enjoying yourself all the morning since your last wetbed confession? I advise
you to conceal yourself, my little friend, as I have said a moment ago and put your hands in my hands and have a nightslong
homely little confiteor about things. Let me see. It is looking pretty black against you, we suggest, Sheem avick. You will
need all the elements in the river to clean you over it all and a fortifine popespriestpower bull of attender to booth.

Let us pry. We thought, would and did. Cur, quicquid, ubi, quando, quomodo, quotations, quibis auxiliis? You were bred, fed,
fostered and fattened from holy childhood

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delectations — a philtred love, trysting by tantrums, small peace in ppenmark — with sensibility, sponsibility, passi-bility and prostibility, your lubbock’s other fear pleasures of a butler’s life, even extruding your strabismal apologia, when legibly depressed, upon defenceless other and thereby adding to the already unhappiness of this our popeyed world, scribblicative! — all that too with cantreds of countless catchaleens, the man-nish as many as the minneful, congested around and about you for acres and roods and poles or perches, thick as the fluctuant sands of Chalwador, accomplished women, indeed fully educand, far from being old and rich behind their dream of arri — visme, if they have only their honour left, and not deterred by bad weather when consumed by amorous passion, struggling to pos-sess themselves of your boosh, one son of Sorge for all daughters of Anguish, solus cum sola sive cuncties cum omnibobs (I’d have been the best man for you, myself), mutely aying for hat natural knot, debitary vases or vessels preposterous, for what would not have cost you ten bolivars of collarwork or the price of one ping pang, just a lilt, let us trill, of the oldest song in the wooded woodworld, (two-we! to-one!), accompanied by a plain gold band! Hail! Hail! Highbosomheaving Missmisstress Morna of the allsweetheartening bridemuredemeanour! Her eye’s so glad-some we’ll all take shares in the — — groom!

Sniffer of carrion, premature gravedigger, seeker of the nest of evil in the bosom of a good word, you, who sleep at our vigil and fast for our feast, you with your dislocated reason, have cutely foretold, a jophet in your own absence, by blind poring upon your many scalds and burns and blisters, impetiginous sore and pustules, by the auspices of that raven cloud, your shade, and by the auguries of rooks in parliament, death with every disaster, the dynamitisation of colleagues, the reducing of records to ashes, the levelling of all customs by blazes, the return of a lot of sweettempered gunpowdered didst unto dudst but it never stphruck your mudhead’s obtundity (O hell, here comes our funeral! O pest, I’ll miss the post!) that the more carrots you chop, the more turnips you slit, the more murphies you peel, the more onions you cry over, the more bullbeef you butcher, the more mutton you crackerhack, the more pothebbers you pound, the fiercer the fire and the longer your spoon and the harder you gruel with more grease to your elbow the merrier fumes your new Irish stew.

O, by the way, yes, another thing occurs to me. You let me tell you, with the utmost politeness, were very ordinarily designed, your birthwrong was, to fall in with Plan, as our nationals should, as all nationists must, and do a certain office (what, I will not tell you) in a certain holy office (nor will I say where) during certain agonising office hours (a clerical party all to yourself) from such a year to such an hour on such and such a date at so and so much a week pro anno (Guinness’s, may I remind, were just agulp for you, failing in which you might have taken the scales off boilers like any boskop of Yorek) and do your little thrupenny bit and thus earn from the nation true thanks, right here in our place of burden, your bourne of travail and ville of tares, where after a divine’s prodigence you drew the first watergasp in your life, from the crib where you once was bit to the crypt you’ll be twice as shy of, same as we, long of us, alone with the colt in the curner, where you were as popular as an armenial with the faithful, and you set fire to my tailcoat when I hold the paraffin smoker under yours (I hope that chimney’s clear) but, slackly shirking both your bullet and your billet, you beat it backwards like Boulanger from Galway (but he combed the grass against his stride) to sing us a song of alibi, (the cuthone call over the greybounding slowrolling amplyheaving metamorphoseous that oozy rocks parapangle their preposters with) nomad, mooner by lamplight, antinos, shemming amid everyone’s repressed laughter to conceal your scatchophily by mating, like a thorough-semitic serendipist, you (thanks, I think that describes you) Europasianised Afferyank!

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

There grew up beside you, amid our orisons of th—
you or because he cut a pretty figure in the focus of your frontispecs (not one did you slay, no, but a continent!) to find out how his innards worked!

Ever read of that greatgrand landfather of our visionbuilders, Baaboo, the bourgeoisiemeister, who thought to touch both himmels at the punt of his risen stiffstaff and how wishywashy sank the waters of his thought? Ever thought of that hereticalist Marcon and the two scissymaidies and how bulkily he shat the Ructions gunorrh? Ever heard of that foxy, that lupo and that monkax and the virgin heir of the Morrisons, eh, blethering ape?

Maligner in luxury, collector general, what has Your Low-ness done in the realtime with all the hamilkears of cooked vegetables, the hatfuls of stewed fruit, the suitcases of coddled ales, the Parish funds, me schamer, man, that you kittycoaxed so flexibly out of charitable byowlers by yowling heavy with a hollow voice drop of your horrible awful poverty of mind so as you couldn’t even pledge a crown of Thorne’s to pawn a coat off Trevi’s and as how you was bad no end, so you was, so whelp you Sinner Pitre and Sinner Poule, with the chicken’s gape and pas mal de siŠcle, which, by the by, Reynaldo, is the ordinary emetic French for grenadier’s drip. To let you have your plank and your bonewash (O the hastroubles you lost!), to give you your pound of platinum and a thousand thongs a year (O, you were excruciated, in honour bound to the cross of your own cruelfiction!) to let you have your Sarday spree and holinight sleep (fame would come to you twixt a sleep and a wake) and leave to lie till Paraskivee and the cockcock crows for Danmark. (O Jonathan, your estomach!) The simian has no sentiment secre-tions but weep cataracts for all me, Pain the Shamman! Oft in the smelly night will they wallow for a clutch of the famished hand, I say, them bearded jezabelles you hired to rob you, while on your sodden straw impolitely you encored (Airish and naw-boggaleesh!) those hornmade ivory dreams you reved of the Ruth you called your companionate, a beauty from the bible, of the flushpots of Euston and the hanging garments of Maryle-bone. But the dormer moonshee smiled selene and the light — throwers knickered: who’s whining we? Comport yourself, you inconsistancy! Where is that little alimony nestegg against our predictable rainy day? Is it not the fact (gainsay me, cake-eater!) that, while whistlewhirling your crazy elegies around Temple tombmount joyntstone, (let him pass, pleasegood-jesu-salem, in a bundle of straw, he was balbettiised after hay — making) you squandered among underlings the overload of your extravagance and made a hottentot of dulpeneris craswick with your crumbs? Am I not right? Yes? Yes? Yes? Holy wax and holifer! Don’t tell me, Leon of the fold, that you are not a loanshark! Look up, old sooty, be advised by mux and take your medicine. The Good Doctor mulled it. Mix it twice before re-pastures and powder three times a day. It does marvels for your gripins and it’s fine for the solitary worm.

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

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

MERCIUS (of hisself): Domine vopiscus! My fault, his fault, a kingship through a fault! Pariah, cannibal Cain, I who oathily forswore the womb that bore you and the paps I sometimes sucked, you who ever since have been one black mass of jigs and jimjams, haunted by a convulsionary sense of not having been or being all that I might have been or you meant to becoming, bewailing like a man that innocence which I could not defend like a woman, lo, you there, Cathmon—Carbery, and thank Movies from the innermost depths of my still attrite heart, Wherein the days of youyouth are evermixed mimine, now ere the comp-line hour of being alone athands itself and a puff or so before we yield our spiritus to the wind, for (though that royal one has not yet drunk a gouttelett from his consummation and the flowerpot on the pole, the spaniel pack and their quarry, retainers and the public house proprietor have not budged a millimetre and all that has been done has yet to be done and done again, when’s day’s woe, and lo, you’re doomed, joyday dawns and, la, you dominate) it is to you, firstborn and firstfruit of woe, to me, branded sheep, pick of the wasterpaperbasket, by the trejours of Thundery and Ulerin’s dogstar, you alone, wind-blasted tree of the knowledge of beautiful andevil, ay, clothed upon with the meteor and shimmering like the horeshens, astro-gldynamonologos, the child of Nilfit’s father, blzb, to me unseen blusher in an obscene coalhole, the cubilibum of
your secret sigh, dweller in the downandoutermost where voice only of the dead may come, because ye left from me, because ye laughed on me, because, O me lonely son, ye are forgetting me!, that our turbrown mummy is acomong, alpilla, beltilla, citilla, deltilla, running with her tidings, old the news of the great big world, sonnies had a scrap, woewoeowo! bab’s baby walks at seven months, waywayway! bride leaves her raid at Punchetime, stud stoned before a racecourseful, two belles that make the one appeal, dry yanks will visit old sod, and fourtiered skirts are up, mesdames, while Parimiknie wears popular short legs, and twelve howes to mix a tipsy wake, did ye hear, colt Cooney? did ye ever, filly Fortescue? with a beck, with a spring, all her rillinglets shaking, rocks drops in her tachie, tramtokens in her hair, all waived to a point and then all inundation, little oldfashioned mummy, little wonderful mummy, ducking under bridges, bellhopping the weirs, dodging by a bit of bog, rapid-shooting round the bends, by Tallaght’s green hills and the pools of the phooka and a place they call it Blessington and slipping sly by Sallynoggin, as happy as the day is wet, bab—bling, bubbling, chattering to herself, deloothering the fields on their elbows leaning with the sloothing slide of her, giddy—gaddy, grannyma, gossipaceous Anna Livia.

He lifts the lifewand and the dumb speak.

— Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiq!

O
tell me all about
Anna Livia! I want to hear all

about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia? Yes, of course, we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all. Tell me now. You’ll die when you hear. Well, you know, when the old cheb went futt and did what you know. Yes, I know, go on. Wash quit and don’t be dabbling. Tuck up your sleeves and loosen your talk-tapes. And don’t butt me — hike! — when you bend. Or what — ever it was they threed to make out he thried to two in the Fiendish park. He’s an awful old reppe. Look at the shirt of him! Look at the dirt of it! He has all my water black on me. And it steeping and stuping since this time last wick. How many goe —

— Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiq!

— don’t be dabbling. Tuck up your sleeves and loosen your talk.
— Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiq!

— Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiq!

— Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiq!

— Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiq!

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— Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiq!

— Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiq!

— Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiq!

— Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiq!
Livia. Do you know she was calling bakvandets sals from all around, nyumba noo, chamba choo, to go in till him, her erring chef, and tickle the pontiffaisy-aisy? She was? Gota pot! Yssel that the limmat? As El Negro winced when he wonced in La Plate. O, tell me all I want to hear, how loft she was lift a ladder dextro! A coneywink after the bunting fell. Letting on she didn’t care, sina feza, me absantee, him man in passession, the proxenete! Proxenete and pwhat is pthat? Emme for your reussischer Hondudu jarkon! Tell us in franca langua. And call a spate a spate. Did they never share you ebro at skol, you antiabecedarian? It’s just the same as if I was to go par examplum now in conservancy’s cause out of teklesines and proxenete you. For coxty sake and is that what she is? Botlettle I thought she’d act that loa. Didn’t you spot her in her windaup, wubbling up on an osiery chair, with a meusic before her all cunniform letters, pretending to ribble a reedy derg on a fiddle she bogsans without a spout on! Sure she can’t fiddan a dee, with bow or abandon! Sure, she can’t! Tista suck. Well, I never now heard the like of that! Tell me moher. Tell me moast. Well, old Hummer was as glommen as grampus, with the tares at his thor and the buboes for ages and neither bowman nor shot abroad and bales allbrant on the crests of rockies and nera lamp in kitchen or church and giant’s holes in Grafton’s causeway and deathcap mushrooms round Funglus grave and the great tribune’s barrow all darnels occupule, sittang sambre on his sett, drammen and drammen, usking queasy quizzers of his ruful continence, his孩童inen scarf to encourage his obsequies where he’d check their debths in that mormon’s thames, be questing and handsetl, hop, step and a deepend, with his berths in their toiling moiil, his swal-lower open from swolf to fore and the snipes of the guter pecking his crocs, hungerstriking all alone and holding doomsdag over hunself, dreeing his weird, with his dander up, and his fringe combed over his eygs and droming on loft till the sight of the sternes, after worthy kowsse and weedy broeks and the tis of buddy and the loits of pest and to peer was Parish worth thette mess. You’d think all was dodo belonging to him how he durmed adranse in durance val. He had been belching for severn years. And there she was, Anna Livia, she darent catch a winkle of sleep, purling around like a chit of a child, Wendawanda, a finger-thick, in a Lapsummer skirt and damazon cheeks, for to ishim bonzour to her dear dubber Dan. With neuphraties and sault from his maggias. And an odd time she’d cook him up blos of fisk and lay to his heartsfoot her meddery eygs, yayis, and staynish beacons on toasc and a cupenhave so weeshywashy of Greenland’s toy or a doupogun of Kaffue mokau an sable or Sikiang suky or his ale of ferns in trueart pewter and a shin-kobread (hamjambo, bana?) for to plaise that man hog stay his stomicker till her pyrraknees shrunk to nutmeg graters while her togglejoints shuck with goyt and as rash as she’d russ with her peakload of vivers up on her sieve (metauwero rage it swales and rieses) my

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And what was the wyerey rima she made! Odet! Odet! Tell me the trent of it while I’m lathering hail out of Denis Florence MacCarthy’s combies. Rise it, flut ye, pian piena! I’m dying down off my iodine feet until I lerryn Anna Livia’s cushinglloo, that was writ by one and rede by two and trouved by a poule in the parco! I can see that, I see you are. How does it tummel? Listen now. Are you listening? Yes, yes! Idneed I am! Tarn your ore ouse! Essonne inne!
By earth end the cloudy but I badly went e brandnew bankside, bedamp and I do, and a plumper at that!

For the putty affair I have is wore out, so it is, sitting, yapping and waiting for my old Dane hodder dodderer, my life in death companion, my frugal key of our larder, my much-altered camel’s hump, my jointspoiler, my maymoon’s honey, my fool to the last Decemberer, to wake himself out of his winter’s doze and bore me down like he used to.

Is there irwell a lord of the manor or a knight of the shire at strike, I wonder, that’d dip me a dace or two in cash for washing and darning his worshipful socks for him now we’re run out of horse-brose and milk?

Only for my short Brittas bed made’s as snug as it smells it’s out I’d lep and off with me to the slobs deua Tolka or the plage au Clontarf to feale the gay aire of my salt troublin bay and the race of the saywint up me ambushure.

Onon! Onon! tell me more. Tell me every tiny teign. I want to know every single ingul. Down to what made the potters fly into jagsthole. And why were the vesles vet. That homa fever’s winning me wome. If a mahun of the horse but hard me!

We’d be bundukiboi meet askarial. Well, now comes the hazel-hatchery part. After Clondalkin the Kings’s Inns. We’ll soon be there with the freshet. How many achevenes had she in too! I can’t rightly rede you that. Close only knows. Some say she had three figures to fill and confined herself to a hundred eleven, wan by-wan bywan, making meanacuminamoyas. Olaph lamm et, all that pack? We won’t have room in the kirkeyard. She can’t remember half of the cradlenames she smoked on them by the grace of her boxing bishop’s infallible slipper, the cane for Kund and abbles for Eyolf and aytner nayther for Yakov Yea. A hundred and how? They did well to rechristen her Puhurabelle. O lorely! What a loddon lodes! Heigh ho! But it’s quite on the cards she’ll shed more and merrier, twills and trills, sparefours and spoilfives, nord-sihkes and sudsevers and ayes and neins to a litter. Grandfarthring nap and Messamisery and the knave of all knaves and the joker. Heehaw! She must have been a gadabount in her day, so she must, more than most. Shoal she was, gidgad. She had a flewmens of her owen. Then a toss nare scared that lass, so aimai moe, that’s agapo! Tell me, tell me, how cam she camlin through all her fellows, the neckar she was, the diveline! Casting her perils before our swains from Fonte-inMonte to Tidingtown and from Tidingtown tilhavet. Linking one and knocking the next, tapping a flank and tipting a jutty and palling in and pietaring out and clydying by on her eastway. Waiwhou was the first thur-ever burst? Someone he was, whuebra they were, in a tactic attack or in single combat. Tinker, tilar, soulindre, salor, Pieman Peace or Polistaman. That’s the thing I’m elwys on edge to esk. Push up and push vardar and come to uphill headquarters! Was it waterlows year, after Grattan or Flood, or when maids were in Arc or when three stood hosting? Fidaris will find where the Doubt arises like Nieman from Nirgends found the Nihil. Worry you sighin foh, Albern, O Anser? Untie the gemman’s fistiknots, Qvic and Nunacee! She can’t put her hand on him for the mo-ment. Tez thelon langlo, walking weary! Such a loon waybash — wards to row! She sid herself she hardly knows whunon the annals her graveller was, a dynast of Leinster, a wolf of the sea, or what he did or how blyth she played or how, when, why, where and who offon he jumpnad her and how it was gave her away. She was just a young thin pale soft and darning his worshipfu companion, my frugal key of our larder, my much

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wavus has elfun anon meshes. And Simba the Slayer of his Oga is slewd. He cuddle not help himself, thruso that hot on him, he had to forget the monk in the man so, rubbing her up and smoothing her down, he raised his lippen in smiling mood, kiss akiss after kiskokushk (as he warned her so, niver to, niver to, nevar) on Anna-na-Poghee’s of the freckled forehead. While you’d parse secheressa she hielt her souiff. But she ruz two feet hire in her aise asestuation. And steppes on stills ever since. That was kissuah ealing with bantur for balm! O, wasn’t he the bold priest? And wasn’t she the naughty Livvy? Nautic Naama’s now her navn. Two lads in scoutsch breeches went through her before that, Barefoot Burn and Wallowme Wade. Lugnaquillia’s noblesse pickts, before she had a hint of a hair at her fancy to hide or a bosson to tempt a birch canoedler not to mention a bulgic porterhouse barge. And ere that again, leada, laida, all unraidy, too faint to buoy the fairest rider, too frail to flirt with a cygnets’ plume, she was licked by a hound, Chirripa–Chirrruta, while poing her pee, pure and simple, on the spur of the hill in old Kippure, in birdsong and shearingtime, but first of all, worst of all, the wiggly lively, she siedislipped out by a gap in the Devil’s glen while Sally her nurse was sound asleep in a sloat and, feebee fieffie, fell over a spillway before she found her stride and lay and wriggled in all the stag-nant black pools of rainy under a fallow coo and she laughed innocefree with her limbs aloft and a whole drove of maiden hawthorns blushing and looking askance upon her.

Drop me the sound of the findhorn’s name, Mtu or Mti, som-bogger was wisness. And drip me why in the flenders was she fricked. And trickle me where was she marcellewaved or was it weirdly a wig she wore. And whitside did they droop their glows in their florry, aback to wist or affront to front? In fear to hear the dear so near or longing loth and loathing longing? Are you in the swim or are you out? O go in, go on, go an! I mean about what you know. I know right well what you mean. Rother! You’d like the coifs and guimpes, snouty, and me to do the greasy jub on old Veronica’s wipers. What am I rancing now and I’ll thank you? Is it a pinny or is it a surplice? Arranz, where’s your nose? And where’s the starch? That’s not the vesdre bene-diction smell. I can tell from here by their eau de Colo and the scent of her oder they’re Mrs Magrath’s. And you ought to have aird them. They’ve moist come off her. Creases in silk they are, not crampton lawn. Baptiste me, father, for she has sinned! Through her catchment ring she freed them easy, with her hips’ hurrah for her knees’dontelleries. The only parr with frills in old the plain. So they are, I declare! Welland well! If tomorrow keeps fine who’ll come tripping to sightsee? How’ll? Ask me next what I haven’t got! The Belvedarean exhibitioners. In their cruisery caps and oarsclub colours. What hoo, they band! And what hoa, they buck! And here is her nubilee letters too. Ellis on quay in scarlet thread. Linked for the world on a flush-caloured field. Annan exe after to show they’re not Laura Ke — own’s. O, may the diabolo twisk your seifety pin! You child of Mammon, Kinsella’s Lilith! Now who has been tearing the leg of her drawars on her? Which leg is it? The one with the bells on it. Rinse them out and aston along with you! Where did I stop? Never stop! Continuarration! You’re not there yet. I amstel wai it? The one with the bells on it. Rinse them out and aston along with you! Where did I stop? Never stop! Continuarration!

Well, after it was put in the Mericy Cordial Mendicants’ Sitter-dag-Zindeh–Munaday Wakeschrift (for once they sullied their white kidloves, chewing cuds after their dinners of cheeckin and beggin, with their show us it here and thei...
quiet. Deel me long-some. Tongue your time now. Breathe thet deep. Thouat’s the fairway. Hurry slow and scheldt you go. Lynd us your blessed ashes here till I scrub the canon’s underpants. Flow now. Ower more. And pooleypooley.

First she let her hair fal and down it flussed to her feet its teviots winding coils. Then, mothernaked, she sampoode herself with galawater and fragrant pistania mud, wupper and lauar, from crown to sole. Next she greased the groove of her keel, warthes and wears and mole and itchter, with antifouling butter-scratch and turfentide and serpenthyme and with leafmould she ushered round prunella isles and eslats dun, quinceecunct, allover her little mary. Peeld gold of waxwork her jellybelly and her grains of incense anguille bronze. And after that she wove a gar-land for her hair. She pleated it. She palted it. Of meadowgrass and riverflags, the bulrush and waterweed, and of fallen griefs of weeping willow. Then she made her bracelets and her anklets and her armlets and a jetty amulet for necklace of clicking cobbles and patterning pebbles and rumbledown rubble, richmond and rehr, of Irish rutherinerstones and shellmarble bangles. That done, a dawk of smut to her airy ey, Anushka Lutetiaivitch Pufflovah, and the lellipos cream to her lippeleens and the pick of the paintbox for her pommettes, from strawberrry reds to extra violates, and she sendred her boudelhoire maids to His Affluence, Ciliegia Grande and Kirschke Real, the two chirsines, with respecks from his missus, seepy and sewery, and a request might she passe of him for a minnikin. A call to pay and light a taper, in Brie-on-Arrosa, back in a sprizzling. The cock striking mine, the stalls bridel sign, there’s Zambosy waiting for Me! She said she wouldn’t be half her length away. Then, then, as soon as the lump his back was turned, with her mealiebag slang over her shulder, Anna Livia, oysterface, forth of her bassein came.

Describe her! Hustle along, why can’t you? Spitz on the iern while it’s hot. I wouldn’t miss her for irthing on nether. Not for the lucre of lomba strait. Oceans of Gaud, I mosel hear that! Ogowe presta! Leste, before Julia sees her! Ishkarry and washemeskad, the carisyh caratimaney? Whole lady fair? Duodecimo — roon? Bon a ventura? Malagassy? What had she on, the liddel oud oddity? How much did she scallop, harness and weights? Here she is, Amnisty Ann! Call her calamity electrifies meskad, the carishy caratimaney? Whole lady fair? Duodecimo — roon? Bon a ventura? Malagassy? What had she on, the liddel oud oddity? How much did she scallop, harness and weights? Here she is, Amnisty Ann! Call her calamity electrifies man.

No electress at all but old Moppa Necessity, angin mother of injons. I’ll tell you a test. But you must sit still. Will you hold your peace and listen well to what I am going to say now? It might have been ten or twenty to one of the night of Alleclose or the nexth of April when the flip of her hoogly igloo flappered and out toetippit a bushman woman, the dearest little mo. A call to pay and light a taper, in Brie-on-Arrosa, back in a sprizzling. The cock striking mine, the stalls bridel sign, there’s Zambosy waiting for Me! She said she wouldn’t be half her length away. Then, then, as soon as the lump his back was turned, with her mealiebag slang over her shulder, Anna Livia, oysterface, forth of her bassein came.

Hellsbells, I’m sorry I missed her! Sweet gumptyum and no — Werra where in ourthe did you ever pick a Lambay chop as big as a battering ram? Ay, you’re right. I’m epte to forgetting, Like Liviam Liddle did Loveme Long. The linth of my hough, I say! She wore a ploughboy’s nailstudded clogs, a pair of ploughfields in themselves: a sugarloaf hat with a gaudyquivity peak and a band of gorse for an armoment and a hundred streamers dancing off it and a guildered pin to pierce it: owlglassy bicycles boggled her eyes: and a fishnetzeveil for her lippeleens and the pick of the paintbox for her pommettes, from strawberrry reds to extra violates, and she sendred her boudelhoire maids to His Affluence, Ciliegia Grande and Kirschke Real, the two chirsines, with respecks from his missus, seepy and sewery, and a request might she passe of him for a minnikin. A call to pay and light a taper, in Brie-on-Arrosa, back in a sprizzling. The cock striking mine, the stalls bridel sign, there’s Zambosy waiting for Me! She said she wouldn’t be half her length away. Then, then, as soon as the lump his back was turned, with her mealiebag slang over her shulder, Anna Livia, oysterface, forth of her bassein came.
Well, arundigiron in a waveney lyne aringarouna she pattered and swung and sidled, dribbling her boulder through narrowa mosses, the diliskydrear on our drier side and the vile vetchvine agin us, curara here, careero there, not knowing which medway or weser to strike it, edereider, making chattahoochee all to her ain chichiu, like Santa Claus at the cre of the pale and puny, nistling to hear for their tiny hearties, her arms encircling Isola-bella, then running with reconciled Romas and Reims, on like a lech to be off like a dart, then bathing Dirty Hans’ spatters with spittle, with a Christmas box apiece for aisch and iveryone of her childer, the birthday gifts they dreamt they gave her, the spoiled she fleetly laid at our door! On the matt, by the pouch and inunder the cellar. The rivules ran aflod to see, the flashaboy, the pollynooties. Out of the paunchsaup on to the pyre. And they all about her, juvenile leads and ingenuinas, from the slime of their slums and artesaned wellings, rickets and riots, like the Smyly boys at their vicereine’s levee. Vivi vienne, little Anmchen! Vielo Anna, high life! Sing us a sula, O, susuria! Ausone sidulcis! Hasn’t she tambre! Chipping her and raising a bit of a chir or a jary every dive she’d neb in her culdee sacco of wabbash she raabed and reach out her maundy meerschaundize, poor souvenier as per ricorder and all for sore aringarung, stinkers and heellers, laggards and primelads, her furzeborn sons and driblederry daughters, a thousand and one of them, and wickerpotluck for each of them. For evil and ever. And kiks the buch. A tinker’s bann and a barrow to boil his billy for Gipsy Lee; a cartridge of cockaleekie soup for Chummy the Guardsman; for sulky Pen-der’s acid nephew delto-d drops, curiously strong; a cough and a rattle and wildrose cheeks for poor Picolina Petite MacFarlane; a jigsaw puzzle of needles and pins and blankets and shins between them for Isabel, Jezebel and Llewelyn Mmarrriage; a brazen nose and pigiron mittens for Johnny Walker Beg; a papar flag of the saints and stripes for Kevineen O’Dea; a puffpuff for Pudge Craig and a nightmarching heare for Tehertiem Tombigby; waterleg and gumboots each for Bully Hayes and Hurricane Hartigan; a prodigal heart and fatted calves for Buck Jones, the pride of Clonliffe; a loaf of bread and a father’s early aim for Val from Skibereen; a jauntingcar for Larry Doolin, the Ballylee jackeen; a seakiss trip on a government ship for Teague O’Flanagan; a louse and trap for Jerry Coyle; slushmincepies for Andy Mac-kenzie; a hairclip and clackdish for Penceless Peter; that twelve sounds look for G. V. Brooke; a drowned doll, to face down-wards for modest Sister Anne Mortimer; altar falls for Blanchisse’s bed; Wildairs’ breechettes for Magpeg Woppington; to Sue Dot a big eye; to Sam Dash a false step; snakes in clover, picked and scotched, and a vaticanned viper cashier’s visa for Patsy Presbys; a reiz every morning for Standfast Dick and a drop every minute for Stumblestone Davy; scruboak beads for beatified Biddy; two appletweed stools for Eva Magdalena; for Camilla, Dumas, thought little, a crown he feels big; a tibertine’s pile with a Congoswood cross on the back for Sunny Twimjim; a praises be and spare me days for Brian-the Bravo; penteplenty of pity with lubilashings of lust for Olona Lena Magdalena; for Camilla, Dromilla, Ludmilla, Maidilla, a bucket, a packet, a book and a pillow; for Nancy Shannon a Tuami lite Kane; a sunless map of the month, including the sword and stamps, for Shemus O’Shaun the prodigious acid nephew delto‹dness or nessness or quodoboits for Great Tropical Scott; a hairpin slatemarching for Elsie Oram to scratch her toby, doing her best with her volgar fractions; an old age pension for Betty Bellezza; a bag of the blues for Funny Fitz; a Missa pro Messa for Taff de Taff; Jill, the spoon of a girl, for Jack, the broth of a boy; a Rogerson Crusoe’s Friday fast for Caducus Angelus Rubicon-stein; three hundred and sixty-six poplin tyne for reverie warp in the weaver’s woof for Victor Hugonot; a stiff steaded rake and good varians muck for Kate the Cleaner; a hole in the ballad for Hosty; two dozen of cradles for J.F.X. Coppinger; tenpounent on the pop for the daunphins born with five spoiled squibs for Infanta; a letter to last a lifetime for Maggi beyond by the aspit; the heftiest frozenmeat woman from Lusk to Livienbad for Felim the Ferry; spas and speranza and symposium’s syrup for decayed and blind and gouty Gough; a change of naves and joys of ills for Armoricus Tristram Amoor Saint Lawrence; a guillotine shirt for Reuben Redbreast and hemen suspendeats for Bren-on the Moor; an oakanknee for Conditor Sawyer and mus — quodoboits for Great Tropical Scott; a C3 peduncle for Karma — lite Kane; a sunless map of the month, including the sword and stamps, for Shemus O’Shaun the Post; a jackal with hide for Browne but Nolan; a stonecold shoulder for Donn Joe Vance; all lock and no stable for Honorbright Merreytrickx; a big drum for Billy Dunboyne; a guilty goldeny bellows, below me blow me, for Ida Ida and a hushaby rocker, Eteltrouvetout, for Who-is-silver — Where-is-he?; whatever you like to swilly to swash, Yuinness or Yennessy, Laagen or Niger, for Festus King and Roaring Peter and Frisky Shorty and Treacle Tom and O. B. Behan and Sully the Thug and Master Magrath and Peter Cloran and O’Delawarr Rossa and Nerone MacPacem and whoever you chance to meet knocking around; and a pig’s bladder balloon for Selina Susquehanna Stakelum. But what did she give to Pruda
Ward and Katty Kanel and Peggy Quilty and Briery Brosna and Teasy Kieran and Ena Lappin and Muriel Maassy and Susan Camac and Melissa Bradogue and Flora Ferns and Fauna Fox—Good-man and Grettna Greaney and Penelope Inglesante and Lezba Licking like Leyth Laiane and Roxana Rohan with Simpatica Sohan and Una Bina Laterza and Trina La Mesme and Philomena O’Farrell and Irmak Elly and Josephine Foyle and Snakeshead Lily and Fountainay Laura and Marie Xavier Agnes Daisy Frances de Sales Macleay? She gave them ilcka madre’s daughter a moonflower and a bloodvein: but the grapes that ripe before reason to them that devise the vinedress. So on Izzy, her shame-maid, love shone befond her tears as from Shem, her pennight, life past befoal his prime.

My colonial, wardha bagful! A bakereen’s dusind with tithe tillies to boot. That’s what you may call a tale of a tub! And Hibernonian market! All that and more under one crinoline env—lope if you dare to break the porkbarrel seal. No wonder they’d run from her pison plague. Throw you your hudson soap for the honour of Clane! The wee taste the water left. I’ll raft it back, first thing in the marne. Merced mulde! Ay, and don’t forget the reekkits I lohaned you. You’ve all the swirls your side of the cur-rent. Well, am I to blame for that if I have? Who said you’re to blame for that if you have? You’re a bit on the sharp side. I’m on the wide. Only snuffers’ cornets drifts my way that the cracka divine chuck out of his cassock, with her estheryeer’s marsh narcissus to make him recant his vanity fair. Foul strips of his chinook’s bible I do be reading, dodwell disgusted but chickled with chuckles at the tittles is drawn on the tattlepage. Senior ga dito: Faciasi Omo! E omo fu fo. Ho! Ho! Senior ga dito: Faciasi Hidamo! Hidamo se ga facets…. Ha! Ha! And Die Windermere Dichter and Lefantu (Sheridan’s) old House by the Coachyard and Mill (J.) On Woman with Ditto on the Floss. Ja, a swap for Alt-muehler and a stone for his flossies! I know how racy they move his wheel. My hands are blawcauld between isker and sua like that piece of pattern chayney there, lying below. Or where is it? Lying beside the sedge I saw it. Hoangho, my sorrow, I’ve lost it! Aimih! With that turbary water who could see? So near and yet so far! But O, gihon! I lovat a gabber. I could listen to maure and moravar again. Regn onder river. Flies do your float. Thick is the life for mere.

Well, you know or don’t you kennent or haven’t they told you every telling has a taling and that’s the he and the she of it. Look, look, the dusk is growing! My branches lofty are taking root. And my cold cher’s gone ashley. Fieluhr? Filou! What age is at? It soon is late, ’Tis endless now senne eye or erwone last saw Waterhouse’s clogh. They took it asunder, I hund thum sigh. When will they reassemble it? O, my back, my back, my bach! I’d want to go to Aches-les-Pains. Pingpong! There’s the Belle for Sexaloitez! And Concepta de Send-us-pray! Pang! Wring out the clothes! Wring in the dow! Godavari, vert the showers! And grant thaya grace! Aman. Will we spread them here now? Ay, we will. Flip! Spread on your bank and I’ll spread mine on mine. Flep! It’s what I’m doing. Spread! It’s churning chill. Der went is rising. I’ll lay a few stones on the hostel sheets. A man and his bride embraced between them. Else I’d have sprinkled and folded them only. And I’ll tie my butcher’s apron here. It’s suety yet. The strollers will pass it by. Six shifts, ten kerchiefs, nine to hold to the fire and this for the code, the convent napkins, twelve, one baby’s shawl. Good mother Joseph knows, she said. Whose head? Mutter snores? Deateareas! Wharnow are alle her childer, say? In kingdom gone or power to come or glory be to them farther? Allalivial, allalluvial! Some here, more no more, more again lost alla stranger. I’ve heard tell that same brooch of the Shannons was married into a family in Spain. And all the Dun-ders de Dunnes in Markland’s Vineland beyond Brendan’s herring pool takes number nine in yangee’s hats. And one of Biddy’s beads was bobbing till she rounded up lost histereve with a marigold and a cobbler’s candle in a side strain of a main drain of a manzinhauries off Bachelor’s Walk. But all that’s left to the last of the Meaghers in the loop of the years prefixed and between is one kneebuckle and two hooks in the front. Do you tell me. that now? I do in troth. Orara por Orbe and poor Las Animas! Ussa, Ulla, we’re umbas all! Mezha, didn’t you hear it a deluge of times, ufer and ufer, respund to spond? You deed, you deed! I need, I need, I need! It’s that irrawaddyng I’ve stoke in my aars. It all but husheh the lethest zswound. Oronoko! What’s your trouble? Is that the great Finnleader himself in his joakimono on his statue riding the high hone there forehengist? Father of Otters, it is himself! Yonne there! Isset that? On Fallareen Common? You’re thinking of Astley’s Amphitheayter where the bobby restrained you making sugarstuck pouts to the ghostwhit statue riding the high hone there forehengist? Father of Otters, it is himself! Yonne there! Isset that? On Fallareen Common?
Poolbeg flasher beyant, pharphar, or a fireboat coasting nyar the Kishhtna or a glow I behold within a hedge or my Garry come back from the Indes? Wait till the honeying of the lune, love! Die eve, little eve, die! We see that wonder in your eye. We’ll meet again, we’ll part once more. The spot I’ll seek if the hour you’ll find. My chart shines high where the blue milk’s upset. Forgivemequick, I’m going! Bubye! And you, pluck your watch, forgottenot. Your evenlode. So save to journa’s end! My sights are swimming thicker on me by the sha-dows to this place. I sowe home slowly now by own way, moy — valley way. Towy I too, rathmine.

Ah, but she was the queer old skeowsha anyhow, Anna Livia, trinkettoes! And sure he was the quare old buntz too, Dear Dirty Dumpling, foostherfather of fingalls and dotthergills. Gammer and gaffer we’re all their gangsters. Hadn’t he seven dams to wive him? And every dam had her seven crutches. And every crutch had its seven hues. And each hue had a differing cry. Suds for me and supper for you and the doctor’s bill for Joe John. Befor! Bifur! He married his markets, cheap by foul, I know, like any Etrurian Catholic Heathen, in their pinky limony creamy birnies and their turkiss indienne mauves. But at milkidmass who was the spouse? Then all that was was fair. Tys Elvenland! Teems of times and happy returns. The sein anew. Ordovico or viricordo. Anna was, Livia is, Plurabelle’s to be. Northmen’s thing made southfolk’s place but howmulty plurators made euchone in per-son? Latin me that, my trinity scholard, out of eure sanscreed into oure eryan!

Can’t hear with the waters of. The chittering waters of. Flittering bats, fieldmice bawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone ahome? What Thom Malone? Can’t hear with bawk of bats, all thim lifeying waters of. Ho, talk save us! My foos won’t moos. I feel as old as yonder elm. A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia’s daughter-sons. Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel as heavy as yonder stone. Tell me of John or Shaun? Who were Shem and Shaun the living sons or daughters of? Night now! Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Telmetale of stem or stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of. Night!

II

Every evening at lighting up o’clock sharp and until further notice in Feenichts Playhouse. (Bar and conveniences always open, Diddlem Club douncestears.) Entrancings: gads, a scrab; the quality, one large shilling. Newly billed for each wickeday perfumance. Somndoze massinees. By arraignment, childream’s hours, experscerated. Jampots, rinsed porters, taken in token. With nightly redistribution of parts and players by the puppetry pro-ducer and daily dubbing of ghosters, with the benedic;on of the Holy Genesius Archimimus and under the distinguished patron-age of their Elderships the Oldens from the four coroners of Findrias, Murias, Gorias and Falias, Messoirs the Coarbs, Clive Sollis, Galorius Kettle, Pobiedo Lancey and Pierre Dusort, while the Caesar-inChief looks. On. Sennet. As played to the Adelphi by the Brothers Bratislavoff (Hycan and Haristobulus), after humpteen dumpteen revivals. Before ah the King’s Hoarsers with all the Queen’s Mum. And wordloosed over seven seas crowdblast in cellelleneteutoslawzendlatsoundscript. In four tubbloids. While fern may cald us until firn make cold. The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies, adopted from the Ballymooney Bloodriddon Murther by Bluechin Blackdillain (authorways ‘Big Storey’), featuring:

GLUGG (Mr Seumas McQuillad, hear the riddles between the robot in his dress circular and the gagster in the rogues’ gallery), the bold bad bleak boy of the storybooks, who, when the tabs go up, as we discover, because he knew to mutch, has been divorced into disgrace court by

THE FLORAS (Girl Scouts from St. Bride’s Finishing Establish-ment, demand acidulateds), a month’s bunch of pretty maidens who, while they pick on her, their pet peeve, form with valkyri-enne licence the guard for

IZOD (Miss Butys Pott, ask the attendantess for a leaflet), a be-witching blonde who dimples delightfully and is approached in loveliness only by her grateful sister reflection in a mirror, the cloud of the opal, who, having jilted Glugg, is being fatally fascinated by

CHUFF (Mr Sean O’Mailey, see the chalk and sanguine picto-graph on the safety drop), the fine frank fairhaired fellow of the fairytales, who wrestles for tophole with the bold bad bleak boy Glugg, geminally about caps or puds or tog bags or bog gats or chuting rudskin generally or something, until they adumbrace a pattern of somebody else or other, after which they are both car-ried off the set and brought home to be well soaped, sponged and scrubbed again by
ANN (Miss Corrie Corriendo, Grischun scoula, bring the babes, Pieder, Poder and Turtey, she mistributes mandamus monies, after perdumamento, hendrud aloven entrees, pulcinellis must not miss our national rooster’s rag), their poor little old mother-in-lieu, who is woman of the house, playing opposite to

HUMP (Mr Makeall Gone, read the sayings from Laxdalesaga in the programme about King Ericus of Schweden and the spirit’s whispers in his magical helmet), cap-a-pipe with watch and top-per, coat, crest and supporters, the cause of all our grievances, the whirl, the flash and the trouble, who, having partially re-covered from a recent impeachment due to egg everlasting, but throughandthoroughly proconverted, propounded for cyclo-logical, is, studding sail once more, jibsheets and royals, in the semblance of the substance for the membrace of the umbrance with the remnance of the emblence reveiling a quedam super-cargo, of The Rockery, Poopinheavin, engaged in entertaining in his pilgrimst customhouse at Caherlehome-upon-Eskur those statutory persons

THE CUSTOMERS (Components of the Afterhour Courses at St. Patricius’ Academy for Grownup Gentlemen, consult the annu-ary, coldporters sibsuction), a bundle of a dozen of representa — tive locomotive civics, each inn quest of outings, who are still more sloppily served after every cup final by

SAUNDERSON (Mr Knut Oelsvinger, Tiffsdays off, wouldntstop in bad, imitati- on of flatfish, torchbearing supperaape, dud half-sovereign, no chee daily, rolly pollsies, Glen of the Downs, the Gugnir, his geyswerks, his earsequack, his lokistroki, o.s.v.), a scherinshener and spoilcurate, unconcerned in the mystery but under the inflounce of the milddieuw and butt of

KATE (Miss Rachel Lea Varian, she tells forking for baschfel-lors, under purdah of card palmer teaput tosspot Madam d’Elta, during the pawses), kook-and-dishdrudge, whitch believes wan-thingths, whose be the churchyard or whorts up the aasgaars, the show must go on.

Time: the pressant.

With futurist onehorse balletbattle pictures and the Pageant of Past History worked up with animal variations amid ever-glaining mangrove-azemes and beortracktors by Messrs Thud and Blunder. Shadows by the film folk, masses by the good people. Promptings by Elanio Vitale. Longshots, upcloses, outblacks and stagetolets by Hexenschuss, Coachmaher, Incubone and Rock-narrag. Creations tastefully designed by Madame Berthe Dela — mode. Dances arranged by Harley Quinn and Coolvlimbeina. Jests, jokes, jigs and jorums for the Wake lent from the properties of the late cemented Mr T. M. Finnegar R.I.C. Lipmasks and hairwigs by Ouida Nooikke. Limes and Floods by Crooker and Toll. Kopay pibe by Kappa Pedersen. Hoed Pine hat with twentyfour ventholes by Morgen. Bosse and stringbag from Heteroditheroo and All Ladies’ presents. Tree taken for grafted. Rock rent. Phænecian blends and Sourdarian doofpoosts by Shauvesourishe and Wohntbedarft. The oakmulberryke with siltrick twomesh from Shop–Sowry, seedsmanchap. Grabstone beg from General Orders Mailed. The crack (that’s Cork!) by a smoker from the gods. The interjection (Buckley!) by the fire-ment in the pit. Accidental music providentially arranged by L’Archet and Laccorde. Melodiotiosities in purefusion by the score. To start with in the beginning, we need hirtly bemark, a community prayer, everyone for himself, and to conclude with as an exodus, we think it well to add, a chorale in canon, good for us all for us all us all. Songs betune the acts by the ambiaphions of Annapolis, Joan MockComic, male so-prano, and Jean Souslevin, bass noble, respectively: O, Mester Sogermon, ef thes es whot ye deux, then I’m not surpleased ye want that bottle of Sauvequipeu and Oh Off Nunch Der Rasche Ver Lasse Mitsch Nitscht. Till the summit scenes of climgbacks castastrophear, The Bearded Mountain (Polymop Barethe-rootsch), and The River Romps to Nursery (Maidykins in Undi — form). The whole thugogmagog, including the portions under — stood to be oddmitted as the results of the respective titulars neglecting to produce themselves, to be wound up for an after-enactment by a Magnificent Transformation Scene showing the Radium Wedding of Neid and Moorning and the Dawn of Peace, Pure, Perfect and Perpetual, Waking the Weary of the World.

An argument follows.

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

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

Aminxt that nombre of evelings, but how pierceful in their so-jestiveness were those first girly stirs, with zitterings of flight re — leased and twinglings of twitchbells in rondel after, with waver — ings that made shimmershake rather naightily all the duskcended airs and shylit beaconings from shehind hims back. Sammy, call on. Mirrylamb, she was shuffering all the diseasinesses of the unherd of. Mary Louisan Shousapinas! If Arck could no more salve his agnols from the wiles of willy wooly wool! If all the airish signics of her dipandump helpabit from an Father Hogam till the Mutther Masons could not that Glugg to catch her by the colour of herbrideness! Not Rose, Sevilla nor Citronelle; not Esmeralde, Pervinca nor Indra; not Viola even nor all of them four themes over. But, the monthage stick in the melmelode jawr, I am (twintomine) all thees thing. Up tighit in the front, down again on the loose, drim and drumming on her back and a pop from her whistle. What is that, O holytroopers? Isot givin yoe?

Up he stulpled, glee you gees, with search a fling did die near sea, beamy owen and calmy hugh and if you what you my call for me I will wishyoumaycull for you.

And they are met, face a facing. They are set, force to force. And no such Copenhague–Marengo was less so fated for a fall since in Glenasmole of Smiling Thrushes Patch Whyte passed O’Sheen ascowl.

 Arrest thee, scaldbrother! came the evangelion, sabre accu-sant, from all Saint Joan’s Wood to kill or maim him, and be dumm but ill’arrested. Et would proffer to his delected one the his trifle from the grass.


But what is that which is one going to prehend? Seeks, buzzling is brains, the feinder.

The howtosayto itiswhatis hemustwhomust worden schall. A darktongues, kunning. O theoperil! Ethiao lore, the poor lie. He askit of the hoothed fireshield but it was untergone into the matthued heaven. He soughed it from the luft but that bore ne mark ne message. He luked upon the bloomingrund where ongly his corns were growning. At last he listed back to beckline how she pranked alone so johtilily. The skand for schooling.

With nought a wired from the wordless either.

Item. He was hardset then. He wented to go (somewhere) while he was weeting. Utem. He wished to grieve on the good persons, that is the four gentlemen. Otem. And it was not a long time till he was feeling true forim he was goodda purssia and it was short after that he was fooling mehuant to mehynte he was an injine ruber. Etem. He was at his thinker’s aunts to give (the four gentlemen) the presence (of a curpse). And this is what he would be willing. He fould the fourd; they found the hurtled stones; they fell ill with the gravy duck: and he sod town with the roust of the meast. Atem.

Towhere byhangs ourtales.

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

The youngly delightsome frilles-inpleyurs are now shoven drawen, if bud one, or, if in florileague, drawens up consociately at the hinder sight of their commoner guardian. Her boy fiend or theirs, if they are so plurielled, cometh up as a trapadour, sinking how he must fand for himself by gazework what their colours wear as they are all shoven drawens up. Tireton, cacheton, tire-ton, ba! Doth that not satisfy youth, sir? Quany purty bellas, here, Madama Lifay! And what are you going to
charm them to, Madama, do sa
y? Cinderynelly angled her slipper; it was cho chiny yet brough her a groom. He will angskt
of them from their commoner guardian at next lineup (who is really the rapier of the two though thother brother can hold his
own, especially for he bandished it with his hand the hold time, mamain, a simply gra-cious: Mi, O la!), and reloose that
thong off his art: Hast thou feel liked carbuckley ones? Apun which his poohor pricoxity theirs is a little tittertit of hilarity
(Lad-o’-me-soul! Lad-o’-me-soul, see!) and the wordchary is atvoiced ringsoundinly by their toots ensembled, though not
meaning to be clever, but just with a shrug of their hips to go to troy and harff a freak at himself by all that story to the
ulstramarines. Otherwised, holding their noises, they insinuate quiet private, Ni, he make peace in his preaches and play with
esteem.

Warewolff! Olff! Toboo!

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

As Rigagnolina to Mountagnone, what she meaned he could not can. All she meaned was golten sylvup, all she meaned was
some Knight’s ploung jamn. It’s driving her dafft like he’s so dumnbb. If he’d lonely ta lk instead of only gawk as thought
yate-man hat stuck hits stick although his spokes and if he woold nut wolly so! Hee. Speak, sweety bird! Mitzymitzy!
Though I did ate tough turf I’m not the bogdoxy.

— Have you monbreamstone?
— No.
— or Hellfeuesteyn?
— No.
— Or Van Diemen’s coral pearl?
— No.

He has lost.

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

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

The flossies all and mossies all they drooped upon her draped brimfall. The bowknots, the showlots, they wilted into
woeblots. The pearlagraph, the pearlagraph, knew witchly whether to weep or laugh. For always down in Carolinas lovely
Dinahs vaunt their view.

Poor Isa sits a glooming so gleaming in the gloaming; the tin-celles a touch tarnished wind no lovelinoise awound her
swan’s. Hey, lass! Woefear gleam she so glooming, this pooripathete I solde? Her beauman’s gone of a cool. Be good enough
to symper-ise. If he’s at anywhere she’s therefor to join him. If it’s to no — where she’s going to too. But if he’ll go to be a
son to France’s she’ll stay daughter of Clare. Bring tansy, throw myrtle, strew rue, rue, rue. She is fading out like Journée’s
clothes so you can’t see her now. Still we know how Day the Dyer works, in dims and deeps and dusks and darks. And
among the shades that Eve’s now wearing she’ll meet anew fiancy, tryst and trow. Mammy was, Mimmy is, Minuscoline’s to
be. In the Dee dips a dame and the dame desires a demselle but the demselle dresses dolly and the dolly does a dulcydamble.
The same renew. For though she’s unmerried she’ll after truss up and help that hussyband how to hop. Hip it and trip it and
chirrub and sing. Lord Chuffy’s sky sheraph and Glugg’s got to swing.
So and so, toe by toe, to and fro they go round, for they are the ingelles, scattering nods as girls who may, for they are an angel’s garland.

Catchmire stockings, libertyed garters, shoddyshoes, quicked out with selvern. Pennyfair caps on pinnyfore frocks and a ring on her formenfing finger. And they leap so loopy, loopy, as they link to light. And they look so loovely, looovelit, noosed in a nuptious night. Withasly glints in. Andecoy glants out. They ramp it a little, a lessle, a lissle. Then rompride round in rout.

Say them all but tell them apart, cadenzoando coloratura! R is Rubretta and A is Arancia, Y is for Yilla and N for greeneriN. B is Boyblue with odalisque O while W waters the fleurettes of no-veembrance. Though they’re all but merely a schoolgirl yet these way went they. I’ th’ view o’ th’avigneux dancing goes entrancing roundly. Miss Oodles of Anems before the Luvium doeslike. So. And then again doeslike. So. And miss Endles of Eons after Dies of Eirae doeslike. So. And then again doeslike. So. The many wiles of Winsure.

The grocer’s bawd she slips her hand in the haricot bag, the lady in waiting sips her sup from the paraffin can, Mrs Wildhare Quickdoctor helts her skelts up the casuaway the flashl instinct she herds if a tinkle of tunder, the widow Megrivey she knits cats’ cradles, this bountiful actress lessaes a harrier under her tongue, and here’s the girl who she’s kneeld in coldfashion and she’s told her priest (sp!) she’s pot on a chap (chp!) and this lass not least, this rickissime woman, who she writes foot fortunes money times over in the nursery dust with her capital thumb. Buzz. All run-away sheep bound back boopeep, trailing their teens behind them. And these ways wend they. And those ways went they. Winnie, Olive and Beatrice, Nelly and Ida, Amy and Rue. Here they come back, all the gay pack, for they are the florals, from foncey and pansey to papavere’s blush, foresake-me-nought, while there’s leaf there’s hope, with primtim’s ruse and marry-may’s blossom, all the flowers of the ancelles’ garden.

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

He dove his head into Wat Murrey, gave Stewart Ryall a puck on the plexus, wrestled a hurry-come-union with the Gillie Beg, wiped all his sinses, martial and menial, out of Shrove Sundy MacFearsome, excremuncted as freely as any frothblower into MacIsaac, had a belting bout, chaste to chaste, with McAdoo about nothing and, childhood’s age being aye the shameleast, tel a Tartaran tarastin toothsome tarrassone tourtoun, vestimentiv-orous chlamydophagian, imbretellated himself for any time un tellable with what hung over to the Machonochie Middle from the MacSiccaries of the Breeks. Home!

Allwhile, moush missuies from mungy monsie, preying in his mind, son of Everallin, within himself, he swure. Macnoon maggotty mag! Cross of a coppersmith bishop! He would split. He do big squeal like holy Trichepatte. Seek hells where from yank islanders the petriot’s absendee tarry easty, his citta immediata, by an alley and detour with fareca (prunty!) by meteo carberry banishment care of Pencylmania, Bretish Armerica, to melt hedgehung sheolmastress. And Unkel Silanse coach in diligence. Discon

vembra of Era. Mum’s for’s maxim, ban’s for’s book and Dodgesome Dora for hearthung sheolmistress. And Unkel Silanse coach in diligence. Discon-nection of the succeeding. He wholehog himself for carberry banishment care of Pencylmania, Bretish Armerica, to melt Mrs Gloria of the Bunkers’ Trust, recorporated, (prunty!) by meteo-romancy and linguified heissrohgin, quit to hail a hurry laracor and catch the Paname–Turricum and regain that absentee tarry easy, his citta immediata, by an alley and detour with farecard available getrennty years. Right for Rovy the Roder. From the safe side of distance! Libera, nostalgia! Beate Laurentie O’Tuli, Euro pra nobis! Every monk his regain that absendee tarry easty, his citta immediata, by an alley and detour with fareca (prunty!) by meteo carberry banishment care of Pencylmania, Bretish Armerica, to melt
lenders! And daunt you logh if his vineshanky’s schwemmy! For he is the general, make no mistake in he. He is General Jinglesome.

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


Maleesh! He would bare to untired world of Leimunconon-nulstria (and what a strip poker globbtrottel they pairs would looks!) how wholefellows, his guffer, the sabbatarian (might faction split his beard!), he too had a great big oh in the megafundum of his tomashundres and how her Lettyshape, his gummer, that congealed sponsar, she had never cessed at waking marters among the jemassons since the duft that meataxe delt her made her microchasm as gap as down low. So they fished in the kette and fought free and if she bit his tailibout all hat tiffin for thea. He would jused sit it all write down just as he would jused set it all writhefully rate in blotch and void, yielding to no man in hymns ignorance, seeing how heartsily sory he was, owning to the condrition of his bikestool. And, reading off his fleshskin and writing with his quillbone, fillfully

Tholedoth, treetrene! Zokrahsing, stone! Arty, reminiscen-sitive, at bandstand finale on grand carriero, dreaming largesse of lifesighs over early lived offs — all old Sators of the Sowsceptre highly nutritius family histronic, genitricksling with Aves and Avia, that simple pair, and descendant down on veloutypads by a vuncular process to Nurus and Noverc, those notorious nepotists, circumpictified in their sobrine census, patriss all of them by the glos on their germane faces and their socerine eyes like transparents of vitricus, patruuts to a man, the archimade levirs of his ekonome world. Remember thee, castle throwen? Ones propsperups treed, now stohong baroque. And oil paint use a pumme if yell trace me there title to where was a hovel not a havel (the first rattle of his juniverse) with a tingtumtingling and a next, next and next (gin a pad got a petty? gussies, gif it ope?), while itch ish shome.

— My God, alas, that dear olt tumtum home

Whereof in youthfood port I preyed

Amook the verdigassy convict vallsall dazes.

And cloetered for amourmeant in thy boosome shede!

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

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

And it was so. And Malthos Moramor resumed his soul. With: Go Ferchios off to Allad out of this! An oldsteinsong. He threwed his fit up to his aers, rolled his poligone eyes, snivelled from his nose and blew the guff out of his hornypipe. The hopjoint jerk of a ladle broom jig that he learned in locofoco when a redhot turnspite he. Under reign of old Roastin the Bowl Ratskillers, readylos! Why was that man for he’s doin her wrong! Lookery looks, how he’s knots in his entrails! Mookery mooks, it’s a gripe of his gripes. Seekeryseeks, why his biting he’s head off? Cokerycokes, it’s his spurt of coal. And may his tarpitch dilute not give him chromitis! For the mauwe that blinks you blank is mostly Carbo. Where the inflammabilis might pursuive his com-burenda with a pure flame and a true flame and a flame all too — gasser, soot. The worst is over. Wait! And the dubuny Mag may gang to preesses. With Dinny Finneen, me canty, ho! In the lost of the gleamens. Sousymoust. For he would himself deal a treatment as might be trusted in anticipation of his inculmination unto fructification for the major operation. When (pip!) a message interfering intermitting interskips from them (pet!) on herzian waves, (call her venicy names! call her a stell!) a butterfly from her zipclasped handbag, a wounded dove astared from, escaping out her forecotes. Isle wail for yews, O doherlynt! The poetesser. And around its scorched cap she has twilled a twine of flame to let the laitiest know she’s marrid. And pim it goes backballed. Tot burns it so leste. A claribel cumbeck to errind. Hers before his even, posted ere penned. He’s your change, thinkyou methim. Go daft noon, madden, mind the step. Please stoop O to please. Stop. What saying? I have soreunder from to him now, dear-mate ashore, so, so compleasely till I can get redressed, which means the end of my stays in the languish of Tintangle. Is you zealous of mes, brother? Did you boo moiety lowd? You sup-poted to be the on conditiously rejected? Satanly, lade! Can that sobstuff, whingeywilly! Stop up, mavrone, and sit in my lap, Pepette, though I’d much rather not. Like things are m. ds. is all in vincibles. Decoded.

Now a run for his money! Now a dash to her dot! Old cocker, young crowy sifadda, sosson. A bran new, speedhount, outstripperous on the wind. Like a waft to wingweary one or a sos to a coastguard. For directly with his whoop, stop and an upalpesy didando a tishy, in appreciable less time than it takes a glaciator to submerger an Atlangthis, was he again, agob, before the trembly ones, a spark’s gap off, doubledasguesched, gotten orlop in a simplasailormade and shaking the storm out of his hicups. The smartest vessel you could find would elazilee him on her kne as her lucky for the Rio Grande. He’s a pigtailtarr and if he hadn’t got it toothick he’d a telltale tall of his pitcher on a wall with his photor in the papers for cuttin moutonlegs and capers, letting on he’d jest be japers and his tail cooked up.

Goal! It’s one by its length.

Angelinas, hide from light those hues that your sin beau may bring to light! Though down to your dowerstrip he’s bent to knee he maun’t know ledgings here.

For a haunting way will go and you need not make your mow. Find the frengre for frocks and translace it into shocks of such as touch with show and show.

He is guessing at hers for all he is worse, the seagoer. Hark to his wily geeses goosling by, and playfair, lady! And note that they who will for exile say can for dog while they won’t leave ingle end says now for know.

For he faulters how he hates to trouble them without.

But leaving codhead’s mitre and the heron’s plumes sinnistrant to the server of servants and rex of regums and making a bolder-dash for lubberty of speech he asks not have you seen a match being struck nor is this powder mine but, letting punplays pass to ernest:
— Haps thee jaoneofers?
— Nao.
— Haps thee mayjaunties?
— Naohao.
— Haps thee per causes nunsibellies?
— Naohaoahao.
— Asky, asky, asky! Gau on! Micaco! Get!

Ping an ping nwan ping pwan pong.

And he did a get, their anayance, and slink his hook away, aleguere come alaguerre. like a chimista inhamisas, whom the harricana hurries and hots foots, zingo, zango, segur. To hoots of utskut, urqurd, jamal, qum, yallah, yawash, yak! For he could ciappacioppachew upon a skarp snakk of pure undefallen engelsk, melanmoon or tartartortoise, tsukisaki or soppisuppon, as raskly and as baskly as your cheesechalk cow cudd spanich. Makoto! Whagta kriowday! Gelagala nausy is. Yet right divining do not was. Hovobovo hafogate hokidimatzi in kamicha! He had his sperrits all foulen on him; to vet, most griposly, he was bedizzled and debuzzled; he had his tristiest cabaleer on; and looked like bruddy Hal. A shelling a cocks hy and be donkey shot at? Or a peso besant to join the armada?

But, Sin Showpanza, could anybroddy which walked this world with eyes whiteopen have looked twinsomer than the kerl he left behind him? Candidatus, viridosus, aurilucens, sinelab? Of all the green heroes everwore coton breiches, the whitemost, the goldenest! How he stud theirs with himselfs mostest kevinly, and that anterrevoluytional, the churchman childfather from tonsor’s tuft to almonder’s toes, a haggiography in duotrigesumy, son soptimost of sire sixtusks, of Mayaquesqueens sign osure, hevnly buddhy time, inwreathed of his near cissies, a nickly dazzly eely oily with looiscurrals, a soulnetzer by zvesdals priestessd, their trail the tractive, and dem dandypanies knows de play of de eye-lids, with his gamecox spurts and his smile likequid glue (the suessiest sourir ever weanling wore), whiles his host of spritties, lusspillerindernees, they went peahenn ing a ripidarapidarpad around him, pilgrim prinkips, kerilour kevinour, in neuchoristic congres puls, quite purringly excited, rpdrpd, allauding to him by all the nicknames in the litany with the terms in which no little dulsy nayer ever thinks about implying except to her future’s year and sending him perfume most praypuffs to setis-fire more then to teasm (shllwe help, now you’ve massmuled, you t’riglect a bit? yismik? yimissy?) that he, the finehued, the fairhailed, the farahead, might bouchesave unto each but every-one, asfar as safras durst assure, the havemercyonhurs of his kisser licence. Meanings: Andure the enjuryous till imbetther rer. We know you like Latin with essies impures, (and your liber as they sea) we certney like gurgles love the nargleygargley so, arrah-beejee, tell that old frankay boyuk to bellows upthe tombucky in his tumtum argan and give us a gust of his gushy old. Goof!

Hynumber twentynine. O, the singing! Happy little girly-cums to have adolphed such an Adelphus! O, the swinging hopops so goholden! They’ve come to chant en chor. They say their salat, the madiens’ prayer to the messiager of His Nabis, prostitating their selfs eachwise and combinedly. Fateha, fold the hands. Be it honoured, bow the head. May thine evings e’en be blossful! Even of bliss! As we so hope for ablution. For the sake of the farbung and of the scent and of the holiodrops. Amems.

A pause. Their orison arises misquewhite as Osman glory, ebbing wasteward, leaves to the soul of light its fading silence (allah — lah laalah lah!), a turquewashed sky. Then:

— Xanthos! Xanthos! Xanthos! We thank to thine, mighty innocent, that diddest bring it off fuitefuifte. Should in offer years it became about you will after desk jobduty becoming a bank mid-land mansioner we and I shall reside with our obeisant servants among Burke’s mobility at La Roseraie, Ailesbury Road. Red bricks are all hellishly good values if you trust to the roster of ads but we’ll save up ourselves and nab what’s nicest and boskiest of timber trees in the nebohood. Oncaill’s plot.
Luccombe oaks, Turkish hazels, Greek firs, incense palm edcedras. The hypso-meters of Mount Anville is held to be dying out of arthataxis but, praise send Larix U’ Thule, the wych elm of Manelagh is still flourishing in the open, because its native of our nature and the seeds was sent by Fortune. We’ll have our private palapecahum pillarposterns for lovesick letterines fondly affianxed to our front railings and swings, hammocks, tighthead ballelites, accomoda-tionnooks and prismatic bathboites, to make Envyeys mouth water and wonder when they binocular us from their embrassured windows in our garden rare. Fyat–Fyat shall be our number on the autokinaton and Chubby in his Chuffs oursforowanly chuffeur. T will be waiting for uns as I sold U at the first antries. Our cousin gourmand, Percy, the pup, will denounce the sniff-nomers of all callers where among our Seemyease Sister, Tabitha, the ninelived, will extend to the full her heartly welcome. While the turf and twigs they tattle. Tintin tintin. Lady Marmela Short-bred will walk in for supper with her marchpane switch on, her necklace of almonds and her poirette Sundae dress with bracelets of honey and her cochinal hose with the caramel dancings, the briskly best from Bootietown, and her suckingsting of ivory- mint. You mustn’t miss it or you’ll be sorry. Charmeuses chloes, glyciering juwells, lydialight fans and puffedmen cynarettes. And the Prince Le Monade has been graciously pleased. His six choco-late pages will run bugging before him and Cococream toddle after with his sticksword in a pink cushion. We think His Spark-ling Headiness ought to know Lady Marmela. Lusomse his for lissome hers. He’s not going to Cork till Cantalamesse or may-hope till Rose Easter or Saint Tibble’s Day. So Niemon knows. The Fomer’s in his Fin, the Momor’s her and hin. A paaralone! A paaralone! And Dublin’s all adin. We’ll sing a song of Single-month and you’ll too and you’ll. Here are notes. Here is the key. One two three. Chours! So come on, ye wealthy gentymen wib-frufrockfull of fun! Thin thin! Thin thin! Thel olly and thel ively, thou billy with thee coo, for to jog a jig of a crispness nice and sing a missal too. Hip champouree! Hiphip champouree! O you longtailed blackman, polk it up behind me! Hip champouree! Hiphip champouree! And, jessies, push the punkik round. Anne-liuia!

Since the days of Roamaloose and Rehmoose the pavanos have been strident through their struts of Chapelledisent, the vaulsies have meed and youldled through the purly ooze of Ballybough, many a mismy cloudy has tripped taintily along that hercourt strayed reeway and the rigadoons have been held ragtimest revels on the platauplain of Grangegeorman; and, though since then ster-lings and guineas have been replaced by brooks and lions and some progress has been made on stilts and the races have come and gone and Thyme, their calyzettes, alls they go troping, those parrshoots from his muscalone pistil, for he can eyespy through them, to their selfcolours, nevertheleast their tissue peepers, (meaning Mullabury mesh, the time of appling flowers, a guarded figure of speech, a variety of perfume, a bridawl, seamist inso one) as leichtly as see saw (O my goodmiss! O my greatmess! O my prizelestly presh (meaning Mullabury mesh, the time of appling flowers, a guarded figure of speech, a variety of perfume, a bridawl, seamist inso one) as leichtly as see saw (O my goodmiss! O my greatmess! O my prizelestly presh (meaning Mullabury mesh, the time of appling flowers, a guarded figure of speech, a variety of perfume, a bridawl, seamist inso one) as leichtly as see saw (O my goodmiss! O my greatmess! O my prizelestly presh (meaning Mullabury mesh, the time of appling flowers, a guarded figure of speech, a variety of perfume, a bridawl, seamist inso one) as leichtly as see saw (O my goodmiss! O my greatmess! O my prizelestly presh (meaning Mullabury mesh, the time of appling flowers, a guarded figure of speech, a variety of perfume, a bridawl, seamist inso one) as leichtly as see saw (O my goodmiss! O my greatmess! O my prizelestly presh (meaning Mullabury mesh, the time of appling flowers, a guarded figure of speech, a variety of perfume, a bridawl, seamist inso one) as leichtly as see saw (O my goodmiss! O my greatmess! O my prizelestly presh

Just so styalled with the nattes are their flowerheads now and each of all has a lovestalk onto herself and the tot of all the tits of their understamens is as open as he can posably she and is tourne of things feminite, towooerds him in heliolatry, so they may catch and blanched at our pollution and your intercourse at ninety legsplits does not defile.|Untouchable is not the scarecrow is on y

And they said to him:

— Enchanted, dear sweet Stainusless, young confessorz, dearer dearest, we herehear, aboutobloss, O coelicola, thee salutamt. Pattern of our unschoold, pageantmaster, deliverer of softmis-sives, round the world in forty mails, bag, belt and balmybeam, our barnaboy, our chepachap, with that pampipe in your put

— Enchanted, dear sweet Stainusless, young confessorz, dearer dearest, we herehear, aboutobloss, O coelicola, thee salutamt. Pattern of our unschoold, pageantmaster, deliverer of softmis-sives, round the world in forty mails, bag, belt and balmybeam, our barnaboy, our chepachap, with that pampipe in your put
`twill be o’erthemore willfully intomeet if the coming offence can send our shudders before. We ôeem to have being előewhere as tho’ th’ had paós’d in our ūuwopens. Next to our shrinking selves we love sensitivas best. For they are the AngŚles. Brick, fawe, jonquil, sprig, fleet, nocturne, smiling bruise. For they are an AngŚle’s garment. We will be constant (what a word!) and bless the day, for whole hours too, yes, for sold long syne as we shall be heing in our created being of ous elvishness, the day you befell, you dreadful temptation! Now promisus as at our requested you will remain ignorant of all what you hear and, though if whilst disrobing to the edge of risk, (the bisifings in idolhours that satinfines tootoo!) draw a veil till we next time! You don’t want to peach but bejimboed if ye do! Perhelps. We ernst too may. How many months or how many years till the myriathd and first become! Bashfulness be tupped! May he colp, may he colp her, may he mixandmass colp her! Talk with a hare and you wake of a tartars. That’s mus. Says the Law. List! Kicky Lacey, the pervergined, and Bianca Mutantini, her conversa, drew their fools longth finnishfurst, Herzog van Vellentam, but me and meother ravin, my coosome of mine, have mour good three chancers, weothers, after Bohnaparts. The mything smilling of me, my wholesale assumption, shes nowt me-without as weam twin herewithin, that I love like myselfish, like smithereneers robinsongs, like junees nutslost, like the blue of the sky if I stoop for to spy’s between my whiteyounightcallimbs. How their duel makes their triel! Eer’s wax for Sur Soord, dong-dong bollets for the iris riflers, queueaswalth of coocome in their combas for the jennyjos. Caro caressimus! Hone swarms where mellsionsponds. Will bee all buzzy one another minnies for the mere effect that you are so fuld of pollen yourself. Teomeo! Daurdour! We feel unspeecably thoughtless over it all here in Gizzygyazzelle Tark’s bimboowood so pleaskindly communicake with the original sinse we are only yearning as yet how to burgeon. It’s meant milliems of centiments deadlost or mislaid on them but, master of snakes, we can sloughchange in the nip of a napple solongas we can alsee for deadsseton your quick. By the hook in your look we’re eyed for aye were you begging the questuan with your lutean bowl round Mondkesseraag. And whenever you’re tingling in your trout we’re sure to be tangled in our tice-ments. It’s game, ma chŠre, be offwith your shepherdress on! Up — some cauda! Behose our handmades for the lured! To these nunce we are but yours in ammatures yet well come that day we shall ope to be ores. Then shalt thou see, seeing, the sight. No more hoax-ites! Nay more gifting in menage! A her’s fancy for a his friend and then that fellow yours after this follow ours. Vania, Vania Vaniorum, Domne Vanias!

Hightime is ups be it down into outs according! When there shall be foods for vermin as full as feeds for the fett, eat on earth as there’s hot in oven. When every Klitty of a scolderymeid shall hold every yardscallion’s right to stimm her uprechct for whimso-ever, whether on privates, whather in publics. And when all us romance catholeens shall have ones for all amanseparated. And the world is maidfree. Methanks. So much for His Meignysthy man! And all his bigvergined, and Bianca Mutantini, her conversa, drew their fools longth finnishfurst, Herzog van Vellentam, but me and meother ravin, my coosome of mine, have mour good three chancers, weothers, after Bohnaparts. The mything smilling of me, my wholesale assumption, shes nowt me-without as weam twin herewithin, that I love like myselfish, like smithereens robinsongs, like junees nutslost, like the blue of the sky if I stoop for to spy’s between my whiteyounightcallimbs. How their duel makes their triel! Eer’s wax for Sur Soord, dong-dong bollets for the iris riflers, queueaswalth of coocome in their combas for the jennyjos. Caro caressimus! Hone swarms where mellsionsponds. Will bee all buzzy one another minnies for the mere effect that you are so fuld of pollen yourself. Teomeo! Daurdour! We feel unspeecably thoughtless over it all here in Gizzygyazzelle Tark’s bimboowood so pleaskindly communicake with the original sinse we are only yearning as yet how to burgeon. It’s meant milliems of centiments deadlost or mislaid on them but, master of snakes, we can sloughchange in the nip of a napple solongas we can alsee for deadsseton your quick. By the hook in your look we’re eyed for aye were you begging the questuan with your lutean bowl round Mondkesseraag. And whenever you’re tingling in your trout we’re sure to be tangled in our tice-ments. It’s game, ma chŠre, be offwith your shepherdress on! Up — some cauda! Behose our handmades for the lured! To these nunce we are but yours in ammatures yet well come that day we shall ope to be ores. Then shalt thou see, seeing, the sight. No more hoax-ites! Nay more gifting in menage! A her’s fancy for a his friend and then that fellow yours after this follow ours. Vania, Vania Vaniorum, Domne Vanias!

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While in those wherebus there wont bears way (mearing unknown, a place where pigeons carry fire to seethe viands, a miry

These bright elects, consentconsorted, they were waltzing up their willside with their princesome handsome angeline chuff while in those wherebus there wont bears way (mearing unknown, a place where pigeons carry fire to seethe viands, a miry

...
him as pious alios cos he ast for shave and haircut people said he’d shape of hegoat where he just was sheep of herrgott with his tile toggled. Top. Not true what chronicles is bringing his portemanteau priamed full potato-wards. Big dumm crumm digaditches say short again akter, even while lossassinated by summan, he coaxyorum a pennysilvers offarings blowdonages with candid zuckers on Spinshesses Walk in presents to lilithe maidinettes for at bloo his noose for him with pruriest polygamous intentations, he having that pecuni-arity aimint spectacularly in heather cliff emerunty on gale days because souffrant chronic from a plentitude of house toorts. Collosul rhodomantic not wert one bronze lie Scholarina say as he, greyed vike cuddledpuller, walk in her sleep his pig indicks weg femtyfem funs. Of so little is her timentrounest great for greeting his immensesness. Sutt soonas sett they were, her uyes as his auroholes. Kaledvalch! How could one classically? One could naught critically. Iniest lightingshaft only for lovalit smugpipe, his Mistress Mershame, of cupric tresses, the form-white foaminine, the ambersandalled, after Aasdocktor Talop’s onamuttony legture. A mish, holy balm of seinsed myrries, he is as good as a mountain and everybody what is found of his giants he knew Meistral Wikingson, furnframed Noordwogen’s kampf-ten, with complexion of blushing dolomite fanned by ozoene brisees, what naver saw his bedhead farrer and nuver met his swigamore, have his ignomen from prima signation of being Master Milchku, queerest man in the benighted queendom, and, adcraft aidant, how he found the kids. Other accuse him as lochkneeched forsunkener, dope in stockknob, all ameltingmouth for rhomatism, purely simply tammy ratkins. The kurd of Copt on the berbutteruts and their bedaweens! Even was Shes whole begeds ofbefore all his nahars in the koldbethizzdryel. No gudth! Not one zouz! They whitediered ragrups, two Whales of the Sea of Deceit, they bloodiblablard shooters, three Drome-daries of the Sands of Calumdoma. As is note worthy to shock his hind! Ur greeft on them! Such askors and their raperts they are putting in for more oshghirs is also false liarnels. The frocken-halted victims! Whore affirm is agains sempry Lotta Karssens. They would lick their lenses before they would negatsiate a jom petter from kis sodalites. In his contrary and on reality, which Bishop Babwith bares to his whitness in his Just a Fication of Villumses, this Mr Heer Assessor Neelson, of soarestate hearing, diseased, formarly with Adenoiks, den feed all Lighty, laxtleap great change of retiring family buckler, highly accurect in his everythinks, from tencent coupoll to bargain basement, live with howthold of number seven, wideawake, woundabout, wokin-bets, weeklings, in black velvet on geoligian mission senest many years his rear in the lane pictures, blanking same with autonaut and annexes and got a daairling babyboy bucktooth, the thick of a gobstick, coming on ever so nerses nursety, gracies to goodness, at 81. That why all parks up excited about his gunnofder. That why ecrazyaztecs and the crime ministers preaching him morn-ings and makes a power of spoon vittles out of his proverbs. That why he, persona erecta, glycorawman arsenicful femorniser, for a trial by julias, in celestial sunhat, with two purses agitatating his theopot with wokklebout shake, rather incoherend, from one 18 to one 18 biss, young shy gay youngs. Sympoly far infusing up pritty tipidities to lock up their rahnoidaisies and be nice and twainty in the shade. Old grand tuttut toucher up of young poetographies and he turn aroundabrupt red alfrumpishly like hear samhar tionnor falls some make one noise. It’s his last lap, Gigantic, fare him weal! Revelation! A fact. True bill. By a jury of matrons. Hump for humbleness, dump for dirts. And, to make a long stoney badder and a whorly show a parfect sight, his Thing went the wholyway retup Suffrogate Strate.

Helpmeat too, contrasta toga, his fiery goosemother, laotsey taotsey, woman who did, he tell princes of the age about. You sound on me, judges! Suppose we brisken up. Kings! Meet the Mem, Avenlith, all viviparous out of couple of lizards. She just as fenny as he is fulgar. How last soever her latest still her sawlogs come up all standing. Psing a psalm of splexpens, apocryphul of rhyme! His cheekmole of allaph foriverever her allinall and his Kuran never teachit her the be the owner of thyself. So she not swop her eckcot hjem for Howarden's Castle, Englandwales. But be the allenace apocryphul of rhyme! His cheekmole of allaph foriverever her allinall and his Kuran never teachit her the be the owner of just as fenny as he is fulgar. How laat soever her latest still her sawlogs come up all s...
a clamast apotria like any purple cardinal’s princess or woman of the grave word to the papal legate from the Vatucum, Monsaigneur Rabbinoath Crucis, with an ass of milg to his cowmate and chitterlings on account of all he quagueduxed for the hnor of Hrom and the nations abhord him and wop mezzo scudo to Sant Purzy Orelli that gave Luiz–Marios Josephs their loyal devouces to be offered up missas for vows for widders.

Hear, O worldwithout! Tiny tattling! Backwoods, be wary! Daintytrees, go dutch!

But who comes yond with pire on poletop? He who relights our spearing torch, the moon. Bring lolave branches to mud cabins and peace to the tents of Ceder, Neomene! The feast of Tubbournigglers is at hand. Shopshup. Inisfail! Timpel temple tells the bells. In synaggyng a sangasongue. For all in Ondslos-by. And, the hag they damename Coverflew hists from her lane. And haste, ‘tis time for bairns ta hame. Chickchilds, comehoo to roo. Comehome to roo, wee chickchilds doo, when the wild-worewolf’s abroad. Ah, let’s away and let’s gay and let’s stay chez where the log foyer’s burning!


But heed! Our thirty minutes war’s alull. All’s quiet on the felled of Gorey. Between the starfort and the thornwood brass castle flambs with mutton candles. Hushkah, a horn! Gadolmag–tag! God es El! Housefather calls entheaterningly. From Bran — denborganthor. At Asa’s arthre. In thundercloud periwrig. With lightning bug aflash from afinger. My souls and by jings, should he work his jaw to give down the banks and hark from the tomb! Ansighosa pokes in her potstill to souse at the sop be sodden enow and to hear to all the bubbles besaying: the coming man, the future woman, the food that is to build, what he with fifteen years will do, the ring in her mouth of joyous guard, stars astir ant stirabout. A palashe for hirs, a saucy for hers and ladellike spoons for the wonner. But ein and twee were never worth three. So they must have their final since he’s on parole. Et la pau’ Leonie has the choice of her lives between Josephinus and Mario–Louis for who is to wear the lily
of Bohemey, Florestan, Thaddeus, Hardress or Myles. And lead raptivity captive. Ready! Like a Finn at a fair. Now for la belle! Icy-la-Belle!

The campus calls them. Ninan ninan, the gattling gan! Childs will be wilds. ‘Twastold. And vamp, vamp, vamp, the girls are merchand. The horseshow magenet draws his field and don’t the fillyings fly? Educande of Sorrento, they newknow knowwell their Vico’s road. Arranked in their array and flocking for the fray on that old orangeray, Dolly Brae. For these are not on terms, they twain, bartrosser, since their baffle of Whatalose when Adam Leftus and the devil took our hindmost, gifting her with his painapple, nor will not be atoned at all in fight to no finish, that dark deed doer, this wellwilled wooer, Jerkoff and Eatsoup, Yem or Yan, while flexed is who culpas does and harm’s worth healing and Brune is bad French for Jour d’Anno. Tiggers and Tuggers they’re all for tenzones. Bettlimbraves. For she must walk out. And it must be with who. Teaseforhim. Toesforhim. Tossforhim. Two. Else there is danger of. Solitude.

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

Boo, you’re through!

Hoo, I’m true!

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

Teapotty. Teapotty.


He wept indeiterum. With such a tooth he seemed to love his wee tart when abuy. Highly momourning he see the before him. Melained from nape to kneecap though vied from her girders up. Holy Santalto, cursing saint, sight most deletious to ross up the spyballs like exude of margary! And how him it heaviered that eyerim rust! An they bare falls witless against thee how slight becomes a hidden wound? Soldwoter he wash him all time big-feller bruisy place blong him. He no want missies blong all boy other look bruisy place blong him. Hence. It will paineth the chastenot in that where of his whence he had loseth his once for every, even though mode grow moramor maenneritsch and the Tarara boom decay. Immaculacy, give but to drink to his shirt and all skirtaskortas must change her tunics. So warred he from first to last, forebanned and betweenly, a smuggler for lifer. Lift the blank ve veered as heil! Split the hvide and aye seize heaven! He knows for he’s seen it in black and white through his eyetrompit trained upon jenny’s and all that sort of thing which is dandymount to a clearobscure. Prettimaid tints may try their taunts: apple, bacchante, custard, dove, eskimo, feldgrau, hema-tite, isinglass, jet, kipper, lucile, mimosa, nut, oysterette, prune, quasimodo, royal, sago, tango, umber, vanilla, wisteria, xray, yesplease, zaza, philomel, theerose. What are they all by? Shee.

If you nude her in her prime, make sure you find her comple-mentary or, on your very first occasion, by Angus Dagdasson and all his piccions, she’ll prick you where you’re proudest with her unsatt speagle eye. Look sharp, she’s signalling from among the asters. Turn again, wistfultone, lode mere of Doubtlynn! Arise, Land-under-Wave! Clap your lingua to your pallet, drop your jowl with a jolt, tambourine until your breath slides, pet a pout and it’s out. Have you got me, Allysloper?

My top it was brought Achill’s low, my middle I ope before you, my bottom’s a vulser if ever there valsed and my whole the flower that stars the day and is solly well worth your pilgr’s faht. Where there’s a hitch, a head of things, let henker’s halter hang the halunkenend. For I see through your weapon. That cry’s not Cucullus. And his eyelids are painted. If my tutor here is cut out for an oldeborre I’m Flo, shy of peeps, you know. But when he beetles backwards, ain’t I fly? Pull the boughpee to see how we sleep. Bee Peep! Peepette! Would you like that lump of a tongue for lungeon or this Turkey’s delighter, hyshyphen mys? My bellyswain’s a twalf whulerusspower though he knows as much how to man a wife as Dunckle Dalton of
matching wools. Shake hands through the thicketloch! Sweet swanwater! My other is mouthfilled. This kissing wold’s full of killing fellows kneeling voyantly to the cope of heaven. And somebody’s coming, I feel for a fact. I’ve a seeklet to sell thee if old Deanns won’t be there-spanning. When you’ll next have the mind to retire to be wicked this is as dainty a way as any. Underwoods spells bush-ment’s business. So if you sprig poplar you’re bound to twig this. ’Twas my lord of Glendalough benedixed the gape for me that time at Long Entry, commanding the approaches to my intimast innermost. Look how they’re browthered! Six thirteens at Blanche de Blanche’s of 3 Behind Street and 2 Turnagain Lane. Awabeg is my callby, Magnus here’s my Max, Wonder One’s my cipher and Seven Sisters is my neighbrood. Radouga, Rab will ye na pick them in their pink of panties. You can colour up till you’re prawn while I go squirt with any cockle. When here who adolls me infuxes sleep. But if this could see with its backsight he’d be the grand old greeneyed lobster. He’s my first viewmarc since Valentine. Wink’s the winning word.

Luck!

In the house of breathings lies that word, all fairness. The walls are of rubinen and the glittergates of elfinbone. The roof herof is of massicious jasper and a canopy of Tyrian awning rises and still descends to it. A grape cluster of lights hangs therebeneath and all the house is filled with the breathings of her fairness, the fairness of fondance and the fairness of milk and rhubarb and the fairness of roasted meats and uniomargrits and the fairness of promise with consonantia and avowals. There lies her word, you reder! The height herup exalts it and the lowness her down aba-seth it. It vibroverberates upon the tegmen and prosplodes from pomoeria. A window, a hedge, a prong, a hand, an eye, a sign, a head and keep your other augur on her paypaypay. And you have it, old Sem, pat as ah be seated! And Sunny, my gander, he’s coming to land her. The boy which she now adores. She dores. Oh backed von dem zug! Make weg for their tug!

With a ring ding dong, they raise clasped hands and advance more steps to retire to the saum. Curtsey one, curtsey two, with arms akimbo, devotees.

Irrelevance.

All sing:

— I rose up one maypole morning and saw in my glass how nobody loves me but you. Ugh. Ugh.

All point in the shem direction as if to shun. — My name is Misha Misha but call me Toffey Tough. I mean Mettenchough. It was her, boy the boy that was loft in the larch. Ogh! Ogh!

Her reverence.

All laugh.

They pretend to helf while they simply shauted at him sauce to make hims prich. And ith ith noth cricquette, Sally Lums. Not by ever such a lot. Twentynines of bloomers gegging een man arose. Avis was there and trilled her about it. She’s her sex, for certain. So to celebrate the occasion:

— Willest thou rossy banders havind?

He simules to be tight in ribbings round his rumpffkorpff.

— Are you Swarthants that’s hit on a shorn stile?

He makes semblant to be swiping their chimbleys.

— Can you ajew ajew fro’ Sheidam?
He finges to be cutting up with a pair of sissors and to be buy-tings of their maidens and spitting their heads into their facepails.

Spickspuk! Spoken.

So now be hushy, little pukers! Side here roohish, cleany fug-lers! Grandicellies, all stay zitty! Adultereux, rest as befour! For you’ve jollywelly dawdled all the day. When ye coif tantoncle’s hat then’ll be largely tents for that. Yet’s the time for being now, now, now.

For a burning would is come to dance inane. Glamours hath moidered’s lieb and herefore Coldours must leap no more. Lack breath must leap no more.

Lel lols for libelman libling his lore. Lolo Lolo liebermann you loved to be leaving Libnius. Lift your right to your Liber Lord. Link your left to your lass of liberty. Lala Lala, Leapermann, your lep’s but a loop to lee.

A fork of hazel o’er the field in vox the verveine virgins ode. If you cross this rood as you roamed the rand I’m blessed but you’d feel him a blasting rod. Behind, me, frees from evil smells! Perdition stinks before us.

Led by Lignifer, in four hops of the happiest, ach beth cac duff, a marrer of the sward incoronate, the few fly the farbetteren! We haul minymony on that piebold nig. Will any tubble dabble on the bay? Nor far jocubus? Nic for jay? Attalid! Attatilad! Get up, Goth’s scourge on you! There’s a visitation in your impluvium. Hun! Hun!

He stanth theirs mun in his natural, oblious autamnesically of his very proprium, (such is stockpot leaden, so did sonsepun crake) the wont to be wanton maid a will to be wise. Thrust from the light, apophotorejected, he spoors loves from her heats. He blinkth. But’s wrath’s the higher where those wreath charity. For all of these have been thisworlders, time liqueiscing into state, pitiless age grows angelhood. Though, as he steeth, most anysing may befall him from a song of a witch to the totter of Blackars, given a fammished devil, a young sourceress and (eternal conjunction) the permission of overalls with the superation of night — shirt. If he spice east he seethes in sooth and if he pierce north he wilts in the waist. And what wonder with the murmery vice-heid in the shade? The specks on his lapspan are his foul deed thoughs, wishmarks of mad imogonation. Take they off! Make the off! But Funnylegs are leanly. A bimbamb bum! They vain would convert the to be hers in the word. Gush, they wooed! Gash, they’re fair ripecherry!

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

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

But listen to the mocking birde to micking barde making bared! We’ve heard it aye since songdom was gemurrmal. As he was queering his shoolthers. So was I. And as I was cleansing my fausties. So was he. And as way ware puffing our blowbags. Souwouyou.

Come, thrust! Go, parry! Dvojibrathran, dare. The mad long ramp of manchind’s parlements, the learned lacklearning, merciless as wonderful.
— Now may Saint Mowy of the Pleasant Grin be your ever-glass and even prospect!

— Feeling dank.

Exchange, reverse.

— And may Saint Jerome of the Harlots’ Curse make family three of you which is much abedder!

— Grassy ass ago.

And each was wrought with his other. And his continence fell. The bivitellines, Metellus and Ametallikos, her crown pretenders, obsindgemeinded biekerers, varying directly, uruseye each oxes-other, superfetated (never cleaner of lamps frowned fiercelier on anointer of hinges), while their treegrown girls, king’s game, if he deign so, are in such transfusion just to know twigt timidy twomeys, for gracious sake, who is arthoudoux from whose heterotropic, the sleepy or the glouch, for, shyly bawn and showly nursured, exceedingly nice girls can strike exceedingly bad times unless so richly chosen’s by (what though of riches he have none and hope dashes hope on his heart’s horizon) to gar their great moments greater. The thing is he must be put strait on the spot, no mere waterstichystuff in a selfmade world that you can’t believe a word he’s written in, to gar their great moments greater. The thing is he must be put strait on the spot, no mere waterstichystuff in a selfmade world that you can’t believe a word he’s written in, not for pie, but one’s only owned by naturel rejection. Charley, you’re my darwin! So sing they sequent the assent of man. Till they go round if they go roundagain before breakparts and all dismissed. They keep. Step keep. Step. Stop. Who is Fleur? Where is Ange? Or Gardoun?

Creedless, croonless hangs his haughty. There end no moe red devil in the white of his eye. Braglodyte him do a katadupe! A condam quondam jontom sick af a suckbut! He does not know how his grandson’s grandson’s grandson will stammer up in Peruvian for in the ersebest idiom I have done it equals I so shall do. He dares not think why the grandmother of the grand-mother of his grandmother’s grandmother coughed Russky with suchky husky accent since in the mouthart of the slove look at me now means I once was otherwise. Not that the mappamund has been changing pattern as youth plays moves from street to street since time and races were and wise ants hoarded and saute-relles were spendthrifts, no thing making newthing wealthshow — ever for a silly old Sol, healthytobedder and latwiser. Nor that the turtling of a London’s alderman is ladled out by the waggerful to the regionals of pignyland. His part should say in honour bound: So help me symethew, sammarc, selluc and singin, I will stick to you, by gum, no matter what, bite simbum, and in case of the event coming of beforehand even so you was to release me for the sake of the other cheap girl’s baby’s name plaster me but I will pluckily well pull on the buckskin gloves! But Noodynaady’s actual ingrate tootle is of come into the garner mauve and thy nice are stores of morning and buy me a bunch of iodines.

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

But, vrayedevraye Blankdeblank, god of all machineries and tostone of Barnstaple, by mortisection or vivisuture, splitted up or recomounded, an isaac jacquemin maumormor mileian, how accountibus for him, moreblue?

Was he pitssched for an enseme as certain have dognosed of him against our seawall by Rurie, Thoath and Cleaver, those three stout swynehearts, Orion of the Orgiasts, Meereschal Mac–Muhn, the Ipse dadden, product of the extremes giving quoti — dients to our means, as might occur to anyone, your bruest layaman with the princest champion in our archdeaconry, or so yclept from Clio’s clippings, which the chroncher of chivalries is sulpicious save he scan, for ancients link with presents as the human chain extends, have done, do and will again as John, Poly-carp and Irenewes eye-to-eye eyewitnessed and to Paddy Palmer, while monks sell yew to archers or the water of the livvying goes the way of all fish from Sara’s drawhead, the corralsome, to Isaac’s, the lauphed butt one, with her minnelisp extorreor to his moanolote inturned?
So Perrichon with Bastienne or heavy Humph with airy Nan, Ricqueracbrimbillyjiqueyjocqjolicass? How sowesthow, dulcisamica? A and aa ab ad abu abiad. A babbel men dub gulch of tears.

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

Attach him! Hold!

Yet stir thee, to clay, Tamor!

Why wilt thou erewaken him from his earth, O summonor-other: he is weatherbitten from the dusts of ages? The hour of his closing hies to hand; the tocsin that shall claxonise his ware-abouts. If one who remembered his webgoods and tealofts were to ask of a hooper for whose it was the storks were quitting Aquileyria, this trundler would not wot; if other who joined faith when his depth charge bombed our barrel spillway were to —!

Jehosophat, what doom is here! Rain ruth on them, sire! The wing of Moykill cover him! The Bulljon Bossbrute guarantee him! Calavera, caution! Slaves to Virtue, save his Veritotem! Bearara Tolearis, procu abeat! The Ivorbonegorer of Danamara-ca be, his Hector Protector! Woldomar with Vasa, peel your peeps! And try to savourise the nights of labour to the order of our blooding worold! While Pliny the Younger writes to Pliny the Elder his calamolumen of contumellas, what Aulus Gellius picked on Micmacrobius and what Vitruvius pocketed from Cassiodorus. Like we learnt from that Duke of Lukan in Dublin’s capital, Kongdam Coombe. Even if you are the kooper of the winkel over measure never lost a licence. Nor a duckindonche divulse from hath and breakfast. And for the honour of Alcohol drop that you-know-what-I’ve-come-about-I-saw-your-act air! Punch may be pottleproud but his Judy’s a wife’s wit better.

For the producer (Mr John Baptister Vickar) caused a deep abuliousness to descend upon the Father of Truants and, at a side issue, pluterpromptly brought on the scene the cutletsized consort, foundling filly of fortyshilling fostertail and shipman’s shopahoyden, weighing ten pebble ten, scaling five footsy five and spanning thirtyseven inchettes round the good companions, twentynine ditties round the wishful waistress, thirtyseven alsos round the answer to everything, twentythree of the same round each of the quis separabits, fourteen round the beginning of hap-piness and nicely nine round her shoed for slender.

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

Home all go. Halome. Blare no more ramsblares, oddmund barkes! And cease your fumings, kindalled bushies! And sherrigoldies yeassymgnays; your wildeshaweshowe moves swiftly sterneward! For here the holy language. Soons to come. To pause.

'Tis goed. Het best.
For they are now tearing, that is, teartoreturning. Too soon are coming tasbooks and goody, hominy bread and bible bee, with jaggery-yo to juju-jaw, Fine’s French phrases from the Grandmere des Grammaires and bothered parsenaps from the Four Massores, Mattatias, Marusias, Lucianias, and Jokinias, and what happened to our eleven in thirtytwo antepostdating the Valgur Eire and why is limbo where is he and what are the sound waves saying ceased ere they all wayed wrong and Amnist anguished axes Collis and where fishangaman fetched the mongafesh from and whatfor paddybird notplease rancoon and why was Sinad sitting on him sitbom like a saildior, with what the doc did in the doil, not to mention define the hydraulics of common salt and, its denier crid of old provaunce, where G.P.O. is zentrum and D.U.T.C. are radients write down by the frequency of the scores and crores of your refractions the valuations in the pice of ding-gyings on N.C.R. and S.C.R.

That little cloud, a nibulissa, still hangs isky. Singabed sulks before slumber. Light at night has an alps on his druckhouse. Thick head and thin butter or after you with me. Caspi, but gueroligue stings the air. Gaylegs to riot of us! Gaylegs to laff! What is amaid today todo? So angelland all weeping bin that Izzy most unhappy is. Fain Essie fie onhapje? laughs her stella’s vispirine.

While, running about their ways, going and coming, now at rhimba rhomba, now in trippiza trappaza, pleating a pattern Gran Geamatron showed them of gracehoppers, auntskippers and coney-farm leppers, they jeeriled along, durian gay and marian maid — cap, lou Dariou beside la Mattieto, all boy more all girl singout — feller longa house blong store Huddy, whilst nin nin nin nin that Boorman’s clock, a winny on the tinny side, ninned nin nin nin nin, about old Father Barley how he got up of a morning arley and he met with a platonem blondes named Hips and Haws and fell in with a fellos of Trinity some header Skowood Shaws like (You’ll catch it, don’t fret, Mrs Tummy Lupton! Come indoor, Scoffynosey, and shed your swank!) auld Daddy Deacon who could set well his place of beacon but he never could hold his kerosene’s candle to (The nurse’ll give it you, stickypots! And you wait, my lasso, fecking the twine!) bold Farmer Burleigh who wuck up in a hurlywurly where he huddly could wuddle to wal-low his weg tillbag of the baker’s booth to beg of (You’re well held now, Missy Cheekspeer, and your panto’s off! Fie, for shame, Ruth Wheatacre, after all the booz said!) illed Diddiddy Achin for the prize of a piece of bakin with a pinch of the panch of the ponch in jurys for (Ah, crabeyes, I have you, showing off to the world with that gape in your stocking!) Wold Forrester Farley who, in deesperation of deispiration at the diasporation of his diesparation, was found of the round of the sound of the lound of the Lukkedoerendunandurraskewdylooshyozyphalnabortansporthaokansakroidverjkapakkapuk.

Byfall.

Uploud!

The play thou schouwburgst, Game, here endeth. The curtain drops by deep request.

Upluderamain!

Gonn the gawds, Gunnar’s gustspells. When the h, who the hu, how the hue, where the huer? Orbiter onswers: lots lives lost. Fonia is fed up with Fidge Fudgesons. Sealand snorres. Rendningrocks rogresreckning reigns. Gwds with gurs are gtrdmrmng. Hlls vlls. The timid hearts of words all exeommo-sunt. Mannagad, lammalelouh, how do that come? By Dad, youd not heed that fert? Fulgitudes ejist rowdownan tonouut. Quoq! And buncskleydoodle! Kidoosh! Of their fear they broke, they ate wind, they fled; where they ate there they fled; of their fear they fled, they broke away. Go to, let us extol Azrael with our harks, by our brews, on our jambses, in his gaits. To Mezou-zalem with the Dephirim, didits dinkun’s dud? Yip! Yup! Yar — rah! And let Nek Nekulon extol Mak Makal and let him say unto him: Immi ammi Semmi. And shall not Babel be with Lebab? And he war. And he shall open his mouth and answer: I hear, O Ismael, how they laud is only as my loud is one. If Nekulon shall be havonfalled surely Makal haven hevens. Go to, let us extoll Makal, yea, let us exceedingly extoll. Though you have lien amung your posspots my excellency is over Ismael. Great is him whom is over Ismael and he shall mekanek of Mak Nakulon. And he deed.

Upluderamainagain!

For the Clearer of the A* from on high has spoken in tumbul-dum tambaldam to his temberdim tombal doom worrid and, mogu — phonoised by that phonemanon, the unhappitents of the earth have terrerumbled from fimament unto fundament and from tweedlededumms down to twiddledeeedes.
Loud, hear us!

Loud, graciously hear us!

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

Till tree from tree, tree among trees tree over tree become stone to stone, stone between stones, stone under stone for ever.

O Loud, hear the wee beseech of thees of each of these thy unlitten ones! Grant sleep in hour’s time, O Loud!

That they take no chill. That they do ming no merder. That they shall not gomeet madhowiatrees.

Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laugh-ters low!

Ha he hi ho hu.

Mummmum.

UNDE ET UBI.

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

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

SIC.

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

Menly about peebles.

IMAGINABLE ITINERARY THROUGH THE PARTICULAR UNIVERSAL.

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,

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

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 entheawyass cuckling a hoyden³ in her rougy

¹ Rawmeash, quoshe with her girlic teangue. If old Herod with the Cornwell’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.

gipsylike chinkaminx pulshandjupejade and her petsylbuse indecked o’ voylets.\(^1\) When who was wist was ware. En elv, et fjæll. And the whirl of the whins humming us howe. His hume. Henecaking tides we haply return, trumpeted by prawns and ensigned with sea-kale, to befinding ourself when old is said in one and maker mates with made (O my!), having conned the cones and meditated the mured and pondered the pensils and ogled the olymp and delighted in her dianaphous and cacchinated behind his culasses, before a

Swiney Tod, ye Daimon Barbar!

mosoleum. Length Withought Breath, of him, a chump of the evums, upshoot of picnic or stupor out of sopor, Cave of Kids or Hyma-nian Glattstoneburg, denary, danery, donnery,

Dig him in the rubsh!
Ungodly old Ard-rey, Cronwall beeswaxing the convulsion box.

domm, who, entiringly as he continues highly-fictional, tumulous under his chthonic exterior but plain Mr Tumulty in muftilife,\(^2\) in his an-tisipiences as in his recognisances, is, (Dominic Directus) a manyfeas munificent more mob than man.

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

Ainsoph,\(^3\) this upright one, with that noughty besighed him zeroine. To see in his hornscup 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? How is he? And what the decans is there about him

\(^1\) 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 poce.

anyway, the decent man? Easy, calm your haste! Approach to lead our passage!

PROBA-POSSIBLE PROLEGO-MENA TO IDEAREAL HISTORY.

This bridge is upper.
Cross.
Thus come to castle.
Knock. \(^1\)
A password, thanks.
Yes, pearse.
Well, all be dumbed!
O really? \(^2\)

Swing the banjo, bantams, bounce-the-baller’s blown to fook.

Thsight near left me eyes when I seen her put thounce otay ithpot.
Hoo cavedin earthwight
At furscht kracht of thunder. ³
When shoo, his flutterby,
Was netted and named.⁴
Erdnacrusha, requiestroy, wake em!
And let luck’s pureusplutterall lucy at ease! ⁵
To house as wise fool ages builde.
Sow byg eat. ⁶

Quartandwds.

Tickets for the Tailwaggers Terrierpuppy Raffle.

GNOSIS OF PRECREATE DETERMINATION. AGNOSIS OF POSTCREATE DETERMINISM.

Staplering to tether to, steppingstone to mount by, as the Boote’s at Pickardstown. And that skimmelk steed still in the ground-loftfan. As over all. Or be these wingsets leaned to the outwalls, beasstskin trophies of booth of Baws the balsamboards? ⁷ Burials be bally-houraised! So let Bacchus e’en call! Inn inn! Inn inn! Where. The babbers ply the pen. The bibbers drang the den. The papplicom, the publicam he’s turning tin for ten. From

¹ Yussive smirte and ye mermon aswerth from his beelyingplace below the tightmark, Gotahelv!

² O Evol, kool in the salg and ees how Dozi pits what a drows er.

³ A goodrid croven in a tynwalled tub.

⁴ Apis amat aram. Luna legit librum. Pulla petit pascua.

⁵ And after dinn to shoot the shades.

⁶ Says blistered Mary Achinhead to beautifed Tummy Tullbutt.

⁷ Begge. To go the Begge. To go to Begge and to be sure to reminder Begge. Goodbeg, buggey Begge.

Mars speaking.
Smith, no home.

Non quod sed quiat.

Hearasay in paradox lust.

seldomers that most frequent him. That same erst crafty hakemouth which under the assumed name of Ignotus Loquor, of foggy old, harangued bellyhooting fishdrunks on their favorite stamping ground, from a father theo-balders brake.\(^1\) And Egyptus, the incenstrobed, as Cyrus heard of him? And Major A. Shaw after he got the miner smellpex? And old Whiteman self, the blightly blotchy, beyond the bays, hope of ostrogothic and ottomanic faith converters, despair of Pandemia’s post-wartem plastic surgeons? But is was all so long ago. Hispano–Cathayan–Euxine, Castil-lian — Emeratic — Hebridian, Espanol — Cymric — Helleniky? Rolf the Ganger, Rough the Gang — ster, not a feature alike and the face the same.\(^2\) Pastimes are past times. Now let bygones be bei Gunne’s. Saaleddies er it in this warken werden, mine boerne, and it vild need older-wise \(^3\) since primal made alter in garden of Idem. The tasks above are as the flasks below, saith the emerald canticle of Hermes and all’s loth and pleasestir, are we told, on excellent inkbot tle authority, solarsystemised, seriolo-cosmically, in a more and more almightyly expanding universe under one, there is rhyme-less reason to believe, original sun. Securely judges orb terrestrial.\(^4\) Haud certo ergo. But O felicitous culpability, sweet bad cess to you for an archetypt!

\(^1\) Huntler and Pumar’s animal alphabites, the first in the world from aab to zoo.

\(^2\) We dont hear the booming cursowarries, we wont fear the fletches of fightning, we float the meditarenias and come bask to the isle we love in spice. Punt.

\(^3\) And this once golden bee a cimadoro.

\(^4\) And he was a gay Lutharius anyway, Sinobiled. You can tell by their extraordinary clothes.
Bags.
Balls.

ARCHAIC ZELOTYPIA AND THE ODIUM TEL-EOLOGICUM.

Honour commercio’s energy yet aid the linkless proud, the plurable with everybody and ech with pal, this ernst of Allsap’s ale halliday of roaring month with its two lunar eclipses and its three saturnine settings! Horn of Heatthen, highbrowed! Brook of Life, back-frish! Amnios amnium, fluminiculum flami — nulinorum! We seek the Blessed One, the Harbourer-cum-Enheritance. Even Canaan the Hateful. Ever a-going, ever a-coming. Between a stare and a sough. Fossilisation, all branches. Wherefore Petra sware unto Ulma: By the mortals’ frost! And Ulma sware unto Petra: On my veiny life!

Move up, Mackinerny! Make room for Muckinurney!

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

In these places sojournemus, where Eblinn water, leased of carr and fen, leaving amont her shoals and salmen browses, whom inshore breezes woo with freshets, windeth to her broads. A phantom city, phaked of philim pholk, bowed and sould for a four of hundreds of manhood in their three and threescore fylkers for a price partitional of twenty six and six. By this riverside, on our sunnybank, how buona the vista, by Santa Rosa! A field of May, the very vale of Spring. Orchards here are lodged; sainted lawrels evremberried. You have a hoig view ashwald, a glen of marrons and of thorns. Gleannaulinn, Ardeevin: purty glint of plaising height. This Norman court at boundary of the ville, yon creepered tower of a church of Ereland, meet for true saints in worshipful assemblage, with our king’s house

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

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

3 Porphyrious Olbion, redcoatliar, we were always wholly rose marines on our side every time.
In snowdrop, trou-de-dentelle, flesh and helio-trope.

Here’s our dozen cousins from the starves on tripes.

of stone, belgroved of mulbrey, the still that was mill and Kloster that was Yeomansland, the ghastcold tombshape of the quick fore-gone on, the loftleaved elm Lefanunian above — mansioned, each, every, all is for the retro — spectioner. Skole! Agus skole igen! ¹ Sweet — some auburn, cometh up as a selfreizing flower, that fragolance of the fraisye beds: the phoenix, his pyre, is still flaming away with trueprat-tight spirit: the wren his nest is niedelig as the turrides of the sabines are televisible. Here are the cottage and the bungalow for the cobbeler and the brandnewburgher: ² but Izolde, her chaplet gardens, an litlee plads at liefest pose, arride the winnerful wonders off, the winner-ful wonnerful wanders off, ³ with hedges of ivy and hollywood and bower of mistletoe, are, tho if it theem tho and yeth if you pleathes, ⁴ for the blithehaired daughter of Angoisse. All out of two barreny old perishers, Tytonyhands and Vlossyhair, a kilolitre in metromyriams. Prespepeprosapia, the parent bole. Wone tabard, wine tap and warm tavern ⁵ and, by ribbon development, from contact bridge to lease lapse, only two millium two humbered and eighty thausig nine humbered and sixty radiolumin lines to the wustworts of a Finntown’s generous poet’s office. Distorted mirage, aloofliest of the plain, wherein the

¹ Now a muss wash the little face.

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

³ H’dk’fs’hui’y.

⁴ Googlaa pluplu.

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

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

Bet you fippence, anythesious, there’s no pug-gatory, are yous game?

PREAUSTERIC MAN AND HIS PURSUIT OF PAN-HYSTERIC WOMAN.

Here (the memories framed from walls are minding) till wranglers for wringwrowdy wready are, F þ, (at gaze, respecting, four-teeth 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 jenniest, thou who fleest
flicklesome the fond fervid frondeur to thickly thyself attach with thine eft eased ensuer, 
ondrawer of our uncon-scionable, 
flickerflapper fore our unter —

1 I believe in Dublin and the Sultan of Turkey.

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

3 Ravens may rive so can dove deelish.

4 A question of pull.

There was a sweet hopeful called Cis.

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

The Big Bear bit the Sailor’s Only. Trouble, trouble, trouble.

Forening Unge Kristlike Kvinne.

URGES AND WIDERURGES IN A PRIMI-TIVE SEPT.

Belisha beacon, beckon bright! Usherette, unmesh us! That grene ray of earong it waves us to yonder as the red, blue and 
yellow flogs time on the domisole, with a blewy blow and a windigo. Where flash becomes word and silents selflound. To 
brace congener, trebly bounden and asservaged twainly. Adamman, Emhe, Issossianusheen and sometypes Yggely ogs 
Weib. Uwayoe! So mag this sybilette be our shibboleth that we may syllable her well! Vetus may be occluded behind the 
mou in Veto but Nova will be nearing as their radient among the Nereids. A one of charmers, ay, Una Unica, charmers, who,
under the branches of the elms, in shoes as yet unshent by stoni-ness, wend, went, will wend a way of honey myrrh and
rambler roses mistmusk while still the maybe mantles the meiblume or ever her

1 For Rose Point see Inishmacsaint.

2 Mannequins’ Pose.

3 Their holy presumption and hers sinfly desprit.

4 Anama anamaba anamabapa.

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

6 All abunk for Tarararat! Look slipper, soppyhat, we’ve a doss in the manger.

Telltale me all of annaryllies.

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

Will you carry my can and fight the fairies?

Allma Mathers, Auctioneer.

Old Gavelkind the Gamper and he’s as daff as you’re erse.

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

Soon jemmijohns will cudgel about some a rhythmatick or other over Browne and Nolan’s divisional tables whereas she, of
minions’ novence charily being cupid, for mug’s wumping, grooser’s grubbiness, andt’s avarice and grossopper’s
grandegaffe, with her tootpettpout of jemenfichue will sit and knit on solfa sofa.⁴ Stew of the evening, booksyful stew. And
a bodikin a boss in the Thimble Theatre. But all is her-inbourne. Intend. From gramma’s grammar she has it that if there is a
third person, mascarine, phelinine or nuder, being spoken abad it moods prosodes from a person speaking to her second
which is the direct object that has been spoken to, with and at. Take the dative with his oblative’for, even if obsolete, it is
always of interest, so spake gramma on the impetus of her imperative, only mind your genderous towards his reflexives such

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that I was to your grappa (Bott’s trousend, hore a man uff!) when him was me hedon⁶ and mine, what the lewdy saying, his analec-tual pygmyhop.⁷ There is comfortism in the

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

2 Making it up as we goes along.

3 The law of the jungerl.

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

5 I’d like his pink’s cheek.

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

7 A washable lovable floatable doll.

Undante umoroso. M. 50–50.
οφκ ηφάοφ άφιφφφ

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

2 If she can’t follow suit Ren’e goes to the pack.

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

4 Llong and Shortts Primer of Black and White Wenchcraft.

I’ll go for that small polly if you’ll suck to your lebbens-quatsch.

O’Mara Farrell.

Verschwindibus.

from her postconditional future. Lumpsome is who lumpsum pays. Quantity counts though accents falter. Yoking apart and oblique ora-tions parsed to one side, a brat, alanna, can choose from so many, be he a sollicitor’s appendix, a pipe clerk or free functionist flyswatter, that perfect little cad, from the languors and weakness of limberlimbed lassi-hood 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 Associa-tions. Atac first, queckqueck quicks after. Beware how in that hist subtaile of schlangder 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. 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 Nebob see you never stray who’ll nimm you nice and nehm the day.

Ulstriana,

CONCOMI-TANCE OF COURAGE,

One hath just been areading, hath not one, ya, ya, in their memoiries of Hireling’s puny wars, end so, und all, ga, ga, of The O’Brien,
The gaggles all out.

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

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

He is my all menkind of every desception.

Monastir, Leninston and Connecticut.

Cliopatria, thy hosies history.

The Eroico Furioso makes the valet like smiling.

The hyperape the mink he groves the mole you see nowfor crushsake, chawley!

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

The O’Connor, The Mac Loughlin and The Mac Namara with summed their appendage, da, da, of Sire Jeallyous Seizer, that gamely torskmeister, with his duo of druidesses in ready money rompers and the tryonforit of Oxtbie-vious, Lapidous and Malthouse Anthemy. You may fail to see the lie of that layout, Suetonia, but the reflections which recur to me are that so long as beauty life is body love and so bright as Mutua of your mirror holds her candle to your caudle, lone lefthand likeless, sombring Autum of your Spring, reck 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 girl 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-

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

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

None of your cumphlsstery English here!
4 Understudy my understandings, Sostituda, and meek thine compline-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.

Pige pas.

ing. Hoots fromm, we’re globing. Why hidest thou hinder thy husband his name? Leda, Lada, aflutter-afraid, 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.\(^2\)

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Seidlitz powther for slogan plumpers.

Hoploits and atthems.

PANOPTICAL PURVIEW OF POLITICAL PROGRESS AND THE FUTURE PRESENTATION OF THE PAST.
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 heads’ out of that taletub! And leave your hinnyhennyhindyou! It’s haunted. The chamber. Of errings. Whoan, tug, trace, stirrup! It is distinctly understouttered that, sense you threethandshighs put your twofoot-large timepates in that dead wash of Lough Murph and until such time pace one and the same Messherr the grinning statesmen, Brock and Leon, have shunted the grumbling coundedtouts, Starlin and Ser Artur Ghinis. Foamous homely brew, bebattled by bottle, gageure de guegerre. Bull igien bear and then bearagain bulligan. Gringrin gringrin. Staffs varsus herds and bucks varsus barks.

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 stimmistammer and we caught the pepettes of our lovelives.

Curragh machree, me bosthoon fiend. Families hug bank! All we suffered under them Cow-dung Forks and how we enjoyed over our pick of the basketfild. Old Kine’s Meat Meal. Flieflie for the jillies and a bombambum for the nappotondus.

By old Grumbledum’s walls. Bumps, bellows and bawls.1 Opprimor’s down, up up Opima! Rents and rates and tithes and taxes, wages, saves and spends. Heil, heptarched span of peace!2 Live, league of lex, nex and the mores! Fas est dass and foe err you. Impovemente of the booble by the bauble for the bubble. So wrap up your worries in your woe (wumpum-tum!) and shake down the shuffle for the throw. For there’s one mere ope3 for down-fall ned. As Hanah Levy, shrewd shroplifter, and nievre anore skidoos with her spoileds. 4 To add gay touches. For hugh and guy and goy and jew. To dimpled and pimpled and simples and wimpled. A peak in a poke and a pig in a pew. She wins them by wins, a haul hectoendecate, for mangay mumbo jumbjubes tak mutts and jeffs muchas bracelonettes gracies barcelonas.5 O what a loovely free-speech ’twas (tep)7 to gar howalively hinter — grunting! Tip. Like lilt of larks to burdened crocodile,6 or skittering laubhing at that wheeze of old windbag, Blusterboss, blow-harding about all he didn’t do. Hell o’ your troop! With is the winker for the muckwits of willesly and nith is the nod for the umproar napolloyn and hitheris poorblond piebold hoerse. Huirse. With its tricuspidal hauberk-

1 Shake eternity and lick creation.

2 I’m blest if I can see.

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

4 Sweet, medium and dry like altar wine.

5 Who’ll buy me penny babies?

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

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

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

Murdoch. Pas d’action, peu de sauce. From the seven tents of Joseph till the calends of Mary Marian, olivehunkered and thorny too. As Shakefork might pitch it.
helm coverchaf emblem on. For the man that broke the ranks on Monte Sinjon. The all-riddle of it? That that is allruddy with us, ahead of schedule, which already is plan accom-plished from and syne: Daft Dathy of the Five Positions (the death ray stop him!) is still, as reproaches Paulus, on the Madderhorn and, entre chats and hobnobs,1 daring Dunderhead to shiver his timbers and Hannibal mac Hamil-tan the Hegereite2 (more livepower elbow him!) ministerbuilding up, as repreaches Timothy, in Saint Barmabrac’s.3 Number Thirty two West Eleventh streak looks on to that (may all in the tocoming of the sempereternal speel spry with it!) datetree doloriferous which more and over leafeth earlier than every growth and, elfshot, headawag, with frayed nerves wondering till they felted sore like any woman that has been born at all events to the purdah and for the howmanyeth and how-movingth time at what the demons in that jackhouse that jerry built for Massa and Missus and hijo de puta, the sparkstown femmament of the starryk fieldgosongongon where blows a nemone at each blink of windstill4 they were sliding along and sleetin aloof and scouting around and shooting about. All-whichwhile or whereaballoons for good vanty years Dagobert is in Clane’s clean hometown prepping up his prepueratory and learning how to put a broad face bronzily out through a broken breached meaterial

1 Go up quick, stay so long, come down slow!
2 If I gnows me gneesgnobs the both of him is gnatives of Genuas.
3 A glass of peel and pip for Mr Potter of Texas, please.
4 All the world loves a big gleaming jelly.

from Bryan Awlining! Erin’s hircohaired culoteer. 1

Puzzly, puzzly, I smell a cat. Two makes a wing at the ma-croscope telluspeep. From the Buffalo Times of bysone days. Quick quake quokes the parrotbook of dates.

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

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 topiocal sagon hero, or any other 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 tootsirurv, 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 stronground 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

1 A pengeneepy for your warcheekeepy.
2 My globe goes gaddy at geography giggle pending which time I was looking for my shoe all through Arabia.
3 It must be some bugbear in the gender especially when old which they all soon get to look.
4 After me looking up the plan in Humphrey’s Justice of the Piece it said to see preseeding chaps.
5 O boyjones and hairyoddities! Only noane told missus of her massas behaving she would laugh that flat that after that she had sanked down on her fat arks they would shaik all to sheeks.
6 Traduced into jinglish janglage for the nusances of dolphins born.

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other’s weariness waiting to beadroll his own properer mistakes, the backslapping glad-hander,1 free of his florid future and the other singing likeness, dirging a past of bloody altars, gale with a blost to him, dove without gall. And she, of the jildaw’s nest2 who tears up lettereens she never apposed a pen upon.3 Yet sung of love and the monster man. What’s Hiccupper to hem or her to Hagaba? Ough, ough, brief kindli! 4

Some is out for twoheaded dul-carnons but more pulfers turnips. Omnitudes in a knutshedell. For all us kids under his aegis. Saving the public his health. Superlative absolute of Porterstown.

THE MONGREL UNDER THE DUNGMOUND. SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INFRALIMINAL INTELLIGENCE. OFFRANDES.

Dogs’ vespers are anending. Vespertilia-bitur. Gotteshoppard quits his gabhard cloke to sate with Becchus. Zumbock! Achevre! Yet wind will be ere fadavor5 and the hour of fruminy and bergoo bell if Nippon have pearls or opals Eldorado, the daindy dish, the lecking out! Gipoo, good oil! For (hushmagandy!) long ’tis till gets bright that all cocks waken and birds Diana6 with dawnsong hail. Bats that? There pееpee-striiing. At Brannan’s on the moor. At Tam Fanagan’s weak yat his still’s going strang. And still here is noctules and can tell things acommon on by that fluffy feeling. Larges loomy wheelhouse to bodgbox7 lumber up with hoodie hearsemen carrawain we keep is peace who follow his law, Sunday

1 He gives me pulpititions with his Castlecows never in the twowsers and ever in those twawsers and then babeteasing us out of our hoydenname.

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

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

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

5 I was so snug off in my apholster’s creedle but at long leash I’ll stretch more capritious in his dapplepied bed.

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

7 A liss in hunterland.

Why so mucky pick bridges span our Flumi-nian road. P.C. Helmut’s in the cottonwood, listnin. The throne is an umbrella strande and a sceptre’s a stick. Jady jewel, our daktar deer. Gautamedudders deossiphysing our Theas. By lineal in pondus overthepoise.

King.1 His sevencoloured’s soot (Ochone! Ochonal!)= and his imponence one heap lump-block (Mogoul!). And rivers burst out like weeming racesround joydrinks for the fewral-ly,2 where every feaster’s a foster’s other, fian — nians all. 4 The wellingbreast, he willing giant, the mountain mourning his duggedy dew. To obedient of civicity in urbanious at felicity what’ll yet meek Mike2 our deputy nimber when he’s head on poll and Peter’s Burgess and Miss Mishy Mushy is tiptupt by Toft Taft. Bobbles grobleege. For as Anna was at the beginning lives yet and will return after great deep sleap rerising and a white night high with a cows of Dromhiem as shower as there’s a wet en-clouded in Westwicklow or a little black rose a truant in a thorntrree. 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 legionds 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 mortiality, the pink of punk perfection as photo — graphy in mud. Some may seek to dodge the

1 I wonder if I put the old buzzerd one night to suckle in Millickmaam’s honey like they use to emballem some of the special popes with a book in his hand and his mouth open.
2 And a ripping rude rape in his lucreious togery.

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

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

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

6 Thickathigh and Thinathews with sant their dam.

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

gobbet for its quantity of quality but who wants to cheat the choker’s got to learn to chew the cud. Allwhichhole scrubs on scroll circumminluminatedhave encuoniams here and improprieties there. 1 With a pansy for the pussy in the corner. 2

Pitchcap and triangle, noose and tinctunc. Uncle Flabbius Muximus to Niecia Flappia Minnimiss. As this is. And as this this is. Dear Brotus, land me arrears. Rockaby, babel, flatten a wall. How he broke the good news to Gent.

INCIPIT IN-TERMISIO. MAJOR AND MINOR

Bewise of Fanciulla’s heart, the heart of Fanciulla! Even the recollection of willow fronds is a spellbinder that lets to hear. 3 The rushes by the grey nuns’ pond: ah eh oh let me sigh too. Coalmansbell: behoves you handmake of the load. Jenny Wren: pick, peck. Johnny Post: pack, puck. 4 All the world’s in want and is writing a letters. 5 A letters from a person to a place about a thing. And all the world’s on wish to be carrying a letters. A let-ters to a king about a treasure from a cat. 6 When men want to write a letters. Ten men, ton men, pen men, pun men, wont to rise a ladder. And den men, dun men, fen men, fun men, hen men, hun men went to raze a leader. Is then any lettersday from many peoples, Daganasanavitch? Empire, your outermost. 7

A posy cord. Plece.

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

1 Gosem pher, gezumpher, greeze a jarry grim felon! Good bloke him!

2 And if they was setting on your stool as hard as my was she could beth her boithom dolours he’d have a culious impressiom on the diminitive that chafes our ends.

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

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

5 To be slipped on, to be sleept by, to be conned to, to be kept up. And when you’re done push the chain.

6 With her modesties office.

7 Strutting as proud as a great turquin weggin that cuchhold on his Eddems and Clay’s hat.

MODES COA-LESCING PROLIFER-ATE HOMOGENUINE HOMOGEN-EITY.

and the face in the treebark feigns afear. This is rainstones ringing. Strangely cult for this ceasing of the yore. But Eriureen is ever. Pot price pon patrilinear plop, if the osseleton of the onkring gives omen nome? Since alls war that end war let sports be leisure and bring and buy fair. Ah ah athclete, blest your bally bathfeet! Towtoquest, fortorest, the hour that hies is hurley. A halt for hearsake. 1
Come, smooth of my slate, to the beat of my bosh! With all these gelded ewes jilting about and the thrills and ills of laylock blossoms three’s so much more plants than chants for cecilies that I was thinking fairly killing times of putting an end to myself and my malody, when I remembered all your pupil-teacher’s errinesses in perfection class. You sh’undn’t write you can’t if you w’undn’t pass for undevelopented. This is the proper way to say that, Sr. If it’s me chews to swallow all you said’n you can eat my words for it as sure as there’s a key in my kiss. Quick erit faciofacey. When we will conjugate together toloseher tomatam tomiss while morrow fans amare hour, verbe de vie and verve to vie, with love ay loved have I on my back spine and does for ever. Your are me severe? Then rue. My intennded, Jr, who I’m throne away on, (here he inst, my lifstack, a newfoly likon) when I slip through my pettigo I’ll get my decree and take seidens when I’m not ploughed first by some Rolando the Lasso, and flaunt on the flimsyfilmsies for to grig my collage juniorees who, though they flush fuchisa, are they octette and virginty in my shade but always my figurants. They may be yea of my year but they’re nary nay of my day. Wait till spring has sprung in spickness and prigs beg in to pry they’ll be plentyprime of housepets to pimp and pamper my. Impending marriage. Nature tells everybody about but I learned all the runes of the gamest game ever from my old nourse Asa. A most adventuring trot is her and she vicking well knowed them all heartwise and fourwords. How Olive d’Oyly and Winnie Carr, bejupers, they reized the dressing of a salandmon and how a peeper costs and a salt sailor med a mustied poet awtaien. It most have been Mad Mullans planted him. Bina de Bisse and Trestrine von Terrefini. Sago sound, rite go round, kill kackle, kook kettle and (remember all should I forget to) bolt the thor. Auden. Wasn’t it just divining that dog of a dag in Skokholme as I sat astrid uppum their Drewitt’t altar, as cooledas as cul-cumbre, slapping my straights till the sloping ruins, postillion, postallion, a swallow a span, with you offering me clouts of ilsscents and them horners stagstruck on the leasward! Don’t be of red, you blanching mench! This isabella I’m on knows the rolles of the rut and she don’t fear andy mandy. So sing loud, sweet cheeriot, like angreon in heaven! The good fother with the twingling in his eye will always have cakes in his pocket to bethroat us with for our allmichael good. Amum. Amum. And Amum again. For tough troth is stronger than fortuitous fiction and it’s the surplice money, oh my young friend and ah me sweet creature, what buys the bed while wits borrows the clothes.

Bibelous hics-tory and Barbar — assa harestory. A shieling in cop-pingers and porrish soup all days. How matches metroosers? Le h, los tombaut soul sur la jambe de marche.

A scene at sight. Or dreamoneire. Which they shall memorise. By her freewritten Hopely for ear that annalykeses if scares for eye that sumns. Is it in the now woodwordings of our sweet plantation where the branchings then will singingsing tomorros gone and yesters outcome as Satadays aftermoon lex leap smiles on the twelvemonthsminding? Such is. Dear (name of desired subject, A.N.), well, and I go on to. Shlicksher. I and we (tender condolences for happy funeral, one if) so sorry to (mention person suppressed for the moment, F.M.). Well (enquiries after all-healths) how are you (question maggy). A lovely (introduce to domestic circles) pershan of cates. Shrubsheruthr. Those pothooks mostly she hawks from Poppa Vere Foster but these curly mequeues are of Mippa’s moulding. Shrubsheruthr. (Wave gently in the ere turning ptover.) Well, mabby (consolation of shopes) to soon air. With best from cinder Christinette if prints chumming, can be when desires Soldi, for asamples, backfronted or, if all, peothyrio or Get my Prize, using her flower or perfume or, if veryveryvery chum-ming, in otherwards, who she supposed adeal, kissists my exits. Shlicksheruthr. From Auburn chenlemagne. Pious and pure fair one, all has concomitated to this that she shall tread them lifetrees leaves whose silence hitherto has shone as sphere of silver fastalbarnstone, that fount Bandusian shall play liquick music and after odours sigh of musk. Blotsbloshblothe, one dear that was. Sleep in the water, drug at the fire, shake the dust of and dream your one who would give her sidecurls to. Till later

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.

Mai maintenante elle est venuse. Two Dons Johns Threes Totty Askins. Also Spuke Zerotheruster. A saxum shillum for the sextum but nothums for that parridge preast.

THE PART PLAYED BY BELLETRI-PAX-BELLUM. MUTUOMOR-PHOMUTATION. SORTES VIR-GINIANAE. INTERROGATION. EXCLAMATION.

Ajourd’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 Numance’ et pendant qu’autour d’elles les villes ont chang, de maÉtères et de noms, que plusieurs sont entr.es dans le n,ant, que les civilisations se sont choqu.es et bris.es, leurs paisibles g.n.,rations ont travers, les ages et sont arriv.es jusqu’intous, fraÉchEches et riantes comme aux jours des batailles. 2
Margaritomancy! Hyacinthinous pervinci-veness! Flowers. A cloud. But Bruto and Cassio are ware only of trifid tongues\(^3\) the whispered wilfulness, (‘tis demonal!) and sha-dows shadows multiplicating (il folsoetto nel falsotto col fazzolotto dal fuzzolezzo),\(^4\) 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 elle r, either or.

And!

Nay, rather!

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

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

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

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

With sobs for his job, with tears for his toil, with horror for his squalor but with pep for his perdition,\(^1\) lo, the boor pliesth as the laird hireth him.

Boon on begyndelse.

At maturing daily gloryaims!\(^2\)


**ANTITHESIS OF AMBI-DUAL ANTICIPATION. THE MIND FACTORY, ITS GIVE AND TAKE. auspicium. auguria. divinity not deity the uncer-tainty justified by our certitude. examples.**

A flink dab for a freck dive and a stern poise for a swift pounce was frankily at the manual arith sure enough which was the bekase he knowed from his cradle, no bird better, why his fingures were giving him whatfor to fife with. First, by observation, there came boko and nigh him wigworms and nigh him tittlies and nigh him cheekadeekchimple and nigh him pickpocket with pickpocketpumb, pick-pocketpoint, pickpocketprod, pickpocket — promise and upwithem. Holy Joe in lay Eden.\(^3\) And anyhows always after them the dimpler he weighed the fonder fell he of his null four lovedroyd cardinals, his element cur-dinal numen and his enement cardinal marryng and his epulent cardinal weisswassh and his eminent cardinal Kay O’Kay. Always would he be reciting of them, hoojahs koojahs, up by rota, in his Fanden’s catachysm from fursed to laced, quickmarch to decemvers, so as to pin the tenners, thumbs down. And anon an aldays, strues yerthere, would he wile arecreating em om luminous ways, caiouscounting in the scale of pin puff pive piff, piff puff pive poo, poo puff pive pree, pree puff pive pfoor, pfoor puff pive pippive, poopive,\(^4\) Niall Dhu,

1 While I’ll wind the wildwoods’ bluckbells among my window’s weeds.

2 Lawdy Dawdy Simpers.

3 But where, O where, is me lickle dig done?

4 That’s his whisper waltz I like from Pigott’s with that Lancydancy step. Stop.
Non plus ulstra, Elba, nec, cashel-bum tuum. Donnderwedder Kyboschicksal

Foughty Unn, Enoch Thortig, endso one, like to pitch of your cap, pac, on to tin tall spilli-cans. To sum, borus pew notus pew eurus pew zipper. Ace, deuce, tricks, quarts, quims. Mumptiplay of course and carry to their whole number. While on the other hand, traduced by their comedy nominator to the loaster terms for their aloquent parts, sexes, suppers, oglers, novels and dice. He could find (the rakehelly!) by practice the value of thine-to-mine articles with no reminder for an equality of relations and, with the helpings from his tables, inproduce fullmin to trumblers, links unto chains, weys in Nuffolk till tods of Yorek, oozies ad libs and several townsends, several hundreds, civil-to-civil imperious gallants into gells (Iriish), bringing alliving stone allaughing down to grave clothnails and a league of archers, fools and lurchers under the rude rule of fumb. What signifieth whole that but, be all the prowess of ten, 'tis as strange to relate he, nonparile to rede, rite and reckan, caught allmeals dullmarks for his nucleuds and alegobrew. They wouldn't took bearings no how anywheres. O them dodd-hunters and allanights, aabs and baas for agnomes, yees and zeex for incognits, bate him up jerrybly! Worse nor herman doror-rhea. Give you the fantods, seemed to him. They ought to told you every last word first stead of trying every which way to kinder smear it out poison long. Show that the

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

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

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

A stodge Angleshman has been worked by eccentricity. An oxygen is naturally reclined to rest. Ba be bi bo bum.

median, hce che ech, interecting at royde angles the parilegs of a given obtuse one bis-cuts both the arcs that are in curvechord behind. Brickbaths. The family umbroglia. A Tullagrove pole to the Height of County Fearmanagh has a septain inclinaison and the graphplot for all the functions in Lower County Monachan, whereat samething is rivi-sible by nighttim, may be involto into the zeroic couplet, palls pell inhis heventh glek noughty times i, find, if you are not literally cooefficient, how minney combinaisies and per-mutandies can be played on the international surd! phwndxrclzp!, hids cubid rute being extracted, taking anan illitterettes, iffif at a tom. Answers, (for teasers only). Ten, twent, thirt, see, ex and three icky totchy ones. From solution to solution. Imagine the twelve deafended dumbbawls of the whowl above-beugled to be the contonuation through regeneration of the urutteration of the word in pregross. It follows that, if the two ante-sedents be bissyclitties and the three come — seekwenchers trundletries, then, Aysha Lali — pat behidden on the footplate, Big Whiggler * restant upsittuponable, the NCR 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 gidday, 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-inlaw 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.


but (lenz alack lends a lot), if this habby cyclic erdor be outraciously enviolated by a mierelin roundtableturning, like knuts in maze, the zitas runnind hare and dart’ with the yeggs in their muddle, like a seven of wingless arrows, hodgepadge, thump, kick and hurry, all boy more missis blong him he race quickfeller all same hogglepiggle longer house blong him, while the caughted and dodged exarx seems himmulteemiously to beem (he wins her hend! he falls to tail!) the ersed ladest mand and
(uhu and uhud!) the losed farce on erro-roots, twalegged poneys and threehandled dorkeys (madahoy, morahoy, lugahoy, jog-ahoyaway) MPM brings us a rainborne pamoto — momiom, aqualavant to (cat my dogs, if I baint dingbushed like everything!) kakitoista volts yksitoista volts kymmenen volts yhdek-san volts kahdeksan volts seitsman volts kuusi volts viisi volts nelja volts kolme volts kaksi volts yksi! allahthallacamellated, caravan series to the finish of helve’s fractures. In outher wards, one from five, two to fives ones, one from fives two millamills with a mill and a half a mill and twos twos fives fives of bully clavers. For a surview over all the factionables see Iris in the Evenine’s World. Binomeans to be comprehended. Inexcessible as thy by god ways. The aximones. And their prosta-

1 Talking about trilbits.

2 Barneycorral, a precedent for the proction of curiosity from children

3 A pfurty pscore of ruderick rossies haremhorde for his divelsion.

4 Look at your mad father on his boneshaker fraywhaling round Myriom square.

5 Try Asia for the asphalt body with the concreke soul and the forequarters of the moon behinding out of his phase.

6 Tomatoes malmalaid with De Quinceys salade can be tastily served with Indiana Blues on the violens.

lutes. For his neuralgiabrown. Equal to=aosch.

P.t.i.o.a.t.o.

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 jumanearty.

HEPTAGRAMMATON. HYPOTHESES OF COMMONEST EXPERIENCES BEFORE APOTHEOSIS OF THE LUSTRAL PRINCIPIUM. INGENIOUS LABOUR-TENACITY AS BETWEEN INGENUOUS AND LIBERTINE. PROPE AND PROCUL IN THE CONVERGENCE OF THEIR CONTRAPULSIVENESS.

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 anymead 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 atous to those carcdinands he a big deal missed, radmachrees and rosse-cullinans 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 aquilittoral dryankle Probe loom! With his primal hand-stoe in his sole salivarium. Concoct an equo — angular trillitter. On the name of the tizzer and off the tongs and off the mythametical tripods. Beatsoon.

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

1 As Rhombulus and Rhebus went building rhomes one day.

2 The trouveller.

3 Of the disorded visage.

4 Singlebarrelled names for doubleparalleled twixtytwins.
Like pugding a spoon fist of sugans into a sotspot of choucolout.

the virtuoser prays, olorum What the D.V. would I to that for? That’s a goosey’s gans-ber you’re for giving me, he is told, what the Deva would you do that for? Now, sknow royol road to Puddlin, take your mut for a first beginning, big to bog, back to bach. Amny liffle mud which cometh out of Mam will doob, I guess. A.I. Amnium instar. And to find a locus for an alp get a howlth on her bayrings as a prisme O and for a second O unbox your compasses. I cain but are you able? Amicably nod. Gu it! So let’s seth off betwain us. Promptly? Mux your pistany at a point of the coastmap to be called a but pro-nounced olfa. There’s the isle of Mun, ah! O! Tis just. Bene! Now, whole in applepine odrer ²

Wolscherwomens at their weirdst.

(for — husk, hisk, a spirit spires — Dolph, dean of idlers, meager suckling of gert stoan, though barekely a balbose boy, he too, — venite, preteriti,³ sine mora dumque de entibus nascituris decentius in lingua roman mortuorum parva chartula liviana ostenditur, seden-tes in letitiae super ollas carnium, spectantes immo situm luteiæ unde auspiciis secundis tantae consurgent humanæ stirpes, antiquissimam flaminum amborium Jordani et Jambaptistae mentibus revolvamus sapientiam: totum tute fluvian modo mundo fluere, eadem quae ex aegere futura iterum inter alveum fore futura, quodlibet sese ipsum per alludpiam agnoscere contrarium, onnem demun annem ripis rivalibus amplecti⁴ — recurrently often, when him moved he would cake their chair, coached rebelliumtending mikes of his same and over his own choirage at Backlane Univarsity, among of which pupal souaves the pizdrool was pulled up, bred and bat-

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

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

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

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

tered, for a dillon a dollar,¹ chancing letters for them vice o’verse to bronze mottes and blending tschemes for em in tropadores and doublecressing twofold thruths and devising tingling tailwords too whilst, cunctant that another would finish his sentence for him, he druider would smilabit eggways² ned, he, to don’t say nothing, would, so prim, and pick upon his ten ordinalned ungles, trying to undo with his teeth the knots made by his tongue, retelling humsel by the math hour, long as he’s brood reel of fannish ficts apout the shee, how faust of all and on segund thoughts and the thirds the charmhim girlalove and fourther-more and filthyth with bag from Oxatown and baroccidents and proper accidence and hoptohill and hexenshoes, in fine the whole damning letter; and, in point of feet, when he landed in ourland’s leinster³ of saved and solomnones for the twicedhcame time, off Lipton’s strongbowed launch, the Lady Eva, in a tan souve of sails⁴ he converted it’s nataves, name saints, young ordnands, maderaheads and old unguished P.T. Publikums, through the medium of znigznaks with sotric zeal, to put off the barcelonas’ from their peccaminious corpulums (Gratings, Mr Dane!) and kiss on their bottes (Master!) as often as they came within blood-shot of that other familiar temple and showed em the celestine way to by his tristar and his flop hattrick and his perry humdrum dumb and numb nostrums that he larned in Hymbuktu,⁵ and that same galloroman cultous is very prevailend up to this windiest of landhavemiseries all over what was beforeaboots a land of nods, in spite of all the bloot, all the braim, all the brawn, all the brile, that was shod, that were shat, that was shuk all the while, for our massa grey if mosshungry people, the at Wickerworks,⁶ still hold

1 An ouncenorth of onions for a pennyawealth of sos.

2 Who brought us into the yellow world!

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

4 When all them allied sloopers was ventitillated in their poppos and, sliding down by creek and veek, stole snaking out to sea.
They were plumped and plumed and jerried and citizens and racers, and cinnamondhued.

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

Had our retrospectable fearfurther gatch mutchatches?

to their healing and byleave in the old weights downupon the Swanny, innovated by him, the prence di Propagandi, the chrism for the christmass, the pillar of the perished and the rock o’ralereality, and it is veritably belied, we belove, that not allsods of esoupcans that’s in the queen’s pottage post and not allfinesof greendgold that the Indus contains would overhinduce them, (o.p.) to steepelchage back once from their ophis workshop and twice on sundises, to their ancient flash and crash habits of old Pales time ere beam slewed cable or Derzherr, live wire, fired Benjermine Funkling outa th’Empyre, sin righthand son; which, cummal, having listed carefully to the interlooking and the under-lacking of her twentynine shifts or his continental’s curses, pum — mel, apostrophised Byrne’s and Flaming’s and Furniss’s and Bill Hayses’s and Ellishly Haught’s, hoc, they (t.a.W.), sick or whole, stiff or sober, let drop as a doombody drops, with-out another ostrovgods word eitherways, in their own lineal descendence, as priesto as puddywhack, coal on: and, as we gang along to gigglehouse, talking of molniacs’ manias and missions for mades to scotch the schlang and leathercoats for murty magdies, of course this has blameall in that medeoturanian world to say to blessed by Pointer the Grace’s his privates judge-ments whenso to put it, disparito, duspurudo, desterrado, des — pertieu, or, saving his presents for his own onefriend Bevradge, Conn the Shaughraun; but to return for a moment from the reptile’s age to the coxswain on the first landing (page Ainee Riviere!) if the pretty Lady Elisabbess, Hotel des Ruines — she laid her batsleeve for him two trueveres tell love (on the Ides of Valentino’s, at Idleness, Floods Area, Isolade, Liv’s lonely daughter, with the Comes Tichiami, of Prima Vista, Abroad, suddenly), and beauty alone of all dare say when now, uncrowned,

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

They just spirits a body away.

Patatapadatback.

Dump her (the missuse).

Fox him! The leggy colt!

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

deceptered, in what niche of time is Shee or where in the rose world trysting, that was the belle of La Chapelle, shapely Liselle, and the peg-of-my-heart of all the tompull or on whose limbs-to-lave her semicupiose eyes now kindling themselves are brightning. O Shee who then (4.3 M.P., old time, to be precise, according to all three doctors waterburies that was Mac Auliffe and poor Mac–Beth and poor MacGhimley to the ticklesticks, of the synchron — isms, all lauschening, a time also confirmed seven sincuries later by the quarten medical johnny, poor old MacAdoo MacDollett, with notary, whose presence was required by law of Devine Fore-syth and decretal of the Douge) who after the first compliments med darkist day light, gave him then that vantage of a Blinken-sope’s cuddlebath at her proper mitts — if she then, the then that matters, but, seigneur! she could never have forefelt, as she yet will fearfeel, when the lovenext breaks out, such a coolcold douche as him, the totterer, the four-flights-the-charmer, doub-ling back, in nowtime, bymby when saltwater he wush him these iselands, O alors! to mount miss (the wooods of Fogloot!) under that chemise de fer and a vartryproof name, Multalusi (would it wash?) with a cheek white peaceful as, wen shall say, a single pro-fessed claire’s and his washawash tubatubtub and his diagnoser’s lampblick, to pure where they where hornest girls, to buy her in par jure, il you plait, nuncandtunc and for simper, and other duel mavourneens in plurible numbers from Arklow Vikloe to Louth super Luck, come messes, come mams, and touch your spottprice (for’twas he was the born suborner, man) on behalf of an oldest ablished firma of winebakers, Lagrima and Gemiti, later on, his craft ebbing, invoked by the unirish title, Grindings of Nash, the

Muckross Abbey with the creepers taken off.
2 Joke and Jilt will have their tilt.

3 Old Mamalujorum and Rawrogerum.

4 Why have these puerile blonds those large flexible ears?

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

6 No wonder Miss Dotshello took to veils and she descended from that obloquohy.

7 The bookley with the rusin’s hat is Patomkin but I’m blowed if I knewed who the slave is doing behind the curtain.

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

1 O hce! O hce!

2 Six and seven the League.

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

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

5 To show they caught preferment.

6 See the freeman’s cuticatura by Fennella.

7 Just one big booty’s pot.

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

granyou and Vae Vincis, that is what lamoor that of gentle breast rathe is intaken seems circling toward out yondest (it’s life that’s all chokered by that batch of grim rushers) heaven help his hindmost and, mark mo, if the so greatly displeaced diorems in the Saint Lubbock’s Day number of that most improving of roundshows, Spice and Westend Woman (utterly exhausted before publication, indiaperopher edition shortly), are for our indices, it agins to pear like it, par my fay, and there is no use for your pastripreaching for to cheeses it either or praying fresh fleshblood claspers of young catholick throats on Huggin Green to take warning by the prispast, why?, by cows . man, in shirt, is how he is pi — la gonna Š mobile and þ they wonet do ut; and, an you could peep inside the cerebralised saucepan of this eer illwinded goodfornobody, you would see in
his house of thoughtsam (was you, that is, decontaminated enough to look discarnate) what a jetsam litterage of convolvuli of times lost or strayed, of lands derelict and of tongues laggin too, longa yamsayore, not only that but, search lighting, beached, bashed and beaushelled a la Mer pharahead into faturity, your own convolvulis pickninnig capman would real to jazztfancy the novo takin place of what stale words whilom were woven with and fitted fairly featly for, so; and equally so, the crame of the whole faustian fustian, whether your launer’s lightsome or your soulard’s schwarmood, it is that, whenas the swiftshut scareyss of our pupilteachtartad duplex will hark back to lark to you symibelically that, though a day be as dense as a decade, no mouth has the might to set a nearbound to the march of a landsmaul, in half a sylb, helf a solb, holf a salb on-ward the beast of boredom, common sense, lurking gyrographi — cally down inside his loose Eating S.S. collar is gogoing of whisth to you sternly how — Plutonic loveliaks twinnt Plutonic yearlings — you must, how, in undivided reallity draw the line somewhawre)

1 Where Buickly of the Glass and Bellows pumped the Rudge enginer.

2 Matter of Brettaine and brut fierce.

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

WHY MY AS LIKEWISE WHIS HIS.

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-nione sciupiones, soswichoverswetch had he or he gazet, murphy come, murphy go, murphy plant, murphy grow, a maryamyria-meliamurphies, in the lazily eye of his lapis,

Uteralterance or the Interplay of Bones in the Womb.

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

Vieus Von DVblIn, ‘twas one of dozedeeam’s a darkies ding in dewood) the Turnpike under the Great Ulm (with Mearingstone in Fore ground). Given now ann linch you take enn all. Allow me! And, heaving alljawbreakical expressions out of old Sare Isaac’s universal of specious aristmystic 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 alass! Aiaiaiai, Antiann, we’re last to the lost, Loulou! Tis perfect. Now (lens

1 Draumcondra’s Dream country where the betterlies blow.
O, Laughing Sally, are we going to be toadhauntered by that old Pantifox Sir Somebody Something, Burtt, for the rest of our secret stripture?

Sarga, or the path of outgoing. Docetism and Didicism, Maya-Thaya. Tamas-Rajas–Sattvas.

your dappled yeye here, mine’s presbyoperian, shill and wall) we see the copyngink strayed-line AL (in Fig., the forest) from being con tinued, stops ait Lambday:1 Modder ilond there too. Allow me anchore! I bring down noth and carry awe. Now, then, take this in! One of the most murmurable loose carollaries ever Ellis threw his cookingclass. With Olaf as centrum and Olaf’s lambtailed for his spokes-man circumscription a cyclone. Allow ter! Hoop! As round as the calf of an egg! O, dear me! O, dear me now! Another grand dis-cobely! After Makefearsome’s Ocean. You’ve actuary entducked one! Quok! Why, you haven’t a passer! Fantastic! Early’ clever, surely doomed, to Swift’s, alas, the galehus! Match of a matchness, like your Bigdud daddy in the boudelveve song, Gorotsky Gollovar’s Troubles, raucking his favourite turvku in the smukking precincts of lydias,2 with Mary Owens and Dolly Monks seesidling to edge his cropulence and Blake–Roche, Kingston and Dockrell auriscenting him from afurz, our papacocopotl,3 Abraham Bradley King? (ting ting! ting ting!) By his magmasine fall. Lumps, lavas and all.4 Bene! But, thunder and turf, it’s not a lover yet! One recalls Byzantium. The mystery repeats itself todate as our callback mother Gaudyanna, that was daughter to a tanner,5 used to sing, as I think, now and then consinuously over her possetpot in her quer

1 Ex jup pep off Carpenter Strate. The kids’ and dolls’ home. Makeacake-ache.

2 A vagrant need is a flagrant weed.

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

4 At the foot of Bagnabun Banbasday was lost on one

5 We’re all found of our animal matter.

The Vegetable Cell and its Pri-vate Properties. The haves and the havenots: a distinction.

homolocous humminbass hesterdie and ist-herdie forivor.1 Vanissas Vanistatums! And for a night of thoughtsendyures and a day. As Great Shapsphere puns it. In effect, I re-rumble, from the yules gone by, purr lil mur — rerof myhind, so she used indeed. When she give me the Sundaclouths she hung up for Tate and Comyng and snuffed out the ghost in the candle at his old game of haunt the sleepper. Faithful departed. When I’m dreaming back like that I begins to see we’re only all telescopes. Or the comeallyoum sounds. Like when I dromed I was in Dairy and was wuckened up with thump in thudderdown. Rest in peace! But to return.2 What a wonder-ful memory you have too! Twonderful morrowy! Straorbinair! Bene! I bring town eau and curry nothung up my sleeve. Now, springing quickly from the mudland-Loosh from Luccan with Allhim as her Elder tetra-turn a somersault. All’s fair on all fours, as my instructor unstrict me. Watch! And you’ll have the whole inkle. Allow, allow! Gyre O, gyre O, gyrotundo! Hop lala! As umpty herum as you seat! O, dear me, that was very nesse! Very nace indeed! And makes us a daintical pair of accomplases! You, allus for the kunst and me for omething with a handel to it. Beve! Now, as will pressantly be felt, there’s tew tricklesome poinds where our twain of doubling bicirculars, mating approxe-metely in their suite poi and poi, dunloop into eath the ocher. Lucihere! I fee where you

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

2 Say where! A timbrelfill of twinklelinkle.

Zweispaltung as Fundemaintalish of Wiederher-stellung.

mea. The doubleviewed seeds. Nun, lemmas quatsch, vide pervoyas akstiom, and I think as I’m suquez in the limon, stickne punctum, but for seminal rations I’d likelong, by Araxes, to mack a capital Pee for Pride down there on the batom1 where Hoddum and Heave, our monsterbilker, balked his bawd of parodies. And let you go, Airmienious, and mick you modest mock Pie out of Humbles up your end. Where your apexojesus will be a point of order. With a going groan grunt and a croak
click cluck. And my faceage kink and kurkle trying to make keek peep. Are you right there, Michael, are you right? Do you think you can hold on by sitting tight? Well, of course, it’s awful angelous. Ay, I’m right here, Nickel, and I’ll write. Singing the top line why it suits me mikey fine. But, yaghags hogwarts and arrahquinonthiance, it’s the muddest thick that was ever heard dump since Eggsmather got smothered in the plap of the pfan. Now, to compleat anglers, beloved bironthiarn and hushtokan hishtakatsch, join alfa pea and pull loose by dotties and, to more sparematically logoical, eelpie and paleale by trunkles. Alow me align while I encloud especious! The Nike done it. Like pah, I peh. Innate little bondery. And as plane as a poke stiff. Now, aqua in buccat. I’ll make you to see figuratleavely the whome of your eternal

1 Parsee ffrench for the upholdsterer would be delightedered.

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

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

4 Hasitatense?

5 The impudence of that in girl’s things!

Destiny, In-flunce of Design upon. Prometheus or the Promise of Provision

geometer. And if you flung her headdress on her from under her highlows you’d wheeze whose Salmonson set his seel on a hexen-gown. Hisss!, Arrah, go on! Fin for fun! You’ve spat your shower like a son of Siberia but let’s have at it! Subtend to me now! Pisk! Outer serpumstances being ekewilled, we care-fully, 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 aight 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. Waaaaaa. Tch! Sluice! Pla! And their, redneck, (for addn’t we to gayatsee with Puhl the Pun-kah’s bell?)mygh and thy, the living spit of dead waters, fastness firm of Hurdlebury Fenn, discinct and isoplural in its (your sow to the duble) sixuous parts, flument, fluevy 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 usquiluteral threeingles, (and why wouldn’t she sit cressloggedlike the lass that lured a tailor?) the constant of fluxion, Mahamewetma, pride of the province and when that tidled boare rutches up from the Afrantic, allaph quaran’s his bett und bier!

1 The chape of Do€a 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.


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 goaneeggbetter 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 languill 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 fiercest, thence must any what-youlike in the power of emphthood be either greater than or less than the unitate we have in one or hence shall the vectorious ready-eyes of everytwo circumflicksrent searchlers never film in the elipsities of their gyribouts
those fickers which are returnally reproductive of themselves.\textsuperscript{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:\textsuperscript{2} orso, here is nowet badder than the sin of Aha with his cosin Lil, verswaysed on coverswised, and all that’s consecents and cotangincies till Per-

perp stops repippinhim since her redtangles are all abscissan for limitising this tendency of our Frivulteeny Sexuagesima\textsuperscript{3} to expense her-sefls as sphere as possible, paradismatic 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 undescribables (one has thoughts of that eternal Rome) shrinks from schurtiness

\textsuperscript{1} I enjoy as good as anyone.

\textsuperscript{2} Neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked.

\textsuperscript{3} The boast of the town.

Canine Venus sublimated to Aulidic Aphrodite. Exclusivism: the Ors, Sors and Fors, which?

to scherts.\textsuperscript{1} Scholium, there are trist sigheds to everying but ichts on the freed brings euchs to the feared. Qued? Mother of us all! O, dear me, look at that now! I don’t know is it your spictre or my omination but I’m glad you dmentioned it! My Lourde! My Lourde! If that aint just the beatenest lay I ever see! And a superposition! Quoint a quincidence! O.K. Omnius Kollidimus. As Ollover Krumwall sayed when he slapped uheber his grannya-mother. Kangarooose feathers: Who in the name of thunder’d ever belevin you were that bolt? But you’re holy mooxed and gaping up the wrong palce\textsuperscript{2} as if you was seeheeing the gheist that stays forenenst, you blessed simpetop domefool! Where’s your belested loiternan’s lamp? You must lap wandret down the blushing refluction below. Her trunk’s not her brain — box. Hear where the bolgylines, Yseen here the puncture. So he done it. Luck! See her good. Well, well, well, well! O dee, O dee, that’s very lovely! We like Simperspreach Hammel-tones to fellow Selvertunes O’Haggans.\textsuperscript{3} When he rolls over his ars and shows the hise of his heels. Vely lovely entilely! Like a yangsheep-slang with the tsifengtse. So analytical plaus — ible! And be the powers of Moll Kelly, neigh — bour topsowy, it will be a lozenge to me all my lauffe.\textsuperscript{4} More better twofeller we been speak copperads. Ever thought about Guinness’s? And the regrettable Parson Rome’s advice?

\textsuperscript{1} Hen’s bens, are we soddy we missiled her?

\textsuperscript{2} I call that a scumhead.

\textsuperscript{3} Pure chingchong idiotism with any way words all in one soluble. Gee each owe tea eye smells fish. That’s U.

\textsuperscript{4} The Doodles family, Hoodle doodle, fam.?

Want to join the police.\textsuperscript{1} You know, you were always one of the bright ones, since a foot made you an unmentionable, fakes! You know, you’re the divver’s own smart goossoon, aequal to youself and wanigel to anglyother, so you are, hoax! You know, you’ll be dampned, so you will, one of these invernal days but you will be, carrotty! \textsuperscript{2}

Primanouriture and Ultimo-geniture No Sturm. No Drang.

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

Wherapool, gayet that when he stop look time he stop long ground who here hurry he would have ever the lthlst word, with a sweet me ah err eye ear marie to reat from the jacob’s\textsuperscript{3} and a shypull for toothsake 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 ravenostnorniously ıhs mum to me in bewonderment of his chipper chuthor for, while that Other by the halp of his creac-tive mind offered to deluberete the mass from the booty of fight our Same with the holp of the bounty of food sought to deluberete the mess from his corructive mund, with his muffetee cufes ownconsciously grafticking with his sinister cyclopes after trigamies and spirals’ wobbles pursuing their rovinghamil-ton

\textsuperscript{1} Hen’s bens, are we soddy we missiled her?

\textsuperscript{2} I call that a scumhead.

\textsuperscript{3} The Doodles family, Hoodle doodle, fam.?
selves and godolphing in fairlove to see around the waste of noland’s browne jesus (thur him no quartos!) till that on him poorin sweat the juggaleer’s veins (quench his quill!) in his napier scrag stud out bursthright tam-

1 Picking on Nickagain, Pikey Mikey?

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

3 Bag bag blockcheap, have you any will?

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


quam taughtropes. (Spry him! call a blood lekar! Where’s Dr Brassenaarse?) Es war itwas in his priesterrite. O He Must Suffer! From this misbelieving feacemaker to his noncredible fancyflame. Ask for bosthoon, late for Mass, pray for blaablaablaback sheep. (Sure you could wright anny pippap passage, Eye bet, as foyne as that moultylousy Erewhig, yerself, mick! Nock the muddy nickers! Christ’s Church varses Bellial!) Dear and he went on to scriipple gentlemine born, milady bread, he would pen for her, he would pine for her, how he would patpun fun for all with his frolicky frowner so and his glumsome grinner otherso. And how are you, waggy? My animal his sorrafool! And trieste, ah trieste ate I my liver! Se non, vero son trovatore. O jerry! He was soso, harriot all! He was sadfellow, steifel! He was mister-mysterion. Like a purate out of pensionee with a gouvernament job. All moanday, tearsday, wailsday, thumpsday, frightday, shatterday till the fear of the Law. Look at this twitches! He was quisquis, floored on his plankraft of shittim wood. Look at him! Sink deep or touch not the Cartesian spring! Want more ashes, griper? How diesmal he was lying low on his rawside laying siege to goblin castle. And, bezouts that, how hyenesmeal he was laying him long on his laughside lying sack to croakpartridge. (Be thou wars Rolaf’s intes-

1 And she had to seek a pond’s apace to salve her suiterkins. Sued!

2 Excuse theyre christianbrothers irish?

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

4 A nastilow disigraible game.

5 Dear old Erosmas. Very glad you are goin g to Penmark. Write to the corner. Grunny Grant.

Ensouling Fe — male Sustains Agonising Over-man. Sesama to the Rescues. The Key Signature.

WHEN THE ANSWERER IS A LEMAN. ALL SQUARE AND

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 apologijgs and merrymoney thanks to self for all the clericals 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.

Now. (peel your eyes, my gins, and brush your saton hat, me elementator joyclid, son of a Butt! She’s mine, Jow low jure, be Skibbering’s eagles, sweet tart of Whiteknees Arch — way) watch him, having caught at the bi — furking calamum in his bolsillos, the onelike underworp he had ever funnet without diffi-cultads, the aboleshqvick, signing away in happynext complete. (Exquisite Game of inspiration! 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?) intrieatedly in years, jirry — alimpaloop. And i Romain, hup u bn gd grl. 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.

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

1 I loved to see the Macbeths Jerseys knacking spots of the Plumpduffs Pants.

2 Lifp year fends you all and moe, souvenirs foft as summer snow, sweet willings and forget-uf-knots.

3 Gag his tubes yourself.


ACCORDING TO COCKER. TROTHBLOWERS. FIG AND THISTLE PLOT A PIG AND WHISTLE.

polypools. And this, pardonsky! is the way Romeopullupalleaps. Pose the pen, man, way me does. Way ole missa vellatoofhust show me how. Fourth power to her illogue! Bould strokes for your life! Tip! This is Steal, this is Barke, this is Starn, this is Swipt, this is Wiles, this is Psaw, this is Doubbllinnbay-yates. This is brave Danny weeping his spache for the popers. This is cool Connolly wiping his heath with brave Danny. And this, regard! how Chawless Skewed pardparaparnelligoe between brave Danny boy and the Connolly. Uniformad! Top. Spoken hath L’arty Ma-gory. Eregobragh. Prout!

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 parabolos of famillicurbs and meddled muddlingisms, thee faroots hof cullchaw end ate citrawn woon able rep of the triperforator awrite blast through his pergaman hit him where he lived and do for the blessset 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 braggy, by mercy-stroke he measured his earth anyway? could not but recken 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 miscon. Wince

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

2 When the dander rattles how the peacocks prance!

3 The Brownes de Browne — Browne of Castlehacknolan.

wan’s won! Rip! And his countinghands rose.

Formalis. Loves deathhow simple!

Slutningsbane. 2


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

Thanks eversore much, Pointcarried! I can’t say if it’s the weight you strike me to the quick or that red mass I was looking at but at the present momentum, potential as I am, I’m seeing raingbogeys rings round me. Honours to you and may you be commended for our exhibitiveness! I’d love to take you for a bugaboo ride and play funfer all if you’d only sit and be the
ballasted bottle in the porker barrel. You will deserve a rollypoly as long as from here to tomorrow. And to hell with them driftbombs and bottom trailers! If my maily was bag enough I’d send you a toxis. By Saxon Chromaticus, you done that lovely for me! Didn’t he now, Nubilina? Tiny Mite, she studiert whas? With her listenin’ coiffure, her dream of Endsland’s daylast and the glorifies of being presented maid to majesty. ¹ And less is the pity for she isn’t the lollypops she easily might be if she had for a sample Virginia’s air of achievement. That might keep her from throwing delph. ² As I was saying, while retorting thanks, you make me a reborn of the cards. We’re offals boys ambows. ³ For I’ve flicked up all the crambs as they crumbed from your table um, singing glory allaloserem, cog it out, here goes a sum. So

¹ A byebye bingbang boys! See you Nutcracker Sunday!

² Chinchin Childaman! Chapchopchap!

³ Wipe your glosses with what you know.

⁴ If I’d more in the cups that peevs thee you could cracksmith your rows tureens.

⁵ Alls Sings and Alls Howls.

read we in must book. It tells. He prophets most who bilks the best.

The Twofold Truth and the Conjunctive Appetites of Oppositional Orexes. 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 THICKY TILL OHIO OHIO IOIOMISS.

And that salubrated sickenagiaour of yaours have teaspilled all my hazeydency. Forge away, Sunny Sim! Sheepshopp. Bleating Goad, it is the least of things, Eyeinstye! Imagine it, my deep dartry dullard! It is hours giving, not more. I’m only out for celebridging over the guilt of the gap in your hiscitendency. You are a hundred thousand times welcome, old wort-sampler, hellbeit you’re just about as culpable as my wooffell merger would be. In effect I could engage in an energument over you till you were republicly royally toobally prussic blue in the shirt after.¹ Trionfante di bestia! And if you’re not your bloater’s kipper may I never curse again on that pint I took of Jamesons. Old Keane now, you’re rod, hook and sinker, old jubalee Keane! Biddy’s hair. Biddy’s hair, mine lubber. Where is that Quin but he knows it knot but what you that are my popular end-phthisis were born with a solver arm up your sleep. Thou in shanty! Thou in scanty shanty!! Thou in slanty scanty shanty!!! Bide in your hush! Bide in your hush, do! The law does not aloud you to shout. I plant my penstock in your postern, chinarpot. Ave! And let it be to all remembrance. Vale. Ovocation of maiding waters.² For auld lang salvy steyne. I defend you to champ my scullion’s praises. To book alone belongs the lobe. Foremaster’s meed³ will mark tomorrow, when we are making pilscrummage to whaboggeryin with

¹ From three shellings. A blueyde sacrifice.

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

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


ENTER THE COP AND HOW. SECURES GUBERNANT URBIS TERREOREM.
staff, scarf and blessed wallet and our aureoles round our neck and crops where as and when Heavysciusgardi, parent who offers sweet-meats, will gift uns his Noblett’s surprize. With this laudable purpose in loud ability let us be singulfied. Betwixt me and thee hung cong. Item, mizpah ends.

But while the dial are they doodling dawdling over the mugs and the grubs? Oikey, Impostolopulos? Steady steady steady steady studiavimus. Many many many many many manducabimus. We’ve had our day at triv and quad and writ our bit as intermidgets. Art, literature, politics, economy, chemistry, human-ity, &c. Duty, the daughter of discipline, the Great Fire at the South City Markets, Belief in Giants and the Banshee, A Place for Every-thing and Everything in its Place, Is the Pen Mightier than the Sword? A Successful Career in the Civil Service, The Voice of Nature in the Forest, Your Favorite Hero or Heroine, On the Benefits of Recreation, If Standing Stones Could Speak, Devotion to the Feast of the Indulgence of Portiuncula, The Dublin Metropolitan Police Sports at Ballsbridge, De-scribe in Homely Anglian Monosyllables the Wreck of the Hesperus, What Morals, if any, can be drawn from Diarmuid and Grafin’? Do you Approve of our Existing Parliamentary System? The Uses and Abuses of Insects, A

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 Bababipibambuli, 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.


Visit to Guinness’ Brewery, Clubs, Advantages of the Penny Post, When is a Pun not a Pun? Is the Co–Education of Animus and Anima Wholly Desirable? What Happened at Clontarf? Since our Brother Johnathan Signed the Pledge or the Meditations of Two Young Spinsters, Why we all Love our Little Lord Mayor, Hengler’s Circus Entertainment, On Thrift, The Kettle–Griffith-Moynihan Scheme for a New Electricity Supply, Travelling in the Olden Times, American Lake Poetry, the Strangest Dream that was ever Halfdreamt. 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, Santa Claus, The Shame of Slumdom, The Roman Pontiffs and the Orthodox Churches, 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, Proper and Regular Diet Necessity For, If You Do It Do It Now.

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

2 Wherry like the whaled prophet in a spookeerie.

3 What sins is pim money sans Paris!

4 I’ve lost the place, where was I?

5 Something happened that time I was asleep, torn letters or was there snow?
Mich for his pain, Nick in his past.

He has toglieresti in brodo all over his agrammatical parts of face and as for that hippofoxphiz, unlucky number, late for the christening!


Ere we hit the hay, brothers, let’s have that response to prayer!


MAWMAW, LU, YOUR BEEFTAY’S FIZZIN OVER! KAKAO-POETIC LIPPUDENIES OF THE UNGUMP-TIOUS.

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

Aun
Do
Tri
Car
Cush
Shay
Shockt
Ockt
Ni
Geg

Their feed begins. NIGHTLETTER

With our best youlldied greetings to Pep and Memmy and the old folkers below and beyant, wishing them all very merry Incar-nations 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)

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

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

It may not or maybe a no concern of the Guinnesses but.
That the fright of his light in tribalbalbutience hides aback in the doom of the balk of the deaf but that the height of bis life from a bride’s eye stammpunct is when a man that means a moun-tain barring his distance wades a lymph that plays the lazy win — ning she likes yet that pride that bogs the party begs the glory of a wake while the scheme is like your rumba round me garden, allatheses, with perhealths the prop of a prompt to them, was now or never in Etheria Deserta, as in Grander Suburbia, with Finn-fannfawners, ruric or cospolite, for much or moment indispute.

Whyfor had they, it is Hiberio–Miletiants and Argloe–Noremen, donated him, birth of an otion that was breeder to sweatoslaves, as mysterbolder, forced in their waste, and as for Ibdullin what of Himana, that their tolvtubular high fidelity daidlialler, as modern as tomorrow afternoon and in appearance up to the minute (hearing that anybody in that radu duchy of Wollinstown schemed to halve the wrong type of date) equipped with supershielded um-brella antennas for distance getting and connected by the magnetic links of a Bellini–Tosti coupling system with a vitalltone speaker, capable of capturing skybuddies, harbour craft emittences, key clickings, vaticum cleaners, due to woman formed mobile or man made static and bawling the whomle hamshack and wobble down in an elminium sounds pound so as to serve him up a mele- goturny marygoreum, eclectrically filtered for allirish earths and ohmes. This harmonic condenser enginiu (the Mole) they caused to be worked from a magazine battery (called the Mimmim Bimbim patent number 1132, Thorpetersen and Synys, Jomsborg, Selverbergen) which was tuned up by twintriodic singul — valvulous pipelines (lackslipping along as if their lifting deepened on it) with a howdrocephalous enlargement, a gain control of circumcentric megacycles ranging from the antidulibnium onto the serostaaterean. They finally caused, or most leastways brung it about somehows(that)the pip of the lin(to)pinannacute intro an auricular forfickle (known as the Vakingfar sleeper, mono-fractured by Piarsa UaRhuanaighaudhlug, tympan founder Eustache Straight, Bauliaughacleagh) a meatous conch culpable of cunduncding Naul and Santry and the forty routes of Corthy with the concertiums of the Brythyc Symmonds Guild, the Ropemakers Reunion, the Variagated Peddlars Barringooy Bni-brthirhd, the Askold Olegsonder Crowds of the O’Keef–Rosses ant Rhosso– Keever of Zastwoking, the Ligue of Yahooth o.s.v. so as to lall the bygone dozed they arborised around, up his corpular fruent and down his rectionary buckling, hummer, enville and cstorrap (the man of Iren, thore’s Curlymane for you!), lill the lubberendth of his otological life.

House of call is all their evenbreads though its cartomance hallucinate like an erection in the night the mummy of whose deed, a lur of Nur, immures a mirage in a mirror, for it is where by muzzinmessed for one watthour, bilaws below, till time jings pleas, that host of a bottlefilled, the bulkily hulkwright, hunter’s pink of face, an orel orioled, is in.on a boust to be unbulging an o’connell’s, the true one, all seethic, a luckybock, pledge of the stoup, whilom his canterberry belseyeses wink wickeding indtil the teller, oyne of an outstman in skull of skand. Yet is it, this ale of man, for him, our hubuljoynted, just a tug and a fistful as for Culsen, the Patagoreyan, chieftain of chokanchuckers and his moyety joyant, under the foamer dispensation when he pullupped the turfeycork by the greats of gobble ou

It was long after once there was a lealand in the luffing ore it was less after lives thor a toyler in the tawn at all ohr it it was note before he drew out the middles of Kersse by jerkin his dressing but and or it was not before athwartships he buttonhaled the Norweeger’s capstan.

So he sought with the lobestir claw of his propencil the clue of the wickser in his ear. O, lord of the barrels, comer forth from Anow (I have not mislaid the key of Efas–Taem), O, Ana, bright lady, comer forth from Thenanow (I have not left temptation in the path of the sweeper of the threshold), O!

But first, strongbowth, they would deal death to a drinking. Link of a lead temptation in the path of the sweeper of the threshold), O! Our svalves are svalves aroon! We rescue thee, O Baass, from the damp earth and honour thee. O Connibell, with mouth burial! So was done, neat and trigg. Up draught and whet them!

— Then sagd he to the ship’s husband. And in his translaten-tic norjankeltian. Hwere can a ketch or hook alive a suit and sowterkins? Soot! sayd the ship’s husband, knowing the language, here is tayleren. Ashe and Whitehead, closechop, successor to. Ahorror, he sayd, canting around to that beddest his friend, the tayler, for finixed coplure, chunk pulley mucky chink topside numpa one selafella, fake an capstan make and shoot! Manning to sayle of clothse for his lady her master whose to be precised of a peer of trouders under the pattern of a cassack. Let me prove, I pray thee, but this once, sazd
Mengarments, saving the mouth-brand from his firepool. He spit in his faist (beggin): he tape the raw baste (paddin): he planked his pledge (as dib is a dab): and he tog his fringe sleeve (buthock lad, fur whale). Alloy for allay and this toolth for that soolth. Lick it and like it. A barter, a parter. And plenty good enough, neighbour Norreys, every bit and grain. And the ship’s husband brokercurst after him to hail the lugger. Stolp, tief, stolp, come bag to Moy Eireann! And the Norweeger’s capstan swaradeed, some blowfish out of schooling: All lykkehud! Below taiyor he ikan heavin sets. But they broken waters and they made whole waters at they surfered bark to the lots of his vauce. And aweigh he yankered on the Norgean run so that seven sailend sonnenrounders was he breastbare to the brina-bath, where bottoms out has fatthom full, fram Franz Jos, Land til Cabo Thomendosado, evenstarde and risingsoon. Up the Rivor Tanneiry and down the Golfe Desombres. Farety days and fearty nights. Enjoy yourself, O maremen! And the tides made, veer and haul, and the times marred, rear and fall, and, holey bucket, dinned he raign!

— Hump! Hump! bassed the broaders-inlaugh with a quick piddysnip that wee halfbit a second.

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

But old sporty, as endth lord, in ryehouse reigner, he nought feared crimp or cramp of shore sharks, plotsome to getsome. It was whol niet godthaab of errol Loritz off his Cape of Good Howthe and his trippertrice loretta lady, a maomette to his monetone, with twy twy twinky her stone hairpins, only not, if not, a queen of Prancess their telling tabled who was for his seeming a casket through the heavenly, nay, heart of the sweet (had he hows would he keep her as niece as a fiddle!) but in the mealtub it was wohl yeas sputsbargain what, rarer of recent, an occasional conformity, he, with Muggleton Muckers, alwagers allalong most certainly allowed, as pilerninger’s grace to peti-tionists of right, of the three blend cupstoomeries with their customed spirits, the Gill gob, the Burklley bump, the Wallisey wanderlook, having their ceilidhe gailydhe in his shaunty irish. Group drinkards maaks grope thinkards or how reads rotary, jewr of a chrestend, respecting the otherdogs churchees, so long plubs will be plebs but plabs by low frequency amplification may later agree to have another. For the people of the shed are the sure ads of all quorum. Lorimers and leathersellers, skinners and salters, pewterers and paperstainers, parishclerks, fletcherbowyers, girdlers, mercers, cordwainers and first, and not last, the weavers. Our library he is hoping to ye public.

Innholder, upholder.

— Sets on sayfohrt! Go to it, agitator! they bassabosuned over the flowre of their hoose. Godeown moseys and skeep thy beeble bee!

— I will do that, acordial, by mine hand, sazd Cod, and in the flap of a jacket, ructified after his nap of a blankit their o’cousin, as sober as the ship’s husband he was one my godfather when he told me saw whileupon I am now well and jurily sagasfide after the boonamorse the widower, according to rider, following pnomoneya, he is consistently blown to Adams. So help me boyg who keeps the book!

Whereofter, behest his suzerain law the Thing and the pilsener had the baar, Recknar Jarl, (they called him Roguenor, Irl call him) still passing the change-a-pennies, pengeypigses, a several sort of coyne in livery, pushed their whisper in his hairing, (seemed, a some shipshep’s sottovoxed stalement, a dearagadye, to hasvey anyone doing duty for duff point of dorkland compors) the same to the good ind ast velut discharge after which he had exemptied more than orphan for the ballast of his nutritural life. And threw a cast. A few pigses and hare you are and no chicking, tribune’s tribute, if you guess mimic miening. Meanly in his lewd-brogue take your tyon coppels token, with this good sixtric from-mine runbag of jewels. Nummers that is summus that is toptip that is bottombay that is Twomeys that is Digges that is Heres. In the frameshape of hard mettles. For we all would fain make glories. It is meanly well mint.

Thus as count the costs of liquid courage, a bullyon gauger, stowed stivers pengapung in bulk in hold (fight great finnence! brayvoh, little bratton!) keen his kenning, the queriest of the crew, with that fellow fearing for his own misshapes, should he be himself namesakely a fouly fallen dissentant from the peripu-lator, sued towards Meade–Reid and Lynn–Duff, rubbing the hodden son of a pookal, leaden be light, lather be dry and it be drownd on all the ealsth beside, how the camel and where the deiffel or when the finicking or why the funicking, who caused the scaffolding to be first removed you give orders,
babling, were their reidey meade answer when on the cutey (the cores-pondent) in conflict of evidence drew a kick at witness but (missed) and for whom in the dyfflun’s kiddy removed the planks they were wanted, boob.

Bump!

Bothallchoractorschumminaroundgansunuminarumdrum-strumtruminahumptadumpwaultopofooolooderamaunsturnup!

— Did do a dive, aped one.

— Propellopombarouter, based two.

— Rutsch is for rutterman ramping his roe, seed three. Where the muddies scrimm ball. Bimbim bimbim. And the maidies scream all. Himhim himhim.

And frommore let legend go lore of it that mortar scene so cwympty dwympy what a dusty dust it razed arboriginally but, luck’s leap to the lad at the top of the ladder, so sartor’s risorted why the sinner the badder! Ho ho ho hoch! La la la lach! Hillary rillarry gibbous grist to our millery! A pushpull, qq: quiescence, pp: with extravent intervulve coupling.. The savest lauf in the world. Paradoxmutose caring, but here in a present booth of Balla-clay, Barthalamou, where their dutchuncler mynhosts and serves them dram well right for a boors’ interior (homereek van hohm-ryk) that salve that selver is to screen its aunty and has ringround as worldwide eve her sins (pip, pip, pip) willpip futurepip feature apip footloose pastcast with spareshins and flash substittles of noirse-made-eary from a nephew mind the narrator but give the devil his so long as those sohns of a blitlz call the tuone tuone and thonder alout makes the thurd. Let there be. Due.

— That’s all murtagh purtagh but whad ababs his dopter? sissed they who were onetime ungkerls themselves, (when the youthel of his yorn shook the bouchal in his bed) twilled along-side in wiping the Ace assatiated with their wetting. The lappel of his size? His ros in sola velnere and he sicckumed of homnis terrars. She wends to scoulas in her slalpers. There were no pea-nats in her famalgia so no wumble she tumbled for his famas roalls davors. Don’t him forget! A butcheler artsed out of Cullege Trainity. Diddled he daddle a drop of the cradler on delight mebold laddy was stetched? Knit wear? And they addled, (or ere the cry of their tongues would be uptied dead) Shufflebotham asidled, plus his ducks fore his drills, an inlay of a liddle more lining maught be licensed all at ones, be these same tokens, for-giving a brass rap, sneither a whole length nor a short shift so full as all were concerned.

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

— Good marrams, sagd he, freshwatties and boasterdes all, as he put into bierhiven, nogeysokoey first, cabootle segund, jilling to windwards, as he made straks for that oerasound the snarsty weg for Publin, so was his horenpipe lug in the lee off their mouths organs, with his tilt too taut for his tammmy all a slauter and his wigger on a wagger with its tag tucked. Up. With a good eastering and a good westering. And he asked from him how the hitch did do this my fand sulkers that mone met the Kidballacks which he suttonly remembered also where the hatch was he endnew strandwes he’s that fond sutchenson, a penicular fraimd of mind, fordeed he was langseling to talka holt of hems, clown toff, tye hug fliorten. Cablen: Clifftop. Shelvling tobay oppe-long tomeadow. Ware cobbles. Posh.

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

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

— Good marrams and good merrymills, sayd good mothers gossip, bobbing his bowing both ways with the ments and skerries, when they were all in the old walled of Kinkinarborg (and that they did overlive the hot air of Montyburnkum upon the coal blasts of Mitropolitos let there meeds be the hourihorn), hibernia-ting after seven oak ages, fearsome where they were he had gone dump in the doomering this tide where the peixies would pickle him down to the button of his seat and his sess old sos Erinly into the boelgein with the help of Divy and Jorum’s locquor and shut the door after him to make a rarely fine Ran’s cattle of fish. Moraya Mortimor! Allapalla overus! Howofot had the ballshee tried! And they laying low for his home gang in that eeriebleak mead, with fireball feast and turkeys tumult and paupers patch to provide his bum end. The foe things your niggerhead needs to be fitten for the Big Water. He made the sign of the ham-mer. God’s drought, he sayd, after a few daze, thinking of all those bliakings, how leif pauses! Here you are back on your hay-kins, from Blasil the Brast to our povotogesus portocall, the furt on the turn of the hurdies, slave to trade, vassal of spices and a dragon-the-market, and be turbot, lurch a stripe, as were you soused methought out of the mackeral. Eldsfells! sayd he. A kumpavin on iceslan! Here’s open handlegs for one foulker from the hame folk here in you’s booth! So sell me gundy, sayd the now wagering canpon, with a warry posthumour’s expletion, shoots ogos shootsle him or where’s that slob? A bit bite of keesens, he sayd, til Dennis, for this jantar (and let the doblins roast perus,) or a stinger, he sayd, t. d., on a doroughbread ken-ney’s for Patriki San Saki on svo fro or my old relagation’s out of tiempor and when I’m soured to the tipple you can sink me lead, he sayd, and, if I get can, sayd he, a pusspull of tomtar-tarum. Thirst because homing hand give. Allkey dallkey, sayd the shop’s housebound, for he was as deep as the north star (and could tolk sealer’s solder into tankar’s tolder) as might have sayd every man to his beast, and a treat for the trading scow, my cater million falls to you and crop feed a stall! Afram. And he got and gave the ekspedient for Hombreyhambrey willcomer what’s the good word. He made the sign on the feaster. Cloth be laid! And a disk of osturs for the swanker! Allahballah! He was the care gave the ekspedient for Hombreyhambrey wilcomer what’s the good word. He made the sign on the feaster. Cloth be laid!

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

— Humpsea dumpsea, the mchantman, secondsnipped cutter the curter.

— A ninth for a ninth. Take my worth from it. And no mistaenk, they thrice told the taler and they knew the whyed for too. The because of his sosuch. Uglymand fit himshemp but throats fill us all! And three’se here’s for repeat of the unium! Place the scars wore on your groot big billy, he apullajibed, the O’Colonel Power, latterly distented from the O’Conner Dan, so promonitory himself that he was obstiificous of the heath of hosth that rosed before him, from Sheeroskouro, under its zembliance of mardal mansk, like a dun darting dullmitter, with his mountain haares stuck in protuberances so promonitory himself that he was obliffous of the headth of hosth that rosed before him, from Sheeroskouro, under its

— Ten! Opvarts and at ham, or this ogry Osler will oxmaul us all, sayd he, like one familiar to the house, while Waldemar was heeling it and Maldemaer was owing it, soo syg he was walking from the bowl at his food and the meer crank he was waiting for the tow of his turn. Till they plied him behaste on the fare. Say wehrn!
crested from the irised sea in plight, calvitousness, loss, nngnr, gliddinyss, unwill and snorth. It might have been what you call your change of my life but there’s the chance of a night for my lifting. Hillyhollow, valleylow! With the sounds and the scents in the morning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

— Ild luck to it! blastfumed the nowraging scamptail, in flating furies outs trews his cammelskins, the flashlight of his ire wackering from the eyewinker on his masttop. And aye far he fared from Afferik Arena and yea near he night till Blawland Bearring, baken be the brazen sun, buttered be the snows. And the sea shoaled and the saw squalled. And, soaking scupper, didn’t he drain

A pause.
Infernal machinery (serial number: Bullysacre, dig care a dig) having thus passed the buck to billy back from jack (finder the keeper) as the baffling yarn sailed in circles it was now high tide for the reminding pair of snipers to be suitably punished till they had, like the pervious oelkenner done, liquorally no more powers to their elbow. Ignorinser’s bliss, therefore, their not to say rifle butt target, none too wisefolly, poor fish, (he is eating, he is spin, is milked, he dives) upholding a lamphorne of lawstift as wand of welcome to all men in bonafay, (and the corollas he so has saved gainsts the virus he has thus injected!) discoastedsel to that kipsie point of its Dublin bar there, breaking and entering, from the outback’s dead heart, Glasthule Bourne or Boehernapark Nolagh, by wattisimade or bianconi, astraylians in island, a wellknown tall hat blown in between houses by a nightcap of that silk or it might be a black velvet and a kiber galler dragging his hunker, were signalling gael warnings towards Wazwollenzee Haven to give them their beerings, east circular route or elegant central highway. Open, ’tis luck will have it! Lifeboat Alloe, Noeman’s Woe, Hircups Emptybolly! With winkles welsh and cocklesent jelks. Let be buttercup eve lit by night in the Phoenix! Music. And old lotts have funn at Flammagen’s ball. Till Irinwakes from Slumber Deep. How they succeeded by courting daylight in saving darkness he who loves will see.

Business. His bestness. Copeman helpen.

Contrescene.

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

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


Off.

— Take off thatch whitehat (lo, Kersse come in back bespoing of loungeon off the Boildawl stumplecheats for rushrishis Irish-Irish, dangieling his old Conan over his top gallant shouldier so was, lao yiu shao, he’s like more look a noicer on the nevay).

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

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

Chorus: With his coate so graye. And his pounds that he pawned from the burning.

— And, haikon or hurlin, who did you do at doyle today, my horsey dorksey gentryman. Serge Mee, suit! sazd he, tersey kersey. And when Tersse had sazd this Kersse stood them the whole kourse of training how the whole blazy raze acurraged, from lambkinsback to sliving board and from spark to phoenish. And he tassed him tartly and he sassed him smartly, tig for tager, strop for stripe, as long as there’s a lyasher on a kyat. And they peered him beheld on the pyre.

And it was so. Behold.

— Same capman no nothing horces two feller he feller go where. Isn’t that effect? gig for gag, asked there three newcommers till knockingshop at the ones upon a topers who, while in admittance to that impedance, as three as they were there, they had been malttreating themselves to their health’s contempt.
— That’s fag for fig, metinkus, confessed, mhos for mhos, those who, would it not be for that dielectric, were upon the point of obsoletion, and at the brink of from the pillar of the Nilsens and from the statutes of the Kongbullies and from the millestones of Ovlergroamlius libitate nos, Domnial!

— And so culp me goose, he sazd, szed the ham muncipated of the first course, recourseing, all cholers and coughs with his beawu on the bummell, the bugganeering wanderducken, he sazd, (that his pumps may ship awoyle shandymound of the dussard), the coarsehair hghsaydighsayman, there’s nice tugs he looks, (how you was, Ship Alouset?) he sazd, the bloedaxe bloodoth baltxe-bec, that is crupping into our raw languange navel through the lumbsmall of his hawsehole, he sazd, donconfounder him, voyaging after maidens, belly jonah hunting the polly joans, and the hurss of all portnoysers befaddle him, he sazd, till I split in his flags, he sazd, one to one, the landslewder, after Donnerbruch fire. Reefer was a wenchman. One can smell off his wetsments how he is coming from a beach of promisck. Where is that old muttiny, shall I ask? Free kicks he will have from me, turncoats, in Bar Bartley if I wars a fewd years ago. Meistr Capteen Gaascooker, a salestrimmer!

As he was soampling me ledder, like pulp, and as I was trailing his fumbelums, like hulp, he’ll fell the fall of me faus, he sazd, like yulp! The goragorridgorballyed pushkalsson, he sazd, with his bellows pockets fulled of potchtatos and his fox in a stomach, a disagrees to his ramskew coddlecherskithers’ zirkuv, drop down dead and deaf, and there is never a teilwrmans in the feof fife of Iseland or in the wholeabelongd of Skunkinabory from Drumadun derry till the rumnants of Mecckrass, could milk a colt in thrushes foran furrow follower width that a hole in his tale and that hell of a hull of a hill of a came lump bakk. Fadgest-fudgist!

Upon this dry call of selenium cell (that horn of lunghalloon, Riland’s in peril!) with its doomed crack of the old damn ukonnen power insound in it the lord of the saloom, as if for a flash sala-magunnded himself, listed his tumultumps pack and hearinat presently returned him, ambilaterally alleyoneyesed, from his uppletoned layir to his beforetime guests, that bunch of palers on their round, timemarching and petrolling how, who if they were abound to loose a laugh (Toni Lampi, you booraascal!) they were abooned to let it as the leashed they might do when they felt (O, the wolf he’s on the walk, sees his sham cram bokk!) their joke was coming home to them, the steerage way for stabling, ghus-torily spoeking, gen and gang, dane and dare, like the dud spuk of his first foetotype (Trolldedroll, how vary and likely!), the filli-bustered, the fully bellied. With the old sit in his shoulders, and the new satin atlas onder his uxter, erning his breadth to the swelt of his proud and, picking up the emberose of the lizod lights, his tail toiled of spume and spawn, and the bulk of him, and hulk of him as whenever it was he reddled a ruad to riddle a rede from the sphinxish pairc while Ede was a guardin, ere love a side issue. They hailed him cheeringly, their encient, the murrainer, and wallruse, the merman, ye seal that lubs you lassers, Thallasee or Tullafilmagh, when come of uniform age.

— Heave, coves, emptybloddy!

And ere he could catch or hook or line to suit their saussyskins, the lumpenpack. Underbund was overraskelled. As

— Sot! sod the tailors opsits from their gabbalots, change all that whole set. Shut down and shet up. Our set, our set’s allohn.

And they poured em behoiled on the fire. Scaald!

Rowdiose wodhalooing. Theirs is one lessonless missage for good and trueirs. Will any persen bereaved to be passent bring-back or rumpart to the Hoved politymester. Clontarf, one love, one fear. Ellers for the greeter glossary of code, callen hom: Finucane–Lee, Finucane–Law.

Am. Dg.

Welter focussed.

Wind from the nordth. Warmer towards muffinbell, Lull.

As our revelant Columnfiller predicted in last mount’s chattiry sermon, the allexpected depression over Schiumdinebbia, a bygger muster of veirying precipitation and haraled by faugh sicknells, (hear kokkenhovens ekstras!) and unwalloped in an unusuable suite of clouds, having filthered through the middelhav of the same gorgers’ kennel on its wage wealthwards and
incursioned a sotten retch of low pleasure, missed in some parts but with lucal drizzles, the outlook for tomarry (Streamstress Mandig) beamed brider, his ability good.

What hopends to they?


Ls. De.

Art thou gainous sense uncompetite! Limited. Anna Lynchya Pourable! One and eleven. United We Stand, even many offered. Don’t forget. I wish auspicable thievesdayte for the stork dyrby. It will be a thousand’s a won paddies. And soon to bet. On drums of bliss. With haslapal prudity, hipsalewd prudity, hopesalot hon-nessy, hopesaloop luck. After when from midnights unwards the fourposter harp quartetto. (Kiskiviikko, Kalastus. Torstaj, tanssia. Perjantaj, peleja. Lavantaj ja Sunnuntaj, christianismus kirjallisuus, kirjallisuus christianismus.) Whilesd this pellower his finnisch.

— Comither, ahorace, thou mighty man of valour, elderman adaptive of Capel Ysnoed, and tsay-fong tsei-foun a laun bricks-number till I’ve fined you a faulter-inlaw, to become your son — to-be, gentlemens tealer, generalman seelord, gosse and bosse, hunguest and horasa, jonjemsums both, in sailsmanship, szed the head marines talebearer, then sayd the ships gospfather in the scat story to the husband’s capture and either you does or he musts ant this moment same, sayd he, so let laid pacts be being betving ye, he sayd, by my main makeshift, he sayd, one fisk and one fleks, as flat as, Aestmand Addmundson you, you’re iron slides and so hompety dopm as Paddley Mac Namara here he’s a hardy canooter, for the two breasts of Banba are her soilers and her toiliers, if thou wilt serve Idyall as thou hast sayd. Brothers Boathes, brothers Coathes, ye have swollen blooders’ oaths. And Gophar sayd unto Glideon and sayd he to the nowedding captain, the rude hunner-able Humphrey, who was praying god of clothildies by the seven bosses of his trunktarge he would save bucklesome when she wooed belove on him, comeether, sayd he, my merrytime mare-lupe, you wutan whaal, sayd he, into the shipfolds of our quad — rupede island, bless madugh, mardy, luusk and cong! Blass Neddos bray! And no more of your maimed acts after this with your kowtoros and criados to every tome, thick and heavy, and our onliness of his revelance to your ultitude. The illfollowable staying in wait for you with the winning word put into his mouth or be the hooley tabell, as Horrocks Toler hath most cares to call it, I’ll rehearse your comeundermends and first mardhyr you en-tirely. As puck as that Paddeus picked the pun and left the lollies off the foiled. A Trinity judge will crux your boom. Pat is the man for thy. Ay ay! And he pured him beheild of the ouishguss, mingling a sign of the cruisk. I popetithes thee, Ocean, sayd he, Oscarvaughter, sayd he, Ereivikkingr, sayd he, intra trifum triftonum trifoliorum, sayd he, onconditionally, forfor furst of giel — don’t forget. I wish auspicable thievesdayte for the stork dyrby. It will be a thousand’s a won paddies. And soon to bet. On drums of bliss. With haslapal prudity, hipsalewd prudity, hopesalot hon-nessy, hopesaloop luck. After when from midnights unwards the fourposter harp quartetto. (Kiskiviikko, Kalastus. Torstaj, tanssia. Perjantaj, peleja. Lavantaj ja Sunnuntaj, christianismus kirjallisuus, kirjallisuus christianismus.) Whilesd this pellower his finnisch.

— Nansense, you snorsted? he was haltid considerable agenst all religions overtrow so hwoefore the thokkurs pokker the big-bug miklamanded storstore exploder would he be wholesalesolde daadooped by Priest Gudfodren of the sacredhaunt suit in Diaeblen–Balkley at Domnkirk Saint Petricksburg? But ear this:

— And here, aaherra, my rere admirable peadar poulsen, sayd he, consistently, to the secondnamed sutor, my lately lamented sponsorship, comesend round that wine and lift your horn, sayd he, to show you’re a skolar for, winter you likes or not, we brought your summer with us a — to-be, gentlemens tealer, generalman seelord, gosse and bosse, hunguest and horasa, jonjemsums both, in sailsmanship, szed the head marines talebearer, then sayd the ships gospfather in the scat story to the husband’s capture and either you does or he musts ant this moment same, sayd he, so let laid pacts be being betving ye, he sayd, by my main makeshift, he sayd, one fisk and one fleks, as flat as, Aestmand Addmundson you, you’re iron slides and so hompety dopm as Paddley Mac Namara here he’s a hardy canooter, for the two breasts of Banba are her soilers and her toiliers, if thou wilt serve Idyall as thou hast sayd. Brothers Boathes, brothers Coathes, ye have swollen blooders’ oaths. And Gophar sayd unto Glideon and sayd he to the nowedding captain, the rude hunner-able Humphrey, who was praying god of clothildies by the seven bosses of his trunktarge he would save bucklesome when she wooed belove on him, comeether, sayd he, my merrytime mare-lupe, you wutan whaal, sayd he, into the shipfolds of our quad — rupede island, bless madugh, mardy, luusk and cong! Blass Neddos bray! And no more of your maimed acts after this with your kowtoros and criados to every tome, thick and heavy, and our onliness of his revelance to your ultitude. The illfollowable staying in wait for you with the winning word put into his mouth or be the hooley tabell, as Horrocks Toler hath most cares to call it, I’ll rehearse your comeundermends and first mardhyr you en-tirely. As puck as that Paddeus picked the pun and left the lollies off the foiled. A Trinity judge will crux your boom. Pat is the man for thy. Ay ay! And he pured him beheild of the ouishguss, mingling a sign of the cruisk. I popetithes thee, Ocean, sayd he, Oscarvaughter, sayd he, Ereivikkingr, sayd he, intra trifum triftonum trifoliorum, sayd he, onconditionally, forfor furst of giel — don’t forget. I wish auspicable thievesdayte for the stork dyrby. It will be a thousand’s a won paddies. And soon to bet. On drums of bliss. With hapsalap troth, hipsalewd prudity, hopesalot hon

What hopends to they?


Ls. De.

Art thou gainous sense uncompetite! Limited. Anna Lynchya Pourable! One and eleven. United We Stand, even many offered. Don’t forget. I wish auspicable thievesdayte for the stork dyrby. It will be a thousand’s a won paddies. And soon to bet. On drums of bliss. With haslapal prudity, hipsalewd prudity, hopesalot hon-nessy, hoopsaloop luck. After when from midnights unwards the fourposter harp quartetto. (Kiskiviikko, Kalastus. Torstaj, tanssia. Perjantaj, peleja. Lavantaj ja Sunnuntaj, christianismus kirjallisuus, kirjallisuus christianismus.) Whilesd this pellower his finnisch.

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hard as the trent of the thimes but a touch as saft as the dee in flooting and never a Hyderow Jenny the like of her lightness at
look and you leap, rheadoromanseing long evmans invairn, about little Anny Roners and all the Lavinias of ester yours and
pleted for them to herself in the periglus glatsch hangs over her trickle bed, it’s a piz of fortune if it never falls from the
stuffel, and, when that mallaura’s over till next time and all the prim rossies are out dressparing and the tubas tout tour for
the glowr of their god, making every Dinny dingle after her down the Dargul dale and (wait awhile, blusterbuss, you’re
marchadant too forte and don’t start furlan your ladins till you’ ve learned the lie of her landuage!), when it’s summer
calling and she can hear the pianutunar beyant the bayonades in Combria sleepyalking to the Wiltsh muntons, titting out
through her droemer window for the flyend of a touchman over the wishtats of English Strand, when Killbarrack bell pings
sakalaisance that Concessas with Sinbads may (pong!), where our dollimonde sees the phantom shape of Mr Fortunatus
Wright since winksomes Miss Bulkeley made loe to her wrecker and he took her to be a rover, O, and playing house of ivary
dower of gould and gift you soil me peepat my prize, which its a blue loogoont for her in a bleakeyed seusian if she can’t
work her mireclles and give Norgeyborgey good airish times timer, while her fresh racy turf is kindly kindling up the lovey
with the flu, with a roaryboyrellas would set an Ei-weddyng on fire, let aloon an old Humppolammos with the boomer — poorter
on his brain, aiden bay scye and dye, asebukividdly, twentywounds to her dozen and cicocho him diduleydovely to his old
cawcaws huggin and munin for his strict privatear which there’s no pure rube like an ool pool roober when your pullar beer
turns out Bruin O’Luinn and beat his barge into a battering pram with her watting line for cubblin and, be me fairy fay, sayd
he, the marriage mixter, to Kersse, Son of Joe Ashe, her coax-fonder, wiry eyes and winky hair, timkin abeat your Andrews
Meltons and his lovsang of the short and shifty, I will turn my thinks to things alove and I will speak but threes ones, sayd he,
my truest patrions good foundter, poles a port and zones asunder, tie up in hates and repeat at luxure, you can better your
tooblane prestestind arsen, tyler bach, after roundsabouts and donochs and the volumed smoke, though the clonk in his
stumble strikes warn, and were he laid out on that counter there like a Slavocrates amongst his skippies, when it comes to the
ride onerable, sayd he, that’s to make plain Nanny Ni Sheeres a full Dinamarqueza, and all needed for the lay, from the
hursey on the montey with the room in herherge down to forkpiece and bucklecatch, (Elding, my eyling! and Lif, my lif!) in
the pravacy of the pirmanocturne, hap, sayd he, at that meet hour of night, and hop, sayd he, ant the fyrsty annas evvero thried
(whiles the breath of Huppy Hulles-pond swimp in is seachest for to renumber all the mallyme — dears’ long roll and
call of sweetheart emmas that every had a port in from Coxenhagen till the brottels on the Nile), while tylight is yet slipping
under their pillow, (ill omens on Kitty Cole if she’s spilling laddy’s measure!) and before Sing Mattins in the Fields,
ringsengd ringseengd, bings Heri the Concorant Erho, and the Referinn Fuchs Gutmann gives us I’ll Bell the Welled or The
Steeplepoy’s Revanger and all Thingavalley knows for its never dawn in the dark but the deed comes to life? and raptist bride
is aptist breed (tha lassy! tha lassy!), and, to buoy the hoop within us springing, ’tis no timbarter she’ll have then in her armsg
brace to doll the dallydandle, our fiyey quean, upon the night of the things of the night of the making to stand up the doubl
tet of the oversear of the seize who cometh from the mighty deep an
tooblue prodestind
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daughter of Cormac. The soul of everyelsesbody rolled into its olesoleself. A doublemonth’s licence, lease on mirth, while
hooney-moon and her flame went hunysuckling. Holyryssia, what boom of bells! What battle of bragues on Sandgate where
met theobby mobbed his bibby mabbing through the ryce. Even Tombs left doss and dunnage down in Demidoff’s tomb
and drew on the dornailed clogs that Morty Manning left him and legged in by Ghoststown Gate, like Pompei up to date,
with a sprig of White-boys heather on his late Luke Elcock’s heirloom. And some say they seen old dummydeaf with a leaf
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was the Granjook Meckl or Paster de Grace on the Route de l’Ep,e. It was joobileejeu that All Sorts’ Jour. Freestouters and
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bible. Hadn’t we heaven’s lamps to hide us? Yet every lane had its lively spark and every spark had its several spurtles and each spitfire spurtle had some trick of her trade, a tease for Ned, nook’s nestle for Fred and a peep at me mow for Peer Pol. So that Father Matt Hughes looked taytotally threbled. But Danno the Dane grimmed. Dune. ’Twere ye?g will elsecare doatty larn meet they dewscent hymmn to cannons’ roar and rifles’ peal vill shantery soloweys sang! For there were no more Tyrhranees and for Laxembraghs was pass-the-cupper to Our Lader’s. And it was dim upon the floods only and there was day on all the ground.

Thus street spins legends while wharves woves tales but some family fewd felt a nick in their name. Old Vickers sate down on their airs and straightened the points of their lace. Red Rowleys popped out of their lairs and asked what was wrong with the race. Mick na Murrough used dripping in layers to shave all the furze off his face. The Burke–Lees and Coyle–Finns paid full feines for their sinns when the Cap and Miss Coolie were roped.

Rolloraped.

With her banbax hoist from holder, zig for zag through pool and polder, cheap, cheap, cheap and Laughing Jack, all augurs scorening, see the Bolche your pictures motion and Kitzy Kleinsuessmein eloping for that holm in Finn’s Hotel Fiord, Nova Norening. Where they pulled down the kuddle and they made fray and if thee don’t look homey, well, that Dook can eye Mae.

He goat a berth. And she cot a manege. And wohl’s gorse mundom ganna wedst.


The kilder massed, one then and unhindred, (harefoot, birdy-hands, herringabone, beesknees), and they barneydansked a kathareen round to know the who and to show the howsome. Why was you hiding, moder of moders? And where was hunty, poppa the gun? Pointing up to skyless heaven like the spoon out of sergeantmajor’s tay. Which was the worst of them phaymix cupplerts? He’s herd of hoarding and her faiths is altared. Becoming ungoing, their seeming sames for though that liamstone deaf do his part there’s a windtreetop whipples the damp off the mourning. But tellusit allasif wellasits end. And the finer it takes the swooner they tumble two. He knows he’s just thrilling and she’s sure she’d squeam. The threelegged man and the tulip-pied dewydress. Lludd hillmythey, we’re brimming to hear! The durst he did and the first she ever?

Peganeen Bushe, this isn’t the polkar, catch as you cancan when high land fling! And you Tim Tommy Melooney, I’ll tittle your barents if you stick that pigpin upinto meh!

So in the names of the balder and of the sol and of the holli-chrost, ogsowearit, trisexnone, and by way of letting the aandt out of her grosskropper and leading the makes home by their gribes, whoopsabout a plabbase of plobbicides, alamam alemon, poison kerls, on this munden of Delude, and in the high places of Delude of Isreal, which is Haraharem and the diublin’s owd mould overl sea against Vikens, from your tarns, thwaites and thorpes, withes, tofts and fosses, fells, haughs and shaws, lunds, garths and dales, mensuring the megnominous as so will is the littleyest, the myrioheartzed with toroidal coil, eira area round wantanajocky, fin above wave after duckydowndivvy, trader arm ashung beauty belt, the formor velican and nana karlikeevna, sommerlad and cinderenda, Valtivar and Viv, how Big Bil Brine Borumoter first took his gage at lil lolly lavvander waader since when capriole legs covets limbs of a crane and was it the twylyd or the mounth of the yare or the feint of her smell made the seo-men assalt of her (in imageascene all: whimwhim whimwhim). To the laetification of disgeneratio by neuhumorisation of our kristianiasation. As the last liar in the earth begeylywayled the first lady of the forest. Though Toot’s pardooled sauve l’hum-mour! For the joy of the dew on the flower of the fleets on the fields of the foam of the waves of the sea of the wild main from Borneholm has jest come to crown. Snip snap snoody. Noo err historyend goody. Of a lil trip trap and a big treeskooner for he put off the ketyl and they made three (for fie!) and if hec dont love alpy then lad you annoy me. For hanigen with hunigen still haunt ahunt to finnd their hinnigen where Pappappappasannuarraghageallachnatull-aghmonganmacmacmacwhackfalltherdebblenonthedubblandadd — ydoodled and anruly person creeked a jest. Gestapose to parry off cheekars or frankfurters on the odor. Fine again, Cuoholson! Peace, O wiley!

Such was the act of goth stepping the tolk of Doolin, drain and plantage, wattle and daub, with you’ll peel as I’ll pale and we’ll pull the boath toground togutter, testies touchwood and shenstone unto pop and puma, calf and condor, under all the
gaauspices (incorporated), the chal and his chi, their roamerin over, gribgrograb reining trippetytrappety (so fore shalt thou flow, else thy cavern hair!) to whom she (anit likenand please-thee!) Till sealump became dump to bumpslump a lifflebed, (altol…, allamarsch! O gu', O gu'!). Kaemper Daemper to Jetty de Waarft, all the weight of that mons on his little ribbeunuch! Him that gronde old mand to be that haard of heaering (afore said) and her the petty tond ur with the fix in her changeable eye (which see), Lord, me lad, he goes with blowbierd, leedy, plasheous stream. But before that his loudship was converted to a landshop there was a little theogamyjig incidence that hoppy-jumpy Junuary morn when he collied with the cad out on the beg amudst the fiounaregal gaames of those oathmassed fenians for whome he's forcecaused a bridge of the piers, at Inverleffy, mating pontine of their engagement, synnbildising graters and things, eke ysendt? O nilly, not all, here’s the fist cataraction! As if ever she cared an assuan damm about her harpoons sticking all out of him whet between phoenix his calipers and that psourdonome sheath. Sdrats ye, Gus Paudheen! Kenny’s thought ye, Dinny Oozle! While the cit was leaking asphalt like a suburbiaurealis in his rure was tucking to him like old booths, booths, booths. booths.

Enterruption. Check or slowback. Dvershen.

Why, wonder of wenchalows, what o szeszame open, v doer s t doing? V door s being. But how theng thingajarry miens but this being becoming n z doer? K? An o. It is ne not him what foots like a glove, shoehandschner Pad Podomkin. Sooftly, anni slavey, szszuszchee is slowjaneska.

The aged crafty nummifeed confusionary overinsured ever-lapsing accentuated katekattershin clobbered, clobbered, clobbered, darsey dobrely, back and along the dansing corridor, as she was going to pimpim him, way boy wally, not without her comple-ment of cavarnan men, between the two deathdealing allied divisions and the lines of readypresent fire of the corkedagains up-storared, taken in giving the saloot, band your hands going in, bind your heads coming out, and remodelked to herselp in her serf’s alown, a weerpovy willowy dreely dryly and the patter of so familiars, farabroads and behomeans, as she shure sknows, boof for a booby, boo: new uses in their mewseyfume. The jammesons is a cook in his hair. And the juinnesses is a rapin his hind. And the Bullingdong caught the wind up.

And the message she braught belaw from the missus she bragged abouve that had her agony stays outsize her sari chemise, blancking her shifts for to keep up the fascion since the king of all dronnings kissed her beeswixed hand, fang (pierce me, hunky, I’m full of meunders!), her fize like a tubtail of mondayne clothes, fed to the chaps with working medicals and her birthright pang that would split an atam like the forty pins in her hood, was to fader huncher a howdydowdy, to mountainy mots in her amnest plein language, from his fain a wan, his hot and tot lass, to pierce his ropeloop ear, how, Podushka be prayhasd, now the sowns of his loins were awinking and waking and his dorter of the hush lillabilla lullaby (lead us not into reformication with the poors in your thingdom of gory, O moan!), once after males, nonce at a time, with them Murphy’s puffs she durstet with gnockmeggs and the bramborry cake for dour dory dompling obaye Mattom Beeto, and epsut the pfot and if he was whishtful to licture her caudal with chesty chach from his dauberg den and noviny news from Naul or toplots talks from morrienbaths or a parrotsprate’s cure for ensevelised lethurgies, spick’s my spoon and the veriblest spoon, ‘twas her hour for the chamber’s ensallycopodium with love to melost Panny Kostello from X.Y. Zid for to folly bobbis gibits porzy punzy and she was a wanton for De Marera to take her genial glow to bed.

— This is time for my tubble, reflected Mr ‘Gladstone Browne’ in the toll hut (it was choractoristic from that ‘man of Delgany’). Dip.

— This is me vulcanite smoking, profused Mr ‘Bonaparte Nolan’ under the natecup (one feels how one may hereby reekig-nites the ‘ground old mahonagyan’). Dip.

— And this is defender of defeater of defaulter of deformer of the funst man in Danelagh, willingtoned in with this glance dowon his browen and that born appalled nooddum the panellite pair’s cummal delimitator, odding: Oliver White, he’s as tiff as she’s tight. And thisens his speak quite hoarse. Dip.

In reverence to her midgetsy the lady of the comeallyous as madgestoo our own one’s goff stature. Prosim, prosit, to the krn yr nck!

O run it is the chomicalest thing how it pickles up the punchey and the jude. If you’ll gimmy your thing to me I will gamey a sing to thee. Stay where you’re dummy! To get her to go ther. He banged the scoop and she bagged the sugar while the whole
pub’s bobbel done a stare. On the mizzatint wall. With its chromo for all, crimm crimmms. Showing holdmenag’s asses sat by Allme-neck’s men, canins to ride with em, canins that kept at em, woollied and flundered.

So the katey’s came and the katey’s game. As so gangs sludge-nose. And that henchwench what hopped it dunne there duft the. Duras.

(Silents)

Yes, we’ve conned thon print in its gloss so gay how it came from Finndlader’s Yule to the day and it’s Hey Tallaght Hoe on the king’s highway with his hounds on the home at a turning. To Donnicoombe Fairing. Millikin’s Pass. When visiting at Izd-la-Chapelle taste the lipe of the waters from Carlowman’s Cup.

It tellyhows its story to their six of hearts, a twelve-eyed man; for whom has madjestky who since is dyed dround reign before the izba.

Au! Au! Aue! Ha! Heish!

As stage to set by ritual rote for the grimm grimm tale of the four of hyacinths, the defaeelled carp and the bugler’s dozen of leagues-inamour or how Holispolis went to Parkland with mabby and sammy and sonny and sissy and mop’s varlet de shambles and all to find the right place for it by peep o’skirt or pipe a skirt when the hundt called a halt on the chivvychace of the ground sloper at that ligtning lovemaker’s thender apeal till, between wandering weather and stable wind, vastelend hosteil-end, neuziel and oltrigger some, Bullyclubber burgherly shut the rush in general.

Let us propel us for the frey of the fray! Us, us, beraddy!

Ko Niutirenis hauru leish! A lala! Ko Niutirenis haururu laleish! Ala lala! The Wullingthund sturm is breaking. The sound of maormaoring The Wellingthund sturm waxes fuer-cilier. The whackawhacks of the sturm. Katu te ihis ihis! Katu te wana wana! The strength of the rawshorn generand is known throughout the world. Let us say if we may what a weeny wukeleen can do.

Au! Au! Aue! Ha! Heish! — Paud the roosky, weren’t they all of them then each in his different way of saying calling on the one in the same time hibernian knights underthaner that was having, half for the laugh of the bliss it sint barbaras another doesend end once tale of a tublin wished on to him with its olives ocolombs and its hills owns ravings and Tutty his tour in his Nowhare’s yarcht. It was before when Aimee stood for Arthurduke for the figger in pro-fane and fell from grace so madlley for fill the flatter fellows. (They were saying). And it was the lang in the shirt in the green. of the wood, where obelisk rises when odalisks fall, major threft on the make and jollyjacques spindthrift on the merry (O Mr Mathurin, they were calling, what a topheavy hat you’re in! And there aramny maeud, then they were saying, these so piou- pious!). And it was cyclums cyclorums after he made design on the corse and he want to mess on him (enterellbo add all taller Danis), back, seater and sides, and he applied (I’m amazingly sorracer!) the wholed bould shoulderedboy’s width for fullness, measures for messieurs, messer’s massed, (they were saying again and agone and all over agun, the louthly meathers, the loudly meaders, the lously measlers, six to one, bar ones).

And they pled him beheighten the firing. Dope.

Maltomeetim, alltomatetam, when a tale tarries shome shunter shove on. Fore auld they wauld to pree. Pray.

Of this Mr A (tillalaric) and these wasch woman (dapple-hued), fhronehflord and feeofeeds, who had insue keen and able and a spindlesong aside, nothing more is told until now, his awebrume hour, her sere Sahara of sad oakleaves. And then. Be old.
The next thing is. We are once amore as babes awondering in a wold made fresh where with the hen in the storyaboot we start from scratch.

So the truce, the old truce and nattonbuff the truce, boys. Drouth is stronger than faction. Slant. Shinshin. Shinshin.

— It was of The Grant, old gartener, qua golden meddlist, Publius Manlius, federal private, (his place is his poster, sure, they said, and we’re going to mark it, sore, they said, with a carbon caustick manner) bequother the liberaloider at his petty corpore-lezzo that hung caughtnapping from his baited breath, it was of him, my wife and I thinks, to feel to every of the younging fruits, tenderosed like an atalantic’s breastswells or, on a second wreathing, a bright tauth bight shimmeryshaking for the welt of his plow. And wheer-o the peckadillies at his wristsends meetings be loving so lightly dovessoild the candidacy, me wipin eye sinks, of his softboiled bosom should be apperaint even to our illicterate of nullatinenties.

All to which not a lot snapped The Nolan of the Calabashes at his whilom eweheart photognomist who by this sum taken was as much incensed by Saint Bruno as that what he had consummed was his own panegoric, and wot a lout about it if it was only a pippappoff pigeon shoot that gracesold getrunner, the man of centuries, was bowled out by judge, jury and umpire at batman’s biff like a witchbefooled legate. Dupe.

His almonence being alaterelly in dispensation with his three oldher patrons’ aid, providencer’s divine cow to milkfeeding mleckman, bonafacies to solafides, what matter what all his freudzay or who holds his hat to harm him, let hutch just keep on under at being a vanished consinent and let annapal livibel prettily prattle a lude all her own. And be that semeliminal salm on sallemonly angled, inga te and outgate. A truce to lovecalls, dulled in warclothes, maleybags, things and bleakhusen. Leave the letter that never begins to go find the latter that ever comes to end, written in smoke and blurred by mist and signed of solitude, sealed at night.

Simply. As says the mug in the middle, nay brian nay noel, ney billy ney boney. Imagine twee cweamy wosen. Suppwose you get a beautiful thought and cull them sylvias sub silence. Then imaggin a stotterer. Suppoutrre him to been one bigger-master Omnibil. Then lustily (tutu the font and tritt on the boks — woods like gay feeters’s dance) immengine up to three longly lurking lobstarts. Fair instents the Will Woolsey Wellaslayers. Pet her, pink him, play pranks with them. She will nod ampro-perly smile. He may seem to appraisaithe. They are as piractical jukersmen sure to paltipsypote. Feel the wollies drippeling out of your fingathumbs. Says to youssilves (floweers have ears, heahear!) solowly: So these ease Budlim! How do, dainty dau-lims? So peached to pick on you in this way, prue and simple, pritt and spry! Heyday too, Malster Faunagon, and hopes your habtitahiti licks the mankey nuts! And oodlum hoodlum dood-lum to yes, Donn, Teague and Hurleg, who the bullocks brought you here and how the hillocks are ye?

We want Bud. We want Bud Budderly. We want Bud Budderly boddily. There he is in his Borrisalooner. The man that shunned the rucks on Gereland. The man thut won the bettlle of the bawll. Order, order, order, order! And tough. We call on Tan-cred Artaxerxes Flavin to compeer with Barnabas Ulick Dunne. Order, order, order! Milster Malster in the chair. We’ve heard it sinse sung thousandtimes. How Burghley shuck the rackushant Germanon. For Ehren, boys, gobrawl!

A public plouse. Citizen soldiers.

TAFF (a smart boy, of the peat freers, thirty two eleven, looking through the roof towards a relevution of the karmalife order priovous to his hoisting of an emergency umberolum in byway of paraguastical solation to the rhyttel in his hedd). All was flashing and krashning blurtly moriartsky blutcherudd? What see, buttywalch? Tell ever so often?

BUTT (mottlegged youth, clerical appealance, who, as his pied friar, is supposing to motto the sorry dejester in tifstaff toffinesness or to be digarced from ever and a daye in his accounts). But da. But dada, mwilshsuni. Till even so aften. Sea vaast a pool!

TAFF (porumptly helping himself out by the cesspull with a yellup yurrup, puts up his furry furzed hare). Butly bitly! Humme to our mouthings. Conscribe him tillusk, unt, in his jubalant tubalence, the groundsapper, with his soliday site out on his moulday side in. The gubernier-gerenal in laut-lievetonant of Baltiskeeamore, amaltheouse for leporty hole! Endues paramilintary langdwage. The saillils of the yellavs nodadont palignal urdlesh. Shelltoss and welltass and telltuss aghom!
Sling Stranaslang, how Malo-razzias spikes her, coining a speak a spake! Not the Setanik stuff that slimed soft Siranouche! The goot old gunshop monowards for manosymples. Tincurs tammit! They did oak hay doe fou Chang-il-meng when that man d’airain was big top saw tip side bum boss pageantfiller. Ajaculate! All lea light! Rassamble the glowrings of Bruyant the Bref when the Mollies Makehal-pence took his leg for his thumb. And may he be too an intrepida — tion of our dreams which we foregot at wiking when the mom hath razed out limpalove and the bleakfrost chilled our ravery! Pook. Sing ching lew mang! Upgo, bobbycop! Lets hear in remember the braise of Hold!

BUTT (drawing forth from his blouson whereis meditabound of his minkerstary, switches on his gorsecopper’s fling weitoheito lang-thorn, fed up the grain oils of Aerin, while his laugh neighs banck as that flashermind’s rays and his lipponease longuewedge wambles). Ullahbluh! Sehyoh narar, pokehole sann! Manhead very dirty by am anoyato. Like old Dolldy Icon when he cooked up his igs in bicon. He gatovit and me gotafit and Oalgoak’s Cheloven gut a fudden. Povar old pitschobed! Molodeztious of metchennacht belaburt that pentschmyaso! Bog carsse and dam neat, sar, gam cant! Limbers affront of him, lumbers behund. While the bucks bite his dos his hart bides the ros till the bounds of his bays bell the warning. Sobaiter sobarkar. He was enmivallupped. Chro-mean fashioned. With all his cannoball wappents. In his raglanrock and his malakoiffed bulbsbyg and his varnashed roscians and his cardigans blousejagged and his scarlett manchokuffs and his tree-coloured camouflage and his perikopendolous gaelstorms. Here weeks hire pulchers! Obriania’s beromst! From Karrs and Polikoff’s, the men’s confessioners. Seval shimars pleasant time payings. Mousoumeselles buckwoulds look. Tenter and likelings.

TAFF (all Perssiasterssias shookatnaratatattar at his waggon-horchers, his bulgeglarying stargapers razzledazzlingly full of eyes, full of balls, full of holes, full of buttons, full of stains, full of medals, full of blickblackblobs). Grozarktic! Toadlebens! Some garment-guy! Insects appalling, low hum cling sin! A cheap decoy! Too deep destroy! Say mangraphique, may say nay por daguerre!

BUTT (if that he hids foregodden has nate of glozery farused ameet the florahs of the follest, his spent fish’s livid smile giving allasundery the bumfit of the doped). Come alleyou jupes of Wymmingtown that graze the calves of Man! A bear raigning in his heavenspawn consomation robes. Rent, outraged, yewleaved, grained, bal-looned, hindergored and voluant! Erminia’s capecloaked hoo — doodman! First he s s st steppes. Then he st too stoopt. Lookt.

TAFF (strick struck strangling like a leal lusky Lubliner to merum-ber by the cycl of the cruize who strungled Attahilloupa with what empoisoned El Monte de Zuma and failing wilnaynilnay that he was pallups barn in the minkst of the Krumlin befodt he was pop-soused into the monkst of the vater can, makes the holypolygon of the emt on the greaseshaper, a little farther, a little soon, a lettera-cettera, oukraydoubray). Scutterer of guld, he is retourious on every roudery! The lyewdsky so so sewn of a fitchid! With his walshbrushup. And his boney bogey braggs.

BUTT (after his tongues in his cheeks, with pinkpoker pointing out in rutene to impassible abjects beyond the mistomist towards Lissnaluhy such as the Djublian Alps and the Hoofd Ribeiro as where he and his trulock may ever make a game). The field of karhags and that bloasted tree. Forget not the felled! For the lomondations of Oghrem! Warful doon’s bothem. Here furry glunn. Nye? Their feery pass. Tak! With guerillaman aspear aspoor to prink the pranks of primkissies. And the buddies be-hide in the byre. Allahblah!

TAFF (whatwidth the psychophannies at the front and whetwadth the psuckofumbers beholden the fair, illcertain, between his bulchri-chudes and the roshashnaral, where he sees Bishop Ribboncake plus his pollex prized going forth on his visitations of mirrage or Miss Horizon, justso all our fannacies daintied her, on the curve of the camber, unsheathing a showlaced limbaloft to the great consternations). Divulge! Hyededye, kittyls, and howdeddoh, pan! Poshbott and pulbuties.
See that we soll or let dargman be luna as strait a way as your ant’s folly me line while ye post is goang from Piping Pubwirth to Haunted Hillborough on his Mujiksy’s Zaravence, the Riss, the Ross, the sur of all Russers, as my farst is near to hear and my sackend is meet to sedon while my whole’s a peer’s aureolies. We should say you dones the polecad. Bang on the boooche, gurg in the gorge, rap on the roof and your flup is unbu . . .

BUTT (at the signal of his act which seems to sharpnel his innermals menody, playing the spool of the little brown jog round the wheel of her whang goes the millner). Buckily buckily, blodestained boyne! Bimbambombumb. His snapper was shot in the Rumjar Journaral. Why the gigls he lubed beeyed him.

TAFF (obliges with a two stop yogacoga sumphoty on the bones or ivory girl and ebony boy). The balacleivka! Trovatarovitch! I trumble!

BUTT (with the sickle of a scygthe but the humour of a hummer, O, howorodies through his cholaroguled, fumfing to a fullfrength with this wallowing olfact). Mortar martar tartar wartar! May his boules grow wider so his skittles gets worse! The aged monad making a venture out of the murder of investment. I seen him acting surgent what betwinks the scimitar star and the ashen moon. By their lights shalthow throw him! Piff paff for puffpuff and my pife for his cgar! The mlachy way for gambling.

[Up to this curkscrew bind an admirable verbivocovisual pre-sentment of the worldrenownced Caerholme Event has been being
given by The Irish Race and World. The huddled and aliven stable-crashers have shared fleetfooed enthusiasm with the paddocks
dare and ditches tare while the mews was combing ground. Hippo-hopparray helioscope flashed winsor places as the gates might see.

Meusdeus! That was (with burning briar) Mr Twomass Noho-holan for their common contrive satisfunction in the purports of amusedment telling the Verily Roverend Father Epiphanes

shrineshriver of Saint Dhorough’s (in browne bomler) how

(assuary as there’s a bonum in your osstheology!) Backlegs

shirked the racing kenneldar. The saintly scholarist’s roastering
guffalawd of nupersaturals holler at this metanoic excomologosis
tells of the chestnut’s (once again, Wittyngtom!) absolutionally
romptyhompty successfulness. A lot of lasses and lads without
damas or dads, but fresh and blued with collecting boxes. One
ught spare ores triflets, to be shut: it is Coppingers for the
children. Slippery Sam hard by them, physically present how-
somedever morally absent, was slooching about in his knavish
diamonds asking Gmax, Knox and the Dmuggies (a pinnance for
your toughts, turffers!) to deck the ace of duds. Tomtinker Tim, howbeit, his unremitting retainer, (the seers are the seers of Samael but the heers are the heers of Timoth) is in Boozer’s Gloom, soalken steady in his sulken tents. Baldawl the curse, baledale the day! And the frocks of shick sheeples in their shum-mering insamples! You see: a chiefsmith, semperal scandal stinkmakers, a middinest from the Casabianca and, of course, Mr Fry. Barass! Pardon the inquisition, causas es quostas?
It is Da Valorem’s Dominical Brayers. Why coif that weird hood? Because among nosoever circusdances is to be apprehended the dustungwashed poltronage of the lost Gabbarnaur–Jaggar-nath. Pamjab! Gross Jumpiter, whud was thud? Luckluckluck — luckluckluckluck! It is the Thousand to One Guinea–Gooseberry’s Liperfull Slipver Cup. Hold hard, ridesiddle titelittle Pitsy Riley! Gurragrunch, gurragrunch! They are at the turn of the fourth of the hurdles. By the hross of Xristos, Holophullopopu-lace is a shote of excramation! Bumchub! Emancipator, the Creman hunter (Major Hermyn C. Entwhistle) with dramatic effect reproducing the form of famous sires on the scene of the formers triumphs, is showing the eagle’s way to Mr Whayte-hayte’s three buy geldings Homo Made Ink, Bailey Beacon and Ratatuohy while Furstin II and The Other Girl (Mrs ‘Boss’ Waters, Leavybrink) too early spring dabbles, are showing a clean pairofhids to Immensipater. Sinkathinks to oppen here!
To this virgin’s tuft, on this golden of evens! I never sought of sinkathink. Our lorkmakor he is proformly annuysed He is shinkly thinkly shaking in his schayns. Sat will be off follteede.
This eeridreme has being effered you by Bett and Tipp. Tipp and Bett, our swapstick quackchancers, in From Topphole to Bot tom of The Irish Race and World.]
TAFF (aware that the first sports report of Loudin Reginald has now been afterthoughtfully colliberated by a sagging spurs flash, takes the dipperend direction and, for tasing the tomar of malaise after the poggency of orangultonia, orients by way of Sagit-tarius towards Draco on the Lour). And you collier carsst on him, the corsar, with Boyle, Burke and Campbell, I’ll goegomble on strangbones tomb. You had just been cerberating a camp camp camp to Saint Sepulchre’s march through the armeemonds re-treat with the boys all marshalled, scattering giant’s hull over the curseway, followed along the rout by the stenchions of the corpse. Tell the coldspell’s terroth! If you please, commeylad! Perfedes Albionias! Think some ingain think, as Teakortairer sate over the Galwegian caftan forewhen Orops and Aasas were chooldrengs and micramacrees! A forward movement, Miles na Bogaleen, and despatch!

BUTT (slinking his coatsleeves sordout over his squad mutton shoulder so as to loop more life the jauntylyman as he scents the anggreget yup behound their whole scoochnina’s desperate noy’s totalage and explaining aposteriorly how awstooloo was valde-sombre belowes hero and he was in a greak esthate phophiari an erixtion on the soeptuple side of him made spoil apriori his popo-portuitions). Yass, zotnyzor, I don’t think I did not, pojr. Never you brother me for I scout it, think you! Ichts nichts on nichts! Greates Schchtschuptar! Me fol the rawlawdy in the schpirt of a schkrepz. Of all the quirasses and all the qewrhrmin in the tra-gedoes of those antians their grandoper, that son of a gun — nong, with his sabaothsopolettes, smooking his scandleleseo at bothtends of him! Foinn duhans! I grandthinked after his obras after another time about the itch in his egondoorn he was legging boldlyluged from some pulversporochs and lyoking for a stool-eazy for to nemesisplotsch allafranka and for to sublumate himself with an ultradungs heavenly mass at his base by a suprime pomp-ship chorams the perished popes, the reverend and allaverred cromlecks, and when I heard his lewdbrogue reciping his cheap cheateary gospeds to sintry and santry and sentry and jury and I thought he was only haftara having afterhis brokeforths but be the homely Churopodvas I no sooner seen aghist of his frighteousness then I was blobbering with wear a few versets off fouling for fjorg for my fifth foot. Of manifest ‘tis obedience and the. Flute!

TAFF (though the unglucksarsoon is giming for to git him, joting in, howly ligious, hapagodlap, like a soldierry sap, with a pique at his cuie and a tyr in his eye and a bond of his back and a croak in his cry as did jolly well harm lean o’er him) Is not athug who would. Weepen, weeponder, song of sorrowmon! Which goatheye and sheepkeey they damntly well know. Papaist! Gambanman! Take the cawraidd’s blow! Yia! Your partridge’s last!

BUTT (giving his scimmianised twinge in acknuckledowngment of this cumulikick, strafe from the firetrench, studenly drobs led, sa-toniseels ouchoyotchy, he changecors induniforms as he is lefting the gat out of the big: his face glows green, his hair greys white, his bleyes bcome broon to suite his cultic twalette). But when I seeing him in his oneship fetch along within hail that tourrible tall with his nitshnykopfgoknob and attempting like a brandylogged rudeman cathargic, lugging up and lading down his livepelts so crushcinly like Mebbuck at Messar and expousing his old skinful alimoney. But when I got inoccu herdsquatters beyond the carcasses and I couldn’t erver nerver to tell a liard story not of I knew th-

TAFF (as a marrer off act, prepensing how such waldmanns from Burnias seduced country cowns, he is preposing barangaparang after going knowing what he is doing after to see him pluggy well moiidered as a murder effect, you bet your blowie knife, before he doze soze, sopprused though he is) Grot Zot! You hidn’t the hurts? Vott Fonn!

BUTT (hearing somrmothor sudly give tworthree peevish sniff sniff snoores like govalise falseleep he waitawhishts to see might he stirs and then goes on kuldrum like without asking for pepeace or anysing a soul). Merzmard! I met with whom it was too late. My fate! O hate! Fairwail! Fearwealing of the groan! And think of that when you smugs to bagot.
TAFF (who meanwhileome at yawn’s length so as to put a nodje in the poestcher, by wile of stoccan his hand and of rooma makin ber getting umptyums gathered off the skattert, had been lavishing, lagan on lighthouse, words of silent power, susu glougrou biri — biri gongos, upon the repoted speechsalver’s innkeeping right which, thanks giveme and naperied norms nonobstanclant, there can be little doubt, have resulted in a mamstchance ministring of another guid-ness, my good, to see) 

Bompromifazzio! Shumpum for Pa-li-di and oukososou for the niper dandy! Trink off this scup and be bladdy orafferteed! To bug at?

BUTT (he whipedoff’s his chimbley phot, as lips lovecuring to the tongueopener, he takeups the communion of sense at the hands of the forerver of tostpassers and thereinofter centellinates that potifex miximhost with harsupical hospedariaty proffering into his pauses somewhat salt bacon). Theres scares knud in this gnardl warld a fully so svend as dilates for the improvement of our foerse of nature by your very ample solvent of referacting upon me like is boesen fienn.

[The other forogenothen abbose in the Mullingaria are during this swishingsight teilweisioned. How the fictionable world in Fruzn Camelartery is loading off heavy furases and affubling themselves with muckinstushes. The neatschkee Novgolosh. How the spinach Ruddocks are being tattowatted up for the second comings of antigreenst. Hebeneros for Aromal Peace. How Alibey Ibrahim wisethes Bella Suora to a holy cryptmahs while the Arumbian Knives Riders axecutes deviliances round the jehumispheure. Learn the Nunsturk. How Old Yales boys is making rebolutions for the cunning New Yirls, never elding, still begidding, never to mate to lend, never to ate selleries and never to add soulleries and never to ant selleries and never to aid selleries with sucharow with sotchyouroff as Burkeley’s Show’s a ructiongetherall. Phone for Phineal toomellow afternoon and your plumeral’s a roselixion.]

TAFF (now as he has been past the buckturnstock from Peadhar Piper of Colliguchuna, whiles they all are bealling pots to dubrin din for old daddam dombstom to tomb and wamb humbs lumbs agamb, glimpse agam, glance agen, rise up road and hike up hill, and find your pollyvouelly foncey pitchin inglez in the parler). Since you are on for versingrhorisher say your piece! How Buccelech shocked the rosing ginnirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A hov and az ov and off like a gow! And don’t live out the sad of tearfs, piddyawhick! Not offgott affisang is you, buthbach! Ath yet-heredayth noth endeth, hay? Vaersegood! Buckle to! Sayyessik, Ballygarry. The fourscore soculums are watchyoumaycodding to cooll the skoopgoods don't live out the sad of tearfs, piddyawhick! Not off piece! How Buccleuch shocked the rosing girnirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A hov and az ov and off like a gow! And hive up hill, and find your pollyvouelly foncey pitchin inglez in the parler).

BUTT (who in the cushlow of his goodsforseeking hoarth, ever fondlinger of his pimple spurk, is a niallist of the ninth homestages, the babybell in his bagguttract upper going off allatwanst, begad, lest he should challenge himself, beygoad, till angush). Horrasure, toff! As sa homestages, the babybell in his bagguttract upper going off allatwanst, begad, lest he should challenge himself, beygoad, ti

TAFF (now as he has been past the buckturnstock from Peadhar Piper of Colliguchuna, whiles they all are bealling pots to dubrin din for old daddam dombstom to tomb and wamb humbs lumbs agamb, glimpse agam, glance agen, rise up road and hike up hill, and find your pollyvouelly foncey pitchin inglez in the parler). Since you are on for versingrhorisher say your piece! How Buccelech shocked the rosing ginnirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A hov and az ov and off like a gow! And don’t live out the sad of tearfs, piddyawhick! Not offgott affisang is you, buthbach! Ath yet-heredayth noth endeth, hay? Vaersegood! Buckle to! Sayyessik, Ballygarry. The fourscore soculums are watchyoumaycodding to cooll the skoopgoods don't live out the sad of tearfs, piddyawhick! Not off piece! How Buccleuch shocked the rosing girnirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A hov and az ov and off like a gow! And hive up hill, and find your pollyvouelly foncey pitchin inglez in the parler). Since you are on for versingrhorisher say your piece! How Buccelech shocked the rosing ginnirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A hov and az ov and off like a gow! And hive up hill, and find your pollyvouelly foncey pitchin inglez in the parler).

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Bompromifazzio! Shumpum for Pa-li-di and oukososou for the niper dandy! Trink off this scup and be bladdy orafferteed! To bug at?

BUTT (he whipedoff’s his chimbley phot, as lips lovecuring to the tongueopener, he takeups the communion of sense at the hands of the forerver of tostpassers and thereinofter centellinates that potifex miximhost with harsupical hospedariaty proffering into his pauses somewhat salt bacon). Theres scares knud in this gnardl warld a fully so svend as dilates for the improvement of our foerse of nature by your very ample solvent of referacting upon me like is boesen fienn.

[The other forogenothen abbose in the Mullingaria are during this swishingsight teilweisioned. How the fictionable world in Fruzn Camelartery is loading off heavy furases and affubling themselves with muckinstushes. The neatschkee Novgolosh. How the spinach Ruddocks are being tattowatted up for the second comings of antigreenst. Hebeneros for Aromal Peace. How Alibey Ibrahim wisethes Bella Suora to a holy cryptmahs while the Arumbian Knives Riders axecutes deviliances round the jehumispheure. Learn the Nunsturk. How Old Yales boys is making rebolutions for the cunning New Yirls, never elding, still begidding, never to mate to lend, never to ate selleries and never to add soulleries and never to ant selleries and never to aid selleries with sucharow with sotchyouroff as Burkeley’s Show’s a ructiongetherall. Phone for Phineal toomellow afternoon and your plumeral’s a roselixion.]

TAFF (now as he has been past the buckturnstock from Peadhar Piper of Colliguchuna, whiles they all are bealling pots to dubrin din for old daddam dombstom to tomb and wamb humbs lumbs agamb, glimpse agam, glance agen, rise up road and hike up hill, and find your pollyvouelly foncey pitchin inglez in the parler). Since you are on for versingrhorisher say your piece! How Buccelech shocked the rosing ginnirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A hov and az ov and off like a gow! And don’t live out the sad of tearfs, piddyawhick! Not offgott affisang is you, buthbach! Ath yet-heredayth noth endeth, hay? Vaersegood! Buckle to! Sayyessik, Ballygarry. The fourscore soculums are watchyoumaycodding to cooll the skoopgoods don't live out the sad of tearfs, piddyawhick! Not off piece! How Buccleuch shocked the rosing girnirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A hov and az ov and off like a gow! And hive up hill, and find your pollyvouelly foncey pitchin inglez in the parler). Since you are on for versingrhorisher say your piece! How Buccelech shocked the rosing ginnirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A hov and az ov and off like a gow! And hive up hill, and find your pollyvouelly foncey pitchin inglez in the parler).

TEN (who meanwhileome at yawn’s length so as to put a nodje in the poestcher, by wile of stoccan his hand and of rooma makin ber getting umptyums gathered off the skattert, had been lavishing, lagan on lighthouse, words of silent power, susu glougrou biri — biri gongos, upon the repoted speechsalver’s innkeeping right which, thanks giveme and naperied norms nonobstanclant, there can be little doubt, have resulted in a mamstchance ministring of another guid-ness, my good, to see) 

Bompromifazzio! Shumpum for Pa-li-di and oukososou for the niper dandy! Trink off this scup and be bladdy orafferteed! To bug at?
BUTT (in his difficoltous tresdobremient, he feels a bitvalike a baddlefall of staot but falls a batforlake a borrlefull of bare). And me awlphul omegrims! Between me rassociations in the postlea-deny past and me disconnections with aplompervious futules I’ve a boodle full of maimeries in me buzzim and medears runs sloze, bleime, as I now with platoonic leave recoil in (how the thickens they come back to one to rust!) me misenary post for all them old boyars that’s now boomaringing in waulholler, me alma marthyrs. I dring to them, bycorn spirits fuselaiding, and you cullies adjutant, even where its contentsed wody, with absents wehrmuth. Junglemen in agleement, I give thee our greatly swooren, Theoccupant that Rueandredful, the thrown-fullvner and all our royal devouts with the arrest of the whole inhibitance of Neuilands! One brief mouth. And a velligoolap-now! Meould attashees the currans, (if they could get a kick at this time for all that’s hapenced to us!) Cedric said Gormleyson and Danno O’Dunnchooo and Conno O’Cannochar it is this were their names for we were all under that manner barrackers on Kong Gores Wood together, thurkmen three, with those khakireinettes, our miladies in their toileries, the twum plum-yumnietcies, Vjeras Vjenaskayas, of old Djadja Uncken who was a great mark for jinking and junking, up the palposes of womth and warmth, we war, and the charme of their lyse brocade. For lispias harth a burm in eye but whom it bames fire norone screeneth. Hulp, hulp, huzzars! Raise ras tryracy! Freetime’s free! Up Lancesters! Anatham!

TAFF (who still senses that heavinscent houroines that enter-trained him who they were sinuorivals from the sunny Esponia but plied wopsy with his wallets in thatthack of the bustle Bakerloo, (II.32), passing the uninational truthbosh in smoothing irony over the multinocheralled infructuosities of his grinner set). The rib, the rib, the quean of oldbyrdes, Sinya Sonyavitches! Your Rhoda Cockardes that are raday to embrace our ruddy inflamtry world! In their oholilisesvienne biribarbebeway. Till they’ve kinks in their tringers and boils on their taws. Whor dor the pene lie, Mer Pencho? Ist dramhead countmortial or gonorrhral stab? Mind your pughs and keaoghs, if you piggots, marsh! Do the nut, dingbut! Be a dag! For zahur and zimmerminnes! Sing in the chorias to the ethur:

[In the heliotropical noughttime following a fade of trans-formed Tuff and, pending its viseversion, a metenergic reglow of beaming Batt, the bairdboard bombardment screen, if taste-fully taut guranium satin, tends to teleframe and step up to the charge of a light barricade. Down the photoslope in syncopanc pulses, with the bitts bugtwug their teffs, the missledhropes, glitteraglatteraglutt, borne by their carrier walve. Spraygun rakes and splits them from a double focus: grenadite, danny-mite, alextronite, nichilite: and the scanning firespot of the sgunners traverses the rutilanced illustred sunksundered lines. Shlossh! A gaspel truce leaks out over the caeseine coatings.

Amid a fluorescence of spectacular mephiticism there caoculates through the inconoscope steadilily a still, the figure of a fellow-chap in the wohly ghast, Popey O’Donoshough, the jesuneral of the russuates. The idolon exhibisces the seals of his orders: the starre of the Son of Heaven, the girtel of Izodella the Calot-tica, the cross of Michelides Apaleogos, the latchet of Jan of Nepomuk, the puffpuff and pompom of Powther and Pall, the great belt, band and bucklings of the Martyrology of Gorman.

It is for the castomercies mudwak surveice. The victar. Please
to notnoys speach above your dreadths, please to doughboys. Hl,
smethngs gnwrg wthh sprsnwth! He blanks his oggles because
he confesses to all his tellavicious nieces. He blocks his nosoes be-cause that he confesses to everywheres he was always
putting up his
latest faengers. He wollops his mouther with a sword of tusk in as
because that he confesses how opent he used be obening her howonton
he used be undering her. He boundles alltogotter his manucupes
with his pedarrests in asmuch as because that he confesses before
all his handcomplishies and behind all his comfoderacies. And
(hereis cant came back saying he codant steal no lunger, yessis,
catz come buck beques he caudant stail awake) he touched upon
this tree of livings in the middenst of the gareder for inasmuch
as because that he confessed to it on Hillel and down Dalem and
in the places which the lepers inhabit in the place of the stones
and in pontofert justfuggading amoret now he come to think of it
jolly well ruttengenerously olyovyovery the ole blucky shop. Pugger
old Pumpey O’Dungaschiff! There will be a hen collection of him
after avensung on the feld of Hanar. Dumble down, looties and
gengstermen! Dtin, dtin, dtin, dtin!]

BUTT (with a gisture expansive of Mr Lhugwhite Cadderpollard with sunflowered beautionhole pulled up point blanck by
mailbag mundaneism at Oldbally Court though the hissindensity buck far of his melovelance tells how when he was fast
marking his first lord for cremation the whyfe of his bothem was the very lad’s thing to elter his mehind). Prostatates,
pujealousties! Dovolnoisers, prayshyous! Defense in every circumstance of deboutcheries no the chaste daffs I Pack
pickets, pioghs and kughs to be palsey-putred! Be at the peme, prease, of not forgetting or mere betoken yourself to hother
prace! Correct me, pleatze commando, for cossakes but I abjure of it. No more basquibeizuges for this pole aprican! With
askormiles’ eskermillas. I had my billyfell of duckish delights the whole pukny time on rawmeots and juliannes-with their
lambstoels in my kiddeneys and my ramsbutter in their sassenacher ribs, knee her, do her and trey her, when th’osirian cumb
dumb like the whalf on the fiord and we preying players and pinching peacesmokes, troupkers tomiatskys all, for Father
Petrie Spence of Parishmoslattary to go and leave us and the crimsend daun to shellalite on the darkumen (scene as signed,
Slobabogue), feeding and sleeping on the huguenottes (the snuggest spalnie’s where the lieon’s tame!) and raiding
revolations over the allbegeneses (sand us and saint us and sound as agun!). Yet still in all, spit for spat, like we chantied on
Sunda schoon, every warson wearrier kaddies a komnate in his schnapsack and unlist I am getting foegutfulls of the rugi-
ments of savaliged wildfire I was gamefellow willmate and send us victorias with nowells and brownings, dummm, sneak and
curry, and all the fun I had in that fanagan’s week. A strange man wearing abarrel. And here’s a gift of meggs and teggs. And
as I live by chipping nortons. And 'tis iron fits the farmer, ay. Arcdesedo! Renborumba! Then were the hellscyown days for our fellows, the loyal leibsters, and we was the redugout raw-recruiteros, praddies three and prettish too, a wheeze we has in our wayward islands, ween engrish, one long blue streak, jisty and pithy af durck rosolum, with hand to hand as Homard Kayenne was always jiggilyjuggling about in his wedowened courage when our woos with the wenchens won wire for a song, tsingirillies' zyngarettes, while Woodbine Willie, so popular with the poppyrossies, our Chorney Chaplain, blued the air. Scl lanthas! Banzaine! Bissasses! S. Pivorandbowl. And we all tuned in to hear the topmast noviality. Up the revels drown the rinks and almistsip allround! Paddy Bonhammer he vives! En-core! And tig for tag Togatogtug. My droomodose days Y loved you abover all the streit. Blowhole brasshat and boy with his boots off and the butch of our bunch and all. It was buckoo bonzer, beleeme. I was a bare prive without my doglegs but I did not give to one humpenny dump, wingh or wangh, touching those thusengaged slavvy generales of Tanah Kornalls, the meelisha’s deelishas, pronouncing their very flank movemens in suncpectorbsok. Baghus the whatwar! I could always take good cover of myself and, eyedull or earwakers, preyers for rain or cominations, I did not care three tankers’n’hoots, (‘sham! hem! or chaffit!) for any feelings from my lifeprivates on their reptro-grad leoins because I have Their Honours booth my respectables spurs assistedshood off Lyndhurst Terrace, the putthi Misses Celana Dalems, and she in vinting her angurr can belle the troth on her alliance and I know His Heriness, my respeaktoble me-dams colonelle on Mellay Street, Lightnits Gundhur Sawabs, and they would never as the aimees of servation let me down. Not on your blugder life, touters! No peeping, pimpadoors! And, by Jova I never went wrong nor let him doom till, risky war kasky wol, at the head of the wake, up come stumbleyum (ye olde cottometable!), his uussian gemenal, in his scutt’s rudes unformred and he went before him in that nemcon enchelonce with the same old domstoole story and his upleave the fellaner as is greatly to be petted (whitesides do his beard!) and I seen his brichashert offensive and his boorholomas vadvhammaggs vise a vise them scharlot runners and how they gave love to him and how he took the ward from us (odious the fly fly flurtation of his him and hers! Just mairmaid maddeling it was it he was!) and, my oreland for a rolevver, sord, by the splunthers of colt and bung goes the enemay the Percy rally got me, messg.r, (as true as theirs an Almagnian Gothabobus!) to blow the grand off his aceupper. Thistake it’s meeest! And after meath the dulwich. We insurrectioned and, be the procuratres messg,r, (as true as theirs an Almagnian Gothabobus!) to blow the grand off his aceupper. Thistake it’s meest! And after the rinks and almistips allround! Paddy Bonhamm Sczlanthas! Banzaine! Bissbasses! S. Pivorandbowl. And we all tuned in to hear the topmast noviality. Up the revels drown

TAFF (camelsensing that sone they have given bron a nuhlan the volkar boastshung is heading to sea vermelhion but too wellbrell not the ignore the umzemlaisness of this rifal’s preceedings, in an effort towards autosotorisation, effaces himself in favour of the idiology alwise behounding his lumpy hump off homosodalism which means that if he has lain amain to lolly wellbred not the ignore the umzemlianess of this rifal’s preceedings, in an effort towards autosotorisation, effaces himself in favor of the idiology alwise behounding his lumpy hump off homosodalism which means that if he has lain amain to lolly

TAFF (who, asbestas can, wiz the healps of gosh and his bluzzid maikar, has been sulphuring to himsalves all the pungataries

BU TT (miraculising into the Dann Deafir warcry, his bigotes bristling, as, jittinju triggity shittery pet, he shouts his thumf and feeh fauh foul finngures up the heighohs of th

BU TT (maomant scoffin, but apoxyomenously deturbaned but thems bleachin banes will be after making a bashman’s haloday out of the euphorious hagiohygicynicism of his die and be diademmed). Yaststar! In sabre tooth and sobre saviles! Senonnevero! That he leaves nyet is my grafe. He deared me to it and he dared me do it, and bedattle I didaredonit a

[The abnihilisation of the etym by the grising of the grosing of the grinder of the grunder of the first lord of hurtreford ex-polidotonates through Parsuralia with an ivanmorinhorrormumble fragoromboassity amidwiches general uttermosts

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confussion are perceivable moletons skaping with mlicules which coventry plumpkins fairlygosmotherthemselves in the Landauneclegants of Pinkadindy. Similar scenatas are projectilised from Hullululu, Bawlawayo, empyreal Raum and mordern Atems. They were precisely the twelves of clocks, noon minutes, none seconds. At someseat of Oldanelang’s Konguerrig, by dawnybreak in Aira.]

TAFF (skimperskamper, his wools gatherings all over cromlin what with the birstol boys artheynes and is it her tour and the crackery of the fullfour fivefirearms and the crockery of their dam- dam domdom chambers). Wharall thubulbs uptheaires! Shatta-movick?

BUTT (pulling alast stark daniel with alest doog at doorak while too greater than pardon painfully the issue of his mouth diminuem-doing, vility of vilities, he becomes, allasvitality, faint). Shurenoff! Like Faun MacGhoul!

BUTT and TAFF (desprot slave wager and foeman feudal unshcheckled, now one and the same person, their fight upheld to right for a wee while being baffled and tottered, umbraged by the shadow of Old Erssia’s magisquammythical mulattomilitiaman, the living by owning over the surfers of the glebe whose sway craven minnions had caused to revile, as, too foul for hell, under boiling Mauses’ burning brand, he falls by Goll’s gillie, but keenheartened by the circumsistence of the Parkes O’Rarelys in a hurldy gurdly Cicilian concertone of their fongneena barney brawl, shaken everybothy’s hands, while S. E. Morehampton makes leave to E. N. Sheil-martin after Meetinghouse Lanigan has embraced Vergemout Hall, and, without falter or mormor or blathrehoot of sophsterliness, pugmate the pledge of fiannaship, dook to dook, with a commounturn oudch of fest man and best man astoutsalliesemoutioun palms it off like commodity tokens against a cococancancacacanotioun). Wharall thubulbs uptheaires! Shatta-movick?

[The pump and pipe pingers are ideally reconstituted. The putther and bowls are peterpacked up. All the presents are deter-mining as regards for the future the howabouts of their past absences which they might see on at hearing could they once smell of tastes from touch. To ought find a values for. The must over-listingness. When ex what is ungiven. As ad where. Stillhead. Blunk.]

Shutmup. And bud did down well right. And if he sung dumb in his glass darkly speech lit face to face on allaround.

Vociferagitant. Viceversounding. Namely, Abdul Abulbul Amir or Ivan Slavansky Slavar. In allconfusalem. As to whom the major guiltfeather pertained it was Hercushiccup’s care to educe. Beauty’s bath she’s bound to bind beholders and pride, his purge, has place appoint in penance and the law’s own libel lifts and lames the low with the lofty. Be of the housed!

While the Hersy Hunt they harrow the hill for to rout them rollicking rogues from, rule those racketeer romps from, rein their rockery rides from. Rambling.

— That is too tootrue enough in Solidan’s Island as in Mol-tern Giaourmany and from the Amelakins off to date back to land of engined Egypsians, assented from his opening before his inlookers of where an oxmanstongue stalled stabled the well-nourished one, lord of the seven days, overlord of sats and suns, the sat of all the suns which are in the ring of his system of the sats of his sun, god of the scuffeldfallen skillfilledfelon, who (he containms) hangsters, who (he constrains) hersirrs, a
gain chang-ful, a mintage vaster, heavy on shirts, lucky with shifts, the top — side humpup stummock atween his showdows fellah, Misto Tee wiley Spillitshops, who keepeth watch in Khummer–Phett, whose spouse is An–Lyph, the dog’s bladder, warmer of his couch in fore. We all, for whole men is lepers, have been nobbut won-teres in that chill childerness which is our true name after the allsaulters (mug’s luck to em!) and, bespeaking of love and lie detectors in venuvarities, whateither the drugs truth of it, was there an iota of from the faust to the lost. And that is at most re-doubtedly an overthrow of each and ilkermann of us, I persuade myself, before Gow, gentlemen, so true as this are my kopfinpot astrode on these is my boardsoldereds.

It solslicted, grobbling hummley, his roundhouse of seven orofaces, of all, guiltshouters or crimemummers, to be sayd by, codnops, advices for, free of gracies, scamps enclosed, com-petitioning them, if they had steadied Jura or when they had raced Messafissi, husband of your wifebetter or bestman botcha-lover of you yourself, how comes ever a body in our taylorised world to selve out thishish, whither it gives a primeum nobilees for our notomise or naught, the farst wriggle from the ubivence, whereom is man, that old offender, nother man, wheile he is asame. And fullexampling. The pints in question. With some by-splills. And sicsecs to provim hurtig. Soup’s on!

— A time. And a find time. Whenin aye was a kiddling. And the tarikies held sowansopper. Let there beam a frishfrey. And they sodhe gudhe rudhe brodhe wedhe swedhe medhe in the kandldedrum. I have just (let us suppraise) been reading in a (suppressed) book — it is notwithstempting by measures long and limited — the latterpress is eminently legligible and the paper, so he eagerly seized upon, has scarcely been buttered in works of previous publicity wholebeit in keener notcase would I turf aside for pasturreement. Packen paper paintht womto is sacred scriptured sign. Who straps it scraps it that might, if ashed, have healped. Enough, however, have I read of it, like my good bedst friend, to augur in the hurry of the times that it will cocommend the widest circulation and a reputtion coextensive with its merits when inthrusted into safe and pious hands upon so edifying a mission as it, I can see, as is his. It his ambullished with expurga-tive plates, replete in information and accommodating the action passion, slobang, whizzcrash, booomarattling from burst to past, as I have just been seeing, with my warmest venerections, of a timmersome townside uptethecountrylifer, (Guard place the town!) allthose everwhelmed upon that preposterous blank seat, before the wordcraft of this early woodcutter, a master of vignett- iennes and our findest grobsmid among all their orefices, (and, shukar in chowdar, so splunderdly English!) Mr Aubeyron Birdslay. Chubgoodchob, arsoncheep and wellwillworth a triat! Bismillafoulties. But the hasard you asks is justly ever behind his our true name after the allfaulters (mug’s luck to em!) and, bespeaking of love an our trurally virvir vergitabale (garden) I sometimes, maybe, what has justly said of old gained up contemplating of myself, wiz my mind glagreed theirs before me, (how differen-ded with the manmade Eonochs Cunstuntonopolies!), weather — ed they be of a general golf stature, assasserted, or blossomy emblushing thems elves underneem of some howthern folleys, am entrenched up contemplating of myself, wiz my naked I, for relieving purposes in our trurally virvir vergitabale (garden) I sometimes, maybe, what has justly said of old Flannagan, a wake from this or huntsfurwards, with some shock (shell I so render it?) have (when I ope my shylight window and I see cocoo) a notion quiet involuntary of that I am cadgig hapsnots as at murmurrandoms of distend renations from ficsimilar phases or dugouts in the behindscenes of our earthwork (what rovingn shudder! what deadly loom!) as this is, at no spatial time pro-cessly which regards to concude chronology about which in fact, at spite of I having bellitted myself to my gay gifname of insectarian, happy burgages abeyance would make homesweets-town hopeygoalucrey, mymotto propprior, as I claim, cad’s truck, I coined, I am highly pelaged and deeply gluttened to mind hindmost hearts to see by their loudest reports from my threespawn bottery parts (shsh!) that, colombophile and corvino-phobe alike, when I have remassed me, my travellingself, as from Magellanic clouds, after my contractual expenditures, through the perofficies of merelimb, I, my good grief, I am, I am big altoogooder.
He beached the bark of his tale; and set to husband and vine: and the harpermaster told all the living conservancy, know Meschiameschianah, how that win a gain was in again. Flying the Perseoroyal. Withal aborder, padar and madar, hal qnd sal, the sens of Ere with the duchters of Iran. Amick amack amock in a mucktub. Qith the tou loulous and the gryffygryffygriffs, at Fenegans Wick, the Wildemanns. Washed up whight and de-livered rght. Loud lauds to his luckhump and bejetties on jo — nabs! And they winxed and wanxed like baillybeacons. Till we woksed up oldermen.

From whose plultibust preaggravated, by baskatchairch theo-logies (there werenighn on thaurity herouns in that alraschil arthouducks draken), they were whoalike placed to say, in the matters off ducomans nonbar one, with bears’ respects to him and bulls’ acknowledgments (come on now, girls! lead off, O cara, whichever won of you wins! The two Gemuaus and Jane Agrah and Judy Tombuys!) disassembling and taking him apart, the slammocks, with discrimination for his maypole and a rub in passing over his hump, drogueries inaddendance, frons, fesces and frithstool: 1) he hade to die it, the beetle, 2) he didhithim self, hod’s fush, 3) all ever the pelican huntered with truly fond bull-pen backthought since his toork human life where his personal low outhired his taratoryism, the orenore under the selfhide of his bessermettle, was forsake in his chilern and lumbojumbo, 4) he was like Fintan fore flood and after sometimes too damned often on the saved side, saw he was, 5) regarding to prussyattes or quazzyverzing he wassand no better than he would have been before he could have been better than what he warrant after, 6) blood, musk or haschish, as coked, diamoned or pence-loid, and bleaching him naclenude from all cohlorine matter, down to a boneash bittstoff, he’s, tink fors tank, the same old dus tantamount on the same old tincoverdull baubleclass, totstitty-winktosser and bogusbagwindburster, whether fitting tyres onto Danelope boys or fluttering flaus for laurettas, whatever the bucket brigade and the plug party says, touchant Arser of the Rum Tipple and his camelottery and lyoneslooting but with a layaman’s brutstrenth, by Jacoboh and Esahur and the all saults or all sallies, what we warn to hear, jeff, is the woods of chirpsies cries to singaloo sweecheeriode and sock him up, the oldcant rogue.

Group A.

You have jest (a ham) beamed listening through (a ham pig) his haulted excerpt from John Whiston’s fiveaxed production, The Coach With The Six Insides, from the Tales of Yore of the times gone by before there was a hofdking or a hoovthing or a pinginapoke in Oreland, all sold. Goes Tory by Eeric Whigs is To Become Tintinued in Fearson’s Nightly in the Lets All Wake Brickfaced In Lucan. Lhirondella, jaunty lhirondella! With tirra lirra rondinelles, atantivy we go!

Attention! Stand at!! Ease!!!

We are now diffusing among our lovers of this sequence (to you! to you!) the dewfolded song of the naughtingels (Alys! Alysaloe!) from their sheltered positions, in rosesenery hay-dyng, on the heather side of waldalure, Mount Saint John’s, Jinnyland, whither our allies winged by duskfoil from Moore-parque, swift sanctuary seeking, after Sunsink gang (Oboe! Hitherzither! Almost dotty! I must dash!) to pour their peace in partial (floflo floreflorence), sweetishsad lightandgayle, twittwin twosingwoolow. Let everie sound of a pitch keep still in reson-ance, jemcrow, jackdaw, prime and secund with their terce that whoe betwides them, now full theorbe, now dulcifair, and when we press of pedal (sof!) pick out and vowelise your name. A mum. You pere Golazy, you mere Bare and you Bill Heeny, and you Smirky Dainty and, more beethoken, you wheckfoolthe-nairyans with all your badchthumpered peanas! We are gluck — glucky in our being so far fortunate that, bark and bay duol with Man Goodfox inchimings having ceased to the moment, so allow the clinkars of our nocturnefield, night’s sweetmoztheart, their Carmen Sylvae, my quest, my queen. Lou must wail to cool me airly! Coil me curly, warbler dear! May song it flourish (in the underwood), in chorush, long make it flourish (in the Nut, in the Nutsky) till thorush! Secret Hookup.

— Roguenaar Loudbrags, that soddy old samph! How high is vuile, var?

To which yes he did, capt, that was the answer.

— And his shartshort trooping its colours! We knows his ventruquulence.

Which that that rangripprippripplying.
— Bulbul, bulbulone! I will shally. Thou shalt willy. You wouldnt should as youd remesmer. I hypnot. 'Tis golden sickle’s hour. Holy moon priestess, we’d love our grappes of mistellose! Moths the matter? Pschtt! Tabarins comes. To fell our fairest. O gui, O gui! Salam, salms, salaun! Carolus! O indeed and we ware! And hoody crow was ere. I soared from the peach and Missmolly showed her pear too, onto three and away. Whet the bee as to deflower greendi grassies yellowhorse. Kematisis, cele our er-dours! Did you aye, did you eye, did you everysee suchaway, suchawhy, eerviwhigg airwhugger? Even to the extremity of the world? Dingoldell! The enornamous his, our littlesst little! Wee wee, that long alancey one! Let sit on this anthill for our frilldress talk after this day of making blithe theveed the heart before our groatsupper serves to us Panchomaster and let har- leqwind play peepomine up all our colombinations! Wins won is nought, twigs too is nil, tricks trees makes nix, fairs fears stoops at nothing. And till Arthur comes againus and sen pea-trick’s he’s reformed we’ll pose him together a piece, a pace. Shares in guineases! There’s lovely the sight! Surey me, man weepful! Big Seat, you did hear? And teach him twisters in tongue irish. Pat lad may goh too. Quicken, aspen:ash and yew; willow, broom with oak for you. And move your tellabout. Not nice is that, limpet lady! Spose we try it promissly. Love all. Naytellmehnot tennis! Taunt me treattaining? But do now say to Mr Eustache! Ingean mingen has to hear. Whose joint is out of jealousy now? Why, heavilybody’s evillyboldy’s. Hopping Gra-cius, onthy ovful! O belessk me, what a nerve! How a mans in his armor we nurses know. Wingwong welly, pitty pretty Nelly! Some Poddy pitted in, will anny petty pullet out? Call Kitty Kelly! Kissykitty Kittykelly! What a nossowl buzzard! But what a neats ung gels!

Here all the leaves alift aloft, full o’liefing, fell alaughing over Ombrellone and his parasolieras with their black throngguards from the County Shillelagh. Ignorant invincibles, innocents immutable! Onzel grootvatter Lodewijk is onangonamed before the bridge of primerose and his twy Isas Boldmans is met the bluey-bells near Dandeliond. We think its a gorsedd shame, these go — doms. A lark of limonladies! A lurk of orangetawneymen! You’re backleg wounded, budkley mister, bester of the boyne!

And they leaved the most leavely of leaftimes and the most folliagenous till there came the marrer of mirth and the jangthe- rapper of all jocolarinas and they were as were they never ere. Yet had they laughtered, one on other, undo the end and enjoyed their laughings merry was the times when so grant it High Hila-riom us may too!

Cease, prayce, storywalkering around with gestare romano-verum he swinking about is they think and plan unrawil what.

Back to Droughty! The water of the face has flowed.

The all of them, the sowriegueuxers, blottyeyed boys, in that pig’s village smoke, a sixdigitarian legion on druid circle, the Clandibblon clam cartel, then pulled out and came off and rally agreed them, roasted malts with toasted burleys, in condemnation of his totomptation and for the duration till his repepulation, upon old nollcromforemost ironsides, as cannabel chieftain, since, as Sammon trowed to explain to summon, seeing that, as he had contracuted out of islands empire, he might as coolly have rolled to school call, tarpointurbou, a grampurpoise, the manyfathom brinegroom with the fortyinch camnabel chieftain, since, as Sammon trowed to explain to

domns. A lar of limonladies! A lurk of orangetawneymen! You’re backleg wounded, budkley mister, bester of the boyne!

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them newnesboys pearcin screaming off their armsworths. The boss made dovesandraves out of his bucknesst while herself
wears the bowler’s hat in her bath. Deductive Almayne Rogers disguises his voice, shetters behind hoax chestnote from
exusive. Heat wives rasing. They jest keeps rosing. He jumps leaps rizing. Howlong!

Does they ought to buy the papelboy when he footles up their suit? He’s their mark to foil the flouter and they certainty owe.

He sprit in his phiz (bacon!). He salt to their bis (pudden!). He toockled her palam (so calam is solom!). And he suked their
friends’ leave (bonnick lass, fair weal!)

— Guilty but fellows culpows! It was felt by me sindeade, that submerged doughdoughty doubleface told waterside
labourers. But since we for athome’s health have chanced all that, the wild whips, the wind ships, the wonderlost for world
hips, unto their foursquare trust prayed in aid its plumptylump piteousness which, when it turtled around seeking a thud of
surf, spake to approach from inherdow trisspass through minxmingled hair. Though I may have hawked it, said, and selled
my how hot peas after theatrissages through my impimcious position and though aanchance I could have emptied a pan of
backslop down drain by whiles of dodging a reere from the middenprivet appurtenant thereof, salving the presents of the board
of wumps and pumps, I am ever incalpable, where release of prisonals properly is concerned, of unlifting upfallen girls
wherein dangers from them in thereopen out of unadulteratous bowery, with those hintering influences from an
angelsexonism. It was merely my barely till their oh offs. Missaunnderstaid. Meggy Guggy’siggag. The code’s proof! The
rebald danger with they who would bare white-ness against me I dismissem from the mind of good. He can tell such as story
to the Twelfth Maligns that my first was a nurss-maid and her felloower’s a willbe perambulatrix. There are twingty to
wangtoy too tthews and leathermail coastschemes penparer to hostpost for it valinnteerly with my valued fofavest to the post
parkses deparment with larch parchels’ of presents for future branch offerings. The green approve the raed! Schaum Baum’s
bode he is amustering in the groves while his shool comes merging along! Want I put myself in their kirtlies I
were ayearenn to leap with them and show me too bisextine. Dear and lest I for-get mergers and bow to you low, marchers! Attemption! What
a mazing month of budsome misses they are making, so wingty-wish to flit before their kin! Attonsure! Ears to hears! The
skall of a gall (for every dime you yawpens that momouth you could park your ford in it) who has papertreated him into
captivities with his inside man by a hocksheat of starvision for an avrageto-peace of parchment, cooking up his lenses to be
my apocolgyyst, the recreer of conscraptions, let him be asservent to Kinahaun! For (peace peace perfectpeace!) I have
abwaited me in a water of Elin and I have placed my reeds intectis before the Registower of the perception of tribute in the
hall of the city of Analhe. How concerns any meeryaunt and hworsoever gravesobbers it is perensempry sex of fun to help a
dazzle off the othour. What for Mucias and Gracias may the duvlin rape the handsomst! And the whole mad knightmayers’
nest! Tunpother, prison and plotch! If Y shoulden somewhat, well, I am able to owe it, hearth and chem ney easy. They
seeker for vanflaum all worldins merkins. I’ll eager make lyst turpidump undher arkens. Basast! And if my liti
nest! Tunpother, prison and plotch! What for Mucias and Gracias may the duvlin rape the handsomst! And the whole mad knightmayers’
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skall of a gall (for every dime he yawpens that momouth you could park your ford in it) who has papertreated him into
a mazing month of budsome misses they are making, so wingty
—

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Spring, when aftabournes, when she was look like a little cheayat chilled (Oh sard! ah Mah!) by my tide impracing, as Beacher seath, and all the colors fair fled from my folced cheeks! Popottes, where you canceal me you mayst forced guage my bribes. Wickedgapers, I appeal against the light! A nexistence of vividence! Panto, boys, is on a looser inloss; ballet, girls, suppline thrown tights. I have wanted to thank you such a long time so much now. Thank you. Sir, kindest of bottleholders and very dear friend, among our hearts of steel, frootiknow, it will befor you, me dare beautiful young soldier, winninger nor anyour of rudi-mental moskats, before you go to mats, you who have watched your share with your sockboule sodalists on your buntad nogs at our love tennis squats regatts, suckpump, when on with the balls did disserve the fain, my goldrush gainst her silvermetss, to say, biguidd, for the love of goddess and perthanow as you reveres your one mothers, mitsch for matsch, and while I reveal thus my deepseep daughter which was bourne up pridely out of meds-dreams unclouthed when I was pillowing in my brime (of Satur — nay Eve, how now, worn’t we’?), to see, I say, whoahoa, in stay of execution in re Milcho Melekmans, increaminated, what you feel, oddrabbit, upon every strong ground you have ever taken up, by bitterstiff work or battonstaff play, with assault of turk against a barrakraval of grakeshoots, e’en tho’ Jambuwel’s defe-calties is Terry Shimmyrag’s upperturnity, if that is grace for the grass what is balm for the bramblers, as it is as it is, that I am the catasthamtic old ruffin sippahsedly improctor to be seducint tro-vatellas, the dire daffy damedeaconesses, like (why sighs the sootheesinger) the lilliths oft I feldt, and, when booboob brutals and cautiouses only aims at the oggog hogs in the humand, then, (Houtes, Blymey and Torrenation, upkurs and scotchem!) I’ll tall tale tell croon paysecurers, sowill nuggets and nippers, that thash on me stumpen blows the gaff offmombition and thit thides or marse makes a good dayle to be shattat. Fall stuff.

His rote in ere, afstef, was.

And dong wonged Magongty till the bombtomb of the warr, thrusshed in his whole soort of cloose.

Whisht who wooed in Weald, bays of Bawshaw binding. The desire of Miriam is the despair of Marian as Joh Joseph’s beauty is Jacq Jacob’s grief. Brow, tell nun; eye, feign sad; mouth, sing mim. Look at Lokman! Whatbetween the cupgirls and the platterboys. And he grew back into his grossery baseness: and for all his grand remonstrance: and there you are.

Here endeth chinchinatibus with have speak finish. With a haygue for a halt on a pouncefoot panse. Pink, pleas pink, two pleas pink, how to pleas pink.

Punk.

Mask one. Mask two. Mask three. Mask four.

Up.

— Look about you, Tutty Comyn!

— Remember and recall, Kullykeg!

— When visiting Dan Leary try the corner house for thee.

— I’ll gie ye credit for simmence more if ye’ll be lymphing. Our four avunculusts.

And, since threestory sorratelling was much too many, they maddened and they morgued and they lungd and they jowld. Synopticked on the word. Till the Juke done it.

Down.

Like Jukoleon, the seagoer, when he bore down in his perry boat he had raised a slide and shipped his orders and seized his pullets and primed their plumages, the fionnling and dubhlet, the dun and the fire, and, sending them one by other to fare fore fom, he had behold the residence of a delugion: the foggy doze still going strong, the old thalassocrats of invinsible empires, maskers of the waterworld, facing one way to another way and this way on that way, from severalled their
fourdimmansions. Where the lightning leaps from the numbulous; where coold by cawld breide lieth langwid; the bounds whereinbourne our solied bodies all attomed attaim arrest: appoint, that’s all. But see what follows. Wringlings upon wringlings among incomputables about an uncomeoutable (an angel prophetethis? kingcorrier of beheasts? the calif in his halifskin? that eyriewing one?) and the voids bubbily vode’s dodos across the which the booomomouths from their dupest dupes were in envery and anononously blowing great.

Guns.

Keep backwards, please, because there was no good to gundy running up again. Guns. And it was written up in big capital. Guns. Saying never underrupt greatgrandgosterfosters! Guns. And whatever one did they said, the fourlings, that on no aco unts you were not to. Guns.

Not to pad them behaunt in the fear. Not to go, tonnerwatter, and bungley well chute the rising gianerant. Not to wandly be woking around jerumsalemdeo at small hours about the murrketsplots, smelling okey boney, this little figgy and arraky belloky this little pink into porker but, porkodiro, to let the gentlemen pedesta-roles out of the Monabella culculpuration live his own left leave, cullebuone, by perperusal of the petpubblicities without inwoking his also’s between (sic) the arraky bone and (suc) the okey bellock. And not to be always, hemmer and hummer, treeing unselves up with one exite but not to never be caving nicely, pre-cisely, quicely, robustly, tendrolly, unremarkably, forsakenly, tedly, reputedly, firstly, somewhatly, yesayenolly about the back excitcs. Never to weaken up in place of the broths. Never to vvol-lussleepp in the pleen of the poots. And, allerthings, never to ate the sour deans if they weren’t having anysin on their consients. And, when in Zumschloss, to never, narks, cease till the finely ending was consummated by the completion of accomplishment.

And thus within the tavern’s secret booth The wisheight ones who sip the tested sooth Bestir them as the Just has bid to jab The punch of quaram on the mug of truth.

K.C. jowls, they’re sodden in the secret. K.C. jowls, they sure are wise. K.C. jowls, the justicestjobbers, for they’ll find another faller if their ruse won’t rise. Whooley the Whooper.

There is to see. Squarish large face with the atlas jacket. Brights, brownie eyes in bluesackin shoeings. Peaky booky nose over a lousiany shirt. Ruddy stackle hair besides a strawcamel belt. Namely. Gregoroivitch, Leonocopolos, Tarpinacci and Duggel-duggel. And was theys stare all atime? Yea but they was. Andor — ing the games, induring the studies, undaring the stories, end all. Ned? Only snugged then and cosied after one percepted nought while tuffbettle outraged the waywords and meansigns of their hinterhand suppliesdemands. And be they gone to splane splication? That host that hast one on the hoose when backturns when he facefronts none none in the house his geust has guest. You bet they is. And nose well down.

With however what sublation of compensation in the radification of interpretation by the byeboys? Being they. Mr G. B. W. Ashburner, S. Bruno’s Toboggan Drive, Mr Faixgood, Bell-chimmers, Carolan Crescent, Mr I. I. Chattaway, Hilly Gape, Poplar Park, Mr Q. P. Dieudonney, The View, Gazey Peer, Mr T. T. Erchdeakin, Multiple Lodge, Jiff Exby Rode, Mr W. K. Ferris–Fender, Fert Fort, Woovil Doon Botham ontowhom adding the tout that pumped the stout that linked the lank that cold the sandy that nextdoored the rotter that rooked the rhymer that lapped at the hoose that Joax pilled.

They had heard or had heard said or had heard said written.

Fidelisat.

That there first a rudrik kingcomed to an inn court; and the seight of that yard was a perchypole with a loovahgloovah on it; last mannarks maketh man when wandshift winneth womans: so how would it hum, whoso of a which, if someof aswas to start to stunt the story on?

So many needles to ponk out to as many noodles as are com-pany, they noddling all about it tutti to tempo, decumans numbered too, (a) well, that the secretary bird, better known as Pandora Paullabucca, whom they thought was more like a solicitor general, indiscriminately made belief mid authorsagastions from Schelm the Pelman to write somewords to Senders about her chilikin puck, laughing that Poulebec would be the death of her, (b) that, well, that Madges Tighe, the
postulate auditress, when her daremood’s a grownian, is always on the who goes where, hoping to Michal for the latter to turn up with a cupital tea before her ephumeral comes off without any much father which is parting parcel of the same goumeral’s postoppage, it being lookwhyse on the whence blows weather helping mickle so that the loiter end of that leader may twaddle out after a cubital lull with a hopes soon to ear, comrorg? (c) becakes the goatsman on question, or what-ever the hen the bumbler was, feeling not up to scratch bekicks of whatever the kiddings Payne Inge and Popper meant for him, thoughy onced at a throughloave, true grievingfrue danger, as a nirshe persent to his minstress, devoured the pair of them Mather Caray’s chucklings, pante blanche, and skittered his litters like the cavaliery man in Cobra Park for ungebore yenkelmen, Jeremy Trouvas or Kepin O’Keepers, any old howe and any old then and when around Dix Dearthly Dungbin, remarking sceni-cally with laddylike lassitude upon what he finally postscrapped, (d) after it’s so long till I thanked you about I do so much now thank you so very much as you introduced me to fours, (e) will, these remind to be sane? (f) Fool step! Aletheometry? Or just zoot doon floon?

Nut it out, peeby eye! Onamassofmanycnaves.

But. Top.

You were in the same boat of yourselves too, Getobodoff or Treamplasurin; and you receptionated the most diliskious of milisk; which it all flowowered your drooplin dunlearies: but dribble a drob went down your rothole. Meaning, Kelly, Grimes, Phelan, Mollanny, O’Brien, MacAlister, Sealy, Coyle, Hynes–Joynes, Naylor–Traynor, Courcy de Courcy and Gilligan–Goll.

Stunner of oddstodds on bluebleeding boarhorse! What soresen’s head subrises thus tous out of rumpumpilikun oak with, well, we cannot say whom we are looking like through his now-face? It is of Noggens whilk dusts the bothsides of the seats of the bigslaps of the bogochnaps of the porlarbaar of the maringaar of the Lochlunn gonlannludder of the foef of the foef of forfummed Ship-le-Zoyd.

Bounce! It is polisignstunter. The Sockerson boy. To pump the fire of the lewd into those souths of bauchees, havsouse-dovers, tillfelltthey deadwar knotvindict. An whole time he was rancing there smutsy floskons nodunder ycholerd for their poopishers, ahull onem Fyre maynoother endnow! Shatten up ship! Bououmce! Nomo clandoilskins cheakinlevers! All ashored for Capolic Gizzards! Stowlaway there, glutany of stainks! Porterfillyers and spirituous suncksters, oooom oooom!

As these vitupetards in his boasum he did strongleholder, bushbrows, nobblynape, swinglyswanglers, sunkentrunk, that from tin of this clucken hadded runced slapottleslp. For him had hord from fard a piping. As? Of?

Dour douchy was a sieguldson. He coed that loud nor he was young. He cud bad caw nor he was gray Like wather parted from the say.

Ostia, lift it! Lift at it, Ostia! From the say! Away from the say!

Himhim. Himhim.

Hearhasting he, himmed, reremembered all the chubbs, chipps, chaffs, chuckinpucks and chayney chimebells That he had mistri-buted in port, pub, park, pantry and poultryhouse, While they, thered, the others, that are, were most emulously concerned to cupturing the last dropes of summour down through their grooves of blarneying. Ere the sockson locked at the dure. Which he would, shuttinshure. And lave them to sture.

For be all rules of sport ‘tis right That youth bedower’d to charm the night Whilst age is dumped to mind the day When wather parted from the say.

The humming, it’s coming. Insway onsway.
Fingool MacKishgmard Obesume Burgearse Benefice. He was bowen hem and scrapin him in recolcitranament to the right-about And these probenopubliccoes clamatising for an extinsion on his hostillery With his chargehand bombing their eres. Tids, genmen, plays, she been goin shootoer off almynoother on-awares.

You here nort farwellens rouster? Ashiffle ashuffle the wayve they.

From Dancingtree till Suttonstone There’s lads no lie would filch a crown To mull their sack and brew their tay With wather parted from the say.

Lelong Awaindhoo’s a selverbourne enrouted to Rochelle Lane and liberties those Mullinguard minstrelers are marshalling, par tuneipped road, under where, perked on hollow hill, that poor man of Lyones, good Dook Weltington, hugon come er- rindwards, had hircomed to the belles bows and been cutat-trapped by the mausers. Now is it town again, londmear of Dub — lin! And off coursse the toller, ples the dotter of his eyes with her: Make the Wanst, whye doe we aime alike a pose of poeter peaced? While the dumb he shoots the shopper rope. And they all pour forth. Sans butly Tuppeter Sowyer, the rouged engene-rand, a bartiller of the beauyne, still our benjamin liefest, some — time frankling to thise citye, whereas bigrented him a piers half subporters for his arms, Josiah Pipkin, Amos Love, Raoul Le Feb-ber, Blaize Taboutot, Jeremy Yopp, Francist de Loomis, Hardy Smith and Sequin Pettit followed by the snug saloon seanad of our Caf, B ranger. The scenictutors.

Because they wonted to get out by the goatweigh afore the sheep was losset for to wish the Wobbleton Whiteleg Welshers kailly-kailly kellykkklek savebeck to Brownhazelwood from all the dinnasdoollins on the labious banks of their swensewn swenues-ser, turned again weastinghome, by Danesbury Common, and they onely, duoly, thruely, fairly after rainydraining founty-buckets (chalkem up, hemptyempty!) till they caught the wind abroad (alley loafers passinggeering!) all the rockers on the roads and all the boots in the stretes.

Oh dere! Ah hoy!

Last ye, lundsmin, hastily hosty! For an anondation of miri-fiction and the lutification of our paludination.

His bludgeon’s bruk, his drum is tore. For spuds we’ll keep the hat he wore And roll in clover on his clay By wather parted from the say.

Hray! Free rogue Mountone till Dew Mild Well to corry awen and gloryv! Are now met by Brownaboy Fuinnninuinn’s former for a lyncheon partyng of his burgherbooh. The Shanavan Wacht. Rantinhoarin Batteries Dorans. And that whistling thief, O’ Ryne O’Rann. With a catch of her cunning like and nowhere a keener.

The for eolders were aspolootly at their wetsend in the mailing waters, trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! Because number one lived at Bothersby North and he was trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! And number two dugged up Poors Coort, Soother, trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! And number three he sleeped with Lilly Tekkles at The Eats and he was trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! And the last with the sailalloyd dongsie he was berthd on the Moherboh to the Washte and they were all trying to and baffling with the walters of, hoompsydoompsy walters of. High! Sink! High! Sink! High! Hhigh! Sinkasink!

Waves.

The gangstairs strain and anger’s up As Hoisty rares the can and cup To speed the bogre’s barque away O’er wather parted from the say.

Horkus chiefest ebblynuncies!

— He shook be ashaped of hempshelves, hiding that shepe in his goat. And for rassembling so bearfellsed the magreedy prince of Roger. Thuthud. Heigh hoase, heigh hoase, our kin-dom from an orse! Bruni Lanno’s woollies on Brani Lonn’s hairyparts. And the hunk in his trunk it would be an insalt foul the matter of that cellaring to a pigstrough. Stop his laysense.
Ink him! You would think him Alddaublin staking his lordsure like a gourd on puncheon. Deblinity devined. Wholehunting the pairk on a methyological mission whenever theres imberillas! And calling Rina Roner Reinette Ronayne. To what mine answer is a lemans. Arderleys, beedles and postbillers heard him. Three points to one. Ericus Vericus corrupted into ware eggs. Dummy up, distillery! Broree aboo! Run him a johnsgate down jameses-lane. Begetting a wife which began his niece by pouring her youngthings into skintights. That was when he had dizzy spells. Till Gladstools Pillools made him ride as the mall. Thanks to his huedobrasse beered. Lodenbroke the Longman, now he canseels under veerious persons but is always that Rorke rely! On consideration for the musickers he ought to have down it. Pass out your cheeks, why daunt you! Penalty, please! There’ll you know worder harder the bolldhead that passed our alley, We just are upsidedown singing what ever the dimkims mummur alla-lilty she pulls inner out heads. This is not the end of this by no manners means. When you’ve bled till you’re bone it crops out in your flesh. To tell how your mead of, mard, is made of. All old Gardgerson’s dodges one conning one’s copying and that’s what wonderland’s wanderlad’ll flaunt to the fair. A trancedone boy-script with tittivits by. Ahem. You’ll read it tomorrow, marn, when the curds on the table. A nigg for a nogg and a thrate for a throte. The auditor learns. Still pumping on Torkenwhite Rad-lumps, Lencs. In preplays to Anonymous’s left hinted palinode obviously inspiterebbed by a subsipheen connexion. Note the notes of admiration! See the signs of suspicion! Count the hemi-semidemicolons! Screamer caps and invented gommets, quoutes puntilst, forced to farce! The pipette will say anything at all for a change. And you know what aglove means in the Murdrus due-luct! Fewer to feud and romant cuntlickism, a fugle for the gle — men and save, sit and sew. And a pants outsizinned on the Doughertys’ duckboard pointing to peace at home. In some, lawanorder on lovinardor. Wait till we hear the Boy of Biskop reeling around your postoral lector! Epistlemadethemology for deep dorfly doublings. As we’ll lay till break of day in the bunk of basky, O! Our island, Rome and duty! Well tried, buckstuff! Batt in, boot! Sell him a breach contact, the vendoror, the buylawyer One hyde, sack, hic! Two stick holst, Lucky! Finnish Make Goal! First you were Nomad, next you were Namar, now you’re Nu-mah and it’s soon you’ll be Nomen. Hence counsels Ecclesiast. There’s every resumption. The forgin offils is on the shove to lay you out dossier. Darby’s in the yard, planning it on you, plot and edgings, the whispering peeler after cooks wearing an illflor-mation. The find of his kind! An artist, sir! And dirt cheap at a sovereign a skull! He knows his Finsbury Follies backwoods so you batter see to your regent refutation. Ascare winde is rifting again about nice boys going native. You know who was wrote about in the Orange Book of Estchapel? Basil and the two other men from King’s Avenance. Just press this cold brand against your brow for a maw. Cawfully! The sinus the curse. That’s it. Hung Chung Eggylfella now speak he tell numptywumpety top-sawys belongahim pidgin. Secret things other persons place there covered not. How you fell from story to story like a sagasand to lie. Enfilmung infirmary. On the beacase alleging to having a finge a fudding in puddling and pie. And here’s the witnesses. Glue on to him, Greevy! Bottom anker, Noordeece! And kick kick killykick for the house that juke built! Wait till they send you to sleep, scowpow! By jurors’ cruces! Then old Hunphy-dunphyville’ll be blasted to bumberos by the youthful herald who would once you were. He’d be our chosen one in the matter of Brittas more than anarthur. But we’ll wake and see. The wholes poors riches of ours hundreds of manhoods and womhoods. Two cents, two mills and two myrds. And it’s all us rangers you’ll be facing in the box before the twelfth correctional. Like one man, gell. Between all the Misses Mountsackvilles in their halfmoon haemicycles, gasping to giddies to dye for the shame. Just hold hard till the one we leapt out gets her yearing! Hired in cameras, extra! With His Honour Surpacher on the binge. So yelp your guilt and kitz the buck. You’ll have loss of fame from Wimme-game’s fake. Forwards! One bully son growing the goff and his twinger read out by the Nazi Priers. You fought as how they’d never woxen up, did you, crcket? It will wecker your earse, that it will! When hives the court to exchequer ‘tis the child which gives the sire away. Good for you, Richmond R...
Hunting Punting. The eitch is in her blood, arrah! For a frecklesome freshcheeky sweetworded lupsqueezer. And he shows how he’ll pick him the lock of her fancy. Pogue! Pogue! Pogue! And a good jump, Powell! Clean over all their heads. We could kiss him for that one, cuddled we, Huggins? Sparkes is the footer to hance off nancies. Scalldhead, pursue! Before you bunkledoodel down upon your birchentop again after them three blows from time, drink and hurry. The same three that nursed you, Skerry, Badbolts and the Grey One. All of your own club too. With the fistful of burryberries were for the massus for to feed you living in dying. Buy bran biscuits and you’ll never say dog. And be in the finest of companies. Morialtay and Kniferope Walker and Rowley the Barrel. With Longbow of the lie. Slick of the trick and Blennercassell of the brogue. Clanruckard for ever! The Fenn, the Fenn, the kinn of all Fens! Deaf to the winds when for Cronacreena. Fish! And it’s not now saying how we are where who’s softing what rushes. Merryvirgin forbed! But of they never eat soullfriede they’re aiting it now. With easter greeding. Angus! Angus! Angus! The keykeeper of the keys of the seven doors of the dreamadoory in the house of the house-hold of Heeche saysait. Whimtore, whatmore? Give it over, give it up! Magawgraw! Head of a helo, chest of champignon, eye of a gull! What you’d if he’d. The grom is in the greenhouse, gattling out his. Gun! That lad’s the style for. Lannigan’s ball! Now a drive on the naval! The Shallburn Shock. Never mind your gibbous. Slip on your ropen collar and draw the noosebag on your head. Nobody will know or heed you, Postumus, if you skip round schlymartin by the back and come front sloomutren to beg in one of the shavers’ sailorsuits. Three clumbs three-quickenethrees in the garb of nine. We’ll split to see you moudlem impavious. A wing for oldboy Welsey Wander! Well spat, witty wagtial! Now piawn to bishop’s fortho! Moove. There’s Mumblesome Wadding Murch cranking up to the hornomooni-um. Drawz us out Ivy Eve in the Hall of Alum! The finnecies of poetry wed music. Feeling the jitters? You’ll be as tight as Trivett when the knot’s knutted on. Now’s your never! Peena and Queena are duetting a giggle-for-giggle and the brideen Alan-nah is lost in her dianmindwaiting. What a magnificent gesture you will show us this galls day. Clean and easy, be the hooker! And a free for croaks after. Dovlen are out for it. So is Rathfinn. And, hike, here’s the hearse and four horses with the interpro-vincial crucifixioners throwing lots inside to know whose to be their gooson and whereas to brake the news to morhor. How our myterbiler his fullen aslip. And who will wager but he’ll Shonny Bhoy be, the flesh lumpfleeter from Poshpatengha and all he bares subsconcious inklings shadowed on soulskin’. Its segnet yores, the strake of a hin. Nup. Laying the cloth, to fore of them. And thanking the fish, in core of them. To pass the grace for Gard sake! Ahmohn. Mr Justician Matthews and Mr Justician Marks and Mr Justician Luk de Luc and Mr Justinian Johnston–Johnson. And the aaskart, see, behind! Help, help, hurray! All — sup, allsup! Four ghools to nail! Cut it down, mates, look sloppy! They’ve got a dathe with a swimmipull. Dang! Ding! Dong! Dung! Dinnin. Isn’t it great he is swaying above us for his good and ours. Fly your balloons, dannies and dennes! He’s door-knobs dead! And Annie Delap is free! Ones more. We could ate you, par Buccas, and imbabe through you, reassured in the wild lac of gotliness. One fledge, one brood till hulm culms evurdyburdy. Huh the thoman! Huh the traider. Huh the truh. Arorsure, he’s the mannork of Arralband over-sense he horrhord his name in thuthnder. Rrrwwwwkerr! And seen it rudden up in fusefinessence on the flashmurket. P.R.C.R.L.L. Royloy. Of the rolloorissi rattillary. The lewd-ninbluebolteredallucktruckalltraumconductor! The unnamed nonirishblooder that becomes a Greenslinder overnight! But we’re molting superstituettes out of his fuse thorint guts. Tried mark, Easterlings. Sign, Soideric O’Cunnuc, Rix. Adversed ord, Magtmorken, Kovenhow. There’s a great conversion, myn! Cou-cous! Find his causcaus! From Motometusolom through Bulley and Cowlie and Diggerydiggerydock down to bazeness’s usual? He’s alight there stil Rix. Adversed ord, Magtmorken, Kovenhow. There’s a great conversion, myn! Cou...
pappappopoppcuddle, samblind daisy-rudder. Yus, sord, fathe, you woll, purty our wraughther! What we waits be after?
Whyfore we come agoonding? None of you, cock icy! You keep that henayearn and her fortycantle glim lookbehinder. We
might do with rubiny leeses. But of all your wanings send us out your peppydecked ales and you’ll not be such a bad lot. The
rye is well for whose amind but the wheateny one is proper lovely. B E N K! We sincerestly trust that Missus with the
kiddies of sweet Gorteen has not B I N K to their very least tittles deranged if in B U N K and we greeiously augur for your
Megggin B E N K B A N K B O N K to sloop in with all sorts of aecterus and adsaturas. It’s our last fight, Megantic, fear
you will! The referee’s took to hailing to time the place. There goes the blackwatchwomen, all in white, flaxed up, pur-gad!
Right toe, Armitage! Tem for Tam at Timmotty Hall! We’ve been carried away. Beyond bournes and bowers. So we’ll leave
it to Keyhoe, Danelly and Pykemhyrne, the three muskraat- eers, at the end of this age that had it from Variants’ Katey
Sherratt that had it from Variants’ Katey Sherratt’s man for the bonnecacies of Blashwhite and Blushed of the Aquasancta
Liffey Patrol to wind up and to tells of all befells after that to Mocked Majesty in the Malincurred Mansion.

So you were saying, boys? Anyhow he what?

So anyhow, melumps and mumpus of the hoose uncommons, after that to wind up that longtobechronickled gettogether
thNxbeiogiving day at Glenfinnisk-en-la-Valle, the anniver-sary of his funst homy communion, after that same barbecue
bean — feast was all over poor old hospitable corn and eggfactor, King Roderick O’Conor, the paramount chief polemarch
and last pre-electric king of Ireland, who was anything you say yourself be — tween fiftyodd and fiftyeven years of age at the
time after the scocalled last supper he greatly gave in his umbrageous house of the hundred bottles with the radio beamer
tower and its hangars, chimbneys and equilines or, at least, he was’n actually the then last king of all Ireland for the time
being for the jolly good reason that he was still such as he was the eminent king of all Ireland himself after the last
preeminent king of all Ireland, the whilom joky old top that went before him in the Taharan dy-nasty, King Arth
Mockmorrow Koughenough of the leathered leggions, now of parts unknown, (God guard his generous comicsongbook
soul!) that put a poached fowl in the poor man’s pot before he took to his pallyass with the weeping eczema for better and
worse until he went under the grass quilt on us, never-theless, the year the sugar was scarce, and we to lather and shave and
frizzle him, like a bald surging buoy and himself down to three cows that was meat and drink and dogs and washing to him,
’tis good cause we have to remember it, going through summersultryngs of snow and sleet with the widow Nolan’s goats
and the Brownes girls neats any
’tis good cause we have to remember it, going through summersultryngs of snow and sleet with the widow Nolan’s goats
and the Brownes girls neats any
after the silence, like his ancestors to this day after him (that the blazings of their ouldmouldy gods may attend to them we pray!), overopposides the cowery lad in the corner and forenenst the staregaze of the caterring candled, that adornment of his album and folkenfather of familyans, he came acrash a crupper sort of a sate on accomondation and the very boxst in all his compass, whereuponce, behome the fore for cove and trawlers, heave hone, leave lone, Larry’s on the focse and Faugh MacHugh O’Bawlar at the wheel, one to do and one to dare, par by par, a peerless pair, ever here and over there, with his fol the dee oll the doo on the flure of his feats and the feels of the fumes in the wakes of his ears our wineman from Barleyhome he just slumped to throne.

So sailed the stout ship Nansy Hans. From Liff away. For Nattenlaender. As who has come returns. Farvel, farerne! Good-bark, goodbye!

Now follow we out by Starloe!

— Three quarks for Muster Mark!

Sure he hasn’t got much of a bark

And sure any he has it’s all beside the mark.

But O, Wreneagle Almighty, wouldn’t un be a sky of a lark

To see that old buzzard whooping about for uns shirt in the dark

And he hunting round for uns speckled trousers around by Palmer-stown Park?

Hohohoho, moulty Mark!

You’re the rummest old rooster ever flopped out of a Noah’s ark

And you think you’re cock of the wark.

Fowls, up! Tristy’s the spry young spark

That’ll tread her and wed her and bed her and red her

Without ever winking the tail of a feather

And that’s how that chap’s going to make his money and mark!

Overhoved, shrillgleescreaming. That song sang seaswans. The winging ones. Seahawk, seagull, curlew and plover, kestrel and capercallzie. All the birds of the sea they trolled out rightbold when they smacked the big kuss of Trustan with Usolde.

And there they were too, when it was dark, whilst the wild-caps was circling, as slow their ship, the winds aslight, upborne the fates, the wardorse moved, by courtesy of Mr Deaubaleau Downbellow Kaempersally, listening in, as hard as they could, in Dubbeldorp, the donker, by the tourneyold of the wattarfalls, with their vuoxens and they kemin in so hattajocky (only a quartebuck askull for the last acts) to the solans and the sycamores and the wild geese and the gannets and the migratories and the mistlethrushes and the auspices and all the birds of the rockby-suckerassousyceanal sea, all four of them, all sighing and sob — bing, and listening. Moykle ahoykling!

They were the big four, the four maaster waves of Erin, all listening, four. There was old Matt Gregory and then besides old Matt there was old Marcus Lyons, the four waves, and oftentimes they used to be saying grace together, right enough, bausnabeatha, in Miracle Squeer: here now we are the four of us: old Matt Gre-gory and old Marcus and old Luke Tarpey:
the four of us and sure, thank God, there are no more of us: and, sure now, you wouldn’t go and forget and leave out the other fellow and old Johnny MacDougall: the four of us and no more of us and so now pass the fish for Christ sake, Amen: the way they used to be saying their grace before fish, repeating itself, after the interims of Augusburgh for auld lang syn. And so there they were, with their palms in their hands, like the pulchrum’s proculs, spraying their ears, luistening and to listening to the oceans of kisssening, with their eyes glistening, all the four, when he was kiddling and cuddling and bunnyhugging scrumptious his colleen bawn and dinkum belle, an oscar sister, on the fifteen inch loveseat, behind the chieftaness stewardesses cubin, the hero, of Gaelic champion, the onliest one of her choice, her bleaueyedead of a girl’s friend, neither bigugly nor smallnice, meaning pretty much everything to her then, with his sinister dexterity, light and ruthfulhandling, vicemversem her ragbags et assaucytiams, fore and aft, on and offside, the blueburnt sexfutter, handson and huntsem, that was palpably wrong and bulbulby improper, and cuddling her and kissing her, tootyfay charmaint, in her ensemble of maidenna blue, with an overdress of net, tickled with goldies, Isolamisola, and whispering and lisping her about Trisolanians, how one was whips for one was two and two was lips for one was three, and dissimulating themself, with his poghue like Arrah-na-poghuie, the dear dear annual, they all four remembored who made the world and how they used to be at that time in the vulgar ear cuddling her, after an oyster supper in Cullen’s baum, from under her mistlethrush and kissing and listening, in the good old bygone days of Dion Bouicaut, the elder, in Arrah-na-pogue, in the otherworld of the passing of the key of Two — tonge Common, with Nush, the carrier of the word, and with Mesh, the cutter of the reed, in one of the farback, pitchblack centuries when who made the world, when they knew O’Clery, the man on the door, when they were all four collegians on the nod, near the Noderlands Nurskery, whiteboys and oakboys, peep of tim boys and piping tom boys, raising hell while the sun was shining, with their slates and satchels, playing Florian’s fables and communic suctions and vellic frictions with mixum mem-bers, in the Queen’s Ulonian colleges, along with another fellow, a prime number, Totoius Quotius, and paying a pot of tribults to Boris O’Brien, the buttlert of Clumphump, two looves, two turnovers plus (one) crown, to see the mad dane ating his vitals. Wulf! Wulf! And throwing his tongue in the snakepit. Ah ho! The ladies have mer西亚s! It brought the dear prehistoric scenes all back again, as fresh as of yore, Matt and Marcus, natu-ral born lovers of nature, in all her moves and senses, and after that now there he was, that mouth of mandibles, vowed to pure beauty, and his Arrah-na-poghuie, when she murmurously, after she let a cough, gave her firm order, if he wouldn’t please mind, for a sings one to hope a dozen of the best favourite lyrical national blooms in Luvillicit, though not too much, reflecting on the situation, drinking in draughts of purest air serene and re-velling in the great outdoors, before the four of them, in the fair fine night, whilst the stars shine bright, by she light of he moon, we longed to be soon, before her honeyoldoom, the plaint effect being in point of fact there being in the whole, a seautition so shocking and scandalous and now, thank God, there were no more of them and he poghuing and poghuing like the Moreigner bowed his crustod hoed and Tilley the Tailor’s Tugged a Tar in the Arctic Newses Dagsdogs number and there they were, like a foremasters in the rolls, listening, to Rolando’s deepen darblun Ossian roll, (Lady, it was just too gorgeous, that expense of a lovely tint, embellished by the charms of art and very well conducted and nicel times and the fald times and the hempty times and the dempty times, for a cup of kindness yet, for four farback tumblerfuls of woman squash, with them, all fo drinking in draughts of purest air serene and re-velling in the great outdoors, before the four of them, in the fair fine night, whilst the stars shine bright, by she light of he moon, we longed to be soon, before her honeyoldoom, the plaint effect being in point of fact there being in the whole, a seautition so shocking and scandalous and now, thank God, there were no more of them and he poghuing and poghuing like the Moreigner bowed his crustod hoed and Tilley the Tailor’s Tugged a Tar in the Arctic Newses Dagsdogs number and there they were, like a foremasters in the rolls, listening, to Rolando’s deepen darblun Ossian roll, (Lady, it was just too gorgeous, that expense of a lovely tint, embellished by the charms of art and very well conducted and nicel times and the fald times and the hempty times and the dempty times, for a cup of kindness yet, for four farback tumblerfuls of woman squash, with them, all four, listening and spraining their ears for the millennium and all their mouths making water.

Johnny. Ah well, sure, that’s the way (up) and it so happened there was poor Matt Gregory (up), their pater familias, and (up) they were four dear old heladies and really they looked awfully pretty and so nice and respectable and after that they had their fathomglasses to find out all the fathoms and their half a tall hat, just now like the old Merquys of Pawcerschoof, the old determined despot, (quiescents in brage!) only for the extrusion of the saltwater or the auctioneer there dormont, in front of the place near O’Clery’s, at the darku, listening and spraining their ears, luistening and listening to the millennium and all their mouths making water.
improper colleges (and how do you do, Mr Dame James? Get out of my way!), forkebearded and bluetoothed and bellied and boneless, from Strathlyffe and Aylesburg and North-umberland Anglesey, the whole yaghoodurt sweepstakings and all the horsepowers. But now, talking of hayastdanars and wolkingology and how our seaborne isle came into exestuance, (the explutor, his three andesisters and the two pantellarias) that reminds me about the manasteriums of the poor Marcus of Lyons and poor Johnny, the patrician, and what do you think of the four of us and there they were now, listening right enough, the four saltwater widowers, and all they could remember, long long ago in the olden times Momonian, throw darker hour sorrows, the princest day, when Fair Margrate waited Swede Villem, and Lally in the rain, with the blank prints, now extincts, after the wreak of Wormans’ Noe, the barmaisihedgen, when my heart knew no care, and after that then there was the official landing of Lady Jales Casemate, in the year of the flood 1132 S.O.S., and the christening of Queen Baltersby, the Fourth Buzzersbee, according to Her Grace the bishop Senior, off the whate shape, and then there was the drowning of Pharaoah and all his pedestrians and they were all completely drowned into the sea, the red sea, and then poor Merkin Cornynghwm, the official out of the castle on pension, when he was completely drowned off Erin Isles, at that time, suir knows, in the red sea and a lovely mourning paper and thank God, as Saman said, there were no more of him. And that now was how it was. The arzurian deeps o’er his humbodumbones sweeps. And his widdy the giddy is wreathing her murmours as her gracest trip to the Grocery Trader’s Manthly. Mind mand gunfree by Gladys Rayburn! Runtable’s Reincorporated. The new world presses. Where the old conk cruised now croons the yunk. Exeunc throw a darras Kram of Llawnroc, ye gink guy, kirked into yord. Enterest at-tawonder Wehpen, luftcat revol, fairescapading in his natsirt. Tuese tumbles. And mild aunt Liza is as loose as her neese. Ful-fest within inbrace behent. As gent would deem oncontinent. So mulct per wenche is Elsker woed. Ne hath his thristing. Fin. Like the newcasters in their old plyable of A Royenne Devours. Jazzaphoney and Mirillovis and Nippy she nets best. Fing. Ay, ay! Sobbos. And so he was. Sabbus.

Marcus. And after that, not forgetting, there was the Flemish armada, all scattered, and all officially drowned, there and then, on a lovely morning, after the universal flood, at about eleven thirty-two was it? off the coast of Cominghome and Saint Patrick, the anabaptist, and Saint Kevin, the lacustrian, with toomuch of tolls and lottance of beggars, after converting Porterscout and Dona, our first parents, and Lapoleon, the equestrian, on his whuite hourse of Hunover, rising Clunkthurf over Cabinhogan and all they remembered and then there was the Frankish flott of Noahs-dobahas, from Haldgoland, round about the freebutter year of Notre Dame 1132 P.P.O. or so, disumbunking from under Mathom General Bonaboche, (noo pooperly!) in his half a grey traditional hat, aleviola come alevilla, and after that there he was, so terrestrial, like a Nailscissor, poughing her scandalous and very wrong, the maid, in single combat, under the sycamores, amid the bladderings from the boom and all the gallowsbirds in Arrah-na-Poghue, so silvestrious, neer the Queen’s Colleges, in 1132 Brian or Bride street, behind the century man on the door. And then again they used to give the grandest gloriasp boom and all the gallowsbirds in Arrah-pogue, so silvestrious, neer the Queen’s Colleges, in 1132 Brian or Bride street, behind the century man on the door. And then again they used to give the grandest gloriasp boom and all the gallowsbirds in Arrah-pogue, so silvestrious, neer the Queen’s Colleges, in 1132 Brian or Bride street, behind the century man on the door. And then again they used to give the grandest gloriasp boom and all the gallowsbirds in Arrah-pogue, so silvestrious, neer the Queen’s Colleges, in 1132 Brian or Bride street, behind the century man on the door. And then again they used to give the grandest gloriasp boom and all the gallowsbirds in Arrah-pogue, so silvestrious, neer the Queen’s Colleges, in 1132 Brian or Bride street, behind the century man on the door. And then again they used to give the grandest gloriasp boom and all the gallowsbirds in Arrah-pogue, so silvestrious, neer the Queen’s Colleges, in 1132 Brian or Bride street, behind the century man on the door.
belongings to him, in his old futile manner, cape, towel and drawbreeches, and repeating himself and telling him now, for the seek of Senders Newslater and the massacre of Saint Brices, to forget the past, when the burglar he shoved the wretch in churneroil, and contradicting all about Lally, the ballest master of Gosterstown, and his old fellow, the Lagener, in the Locklaine Lighthouse, earing his wick with a pierce of railing, and liggen hig with his ladder up, and that oldtime turner and his sadderday erey clouding, the old croniony, Skelly, with the leather belly, full of netts, full of keelts, full of lightweight belths and all the bald drakes or ever he had up in the bohoreen, off Artischekes Road, with Moels and Mahmullagh Mullarty, the man in the Oran mosque, and the old folks at home and Duignan and Lapole and the grand confarreation, as per the cabbangers richestore, of the filest archives, and he couldn’t stop laughing over Tom Tim Tarpey, the Welshman, and the four middleaged widowers, all nangles, sangles, angles and wangles. And now, that reminds me, not to forget the four of the Welsh waves, leaping laughing, in their Lumbag Walk, over old Battle-shore and Deaddeleconcins, in their half a Roman hat, with an an — cien Greek gloss on it, in Chichester College auction and, thank God, they were all summarily divorced, four years before, or so they say, by their dear poor shehusbands, in dear byword days, and never brought to mind, to see no more the rainwater on the floor but still they parted, raining water laughing, per Nupiter Privius, only terpary, on the best of terms and be forgot, whilk was plainly foretollk by their old pilgrim cocklesong or they were singing through the wettest indies As I was going to Burrymaccarott we fell in with a lout by the name of Peebles as also in another place by their orthodox proverb so there was said thus That old fellow knows milk though he’s not used to it latterly. And so they parted. In Dalkymont number to. Ay, ay. The good go and the wicked is left over. As evil flows so Ivel flows. Ay, ay. Ah, well sure, that’s the way. As the holymaid of Kunut said to the haryman of Koombe. For his humpie position in odvices. Woman. Squash. Part. Ay, ay. By decree absolute.

Lucas. And, O so well they could remembare at that time, when Carpery of the Goold Fins was in the kingship of Poolland, Mrs Dowager Justice Squalchman, foorsitter, in her fullbottom wig and beard, (Erminia Reginia!) in or aring or around about the year of buy in disgrace 1132 or 1169 or 1768 Y.W.C.A., at the Married Male Familyman’s Auctioneers’s court in Arrahunacuddle. Poor Johnny of the clan of the Douglas, the poor Scuitsman, (Hohannes!) nothing if not amorous, dinna forget, so frightenned (Zweet! Zweet!) on account of her full bottom, (undullable attraxity!) that put the yearl of mercies on him, and the four maasters, in chors, with a hing behangd them, because he was so slow to borstel her schoon for her, when he was grooming her ladyship, instead of backscratching her materfamilias proper, like any old methodist, and all divorced and innasense interdict, in the middle of the temple, according to their dear faithful. Ah, now, it was too bad, too bad and stout entirely, all the missoccurs; and poor Mark or Marcus Bowandoat, from the brownesberrow in nolandsland, the poor old chronometer, all persecuted with ally croaker by everybody, by decree absolute, through Herrinsilde, because he forgot himself, making wind and water, and made a Neptune’s mess of all of himself, sculling over the giamond’s coursew, and because he forgot to remember to sign an old morning proxy paper, a writing in request to hersute herself, on stamped bronnanoleum, from Romeo to Gillette, before saying his grace before fish and then and there and too there was poor Dion Cassius Poosycomb, all drowned too, before the world and her husband, because it was most improper and most wrong, when he attempted to (well, he was shocking poor in his health, he said, with the shingles falling off him), because he (ah, well now, peaces pea to Wedmore and let not the song go dumb upon your Ire, as we say in the Spasms of Davies, and we won’t be too hard on him as an old Manx presbyterian) and after that, as red as a Rosse is, he made his last will and went to confession, like the general of the Berkeleyites, at the rim of the rom, on his two bare marrowbones, to Her Worship his Mother and Sister Evangelist Sweainey, on Cailcainnin widnight and he was so sorry, he was really, because he left the bootybutton in the handsome cab and now, tell the truth, unfriends never, (she was his first messes dogess and it was a very pretlyy and there were faults on both sides) well, he attempted (or so they say) ah, now, forget and forgive (don’t we all?) and, sure, he was only funning with his andrewmartins and his old age coming over him, well, he attempted or, the Connachy, he was tempted to attempt some hunnish familiarities, after eten a bad carmp in the rude ocean and, hevantonoze sure, he was dead seasickabed (it was really too bad!) her poor old divor, And where do you leave Matt Emeritus? The laychief of Ab-botabishop? And exchullard of ffrench and gherman. Achoch! They were all so sorry for poorboir Matt in his saltwater hat, with the Aran crown, or she grew that out of, too big for him, of or Mnepos and his overalls, all falling in her folds — sure he hadn’t the heart in her to pull them up — poor Matt, the old peri-grime matriarch, and a queenly man, (the porple blussing upon them!) sitting there, the sole of the settlement, below ground, for an expiatory rite, in postulation of his cause, (who shall say?) in her beaver bonnet, the king of the Caucuses, a family all to himself, under geasa, Themistletocles, on his multilingual tomb-stone, like Navelicky Kamen, and she due to kid by sweetpea time, with her face to the wall, in view of the poorhouse, and taking his rust in the oxsight of Iren, under all
the auspices, amid the rattle of hailstorms, kalopintheochromatokreening, with her ivyclad hood, and gripping an old pair of curling tongs, belonging to Mrs Duna O’Cannell, to blow his brains with, till the heights of Newhigherland heard the Bristolhut, with his can of tea and a purse of alfred cakes from Anne Lynch and two cuts of Shackleton’s brown loaf and dilisk, waiting — for the end to come. Gordon Heighland, when you think of it! The merthir dirther! Ah ho! It was too bad entirely! All devout by active parlour-men, laudabiliter, of woman squeall and all on account of the smell of Shakeleitin and scratchman and his mouth watering, acid and alkolic; signs on the salt, and so now pass the loaf for Christ sake. Amen. And so. And all.

Matt. And loaf. So that was the end. And it can’t be helped. Ah, God be good to us! Poor Andrew Martin Cunningham! Take breath! Ay! Ay!

And still and all at that time of the dynast days of old konning Soteric Sulkinbored and Bargomuster Bart, when they struck coil and shock haunts, in old Hungerford-on-Mudway, where first I met thee oldpoetryck fled from may and the Finnan haddies and the Noal Sharks and the muckstails turtles like an acoustic pot-tish and the griessouper bullyum and how he poled him up his boccat of vuorat and got big buzz in his name for the airweek’s honours from home, colonies and empire, they were always with assisting grace, thinking (up) and not forgetting about shims and shawls week, in auld land syne (up) their four hosenbands, that were four (up) beautiful sister misters, now happily married, unto old Gallstonebelly, and there they were always counting and contradicting every night "tis early the lovely mother of periinkle buttons, according to the lapper part of their anachronism (up one up two up one up four) and after that there now she was, in the end, the deary, soldpowder and all, the beautfour sisters, and that was her modren republican name, right enough, from alum and oves, and they used to be getting up from under, in their tape and straw garlands, with all the worries awake in their hair, at the kookaburra bell ringring all wrong inside of them (come in, come on, you lazy loafs!) all inside their poor old Shan-don bellbox (come out to hell, you lousy louts!) so frightened, for the dthclangavore, like knockneeghs bumped by the fisterman’s straights, (ys! y’s!), at all hours every night, on their mistle — toes, the four old oldsters, to see was the Transton Postscript come, with their oerkussens under their armsaxters, all pudduled and mythified, the way the wind wheeled the schooler round, when nobody wouldn’t even let them rusten, from playing their gastspiels, crossing their sleep by the shocking silence, when they were in dreams of yore, standing behind the door, or leaning out of the chair, or kneeling under the sofa-cover and setting on the sopatureen, getting into their way something barbarous, changing the one wet underdown convi-brational bed or they used to slumper under, when hope was no more, and putting on their half a hat and falling over all synop-ticals and a panegyr and repeating themselves, like svvollovv — ing, like the time they were dagging the talkeycok that chased them, look look all round the stool, walk everywhere for a jool, to break fyre to all the rancers, to collect all and bits of brown, the rathere’s evelopment in spirits of time in all fathom of space and sloooping around in a bawneen and bath slippers and go away to Oldpatrick and see a doctor Walker. And after that so glad they had their night tentacles and there they used to be, flapping and cycling, and a dooing a doonloop, panementically, around the waists of the ships, in the wake of their good old Foehn again, as tyred as they were, at their windswits in the wavelengths, the clipperbuilt and the five fourmasters and Lally of the cleftof t bagoderts and Roe of the fair chea...

Aithne Meithne married a mailde and that one too from Engr-vakon saga aboothe a gooth a goetheny egg and the park — side pranks of quality queens, katte efter kinne, for Earl Hooved — soon’s choosing and Huber and Harman orhowwhen theeupon — thus (chchch!) eyesolt of binnoculises memostinmust egotum sabcnes uspes the deproudfy of multimathema-tical immaterialities wherebejubers in the pancosmic urge the allimmanence of that which Itself is Itself Alone (hear, O hear, Caller Errin!) exteriorises on this ourherenow plane in disunited solod, likeward and gushious bodies with (science, say!) peril-whitened passionpanting pugnoplantung intuitions of reunited selfdom (murky whey, abstrew adim!) in the higherdimissional selfless Allself, theemeeng Narsty meetheeng Idoleess, and telling Jolly MacGolly, dear mester John, the belated dishevelled, hacking away at a parchment pieed, and all the other analist, the steamships ant the ladies’ foursome, ovenfor, nedenfor, dinkety, duk, downalupping, (how long tandem!) like a foreretyred schoon-masters, and their pair of green eyes and peering in, so they say, like the narcopets on the lakes of Coma, through the steamy win-dows, into the honeymoon cabins, on board the big steamadatories, made by Fumadory, and the saloon ladies’ madorn toilet chambers lined over prawn silk and rub off the salty catara off a windows and, hee hee, listening, qua committee, the poor old quakers, oben the dure, to see all the hunnishmoeners and the firstclass ladies, serious me, a lass spring as you fancy, and sheets far from the lad, courting in blankets, enfamilias, and, shee shee, all improper, in a lovely mourning toilet, for the rosecrumpler, the thrilldriver, the sighinspirer, with that olive throb in his nude neck, and, swayin and thayin, thanks ever so much for the tiny quote, which sought of maid everythingling again so very much more delightafellay, and the perfidly suite of her, bootyfily...

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yours, under all their familiarities, by preventing grace, forgetting to say their grace be-fore chambadory, before going to boat with the verges of the chaptel of the opening of the month of Nema Knatut, so pass the poghue for grace sake. Amen. And all, hee hee hee, quaking, so fright, and, shee shee, shaking. Aching. Ay, ay.

For it was then a pretty thing happened of pure diversion mayhap, when his flattering hend, at the justright moment, like perchance some cook of corage might clip the lad on a poot of porage handshut his duckhouse, the vivid girl, deaf with love, (ah sure, you know her, our angel being, one of romance’s fade-less wonderwomen, and, sure now, we all know you dote on her even unto date!) with a queeleetecree of joyis crisis she renuited their disunited, with ripy lepes to ropy lopes (the dear o’dears!) and the golden importunity of aloorfe’s leavetime, when, as quick, is greased pigskin, Amoricas Champius, with one aragan throust, druve the massive of virilvigtoury flshpst the both lines of forwards (Eburnea’s down, boys!) rightjingbangshot into the goal of her gullet.

Alris!

And now, upright and add them! And plays be honest! And pullit into yourself, as on manowoman do another! Candidately, everybody! A mot for amat. Comong, meng, and douh! There was this, wellyoumaycallher, a strapping modern old ancient Irish prisscess, so and so hands high, such and such paddock weight, in her madapolam smock, nothing under her hat but red hair and solid ivory (now you know it’s true in your hardup hearts!) and a firstclass pair of bedroom eyes, of most unhomy blue, (how weak we are, one and all!) the charm of favour’s fond consent! Could you blame her, we’re saying, for one psycoldological moment? What would Ewe do? With that so tiresome old milkless a ram, with his tiresome duty peck and his bronchial tubes, the tiresome old hairyg orangogran beaver, in his tiresome old twennysixandsixpenny sheepards plods drowsers and his thirtybobandninepenny tails plus too! Hagakhroustion! It were too exceeding really if one woulds to offer at sulk an oldivirdual a pinge of hinge hit. The mainest thing ever! Since Edem was in the boags noavy. No, no, the dear heart knows, and the farther the from it, if the whole stole stale mis betold, whoever the gulpable, and whatever the pulpos was, the twooned togethered, and giving the most phassionable wheathers, they were doing a lally a lolly a dither a dother. And it was a fiveful moment for the poor old timeteters, ticktacking, in tenk the count. Till the spark that plugged spared the chokee he gripped and (volatile volupty, how brieved are thy lunguings!) th one lelly two dather three lilly four dother. And it was a fiveful moment for the poor old timeteters, ticktacking, in tenk the count. Till the spark that plugged spared the chokee he gripped and (volatile volupty, how brieved are thy lunguings!) th they could and they could hear like of a lisp lapsing, that was her knight of the truths thong plipping out of her chapell-ledeosy, after where he had gone and polped the questioned. Plop.

Ah now, it was tooowly torrific, the mummmurrulebejubes! And then after that they used to be so forgetful, counting mother-peributts (up one up four) to membre her beaufu mouldern maiden name, for overflauwing, by the dream of woman the ownierist, in forty lands. From Greg and Doug on poor Greg and Mat and Mar and Lu and Jo, now happily buried, our four! And there she was right enough, that lovely sight enough, the girleen bawn asthore, as for days galore, of planxty Gregory.

Egory. O bunket not Orwin! Ay, ay.

But, sure, that reminds me now, like another tellmastory re-peating yourself, how they used to be in lethargy’s love, at the end of it all, at that time (up always), tired and all, after doing the mousework and making it up, over their community singing (up) the top loft of the voicebox, of Mamalujo like the senior follies at murther magrees, squating round, two by two, the four confederates, with Caxons the Coswarn, up the wet air register in Old Man’s House, Millenium Road, crowning themselves in lauraly branches, with their cold knees and their poor (up) quad rupeds, ovasleep, and all dolled up, for their blankets and materny mufflers and plimsoles and their bowl of brown shackle and milky and boterham clots, a potion a, heaven knows, and the farther the from it, if the whole stole stale mis betold, whoever the gulpable, and whatever the pulpos was, the twooned togethered, and giving the most phassionable wheathers, they were doing a lally a lolly a dither a dother.

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And after that now in the future, please God, after nonpenal start, all repeating ourselves, in medios loquos, from where he got a useful arm busy on the touchline, due south of her western shoulder down to death and the love embrace, with an interesting tallow complexion and all now united, sansfamilias, let us ran on to say oremus prayer and homeysweet homely, after fully realising the gratifying experiences of highly continental evenements, for meter and peter to temple an eslaap, for auld acquaintance, to Peregrine and Michael and Farfassa and Peregrine, for navigants et peregrinantibus, in all the old imperial and Fionnachan sea and for vogue awallow to a Miss Yiss, you fascinator, you, sing a lovasteamadorion to Ladyseyes, here’s Tricks and Doelsy, de-lightfully ours, in her dotty ducky little blue and roll his hoop and how she ran, when wit won free, the dimply blissed and aw-fully bucked, right glad we never shall forget, thoh the dayses gone still they loves young dreams and old Luke with his kingly leer, so wellworth watching, and Senchus Mor, possessed of evident notoriety, and another more of the bigtimers, to name no others, of whom great things were expected in the fulfilmiling department, for the lives of Lazarus and auld luke syne and she hailhail her kobbor kohinor sehehet on the praze savohole shanghai.

Hear, O hear, Iseult la belle! Tristan, sad hero, hear! The Lambeg drum, the Lombog reed, the Lumbag fiferer, the Limibig brazenaze.

Anno Domini nostri sancti Jesu Christi Nine hundred and ninetynine million pound sterling in the blueblack bowels of the bank of Ulster.

Braw bawbees and good gold pounds, galore, my girlieen, a Sunday’ll prank thee finely.

And no damn loutll come courting thee or by the mother of the Holy Ghost there’ll be murder!

O, come all ye sweet nymphs of Dingle beach to cheer Brinabride queen from Sybil surfriding

In her curragh of shells of daughter of pearl and her silverymonnblue mantle round her.

Crown of the waters, brine on her brow, she’ll dance them a jig and jilt them fairly.

Yerra, why would she bide with Sig Sloomysides or the grogram grey barnacle gander?

You won’t need be lonesome, Lizzy my love, when your beau gets his glut of cold meat and hot soldiering

Nor wake in winter, window machree, but snore sung in my old Balbriggan surtout.

Wisha, won’t you agree now to take me from the middle, say, of next week on, for the balance of my days, for nothing (what?) as your own nursetender?

A power of highsteppers died game right enough — but who, acushla, ‘ll beg coppers for you?

I tossed that one long before anyone.

It was of a wet good Friday too she was ironing and, as I’m given now to understan, she was always mad gone on me.

Grand goosgreasing we had entirely with an allnight eiderdown bed picnic to follow.

By the cross of Cong, says she, rising up Saturday in the twilight from under me, Mick, Nick the Maggot or whatever your name is, you’re the mose likable lad that’s come my ways yet from the barony of Bohermore.

Mattheehew, Markeehew, Lukeehew, Johnheehewheehew! Haw! And still a light moves long the river. And stiller the mermen ply their keg. Its pith is full. The way is free. Their lot is cast. So, to john for a john, johnajeams, led it be!
III

Hark!

Tolv two elf kater ten (it can’t be) sax.

Hork!

Pedwar pemp foify tray (it must be) twelve.

And low stole o’er the stillness the heartbeats of sleep.

White fogbow spans. The arch embattled. Mark as capsules. The nose of the man who was nought like the nasoes. It is self tinted, wrinkling, ruddled. His kep is a gorsecone. He am Gascon Titubante of Tegmine — sub — Fagi whose fixtures are mobiling so wobiling befear my remembrannds. She, exhibit next, his Anastashie. She has prayings in lowdelph. Zeehere green egg-brooms. What named blautoothmand is yon who stares? Gu — gurtha! Gugurtha! He has becco of wild hindigan. Ho, he hath hornhide! And his now is for you. Pens’e! The most beautiful of woman of the veilch veilde. She would kidds to my voult of my palace, with obscidian luppas, her aal in her dhove’s suckling. Apagemonite! Come not nere! Black! Switch out!

Methought as I was dropping asleep somepart in nonland of where’s please (and it was when you and they were we) I heard at zero hour as ’twere the peal of vixen’s laughter among mid-night’s chimes from out the belfry of the cute old speckled church tolling so faint a goodmantrue as nighthood’s unseen violet rendered all animated greatbritish and Irish objects nonviewable to human watchers save ’twere perchance anon some glistery gleam darkling adown surface of afluivial flowandflow as again might seem garments of laundry reposing a leasward close at hand in full expectation. And as I was jogging along in a dream as dozing I was dawdling, arrah, methought broadtone was heard and the creepers and the gliders and flivvers of the earth breath and the dancetongues of the woodfires and the hummers in their ground all vociferated echoatieng: Shaun! Shaun! Post the post! with a high voice and O, the higher on high the deeper and low, I heard him so! And lo, mesenced somewhat came of the noise and somewho might amove allmurr. Now, ’twas as clump, now mayhap. When look, was light and now ’twas as flasher, now moren as the glaow. Ah, in unlitness ’twas in very similitude, bless me, ’twas his belted lamp! Whom we dreamt was a shaddo, sure, he’s lightseyes, the laddo! Blessed momence, O romence, he’s growing to stay! Ay, he who so swayed a will o of a wisp before me, hand prop to hand, prompt side to the pros, dressed like an earl in just the correct wear, in a classy mac Frieze o’coat of far suparior ruggedness, indigo braw, tracked and tramped, and an Irish ferrier collar, freeswinging with mereswin lacers from his shoulthern and thick welted brogues on him hammered to suit the scotsmost public and climate, iron heels and sparable soles, and his jacket of providence wellprovided woolies with a softrolling lip of a lapel to it and great sealingwax buttons, a good helping bigger than the slots for them, of twentytwo carrot krasnapopp-sky red and his invulnerable burlap whiskcoat and his popular choker, Tamagnum sette-and-forte and his loud boheem toy and the damasker’s overshirt he sported inside, a starspangled zephyr with a decidedly surpriced crinklydoodle front with his motto through dear life embrothed over it in peas, rice, and yeggy-yolk, Or for royal, Am for Mail, R.M.D. hard cash on the nail and the most successfully carried gigot turnups now you ever, (what a pairfact crease! how amsoleolook kersse!) breaking over the ankle and hugging the shoeheel, everything the best — none other from (Ah, then may the turtle’s blessings of God and Mary and Haggispatrick and Huggisbrigid be souptumbling all over him!) other than (and may his hundred thousand welcome stewed letters, relayed wand postchased, multiply, ay faith, and plultiply!) Shaun himself.

What a picture primitive!

Had I the concordant wiseheads of Messrs Gregory and Lyons alongside of Dr Tarpey’s and I dorsay the reverend Mr Mac Dougall’s, but I, poor ass, am but as their fourpart tinkler’s dun-key. Yet methought Shaun (holy messonger angels be unintter — ruptedly nudging him among and along the winding ways of random ever!) Shaun in proper person (now may all the blue-blacksliding constellations continue to shape his changeable time — table!) stood before me. And I pledge you my agricultural word by the hundred and sixty odds rods and cones of this even’s vision that young fellow looked the stuff, the Bel of Beaus’ Walk, a prime card if ever was? Pep? Now without deceit it is hardly too much to say he was looking grand, so
fired smart, in much more than his usual health. No mistaking that beamish brow! There was one for you that ne’er would nunch with good Duke Humphrey but would aight through the months without a sign of an err in hem and then, otherwise rounding, fourale to the lees of Traroe. Those jeovial oyeglanes! The heart of the rool! And hit the hencoop. He was immense, topping swell for he was after having a great time of it, a twentyfour hours every moment matters malsigt, in a porterhouse, scutfrank, if you want to know, Saint Lawzenge of Toole’s, the Wheel of Fortune, leave your clubs in the hall and wait on yourself, no chucks for wal-nut ketchups, Lazenby’s and Chutney graspis (the house the once queen of Bristol and Balrothery twice admired because her frumped door looked up Dacent Street) where in the sighed of lovely eyes while his knives of hearts made havoc he had re-cruited his strength by meals of spadefuls of mounded food, in anticipation of the paste of tablenapkins, constituting his three-partie pranzipal meals plus a collation, his breakfast of first, a bless us O blood and thirstly orange, next, the half of a pint of becon with newled googs and a segment of riceplummy paddying, met of sunder suigar and some cold forsoaken steak peatrefried from the batblack night o’erflown then, without prejudice to eventuals, came along merendally his stockpot dinner of a half a pound or round steak, very rare, Blong’s best from Portarlington’s Butchery, with a side of riccepeasy and Corkshire alla mellonge and bacon with (a little mar pliche!) a pair of chops and thrown in from the silver grid by the proprietoress of the roastery who lives on the hill and gaulusch gravy and pumpermickel to wolph up and a gørger’s bulby onion (Margaretar, Margaratet Margarastican-deatar) and as well with second course and then finally, after his avalunch ocllock snack at’ Appelredt’s or Kitzy Braten’s of saddlebag steak and a Botherhim with her old phoenix portar, jistr to gwen his gwistel and praties sweet and Irish too and mock gurgle to whistle his way through for the swallying, swp by swp, and he getting his tongue around it and Boland’s broth broken into the bargain, to his regret his soupay avic nightcap, vitellusit, a casual consistent with second course eyer and becon (the rich of) with broad beans, hig, steak, hag, pepper the diamond bone hotted up timmtomm and while’twas after that he scoffed a drake-ling snuggily stuffed following cold loin of veal more cabbage and in their green free state a clister of peas, suppositorily petty, last. P.S. but a fingerhot of rheingenever to give the Pax cum Spiri-tututu. Drily thankful. Burud and dulse and typureely jam, all free of charge, aman, and. And the best of wine avec. For his heart was as big as himself, so it was, ay, and bigger! While the loaves are aflowering and the nachtingale jugs. All St Jillian’s of Berry, hurrah there for tobies! Mabhroadphine, brown pride of our custard house quay, amiable with repastful, cheuerus graciously, cheer us! Ever of thee, Anne Lynch, he’s deeply draining! Houseanna! Tea is the Highest! For auld lang Aternity! Thus thicker will he grow now, grew new. And better and better on butterand butter. At the sign of Mesthress Vanhungrig. However! Mind you, nuckling down to nourritures, were they menuly some ham and jaffas, and I don’t mean to make the ingestion for the moment that he was guilbey of gulpable gluttony as regards chew-able boltaballs, but, biestings be biestings, and upon the whole, when not off his oats, given prelove appetite and postlove prici jaffas, and I don’t mean to make the ingestion for the moment that he was guilbey of gulpable gluttony as regards chew-able boltaballs, but, biestings be biestings, and upon the whole, when not off his oats, given prelove appetite and postlove prici.
hestern- most earning, his board in the swell of his fate as, having moistened his manducators upon the quiet and scooping molars and grinders clean with his two fore fingers, he sank his hunk, dowanouet to restk at once, exhaust as winded hare, utterly spent, it was all he could do (disgusted with himself that the combined weight of his tons of isosal was a hundred men’s massed too much for him), upon the native heath he loved covered kneehigh with virgin bush, for who who e’er trod sod of Erin could ever sleep off the turf! Well, I’m liberally dished seeing myself in this trim! How all too unwordy am I, a mere mailman of peace, a poor louost hastehater of the first degree, the principot of Candia, no legs and a title, for such eminence, or unpro promenade rather, to be much more exact, as to be the bearer extraordinary of these postoomany missive on his majesty’s service while me and yous and them we’re extending us after the pattern of reposiveness! Weh is me, yeh is ye! I, the mightif beam maicanny, which bit his mirth too early or met his birth too late! It should of been my other with his leickname for he’s the head and I’m an everdevoting fiend of his. I can seeze tomorrow in tosdays of yer when we lobosbed os so ker. Those sembal simon pumpkel pieman yers! We shared the twin chamber and we winked on the one wench and what Sim sobstodi I’ll reeve tomarry, for ’twill be, I have hopes of, Sam Dizzier’s feedst. Tune in, tune on, old Tighe, high, high, high, I’m thine oweglass. Be old! He looks rather thin, imitating me. I’m very fond of that other of mine. Fish hands Macsorley! Elien! Obsequies! Bonsye! Isaac Egari’s Ass! We’re the music-hall pair that won the swimmyease bladdhers at the Guinness gala in Badeniveagh. I ought not to laugh with him on this stage. But he’ such a game loser! I lift my disk to him. Brass and reeds, brace and ready! How is your Nanper, Handy, andnowhow does she stand? First he was living to feel what the eldest daughter she was panseying and last he was dying to know what old Madre Patrick does be up to. Take this John’s Lane in your toastingsfourch. Shaun-ti and shaunti and shaunti again! And twelve coolinder moons! I am no helotwashipper but I revere her! For my own coant! She has studied! Piscisvendolor! You’re grace! Futs drok of Wouldndom! But, Gemini, he’s looking frightfully thin! I heard the man Shee shinging in the pantry bay. Down among the dust-bins let him lie! Ear! Ear! Not ay! Eye! Eye! For I’m at the heart of it. Yet I cannot on my solemn merits as a recitativerecollect ever having done of anything of the kind to deserve of such. Not the phost of a nation! Nor by a long trollop! I just didn’t have the time to. Saint Anthony Guide!

— But have we until now ever besought you, dear Shaun, we remembered, who it was, good boy, to begin with, who out of symphony gave you the permit?

— Goodbye now, Shaun replied, with a voice pure as a church-mode, in echo rightdainty, with a good catlick tug at his coco — moss candylock, a foretaste in time of his cabbageous brain’s curlyflower. Athiacaro! Comb his tar odd gee sing your mower O meow? Greet thee Good! How are them columbuses! Lard have mustard on them! Fatiguing, very fatiguing, Hobos hom-knees and the corveeture of my spine. Poumerme! My heaviest crux and dairy lot. It should of been my other with his iich bit his mirth too early or met his birth too late! It should of been my other with his

— Then, we explained, salve a tour, ambly andy, you possibly might be so by order?

— Forgive me, Shaun repeated from his liquid lipes, not what I wants to do a strike of work but it was condemned on me pre-mittially by Hireark Books and Chiefoverseer Cooks in their Eusebian Concordant Homilies and there does be a power coming over me that is put upon me from on high out of the book of breedings and so as it is becoming hairyditary I have of coerce nothing in view to look forward at unless it is Swann and beating the blind in echo rightdainty, with a good catlick tug at his coco — moss candylock, a foretaste in time of his cabbageous brain’s curlyflower. Athiacaro! Comb his tar odd gee sing your mower O meow? Greet thee Good! How are them columbuses! Lard have mustard on them! Fatiguing, very fatiguing, Hobos hom-knees and the corveeture of my spine. Poumerme! My heaviest crux and dairy lot. I’m off rabbited kitchens and relief porridgers. No later than a very few fortihcents since I was meeting on the Thinker’s Dam with a pair of men out of glass house whom I shuffled hands with named MacBlacks — I think their names is MacBlakes — from the Headfire Clump — and they were improving me and making me beliek no five hour factory life with insufficient emollient and industrial disabled for them that day o’gratises. I have the highest grati—

— We expect you are, honest Shaun, we agreed, but from franking machines, limricked, that in the end it may well turn out, we hear to be you, our belated, who will bear these open letter. Speak to us of Emailia.
— As, Shaun replied patly, with tootlepick tact too and a down of his dampers, to that I have the gumpower and, by the benison of Barbe, that is a lock to say with everything, my be-loved.

— Would you mind telling us, Shaun honey, beg little big moreboy, we proposed to such a dear youth, where mostly are you able to work. Ah, you might! Whimper and we shall.

— Here! Shaun replied, while he was fondling one of his cowheel cuffs. There’s no sabbath for nomads and I mostly was able to walk, being too soft for work proper, sixty odd eilish mires a week between three masses a morn and two chaplets at eve. I am always telling those pedestriani, my answerers, Top, Sid and Hucky, now (and it is a veriest throth as the thieves’ re- scension) how it was forstold for me by brevet for my vacation in life while possessing stout legs to be disbarred after holy orders from unnecessary servile work of reckless walking of all sorts for the relics of my time for otherwise by my so douching I would get into a blame there where sieves fall out, Excelsior tips the best. Weak stop work stop walk stop whoa. Go thou this island, one housesleep there, then go thou other island, two housesleep there, then catch one nighttime, then home to dearies. Never back a woman you defend, never get quit of a friend on whom you depend never make face to a foe till he’s rife and never get stuck to another man’s pfife. Amen; ptah! His hungry will be done! On the continent as in Eironesia. But believe me in my simplicity I am awful good. I believe, so I am, at the root of me, praised be right cheek Discipline! And I can now truthfully declarat before my Geity’s Pantokreator with my fleshfettered palms on the epizelles of the apossels that I do my reasonabler’s best to recite my grocery beans for mummy mit dummy mot muthar mat bonzar regular, genuflections enclosed. Hek domov muy, there thou beest on the hummock, ghee up, ye dog, for your daggily broth, etc., Happy Maria and Glorious Patrick, etc., etc. In fact, always, have I believe. Greedo! Her’s me hongue!

— And it is the fullsoot of a tarabred. Yet one minute’s ob-servation, dear dogmestic Shaun, as we point out how you have while away painted our town a wearing greenridinghud.

— O murder mere, how did you hear? Shaun replied, smoiling the ily way up his lampsleeve (it just seemed the natural thing to do), so shy of light was he then. Well, so be it! The gloom hath rays, her lump is love. And I will confess to have, yes. Your diogneses is anonest man’s. Thrubedore I did! Inditty I did. All lay I did. Down with the Saozon ruze! And I am afraid it wouldn’t be my first coat’s wasting after striding on the vampire and blazing on the focoal. See! blazing on the focoal. As see! blazing upon the foe. Like the regular redshank I am. Impregnable as the mule himself. Somebody may perhaps hint at an aughter impression of was wrong. No such a thing! You never made a more freud-ful mistake, excuse yourself! What’s pork to you means meat to me while you behold how I be eld. But it is grandiose by my ways of thinking from the prophecies. New worlds for all! And they were scotographically arranged for gentlemen only by a scripchewer in whofoundland who finds he is a relative. And it was with my extravert davy. Like glue. Be through. Moyhard’s daynoight, tomtthumb. Phwum!

— How mielodorous is thy bel chant, O songbird, and how exqueezit thine after draught! Buccinate in Emenia tuba insigni volumnitatis tuae. But do you mean, O phausdheen phewn, from Pontoffbellek till the Kisslemerched our ledan triz will be? we gathered substantively whether furniture would or verdure var

— It is a confoundyous injective so to say, Shaun the fiery boy shouted, naturally incensed, as he shook the red pepper out of his auricles. And another time please confine your glaring intinations to some other mordant body. What on the physiog of this furnaced planet would I be doing besides your verjuice? That’s more than I can fix, for the teom bihan, anyway. So let I and you now kindly drop that, angryman! That’s not French pastry. You can take it from me. Understand me when I tell you (and I will ask you not to whisple, cry golden or quoth mecback) that under the past purcell’s office, so deeply deplored by my erstwhile elder friend, Miss Enders, poachmistress and gay re

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To the Very Honourable The Memory of Disgrace, the Most Noble, Sometime Sweepyard at the Service of the Writer. Salutations dicit. The just defunct Mrs Sanders who (the Loyd insure her!) I was shift and shuft too, with her shester Mrs Shunders, both medical dauctors from highschoolhorse and aslyke as Easter’s legs. She was the niceliekest person of a wellteached non-party woman that I ever acquired her letters, only too fat, used to babies and tottydean verbish this is her entertermentdags for she shuk the bottle and tuk the medasce scene all times a day. She was well under ninety, poor late Mrs, and had tastes of the poetics, me having stood the pilgarlick a fresh at sea when the moon also was standing in a corner of sweet Standerson my ski. P.L.M Mevrouw von Andersen was her whogave me a muttonbrooch, stakkers for her begfirst party. Honour thy farmer and my lit-ters. This, my tears, is my last will intesticle wrote off in the strutforit about their absent female assauciations which I, or per-haps any other person what squaton a toffette, have the honour to had upon their polite sophykussens in the real presence of de-vouted Mrs Grumby when her skin was exposed to the air. O what must the grief of my mund be for two little ppt coolies worth twenty thousand quad herewithnessed with both’s maddermass wishes to Pepette for next match from their dearly beloved Roggers, M.D.D. O.D. May doubiling drop of droogh! Writing.

— Hopsoloosely kidding you are toetgether with your cadenus and goat along nose how we shall complete that white paper. Two venusstas! Biggerstiff! Qweer but gaon! Be trouz and wholetrouz! Otherwise, frank Shaun, we pursued, what would be the autobiography of your softbodied funiform?

— Hooraymost! None whomsoever, Shaun replied, Heavenly blank! (he had intented and was peering now rather close to the paste of his rubiny winkerling) though it ought to be more or less rawcawcaw romantical. By the wag, how is Mr Fry? All of it, I might say, in ex-voto, prey and perks and wooden half- pence, some rhino, rhine, O joyoust rhine, was handled over spon-daneous by me (and bundle end to my illwishers’ Miss Sanders! she woor her wraith of ruins the night she lost I left!) in the ligname of Mr van Howten of Tredcastles, Clowntalkin, timbreman, among my prodigits nabobs and navius of every subscription entitled the Bois in the Boscoor, our evicted tenemants. What I say is (and I am noen roehorn or culkilt permit me to tell you, if uninformed), I never spott it. Nor have I the ghuest of innation on me the way to. It is my rule so. It went anyway like hot pottagebake. And this brings me to my fresh point. Quoniam, I am as plain as portable enveloped, inhowmuch, you will now parably receive, care of one of Mooseyeare Goonness’s registered andouterthus barrels. Quick take um whiffat andrainit. Now!

— So vi et! we responded. Song! Shaun, song! Have mood! Hold forth!

— I apologuise, Shaun began, but I would rather spinooze you one from the grimm gests of Jacko and Esaup, fable one, feeble too. Let us here consider the casus, my dear little cousis (husstenhasstencaffinussomtossedamandamnacousaghchusa-ghhobixhatouxeswchbeoscashlcarcarcaract) of the Ondt and the Gracehoper.

The Gracehoper was always jigging ajog, hoppy on akkant of his joyicity, (he had a partner pair of findlestilts to supplant him), or, if not, he was always making ungraceful overtures to Floh and Luse and Vespatilla to play pupa-pupa and pulse-pulse and langettens and pushpyggydum and to com-mence insects with him, there mouthparts to his orifice and his gambills to there airy processes, even if only in chaste, ameng the everlistings, behold a waspering pot. He would of curse melissciously, by his fore feelhers, flexors, contractors, depres-sors and extensors, lamely, harry me, marry me, bury me, bind me, till she was puce for shame and allso fourmish her in Spin-ner’s housery at the earthsbest schoppinhoure summery as his cottage, which was cald fourmillierly Tingsomingenting, groped up. Or, if he was always striking up funny funereles with Bester-farther Zeuts, the Aged One, With all his wigear ed corollas, albe — dinous and oldbuoyant, inscyte his elytrical wormcasket and Dehilia and Peonia, his druping nymphs, beweedling him, among my prodigits nabobs and navious of every subscription entitled the Bois in the Boscoor, our evicted tenemants. What I say is (and I am noen roehorn or culkilt permit me to tell you, if uninformed), I never spott it. Nor have I the ghuest of innation on me the way to. It is my rule so. It went anyway like hot pottagebake. And this brings me to my fresh point. Quoniam, I am as plain as portable enveloped, inhowmuch, you will now parably receive, care of one of Mooseyeare Goonness’s registered andouterthus barrels. Quick take um whiffat andrainit. Now!

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The thing pleased him and, andt, andt, He larved ond he larved on he merd such a nauses The Gracehoper feared he would fleet capsizer of his ant Carme makes the melody that mints the money. Ad majorem l.s.d.! Divi gloriam. A darkener of the threshold. Haru? Orimis, parites peeling off him I'll be Highfee the Crackasider. Flunkey Footle furl dance it with more devilry! The veripatetic imago of the impossible Gracehoper on his odderkop in the myre, after his thrice houris. He was ameising himself hugely at crabround and mary The Ondt, that true and perfect host, a spiter aspinne, was making the greatest spass a body could with his queens lace schneezed the smalls. As entomate as intimate could pinchably be. Emmet and demmet and be jiltses crazed and be jadeses whipt! and Bieni bussing him under his bonnet and Vespatilla blowing cosy fond tutties up the allabroad length of the large of his aristotaller), as appi as a oneysucker or a baskerboy on the Libido, with Floh biting his leg thigh and Luse lugging his luff Hosana cigals, with unshrinkables farfalling from his unthinkables, swarming of himself in his sunnyroom, Behailed His Gross the Ondt, prostrandvorous upon his dhrone, in his Papylonian babooshkees, smolking a spatial brunt of have met themselves, these mouschical umsummables, it shall be motylucky if he will behel wheer would his aluck alight or boss of both appease and the next time he makes the aquinatance of the Ondt after this they would dress up his met and scarab my sahull What a bagateller it is! Libelulous! Inzanzarity! Pou! Pschla! Pthu! What a zeit for the goths! vended the Ondt, who, not being a sommerfool, was thothfolly making chilly spaces at hisphex afront of the icinglass of his windhame, which was cold antitopically Nixnixundnix. We shall not come to party at that lopp’s, he decided possibly, for he is not on our social list. Nor to Ba’s berial nether, then sloghard, this oldeborre’s yaar ableng as there’s a khul on a khat. Neferensless, when he had safely looked up his ovipository, he loftet hails and prayed: May he me no voida water! Seekit Ha-tup! May no he me tile pig shed on! Suckit Hotup! As broad as Beppy’s realm shall flourish my reign shall flourish! As high as Heppy’s hevn shall flourrish my haine shall hurrish! Shall grow, shall flourish! Shall hurrish! Hummum.

The Ondt was a weltall fellow, raumybult and abelboobied, bynear saw altitudinous wee a schelling in kopfers. He was sair sair sullenn and chairmanlooking when he was not making spaces in his psyche, but, laus! when he wored making spaces on his ikey, he ware mouche mothst sacred and muravvyingly wisechairman-looking. Now whim the sillybilly of a Gracehoper had jingled through a jumble of love and debts and jangled through a jumble of life in doubts afterward, wetting with the bimblebeaks, drik-king with nautonechts, bilking with durraydunglecks and horing after ladybirds (ichnehmon diagelegenaitoiken) he fell joust as sieck as a sexton and tango pooveroo quant a churchprince, and wheer the midgets to wend hemsylph or vosch to sirch for grub for his corapusse or to find a hospes, alick, he wist gnit! Bruko dry! fuko spint! Sultamont osa bare! And volomundo osi vide-vide! Nichtsnichtsunrichts! Not one pickopec of muscow — money to bag a tittlebits of beebrad! Iomio! Iomio! Crick’s corbicule, which a plight! O moy Bog, he contrited with melan-ctholy. Meblizzered, him sluggered! I am heartily hungry!

He had eaten all the whilepaper, swallowed the lustres, de-voured forty flights of styearcases, chewed up all the mensas and seccles, ronged the records, made mundballs of the ephemerids and voraisoused most glutiniously with the very timeplace in the ternitary — not too dusty a cicada of neutriment for a chittinous chip so mity. But when Chrysalms was on the bare branches, off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the grillies in his branches, off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the grillies in his branches, off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the grillies in his branches, off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the grillies in his branches, off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the grillies in his branches, off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the grillies in his branches, off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the grillies in his branches, off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and he took a stroll round and he took a round stout of a plate o’monkynous and a confucion of minthe (for he was a conformed aceticist and meral journeeys, sans mantis ne shooshooe, featherweighed an...
whose keeping. Teach Floh and Luse polkas, show Bienie where’s sweet And be sure Vespatilla fines fat ones to heat. As I once played the piper I must now pay the count So saida to Moyhammlet and marhaba to your Mount! Let who likes lump above so what flies be a full ‘un; I could not feel moregruggy if this was prompollen. I pick up your reproof, the horsegift of a friend, For the prize of your save is the price of my spend. Can castwores pulladeftkiss if oldpollocks forsake ‘em Or Culex feel etchy if Pulex don’t wake him? A locus to loue, a term it t’embarass, These twain are the twins that tick Homo Vulgaris. Has Aquileonee nort winged to go syf Since the Gwyfyn we were in his farrest drewbryf And that Accident Man not besieked where his story ends Since longsephyring sighs sought heartseast for their orience? We are Wastenot with Want, precondammed, two and true, Till Nolans go volants and Bruneyes come blue. Ere those gidflirts now gadding you quit your mocks for my gropes An extense must impull, an elapse must elopes, Of my tectues takestoke, tinktact, and ail’s weal; As I view by your farlook hale yourself to my part. Partnise my thinwhins whiles my blink points unbroken on Your whole’s whercabroads with Tout’s trightlyright token on. My in risible universe youldy hau Find Sulch otrabeforeness meat soveal behind. Your feats end enormous, your volumes immense, (May the Graces I hoped for sing your Ondtship song sense!) Your genius its worldwide, your spacet sublime! But, Holy Saltmartin, why can’t you beat time?

In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holo-caust. Allmen.

— Now? How good you are in exposition! How farflung is your folklore and how velktingeling your volupkabulary! Qui vive sparanto qua muore contanto. O foibler, O flip, you’ve that wadenvogl wail within! It falls easily upon the eareopen and goes down the friskly shortest like treacling tumtit with its tinting-taggle. The blarneyest blather in all Corneywall! But could you, of course, decent Lettrechaun, we knew (to change your name of not your nation) while still in the barrel, read the strangewrote anaglyptics of those shemletters patent for His Christian’s Em?

— Greek! Hand it to me! Shaun replied, plosively pointing to the cinnamon quistoquill behind his acoustrolobe. I’m as after-dusk nobly Roman as oscar wild or in shunt Perse trans-luding from the Otherman or off the Toptic or anything off the types of my finklers in the draught or with battles, with my oyes thickshut and all. But, hellas, it is harrobrew bad on the corns and callouses. As far as that goes I associate myself with your remark just now from theodicy re’furloined notepaper and quite agree in your prescriptions for indeed I am, pay Gay, in juxtaposition to say it is not a nice production. It is a pinch of scribble, not wortha bottle of cab


— Kind Shaun, we all requested, much as we hate to say it, but since you rose to the use of money have you not, without suggesting for an instant, millions of moods used up slanguage tun times as words as the penmarks used out in sinscript with such hesitancy by your cerebrated brother — excuse me not men-tioningahem?

— CelebrAted! Shaun replied under the shelter of his brog-uish, vigorously rubbing his magic lantern to a glow of full — consciousness. HeCitEncy! Your words grates on my ares. Notorious I rather would feel inclined to myself in the first place to describe Mr O’Shem the Draper with before letter as should I be accentually called upon for a dieoquinnsis to pass my opinions, properly spewing, into impulsive irelitz. But I would not care to be so unfruitful to my own part as to swear for the moment posi-tively as to the views of Denmark. No, sah! But let me say my every belief before my high Gee is that I much doubt of it. I’ve no room for that fellow on my fagroaster, I just can’t. As I hourly learn from Rooters and Havers through Gilligan’s maypoles in a nice pathetic notice he, the pixillated doodler, is on his last with illegible clergimants boasting always of his huddy complexious! She, the mammy far, was put up to it by him, the iniquity that ought to be depraved of his libertins to be silenced, sackclothed and suspended, and placed in irons into some drapery institution off the antipopees for wordsharpening only if he was klanver enough to pass the panel fleischcurers and the fieldpost censor. Gach! For that is a fullblown fact and well celebated before the four divorce courts and all the King’s paunches, how he has the solitary from seeing Scotch snakes and has a lowsense for the pro-duction of consumption and dalickey cyphalos on his brach premises where he can purge his contempt and dejeunerate into a skillyton be thinking himself to death. Rot him! Flannelfeet! Flatty-ro! I will describe you in a word. Thou. (I beg your pardon.) Homo! Then putting his bedfellow on me! (like into mike and nick onto post). The criminan: I’ll give it to him for that! Making the lobbard change hisstrops, as we say in the long book! Is he on whosekeeping or are my! Obnoximost posthumust! With his unique hornbook and his prince of the apauper’s pride, blundering all over the two worlds! If he waits till I buy him a mossel — man’s present! Ho’s nos halfcousin of mine, pigdish! Nor wants to! I’d famish with the cuistha first. Aham!

— May we petition you, Shaun illustrious, then, to put his prentis’ pride in your aproper’s purse and to unravel in your own sweet way with words of style to your very and most obse-quiet, we suggested, with yet an esiop’s foible, as to how?

— Well it is partly my own, isn’t it? and you may, ought and welcome, Shaun replied, taking at the same time, as his hunger got the bitter of him, a hearty bite out of the honeycomb of his Braham and Melosedible hat, tryone, tryon and triune. Ann wun-kum. Sure, I thunkum you knew all about that, honorey causes, through thelemontary channels long agum. Sure, that is as old as the Baden bees of Saint Dominoc’s and as commonspleas now to allus pueblows and bunktum as Nelson his trifulgruyarous pillar. However. Let me see, do. Beerman’s bluff was what begun it, Old Knoll and his borrowing! And then the liliens of the veldt, Nancy Nickies and Folletta Lajambe! Then mem and hem an

...
out of Thingamuddy’s school by Miss Garterd, for itching. Then he caught the europicolas and went into the society of jewses. With Bro Cahills and Fran Czeschs and Bruda Pszths and Brat Slavos. One temp when he foiled to be killed, the freak wanted to put his bilingual head intentionally through the Ikish Tames and go and join the clericy as a demoni-can skyrterrier.
Throwing dust in the eyes of the Hooley Fer — mers! He used to be avoweded as he ought to be vitandist. For onced I squeaked by twist I’ll squelch him. Then he went to Cecilia’s treat on his solo to pick up Galen. Asbestopoulous! Inku-pot! He has encaust in the blood. Shim! I have the outmost con tempt for. Prost bitten! Consy! Tiberia is waiting on you, arestocrank! Chaka a seagull ticket at Gattabua and Gabbiano’s! Go o’er the sea, haythen, from me and leave your libber to TCD. Your puddin is cooked! You’re served, cram ye! Fatefully yaourt... Ex. Ex. Ex. Ex.

— But for what, thrice truthful teller, Shaun of grace? weakly we went on to ask now of the gracious one. Vouchsafe to say. You will now, goodness, won’t you? Why?

— For his root language, if you ask me whys, Shaun replied, as he blessed himself devotionally like a crawsbomb, making act of oblivion, footmouthier! (what the thickuns else?) which he picksticked into his lettruce invention.
Ullhodturdenweirmud-gaardgringnirurdromnirfenrirlukkilokkibaugimandodrerin — surtkrinngernrackinarockar! Thor’s for yo!

— The hundredlettered name again, last word of perfect lan-guage. But you could come near it, we do suppose, strong Shaun 0’, we foresupposed. How?

— Peax! Peax! Shaun replied in vealer penultimatum. ‘Tis pebils before Sweeney’s as he swigged a slug of Jon Jacobsen from his treestem sucker cane. Mildbut likesome! I might as well be talking to the four waves till tibbes grey eyes and the rests asleep. Frost! Nope! No one in his seven senses could as I have before said, only you missed my drift, for it’s being incendiary. Every dimmed letter in it is a copy and not a few of the silbils and wholly words I can show you in my Kingdom of Heaven. The lowquacity of him! With his threeestar monothong! Thaw! The last word in stolen telling! And what’s more right-down lowbrown schisthematic robblemint! Yes. As he was rising my lather. Like you. And as I was plucking his goosybone. Like yea. He store the tale of me shur. Like yup. How’s that for Shemese?

— Still in a way, not to flatter you, we fancy you that you are so strikingly brainy and well letterread in yourselves as ever were the Shamous Shamonous, Limited, could use worse of yourself, ingenious Shaun, we still so fancied, if only you would take your time so and the trouble of so doing it. Upu now!

— Undoubtedly but that is show, Shaun replied, the mutter-melk of his blood donor beginning to work, and while innocent of disseminating the foul emanation, it would be a fall day I could not, sole, so you can keep your space and by the power of blurry wards I am loyable to do it (I am convicted of it!) any time ever I liked (bet ye fippence off me boot allowance!) with the allergrossest transfusism as, you see, while I can soroquise the Siamanish better than most, it is an openear secret, be it said, how I am extremely ingenuous at the clerking even with my badi
blurry wards I am loyable to do it (I am convicted of it!) any time I liked toenity, it would be a fall day I could not, sole, so you can keep your space and by the power of blurry wards I am loyable to do it (I am convicted of it!) any time ever I liked (bet ye fippence off me boot allowance!) with the allergrossest transfusism as, you see, while I can soroquise the Siamanish better than most, it is an openear secret, be it said, how I am extremely ingenuous at the clerking even with my badi

And, with that crickcrackcruck of his threelungged squal from which grief had usupped every smile, big hottempered husky fusky krenfy strenfy pugiliser, such as he was, he virtually broke down on the mooherhead, getting quite jerry over her, overpowered by himself with the love of the teasesilver that he twined through her hair for, sure, he was the soft semplgawn slob of the world with a heart like Montgomery’s in his showchest and harvey loads of feeling in him and as innocent and
undesign-ful as the freshfallen calef. Still, grossly unselfish in sickself, he dished allarmes away and laughed it off with a wipe at his pud-gies and a gulp apologetic, healing his tare be the smyle of his oye, oogling around. Him belly no belong sollow mole pigeon. Ally bully. Fu Li’s gulpa. Mind you, now, that he was in the dumpest of earnest orthough him jaww war hoo hleeppy hor halk urthing hurther. Moe like that only he stopped short in looking up up upfrom his tide shackled wrists through the ghost of an ocean’s, the wieds of pansiful heathvens of joepeter’s gaseytotum as they are telling not but were and will be, all told, scrutiny back into the fargoneahead to feel out what age in years tropical, ecclesiastic, civil or sidereal he might find by the serious pointstand of Charley’s Wain (what betune the spheres sledding along the lectal and the mansions of the blest turning on old times) as ere-while had he craved of thus, the dreamskwhindel necklassed him, his thumbs fell into his fists and, lusosing the harmonical balance of his ballbearing extremities, by the holy kettle, like a flask of lightning over he careened (O the sons of the fathers!) by the mightyfine weight of his barrel (all that prevented the happenering of who if not the asterisks betwink themselves shall ever?) and, as the wisest postlude course he could playact, collapsped in en-semble and rolled buoyantly backwards in less than a twink — ling via Rattigan’s corner out of farther earshot with his highly curious mode of slipashod motion, surefoot, sorefoot, slickfoot, slackfoot, linkman laizurely, lampman loungey, and by Killesther’s lapses and falls, with corks, staves and treeleaves and more bub-bles to his keelrow a fairish and easy way enough as the town cow cries behind the times in the direction of Mac Auliffe’s, the crucret-house, Open the Door Softly, down in the valley before he was really uprighted ere in a dip of the downs (ula!) he spoorlessly disappaled and vanished, like a popo down a papa, from circular circulatio. Ah, mean!

Gaogaogaone! Tapaa!

And the stellas were shinings. And the earthnight strewed aromatose. His pibrook cremp mong the donkness. A reek was waft on the luftstream. He was ours, all fragrance. And we were his for a lifetime. O dulcid dreamings languidous! Taboccoo!

It was sharming! But sharmeng!

And the lamp went out as it couldn’t glow on burning, yep, the lmp wnt out for it couldn’t stay alight.

Well, (how dire do we thee hours when thylike fades!) all’s dall and youllow and it is to bedowern that thou art passing hence, mine bruder, able Shaun, with a twisking of the robe, ere the morning of light calms our hardest throes? beyond cods’ cradle and porpoise plain, from camal relations unfamiliar faces, to the ins of Tuskland where the oliphants scrub till the ousts of Amiracles where the toll stories grow proudest, more is the pity, but for all your deeds of goodness you were soo ooft and for ever doing, manomano and myriamilia even to mulimuli, as our humbler classes, whose virtue is humility, can tell, it is hardly we in the country of the old, Sean Moy, can part you for, oleypoe, you were the walking saint, you were, tootoo too stayer, the graced of gods and pittites and the salus of the wake. Countenance whose disparition afflictedly fond Fuinn feels. Winner of the gamings, primed at the studience, propredicted from the story-bouts, the choice of ages wise! Spickspookspokesman of our spectures silentiousness! Musha, reminded of us out there in Cockpit, poor twelve o’clock scholars, sometime or other any-when you think the time. Wisha, becoming back to us way home in Biddyhouse one way or either anywhere we miss your smile. Palmwine breadfruit sweetmeat milksoup! Suasusupo ! However! Our people here in Samoanesia will not be after forgetting you and the elders luking and marking the jornies, chalkin up drizzle in drizzle out on the four bare mats. How you would be thinking in your thoughts how the deepings did it all begin and how you would be scrimmaging through your scruples to collar a hold of an imperfection being committed. Sireland calls you. Mery Loye is saling moonlike. And Slyly mamourneen’s ladymaid at Glads

—

and rolled buoyan

—

se Lodge. Turn your coat, strong character, and tarry among us down the vale, yougander, only once more! And may the mosse of prosperousness gather you rolling home! May the barleywind behind glow luck to your bathershins! "Tis well we know you were loth to leave us, winding your hobbledehorn, right royal post, but, aruah sure, pulse of your slumber, dreambookpage, by the grace of Votre Dame, when the natural morning of your nocturne blakmerges into the national morning of golden sunup and Don Leary gets his own back from old grog Georges Quartos as that goodship the Jonnyjoys takes the wind from waterlogged Erin’s king, you will shiff across the Moylendsea and round up in your own escapology some canonisator’s day or other, sack on back, alack! digging snow, (not so?) like the good man you are, with your picture pockets turned knockside out in the rake of the rain for fresh remittances and from that till this in any case, timus tenant, may the tussocks grow quickly under your tramphickets and the daisies trip lightly over your battercops.
Jaun, as I was shortly before that made aware, next halted to fetch a breath, the first cothurminous leg of his night- 
stride being pulled through, and to loosen (let God’s son now be looking down on the poor preambler!) both of his bruised 
brogues that were plainly made a good bit before his hosen were, at the weir by Lazar’s Walk (for far and wide, as large as he 
was lively, was he noted for his humane treatment of any kind of abused footgear), a matter of maybe nine score or so 
barrelhours distance off as truly he merited to do. He was there, you could planemetically see, when I took a closer look at 
him, that was to say, (gracious helplings, at this rate of growing our cotted child of yestereve will soon fill space and burst in 
systems, so speeds the instant!) amply altered for the brighter, though still the graven image of his squarer self as he was used 
to be, perspiring but happy notwithstanding his foot was still asleep on him, the way he thought, by the holy januarious, he 
had a bullock’s hoof in his buskin, with his halluxes so splendid, through Ireland untran-scended, bigmouthed poesther, 
propped up, restant, against a butterblond warden of the peace, one comestabilish Sigurdelsen, (and where a better than such 
exspearfaceman to rest from roving the laddyown he bootblackened?) who, buried upright like the Osbornes, kozydozy, had 
tumbled slembersomely on night sleep behind the curing station, equilibriated amid the embraces of a monopolized 
bottle.

Now, there were as many as twentynine hedge daughters out of Benent Saint Berched’s national nightschool (for they 
seemed to remember how it was still a once-upon-a-four year) learning their antemeridian lesson of life, under its tree, 
against its warning, beseated, as they were, upon the brinksy, attracted to the rarerust sight of the first human 
yellowstone landmark (the bear, the boer, the king of all boors, sir Humphrey his knave we met on the moors!) while they 
paddled away, keeping time magnetically with their eight and fifty pedalettes, playing foolu-fool jouay allo misto posto, O so 
jaonickally, all barely in their typtap teens, describing a charming dactylogram of nocturnes though repelled by the snores of 
the log who looked stuck to the sod as ever and oft, when liquefied, (vill!) he murmoooned absourdly in his Dutchener’s 
native, visibly unmoved, over his treasure trove for the crown: Dotter dead bedstead mean diggy snummy flasky!

Jaun (after he had in the first place doffed a hat with a rein-forced crown and bowed to all the others in that chorus of praise 
of goodwill girls on their best beehiaviour who all they were girls all rushing sowarmly for the post as buzzy as sie could bie 
to read his kisshands, kittering all about, rushing and making a tremen-dous girlfsuss over him pellmale, their jeune premier 
and his rosie — posy smile, mussing his frizzy hair and the golliwog curls of him, all, but that one; Finfria’s fairest, done in 
loveletters like a trayful of cloudberry tartlets (ain’t they fine, mighty, mighty fine and honoured?) and smilingly smelling, 
pair and pair about, broad by bread and slender to slimmer, the nice perfumios that came cuvey peeling off him (nice!!) which 
was angelic simply, savouring of wild thyme and parsley jumbled with breadcrumbs (O nice!) and feeling his full fat pouch 
for him so tactily and jingaling his jellybags for, though he looked a young chappie of sixtine, they could frole by his 
manhood that he was just the killingest ladykiller all by kindness, now you, Jaun, asking kindlily (hillo, missies!) after th 
her.

— Sister dearest, Jaun delivered himself with express cordia-lity, marked by clearance of diction and general delivery, as he 
began to take leave of his sclastica at once so as to gain time with deep affection, we honestly believe you sorely will miss 
us the moment we exit yet we feel as a martyr to the dischursh of all duty that it is about time, by Great Harry, we would 
shove off to stray on our long last journey and not be the load on ye. This is the gross proceeds of your teachings in which we 
were raised, you, sis, that used to write to us the exceeding nice letters for presentation and would be telling us anun (full well 
do we wont to recall to mind) thy oldworld tales of homespinning and derringdo and dioobscure and daddyyo, these tales 
which retler-ately whisked off our heart so narrated by thou, gesweest, to perfection, our pet pupil of the whole rhythmic 
class and the mainsay of our erigenal house, the time we younkers twain were fairly tossing ourselves (O Phoebus! O 
Pollux!) in bed, having been laid up with Castor’s oil on the Parrish’s syrup (the night we will remember) for to share our 
hard suite of affections with thee.
I rise, O fair assemblage! Andcommincio. Now then, after this introit of exordium, my galaxy girls, quiproquo of directions to herservants I was asking his advice on the strict T.T. from Father Mike, P.P., my orational dominican and confessor doctor, C.C.D.D. (buy the birds, he was saying as he yerked me under the ribs sermon in an offrand way and confidence between peas like ourselves in soando many nuncipuscent words about how he had been confarreating teat-a-teat with two viragos intactas about what an awful life he led, poorish priced, uttering mass for a coppoll of geldings and what a lawful day it was, there and then, for a consommation with an effusion and how, by all the manny larries ate pignatties, how, hell in tunnels, he’d marry me any old buckling time as flying quick as he’d look at me) and I am giving youth now again in words of style byaway of offertory hisand mikeadvcie, an it place the person, as ere he retook him to his cure, those verbs he said to me. From above. The most eminent bishop titular of Dubloonik to all his partybusses in Dellaelliney. Comeallyedimseldamsels, siddle down and lissle all! Follow me close! Keep me in view! Understeady me saries! Which is to all practising massesourses from a preaching freer and be a gentleman without a duster before a parlourmade with-out a spitch. Now. During our brief apsence from this furtive feugtig season adhere to as many as probable of the ten com-mandments. Touching purgations and indulgences and in the long run they will prove for your better guidance along your path of right of way. Where the lisieuse are we and what’s the first sing to be sung? Is it rubrics, mandarimus, pasquelines, or verididas is it, or the bruisedivide indecros of extreme voyoulence and, for the lover of lithurgy, bekant or besant, where’s the fate’s to be wished for? Several sindays after whatsiertime. I’ll sack that sick server the minute I bless him. That’s the most I can do for his grace. Economy of movement, axe why said. I’ve a hopesome’s choice if I chouse of all the sinkts in the colander. From the com-mor for ignitious Purpalume to the proper of Francesco Ultramare, last of scrchers, third of snows, in terrrogammons howdydos. Here she’s, is a bell, that’s wares in heaven, virginwhite, Undetri-gesima, viksisy manonna. Doremon’s! The same or similar to be kindly observed within the affianced dietcess of Gay O’Toole and Gloamy Gwenn du Lake (Danish spoken!) from Manducare Monday up till farrier’s siesta in china dominos. Words taken in triumph, my sweet assistance, from the sufferant pen of our joco-sus inkerman militant of the reed behind the ear.

Never miss your lotsomewhere mass for the couple in Myles you butrose to brideworship. Never hate mere pork which is bad for your knife of a good friday. Never let a hog of the howth tramplle underfoot your linen of Killiney. Never play lady’s game for the Lord’s stake. Never lose your heart away till you win his diamond back. Make a strong point of never kicking up your rumpus over the scroll end of sofas in the Dar Bey Coll Cafeteria by tootling risky apropos songs at commercial travellers’ smokkers for their Columbian nights engagements the like of White limbs they never stop teasing or Minxy was a Manxmaid when Murry wor a Man. And, by the bun, is it you goes bisbuiting His Esaus and Cos and then throws them bag travellers’ smokers for their Columbian nights entertainments the like of White limbs they never stop teasing or Minxy was a Manxmaid when Murry wor a Man. And, by the bun, is it you goes bisbuiting His Esaus and Cos and then throws them bag in the box? Why the tin’s nearly empty. First thou shalt not smile. Twice thou shalt not love. Lust, thou shalt not commix idolatry. Hip confiners help compunction. Never park your brief stays in the men’s convenience. Never clean your buttoncups with your dirty pair of sassers. Never ask his first person where’s your quickest cut to our last place. Never let the promising hand usemake free of your oncemaid sacral. The soft side of the axe! A coil of cord, a colleen coy, a blush on a bush turned first man’s laughter into wailful mother. O foolish cupped! Ah, dice’s error! Never dip in the ern while you’ve browsers on your suite. Never slip the silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man, collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where you truss be circumspicious and look before you leak, dears browsers on your suite. Never slip the silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man, collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where you truss be circumspicious and look before you leak, dears browsers on your suite. Never slip the silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man, collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where you truss be circumspicious and look before you leak, dears browsers on your suite. Never slip the silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man, collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where you truss be circumspicious and look before you leak, dears browsers on your suite. Never slip the silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man, collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where you truss be circumspicious and look before you leak, dears browsers on your suite. Never slip the silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man, collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where you truss be circumspicious and look before you leak, dears browsers on your suite. Never slip the silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man, collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where you truss be circumspicious and look before you leak, dears browsers on your suite.
Smuth, stated by the vice crusaders to be well known to all the dallytauntries in and near the ciudad of Buellas Arias, taking you to the playaguehouse to see the Smirching of Venus and asking with whispered offers in a very low bearded voice, with a nice little tiny manner and in a very nice little tomy way, won’t you be an artist’s moral and pose in your nudies as a local esthetic before voluble old masters, introducing you, left to right the party comprises, to hogarth like Bottisilly and Titteretto and Vergognese and Coraggio with their extrahand Mazzaccio, plus the usual bilker’s dozen of dowdycameramen. And the volses of lewd Buylan, for innocence! And the phylli-sophies of Bussup Bulkeley. O, the frecklessness of the giddies nouveauatays! There’s many’s the icepolled globetopper is haunt-ed by the hottest spot under his equator like Ramrod, the meaty hunter, always jaeger for a thrust. The back beautiful, the undraped divine! And Suzy’s Moedl’s with their Blue Danuboyes! All blah! Viper’s vapid vilest! Put off the old man at the very font and get right on with the nutty sparkler round the back. Slip your oval out of touch and let the paravis be your goal. Up leather, Prunella, convert your try! Stick wicks in your ear-shells when you hear the prompter’s voice. Look on a boa in his beauty and you’ll never more wear your strawberry leaves. Rely on the relic. What bondman ever you bind on earth I’ll be bound ’twas combined in hemel. Keep airly hores and the worm is yores. Dress the pussy for her nightly and follow her piggy-tails up their way to Winkyland. See little pouppe she’s fisth asleep. After having sat your poetries and you know what happens when chine throws over jupan. Go to dos with the poulerter, you understand, and shake up with the milch-mand. The Sully van vultures are on the prowl. And the hailies fingernmaries. Tobaccos tabu and toboggan’s a back seat. Secret satiesies and onymous letters make the great unwatched as bad as their betters. Don’t on any account acquire a paunchon for that alltoocommon fagbutt habit of frequenting and chumming together with the braces of couples in Mr Tun-nelly’s hallways (smash it) wriggling with lowcusses and cock — chafers and vamps and roadrants, with the end to commit acts of interstipital indecency as between twinteties and tapegarters. fingerpats on fondlepets, under the couvrefeu act. It’s the thin end; wedge your steps! Your high powered hefty hodyen thinks nothing of ramping through a whole suite of smokeless hus-bands. Three minutes I’m counting you. Woooooan. No triching now! Give me that when I tell you! Ragazza ladra! And is that any place to be smuggling his madam’s apples up? Deceitful jade. Gee wedge! Begor, I like the way they’re half cooked. Hold, flay, grill, fire that laney feeling for kosenkissing disgeni-cally within the proscribed limits like Population Peg on a hint or twin clandestinely does be doing to Temptation Tom, atkings questions in barely and snakking svarewords like a nursemagd. While there’s men-a-war on the say there’ll be loves-o’women on the do. Love through the usual channels, cistembrothelly, when properly disinfected and taken neat in the generable way upon retiring to roast in the company of a husband-inlaw or other respectable relative of an apposite sex, not love that leads by the nose as I foresmellt but canalised love, you understand, does a felon good, suspiciously if he has a slugger’s liver but I cannot belabour the point too ardently (and after the lessions of experience I speak from inspiration) that fetid spirits is the thief of prurities, so none of your twenty rod cherrywhisks, me daughter! At the Cat and Coney or the Spotted Dog. And at 2bis Lot’s Road. When parties get tight for each other they lose all respect together. By the stench of her fizzle and the glib of her gab know the drunken draggetaire Dublin drab. You’ll pay for each bally sorraday night every billing sunday morning. When the night is in May and the moon shines might. We won’t meeth in Navan till you try to give the Kellsfrieclub the goby. Hill or hollow, Hull or Hague! And beware how you dare of wet cock-tails in Kildare or the same may see your wedding driving home from your wake. Mades of ashens when you flirt spoil the lad but spare his shirt! Lay your lilyleke long his shoulder but buck back if he buts bolder and just hep your homely hop and heed no horning but if you’ve got some brainy notion to raise cancan and rouse commotion I’ll be apt to flail that tail for you till it’s barning. Let the love ladleliked at the eye girde your gastricks in the gym. Nor must you omit to screw the lid fir your weak abdominal wall and your liver asprewl, vinvin, vinvin, or should you feel, in shorts, as though you needed healthy sportive. Deal with Natu physicking exorcise your liver asprewl, vinvin, vinvin, or should you feel, in shorts, as though you needed healthy sportive. Deal with Natu physicking exorcise your liver asprewl, vinvin, vinvin, or should you feel, in shorts, as though you needed healthy sportive. Deal with Natu physicking exorcise your liver asprewl, vinvin, vinvin, or should you feel, in shorts, as though you needed healthy sportive. Deal with Natu physicking exorcise your liver asprewl, vinvin, vinvin, or should you feel, in shorts, as though you needed healthy sportive. Deal with Natu physicking exorcise your liver asprewl, vinvin, vinvin, or should you feel, in shorts, as though you needed healthy sportive. 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And pull in your tongue, Polly! Cog that out of your teen times, everyone. The lad who brooks no breaches lift deed. Remember, maid, thou dust art powder but Cinderella thou must return (what are you robbing her sleeve for, Ruby? Flageolettes in Send Fanciesland. Chiefly girls. Trip over sacramental tea into the long live tales, espicially with the scentaminted sauce. Sifted science will do your arts good. Egg Laid by Former Cock and With Trot, senior, and Manoel Canter, junior, and Loper de Figas, nates maximum. circulating disimally at Gillydehooly’s Cost. Strike up a nodding acquaintance for our doctrine with the works of old Mrs our most picturesque prelates, Their Graces of Linzen and Petitbois, bishops of Hibernites, licet ut lebanus, for expansion o and find a quip in a quire arisus aream from bastardtitle to fatherjohnson. Swear aloud by pious fiction the like of Lentil L labronry. Skim over Through Hell with the Papes (mostl despite the castle bar, William Archer’s a rompan good cathalogue and he’ll give you a riser on the route to our nazional the four verilatest. The Arsdi Zolfanerole. Perousse instate your Weekly Standerd, our verile organ that is ethelred by all pressdom. Apply your five wits t mugpunters. I’d burn the books that gr those vigilant who would leave you to belave black on white. Close in for psychical hijiniks as well but fight shy of chipperchapper, you receptacles of, free of price. Easy, my dear, if they tingle you either say nothing or nod. No cheeka itchery out I’m wondering to myself whose for there’s a strong tendency, to put it mildly, by making me the medium. I

Poof! There’s puff for ye, begor, and planxy of it, all abound me breadth! Glor galore and glory be! As broad as its lung and as long as a line! The valiantine vaux of Venerable Val Vous-dem. If my jaws must brass away like the due drops on my lay. And the topnoted delivery you’d expected be me invoice! Theo Dunnahoo’s warning from Daddy O’Dowd. Whoo? What I’m wondering to myselfwhose for there’s a strong tendency, to put it mildly, by making me the medium. I feel spirts of itchery out-ching out from all over me and only for the sludgehammer’s force in my hand to hold them the darkens alone knows what’ll who’ll be saying of next. However, Now, before my upperotic registar, something nice. Now? Dear Sister, in perfect leave again I say take a brokerly advice and keep it to yourself that we, Jaun, first of our name here now make all receptacles of, free of price. Easy, my dear, if they tingle you either say nothing or nod. No cheeka-cheek with chipherchapper, you and your last mashboy and the padre in the pulpbox enumerating you his nostrums. Be vaillant over those vigilant who would leave you to belave black on white. Close in for psychical hijiniks as well but fight shy of mugginguns. I’d burn the books that grieve you and light an allassundrian bome pyre that would suffragate Tome Plyfire or Zoffianerole. Perousse instate your Weekly Standard, our verile organ that is ethelred by all pressdom. Apply your five wits to the four verilatest. The Arsi-ken’s An Traite on Miracula or Viewed to Death by a Priest Hunter is still first in the field despite the castle bar, William Archer’s a roman good cathalogue and he’ll give you a riser on the route to our nazional labromony. Skim over Through Hell with the Papes (mostly boys) by the divine comic Denti Alligator (exsponging your index) and find a quip in a quire arisus aream from bastardtitle to fatherjohnson. Swear aloud by pious fiction the like of Lentil Lore by Carnival Cullen or that Percy Wynnus of our S. J. Finn’s or Pease in Plenty by the Curer of Wars, licensed and censered by our most picturesque prelates, Their Graces of Linzen and Petitbois, bishops of Hibernites, licet ut lebanus, for expansion on the promises, the two best sells on the market this luckiest year, set up by Gill the father, put out by Gill the son and circulating disimally at Gillydehooly’s Cost. Strike up a nodding acquaintance for our doctrine with the works of old Mrs Trot, senior, and Manoel Canter, junior, and Loper de Figas, nates maximum. I used to follow Mary Liddlelameb’s flitsy tales, especially with the scentaminted sauce. Sifted science will do your arts good. Egg Laid by Former Cock and With Flageolettes in Send Fanciesland. Chiefly girls. Trip over sacramental tea into the long lives of our saints and saucredotes, with vignettes, cut short into instrucrual primers by those in authority for the bittermint of your soughts. Forfet not the palsied. Light a match for poor old Contraball and send some balmoil for the schimatics. A hemd in need is aye a friendly deed. Remember, maid, thou dust art powder but Cinderella thou must return (what are you robbing her sleeve for, Ruby? And pull in your tongue, Polly!). Cog that out of your teen times, everyone. The lad who brooks no breaches lifts the lass that toffs a tailor. How dare ye be laughing out of your mouthshine at the lack of that? Keep cool your fresh chastity which is far
better far. Sooner than part with that vesta-lite emerald of the first importance, descended to me by far from our family, which you treasure up so closely where extremes meet, nay, mozzed lesmedned, rather let the whole ekumene universe belong to merry Hal and do whatever his Mary well likes. When the gong goes for horns-two-nest marriage step into your harness and strip off that nullity suit. Faminy, hold back! For the race is to the rashest of, the romping, jumping rushes of. Haul Seton’s down, black, green and grey, and hoist Mikealy’s whey and sawdust. What’s overdressed if underclothed? Popoosh forstake me knot where there’s white lets ope. Whish! Blesth she that walked with good Jook Humphrey for he made her happytight. Go! You can down all the dripping you can dump to, and buffkid scouse too ad libinum, in these lassitudes if you’ve parents and things to look after. That was what stuck to the Comtesse Cantilenne while she was sticking out Mavis Toffeelips to feed her soprannated hussips, and it is henceforth associated with her names. La Dreeping! Die Droopink! The inimitable in puresuet of the inevitable! There’s nothing to touch it, we are taucht, unless she’d care for a mouthpull of white pud-ding for the wish is on her rose marine and the lunchlight in her eye, so when you pet the rollingpin write my name on the pie. Guard that gem, Sissy, rich and rare, ses he. In this cold old worold who’ll feel it? Hum! The jewel you’re all so cracked about there’s flitty few of them gets it for there’s nothing now but the sable stoles and a runabout to match it. Sing him a ring. Touch me low. And I’ll lech ye so, my soandso. Show and show. Show on show. She. Shoe. Shone.

Divulge, suddenly jouted out hardworking Jaun, kicking the console to his double and braying aloud like Brahaam’s ass, and, as his voixehumanar swelled to great, clenching his manlies, so highly strong was he, man, and gradually quite warming to her (there must have been a power of kinantics in that buel of gruel he gobed at bedgo) divorce into me and say the curr-name in undress (if you get into trouble with a party you are not likely to forget his appearance either) of any lapwelp or sleevemongrel who talks to you upon the road where he tuck you to be a roller, O, (the goattanned saxopeeler upshothdown chigs peel of him!) and volunteers to trifle with your round-lings for proffered glass and dough, the marrying hand that his leisure repents of, without taking out his proper password from the eligible ministriss for affairs with the black fremdling, that enemy of our country, in a cleanlooking light and I don’t care a tongser’s tammany hang who the mucky is nor twoo hoots in the corner nor three shouts on a hill (were he even a constantainal namesuch of my very own, Attaboy Knowling, and like enoch to my townmajor ancestors, the two that are taking out their divorces in the Spooksbury courts circuits, Rere Uncle Remus, the Baas of Eboracum and Old Father Ulissabon Knickerbocker, the lanky sire of Wolverhampton, about their bristelings), but as true as there’s a soke for sakes in Twoways Peterborough and sure as home we come to newsky prospect from west the wave on schedule time (if I came any quicker I’ll be right back before I left) from the land of breach of promise with Brenda’s mantle whitening the Kerribrasilian sea and March’s pebbles spinning from beneath our footslips to carry fire and sword, rest insured that as we value the very name in sister that as soon as we do possibly it will be a poor lookout for that insister. He’s a markt man from that hour. And why do we say that, you may query me? Quary? Guess! Call’st thou? Think and think and think, I urge on you. Muffed! The wrong porridge. You are an ignoratis! Because then probably we’ll dumb well soon show him what the Shaun way is like how we’ll go a long way towards breaking his outsider’s face for him for making up to you with his bringthee balm of Gaylad and his singthee songs of Aruppee, chancetrying my ward’s head into sanctuary before feeling with his two dimensions for your nuptial dito. Ohibow, if I was Blonderboss I’d goaadfrighthisdual — man! Now, we’ll tell you what we’ll do to be sicker instead of compensation. We’ll he’ll burst our mouth like Leeray to the Leinsterface and reduce he’ll we’ll ourhissin liniments to a poopol. Open the door softly, somebody wants you, dear! You’ll hear him calling you, bump, like a blizz, in the muezzi of the turkest night. Come on now, pillowbox! I’ll stiffen your scribeall, broken reed! That’ll be it, grand operoar style, even should I, with my sleuts of hoggew and cheekas, have to coom the brash of the lbs hand Close Saint Patrice to lay my louseboob on his behaikh like solitar. We are all eyes. I have his quoram of images all on my retinue, Mohomadhawn Mike. Brassup! More —

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He’s a markt man from that hour. And why do we say that, you may query me? Quary? Guess! Call’st thou? Think and think and think, I urge on you. Muffed! The wrong porridge. You are an ignoratis! Because then probably we’ll dumb well soon show him what the Shaun way is like how we’ll go a long way towards breaking his outsider’s face for him for making up to you with his bringthee balm of Gaylad and his singthee songs of Aruppee, chancetrying my ward’s head into sanctuary before feeling with his two dimensions for your nuptial dito. Ohibow, if I was Blonderboss I’d goaadfrighthisdual — man! Now, we’ll tell you what we’ll do to be sicker instead of compensation. We’ll he’ll burst our mouth like Leeray to the Leinsterface and reduce he’ll we’ll ourhissin liniments to a poopol. Open the door softly, somebody wants you, dear! You’ll hear him calling you, bump, like a blizz, in the muezzi of the turkest night. Come on now, pillowbox! I’ll stiffen your scribeall, broken reed! That’ll be it, grand operoar style, even should I, with my sleuts of hoggew and cheekas, have to coom the brash of the lbs hand Close Saint Patrice to lay my louseboob on his behaikh like solitar. We are all eyes. I have his quoram of images all on my retinue, Mohomadhawn Mike. Brassup! More-over after that, bad manners to me, if I don’t think strongly of giving the brotherkeeper into custody to the first police bubby cunstables of Dora’s Diehards in the field I might chance to follopon. Or for that matter, for your information, if I get the wind up what do you bet in the buckets of my wrath I mightn’t even take it into my programme, as sweet course, to do a rash act and pitch in and swing for your perfect stranger in the meadow of heppiness and then wipe the street up with the clonmellian, pending my bringing proceedings verses the joyboy before a bunch of magistrases and twelve good and gleeful men? Filius null in and swing for your perfect stranger in the meadow of heppiness and then wipe the street up with the clonmellian, pending my bringing proceedings verses the joyboy before a bunch of magistrases and twelve good and gleeful men? Filius nullius per fas et nefas. It should prove more or less of an event and show the widest federal in my cup. He’ll have pansements then for his pensamentos, howling for peace. Pretty knocks, I promise him with plenty burkes for his shins. Dumllinn wimm humm. In which case I’ll not be complete in fighting lust until I contrive to half kill your Charley you’re my darling for you and send him to Home Surgeon Hume, the algebrist, before his ap-pointed time, particularly should he turn out to be a man in brown about town, Rollo the Gunger, son of a wants a flurewaltzer to Arnolf’s, picking up ideas, of well over or about fiftysix or so, pithecoid proportions, with perhaps five foot eight, the usual X Y Z type, R.C. To H, nothing but claret, not in the studbook by a long storch, with a toothbrush moustache and jawcrockeries, alias grinner through collar, and of course no beard, meat and colmans suit, with tar’s baggy slacks, obviously too roomy for him and springside boots, washing tie, Father Mathew’s bridge pin, sipping some Wheatley’s at Rhoss’s on a barstool, with some pubpal of the Olaf Stout kidney, always

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trying to poorchase mov-ables by hebomedaries for to putt in a new house to loot, cigarette in his holder, with a good job and pension in Buinness’s, what about our trip to Normandy style conversation, with an oc-casional they say that filmacouleur featured at the Mothrapurl skrene about Michan and his lost angeleens is corkyshows do morvaloos, blueygreen eyes a bit scummy developing a series of angry boils with certain references to the Deity, seeking relief in alcohol and so on, general omnibus character with a dash of railwaybrain, stale cough and an occasional twinge of claudication, having his favourite fecundclass family of upwards of a decade, both barefoot and loadenbrogued, to boot and buy off, Imean.

So let it be a knuckle or an elbow, I hereby admonish you! It may all be topping fun but it’s tip and run and touch and flow for every whack when Marie stopes Phil flutter’s game to go. Arms arome, side aside, face into the wall. To the tumble of the toss tot the trouble of the swaddled, O. And lest there be no misconception, Miss Forstowelsy, over who to fasten the plight-forlifer on (threehundred and thirty three to one on Rue the Day!) when the nice little smellar squalls in his crydle what the dirty old bigger’l be squealing through his coughin you better keep in the gunbarrel straight around vokseburst as I reccommence you to (you gypseyeyed baggage, do you hear what I’m praying?) or, Gash, without buthering my head to assortail whose stroke forced or which struck backly. I’ll be all over you myselfx hori-zontally, as the straphanger said, for knocking me with my name and yourself and your babbybag down at such a greet sacrifice with a rap of the gavel to a third price cowhandler as cheap as the nig-gerd’s dirt (for sale!) or I’l smack your fruitflavoured jujube lips well for you, so I will well for you, if you don’t keep a civil tongue in your pigeonhouse. The pleasures of love lasts but a fleeting but the pledges of life outluts a litetime. I’ll have it in for you. I’ll teach you bed minners, tip for tap, to be playing your odddaugther tantogricks with micky dazzlers if I find coorsehairs on your river-frock and the squirmside of your burberry lupitally covered with chiffchant and shavings. Up Rosemary Lean and Potanasty Rod you wos, wos you? I overstand you, you understand. Asking Annybettyelas to carry your parcels and you dreaming of net glory. You’l gill naemmer wi’Wolf the Ganger. Cutting chapel, were you? and had dates with slickers in particular hotels, had we? Lonly went to play your mother, isod? You was wiffriends? Hay, dot’s a doll yarn! Mark mean then! I’l homeseek you, Luperca as sure as there’s a palatine in Limerick and in striped conference here’s how. Nerbu de Bios! If you twos goes to walk upon the railway, Gard, and I’ll goid to beat behind the bush! See to it! Snip! It’s up to you. I’ll be hatsnatching harberr to hiding huries hinder hedge. Snap! I’l tear up your limphshades and lock all your trotters in the closet, I will, and cut your silk-skin into garters. You’l give up your ask unbrodhel ways when I make you reely smart. So skelp your budd and kiss the hurt! I’l have plenary satisfaction, plays the bishop, for your partial’s indulgences if your my rodeogell. Fair man and foul suggestion. There’s a lot of lecit pleasure coming bangslanging your way, Miss Pinpernely satin. For your own good, you understand, for the man who lifts his pud to a woman is saving the way for kindness. You’l rebnemen your motto Ahv Tiger Roma mikely smarter the nickst time. For I’l just draw my prancer and give you one splitpuck in the crupper, you understand, that will bring the poppy blush of shame to your peony hindmost till you yelp papapardon and radden your rhodantaturns to the beat of calorrubordolor, I am, I do and I suffer, (do you hear me now, lickspoon, and stop looking at your bussycat bow in the slate?) that you won’t obliterate for the bulkier part of a running year, failing to give a calorrubordolor, I am, I do and I suffer, (do you hear me now, lickspoon, and stop looking at your bussycat bow in the slate?)

Unbeknownst to you would ire turn o’er see, a nuncio would I return here. How (from the sublime to the ridiculous) times out his pud to a woman is saving the way for kindness. You’l rebnemen your motto Ahv Tiger Roma mikely smarter the nickst time. For I’l just draw my prancer and give you one splitpuck in the crupper, you understand, that will bring the poppy blush of shame to your peony hindmost till you yelp papapardon and radden your rhodantaturns to the beat of calorrubordolor, I am, I do and I suffer, (do you hear me now, lickspoon, and stop looking at your bussycat bow in the slate?)

that you won’t obliterate for the bulkier part of a running year, failing to give a good account of yourself, if you think I’m so tan cupid as all that. Lights out now (bouf!), tight and sleep on it. And that’s how I’l bottle your greedypuss beautibus fo that you won’t obliterate for the bulkier part of a running year, failing to give a
Slim ye, come slum with me and rally rats’ roundup! ’Tis post purification we will, sales of work and social service, missus, completing our Abelite union by the adoption of fosterlings. Embark for Euphonia! Up Murphy, Henson and O’Dwyer, the Warchester Warders! I’ll put in a shirt time if you’ll get through your shift and between us in our shared slaves, brace to brassiere and shouter to shunter, we’ll pull off our working programme. Come into the garden guild and be free of the gape athome! We’ll circumcivise all Dublin country. Let us, the real Us, all ignite in our prepratory grade as apos- cals and be instrumental to utensilise, help our Jakeline sisters clean out the hogshole and generally ginger things up. Meliorism in massquantities, raffling receipts and sharing sweepstakes till navel, spokes and felloes hum like hymn. Burn only what’s Irish, accepting their coals. You will soothe the cokeblack bile that’s Anglia’s and touch Armourican’s iron core. Write me your essays, my vocational scholars, but corsorily, dipping your nose in it, for Henrietta’s sake, on moritnality in the life of jewries and the sludge of King Haarington’s at its height, running boulevards over the whole of it. I’d write it all by mownself if I only had here of my jolly young watermen. Bear in mind, by Michael, all the provincial’s bananas peels and elacock eggs making drawadust jubilee along Henry, Moore, Earl and Talbot Streets. Luke at all the memmer manning he’s dung for the pray of birds, our priestest-knight-merchant, strewing the Castle-knock Road and drawing manure upon it till the first glimpse of Wales and from Balles Breach Harshoe up to Dumping’s Comer with the Mirist fathers’ brothers eleven versus White Friars out on a rogation stag party. Compare them caponchin trowlers with the Bridge of Belches in Fairview, noeast Dublin’s favourite souwest waterinplatz and ump as you lump it. What do you mean by Jno Citizen and how do you think of Jas Pagan? Compost liffe in Dubllin by Pierce Egan with the baugh in Baughkley of Fino Ralli. Explain why there is such a number of orders of religion in Asea! Why such an order number in preference to any other number? Why any number in any order at all? Now! Where is the greeneast island off the black coats of Spaign? Overset into universal: I am perdrix and upon my pet ridge. Oralmus! Way, O way for the autoxintaxication of our town of the Fords in a huddle! Halffellow some wellnet boneshaker or, to ascertain the facts for herself, run up your showeryweather once and trust and take the Dromgondola tram and, wearing the midlimb and vestee endorsed by the hierarchy fitted with ecclastics, bending your steps, pick a trail and stand on, say, Aston’s, I advise you strongly, along quaiith a copy of the Seeds and Weeds Act when you have procured one for your- self and take a good longing gaze into any nearby shopswindow you may select at suppose, let us say, the hoyth of number eleven, Kane or Keogh’s, and in the course of about thirtytwo minutes’ time proceed to turn aroundabout on your heehills to-wards the previous causeway and I shall be very cruelly mis — taken indeed if you will not be jushed astunshed to see how you will be meanwhile durn weel topcoated with kakes of slush occasioned by the mush jam of the cross and blackwalls traffic in transit. See Capels and then fly. Show me that complaint book here. Where’s Cowtends Kateclean, the woman with the muckrake? When will the W.D. face of our sow muckloved d’in, the Troia of towns and Carmen of cities, crawling with mendiants in per-forated clothing, get its wellbelavered white like I’pool and m’chester? When’s that grandnational goldcapped dupsydurbey houspill coming with its vomitives for our mothers-inload and stretchers for their devitalised males? I am all of me for freedom of speed but who’ll disasperaguss Pope’s Avegnue or who’ll uproose the Opian Way? Who’ll brighton Brayighth and bust the Bull Bailey and never despair of Lorcansby? The rampant royal commissioners! ’Tis an ill weed blows no poppy good. And this labour’s worthy of my higher. Oil for meed and toil for feed forated clothing, get its wellbelavered white like l’pool and m’chester? Of those days I am advised by the smiling voteseeker who’s now snoring elued to positively strike off hiking for good and all as I blyd well bdly ought until such temse as some mood is made under privy and foot. I bldy well bdly ought until such temse as some mood is made under privy and foot. What do you mean by Jno Citizen and how do you think of Jas Pagan? Compost liffe in Dubllin by Pierce Egan with the baugh in Baughkley of Fino Ralli. Explain why there is such a number of orders of religion in Asea! Why such an order number in preference to any other number? Why any number in any order at all? Now! Where is the greeneast island off the black coats of Spaign? Overset into universal: I am perdrix and upon my pet ridge. Oralmus! Way, O way for the autoxintaxication of our town of the Fords in a huddle! 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local option in the birds’ lodging, me pheasants among, where I’ll dreamt that I’ll dwealth mid warblers’ walls when throstles and choughs to my sigh heighed, where I’ll hares standing up well and me longlugs dittoes, where a mauring row, the fox! has broken at the coward sight till well on into the beausome of the exhaling night, pinching stop-and-go jewels out of the hedges and catching dimtop brilliants on the tip of my wagger but for that owealthlock (fast cease to it!) has just gone twohoo the hour and that yen breezes zipping round to Drumsally do be devils to play fleurt. I could sit on safe side till the bark of Saint Grouseus for hoopoe’s hours, till helo’s hoerissings, laughing lazy at the sheep’s lightning and turn a wide-most ear dreamily to the drumming of snipers, bearing the wire — less harps of sweet old Aerial and the mails across the nightrives (peepet! peepet!) and whippoor willy in the woody (moor park! moor park!) as peacefed as a philopotamus, and crekking jars at the grenoulls, leaving tealeaves for the trout and belleeks for the wary till I’d followed through my upfielded neivewoscope the rugaby moon cumulously godrolling himself westasleep amuckst the clouderwax screen for to watch how carefully my nocturnal goose- mother would lay her new golden sheegg for me down under in the shy orient. What wouldn’t I poach — the rent in my river-side, my other shoes, my beavery, honest! — ay, and melt my belt for a dace feast of grannom with the finny ones, those happy greppies in their minnowahaw, flashing down the swansway, leaps ahead of the swift McEels, the big Gillaroo redfellows and the pursewedined carpers, rearin antis rood perches astrench of me, or, when I’d like own company best, with the help of a norange and bear, to be reclined by the lasher on my logsansome, my g.b.d. in my f.a.c.e., solfanelly in my shellyholders and lov’d latakia, the benuvolent, for my nosethrills, with the jealosomines wilting away to their heart’s deelight and the king of septimber letting down his humely odours for my consternation, dapping my griffen, burning water in the spearlight or catching trophies of the king’s royal college of sturgeon by the armful for to bake pike ahd pie while, O twined me abower in L’Alouette’s Tower, all Adelaide’a naughtingerls juckjucking benignith me, I’d ga-nut my twittynice Dorian blackbudds chthonic solphia off my singasongapiccolo to pipe musicall airs on numerous fairy-aciodes. I give, a king, to me, she does, alone, up there, yes see, I double give, till the spinney all eclosed asong with them. Isn’t that lovely though? I give to me alone I trouble give! I may have no mind to lamagnage the forte bits like the pianage but you can’t cadge me off the key. I’ve a voical lilt too true. Nomario! And bemolly and jiesis! For I sport a whatyoumumacormack in the latcher part of my throughters. And the lark that I let fly (olalu!) is as cockful of funanctics as it’s tune to my fork. Naturale you might lower register me as diserecordant, but I’m athlone in the lillabiliaing of killarnies. That’s flat. Yet ware the wold, you! What’s good for the gorse is a goad for the garden. Lethals lurk heimlocked in logans. Loathe laburnums. Dash the gaudy death-cup! Bryony O’Bryony, thy name is Belladama! But enough of greenwood’s gossip. Birdsnests is birdsnests. Thine to wait but mine to wage. And now play sharp to me. Doublefirst I’ll head foremost through all my examhoops. And what sensitive coin I’d be possessed of at Latouche’s, begor, I’d sink it sumtotal, every dolly farting, in vestments of subdominal poten at prime cost and I baite you my chancey oldcoat against the whole ounce you half on your backboard (if madamaud strips mesdamines may cold strafe illglands!) that I’m the gogetter that’d make it pay like cash registers as sure as there’s a pot on a pole. And, what with one man’s fish and a dozen men’s poissons, sowing my wild plums to reap ripe plentihorns mead, lashings of erbole and hydromel and bragget, I’d come out with my magic fluke in close time, fair, free and frolicky, zooming tophole on the mart as a factor. And I tell you the Bective’s wouldn’t hold me. By the unsleeping Solman Annadromus, ye god of little pescies, nothing would stop me for mony makes multimony like the brogues and the kishes. Not the Ulster Rifles and the Cork Milice and the Dublin Fusese and Connacht Rangers encompassed! I’d axe the channon and leip a liffy and drink anynblack water that rann onme way. Yip! How’s thats for scats, mine shatz, for a lovebird? To funk is only peternatural its daring feers divine. Bebold! Like Varian’s balaying all be round by Drumsally do be devils to play fleurt. I could sit on safe side till the

Sissibis dearest, as I was reading to myself not very long ago in Tennis Flonnels Mac Courther, his correspondance, besated upon my tripors, and just thinking like thauthor how long I’d like myself to be continued at Hothelizod, peeking into the focus

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and pecking at thumbnail reveries, pricking up ears to my phono on the ground and picking up airs from th’other over th’ether, ‘tis transported with grief I am this night sublime, as you may see by my size and my brow that’s all forehead, to go forth, frank and hoppy, to the tune the old plow tied off, from our nostorey house, upon this benedictine errand but it is historically the most glorious mission, secret or profound, through all the annals of our — as you so often term her — effeffreshpaintey livy, in beautific repose, upon the silence of the dead, from pharoph the nextfirst down to ramescheckles the last bust thing. The Vico road goes round and meet where terms begin. Still onapleaded to by the cycles and unappalled by the recourses we feel all serene, never you fret, as regards our dutyful cask. Full of my breadth from pride I am (breezed be the healthy same!) for ‘tis a grand thing (superb!) to be going to meet a king, not an every-night king, nenni, by gannies, but the overking of Hition — Thither Erin himself, pardee, I’m saying. Before there was patch at all on Ireland there lived a lord at Lucan. We only wish everyone was as sure of anything in this watery world as we are of everything in the newlywet fellow that’s bound to follow. I’ll lay you a guinea for a hayseed now. Tell mother that. And tell her tell her old one. ’Twill amuse her.

Well, to the figens of Annameses with the wholeabeluish business! For I declare to Jeshua I’m beginning to get sunsink! I’m not half Norawain for nothing. The fine ice so temperate of our, alas, those times are not so far off as you might wish to be concealed. So now, I’ll ask of you, let ye create no scenes in my poor primmefore’s wake. I don’t want yous to be billow-fighting you biddy moriarty duels, gobble gabble, over me till you spit stout, you understand, after soused mackerel, sniffling clamabake to hering and impudent barney, braggart of blarney, nor you ugly lemoncholic gobs o’er the hobs in a sewing circle, stopping oddments in maids’ costumes at sweeping reductions, wearing out your ohs by sitting around your ahs, making areek-eransy round where I last put it, with the paintings in too, curse luck, with your rags up, exciting your mucuses, turning breakstuffs into lost soups and salon thy nor you flabbies on your groaning chairs over Bolivar’s troubles of a bluemoondag, steamin your damp ossicles, praying Holy Prohibition and Jaun Dyspeptist while Ole Clo goes through the wood with Sheep togheter, touting in the cnesnut burs for Goodboy Sommers and Mistral Blownowse hugs his kindlings when voiceeversy it’s gans bene fit, robbin leaves out of my taletoled book. May my tune fester if ever I see such a miry lot of maggalenes! Once upon a drunk and a fairly good drunk it was and the rest of your blatherumskite! Just a plain shays by the fire for absent-er Sh the Po and I’ll make ye all as eastern hummingsphere of myself the moment that you name the way. Look in the slag scuttle and you’ll see me sailspread over the singing, and what do ye want trippings for when you’re Paris inspire your hat? Sussucordsials all round, let ye alloiyss and ominies, while I stray and let ye not be getting grief out of it, though blighted troth be all bereft, on my poor headseake, even should we forfeit our life. Lo, improving ages wait ye! In the orchard of the bones. Some time very presently now when yon clouds are dissipated after their forty years shower, the odds are, we shall all be hooked and happy, communionistically, among the fieldnights eliceam, lite of the elect, in the land of lost of time. Johannisburg’s a re-velation! Deck the diamants that never die! So cut out the lone — some stuff! Drink it up, ladies, please, as smart as you can lower it! Out with lent! Clap hands postilium! Fastintide is by. Your sole and myopper must hereupon part company. So for e’er fare thee well! Parting’s fun. Take thou, the wringle’s thine, love. This dime dot —

— There is some thing more. A word apparing and shall the heart’s tone be silent. Engagements, I’ll beseal you! Fare thee well, fairy well! All I can tell you is this, my sorellies. It’s prayers in layers all the thumping time, begor, the young gloria’s gang voices the old doxologers, in the suburrs of the heavenly gardens, once we shall have passed, after surceases, all serene through neck and necklike Derby and June to our snug eternal retribution’s reward (the scrchothouse). Shunt us! Shunt us! shut us! If you want to be felixed come and be parked. Sacred ease there! The seanad and pobbel queue’s remainder. To it, to it! Seekit headup! No petty family squabbles Up There nor homemade hurricanes in our Cohoryard, no cupahurling nor
apuckalips nor no puncheon jodelling nor no nothing. With the Byrns which is far better and eve for ever your idle be. You will hardly reconnoitre the old wife in the new bustle and the farmer shinner in his latterday paint. It’s the fulldress Toussaint’s wakeswalks expedition after a bail motion from the chamber of horrus. Saffron buns or sovan bonhams whichever you’r avider to like it and lump it, but give it a name. Jereny allover irelands. And there’s food for refection when the whole flock’s at home. Hog-manny di’yegut? Hogmanny di’yesmellygut? And hogmanny di’yesmellypattergyut? You take Joe Hanny’s tip for it! Post-martem is the goods. With Jollification a tight second. Toborrow and tobarrow and tobarrow! That’s our crass, hairy and ever-grim till, one finel howdiedow Bouncer Naster raps on the bell with a bone and his stinkers stank behind him with the sceptre and the hourglass. We may come, touch and go, from atoms and ifs but we’re presurely destined to be odd’s without ends. Here we mount in Moy Kain and flop on the seemy side, living sure of hardly a doorstep for a stop gap, with Whogoes-there and a live sandbag round the corner. But upmeyant, Pro — spector, you sprout all your abel and woof your wings dead certain however of nothing whatever to aye forever while Hyam Hyam’s in the chair. Ah, sure, pleasantries aside, in the tail of the cow what a humpy daum earth looks our miseryme here-today as compared beside the Herewearagain Gaietities of the Afterpiece when the Royal Revolver of these real globoes lets regally fire of his mio colpo for the chrisman’s pandemon to give over and the Harlequinade to begin properly SPQueaRking Mark Time’s Finist Joke. Putting Allspace in a Notshall.

Well, the slice and veg joint’s well in its way, and so is a ribroast and jackknife as sporten dish, but home cooking every-time. Mountains good mustard and, with the helpings of ladies’ lickfings and gentlemen’s relish, I’ve eaten a griddle. But I fill twice as stewhard what I felt before when I’m eating after a few natives. The crisp of the crackling is in the chawing. Give us an-other cup of your scald. Santos Mozos! That was a damn good cup of scald! You could trot a mouse on it. I ingoyed your pick of hot luncheon fine, I did, than˚ awfully, (sublime!) Tenderest bully ever I ate with the boiled protestants (allinola allinollia!) only for your peas again was a taste of tooth psalty to carry flavour with my godown and hereby return with my best savoury condiments and a penny in the plate for the jemes. O.K. Oh Kosmos! Ah Ireland! A.J. And for kailkanonkabbis gime Cincinnatis with Italian (but ci vuol poco!) ciccalick cheese, Haggis good, haggis strong, haggis never say die! For quid we have recipimus, recipe, O lout! And save that, Oliviero, for thy sunny day! Soupmeagre! Couldn’t look at it! But if you’ll buy me yon coat of the vairy furry best, I’ll try and pullll it awn mee. It’s in fairly good order never s

Well, here’s looking at ye! If I never leave you biddies till a bar I’d be tempted rigidly to become a passionate father. Me hunger’s weighed. Hungkung! Me anger’s suaged! Hangkang! Ye can stop as ye are, little lay mothers, and wait in wish and wish in vain till the grame repeacer draws nigh, with the sickle of the sickles, as a blessing in disguise. Devil a curly hair I care! If any lightfoot Clod Dewvval was to hold me up, dicksturping me and marauding me of my rights to my onus, yan, tyan, tethera, methera, pimm, I’d let him have my best pair of galloper’s heels in the creamersour. He will have better manners, I’m dished if he won’t! Console yourself, drawhure deelish! There’s a refund of eggsize coming to you out of me so mind you do me duty on me! Bruise your bulge below the belt till I blowblack beside you. And you’ll miss me more as the narrowing weeks wing by. Someday duly, oneday truly, twosday newly, till whensday. Look for me always at my west and I will think to dine. A tear or two in time is all there’s toot. And then in a click of the clock, toot toot, and doff doff we pop with sinnerettes in silkettes lining longroutges fo His Diligence Majesty, our longdistance laird that likes creation. To whoosh!

— Meesh, meesh, yes, pet. We were too happy. I knew some-thing would happen. I understand but listen, drawher nearest, Tizzy intercepted, flushing but flashing from her dove and dart eyes as she tactilfully grabbed her male corrispondee to fluster sweet nunsongs in his quickturned ear, I know, benjamin brother, but listen, I want, girls palmassing, to whisper my
whi$h. (She like them like us, me and you, had thoud he n’er it would haltn so lither when leased is tacitempest tongue). Of course, engine dear, I’m ashamed for my life (I must clear my throttle) over this lost moment’s gift of memento nosepaper which I’m sorry, my precious, is allathome I with grief can call my own but all the same, listen, Jaunick, accept this witwee’s mite, though a jenny- teeny witween piece torn in one place from my hands in second place of a linenhall valentino with my fondest and much left to tutor. X.X.X.X. It was heavily bulledicted for young Fr MI, my pettest parriage priest, and you know who between us by your friend the pope, forty ways in forty nights, that’s the beauty of it, look, scene it, ratty. Too perfectly priceless for words. And, listen, now do enhance me, oblige my fiancy and bear it with you morn till life’s e’en and, of course, when never you make usage of it, listen, please kindly think galways again or again, never forget, of one absentee not sester Maggy. Ahim. That’s the stupidest little cough. Only be sure you don’t catch your cold and pass it on to us. And, since levret bounds and larks is soaring, don’t be all the night. And this, Joke, a sprig of blue speedwell just a spell of floralora so you’ll mind your varionique. Of course, Jer, I know you know who sends it, presents that please, mercy, on the face of the waters like that film oboe, awfly charmig of course, but it doesn’t do her justice, apart from her cattiness, in the magginbottle. Of course, please too write, won’t you, and leave your little bag of doubts, inquisitive, be-hind unto your utterly thine, and, thank you, forward it back by return pigeon’s pueu to the loving in case I couldn’t think who it was or any funforall happens I’ll be so curious to see in the Homsworth breakfast tableotts as I’ll know etherways by pitly bleu if it’s the good for my system, what exquisite buttons, gorgiose, in case I don’t hope to soon hear from you. And thanks ever so many for the ten and the one with nothing at all on. I will tie a knot in my stringameijip to letter you with my silky paper, as I am given now to understand it will be worth my price in money one day so don’t trouble to ans unless sentby special as I am getting his pay and wants for nothing so I can live simply and solely for my wonderful kinkless and its loops of loveliness. When I throw away my rollets there’s rings for all. Flee a girl, says it is her colour. So does B and L and as for V! And listen to it! Cheveluir! So distant you’re always. Bow your boche! Absolutely perfect! I will pack my comb and mirror to praxis oval ones and artless awes and it will follow you puplicly as far as come back under all my eyes like my sapphire chap-lets of ringaroary I will say for you to the Allmichael and solve qui pu while the doveadoses pick my mouthbuds (msch! msch!) with nurse Madge, my linkingclass girl, she’s a fright, poor old dutch, in her sleepalking when I paint the measles on her and mudstukers to make her a man. We. We. Issy done that, I confesh! But you’ll love her for her hessians and sickly black stockies, clereng’-jumbles, salvaged from the wash, isn’t it the cat’s tonsils! Simply killing, how she tidies her hair! I call her Sosy because she’s sostiety for me and she says sossey while I say sassy and she says will you have some more scorns while I say won’t you take a few more schools and she talks about ithel dear while I simply never talk about athel darling; she’s but nice for enticing my friends and she loves your style considering she breaksin me shoes for me when I’ve arch trouble and she would kiss my white arms for me so gratefully but apart from that she’s terribly nice really, my sister, round the elbow of Erne street Lower and I’ll be strictly forbidden always and true in my own way and private where I will long long to betrue you along with one who will so betrue you that not once while I betreu him not once well he be betray himself. Can’t you understand? O bother, I must tell the trouth! My latest lad’s loveliletter I am sore I done something w

like a born gentleman till you’ll resemble me, all the time you’re awhile way, I swear to you, I will, by Candlemas! And listen, joey, don’t be ennoyed with me, my old evenew, when, by the end of your chapter, you citch water on the wagon for me being turned a star I’ll duberry my two fesces under Pouts Vanisha Creme, their way for spilling cream, and, accent, unto extend my personalitity to the latents, I’ll boy me for myself only of expensive rainproof of pinked elephant’s breath grey of the loveliest sheerest dearest widowshood over aircorse blue I am so wild for, my precious once, Hope Bros., Faith Street, Charity Corner, as the bee loves her skyhighdeed, for I always had a crash on heliotrope since the duess of yore cycled round the Finest Park, and listen. And mind me nothing laughing at what’s atever! I was in the nerves but it’s my last day. Always about this hour, I’m sorry, when our gamings for Bruin and Noselong is all oh you cease and afternoon my lickle pussiness I sleath heimlick in my russians from the amtgarten part with my terri-blitall boots calvescatchcer Pinchappoppapoff, who is going to be a jennyroll, at my nape, drenched, love, with dripping to affec-tionate slapmamma but last at night, look, after my golden vio — lent wetting in my upperstairs splendidly welllluminated with such lidylac curtains wallpapered to match the cat and a fire-please keep looking of priceless pearlogs I just want to see will he or are all Michales like that, I’ll strip straight after devotions before his fondstare — and I mean it too, (thy gape to my gazing I’ll bind and makeleash) and poke stiff under my isonbound with my soiedisante-chineknees cheechchubby chambermater for the night’s foreign males and your name of Shane will come forth between my shamefaced whesen with other liph I nakest open my thight when just boken by his toccatoootletoo my first morning. So now, to thalk thildish, thome, theatred with Mag at the oilthan we are doing to thay one little player before doing to deed. An a tiss to the tassie for lu and for tu! Coach me how to tumble, Jaime, and listen, with supreme regards, Juan, in haste, warn me which to ah ah ah ah.

— MEN! Juan responded fulchantedly to her sororal sono-rity, imitating himself capitalty with his bubbleblown in his patapet and his chalished drink now well in hand. (A split, see, for a split, see see!) Ever gloriously kind! And I truly am euerchised to vous. Also sacr, p'Sre and maEtre d'aualt. Well, ladies upon gentlernen and toastmaster general, let us, brindising brandisong, woo and pen keep looking of priceless pearlogs I just want to see will he or are all Michales like that, I’ll strip straight after devotions before his fondstare — and I mean it too, (thy gape to my gazing I’ll bind and makeleash) and poke stiff under my isonbound with my soiedisante-chineknees cheechchubby chambermater for the night’s foreign males and your name of Shane will come forth between my shamefaced whesen with other liph I nakest open my thight when just boken by his toccatoootletoo my first morning. So now, to thalk thildish, thome, theatred with Mag at the oilthan we are doing to thay one little player before doing to deed. An a tiss to the tassie for lu and for tu! Coach me how to tumble, Jaime, and listen, with supreme regards, Juan, in haste, warn me which to ah ah ah ah.

So gullaby, me poor Isley! But I’m not for forgettig me innerman monophone for I’m leaving my darling proxy behind for your consoler, lost Dave the Dancekirl, a squamous run-away and a dear old man pal of mine too. He will arrive inces — santly in the fraction of a crust, who, could he quot doubbling and stop tippling, he would be the unicorn of his kind. He’s the mightiest penumbrella I ever flourished on behond the shadow of a post! Be sure and link him, me O treasauro, as often as you learn provided there’s nothing between you but a plain deal table only don’t encourage him to cry lessontimes over Lepers-town. But soft! Can’t he? Do mailstanes mumble? Lumtum lumtum! Now! The froubadour! I fremble! Talk of wolf in a stomach by all that’s verminous! Eccolo me! The return of th’athlate! Who can secede to his success! Isn’t Jaunstown, Ousterrike, the small place after all? I knew I smelt the garlic leek! Why, bless me swits, here he its, darling Dave, like t

— listen, with supreme regards, Juan, in haste, warn me which to ah ah ah ah. 

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Johnnythin too, from livicking on pidgins’ ifs with puffins’ ands, he’s been slanderising himself, but I pass no remark. Hope he hasn’t the cholera. Give him an eyot in the farout. Moseses and Noasies, how are you? He’d be as snug as Columbsisle Jonas wrecked in the belly of the whaves, as quoth before. Bravo, senior chief! Famosé! Sure there’s nobody else in touch anysides to hold a chef’s cankle to the darling at all for sheer dare with that prison-poststill of spanish breans on him like the knave of trifles! A jolly — tan fine demented brick and the prince of goodfilips! Dave knows I have the highest of respect of anynone in my oweand smooth way for that intellectual debtor (Obbligado!) Mushure David R. Crozier. And we’re the closest of chems. Mark my use of you, cog! Take notice how I yemploy, crip! Be ware as you, I foil, copy! It’s a pity he can’t see it for I’m terribly nice about him. Canwyll y Cymry, the marmade’s flamme! A leaf of the O’Looniys, a Brazel aboo! The most omportent man! Shervos! Ho, be the holy snakes, someone has shaved his rough diamond skull for him as clean as Nuntius’ piedish! The burnt out mesh and the matting and all! Thunderweather, khyber schinker escapa sansa pager! He’s the spattin split, so he is, scaly skin and all, with his blackguarded eye and the goatsbeard in his buttinghole of Shemuel Tulliver, me grandoud, the old croxuader, when he off with his paudeen! That was to let the crowd of the Flu Flux Fans behind him see me proper. Ah, he’s very thoughtful and sympatrico that way is Brother Intelli-gentius, when he’s not absintheinded, with his Paris adressse! He is, really. Holdharr till you’ll ear him clicking his bull’s bones! Some toad klakkin! You’re welcome back, Wilkins, to red berries in the frost! And here’s the butter exchange to pfeife and dramm ye with a bawful of the Moulaysaysse and yunker doodler wanked to wall awriting off his phoney. I’m tired housing of your. Hat yourself! Give us your dyed dexterity here, frother, the Claddagh clasp! I met with dapper dandy and he shocked me big the ham. Where’s your watch keeper? You’ve seen all sorts in shapes and sizes, marauding about the moppl-mound. How’s the cock and the bullfight? And old Auster and Hungrig? And the Beer and Belly and the Boot and Ball? Not forgetting the oils of greas under that turkey in julie pepper and Father Freeshots Feilbogen in his rockery garden with the costard? And tid you meet with Pedharr the Grab at all? And did you call on Tower Geeshyus? Was Mona, my own love, no bigger than she should be, making up to you in her bestbehaved manor when you made your breastlaw and made her, tell me? And did you like the landskip from Lambay? I’m pleased better than ten guindneys! You rejoice me! Faith, I’m proud of you, french davit! You’ve surpassed yourself! Be introduced to yes! This is me aunt Julia Bride, your honour, dving to have you languish to scan-dal in her bosky old delltangle. You don’t reckonyes him? He’s Jackot the Horner who boxed in his corner, jilting no fewer than three female tribes. That’s his penals. Shervorum! You haven’t seen her since she stepped into her drawoffs. Come on, spinister, do your stuff!! Don’t be shy, husbandmanvir! Wei!, what’s on you, wip? Up the shamewauth! She has plenty of woom in the smallclothes for the bothsforus, nephews push! Hatch yourself well! Enjombyourselves thrively! Would you wait biss she buds till you bite on her? Embrace her bashfully by almeans at my frank incensive and tell her in your semiological agglutinative yez, how Idos be asking after her. Let us be holy and evil and let her be peace on the bough. Sure, she fell in line with our tripreight photographs as the lionised mails when we were stablelads together like the corks again brothers, hungry and angry, cavileer grace by roundhered force, or li...

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buy jury. Attaboy! Fee gate has Heenan hoity, mind uncle Hare? What, sir? Poss, mysteer? Achieve! Thou, thou! What say ye? Taurus periculosus, morbus pedecillus. Miserere mei in miseribilibus! There’s uva languavge for you! The tower is precluded, the mob’s in her petticotes; Mr R. E. Meehan is in misery with his billyboots. Begob, there’s not so much green in his Ireland’s eye! Sweet fellow vovaloc, he stones out of stune. But he could be near a colonel with a voice like that. The bark is still there but the molars are gone. The misery billyboots I used to lend him before we split and, be the hole in the year, they were taking like heaven’s reflexes. But I told him make your will be done and go to a general and I’d pray confessions for him. Areesh! Areesh! And I’ll be your intrepidier. Ambras! Ruffle her! Bussing was before the blood and bisssing will behind the curtain. Ovye! Did you note that worrid expressionism on his megalogue? A full octavium below me! And did you hear his browrings rattlemaking when he was preaching to himself? And, whoa! do you twig the schamlooking leaf greeping ghastly down his blousyfrock? Our national umbloom! Areesh! He won’t. He’s shy. Those worthies, my old faher’s onkel that was garotted, Caius Cocoa Codinhand, that I lost in a crowd, used to chop that tongue of his, japlatin, with my yoonkle’s owlseller, Woowooofe Woodenbeard, that went stonebathed, in the Tower of Balbus, as brisk, man, as I’d scoff up muttan chepps and lobscouse. But it’s all deafman’s duff to me, begob. Sam knows miles bettern me how to work the miracle. And I see by his diarrhio he’s dropping the stammer out of his silenced bladder since I bonded him off more as a friend and as a brother to try and grow a muff and canisone his dead feet down on the river airy by thinking himself into the fourth dimension and place the ocean between his and ours, the churchyard in the cloister of the depths, after he was capped out of beurlads scoel for the sin against the past participle and earned the factitation of codding chaplain and being as honnely gauche as swift B.A.A. Who gets twickly fullget twice as alle-manden huskers. But the whacker his word the weaker our ears for auracles who parles parses orileys. Illstarred punster, lipstering cowknucks. ‘Twas the quadra sent him and Trinity too. And he can cantab as chimpan as any oxon ever I mood with, a tiptoe singer! He’ll priskly soon hand tume — your Erin’s ear for you. p.p. a mimograph at a time, numan bitter, with his acamartins to read the road roman with false steps ad Pernicious from rhearsilvar ormulus to torquinges superbers while I’m far away from wherever thou art serving my tallyhos and tullying my hostilious by going in by the most holy recitatandas YYYYY for my varsatile examinations in the ologies, to be a coach on the Fukien mission. P? F? How used you learn me, brather soboostius, in my augustan days? With cesarella looking on. In the beginning was the gest he jousstly says, for the end is with woman, flesh-without-word, while the man to be is in a worse case after than before since she on the supine satisfies the verg to him! Toughtough, tooootological. Thou the first person shingeller. Art, an imperfect subjunctive. Paltry, flappent, had serious. Miss Smith onamatterpoetic. Hammis-andivis axes colles waxes warmas like sodullas. So pick your stops with fondnes snow. And mind you twine the twos noods of your nicenames. And pull up your furbelovs as far-above as you’re farthingales. That’ll hint him how to click the trigger. Show you shall and won’t he will! His hearing is indoubling just as my seeing is onbelieving. So dactylist me up to blankpoint and let him blink for himself where you speak the best ticklish. You’ll feel what I mean. Fond namer, let me never see thee blame a kiss for shame a knee!

Echo, read ending! Siparioramoci! But from the stress of their Sunder enlivening, ay clasp, deciduously, a nikrokosnikon must come to mike.

— Well, my positively last at any stage! I hate to look at alarms but, however they put on my watchcraft, must now close as I hereby hear by ear from by seeless socks ‘tis time to be up and ambling. Mymiddle toe’s mitching, so mizzle I must else ’twill serve me out. Gulp a bulper at parting and the moore the melodest! Farewell but whenever, as Tisdall told Toole. Tempos fidgets. Let thee me fiackcles, says the grand old mano-ark, stormcrested crowcock and undulant hair, hoodies tway! Yes, faith, I am as mew let freer, beneath me corthage, bound. I’m as bored now bawling beersgrace at sorepaws there as Andrew Clays was sharing sawdust with Daniel’s old collie. This shack’s not big enough for me now. I’m dreaming of ye, azores. And, re-member this, a chorines, there’s the witch on the heath, sistra! ‘Bansheeba peeling hourilhaared while her Orcotron is hoaring ho. And whinin muinnuit flittsbit twinn her ttittshe cries tallmidy! Daughte azores. And, re-

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After poor Jaun the Boast’s last fireless words of postludium of his soapbox speech ending in’sheaven, twentyaid add one with a flirt of wings were pouring to his bysistance (could they snip that curl of curls to lay with their gloves and keep the kids bright!) prepared to cheer him should he leap or to curse him should he fall, but, with their big triga rheda rodeo, the cherubs in the charabang, set down here and sedan chair, don’t you wish you’d a yoke or a bit in your mouth, repulsing all attempts at first hands on, as no es nada, our greatly misunderstood one we perceived to give himself some sort of a hermetic prod or kick to sit up and take notice, which acted like magic, while the phalanx of daughters of February Filldyke, embushed and climbing, ramblers and weeps, voiced approval in their customary manner by dropping kneedeep in tears over their concelebrated meednight sunflower, piopadey boy, their solase in dorckaness, and splattering together joyously the plaps of their tappyhands as, with a cry of genuine distress, so prettly prattly pollylogue, they viewed him, the just one, their darl, away.

A dream of favours, a favourable dream. They know how they believe that they believe that they know. Wherefore they wail.

Eh jourd’weh! Oh jourd’woe! dosiriously it psalmodied. Gues-turn’s lothlied answring to maronite’s wail.

Oasis, cedarous esaltarshoming Leafboughnoon!

Oasis, coolpressus onmountof Sighing!

Oasis, palmost esaltarshoming Gladdays!

Oasis, phantastichal roseway anjerichol!

Oasis, newleavos spaciosoing encampness!

Oasis, plantainous dewstuckacqmirage playtennis!

Pipetto, Pipetta has misery unnoticed!

But the strangest thing happened. Backscuttling for the hop off with the odds altogether in favour of his tumbling into the river, Jaun just then I saw to collect from the gentlest weaner among the weiners, (who by this were in half droopleaflong mourning for the passing of the last post) the familiar yellow label into which he let fall a drop, smothered a curse, choked a guffaw, spat expectoratiously and blew his own trumpet. And next thing was he gummalicked the stickyback side and stamped the oval badge of belief to his agnelows brow with a genuine dash of irrepressible piety that readily turned his ladylike typmanzelles capsy curvy (the holy scamp!), with half a glance of Irish frisky (a Juan Jaimesan hastaluego) from under the shag of his parallel brows. It was then he made as if he but waved instead a handacross the sea as notice to quit while the pacifettes made their armpacts widdershins (Frida! Freda! Paza! Paisy! Irene! Areinette! Bridomay! Bentamai! Soso-sopky! Bebebekka! Bababadkessy! Ghugugoothyou! Duma! Damadomina! Takiya! Tokaya! Sciocca! Suuccherillina! Peoc-chia! Peucchia! Ho Mi Hoping! Ha Me Happinice! Mirra! My — rha! Solyma! Salemita! Sainta! Sianta! O Peace!), but in self — righting the balance of his corporeity to reexchange widerem — brace with the pillarbosom of the Dizzier he loved prettier, be — tween estellos and venoussas, bad luck to the lie but when next to nobody expected, their star and gartergazer at the summit of his climax, he toppled a lipple on to the off and, making a brand-new start for himself to run down his easting, by blessing hes sthers with the sign of the southern cross, his bungalow borsa-line with the hedgygreen bound blew off in a loveblast (award for trover!) and Jawjon Redhead, bucketing after, meccamaniac, (the headless shall have legs!), kingscouriered round with an easy rush and ready relays by the bridge a stadion beyond Ladycastle (and what herm but he narrowly missed fouling her buttress for her but for he acqueducked) and then, cocking a snook at the stock of his sermons, so mear and yet so fahr from that region’s general, away with him at the double, the hulk of a garron, pelting after the road, on Shanks’s mare, let off like a wind hound loose (the bouchal! you’d think it was that moment they gave him the jambos!) with a posse of tossing hankerwaves to his windward like seraph’s summonses on the air and a tempest of good things in packetshape teeming from all accounts into the funnel of his fanmail shrimpnet, along the highroad of the nation,
Traitor’s Track, following which fond floral fray he was quickly lost to sight through the statuemen though without a doubt he was all the more on that same head to memory dear while Sickerson, that borne of bjoerne, la garde auxiliaire she murmured, hellyg Ursulinka, full of woe (and how fitlier should goodboy’s hand be shook than by the warmin of her besom that wrung his swaddles?): Where maggot Harvey knelled till bags? Ate Andrew coos hogdam farvel! Wethen, now, may the good people speed you, rural Haun, export stout fellow that you are, the crooner born with sweet wail of evoker, healing music, ay, and heart in hand of Sham-rogueshire! The googos of the suckabolly in the rockabeddy are become the copiosity of wiseableness of the friarylayman in the pulpitbarrel. May your bawny hair grow rarer and fairer, our own only wideheaded boy! Rest your voice! Feed your mind! Mint your peas! Coax your qyous! Come to dissoon blarney and walk our groves so charming and see again the sweet rockelseoke first where you hymned O Ciesa Mea! and touch the light the-orbo! Songster, angler, choreographer! Piper to prisoned! Musi — cianship made Embassador-at-Large! Good by nature and natural by design, had you but been spared to us, Haunenad, but sure where’s the use my talking quicker when I know you’ll hear me all astray? My long farewell I send to you, fair dream of sport and game and always something new. Gone is Haun! My grief, my ruin! Our Joss-el-Jovan! Our Chris-na-Murty! ’Tis well you’ll be looked after from last to first as you beam of light we follow receding on your photophoric pilgrimage to your antipodes in the past, you who so often consigned your distributory tidings of great joy into our nevertoolatetolove box, mansuetudinous manipulator, victimisedly victoriohoarse, dearest Haun of all, you of the boots, true as adie, stepwalker, pennyatimer, lampaddyfair, postanulengro, our rommamychief! Thy now paling light lucerne we ne’er may see again. But could it speak how nicely would it sputter to the four cantons praises be to thee, our pattern sent! For you had — may I, in our, your and their names, dare to say it? — the nucleus of a glow of a zeal of soul of service such as rarely, if ever, have I met with single men. Numerous are those who, nay, there are a dozen of folks still unclaimed by the death angel in this country of ours today, humble indivisibles in this grand continuum, overlorded by fate and interlarded with accidence, who, while there are hours and days, will fervently pray to the spirit above that they may never depart this earth of theirs in his long run from that place where the day begins, ere he retrouneys postexilic, on that day that belongs to joyful Ireland, the people that is of all time, the old old eldest, the young young youngest, after decades of longsuffering and decennia of brief glory, to mind us of what was when and to matter us of the withering of our ways, their Janyouare Fibyouare wins true from Sylvester (only Walker himself is like Waltzer, whimsicalissimo they go murmurand) comes marching ahome on the summer-crust of the flagway. Life, it is true, will be a blank without you because avicum’s not there at all, to nomore cares from nomad knows, ere Molochy wars bring the devil era, a slip of the time between a date and a ghostmark, rived by darby’s childdays embers, spatched fun Juhn that dandyforth, from the night we are and feel and fade with to the yesterselves we tread to turnupon.

But, boy, you did your strong nine furlong mile in slick and slapstick record time and a farfetched deed it was in troth, champion docile, with your high bouncing gait of going and your feat of passage will be contested with you and through you, for centuries to come. The phaynix rose a sun before Erebia sank his smother! Shoot up on that, bright Bennu bird! Va faotre! Eftsoon so too will our own sphayxius spark spirt his spire and sunward stride the rampante flame. Ay, already the sombrer opacities of the gloom are sphanished! Brave footsore Haun! Work your progress! Hold to! Now! Win out, ye divil ye! The silent cock shall crow at last. The west shall shake the east awake. Walk while ye have the night that belongs to joyful Ireland, the people that is of all time, the old old oldest, the young young youngest, after decad longsuffering and decennia of brief glory, to mind us of what was when and to matter us

Lowly, longly, a wail went forth. Pure Yawn lay low. On the mead of the hillock lay, heartbreak dormant mid shadowed landsape, brief wallet to his side, and arm loose, by his staff of citron briar, tradition stick-pass-on. His dream monologue was over, of cause, but his drama parapolylogic had yet to be, affact. Most distressfully (but, my dear, how successfully!) to wail he did, his locks of a lucan tinge, quickrich, ripely rippling, unfilleted, those lashbetasselled lids on the verge of closing, whiles ouze of his sidewisepen break the mouth of him, evenso languishing as the princliest treble treacle or lichee chewchow purse could buy. Yawn in a semiswoon lay awaiting and (hooh!) what helpings of honeyful swoothead (phew!), which ear-piercing dulcitude! As were you suppose to go and push with your bluntblank pin in hand upinto his fleshasplush cushionettes of some chubby boybold love of an angel. Hwoah!

When, as the buzzer brings the light brigade, keeping the home fires burning, so on the churring call themselves came at him, from the westborders of the eastmidlands, three kings of three suits and a crowner, from all their cardinal parts, along the amber way where Brosna’s furzy. To lift them they did, senators four, by the first quaint skreek of the gloaming and they hopped it up the mountainy molehill, traversing climes of old times gone by of the days not worth remembering; inventing some excusethems, any sort, having a sevenply sweat of night blues moist upon them. Feefee! phopho!! foorchtha!!! agala!!! jeesh!!! paloolal!!!! ooridiminy!!!!!! Afeared themselves were to wonder at the class of a crossroads puzzler he would likely be, length by breadth nonplussing his thickness, ells upon ells of him, making so many square yards of him, one half of him in Conn’s half but the whole of him nevertheless in Owenmore’s five quarters. There would he lay till they
would him descry, spancelled down upon a blossomy bed, at one foule stretch, amongst the daffydowndillies, the flowers of narcosis fourfettering his footlights, a halohedge of wild spuds hovering over him, epicures waltzing with gardenfillers, puritan shoots advancing to Aran chiefs. Phopho!! The meteor pulp of him, the seamless rainbowpeel. Aggala!!!! His bellyvoid of nebulose with his neverstop navel. Paloola!!!!!!! And his veins shooting melanite phosphor, his creamtocustard cometshair and his asteroid knuckles, ribs and members. Ooridiminy!!!!!!! His electrolatiginous twisted entrails belt.

Those four claymen clomb together to hold their sworn starchamber quiry on him. For he was ever their quarrel, the way they would see themselves, everybug his bodiment atop of annywom her notion, and the meet of their noght was worth two of his morning. Up to the esker ridge it was, Mallinger parish, to a mead that was not far, the son’s rest. First klettered Shanator Gregory, seeking spoor through the deep timefield, Shanator Lyons, trailing the wavy line of his partition footsteps (something in his blisters was telling him all along how he had been in that place one time), then his Recordership, Dr Shunadure Tarpey, caperchasing after honourable sleep, hot on to the aniseed and, up out of his prompt corner, old Shunny MacShunny, MacDougal the hiker, in the rere of them on the run, to make a quorum. Roping their ass he was, their skygrey globetrotter, by way of an afterthought and by no means legless either for such sprouts on him they were that much oneven it was tumbling he was by four lengths, within the bawl of a mascot, kuss yuss, kuss cley, patsy watsy, like the kapr in the kabisses, the big ass, to hear with his unaided ears the harp in the air, the bugle dianablowing, wild as wild, the mockingbird whose word is misfortune, so ’tis said, the bulbul down the wind.

The proto was traipsing through the tangle then, Mathew Walker, godsons’ goddestfar, deputising for gossipocracy, and his station was a few perch to the weatherside of the knoll Asnoch and it was from no other place unless there, how and ever, that he proxtended aloof upon the ether Mesmer’s Manuum, the hand making silence. The buckos beyond on the lea, then stopped wheresover they found their standings and that way they set ward about him, doing obedience, nod, bend, bow and curtey, like the watchers of Prospect, upholding their broad-awake prober’s hats on their firrum heads, the travelling court on its findings circuiting that personer in his fallen. And a crack quatyouare of stenoggers they made of themselves, solons and psy — chomorers, all told, with their hurts and daimons, spites and clops, not even to the seclusion of their beast by them that was the odd trick of the pack, trump and no friend of carrots. And, what do you think, who should be laying there above all other persons forenenst them only Yawn! All of asprawl he was laying too amengst the poppies and, I can tell you something more than that, drear writer, profoundly as you may bedeave to it, he was oscasleep asleep. And it was far more similar to a satrap he lay there with unctuous beauty all surrounded, the poser, or for whatall I know like Lord Lumen, coaching his preferred constellations in faith and doctrine, for old Matt Gregory, ’tis he had the starmaneagerie, Marcus Lyons and Lucas Metcalfe Tarpey and the mack that never forgave the ass that lurked behind him, Jonny na Hossaleen.

More than their good share of their five senses ensorcelled you would say themselves were, fuming censor, the way they could not rightly tell their heels from their stools as they cooched down a mamalujo by his cubical crib, as question time drew nighing and the map of the souls’ groupography rose in relief within their quarterings, to play tops or kites or hoops or marbles, curchycurchy, gawking on him, for the issuance of his pnum and softnoising one of them to another one, the boguqueeisters. And it is what they began to say to him tetrahedrally then, the masters, what way was he.

— He’s giving, the wee bairn. Yun has lived.

— Yerra, why dat, my leader?

— Wisha, is he boosed or what, alannah?

— Or his wind’s from the wrong cut, says Ned of the Hill.

— Lesten!

— Why so and speak up, do you hear me, you sir?

— Or he’s rehearsing somewan’s funeral.

— Whisht outathat! Hubba’s up!
And as they were spreading abroad on their octopuds their drifter nets, the chromous gleamy seiners’ nets and, no lie, there was word of assonance being softspoken among those quartermasters.

— Get busy, kid!

— Chirpy, come now!

— The present hospices is a good time.

— I’ll take on that chap.

For it was in the back of their mind’s ear, temptive lissomer, how they would be spreading in quadriliberal their azurespotte fine attractable nets, their nansen nets, from Matt Senior to the thurrible mystagogue after him and from thence to the neighbour and that way to the pusny donkeyman and his crucifer’s cauda. And in their minds years backslibris, so it was, slipping beauty, how they would be meshing that way, when he rose to it, with the planckton at play about him, the quivers of scaly silver and their clutches of chromes of the highly lucid spangishing gold whilst, as hour gave way to mazing hour, with Yawn himself keeping time with his thripthongue, to ope his blurbeous lips he would, a let out classy, the way myrrh of the moor and molten moonmist would be melding mellifond indo his mouth.

— Y?

— Before You!

— Ecko! How sweet thee answer makes! Afterwheres? In the land of lions’ odor?

— Friends! First if yu don’t mind. Name yur historical grouns.

— This same prehistoric barrow ‘tis, the orangery.

— I see. Very good now. It is in your orangery, I take it, you have your letters. Can you hear here me, you sir?

— Throsends. For my darling. Typette!

— So long aforetime? Can you hear better?

— Millions. For godsend. For my darling dearying one.

— Now, to come nearer zone; I would like to raise my deuterous point audibly touching this. There is this maggers. I am told by our interpreter, Hanner Esellus, that there are fully six hundred and six ragwords in your malherbal Magis landeguage in which wald wand rimes alpman and there is resin in all roots for monarch but yav hace not one pronouncable teerm that blows in all the vallums of tartallaght to signify majestate, even provisionally, nor no rheda rhoda or torpentine path or hallucinian via nor aurellian gape nor sunkin rut nor grossgrown trek nor crimeslaved cruxway and no moorrhens cry or mooner’s plankgang there to lead us to hopenhaven. Is such the unde derivatur casematter messio! Frankly. Magis megis enerretur mynus hoc intelligow.


— Hep there! Commong, sa na pa de valure? Whu’s teit dans yur jambs? Whur’s that inclining and talkin about the messiah so cloover? A true’s to your trefling! Whure yu!

— Trinathan partnick dieudonnay. Have you seen her? Typette, my tactile O!
— Are you in your fatherick, lonely one?

— The same. Three persons. Have you seen my darling only one? I am sohohold!

— What are yu shevering about, ultramontane, like a houn? Is there cold on ye, doraphobian? Or do yu want yur primafairy schoolnarn?

— The woods of fogloot! O mis padredges!

— Whisht awhile, greyleg! The duck is rising and you’ll wake that stand of plover. I know that place better than anyone. Sure, I used to be always overthere on the fourth day at my grandmother’s place, Tear-nan-Ogre, my little grey home in the west, in or about Mayo when the long dog gave tongue and they coursing the marches and they straining at the leash. Tortoiseshell for a guineagould! Burb! Burb! Burb! Follow me up Tucurlugh! That’s the place for the claire oysters, Polldoody, County Conway. I never knew how rich I was like another story in the zoedone of the zephyros, strolling and strolling, carrying my dragoman, Meads Marvel, thass withumpronouceable tail, along the shore. Do you know my cousin, Mr Jasper Dougal that keeps the Anchor on the Mountain, the parson’s son, Jasper of the Tuns, Pat Whateveryournameis?

— Dood and I dood. The wolves of Fochlut! By Whydoyoucallme? Do not flingamejig to the twolves!

— Turcafiera amd that’s a good wan right enough! Wooluvs no less!

— One moment now, if I foreshorten the bloss on your bleather. Encroachment spells erosion. Dunlin and turnstone augur us where, how and when best as to burial of carcass, fuselage of dump and committal of noisance. But, since you invoke austers for the trailing of vixens, I would like to send a cormorant around this blue lagoon. Tell me now this. You told my larned friend rather previously, a moment since, about this mound or barrow. Now I suggest to you that ere there was this plague-burrow, as you seem to call it, there was a burialbattell, the boat of millions of years. Would you bear me out in that, relatively speaking, with her jackstaff jerking at her pennyladders, why not, and sizing a fair sail, knowest thout the kind? The Pourquoi Pas, bound for Weissduwasland, that fourmaster barquentine, Webster says, our ship that ne’re returned. The Frenchman, I say, was an orangeboat. He is a boat. You see him. The both how you see is they! Draken af Danemork! Sacked it or ate it? What! Hennu! Spake ab laut!

— Couch, cortegge, ringbarrow, dungcairn. Beseek the runes and see the longurn! Allmaun away when you hear the ganghorn. And meet Nautsen. Ess Ess. O ess. Warum night! Con — ning two lay payees. Norsker. Her raven flag was out, the slaver. I trow pon good, jordan’s scaper, good’s barnet and trustyman. Crouch low, you pigeons three! Say, call that girl with the tan tress awn! Call Wolfhound! Wolf of the sea. Folchu! Folchu!

— Very good now. That folklore’s straight from the ass his mouth. I will crusade on with the parent ship, weather prophesying, far away from those green hills, a station, Irton tells me, bonofide for keeltappers, now to come to the midnight middy on this levantine ponenter. From Daneland sailed the oxeyed man, now mark well what I say.

— Magnus Spadebeard, korsets krosser, welsher perfyddy. A destroyer in our port. Signed to me with his baling scoop. Laid bare his breastpaps to give suck, to suckle me. Ecce Hagios Chrisman!

— Oh, Jeyes, fluid! says the poisoned well. Futffishy the First. Hootchcopper’s enkel at the navel manuvres!

— Hep! Hello there, Bill of old Bailey! Whu’s he? Whu’s this lad, why the pups?

— Hunkalus Childared Easterheld. It’s his lost chance, Emania Ware him well.

— Hey! Did you dream you were ating your own tripe, acushla, that you tied yourself up that wrynecky fix?
— I see now. We move in the beast circuls. Grimbarb and pancercrucer! You took the words out of my mouth. A child’s dread for a dragon vicefather. Hillcloud encompass us! You mean you lived as milky at their lyceum, couard, while you learned, volp volp, to howl yourself wolfwise. Dyb! Dyb! Do your best.

— I am dob dob dobbling like old Booth’s, courteous. The cubs are after me, it zeebs, the whole totem pack, vuk vuk and vuk vuk to them, for Robinson’s shield.

— Scents and gouspils! The animal jangs again! Find the fingall harriers! Here howl me wiseacre’s hat till I die of the milkman’s lupus!

— What? Wolfgang? Whoah! Talk very slowe!

— Hail him heathen, heal him holystone!

Courser, Recourser, Changechild . . . . . . . .

Eld es endall, earth . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

— A cataleptic mithyphallic! Was this Totem Fulcrum Est Ancestor yu hald in Dies Eirae where no spider webbeth or Anno Mundi ere bawds piedy in Skiffstrait? Be fair, Chris!

— Dream. Ona nonday I sleep. I dreame of a somday. Of a wonday I shall wake. Ah! May he have now of here fearfilled me! Sinflowed, O sinflowed! Fia! Fia! Befurcht christ!

— I have your tristich now; it recurs in three times the same differently (there is such a fui fui story which obtains of him): comming nown from the asphalt to the concrete, from the human historic brute, Finnsen Faynean, oceanyclived, to this same vulganized hillsir from yours, Mr Tupling Toun of Morning de Heights, with his lavast flow and his rambling undergrounds, would he reoccur Ad Horam, as old Romeo Rogers, in city or county, and your sure ob, or by, with or from an urb, of you know the differenciabus, as brauchbarrred in apabhramsas, sierrah! We speak of Gun, the farther. And in the locative. Bap! Bap!

— Ouer Tad, Hellig Babbau, whom certayn orbits assertant re humpereplace of Chivitats Ei, Smithwick, Rhonnda, Kaledon, Salem (Mass), Childers, Argos and Duthless. Well, I am advised he might in a sense be both nevertheless, every at man like myself, suffix it to say, Abrahamsk and Brookbear! By him it was done bapka, by me it was gone into, to whom it will beblive, Mushame, Mushame! I am afraid you could not heave ahore one of your own old stepstones, barnabarnabarn, over a stumbledown wall here in Huddleston to this classic Nocuber night but itandthey woule binge, much as vecious, off the dosshouse back of a racerider in his truetoflesh colours, either handicapped on her flat or barely repeating himself. That is a tiptip tim oldy faher now the man I go in fear of, Tommy Terracotta, and he could be all your and my das, the brodar of the founder of the father of the finder of the pfander of the pfunder of the furst man in Ranelagh, fu’! fu’! Petries and violet ice (I am yam, as Me and Tam Tower used to jagger pemmer it, over at the house of Eddy’s Christy, meaning Dodgfather, Dodgson and Coo) and spiriduous sanction!

— Breeze softly. Aures are aureas. Hau’s his naun?

— Me das has or oreils. Piercey, piercey, piercey, piercey!

— White eyeluscious and muddyhorsebroth! Pig Pursyriley! But where do we get off, chiseller?

— Haltstille, Lucas and Dublinn! Vulva! Vulva! Vulva! Vulva! Vulva!

— Macdougal, Atlantic City, or his onagrass that is, chuan and coughan! I would go near identifying you from your stavrotides, Jong of Maho, and the welsarias round your yokohahat. And that O’mulanchonry plucher you have from the
worst curst of Ireland, Glwlwd of the Mghtwg Grwpp, is no use to you either, Johnny my donkeyschott. Number four, fix up your spreadeagle and pull your weight!

— Hooshin hom to our regional’s hin and the gander of Hayden. Would ye ken a young stepschuler of psychical chirography, the name of Keven, or (let outers pray) Evan Vaughan, of his Posthorn in the High Street, that was shooing a Guiney gagag, Poulepinter, that found the dogumen number one, I would suggest, an illegible downfumbed by an uneligible?

— If I do know sinted sageness? Sometimes he would keep silent for a few minutes as if in prayer and clasp his forehead and during the time he would be thinking to himself and he would not mind anybody who would be talking to him or crying stinking fish. But I no way need you, stroke oar nor your quick handles. Your too farfar a cock of the north there, Matty Armagh, and your due south so.

— South I see. You’re up-inLeal–Ulster and I’m-free-Down-inEasia, this is much better. He is cured by faith who is sick of fate. The prouts who will invent a writing there ultimately is the poeta, still more learned, who discovered the raiding there originally. That’s the point of eschatology our book of kills reaches for now in soandso many counterpoint words. What can’t be coded can be decoded if an ear aye sieze what no eye ere grieved for. Now, the doctrine obtains, we have occasioning cause causing effects and affects occasionally recausing altereffects. Or I will let me take it upon myself to suggest to twist lhe penman’s tale postverwise. The gist is the gist of Shaum but the hand is the hand of Sameas. Shan — Shim — Schung. There is a strong suspicion on counterfeit Kevin and we all remember ye in child-hood’s reverye. 'Tis the bells of scandal that gave tune to grumble over him and someone between me and thee. He would preach to the two turkies and dipdip all the dindians, this master the abbey, and give gold tidings to all that are in the bronze age of anteproresurrectionism to entrust their easter reappearance to Borsaiolini’s house of hatcraft. He is our sent on the firm. Now, have you reasonable hesitancy in your mind about him after fourpriest redmass or you are in your post? Tell me andat sans dismay. Leap, pard!

— Fierappel putting years on me! Nwo, nwo! This bolt in hand be my worder! I’ll see you moved farther, blarneying Marcantonio! What cans such wretch to say to I or how have My to doom with him? We were wofulmf of mischief and initiumwise, everliking a liked, hairtopp on heeltipper, alpybecca’s un wachsibles, an ikeson am ikeson, that babe, imprinsically, my leperd brethren, the Puier, ens innocens of but fifteen primes. Ya all in your kalbliobioned so triliustriously standing the real school, to be upright as his match, healtheous as is egg, saviour so the salt and good wee brad, parallaling butcher, did I altermobil him to a flare insideg hogsfat. Been ike hins kinder — gardien? I know not, O cashla, I am sure offed habitand this undered heaven, mais enfinson, contrasting the first mover, that father I ascend fromming knows, as I think, caused whom I, a self the sign, came remaining being dwelling ayr, plag and watford as to I was eltered impostulance possessing my future state falling towards thirse myfself resting the childhide when I received the habit following Mezenius connecting Mezosius including was verted embracing a palegrim, circumcised my hairs, Oh laud, and removed my clothes from patristic motives, meas minimas culpads! Permitting this ick (ickle coon icocoon) crouched low entering humble down, dead thre mean scatological past, making so smell partaking myself to confess abiding clean tumbluponing you octopods, mouthspeech alno fingerforce, owning my mansuetude before him attaching

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Itch dean: which Gaspey, Otto and Sauer, he renders: echo stay so! Addressing eat or not eat body Yours am. And, Mind, praisegad, is the first praisonal Egoname Yod heard boissboissy in Moy Bog’s domesday. Hastan the vista! Or in alleman: Suck at!

— Suck it yourself, sugarstick! Misha, Yid think whose was asking to luckat your sore toe or to taste your gaspy, hot and sour! Ichthyan! Hegvat tosser! Gags be plebsed! Between his voyous and her consinnantes! Thugg, Dirke and Hacker with Rose Lankester and Blanche Yorke! Are we speachin d’anglas landadge or are you sprakin sea Djoytsch? Oy soy, Bleseyblasey, where to go is knowing remain? Become quantity that discourse bothersome when what do? Knowing remain? Come back, baddy wrily, to Bullydamestough! Cum him, buddy rowly, with me! What about your thrupenny croucher of an old fellow, me boy, through the ages, tell us, eh? What about Brian’s the Vauntandonlieme, Master Monk, eh, eh, Spira in Me Domino, spear me Doyne! Fat prize the bonafide peachumpidgeonlover, eh, eh, esquire earwugs, escusado, of Jenkins’ Area, with his I’ve Ivy under his tongue and the hohallo to his dullaphone, before there was a sound in the world? How big was his boost friend and be shanghaied to him? The swaaber! The twicer, trifoaled in Wanstable! Loud’s curse to him! If you hored him outerly as we harum lubberingly, from morning rice till nightmale, with his drums and bones and hums in drones your innereer’d heerdly heer he. Ho ha hi he hung! Tsing tsing!

— Me no angly mo, me speakee Yellman’s lingas. Nicey Doc Mistel Lu, please! Me no pigey ludiments all same numpa one Topsie Tellmastoly fella. Me pigey savvy a singasong anothel time. Pleasie, Mista Lukie Walkie! Josadam cowbelly maam belongame shepullamealahmalong, begolla, Jackinaboss belongashe; plentifully boohoomeo.

— Hell’s Confucium and the Elements! Tootoo moooothch! Thot’s never the postal cleric, checking chinchin chat with nipponnippers! Halt there sob story to your lambdad’s tale! Are you roman canvthrick 432?

— Quadrigue my yoke.

Triple my tryst.

Tandem my sire.

— History as her is harped. Too the toone your owldfrow lied of. Tantris, hattrick, tryst and parting, by vowelglide! I feel your thrilljoy mouths overspeaking, O dragoman, hands understudium. Plunger words what paddle verbed. Mere man’s mime: God has jest. The old order changeth and lasts like the first. Every third man has a chink in his conscience and every other woman has a jape in her mind. No v, fix on the little fellow in my eye, Minucius Mandrake, and follow my little psychosinology, poor armer in slingslang. Now I, the lord of Tuttu, am placing that inital T square of burial jade upri to your temple a moment. Do you see anything, templar?

— I see a blackfrinch pliestrycook . . . who is carrying on his brainpan . . . a cathedral of lovejelly for his . . . Tiens, how he is like somebodies!

— Pious, a pious person. What sound of tistress isoles my ear? I horizont the same, this serpe with ramshead, and lay it lightly to your lip a litde. What do you feel, liplove?

— I feel a fine lady . . . floating on a stillstream of isisglass . . . with gold hair to the bed . . . and white arms to the twinklers . . . O la la!

— Purely, in a pure manner. O, sey but swift and still a vain essaying! Trothed today, trenned tomorrow. I invert the initial of your tripartite and sign it sternly, and adze to girdle. on your breast. What do you hear, breastplate?

— I ahear of a hopper behidin the door slappin his feet in a pool of bran.

— Bellax, acting like a bellax. And so the triptych vision passes. Out of a hillside into a hillside. Fairshoe fading. Again am I deliciated by the picaresqueness of your irimages. Now, the oneir urge iterimpellant, I feel called upon to ask did it ever occur to you, qua you, prior to this, by a stretch of your iberborealic imagination, when it’s quicker than this quacking that you
might, bar accidens, be very largely substituted in potential secession from your next life by a complementary character, voices apart? Upjack! I shudder for your thought! Think! Put from your mind that and take on trust this. The next word depends on your answer.

— I’m thinking to, thogged be thenked! I was just trying to think when I thought I felt a flea. I might have. I cannot say for it is of no significance at all. Once or twice when I was in edinburgh with my addlefoes, Jake Jones, the handscabby, when I thinkled I wore trying on my garden substisu, boy’s apert, at my nexword nighboor’s, and maybe more largely nor you quosh yet you, messmate, realise. A few times, so to shape, I chanced to be stretching, in the shadow as I thought, the liferight out of myself in my ericulous imagining. I felt feeling a half Scotch and pottage like roung my middle ageing like Bewley in the baste so that I indicate out to myself and I swear my gots how that I’m not meself at al!, no jolly fear, when I realise bimiselves how becomingly I to be going to become.

— O, is that the way with you, you craythur? In the becoming was the weared, wontnat! Hood maketh not frere. The voice is the voice of jokeup, I fear. Are you imitation Roma now or Amor now. You have all our empathies, eh, Mr Trickpat, if you don’t mind, that is, aside from sings and mush, answering to my straight question?

— God save the monk! I won’t mind this is, answering to your strict crossqueets, whereas it would be as unethical for me now to answer as it would have been nonsensical for you then not to have asked. Same no can, home no will, gangin I am. Gangang is Mine and I will return. Out of my name you call me, Leelander. But in my shelter you’ll miss me. When Lapac walks backwards he’s darkest horse in Capalisoot. You knew me once but you won’t know me twice. I am simpliciter arduus, ars of the schoo, Freiday’s child in loving and thieving.

— My child, know this! Some portion of that answer appears to have been token by you from the writings of Saint Synodius, that first liar. Let us hear, therefore, as you honour and obey the queen, whither the indwellingness of that which shamefieth be entwined of one or atoned of two. Let us hear, Art simplicissime!

— Dearly beloved brethren: Bruno and Nola, leymon bogholders and stationary lifepartners off orangey Saint Nessau Street, were explaining it avicendas all round each other ere yesterweek out of Ibn Sen and Ipanzussch. When himuspon Nola Bruno monopolises his egobruno most unwillingly seses by the mortal powers alionola equal and opposite brunoispo, id est, eternally provoking alio opposite equally as provoked as Bruno at being eternally opposed by Nola. Poor omniboose, singalow singelearum: so is he!

— One might hear in their beyond that lionroar in the air again, the zoohoohoom of Felin make Call. Bruin goes to Noble, aver who is? If is itsen? Or you mean Nolans but Volans, an alibi, do you Mutemalice, suffering unegoistically from the singular but positively enjoying on the plural? Dustify of that sole, you breather! Ruemember, blither, thou must lie!

— Oyessoys! I never dramped of prebeing a postman but I mean in ostralian someplace, mults deeply belubdead; my allaboy brother, Ngoist Cabler, of this city, whom ’tis better ne’er to name, my said brother, the skipgod, expelled for looking at churches from behind, who is sender of the Hullo Eve Cenograph in prose and worse every Allso’s night. High Brazil Brandan’s Deferred, safe in the Huo Eye Cenograph, saffron in Erse clare language, Noughtnoughtnought nein. Assass. Dublire, per Neuropaths. Punk. Starving today plays punk opening tomorrow two plays punk wire splosh how two plays punk Cabler. Have you forgotten poor Alby Sobrinos, Geoff, you blighter, identifiable by the necessary white patch on his rear? How he went to his swiltersland after his lungs, my sad late brother, before his coglional expancian? Won’t you join me in a small halemerry, a bottle of the best, for wellmet Capeler, united Irishmen, what though preferring the stranger, the coughs and the itches and the minnies and the ratties the opaque and bilgenses, for of his was the patriots mistaken. The heart that wast our Graw McGree! Yet be there some who mourn him, concluding him dead, and more there be that wait astand. His fuchs up the staires and the ladgers in his haires, he ought to win that V.V.C. Fullgrape for an enduppe r, half muxy on his whole! Would he were even among the lost! From ours bereft beyond belongs. Oremus poor fraternibus that he may yet escape the gallews and still remain ours faithfully departed. I wronged you. I never want to see more of bad men but I want to learn from any on the airse, like Tass with much thanks, here’s ditto, if he lives someplace in the antipathies of austrasia or anywhere with my fawngest on his hooshmoney, safe and damned, or has hopped it or who can throw any lime on the sopjack, my fond foster, E. Obiit Nolan, The Workings, N.S.W., his condition off the Venerable Jerrybuilt, not belonging to these parts, who, I remember ham to me, when we were like bro and sis over our castor and porridge, with his roamin I suppose, expecting for his clarenx negus, a teetotum abstainer. He feels he ought to be as asamed of me as me to be ashunned of him. We were in
one class of age like to two clots of egg. I am most beholding to him, my namesick, as we sayed it in our Amharican, through the Doubly Telewisher. Outpassed hearts wag short pertimes. Worndown shoes upon his feet, to whose redress no tongue can tell! In his hands a boot! Spare me, do, a copper or two and happy I’ll hope you’ll be! It will pleased me behind with thanks from before and love to self and all I remain here your truly friend. I am no scholar but I loved that man who has africot lupp with the moonshane in his profile, my shemblable! My free! I call you my halfbrother because you in your soberer otiumic moments remind me deeply of my natural saywhen brothel in feed, hop and jollity, S. H. Devitt, that benighted irismaimed, who is tearly belaboured by Sydney and Alibany.

— As you sing it it’s a study. That letter selfpenned to one’s other, that neverperfect everplanned?

— This nonday diary, this allnights newseryreel.

— My dear sir! In this wireless age any owl rooster can peck up bostoons. But whoewaxed he so anquished? Was he vector victore of victim vexed?

— Mighty sure! Way way for his wehicul! A parambolator ram into his bagsmall when he was reading alawd, with two ecolites and he’s been failing of that kink in his arts over sense.

— Madonagh and Chiel, idealist leading a double life! But who, for the brilliance of brothers, is the Nolan as appearant nominally?

— Mr Nolan is pronuminally Mr Gottgab.

— I get it. By hearing his thing about a person one begins to place him for a certain in true. You reeker, he stands pat for you before a direct object in the feminine. I see. By maiden sname. Now, I am earnestly asking you, and putting it as between this yohou and that houmonymh, will just you search through your gabgut memoirs for all of two minutes for this impersonating pronolan, fairhead on foulshoulders. Would it be in twofold truth an untaken mispatriate, too fullfully true and rereally a doblinganger much about your own medium with a sandy whiskers? Poke me nabs in the ribs and pick the erstwort out of his mouth.

— Treble Stauter of Holy Baggot Street, formerly Sword-meat, who I surpassed him lately for four and six bringing home the Christmas, as heavy as music, hand to eyes on the peer for Noel’s Arch, in blessed foster’s place is doing the dirty on me with his tantrums and all these godforgiven kilowatts I’d be better off without. She’s write to him she’s levt by me, Jenny Rediviva! Toot! Detter for you, Mr Nobru. Toot toot! Better for you, Mr Anol! This is the way we. Of a redtetterday morning.

— When your contraman from Tuwarceathay is looking for righting that is not a good sign? Not?

— I speak truly, it’s a shower sign that it’s not.

— What though it be for the sow of his heart? If even she were a good pool Pegeen?

— If she ate your windowsill you wouldn’t say sow.

— Would you be surprised after that my asking have you a bull, a bosbully, with a whistle in his tail to scare other birds?

— I would.

— Were you with Sindy and Sandy attending Goliath, a bull?

— You’d make me sag what you like to. I was intending a funeral. Simply and samply.
— They are too wise of solbing their silbings?

— And both croon to the same theme.

— Tugbag is Baggut’s, when a crispin sokolist besoops juts kamps or clapperclaws an irvingite offthedocks. A luckchange, I see. Thinking young through the muddleage spread, the moral fat his mental leans on. We can cop that with our straat that is called corkscrewed. It would be the finest boulevard billy for a mile in every direction, from Lismore to Cape Brendan, Patrick’s, if they took the bint out of the mittle of it. You told of a tryst too, two a tutu. I wonder now, without releasing seeklets of the alcove, turturs or raabraabs, have I heard mention of whose name anywhere? Mallowlane or Demaasch? Strike us up either end Have You Erred off Van Homper or Ebell Teresa Kane.

— Marak! Marak! Marak!

He drapped has draraks an Mansianhase parak

And he had ta barraw tha watacross shartclaths aff the ark-bashaf af Yarak!

— Braudribnob’s on the bummel?

— And lillypets on the lea.

— A being again in becomings again. From the sallies to the allies through their central power?

— Perce! Perce! Quick! Queck!

— O Tara’s thrush, the sharepusher! And he said he was only taking the average grass temperature for green Thursdyy, the blutchy scaliger! Who you know the musselman, his muscle mum and mistlemam? Maomi, Mamie, My Mo Mum! He loves a drary lane. Feel Phyllicitation to daff Mr Hairwigger who has just hadded twinned little curls! He was resting between horrockses’ sheets, wailing for white warfare, proboob welsh-brent, and unbiassed by the embarrassment of disposal but, the first woking day, by Thunder, he stepped into the breach ant put on his recrition trousers and riding apron in Baltic Bygrad, the old soggy, was when the bold bhooys of Iran wouldn’t join up.

— How voice you that, nice Sandy man? Not large goodman is he, Sandy nice. Ask him this one minute upthrow inner lotus of his burly ear womit he dropped his Bass’s to P flat. And for that he was alllaughed? And then baited? The whole gammat?

— Loonaced! Marterdyed!! Madwakemiherculossed!!! Ju-dascessed!!!! Pairaskivvymenassed!!!!! Luredogged!!!!! And, needatellye, faulscrescendied!!!!!!!

— Dias domnas! Dolled to dolthood? And Annie Delittle, his daintree diva, in deltic dwilights, singing him henpecked rusish through the bars? My Wolossay’s wild as the Crasnian Sea! Grabashag, groogy, scoop and I’ll cure ye! Mother of emerals, ara poog neighbours!

— Capilla, Rubrilla and Melcamomilla! Dauby, dauby, with-out dulay! Well, I beg to traverse same above statement by saxy luters in their back haul of Coalcutter what reflects upon my administrants of slow poisoning as my dodear devere revered mainhirr was confined to guardroom, I hindustand, by my pint of his Filthered pilsens bottle due to Zenaphiah Holwell, H and J. C. S, Which I was bringing up my quee parapotacarry’s orders in my sedown chair with my mudfacepacket from my cash chemist and family druger, Surager Dowling, V.S. to our aural surgeon, Afamado Hairductor Achmed Borumborad, M.A.C.A, Sahib, of a 1001 Ombrilla Street, Syringa padham, Alleypulley, to see what was my watergood, my mesical wasserguss, for repairs done by bollworm in the rere of pilch knickers, seven yerds to his galandhar pole on perch, together with his for me unfillable slopper, property of my deeply forfear revebereared, who is costing us mostfortunes which I am writing in mepition to Kavanagh Djanaral, when he was sitting him humpbacked in dryfilthy-heat to his trinidads pinslers at their orpentings, entailing a laxative tendency to mary, especially with him being forbidden fruit and certified by his sexular clergy to have as badazmy emotional volvular, with a basketful of priesters crossing the singorgeous to aroint him with
tummy moor’s maladies, and thereinafter liable to succumb when served with letters potent below the belch, if my rupee repure ruputed husbandship H.R.R. took a brief one in his shirtsails out of the alleged given mineral, telling me see his in Forainghestion sambat papers Sunday feac-tures of a welcomed aperrytiff with vallad of Erill Pearly O he never battered one eagle’s before paying me his duty on my annavery to the parroteyes list in my nil ensemble, in his lazy-chair but he hidded up my hemifaces in all my mayarannies and he locked plum into my mirrymouth like Ysamasy morning in the end of
time, with the so light’s hope on his ruddycheeks and rawjaws and, my charmer, whom I dipped my hand in, he simply showed me his propendiculous loadpoker, Seaserpents hisses sissastones, which was as then is produced in his mansway with this wisest of the Vikramadityationists, with the remere remind remure remark, in his gulughuruttty: Yran for parasites with rum for the turkeycockeys so Lithia, M.D., as this is for Snooker, bort!

— Which was said by whom to whom?

— It wham. But whim I can’t whumember.

— Fantasy! fantasy on annaes fantasies! And there is nihil nuder under the clothing moon. When Ota, weewahrwifice of Torquells, bumped her dumpsydiddle down in her woolsark she mode our heuteyleutey girlery of peerlesses to set up in all their bombossies of feudal fierety, fanned, flounced and frangi-panned, while the massstab whereby Ephialtes has exceeded is the measure, simplex mendaciis, by which our Outis cuts his thruth. Arkaway now!

— Yerds and nudes say ayes and noes! Vide! Vide!

— Let Eivin bemember for Gates of Gold for their fadeless suns berayed her. Irise, Osirises! Be thy mouth given unto thee! For why do you lack a link of luck to poise a pont of perfect, peace? On the vignetto is a ragingoos. The overseer of the house of the oversire of the seas, Nu–Men, triumphant, sayeth: Fly as the hawk, cry as the corncrake, Ani Latch of the postern is thy name; shout!

— My heart, my mother! My heart, my coming forth of darkness! They know not my heart, O coolun dearast! Mon gloomerie! Mon glamourie! What a surpraise, dear Mr Preacher, I to hear from your strawnu

— Orca Bellona! Heavencry at earthcall, etnat athos? Extinct your vulcanology for the lava of Molten!

— It’s you not me’s in erupting, hecklar!

— Ophiuchus being visible above thorizon, muliercula oc-cluded by Satam’s serpent ring system, the pisciolinnies Nova Ardonis and Prisca Parthenopea, are a bonnies feature in the northern sky. Ers, Mores and Merkery are surgents below the rim of the Zenith Part while Arctura, Anatolia, Hesper and Mesembria weep in their mansions over Noth, Haste, Soot and Waste.

— Apep and Uachet! Holy snakes, chase me charley, Eva’s got barley under her fluencies! The Ural Mount he’s on the move and he’ll quivvy her with his strombolo! Waddlewurst, the bag of tow, as broad above as he is below! Creeping through the lioniass and bullrushs, the obesendean, before the Emfang de Maurya’s class, in Bill Shasser’s Shotshrift writing academy, camouflageed as a blancmange and maple syrop! Obe-sance so their sitpins is the follicity of this Orp! Her sheik to Slave, his dick to Dave and the fat of the land to Guygas. The treadmill pebbledropper haha halfahead overground and she’d only chitschats in her spanking bee bonetry, Allapolloosa! Up the slanger! Three cheers and a heva heva for the name Dan Magraw!

— The giant sun is in his emanence but which is chief of those white dwarfees of which he ever is surabanded? And do you think T might have being his seventh! He will kitssle me on melbaw. What about his age? says you. What about it? says I. I will confess to his sins and blush me further. I would misdemeanor to rebuke to the libels of snots from the fleshambles, the canalles. Synamite is too good for them. Two overthirties in shore shor-ties. She’s askapot at Nile Lodge and she’s
citchincarry at the left Mrs Hamazum’s. Will you warn your old habasund, barking at baggermen, his chokefull chewing his
chain? Responsif you plais. The said Sully, a barracker associated with tinkers, the blackhand, Shovellyvans, wreuter of annoyingmost letters and skirriless ballets in Parsee Franch who is Magrath’s thug and smells cheaply of Power’s spirits, like a deepsea dibbler, and he is not fit enough to throw guts down to a bear. Sylphling me when is a maid nought a maid he would go to anyposs length for her! So long, Sulleyman! If they cut his nose on the stitcher they had their sive n good reasons. Here’s to the leglift of my snuff and trout stockangt henkerchoff, orange fin with a mosaic of dispensations and a frozen black patata, from my church milli-ner. When Lynch Brother, Withworkers, Friends and Company with T. C. King and the Warden of Galway is prepared to stretch him sacred by the powers to the starlight, L.B.W. Hemp, hemp, hurray! says the captain in the moonlight. I could put him under my pallyass and slepp on him all nights as I would roll myself for ho ly poly over his borrowing places. How we will make laugh over him together, me and my Riley in the Vickar’s bed! Quink! says I. He cauls to me Granny-stream-Auborne when I am hiding under my hair from him and I cool him my Finnyking he’s so joyant a bound er. Plunk! said he. Inasmuch as I am delightful to be able to state, with the joy of lifing in my forty winkers, that a handsome sovereign was freely pledged in their pennis in the sluts maschine, alonging wath a cherry-wickerkishabrack of maryfruit under Shadow La Rose, to both the legitimate lady performers of display unquestionable, Elsebett and Marryetta Gunning, H 2 O, by that noblesse of leechers at his Saxontannery with motto in Wwalshe’s ffrenchllatin: O’Neill saw Queen Molly’s pants: and much admi red engraving, meaning complet manly parts during alleged recent act of our chief mergey margey magistrades, five itch es above the kneecap, as required by statues. V.I.C.5.6. If you won’t release me stop to please me up the leg of me. Now you see! Respect. S.V.P. Your wife. Amn. Anm. Amm. Ann.

— You wish to take us, Frui Mria, by degrees, as artis litterarum-que patrona but I am afraid, my poor woman of that same name, what with your silvanes and your salvines, you are misled.

— Alas for livings’ pledjures!

— Lordy Daw and Lady Don! Uncle Foozle and Aunty Jack! Sure, that old humbugger was boycotted and girlcutted in debt and doom, on hill and haven, even by the show-the-flag flotilla, as I’m given now to understand, illscribed in all the gratuitouses and conspued in the takeyourhandaways. Bumbty, tumbty, Sot on a Wall, Mute art for the Million. There wasn’t an Archimandrite of Dane’s Island and the townlands nor a minx from the Isle of Woman nor a one of the four cantins nor any on the whole wheel of his ecumenical conciliabulum nor nogent ingen meid on allad the hold scurface of the jorth would come next or nigh him, Mr Eelwhipper, seed and nursery man, or his allgas bungalowre, Auxilium Meum Solo A Domino (Amsad), for rime or ration, from piles or faces, after that.

— All ears did wig, old Eire wake as Piers Aurell was flapper-gangsted.

— Recount!

— I have it here to my fingall’s ends. This liggy piggy wanted to go to the jampot. And this leggy peggy spelt pea. And theese lucky puckers played at pooping too letom. Ma’s da. Da’s ma. Madas. Sadam.

— Pater patruum cum filiabus familiarum. Or, but, now, and, ariring out of her mirgery margery watersheads and, to change that subjunct from the traumaturgid for once in a while and darting back to stuff, if so be you may identify yourself with the him in you, that fluctuous neck merchamtur, bloodfadder and milk-mudder, since then our too many of her, Abha na Life, and getting on to dadaddy again, as them we’re ne’er free of, was he in tea e’er he went on the bier or didn’t he ontime do something seemly heavy in sugar? He sent out Christy Columb and he came back with a jailbird’s unbespokables in his beak and then he sent out Le Caron Crow and the peacies are still looking for him. The seeker from the swayed, the beesaboutes from the parent swarm. Speak to the right! Rotacist ca canny! He caun ne’er be bothered but maun e’er be waked. If there is a future in every past that is present Quis est qui non novit quinnigan and Qui quae quot at Quinnigan’s Quake! Stump! His producers are they not his consumers? Your exagimation round his factification for incam — ination of a warping process. Declaim!

— Arra irrara hirrara man, weren’t they arriving in clansdes-tinies for the Imbandiment of Ad Regias Agni Dapes, fogabawlers and panhibernskers, after the crack and the lean years, scalpjaggers and houthunters, like the messicals of the great god, a scarlet trainful, the Twoedged Petrard, totalling, leggats and prelaps, in their aggregate ages two and thirty plus undecimmed centries of them with insiders, extraomnes and tuttifrutties allcunct, from Rathgar, Rathanga, Rountown and Rush, from America Avenue and Asia Place and the Affrian Way and Europa Parade and be-sagar the wallies of Noo Soch
Wilds and from Vico, Mespl Rock and Sorrento, for the lure of his weal and the fear of his oppidumic, to his salon de espera in the keel of his kraal, like lodes of ores flocking fast to Mount Maximagnetic, afeer he was a gunner but affaird to stay away, Merrionites, Dumstumdumb-drummers, Luccianics, Ashtouners, Batterysby Parkes and Krumlin Boyards, Phillipsburgs, Cabraists and Inglissories, Ballymunites, Rahenians and the betters of Clontarfs, for to contemplate in manifest and pay their fristrate duties before the both of him, twelve stone a side, with their Thieve le Rou, and their Shvr yr Thrst! and their Uisgye ad Inferos! and their Usque ad Ebrraisos! at and in the licensed boosiness primises of his del-hightful bazar and reunited magazine hall, by the magazine wall, Hosty’s and Co, Exports, for his five hundredth and sixtysixth birthday, the grand old Magennis Mor, Persee and Rahli, taker of the tributes, their Rinseyk Poppakork and Piotwor the Grape, holding Dunker’s durbare, boot kings and indiarubber uimpwae and shawwes from paisly and mutfis and sultana reiseines and jordan amonders and a row of jam sahibs and a odd principeza in her pettedcoat and the queen of knight’s clubs and the claddagh ringleaders and the two salaames and the Halfa Ham and the Hanzas Khan with two fat Maharashers and the German selver gyser and he polished up, protemptible, tintanam-bulating to himself sof silfrich, and there was J. B. Dunlop, the best tyrent of ourish times, and a swanks of French wine sturts and Tudor keepsakes and the Cesarevitch for the current coun-ter Leodegarius Sant Legerleger riding lapsaddlelonglegs up the oakses staircase on muleback like Amaxodias Isteroprotos, hind-quaters to the fore and kick to the lift, and he handygrabbed on to his trutlue natural anthem: Horsibus, keep your tailypul, and as much as the halle of the vacant frhroneroom, Oldloafs Buttery, could safely accomodate of the houses of Orange and Betters M.P, permeated by Druids D.P, Brehons B.P, and Flawhoolags F.P, and Agiapomenites A.P, and Antepum-melites P.P, and Ulster Kong and Munster’s Herald with Athclee Ensining and Athlone Poursuivant and his Imperial Catchering, his fain awan, and his gemmynosued sanctsons in epheud and ordilawn and his diamondskulled granddaucher, Adamantyia Liubokovskva, all murdering Irish, amok and amak, out of their boom companions in paunchjub and dogril and pammel and gougerotty, after plenty of his fresh stout and his good balls of malt, not to forget his oels a’mo

coun-
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— Oliver! He may be an earthpresence. Was that a groan or did I hear the Dingle bagpipes Wasting war and? Watch!


— Rawth of Gar and Donnerbruck Fire? Is the strays world moving mound or what static babel is this, tell us?

— Whoishe whoishe whoishe whoishe linking in? Whoishe whoishe whoishe whoishe?

— The snare drum! Lay yer lug till the groun. The dead giant manalive! They’re playing thimbles and bodkins. Clan of the Gael! Hop! Whu’s within?

— Do vegall and finshark, they are ring to the rescune!

— Zinzin. Zinzin.

— Crum abu! Cromwell to victory!

— We’ll gore them and gash them and gun them and gloat on them.

— Zinzin.

— O, widows and orphans, it’s the yeomen! Redshanks for ever! Up Lancs!

— The cry of the roedeer it is! The white hind. Their slots, linklink, the hound hunthorning! Send us and peace! Title ! Title!

— Christ in our irish times! Christ on the airs independence! Christ hold the freedman’s chareman! Christ light the dully expressed!

— Slog slagt and sluaghter! Rape the daughter! Choke the pope!

— Aure! Cloudy father! Unsure! Nongood!

— Zinzin. — Sold! I am sold! Brinabride! My ersther! My sidster! Brinabride, goodbye! Brinabride! I sold!

— Pipette dear! Us! Us! Me! Me!

— Fort! Fort! Bayroyt! March!

— Me! I’m true. True! Isolde. Pipette. My precious!

— Zinzin.

— Brinabride, bet my price! Brinabride!

— My price, my precious?

— Zin.

— Brinabride, my price! When you sell get my price!
— Zin.

— Pipette! Pipette, my priceless one!

— O! Mother of my tears! Believe for me! Fold thy son!

— Zinzin. Zinzin.

— Now we’re gettin it. Tune in and pick up the forain counties! Hello!

— Zinzin.

— Hello! Tittit! Tell your title?

— Abride!

— Hellohello! Ballymacarett! Am I thru’ Iss? Miss? True?

— Tit! What is the ti . . ?

SILENCE.

Act drop. Stand by! Blinders! Curtain up. Juice, please! Foots!

— Hello! Are you Cigar shank and Wheat?


— Parfey. Now, after that justajiff siesta, just permit me a moment. Challenger’s Deep is childplay to this but, by our soundings in the swish channels, land is due. A truce to demobbed swarwords. Clear the line, priority call! Sybil! Better that or this? Sybil Head this end! Better that way? Follow the baby spot. Yes. Very good now. We are again in the magnetic field. Do you remember on a particular lukewater summer night, following a crying fair day? Moisten your lips for a lightning strike and begin again. Mind the flickers and dimmers! Better?

— Well. The isles is Thymes. The ales is Penzance. Vehement Genral. Delhi expelled.

— Still calling of somewhave from its specific? Not more? Lesscontinuous. There were fires on every bald hill in holy Ireland that night. Better so?

— You may say they were, son of a cove!

— Were they bonfires? That clear?

— No other name would at all befit them unless that. Bona-fieries! With their blue beards streaming to the heavens.

— Was it a high white night now?

— Whitest night mortal ever saw.

— Was our lord of the heights nigh our lady of the valley?
— He was hosting himself up and flossing himself around and ghosting himself to merry her murmur like an andeanupper balkan.

— Lewd’s carol! Was there rain by any chance, mistandew?

— Plenty. If you wend farranoch.

— There fell some fall of littlewinter snow, holy-as-ivory, I gather, jesse?

— By snaachtha clocka. The nicest at all. In hilly-and-even zimalayars.

— Did it not blow some gales, westnass or ostscent, rather strongly to less, allin humours out of turn, jussie as they rose and sprungen?

— Out of all jokes it did. Pipep! Icecold. Brr na brr, ny prr! Lieto galumphantes! — Still ellng! Nmr! Peace, Pacific! Do you happen to recollect whether Muna, that highlucky-nackt, was shining at all?

— Sure she was, my midday darling! And not one but a pair of pritty geallachers.

— Quando? Quonda? Go datey!

— Latearly! Latearly! Latearly! Latearly!

— That was latterlig certainly. And was there frostwork about and thick weather and hice, soon calid, soon frozen, cold on warm but moistly dry, and a boatshaped blanket of bruma air-sighs and hellstohns and flammballs and vodashouts and every thing to please everybody?

— Hail many fell of greats! Horey morey smother of fog! There was, so plays your ahrtides. Absolutely boiled. Obsoletely cowled. Julie and Lulie at their parkiest.

— The amenities, the amenities of the amenities with all their amenities. And the firmness of the formous of the famous of the fumous of the first fog in Maidanvale?

— Catchecatche and couchamed!

— From Miss Somer’s nice dream back to Winthrop’s delugium stramens. One expects that kind of rimey feeling in the sire season?

— One certainly does. Desire, for hire, would tire a shire, phone, phunkel, or wire. And mares.

— Of whitecaps any?

— Foamflakes flockfuyant from Foxrock to Finglas.

— A lambskip for the marines! Paronama! The entire hori- zon cloth! All effects in their joints caused ways. Raindrum, windmachine, snowbox. But thundersheet?

— No here. Under the blankets.

— This common or garden is now in stilller realithy the starey sphere of an oleotiorium for broken pottery and ancient vegetables?
— Simply awful the dirt. An evernasty ashtray.

— I see. Now do you know the wellknown kikkinmidden where the illassorted first couple first met with each other? The place where Ealdermann Fanagan? The time when Junkermenn Funagin?

— Deed then I do, W.K.

— In Fingal too they met at Littlepeace aneath the bidetree, Yellowhouse of Snugsborough, Westreeve–Astagob and Sluts-end with Stockins of Winning’s Folly Merryfalls, all of a two, skidoo and skephumble?

— Godamedy, you’re a delville of a tolkar!

— Is it a place fairly expoused to the four last winds?

— Well, I faithly sincerely believe so indeed if all what I hope to charity is half true.

— This stow on the wolds, is it Woful Dane Bottom?

— It is woful in need whatever about anything or allselse under the grianblachk sun of gan greyne Eireann.

— A tricolour ribbon that spells a caution. The old flag, the cold flag.

— The flagstone. By tombs, deep and heavy. To the unaveiling memory of. Peacer the grave.

— And what sigeth Woodin Warneung thereof?

— Trickspissers vill be pairsecluded.

— There used to be a tree stuck up? An overlisting eshtree?

— There used, sure enough. Beside the Annar. At the ford of Slivenamond. Oakley Ashe’s elm. With a snoodrift from one beerchen bough. And the grawndest crowndest consecrated may-pole in all the reignladen history of Wilds. Browne’s Thesaurus Plantarum from Nolan’s, The Prittlewell Press, has nothing alike it. For we are fed of its forest, clad in its wood, burqued by its bark and our lecture is its leave. The cran, the cran, the king of all crans . Squiremade and damesman of plantagenets, high and holy.

— Now, no hiding your wren under a bushle! What was it doing there, for instance?

— Standing foreninst us.

— In Summerian sunshine?

— And in Cimmerian shudders.

— You saw it visibly from your hidingplace?

— No. From my invisibly lyingplace.

— And you then took down in stereo what took place being tunc committed?

— I then tuk my takenplace lying down, I thunk I told you. Solve it!
— Remounting alittle towards the ouragan of spaces. Just how grand in cardinal rounders is this preeminent giant, sir Arber? Your bard’s highview, avis on valley! I would like to hear you burble to us in strict conclave, purpurando, and without too much italiote interferairance, what you know? in petto about our sovereign beingstalk, Tonans Tomazeus. O dite!

— Corcor Andy, Udi, Udite! Your Ominence, Your Immi-nence and delicted fraternitrees! There’s tudore queensmaids and Idahore shopgirls and they woody babies growing upon her and bird flamingans sweenyswinging fuglewards on the tipmast and Orania epples playing hopptociel bommpateerre and Ty-burn fenians snoring in his quickenbole and crossbones strewing its holy floor and culprines of Erasmus Smith’s burstall boys with their underhand leadpencils climbing to her crotch for the origin of spices and charlotte darlings with silk blue askmes chattering in dissent to them, gibbonses and gobbenses, guelfing and ghiberring proferring praydews to their anatolies and blighting findblasts on their catastripes and the killmainthem pen — sioners chucking overthrown milestones up to her to fall her cranberries and her pommes annettes for their unnatural refection and handpainted hodydens plucking husbands of him and cock robins muchmore hatching most out of his missado eggdrazzles for him, the sun and moon pegging honeysuckle and white heather down and timtits tapping resin there and tomahawks watching tar elsewhere, creatures of the wold approaching him, hollow mid ivy, for to claw and rub, hermits of the desert barking their infernal shins over her triliteral roots and his acorns and pinecorns shooting wide all sides out of him, plantitude outsends of plenty to thousands, after the truants of the utmost-fear and her downslyder in that exquisitive creation and her leaves, my darling dearest, sissin-sinning since the night of time and each and all of their branches meeting and shaking twisty hands all over again in their new world through the germination of its gemination from Ond’s outset till Odd’s end. And encircle him circuly. Evovae!

— Is it so exalted, eximious, extraoldandairy and excels-siorising?

— Amengst menlike trees walking or trees like angels weeping nobirdy aviar soar anywing to eagle it! But rocked of agues, Clifford aye!

— Telleth that eke the teethe?

— Mushe, mushe of a mixness.

— A shrub of libertine, indeed! But that steyne of law in deed what stiles its neming?

— Tod, tod, too hard parted!

— I’ve got that now, Dr Melamanessy. Finight mens mid-infinite true. The form masculine. The gender feminine. I see. Now, are you derevatov of it yourself in any way? The true tree I mean? Let’s hear what science has to say, pundit-the-next-best-king. Splanck!

— Upfellbowm.

— It reminds of the weeping of the daughters?

— And remounts to the sense arrest.

— The wittold, the frausch and the dibble! How this loose-affair brimsts of fussforus! And was this treemanangel on his soredbohmend because Knockout, the knickknaver, knocked him in the knechtschaft?

— Well, he was ever himself for the presention of crudities to animals for he had put his own nickname on every toad, duck and herring before the climber clomb aloft, doing the midhill of the park, flattering his bitter hoolft with her conconundrums. He would let us have the three barrels. Such was a bitte too thikke for the Muster of the hoose so as he called down on the Grand Precurser who coiled him a crawler of the dupest dye and thundered at him to flatch down off that erection and be aslimed of himself for the bellance of hissch leif.
— Oh Finlay’s coldpalled!

— Ahday’s begatem!

— Were you there, eh Hehr? Were you there when they lagged um through the coombe?

— Wo wo! Who who! Psalmtimes it grauws on me to ramble, ramble, ramble.

— Woe! Woe! So that was kow he became the foerst of our treefellers?

— Yesche and, in the absence of any soberiquiet, the fanest of our truefalluses. Bapsbaps Bomslinger!

— How near do you feel to this capocapo promontory, sir?

— There do be days of dry coldness between us when he does be like a lidging house far far astray and there do be nights of wet windwhistling when he does be making me onions woup all kinds of ways.

— Now you are mehrer the murk, Lansdowne Road. She’s threwed her pippin’s thereabouts and they’ve cropped up tooth oneydge with hates to leaven this socried isle. Now, thornyborn, follow the spotlight, please!Concerning a boy. Are you acquainted with a pagany, vicariously known as Toucher ‘Thom’ who is. I suggest Finoglam as his habitat. Consider yourself on the stand now and watch your words, take my advice. Let your motto be: Inter nubila numbum.

— Never you mind about my mother or her hopitout. I consider if I did, I would feel frightfully ashamed of admired vice.

— He is a man of around fifty, struck on Anna Lynsha’s Pekoe with milk and whisky, who does messuages and has more dirt on him than an old dog has fleas, kicking stones and knocking snow off walls. Have you ever heard of this old boy “Thom” or “Thim” of the fishy stare who belongs to Kimmage, a crofting dis-trict, and is not all there, and is all the more himself since he is not so, being most of his time down at the Green Man where he steals, pawns, belches and is a curse, drinking gaily two hours after closing time, with the coat on him skinside out against rappari-tions, with his socks outsewed his springsides, clapping his hands in a feeble sort of way and systematically mixing with the public going for groceries, slapping greats and littlegets soundly with his cattegut belts, flapping baresides and waltzywembling about in his accountrements always in font of the tubbernuckles, like a longarmed lugh, when he would be finished with his tea?

— Is it that fellow? As mad as the brambles he is. Touch him. With the lawyers sticking to his trewsershins and the swatmen-notting on the basque of his beret. He has kissed me more than once, I am sorry to say and if I did commit gladrolleries may the loone forgive it! O wait till I tell you!

— We are not going yet.

— And look here! Here’s, my dear, what he done, as snooks as I am saying so!

— Get out, you dirt! A strangely striking part of speech for the hottest worked word of ur sprogue. You’re not! Unhindered and odd times? Mere thumbshow? Lately?

— How do I know? Such my billet. Buy a barrack pass. Ask the horneys. Tell the robbers.

— You are alluding to the picking pockets in Lower O’Connell Street?

— I am illuding to the Pekin packet but I am eluding from Laura Connor’s treat.

— Now, just wash and brush up your memoirias a little bit. So I find, referring to the pater of the present man, an erely de-mented brick thrower, I am wondering to myself in my mind, qua our arc of the covenant, was Toucher, a methodist, whose
name, as others say, is not really ‘Thom’, was this salt son of a century from Boaterstown, Shivering William, the sealiest old for-ker ever hawked crannock, who is always with him at the Big Elm and the Arch after his teeth were shaken out of their suckets by the wrang dog, for having 5 pints 73 of none Eryen blood in him abaft the seam level, the scatterling, wearing his cowbeamer and false clothes of a brewer’s grains pattern with back buckons with his motto on, Yule Remember, ostensibly for that occasion only of the twelfth day Pax and Quantum wedding, I’m wondering.

— I bet you are. Well, he was wandering, you bet, whatever was his matter, in his mind too, give him his due, for I am sorry to have to tell you, hullo and evoe, they were coming down from off him.

— How culious an epiphany!

— Hodie casus esobhrakonton?

— It looked very like it.

— Needer knows necess and neither garments. Man is minded of the Meagher, wat? Wooly? Walty?

— Ay, another good button gone wrong.

— Blondman’s blaff! Like a skib leaked lintel the arbour leidend with . . .?

— Pamela, peggylees, pollywollies, questuants, quai aquilties, quickameries.

— Concaving now convexly to the semidemihemispheres and, from the female angle, music minnestirring, were the subligate sisters, P. and Q., Clopatrick’s cherierapest, mutatis mutandis, in pretty much the same pickle, the peach of all piedom, the quest of all quicks?

— Peequeen ourselves, the prettiest pickles of unmatchemable mute antes I ever bopeeped at, seesaw shallshee. since the town go went gonning on Pranksome Quaine.

— Silks apeel and sulks alusty?

— Boy and giddle, gape and bore.

— I hear these two goddesses are liable to sue him?

— Well, I hope the two Collinses don’t leg a bail to shoot him.

— Both were white in black arpists at cloever spilling, knickt?

— Gels bach, I, languised, liszted. Etoudies for the right hand.

— Were they now? And were they watching you as watcher as well?

— Where do you get that wash? This representation does not accord with my experience. They were watching the watched watching. Vechers all.

— Good. Hold that watching brief and keep this witching longuer. Now, retouching friend Tomsky, the enemy, did you gather much from what he let drop? We are sitting here for that.

— I was rooshian mad, no lie. About his shapeless hat.
— I suspect you must have been.

— You are making your thunderous mistake. But I was dung sorry for him too.

— O Schaum! Not really? Were you sorry you were mad with him then?

— When I tell you I was rooshiamarodnimad with myself altogether, so I was, for being sorry for him.

— So?

— Absolutely.

— Would you blame him at all stages?

— I believe in many an old stagier. But what seemed sooth to a Greek summed nooth to a giantle. Who kills the cat in Cairo coaxes cocks in Gaul.

— I put it to you that this was solely in his sunflower state and that his haliodraping het was why maids all sighed for him, ventured and vied for him. Hm?

— After Putawayo, Kansas, Liburnum and New Aimstir-dames, it wouldn’t surprise me in the very least.

— That tare and this mole, your tear and our smile. ’Tis life that lies if woman’s eyes have been our old undoing. Lid after lid. Reform in mine size his deformation. Tiffpuff up my nostril, would you puff the earthworm outer my ear.

— He could claud boose his eyes to the birth of his garce, he could lump all his lot through the half of her play, but he jest couldn’t laugh through the whole of her farce becorpse he warn’t billed that way. So he outandouts his volimetangere and has a lightning consultation and he downadowns his pantoloogions and made a piece of first perpersonal puetry that staystale remains to be. Cleaned.

— Booms of bombs and heavy rethudders?

— This aim to you!

— The tail, so mastrodantic, as you tell it nearly takes your own mummouth’s breath away. Your troppers are so unrelieved because his troopers were in difficulties. Still let stultitiam done in veino condone ineptias made of veritues. How many were married on that top of all strapping mornings, after the midnight turkay drive, my good watcher?

— Puppaps. That’d be telling. With a hoh frohim and heh fraher. But, as regards to Tammy Thornycraft, Idefyne the lawn mare and the laney mowress and all the prentisses of wildes to massage him.

— Now from Gunner Shotland to Guinness Scenography. Come to the ballay at the Tailors’ Hall. We mean to be mellay on the Mailers’ Mall. And leap, rink and make follay till the Gaelers’ Gall. Awake! Come, a wake! Every old skin in the leather world, infect the whole stock company of the old house of the Leaking Barrel, was thomistically drunk, two by two, lairking o’ tootlers with tombours a’beggars, the blog and turfs and the brandywine bankrompers, trou Normend fashion, I have been told down to the bank lean clorks? Some nasty blunt clubs were being operated after the tradition of a wellesleyan bottle riot act and a few plates were being shied about and tumblers bearing traces of fresh porter rolling around, independent of that, for the ehren of Fyn’s Insul, and then followed that wapping breakfast at the Heaven and Covenant, with Rodey O’echolowing how his breadcost on the voters would be a comeback for e’er a one, like the depre-dations of Scandalknivery, in and on usedtowobble sloops off cloasts, eh? Would that be a talltale too? This was the grandsire Orther. This was his innwhite horse. Sip?
— Well, naturally he was, louties also gendermen. Being Kerssfesstiydt. They came from all lands beyond the wave for songs of Inishfeel. Whiskway and mortem! No puseyporcius either, invitem kappines all round. But the right reverend priest, Mr Hopsinbond, and the reverent bride elef, Frizzy Fraufrau, were sober enough. I think they were sober.

— I think you’re widdershins there about the right reverence. Magraw for the Northwhiggern cutteam was wedding beastman, papers before us carry. You saw him hurriedly, or did you if thatseme’s not irrelevant? With Slater’s hammer perhaps? Or he was in serge?

— I horridly did. On the stroke of the dozen. I’m sure I’m wrong but I heard the irreverend Mr Magraw, in search of a stammer, kuckkuck kicking the bedding out of the old sexton, red-Fox Good-man around the sacristy, till they were bullbeadle black and bufeteer blue, while I and Flood and the other men, jazzlike brollies and sesuos, was gickling his missus to gackles in the hall, the divileen, (she’s a lamp in her throth) with her cygncygn leckle and her twelve pound lach.

— A loyal wifish woman cacchinic wheepingcaugh! While she laylylaw was all their rage. But you did establish personal contact? In epexegesis or on a point of order?

— That perkumiary pond is beyawnd my pinnigay pre-tonsions. I am resting on a pigs of cheesus but I’ve a big suggestion it was about the pint of porter.

— You are a suckersome! But this all, as airs said to oska, as only that childbearer might blogas well sidesplit? Where letties hereditate a dark mien swart hairy?

— Only. 'Twas womans’ too woman with mans’ throw man.

— Bully burley yet hardly hurley. The saloon bulkhead, did you say, or the tweendecks?

— Between drinks, I deeply painfully repeat it.

— Was she wearing shubladey’s tiroirs in humour of her hubbishobbis, Massa’s star stellar?

— Mrs Tan–Taylour? Just a floating panel, secretairslid-ingdraws, a budge of klees on her schalter, a siderbrass sehdass on her anulas findring and forty crocelips in her curlingthongues.

— So this was the dope that woolied the cad that kinked the ruck that noised the rape that tried the sap that hugged the mort?

— That legged in the hoax that joke bilked.

— The jest of junk the jungular?

— Jacked up in a jock the wrapper.

— Lollgoll! You don’t soye so! All upsydown her whole creation? So there was nothing serical between you? And Dry-salter, father of Izod, how was he now?

— To the pink, man, like an allmanox in his shirt and stickup, brustall to the bear, the Megalomagellan of our winevatswater-way, squeezing the life out of the liffey.

— Crestofer Carambas! Such is zodisfaction. You punk me! He came, he kished, he conquered. Vulturuvarnar! The must of his glancefull coaxing the beam in her eye? That musked bell of this masked ball! Annabella, Lovabella, Pullabella, yep?

— Yup! Titentung Tollertone in S. Sabina’s. Aye aye, she was lithe and pleasurable. Wilt thou the lee? Wilt thou the hee? Wilt thou the hussif?
— The quicker the deef the safter the sapstaff, but the main the mightier the stricker the strait. To the vast go the game! It is the circumconversioning of antelithual paganelles by a hugger-knut cramwell energerman, or the caecodedition of an absque litteris puttagonnianno to the herreraism of a cabotinesque ex — ploser?

— I believe you. Taiptope really, O really!

— Nautae, nautae, we’re nowhere without ye! In steam of kavos now arbatos above our hearths doth hum. And Malkos crackles logs of fun while Anglys cheers our ingles. So lent she him ear to burrow his manhood (or so it appierce) and borrow his namas? Sulful eyes and sallowfoul hairweed and the sickly sigh from her gingering mouth like a Dublin bar in the moarning.

— Primus auriforasti me.

— The park is gracer than the hole, says she, but shekleton’s my fortune?

— Eversought of being attainted? You’ve soft a say with ye, Flatter O’Ford, that, honey, I hurdley chew you.

— Is that answers?

— It am queery!

— The house was Toot and Come–Inn by the bridge called Tiltass, but are you solarly salemly sure, beyond the shatter of the canicular year? Nascitur ordo seculi numfit.

— Siriamus and selenely sure behind the shutter. Securius indicat umbris tellurem.

— Date as? Your time of immersion? We are still in drought of . . .?

— Amnis Dominae, Marcus of Corrig. A laughin hunter and Purty Sue.

— And crazyheaded Jorn, the bulweh born?

— Fluteful as his orkan. Ex ugola lenonem.

— And Jambs, of Delphin’s Bourne or (as olders lay) of Tophat?

— Dawncing the kniejinksky choreopiscopally like an easter sun round the colander, the vice! Taranta boontoday! You should pree him prance the polcat, you whould sniff him wops around, you should hear his piedigrots schraying as his skimpies skirp a . . .

— Crashedafar Corumbas! A Czardanser indeed! Dervilish glad too. Ortovito semi ricordo. The pantaglionic affection through his blood like a bad influenza in a leap at bounding point?

— Out of Prisky Poppagenua, the palsied old priamite, home from Edwin Hamilton’s Christmas pantaloonade, Oropos Roxy and Pantharhea at the Gaiety, trippudiating round the aria, with his fiftytwo heirs of age! They may reel at his likes but it’s Noeh Bonum’s shin do.

— And whit what was Lillabil Issabil maideve, maid at?

— Trists and thranes and trinies and traines.
— A take back to the virgin page, darn it!

— Ay, graunt ye.

— The quobu quartet were there too, if I mistake not, as a sideline but, pace the contempt of senate, well to the fore, in an amenessy meeting, metandmorefussed to decide wheretogivemwhen to meet themselves flopsome and jerksome, lubber and deliric, drinking unsteadily through the Kerry quadrilles and Listowel lancers and mastersinging always with that consecutive fifth of theirs, eh? Like four wise elephants inandouting under a twelve-podestalled table?

— They were simple scandalmongers, that familiar, and all! Normand, Desmond, Osmund and Kenneth. Making mejical history all over the show!

— In sum, some hum? And other marrage feats?

— All our stakes they were astumbling round the ranky roars assembling when Big Arthur flugged the field at Annie’s courting.

— Suddenly some wellfired clay was cast out through the schappsteckers of hoy’s house?

— Schottenly there was a hellfire club kicked out through the wasistas of Therewhere.

— Like Heavystost’s envil catacalamitumbling. Three days three times into the Vulcuum?

— Punch!

— Or Noe et Ecclesiastes, nonne?

— Ninny, there is no hay in Eccles’s hostel.

— Yet an I saw a sign of him, if you could scrape out his acquaintance? Name or redress him and we’ll call it a night! — i..’. o..l .

— You are sure it was not a shuler’s shakeup or a plighter’s palming or a winker’s wake etcetera etceterorum you were at?

— Precisely.

— Mayhap. Hora pro Nubis, Thundersday, at A Little Bit Of Heaven Howth, the wife of Deimetuos (D’amn), Earl Adam Fitz-adam, of a Tartar (Birtha) or Sackville–Lawry and Morland — West, at the Auspice for the Living, Bonnybrook, by the river and A. Briggs Carlisle, guardian of the birdsmaids and deputi-ser for groom. Pontifical mess. Or (soddenly) Schott, furtivfired by the riots. No flies. Agreest?

— Mayhem. Also loans through the post. With or without security. Everywhere. Any amount. Mofsovitz, swampstakers, purely providential.

— Flood’s. The pinkman, the squeeze, the pint with the kick. Gaa. And then the punch to Gaelicise it. Fox. The lady with the lamp. The boy in the barleybag. The old man on his ars. Great Scrapp! ’Tis we and you and ye and me and hymns and hurts and heels and shields. The eirest race, the ourest nation, the airest place that erestationed. He was culping for penance while you were ringi

— No more than Richman’s periwhelker.

— Nnn ttt wrd?
— Dmn ttt thg.

— A gael galled by scheme of scorn? Nock?

— Sangnifying nothing. Mock!

— Fortitudo eius rhodammum tenuit?

— Five maim! Or something very similar.

— I should like to euphonise that. It sounds an isochronism. Secret speech Hazelton and obviously disemvowelled. But it is good laylaw too. We may take those wellmeant kicks for free granted, though ultra vires, void and, in fact, unnecessarily so. Happily you were not quite so successful in the process verbal whereby you would sublimate your blepharospasmockical sup-pressions, it seems?

— What was that? First I heard about it.

— Were you or were you not? Ask yourself the answer, I’m not giving you a short question. Now, not to mix up, cast your eyes around Capel Court. I want you, witness of this epic struggle, as yours so mine, to reconstruct for us, as briefly as you can, inexactely the same as a mind’s eye view, how these funeral games, which have been poring over us through homer’s kerryer pid-geons, massacreedoed as the holiname rally round took place.

— Which? Sure I told you that afoul. I was drunk all lost life.

— Well, tell it to me befair, the whole plan of campaign, in that bamboozelem mincedhilr voice of yours. Let’s have it, christie! The Dublin own, the thrice familiar.

— Ah, sure, I eyewitless foggus. ’Tis all around me bebutters-bid hat.

— Ah, go on now, Masta Bones, a gig for a gag, with your impendements and your perroqtriques! Blank memory of hatless darky in blued suit. You were ever the gentle poet, dove from Haywarden. Pitcher cup, patcher cap, pratey man? Be nice about it, Bones Minor! Look chairful! Come, delicacy! GO to the end, thou slackerd! Once upon a grass and a hopping high grass it was.

— Faith, then, Meesta Cheeryman, first he come up, a gag as a gig, badgeler’s rake to the town’s major from the wesz, MacSmashall Swingy of the Cattelaxes, got up regardless, with a cock on the Killdeare side of his Tattersull, in his riddlesneek’s ragamufflers and the horrid contrivance as seen above, whisklyng into a bone tolerably delicately, the Wearing of the Blue, and taking off his plushkwadded bugsby in his perusal flea and loisy man-ner, saying good mrowkas to weevilybolly and dragging his feet in the usual course and was ever so terribly naas, really, telling him clean his nagles and fex himself up, Miles, and so on and so fort, and to take the coocoomb to his grizzlies and who done that foxy freak on his bear’s hairs like fire bursting out of the Ump pyre and, half hang me, sirr, if he wasn’t wanting his calcub body back before he’d to take his life or so save his life. Then, begor, counting as many as eleven to thritytwo seconds with his pocket browning, like I said, wann swanns wann, this is my awethorrorty, he kept forecursing hascupth’s foul Fanden, Cogan, for coacoackey the key of John Dunn’s field fore it was for sent and the way Montague was robbed and wolfing to know all what went off and who burned the hay, perchance wilt thoul say, before he’d kill all the kanes and the price of Patsch Purcell’s fakotetom, which the man, his plantagonist, up from the bog of the depths who was raging with the thirst of the sacred sponge and who, as a master of pasht, so far as him was concerned, was only standing there nonplush to the corner of Turbot Street, perplexing about a paumpshop and pupparing to spit, wanting to know whelp the henconvention’s compuss memphis he wanted with him new nothing about.

— A sarsencruzer, like the Nap O’ Farrell Patter Tandy moor and burgess medley? In other words, was that how in the annusual curse of things, as complement to compliment though, after a manner of men which I must and will say seems extraordinary, their celicolar subtler angelic warfare or photoplay finister started?
— Truly. That I may never!

— Did one scum then in the auradrama, the deff, after some clever play in the mud, mention to the other undesirable, a dumm, during diverse intentional instants, that upon the resume after the angerus, how for his deal he was a pigheaded Swede and to wend himself to a medicis?

— To be sore he did, the huggornut! Only it was turnip-huddled dunce, I beg your pardon, and he would jokes bowlder — blow the betholder with his black masket off the bawling green.

— Sublime was the warning!

— The author, in fact, was mardred.

— Did he, the first spikesman, do anything to him, the last spokesman, when, after heaving some more smutt and chaff between them, they rolled togutter into the ditch together? Black Pig’s Dyke?

— No, he had his teeth in the hack of his head.

— Did Box then try to shine his puss?

— No but Cox did to shin the punman.

— The worsted crying that if never he looked on Leaverhol-ma’s again and the bester huing that he might ever save sunlife?

— Trulytruly Asbestos he ever. And sowasso I never.

— That forte carlysle touch breaking the campdens pianoback.

— Pansh!

— Are you of my meaning that would be going on to about half noon, click o’clock, pip emma, Grinwicker time, by your querqcut quadrant?

— You will be asking me and I wish to higgins you wouldn’t. Would it?

— Let it be twelve thirty after a somersautch of the tardest!

— And it was eleven thirstytoo befour in soandsuch, reloy on it!

— Tick up on time. Howday you doom? That rising day sinks rosing in a night of nine week’s wonder.

— Amties, marcy buckup! The uneaven day of the unleventh month of the unevented year. At mart in mass.

— A triduum before Our Larry’s own day. By which of your chronos, my man of four watches, larboard, starboard, dog or dath?

— Dunsink, rugby, ballast and ball. You can imagine.

— Language this allsfare for the loathe of Marses ambiviolent about it. Will you swear all the same you saw their shadows a hundred foot later, struggling diabolically over this, that and the other, their virtues pro and his principality con, near the Ruins, Drogheda Street, and kicking up the devil’s own dust for the Milesian wind?
— I will. I did. They were. I swear. Like the heavenly militia. So wreek me Ghyllygully! With my tongue through my toecap on the headlong stone of kismet if so ’tis the will of Whose B. Dunn.

— Weepin Lorcanes! They must have put in some wonderful work, ecad, on the quiet like, during this arms’ parley, meatierities forces vegetateareans. Dost thou not think so?

— Ay.

— The illegallooking range or fender, alias turfing iron, a product of Hostages and Co, Engineers, changed feet several times as briars revalvered during the weaponswap? Piff?

— Puff! Excuse yourself. It was an ersatz lothingecan.

— They did not know the war was over and were only bere-belling or bereppelling one another by chance or necessity with sham bottles, mere and woiney, as betwinst Picturshirts and Scutticules, like their caractacurs in an Irish Ruman to sorowbrate the expeltsion of the Danos? What sayest thou, scusascmerul?

— That’s all. For he was heavily upright man, Limba romena in Bucclis tucsada. Farcing gutterish.

— I mean the Morgans and the Dorans, in finnish?

— I know you don’t, in Feeney’s.

— The mujic of the footure on the barbarihams of the bashed? Co Canniley?

— Da Donnuley.

— Yet this war has meed peace? In voina viritas. Ab chaos lex, neat wehr?

— O bella! O pia! O pura! Amem. Handwalled amokst us. Thanksbeer to Balbus!

— All the same you sound it twould clang houlish like Hull hopen for christmians?

— But twill cling hellish like engels opened to europians, if you’ve sensed, whole the sum. So be vigil!

— And this pattern pootsch punnermine of concoon and propry went on, hog and minne, a whole whake, your night after larry’s night, spittinspite on Dora O’Huggins, ormonde caught butler, the artillery of the O’Hefferns answering the cavalry of the MacClouds, fortey and more fortey, a thousand and one times, according to your cock and a biddy story? Lludillongi, for years and years perhaps?

— That’s ri. This is his largos life, this is me timtontum and this is her two peekweeny ones. From the last finger on the second foot of the fourth man to the first one on the last one of the first. That’s right.

— Finny. Vary vary finny!

— It may look funny but fere it is.

— This is not guid enough, Mr Brasslattin. Finging and tonging and winging and ponging! And all your rally and ramp and rant! Didget think I was asleep at the wheel? D’yu mean to tall grand jurors of thathens of tharctic on your oath, me lad, and ask us to believe you, for all you’re enduring long terms, with yur last foot foremouthst, that yur moon was shining on the tors and on the cresties and winblowing night after night, for years and years perhaps, after you swearing to it a while back before your Corth examiner, Markwalther, that there was reen in planty all the teem?
— Perhaps so, as you grand duly affirm, Robman Calvinic. I never thought over it, faith. I most certainly think so about it. I
hope. Unless it is actionable. It would be a charity for me to think about something which I must on no caste accounts omit, if
you ask to me. It was told me as an inspired statement by a friend of myself, in reply to salute, Tarpey, after three o’clock
mass, with forty ducks indulgent, that some rain was promised to Mrs Lyons, the invalid of Aunt Tarty Villa, with lots gulp
and sousers and likewise he told me, the recusant, after telling mass, with two hundred genuflexions, at the split hour of
blight when bars are keeping so sly, as was what’s follows. He is doing a walk, says she, in the feelmick’s park, says he, like
t a tarrable Turk, says she, letting loose on his nursery and, begalla, he meet himself with Mr Michael Clery of a Tuesday
who said Father MacGregor was desperate to the bad place about thassbawls and ejaculating about all the stairrods and the cats-
pew swashing his earwanker and thinconvenience being locked up for months, owing to being putrenised by stragglers
abusing the apparatus, and for Tarpey to pull himself into his soup and fish and to push on his borrowaloaner and to go to
the tample like greased lining and see Father MacGregor and, be Cad, sir, he was to pipe up and saluate that clergyman and
to tell his holiness the whole goat’s throat about the three shillings in the confusional and to say how Mrs Lyons, the
cuptosser, was the infidel who prophessised to pose three shielings Peter’s pelf off her tocher from paraguais and albs by the
yard to Mr Martin Clery for Father Mathew to put up a midnight mask saints withins of a Thrushday for African man and to
let Brown child do and to leave he Anlone and all the nuisances committed by soldats and non-behavers and missbelovers for
N.D. de l’Ecluse to send more heehaw hell’s flutes, my prodder again! And I never brought my cads in togs blanket! Foueh!

— Angly as arrows, but you have right, my celtslinger! Nils, Mugn and Cannut. Should brothers be for awe then?

— So let use off be octo while oil bike the bil and wheel whang till wabblin befoul you but mere and mire trullopes will
knaver mate a game on the bibby bobby burns of.

— Quatsch! What hill ar yu fluking about, ye lamelookond fyats! I’ll discipline ye! Will you swear or affirm the day to yur
second sight noo and recant that all yu affirmed to profetised at first sight for his southerly accent was all paddyflaherty? Will
ye, ay or nay?

— Ay say aye. I affirmly swear to it that it rooly and cooly boolyhooly was with my holyhagionous lips continuously poised
upon the rubricated annuals of saint ulstar.

— That’s very guid of ye, R.C.! Maybe yu wouldn’t mind talling us, my labrose lad, how very much bright cabbage or
paperming comfirts d’yu draw for all yur swearin? The spanglers, kiddy?

— Rootha prootha. There you have me! Vurry nothing, O potators, I call it for I might as well tell you Essexelcy, and I am
not swallowing my air, the Golden Bridge’s truth. It amounts to nada in pounds or pence. Not a glass of Lucan nor as much
as the cost price of a highlandman’s trousertree or the three crowns round your draphole (isn’t it dram disgusting?) for the
whole dumb plodding thing!

— Come now, Johnny! We weren’t bom yesterday. Pro tanto quid retribuamus? I ask you to say on your scotty pictail you
were promised fines times with some staggerjuice or deadhorse, on strip or in larges, at the Raven and Sugarloaf, either
Jones’s lame or Jamesy’s gait, anyhow?

— Bushmillah! Do you think for a moment? Yes, by the way. How very necessarily true! Give me fair play. When?

— At the Dove and Raven tavern, no, ah? To wit your wiz-zend?

— Water, water, darty water! Up Jubilee sod! Beet peat wheat treat!

— What harm wants but demands it! How would you like to hear yur right name now, Ghazi Power, my tristy minstrel, if yur
not freckened of frank comment?

— Not afrightened of Frank Annybody’s gaspower or ill-conditioned ulcers neither.

— Your uncles!
— Your gullet!

— Will you repeat that to me outside, leinconnmuns?

— After you’ve shouted a few? I will when it suits me, hulstler.

— Guid! We make fight! Three to one! Raddy?

— But no, from exemple, Emania Raffaro! What do you have? What mean you, august one? Fairplay for Finians! I will have my humours. Sure, you would not do the cowardly thing and moll me roon? Tell Queen’s road I am seilling. Farewell, but whenever! Buy!

— Ef I chuse to put a bullet like yu through the grill for heckling what business is that of yours, yu bullock?

— I don’t know, sir. Don’t ask me, your honour!

— Gently, gently Northern Ire! Love that red hand! Let me once more. There are sordidly tales within tales, you clearly understand that? Now my other point. Did you know, whether by melanodactylysm or purely libationally, that one of these two Crimeans with the fender, the taller man, was accused of a cer-tain offence or of a choice of two serious charges, as skirts were divided on the subject, if you like it better that way? You did, you rogue, you?

— You hear things. Besides (and serially now) bushes have eyes, don’t forget. Hah!

— Which moral turpitude would you select of the two, for choice, if you had your way? Playing bull before shebears or the hindlegs off a clotheshorse? Did any orangepoolers or green-goaters appear periodically up your sylvan family tree?

— Buggered if I know! It all depends on how much family silver you want for a nass-and-pair. Hah!

— What do you mean, sir, behind your hah! You don’t hah to do thah, you know, snapograph.

— Nothing, sir. Only a bone moving into place. Blotogaff. Hahah!

— Whahat?

— Are you to have all the pleasure quizzing on me? I didn’t say it aloud, sir. I have something inside of me talking to myself.

— You’re a nice third degree witness, faith! But this is no laughing matter. Do you think we are tonedeafs in our noses to boot? Can you not distinguish the sense, prain, from the sound, bray? You have homosexual catheis of empathy between narcissism of the expert and steatopygic invertedness. Get yourself psychoanalised!

— O, begor, I want no expert nursis symaphy from yours broons quadroons and I can psoakoonaloose myself any time I want (the fog follow you all!) without your interferences or any other pigeonstealer.

— Sample! Sample!

— Have you ever weflected, wepowtew, that the evil what though it was willed might nevewtheless lead somehow on to good towawd the genewality?

— A pwopwo of haster meets waster and talking of plebiscites by a show of hands, whether declaratory or effective, in all seriousness, has it become to dawn in you yet that the deponent, the man from Saint Yves, may have been (one is reluctant to use the passive voiced) may be been as much sinned against as sin-ning, for if we look at it verbally perhaps there is no true
noun in active nature where every bally being — please read this mufto — is becoming in its owntown eyeballs. Now the long form and the strong form and reform altogether!

— Hotchkiss Culthur’s Everready, one brother to never-reached, well over countless hands, sieur of many winners and losers, groomed by S. Samson and son, bred by dilalahs, will stand at Bay (Dublin) from nun till dan and vites inversion and at Miss or Mrs’s MacMannigan’s Yard.

— Perhaps you can explain, sagobean? The Mod needs a rebus.

— Pro general continuation and in particular explication to your singular interrogation our asseveralation. Ladyeget, pals will smile but me and Frisky Shorty, my innate friend, as is uncommon struck on poplar poetry, and a few fleabesides round at West Pauper Bosquet, was glad to be back again with the chaps and just arguing friendlylike at the Doddercan Easehouse having a wee chatty with our hosty in his comfy estably over the old middlesex party and his moral turps, meaning flu, pock, pox and mizzles, grip, gripe, gleet and sprue, caries, rabies, numps and dumps. What me and Frisky in our concensus and the whole double gigscrew of suscribers, notto say the burman, having successfully concluded our tour of bibel, wants to know is thisa-here. Supposing, for an ethical fict, him, which the findings showed, to have taken his epscene licence before the norsect’s divisional respectively as regards them male privates and or concomitantly with all common or neuter respects to them public exess females, whereas allbeit really sweet fillies, as was very properly held by the metropolitan in connection with this regrettable nuisance, touching arbitrary conduct, being in strict contravention of schedule in board of forests and works bylaws regulationing sparkers’ and succers’ amusements section of our beloved naturpark in pursuance of which police agence me and Shorty have approached a reverend gentleman of the name of Mr Coppinger with reference to a piece of fire fittings as was most obliging, ‘pon my sam, in this matter of his explanations affirmative, negative and limitative, given to me and Shorty, touching what the good book says of toooldaisymen, concerning the merits of early bisectualism, besides him citing from approved lectionary example given by a valued friend of the name of Mr J. P. Cockshott, reticent of England, as owns a pretty maisonette, Quis ut Deus, fronting on to the Soussex Bluffs as was telling us categoric how Mr Cockshott, as he had his assignation with, present holder by deedpoll and indenture of the swearing belt, he tells him hypothetic, the reverend Mr Coppinger, hereckons himself disjunctively with his windwarrd eye up to a dozen miles of a cunifarm school of herring, passing themselves supernatently by the Bloater Naze from twelve and them mayridinghim by the silent hour. Butting, charging, bracing, backing, springing, shrinking, swaying, darting, shooting, bucking and sprinkling their dossies sodouscheock with the twinx of their taylz. And, reverend, he says, summat problematical, by yon socialist sun, gut me, but them errings was as gladful as Wissixy kippers could be considering, flipping their little coppingers, pot em, the fresh little fflirties, the dirty little gillybrighteners, pickle their spratties, the little smolty gallockers, and, reverend, says he, more asser-

— Tallhell and Barbados wi ye and your Errian coprulation! Pelagiarist! Remonstrant Montgomeryite! Short lives to your relatives! Y’are absed, so y’are, with mackerglosia and mick-roocyplylicks.

— Wait now, leixlep! I scent eggoarchicism. I vill take you to task. I don’t follow you that far in your otherwise accurate account. Was it esox lucius or salmo ferax? You are taxing us into the driven future, are you not, with this ruttymaid fishery?

— Lalia Lelia Lilia Lulia and lively lovely Lola Montez.

— Gubbernathor! That they say is a fenian on the secret. Named Parasol Irelly. Spawning ova and fry like a marrye monach all amanygoround his seven parish churches! And peopling the ribald baronies with dans, oges and conals!

— Lift it now, Hosty! Hump’s your mark! For a runnymede landing! A dondhering vesh vish, Magnam Carpam, es hit neat zoo?
— There’s an old psalmsobbing lax salmoner fogeyboren Herrin Plundehowse. Who went floundering with his boatloads of spermin spunk about. Leaping freck after every long tom and wet lissy between Howth and Humbermouth. Our Human Conger Eel!

— Hep! I can see him in the fishnoo! Up wi’yer whippy! Hold that lad! Play him, Markandeyn! Bullhead!

— Pull you, sir! Olive quill does it. Longeal of Malin, he’ll cry before he’s flayed. And his tear make newisland. Did a rise? Way, lungfush! The great fin may cumule! Three threeth o’er the wild! Manu ware!

— He missed her mouth and stood into Dee, Romunculus Remus, plying the rape, so as now any bompriss’s bound to get up her if he pool her leg and bunk on her butt. No, he skid like a skate and berthed on her byrnie and never a fear but they’ll land him yet, slitheryscales on liffeybank, times and times and halve a time with a pillow of sand to polster him.

— Do you say they will?

— I bet you they will.

— Among the shivering sedges so? Weedy waving.

— Or tulipbeds of Rush below.

— Where you take your mugs to wash after dark?

— To my lead, Toomey lout, Tommy lad.

— Besides the bubblye waters of, babblyebubblye waters of?

— Right.

— Grenadiers. And tell me now. Were these anglers or angel-ers coexistent and compresent with or without their tertium quid?

— Three in one, one and three. Shem and Shaun and the shame that sunders em. Wisdom’s son, folly’s brother.

— God bless your ginger, wigglewaggle! That’s three slots and no burners. You’re forgetting the jinnyjos for the fayboys. What, Walker John Referent? Play us your patmost! And unpackyoulloups!

— Naif Cruachan! Woe on woe, says Wardeb Daly. Woman will water the wild world over. And the maid of the folley will go where glory. Sure I thought it was larking in the trefl of the furry glans with two stripping baremaids, Stilla Underwood and Moth MacGarry, he was, hand to dagger, that time and their mother, a rawkneudpdsfrowse, I was given to understand, with superfow-vius heirs, begum. There was that one that was always mad gone on him, her first king of cloves and the most broadcussed man in Corrack-on-Sharon, County Rosecarmon. Sure she was near drowned in pondst coldstreams of admiration forherself, as bad as my Tarpeyan cousin, Vesta Tully, making faces at her bach-spilled likeness in the brook after and cooling herself in the element, she pleasing it, she praising it, with salices and weidow-wehls, all tossed, as she was, the playactrix, Lough Shieling’s love!

— O, add shielsome bridelittle! All of her own! Nircississies are as the doaters of inversion. Secilas through their laughing classes becoming poolermates in laker life.

— It seems to same with Isappellas? Ys? Gotellus! A tickey for tie taughts!
Listenest, meme mearest! They were harrowed, those fin-weeds! Come, rest in this bosom! So sorry you lost him, poor lamb! Of course I know you are a viry vikid girl to go in the dreemplace and at that time of the draym and it was a very wrong thing to do, even under the dark flush of night, dare all grand-passia! He’s gone on his bombashaw. Through geesing and so pleasing at Strip Teasy up the stairs. The boys on the corner were talking too. And your soreful miseries first come on you. Still to forgive it, divine my lickle wiffey, and everybody knows you do look lovely in your invisibles, Eulogia, a perfect apposition with the coldcream, Assoluta, from Boileau’s I always use in the wards after I am burned a rich egg and derive the greatest benefit, sign of the cause. My, you do! Simply adorable! Could I but pass my hands some, my hands through, thine hair! So vicky-vicky verityin! O Fronces, say howdysedo, Dotty! Chic hands. The way they curve there under nue charmeen cuffs! I am more divine like that when I’ve two of everything up to boyproof knicks. Winning in a way, only my arms are whiter, dear. Blanchemain, idler. Fairhair, frail one. Listen, meme sweety! O be joyfold! Mirror do justice, taper of ivory, heart of the cona-vent, hoops of gold! My veil will save it undyeing from his ether — nal fire! It’s meenly us two, meme idoll. Of course it was down — right verry wicked of him, reely meeting me disguised, Bortolo mio, peerfectly appealing, D.V., with my lovebirds, my colom-binas. Their sensitives shrunked. Even Netta and Linda, our seeyu tities and they’ve sin sumtim, tankus! My rillies were liebeneaus, my aftscents embre. How me adores eatsother simply (Mon ishe-beau! Ma reinebelle!), in his storm collar, as I leaned yestreen from his muskished labs, even my little pom got excited, when I turned his head on his same manly bust and kissed him more. Only he might speak to a person, lord so picious, taking up my worths ill wrong! May I introduce! This is my futuous, lips and looks lovelast. Still me with you, you poor chilled! Will make it up with mother Concepcion and a glorious lie between us, sweetness, so as not a novene in all the convent loretos, not my littlest one of all, for mercy’s sake need ever know, what passed our lips or. Yes sir, we’ll will! Clothea wind! Fee o fie! Covey us nice! Bansh the dread! Allitens’s looking. Low him lovly! Make me feel good in the moontime. It will all take blass as orangged at St Audiens rosan chocolate chapelry with my diamants blickfeast after at minne owned hos for all the catclub to go cryzy and Father Blesius Mindelsinn will be beminding hand. Kyrielle elation! Crystal elation! Kyrielle elation! Elation immanse! Sing to us, sing to us, sing to us! Amam! So meme nearest, languished hister, be free to me! (I’m fading!) And listen, you, you beauty, esster, I’ll be clue to who knows you, pray Magda, Marthe with Luz and Joan, while I lie with warm lisp on the Tolka. (I’m fay!)

— Eusapia! Fais-le, tout-tait! Languishing hysteria? The clou historique? How is this at all? Is dads the thing in such or are tits the that? Hear we here her first poseproem of suora unto suora? Alicious, twostreams twinsenstreines, through alluring glass or alas in jumboland? Ding dong! Where’s your pal in silks alustre? Think of a maiden, Presentacion. Double her, An-nupciacion. Take your first thoughts away from her, Immacola — cion. Knock and it shall appall unto you! Who shone yet shim — mers will be e’er scheining. Cluse her, voil her, hild her hindly. After liryc and themodius soft aglo iris of the vals. This young barlady, what, euphemiasly? Is she having an ambidual act her-self in apparition with herself as Consuelas to Sonias may?

— Dang! And tether, a loguy O!

— Dis and dat and dese and dose! Your crackling out of your turn, my Moonster firefly, like always. And 2 R.N. and Long-horns Connacht, stay off my air! You’ve grabbed the capital and you’ve had the lion’s shire since 1542 but there’s all the difference in Ireland between your borderation, my chatty cove, and me. The leinstrel boy to the wall is gone and there’s moreen astoreen for Monn and Conn. With the tyke’s named moke. Doggymens’ nimmer win! You last led the first when we last but we’ll first trump your last with a lasting. Jump the railchairs or take them, as you please, but and, sir, my queskins first, foxyjack! Ye’ve as much skullabogue cheek on you now as would boil a caldron of kalebrose. Did t
to the R.U.C’s liaison officer, with their trench ulcers open and their hands in their pockets, contrary to military rules, when confronted with his lifesize obstruction? When did he live off rooking the pooro and how did start pfuffpfaffing at his Paterson and Hellicott’s? Is it a factual fact, proved up to scabsteethshilt, that this fancydress nordic in shaved lamb breeches, child’s kilts, bibby buntingts and wellingtons, Wit1] club, torc and headdress, preholder of the Bar Ptolomei, is coowner of a hengster’s circus near North Great Denmark Street (incidentally, it’s the most enjoyable show going the province and I’m taking the youngsters there Saturday first when it’s halfprice naturals night to see the fallsenickers aping the bucklebackers and the blind to two worlds taking off the deffydowndummies) and the shamshem–showman has been complaining to the police barracks and applying for an order of certiorari and crying out something vile about him being molested, after him having triplets, by offers of vacancies from females in this city, neigthing after the man and his outstanding attraction ever since they seen his X ray picture turned out in wealthy red in the sabbath sheets? Was it him that suborned that surdmutual son of his, a litterydistriputer in Saint Patrick’s Lavatory, to turn a Roman and leave the chayr and gout in his bare balbriggans, the sweep, and buy the usual jar of porter at the Morgue and Cruses and set it down before the wife with her fireman’s helmet on her, bidding her mine the hoose, the strum-pet, while him and his lagenloves were rampaging the roads in all their paroly under the noses of the Heliopolitan constabu-lary? Can you beat it? Prepare the way! Where’s that gendarm auxiliar, arianautic sappertillery, that reported on the whole hood-lum, relying on his mors-erse wordybook and the trunchein up his tail? Roof Seckesign van der Deckel and get her story from him! Recall Sickerson, the lizzyboy! Seckersen, magnon of Errick. Sickerson! Hookup!

— Day shirker four vanfloats he verdants market.

High liquor made lust torpid dough hunt her orchid.

— Hunt her orchid! Gob and he found it on her right enough! With her shoes upon his shoulders, ’twas most trying to be-holders when he upped their frullatulplepleas with our warning. A disgrace to the homely protestant religion! Bloody old pre-adamite with his twohandled umbrella! ’Trust me to spy on me own spew!

— Wallpurgies! And it’s this’s your defied city? Norganson? And it’s we’s to pray for Bigmesser’s conversions? Call Kitty the Beads, the Mandame of Tipknock Castle! Let succuba succumb, the improvable his wealth made possible! He’s cookinghagar that rost her prayer to him upon the top of the stairs. She’s deep, that one.

— A farternoiser for his tuckish armenities. Ouhr Former who erred in having down to gibbous disgag our darling breed. And then the confisieur for the boob’s indullgence. As sanctioned for his salmenbog by the Councillors-om-Trent. Pave Pannem at his gaiter’s bronze! Nummer half dreads Log Laughty. Mas-ter’s gunne he warrs the bedst. I messaged his dilltoyds sauze — pander mussels on the kisschen table. With my ironing duck through his rollpins of gansyfett, do dodo doughdy dough, till he was braising red in the toastface with lovensoft eyebulbs and his kiddledrum steeming and rattling like the roasties in my mockamill. I awed to have scoured his Abarm’s brack for him. For the loaf of Obadiah, take your pastryst’s noas out of me flouer boucuetu! Of the stranger scene you given squeezers to me skullit! As cream of the hearth thou reinesthat alhome. His lapper and libbers was glue gouledew as he sizzled there watching me lautterick’s pitcher by Wexford–Atelier as Katty and Lanner, the refined souprette, with my bust alla br

— All halt! Sponsor programme and close down. That’s enough, genral, of finicking about Finnegan and fiddling with his faddles. A final ballot, gnuver, to remove all doubt. By sylph and salamander and all the trolls and tritons, I mean to top her drive and to tip the tap of this, at last. His thoughts that wouldbe words, his livings that havebeen deeds. And will too, by the holy child of Coole, primapatriock of the archsee, if I have at first to down every mask in Trancenania from Terreterry’s Hole to Stutterers’ Corner to find that Yokeoff his letter, this Yokan his dahet. Pass the jousters of the king, the Kovnor–Journal and eirenarch’s custos himself no less, the meg of megs, with the Carri-son old gang! Off with your persians! Search ye the Finn! The sinder’s under shringing sheet. Fa Fe Fi Fo Fum! Ho, croak, evildoer! Arise, sir ghostus! As long as you’ve lived there’ll be no other. Doff!
— Amtsadam, sir, to you! Eternest cittas, heil! Here we are again! I am bubub brought up under a camel act of dynasties long out of print, the first of Shitric Shilkanbeard (or is it Owllaugh MacAusculpth the Thord?), but, in pontofacts massimust, I am known throughout the world wherever my good Allenglisches Angleslachsen is spoken by Sall and Will from Augustanus to Ergastulus, as this is, whether in Farnum’s or Condra’s ridge or the meadows of Dalkin or Monkish tunshep, by saints and sinners eyeeye alike as a cleanliving man and, as a matter of fact, by my halfwife, I think how our public at large appreciates it most highly from me that I am as cleanliving as could be and that my game was a fair average since I perpetually kept my ouija ouija wicket up. On my verawife I never was nor can afford to be guilty of crim crig con of malfeasance trespass against par-son with the person of a youthful gigil frirfif friend chirped Apples, acted by Miss Dashe, and with Any of my cousins in Kissilov’s Slutsgartern or Giglotte’s Hill, when I would touch to her dot and feel most greenily of her unripe ones as it should prove most annick and far too bahad, nieceless to say, to my reputation on Babby Malket for daughters-intrade being lightly clad. Yet, as my acquainters do me the complaisance of apprising me, I should her have awristed under my dugskeuse of whippers through toombs and deemeys, lagmen, was she but tinkling of such a tink. And, as a mere matter of ficect, I tell of myself how I popo possess the ripest littlums wifukie around the globelleites globes upon which she would romping off on Floss Mundai out of haram’s way round Skinner’s circusalley first with her consolation prize in my serial dreams of faire women, Mannequins Passe, with awards in figure and smile subsections, handicapped by two breasts in operatops, a remarkable little endowment garment. Fastened at various places. What spurt! I kickkick keenly love such, particularly while savouring of their flavours at their most perfect best when served with heliotrope ayelips, as this is, where I do drench my jolly soul on the pu pure beauty of hers past.

She is my bestpreserved wholewise, sowell her as herafter, in Evans’s eye, with incompatibly the smallest showenumber outside chinatinis. They are jolly dainty, speakin tuly. May we not recom mend-them? It was my proofpiece from my prenticeserving. And, alas, our private chaplain of Lambeth and Dolekey, bishop-regionary, an always sadfaced man, in his lutestring pewcape with tabinet band, who has visited our various hard hearts and reins by imposition of fufuf fingers, also haddock’s fumb, in that Upper Room can speak loud to you some quite complimentary things about my clean charactering, even when detected in the dark, distressful though such recital prove to me, as this is, when I introduced her (Frankfurters, numbornines, why drive fear?) to our fourposter tunies chantreying under Castrucci Sinior and De Mellos, those whapping oldsteirs, with sycamode euphonium in either notation in our altogether cagehaused duckyheim on Goosna Gree numborines, why drive fear?) to our fourposter tunies chantreying under Castrucci Sinior and De Mellos, those whapping oldsteirs, with sycamode euphonium in either notation in our altogether cagehaused duckyheim on Goosna Gree

— Tiktak. Tikkak.

— Awind abuzz awater falling.

— Poor a cowe his jew placator.

— It’s the damp damp damp.

— Calm has entered. Big big Calm, announcer. It is most ernst terooly a moresome intartenment. Colt’s tooth! I will give tandsel to it. I protest there is luttrelly not one teaspooenspill of evidence at bottomlie to my babad, as you shall see, as this is. Keemun Lapsang of first pickings. And I contango can take off my dudud dirtynine articles of quoting here in Pynix Park because those in heaven to provost myself, by gramercy of justness, I mean veryman and moremon, stiff and staunch for ever, and enter under the advicies from Misrs Norris, Southby, Yates and Weston, Inc, to their favoured client, into my preprotestant caveat against the pupup publication of libel by any tixtim tipsyloon or tobtomtowley of Keisserse Lean (a bloweyed lanejoymt, waring lowbelt suit, with knobbrecky keenees and bullfist rings round him and a fallse roude axehand (he is cunvesser to Saunter’s Nocelettes and the Poe’s Toffee’s Directory in his pisness), the best begrudged man in
Belgradia who doth not release to our paviour) to my nonesuch, that highest personage at moments holding down the throne. 
So to speak of beauty scouts in elegant pursuit of flowers, searchers for tabernacles and the celluloid art! Happen seen sore eynes believed? The caca cad! He walked by North Strand with his Thom’s towel in hand. Snakeeye! Strangler of soffiacated green parrots! I protest it that he is, by my wipehalf. He was leaving out of my double inns while he was all tepping over my single ixits. So was keshaned on for his recent behaviour. Sherlook is lorking for him. Allare beltspanners. Get your air curt! 
Shame upon Private M! Shames on his ful-someness! Shamus on his atkinscum’s lului lying suelen for an outcast mastiff littered in blood currish! Eristocras till Hanging Tower! Steck a javelin through his advowtried heart! Instaun-ton! Flap, my Larrybird! Dangle, my highflyer! Jiggety jig my jackadandyline! Let me never see his waddphez again! And mine it was, Barktholed von Hunarig, Soesown of Furrows (hour-, springlike his joussture, immitiate my chry! as urs now, so yous. then!), when to our lot it fell on my poplar Sexsex, my Sexen-centaurnary, whenby Gate of Hal, before his hostel of the Wodin Man, I hestened to freeholdit op to his Mam his Maman, Majus-cules, His Magnus Maggerstick, first city’s leasekuays of this Nova Tara, our most noble, when hrossbucked on his pricelist charger, Pferdinamd Allibuster (yeddonot need light oar till Noreway for you fanned one o’er every doorway) with my all-bum’s greethims through this whole of my promises, handshakey congrandyoulikethems, ecclesency.

Whosaw the jackery dares at handgripper thisa breast? Dose makkers ginger. Some one we was with us all fours. Adversarian! The spiking Duyvil! First liar in Londsend! Wulv! See you scar-gore on that skeepsbrow! And those meisis! Sulken taarts! Man sicker at I ere bluffet konservative? Shucks! Such ratshause bugs mess so I cannot barely conceive of! Lowest baseamant in hystry! Ibscenet nansence! Noksagt! Per Peeler and Pawr! The broker-heartened shugon! Hole affair is rotten muckswinish porcupig’s draff. Enouch!

— Is that yu, Whitehed?
— Have you headnoise now?
— Give us your mespilt reception, will yous?
— Pass the fish for Christ’s sake!

— Old Whitehowth he is speaking again. Ope Eustace tube! Pity poor whiteoath! Dear gone mummeries, goby! Tell the woyld I have lived true thousand hells. Pity, please, lady, for poor O.W. in this profundust snobbing I have caught. Nine dirty years mine age, hairs hoar, mummery failend, snowdrift to my ellpow, deff as Adder. I askt you, dear lady, to judge on my tree by our fruits. I gave you of the tree. I gave two smells, three eats. My freeandies, my celeberrimates: my happy bosoms, my all-falling fruits of my boom. Pity poor Haveth Childers Every — where with Mudder!

That was Communicator, a former colonel. A disincarnated spirit, called Sebastion, from the Rivera in Januero, (he is not all hear) may fernspreak shortly with messuages from my dead-ported. Let us cheer him up a little and make an appunkment for a future date. Hello, Commudicate! How’s the buttes? Ever-scepistic! He does not believe in our psychous of the Real Ab — sence, neither miracle wheat nor soulsurgery of P. P. Quemby. He has had some indiejestings, poor thing, for quite a little while, confused by his tonguer of baubble. A way with him! Poor Felix Culapert! Ring his mind, ye staples, (bonze!) in my ould reeke-ries’ ballyheart and in my krumlin and in aroundisements and stremmis! Sacks eleathury! Sacks eleathury! Bam! I deplore over him ruely. Mongrieff! O Hone! Guestermed with the nobelities, to die bronxitic in achershous! So enjoying of old thick whiles, in haute white toff’s hoyt of our formed reflections, with stock of eisen all his prop, so buckely hosiered from the Royal Leg, and his puertos magnum, he would puffout a dhymful bock. And the how he would husband her that verikerfully, his cigare divane! (He would redden her with his vestas, but ’tis naught.) With us his nephos and his neberls, mest incensed and befogged by him and his smoke thereof. But he shall have his glad stein of our zober beerbest in Oscarshal’s winetavern. Buen retiro! The boyce voyce is still flautish and his mounth still wears that soldier’s scarlet thou gh the flaxafloyeds are peppered with salse-dine. It is bycause of what he was ascend into his prisonce on account off. I whit it wel. Hence his deepraised words. Some day I may tell of his second storey. Mood! Mood! It looks like some-one other bearing my burdens. I cannot let it. Kanes nught.

Well, yeamen, I have bared my whole past, I flatter myself, on both sides. Give me even two months by laxlaw in second division and my first broadcloth is business will be to protest to Recorder at Thing of all Things, or court of Skivinis, with mar-chants grey, antient and credibel, Zerobubble Barrentone, Jonah Whalley, Determined Codde or Cucumber Upright, my
jurats, if it does not occur again. O rhyme us! Haar Faagher, wild heart in Homelan; Harrod’s be the naun. Mine kinder come, mine wohl be won. There is nothing like lether. O Shee! And nasty mens in gladshouses they shad not peggot stones. The elephant’s house is his castle. I am here to tell you, indeed to goodness, that, allbe I discountenanced beallpersuasions, in rinunciation of pompes of heretofore, with a wax too held in hand, I am throrgt-fulldt to do dope me of her miscisprinks and by virchow of those filtered Ovocnas presently like Browne umbracing Christina Anya, after the Irishers, to convert me into a selt (but first I must proxy babetise my old antenauglies), when, as Sigismond Stol-terforth, with Rabbin Robroost for my auspicer and Lееcher Ratty for my lifeaest and Lorenz Pattaun (Ehren til viktrae’), when I will westerneyes those poor sunuppers and outbreighten their land’s eng. A man should stump up and I will pay my pretty decent trade price for my glueglue gluecose, peebles, were it even, as this is, the legal eric for infelicitous conduct (here inclouths placefinised my pocketanchoredcheck) and, as a matter of fact, I undertake to discontinue entreyly all practices and I deny wholeswiping in toto at my own request in all stotyness to have confermentated and confoederated and agreed in times prebellic, when here were waders for the trainsfolk, as it is now nuggently laid to me, with a friend from mine, Mr Billups, pulleter, my quarterbrother, who sometimes he is doing my locum for a grubstake and whom I have cleeped constoutent, for so it was felt by me, at goodbuy cootcoops byusucapture a mouth-les niggeress, Blanchette Brewster from Cherna Djamja, Blaw — lawnd-via-Brigstow, or to illsell my fourth part in her, which al — though allowed of in Deuterogamy as in several places of Scrip — lute (copyright) and excluded books (they should quite rightly verbanned be), would seem eggsegs excessively haroween to my feelimbs for two punt scotch, one pollard and a crockard or three pipples on the bitch. Thou, Frick’s Flame, Uden Sulfer, who strikest only on the marryd bokks, enquick me if so be I did cophetuise milady’s maid! In spect of her beavers she is a wonamly and sacret. Such wear a frillick for my comic strip, Mons Meg’s Monthly, comes out aich Fanagan’s Weck, to bray at by clownsillies in Donkeybrook Fair. It would lackin mackin Hodder’s and Cocker’s erithmatic. The unpurdonable preemp- son of all of her of yourn, by Juno Moneta! If she, irished Marry-onn Teheresiann, has been disposed of for her consideration, I, Ledwidge Salvatorious, am tradefullly ununtistid. And if she is still further talc slopping over her cocoa contours, I hwat mick angars, am strongly of opinion why I should not be. Inprobable! I do not credit one word of it from such and suchess mistra-versers. Just feathers! Nanenities! Or to have ochtroyed to resolde or borrough by exchange same super melkaaarts, means help; best Brixton high yellow, no outings: cent for cent on Auction’s Bridge. ’Twere a honnibel crudely wert so tente-ment to their naktlives and scatab orgias we devour about in the mightyevil roohms of ancint cartage. Utterly improberable! Not for old Crusos or white soul of gold! A pipple on the panis, two claps on the cansill, or three pock pocks cassey knocked on the postern! Not for one testey tickey culprik’s coyns ore for all ecus in cunziehowffse! So hemp me Cash! I meanit.

My herrings! The surdity of it! Amean to say. Her bare idears, it is choochoo chucklesome. Absurd bargain, mum, will call. One line with! One line, with with! Will ate everadayde sau-mone like a boyne alive O. The tew cherrpickers, with their Catheringnettes, Lizzy and Lissy Mycock, from Street Flesh-shambles, were they moon at aube with hespermun and I their covin guardient, I would not know to contact such gretched youngsteys in my ways from Haddem or any suistersees or heiresses of theirn, claiming by, through, or under them.

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Do Drumcolloggher whatever you do!

Visitez Drumcolloggher-la-Belle!

Be suke ad sie so ersed Drumcolloggher!

Vedi Drumcolloggher e poi Moonis.

Things are not as they were. Let me briefly survey. Pro clam a shun! Pip! Peep! Pipitch! Ubipop jay piped, ibipep goes the whistle. Here Tyeburn throttled, massed murmurs march: where the bus stops there shop I: here which ye see, yea reste. On me, your sleeping giant. Estoesto! Estote sunto! From the hold of my capt in altitude till the mortification that’s my fate. The end of eldest mosest ist the beginning of all thisorder so the last of their hansbailis shall the first in our sherrifssy. New highs for all! Redu Negru may be black in town but under them lintels are staying my horsemen meet each his mansiemandag. For peers and gints, quaysirs and galleyfuls, frest letties from the say and stale headygabblers, gaingangers andudder wagoners, pullers off societies and pushers on rothmere’s homes. Obeyance from the townsmen spills felicity by the toun. Our bourse and politico-ecomedy are in safe with good Jock Shepherd, our lives are on sure in sorting with Jonathans, wild and great. Been so free! Thank you, besters! Hattentats have mindered. Blaublaize devil-bobs have gone from the mode and hairtrigger nicks are quite of time now. Thuggeries are reere as glovars’ metins, lepers lack, ignerants show beneath suspicion like the bitterhalves of esculapuloids. In midday’s mallights let Miled the discouverself. Me ludd in her hide hairtrigger nicks are quite out of time now.

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Wherefore watch ye well! For, while I oplooked the first of Janus’s straight, I downsaw the last of Christmas steps: syndic posedstil and on the rates, I for indigent and intende: in Forum Foster I demosthreatened my folkisfeathip, emny pupuls felt my burk was no worse than their brite: Sapphrageta and Consciencia were undecidedly attached to me but the maugher machrees and the auntieparthenopes my schwayly words with litted spongelets set their soakye pokeys and botchbons afume: Fletcher–Flemmings, elisabetho, how interquackeringly they ro-gated me, their golden one, I inhsesient made replique: Mesde — memdes to leursieursponsor: and who in hillsaide, don’t you let flyfire till you see their whites of the bunkers’ eyes! Mr An-swers: Brimgem young, brigen young, brigen young!: in my belth of Solyman’s I accouched their rotundaties and I turn-keyed most insultly over raped lutetias in the lock: I gave bax of biscums to the jacobiteers and pottage bakes to the esausted; I dehldermed them with fancandiesiaes by the constant droppings from my smalls instalmonths while I titfortotalled up their farinadays for them on my slataper’s slate with my chandner’s chauk: I jaunted on my jingelbrett rapt in neckcloth and sashes, and I baggered about the annibushes like belly in a bowle. In the humanity of my heart I sent out heyweywomen to refresh the ballweared and then, doubuling megalopolitan pooleyness, my great great greatest of these charities, devaluerised the base fellows for the courtailment of their lower man: with a slog to square leg I sent my boundary to Botany Bay and I ran up a score and four of mes while the Yanks were huckling the Em-pire: I have been reciping om omominous letters and widely — signed pettions full of pieces of pottery about my monumental — ness as a thingabolls and I have been inchanting causeries to the freshest cheoilboys so that they are alcalling on me for the song of a birch: the more secretly bi built, the more openly palas-tered. Attent! Couch hear! I have becket my venderbilt hutch in sunsmidnought and at morningrise was encampas of mushrooms. Rest and bethinkful, with licence, thanks. I considered the lilies on the veldt and unto Balkis did I disclothe mine glory. And this. This missy, my daughters, and these man, my son, from my fief of the villa of the Ostmanorum to Thor-stan’s, recte Thomars Sraid, and from Huggin Pleaze to William Inglis his house, that man de Loundres, in all their barony of Saltus, bonders and foeburghers, helots and zelots, strutting oges and Swaggering macks, the darsy jeames, the drury joneses, reamdaids and bleucottas, in hommage all and felony, all who have received ticketes, fair home overcrowded, tidy but very litt) furniture, repectable, whole family attends daily mass and is dead sick of bread and butter, sometime in the militia, mentally strained from reading work on German physics, shares closet with eight other dwellings, more than repectable, getting com-fortable parish relief, wageearner freshly shaven from prison, highly repectable, planning new departure in Montegemey cyclefinishing, eldest son will not serve but peruses Big-man-up-in-the-Sky scraps, anoapanadon lacking backway, quasi respec — table, pays ragman in bones for faded windowcurtains, staircase continually lit up with guests, particularly repectable, house lost in dirt and blocked with refuse, getting on like Roe’s dis-tillery on fire, slovenly wife active with the jug, in business for himself, has a tenth illegitimate coming, partly repectable, following correspondence courses, chuckd work over row, both cheeks kissed at levee by late marq, slovenly wife active with the jug, in business for himself, has a tenth illegitimate coming, partly respectable, following correspondence courses, chuckd work over row, both cheeks kissed at levee by late marquess of Zetland, sharing closet which is profusely written over with eleven other subscribers, once respectable, open hallway pungent of Baltic dishes, bangs kept woman’s head against wall thereby disturbing neighbours, private chapel occupies return landing, removal every other quarter day, case one of peculiar hopelessness, most respectable, nightsoil has to be removed through snoring household, eccen-tric naval officer not quite steady enjoys weekly churchwarden and laugh while reading foreign pictorials on clumptstump before door, known as the trap, widow rheumatic and chars, haunted, condemned and executed, of dubious respectability, tools too costly pledged or uninsured, reformed philanthropist whenever feasible takes advantage of unfortunates against dilapidating ashpits, serious student is eating his last dinners, floor dangerous for unaccompanied old clergymen, thoroughly respectable, many uncouth books in evidence, nearest watertap two hundred yards’ run away, fowl and bottled gooseberry frequently on table, man has not had boots off for twelve months, infant being taught to hammer flat piano, outwardly respectable, sometimes hears from titled connection, one foot of dust between banister and cracked wall, wife cleans stools, eminently respectable, otta-wark and regular loafer, should be operated would she consent, deplorable rent in roof, claret cellar cobwebbed since the ponti-ficate of Leo, wears drill trousers and collects rare buddhas, underages very treacly and verminous have to be separated, sits up with fevercases for one and threepence, owns two terraces (back to back breeze), respectable in every way, harmless imbecile supposedly weankminded, a sausage every Sunday, has a staff of eight servants, outlook marred by ne’er-do-wells using the laneway, liedeb sons go out with sisters immediately after dark, has never seen the sea, travels always with her eleven trunks of clothing, starving cat left in disgust, the pink of re-spectability, resting after colonial service, labours at plant, the despair of his many bennicecrestresses, calories exclusively from Rowntrees and dumplings, one bar of sunlight does them all january and half february, the V. de V’s (animal diet) live in five- storied semidetached but rarely pay tradesmen, went security for friend who absconded, shares same closet with fourteen simi-lar cottages and an illfamed lodginghouse, more respectable than some, teawidow pension but held to purchase, inherited silk hat from father-in-law, head of domestic economy never mentioned, query how they live, reputed to procure, last four occupants carried out, mental companionship with mates only, respectab-ility unsuccessfully aimed at, copyious holes emitting mice, de — coration from Uganda chief in locked ivory casket, grandmother has advanced alcoholic ambylopia, the terror of Goodmen’s Field, and respected and respectable, as respectable as respecta-table can respectably be, though their orable amination were the herrors I could have expected, all, let them all come, they are my villeins, with chartularies I have talledged them. Wherfor I will and firmly command, as I willed and firmly commanded, upon my royal word and cause the
great seal now to be affixed, that from the farthest of the farther of their fathers to their children’s chil-dren’s children they do inhabit it and hold it for me unencum—bered and my heirs, firmly and quietly, amply and honestly, and with all the liberties and free customs which the men of Tol-bris, a city of Tolbris, have at Tolbris, in the county of their city and through whole my land. Hereto my vouchers, knife and snuffbuchs. Fee for farm. Enwreak us wrecks.

Struggling forlongs I have livramentoed, milles on milles of mancepelles. Lo, I have looked upon my pumpadears in their easancies and my drummers have tattled tall tales of me in the land: in morgenatts litt I hope, in seralcellars louched I bleakmealers: on my siege of my mighty I was parciful of my subject but in street wauks that are darkest I debelledem superb: I deemed the drugtails in my pettycourts and domstered dustyfeets in my husinclose: at Guy’s they were swathed, at Foulke’s slashed, the game for a Gomez, the loy for a Lynch: if I was magmonimoss as staidy lagiver I revolucionized by my eruptions: the hye and bye wayseeds I scattered em, in my graben fields sew sowage I gathered em: in Sheridan’s Circle my wits repose, in black pitts of the pestered Lenfant he is dummed. (Hearts of Oak, may ye root to piece! Rechabites obstain! Clayed sheets, pineshrouded, wake not, walk not! Sigh lento, Morgh!) Quo warranto has his greats my soliven and puissant lord V. king regards for me and he has given to me my necknamesh (fister it!) which is second fiddler to nomen. These be my genteelician arms. At the crest, two young frish, etoiled, flappant, devoiled of their habiliments, vested sable, with drawers argent. For the boss a coleopter, pondant, partifesswise, blazoned sinister, at the slough, proper. In the lower field a terce of lanciers, shaking unsheathed shafts, their arms crossed in sal-tire, embusked, sinople. Motto, in letters portent: Hery Crass Evohodie. Idle were it, repassing from elserground to the elder disposition, to inquire whether I, draggedasunder, be the forced generation of group marriage, holocryptogam, of my essenests, or carried of cloud from land of locust, in ouzel galley borne, I, huddled til summone be the massproduct of teamwork, three surtouts wraped up in itchother’s, two twin pritticoaxes lived as one, troubled in trine or dubildin too, for abram nude be I or roberoyed with the fainean, of Feejeean grafted ape on merfish, surrounded by obscurity, by my virtus of creation and by boon of promise, by my natural born freeman’s journemanright and my otherchurch’s inher light, in so and such a manner as me it so besitteth, most surely I pretend and reclam to opt for simul-taneous. Till daybowbreak and showshadows flee. Thus be hek. Verily! Verily! Time, place!

— What is your numb? Bun!

— Who gave you that numb? Poo!

— Have you put in all your sparepennies? I’m listening. Sree!

— Keep clear of propennies! Fore!

— Mr Televox, Mrs Taubiestimm and invisible friends! I may—may mean to say. Annoyin part of it was, had faithful Fulvia, following the wiening courses of this world, turned her back on her ways to gon on uphills upon search of louvers, brunette men of Earalend, Chief North Paw and Chief Goes in Black Water and Chief Brown Pool and Chief Night Cloud by the Deeps, or again had Fluvia, amber which she was, left her chivily crookcrook crocus bed at the bare suggestions of some prolling bywaymen from Moabit who could have abused of her, the foxrogues, there might accrue advantage to ask wher in pellmell her deceivers sinned. Yet know it was vastly otherwise which I have heard it by mummy goods waif, as I, chiefly endmost harly aver, for Fulvia Fluvia, iddle woman to the plusneeborn, ever did ensue illstead the things that pertained unto fairnesse, this wharom I am fawned on, that which was loost. Even so, for I waged love on her: and spoiled her undines. And she wept: O my lors!

— Till we meet!

— Ere we part!

— Tollollall!

— This time a hundred years!
— But I was firm with her. And I did take the reached of my delights, my jealousy, ymashkt, beyashmakt, earswathed, snout-snooded, and did raft her flumingworthily and did leftlead her overland the pace, from lacksllep up to lifflsloup, tiding down, as portreeve should, whimpering by Kevin’s creek and Hurdlesford and Gardener’s Mall, long rivierrside drive, embankment large, to Ringsend Flott and Ferry, where she began to bump a little bit, my dart to throw: and there, by wavebrink, on strand of south, with mace to masthigh, tailllas Cowholling, quailless Highjakes, did I upreized my magician’s puntpole, the trident sired a tritan stock, farrurer, and I bade those polyfizzyboisterous seas to retire with hemselfs from os (rookwards, thou seasca stamoror!) and I abridged with domfine norsemanship till I had done abate her maidan race, my baersark bride, and knew her fleshy when with all my bawdy did I her whorship, min bryllupsibwibe: Heaven, he halthundered; Heydays, he flung blissforhers. And I cast my tenspan joys on her, ansched over-tupped, from bank of call to echobank, by dint of strongbow (Galata! Galata!) so strunge we were in one, malestream in shegulf: and to ringstresse I thumbed her with iern of Erin and tradesmanmarked her lieflang mine and for all singular, iad, igone, imorgans, and for ervigһeds: base your peak, you! you, strike your flag!: (what screech of shippings! what low of dampf- bulls!): from Liviland, hoks zivios, from Letteand, skall vives! With Impress of Asias and Queen Columban for her pairanymphs and the singing sands for herbriodes’ music: goosegaze annoyed uns, canailles canzoned and me to she her shyblumes lifted: and I pudd a name and wedlock boltoned round her the which to carry till her grave, my durin dearly, Appia Lippia Pluviailla, whiles I herr lifer amstell and been: I chained her chastemate to gripe fiuming snugglers, her chambrett I bestank so to spunish furiosos: I was her hochsized, her cleavunto, her everest, she was my annie, my lauralad, my pisoved: who cut her ribbons when nought my prowes? who expoused that havenliness to beacha-lured ankerrides when not I, freipforter?: in trinity huts they met my dame, pick of their poke for me: when I foregether ’twas my sambad, if I farseeker itch my list: had I not workit in my cattagut with dogsunds’ crotts to clene and had I not gifted of my coatyness, constantonoble’s aim: and, fortified by my right as man of capitol, I did umgyrdle her about, my vermin-celly vinagerette, with all loving kindness as far as in man’s might it lay and enfranchised her to liberties of fringes: and I gave untill my lilienyounger turkeythighs soft goods and hard-ware (catalogue, passim) and ladderproof hosierly lines (see stockinger’s raiment), cocquetto coiffs (see Agnes’ hats) and peningsworths of the best taste of knaggs of jets and silvered waterroses and geegaws of my pretty novelties and wispywaspy frocks of redferns and ladderproofs, trancepearances such as women cattle bare and peltries piled, the peak of Pim’s and Sylne’s and Sparrow’s, loomends day lumineused luxories on looks, La PrimamŠre, Pyrrha Pyrrhine, Or de Reinebeau, Sourire d’Hiver and a crinoline, wide a shire, and pattens for her trilibles that know she might the tortours of the boots and bedes of wampun with to toy and a mercy glaze of shard to mirror, for all daintiness by me and theetime, the cupandnaggin hour: and I wound around my swanchen’s necklace a school of shells of moyles marine to swing their sayings in her silents: and, uppimg her at king’s count, her aldritch cry oloss unheading, what though exceeding bitter, I pierced her beak with order of the Danabro (Cunng’s great! Soll leve! Soll leve!): with mare’s greese cressets at Leonard’s and Dunphy’s and Madonna lan-thorns before quintacasas and tallonkindles spearhead syingeing nickendbookers and mhton lightburnes dipdippingdownes in blackholes, the tapers of the topers and his buntingall at hoist: for days there was no night for nights were days and our folk had rest from Blackheathen and the pagans from the prince of pacis: what was trembling sod quaked no more, what were frozen loins were stirred and lived: gone the septru, dark deadly dismal dole-ful desolate dreadful desperate, no more the tolvmaas, bloody gloomy hideous fearful furious alarming terrible mournful sorrowful frightful appalling: peace, perfect peace: and I hung up at Yule my dundleeng lunas, help helpful of Kettï Flashnose, for the souperhore of my frigid one, I did umgyrdle her about, my vermen-celly vinagerette, with all loving kindness as far as in man’s might it lay and enfranchised her to liberties of fringes: and I gave untill my lilienyounger turkeythighs soft goods and hard-ware (catalogue, passim) and ladderproof hosierly lines (see stockinger’s raiment), cocquetto coiffs (see Agnes’ hats) and peningsworths of the best taste of knaggs of jets and silvered waterroses and geegaws of my pretty novelties and wispywaspy frocks of redferns and ladderproofs, trancepearances such as women cattle bare and peltries piled, the peak of Pim’s and Sylne’s and Sparrow’s, loomends day lumineused luxories on looks, La PrimamŠre, Pyrrha Pyrrhine, Or de Reinebeau, Sourire d’Hiver and a crinoline, wide a shire, and pattens for her trilibles that know she might the tortours of the boots and bedes of wampun with to toy and a mercy glaze of shard to mirror, for all daintiness by me and theetime, the cupandnaggin hour: and I wound around my swanchen’s necklace a school of shells of moyles marine to swing their sayings in her silents: and, uppimg her at king’s count, her aldritch cry oloss unheading, what though exceeding bitter, I pierced her beak with order of the Danabro (Cunng’s great! 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Soll leve!): with mare’s greese cressets at Leonard’s and Dunphy’s and Madonna lan-thorns before quintacasas and tallonkindles spearhead syingeing nickendbookers and mhton lightburnes dipdippingdownes in blackholes, the tapers of the topers and his buntingall at hoist: for days there was no night for nights were days and our folk had rest from Blackheathen and the pagans from the prince of pacis: what was trembling sod quaked no more, what were frozen loins were stirred and lived: gone the septru, dark deadly dismal dole-ful desolate dreadful desperate, no more the tolvmaas, bloody gloomy hideous fearful furious alarming terrible mournful sorrowful frightful appalling: peace, perfect peace: and I hung up at Yule my dundleeng lunas, help helpful of Kettï Flashnose, for the souperhore of my frigid one, colubma mea, frimosa mea, in Wastewindy tarred strate and Elgin’s marble halles lamping limp from black to block, through all Livianà’s volted ampre, from anodes to cathodes and from the topazolites of Mourne, Wykinloeflare, by coloumba mea, frimos.
— Steving’s grain for’s greet collegtium.

— The S. S. Paudraic’s in the harbour.

— And after these things, I fed her, my carlen, my barelean lin-steer, upon spiceries for her garbage breath, italics of knobby lauch and the rich morsel of the marrobleone and shains of gar-leeks and swinespepper and gothakrauts and pinkee dillisks, primes of meshallehs and subteties in jellywork, come the feast of Saint Pancreas, and shortcake nutrients for Paas and Pingster’s pudding, bready and nutalled and potted flesh neats from store dampkookin, and the drugs of Kafa and Jelupa and shallots out of Aascalon, feeding her food convenient herfor, to pass them into earth: and to my saffron-breathing mongoloid, the skinseyg, I gave Biorwik’s powlver and Uliv’s oils, unguents of cuticure, for the swarthy searchall’s face on her, with handewers and groinscrubbers and a carrycam to teaze her tussly out, the brown but comly, a mopsa’s broom to duist her sate, and clubmoss and wolves-foot for her more moister wards (amazing efficiencies!): and, my shopsoiled doveling, when weeks of kindness kingly civiscised, in our saloons esquorial, with fineglas bowbays, draped embrasures and giltgeded librariums, I did devise my telltale sports at even-bread to wring her withers limberly, wheatears, slapbang, drapier-cut-dean, bray, nap, spinando and ranter-go-round: we had our lewd mayers and our lairdie meireses kiotowing and smuling fullface on us out of their famous latenesses, oilcloathed over for cohabitation and allpointed by Hind: Tamlane the Cus-sacke, Dirk Wettingstone, Pieter Stuyvesant, Outlawrie O’Niell, Mrs Currens, Mrs Reyon–Figgis, Mrs Dattery, and Mrs Pruny–Quetch: in hym we trust, footwash and sects principles, apply to overseer, Amos five six: she had dabblingtime for exhibiting her grace of aljambra and duncingk the bloodanoobs in her vaux-halls while I, dizzed and dazed by the lumpthy thumpity of our interloopings, fell clockwise off my ballast: in our windtor palast it vampared for elenders, we lubded Sur Gudd for the sleep and the ghasts: she chauffed her fuesies at my Wigan’s jewels while she skalded her mermeries on my Snorryson’s Sagos: in pay-cook’s thonsaale she domineered, lecking icles off the dormer panes all admired her in canimeses: on Rideau Row Duanna dwells, you merk well what you see: let welth were I our pantocreator would theirs be rights for the gods: in littlerit reddinghats and cindery yellows and tinsel and glitter and bubs under hoods: I made nuisance of many well pressed champdamors and peddled freely in the scrub: I foredreamed for thee and more than full-made: I prevened for thee in the haunts that joybelled fraile light — a-leaves for sturdy traemen: pelves ad hombres sumus: I said to the shiftless prostitute; let me be your fodder; and to rodies and prater brothers; Chau, Camerade!: evangel of good tidings, om-nient as the Healer’s word, for the lost, loathsome and whomso — ever will: who, in reggmentation through liberal donation in co — ordination for organisation of their installation and augmenta — tion plus some annexation and amplification without precipita — tion towards the culmination in latification of what was formerly their utter privation, competence, cheerfulness, usefulness and the meed, shall, in their second Adams, all be made alive: my tow tugs steered down canal grand, my lighters lay longside on the ghoasts: she chauffed her fuesies at my Wigan’s jewels while she skalded her mermeries on my Snorryson’s Sagos.
— Hoke!
— Hoke!
— Hoke!

— And wholehail, snaeffell, dreardrizzle or sleetshowers of blessing, where it froze in chalix eller swum in the vestry, with fairskin book and ruling rod, vein of my vergin page, her chastener ever I did learn my little ana countrymouse in alphabeater cameltem-per, from alderbirk to tannenyou, with myraw rattan atter dun — drum; ooah, oyir, oyir, oyir: and I did spread before my Livvy, where Lord street lolls and ladies linger and Cammomile Pass cuts Primrose Rise and Coney Bend bounds Mulbreys Island but never a blid had bledded or bludded since long agore when the whole blighty acre was bladey well pessovered, my selvage mats of lecheworked lawn, my carpet gardens of Guerdon City, with chopes pyramydous and mousselimes and beaconphires and colos-sets and pensilled turisses for the busspleaches of the summira — mies and esplanadas and statuesques and templeogues, the Par — donell of Maynooth, Fra Teobaldo, Nielsen, rare admirable, Jean de Porteleau, Conall Gretecloke, Guglielmus Caulis and the eligh ediculous Passivucant (glorietta’s inexcellsiored!): for irkda ys and for folliedays till the comple anniums of calendarias, gregoro-maio ant gypsyjuliennes as such are pleased of theirs to walk: and I planted for my own hot lisbing lass a quickset vineyard and I fenced it about with huge Chesterfield elms and Kentish hops and rigs of barlow and bowery nooks and greenwished villas and pampos animos and (N.I.) necessitades iglesias and pons for aguaducks: a hawthorndene, a feyrieglenn, the hallaw vall, the dyrchace, Finmark’s Howe, against lickybudmonth and gleaner-month with a magicscene wall (rimrim! rimrim!) for a Queen’s garden of her phoenix: and (hush! hush!) I brewed for my alpine plurabelle, wigwarming wench, (speakeasy!) my granvilled brand-old Dublin lindub, the free, the froh, the frothy freshener, puss, puss, pussyfoot, to split the spleen of her maw: and I laid down before the trotters to my eblanite my stony battered waggon-ways, my nordsoud circulums, my eastmoreland and westland more, running boullowards and syddenly parading, (hearsemen, opslo! nuptiallers, get storting!): whereon, in mantram of true-yahoomen (expect till dutc cundoctor summoneth him all fahrts to pay, velkommen all hankinhunkn in this vongn of Hoseyeh!), claudesdales withe arabinstreeods, Roamer Reich’s rickyshaws with Hispain’s King’s trompateers, madridden mus- tangs, buckarestive bronchos, poster shays and turnintaxis, and tall tall tilburys and nod nod noddistes, others gigging gaily, some sedated in sedans: my priccoping gents, aroger, aroger, my dam-sells softsidesaddled, covertly, covertly, and Lawdy Dawe a perch behind: the mule and the hinny and the jennet and the mustard nag and piebald sjelties and skewbald awknees steppit lively (lift ye the left and rink ye the right!) for her pleashadure: and she lalaughed in her diddydid domin to the switcheries of the whip. Down with them! Kick! Playup!

Mattahah! Marahah! Luahah! Joahanahanahana!

What was thaas? Fog was whaas? Too mult sleepth. Let sleepth. But really now whenabouts? Expatiate then how much times we live in. Yes?

So, nat by night by naught by naket, in those good old lousy days gone by, the days, shall we say? of Whom shall we say? while kinderwardens minded their twinsbed, therenow they stood, the sycomores, all four of them, in their quartan agues, the majorchy, the minorchy, the everso and the fermentarian with their ballyhooric blowreaper, titranicht by tetranoxst, at their pussycorners, and that old time tallyollogass, playing copers fear-some, with Gus Walker, the cuddly, and his poor old dying boosy cough, esker, newslese, saggard, crumlin, dell me, donk, the way to wumblin. Follow me beeline and you’re bumble, esker, newslese, saggard, crumlin. And listening. So gladied up when nicechild Kevin Mary (who was going to be commandeering chief of the choirboys’ brigade the moment he grew up under all the auspices) irishsmiled in his milky way of cream dwibble and onage tustard and dessed taabbage, frighted out when badbrat Jerry Godolphing (who was hurrying to be cardinal scullion in a night refuge as bald as he was cured enough unerr all the hospitals) furrinfrowned down his wrinkly waste of methylated spirits, ick, and lemoncholy lees, ick, and pulverised rhubarbarorum, icky;

night by silentsailing night while infantina Isobel (who will be blushing all day to be, when she growed up one Sunday, Saint Holy and Saint Ivory, when she took the veil, the beautiful presentation nun, so barely twenty, in her pure coif, sister Isobel, and next Sunday, Mistlemas, when she looked a peach, the beautiful Samaritan, still as beautiful and still in her teens, nurse Saintette Isabelle, with stiffstarched cuffs but on Holiday, Christmas, Easter mornings when she wore a wreath, the wonderful widow of eighteen springs, Madame Isa Veuve La Belle, so sad but lucksome in her boyblue’s long black with
orange blossoming weeper’s veil) for she was the only girl they loved, as she is the queenly pearl you prize, because of the way the night that first we met she is bound to be, methinks, and not in vain, the darling of my heart, sleeping in her april cot, within her singacombers, with her greengageflavoured candywhistle duetted to the crazyquilt, Isobel, she is so pretty, truth to tell, wildwood’s eyes and primarose hair, quietly, all the woods so wild, in mauves of moss and daphnedews, how all so still she lay, neath of the whitethorn, child of tree, like some losthappy leaf, like blowing flower stilled, as fain would she anon, for soon again ’twill be, win me, woo me, wed me, ah weary me! deeply, now evenecalm lay sleeping:

nowth upon nacht, while in his tumbril Wachtman Havelook seequeerscenes, from yonsides of the choppy, punkt by his curserbog, went long the grassgross bumpinistrass that henders the pubbel to pass, stowing his bottle in a hole for at what whisbog to stretch ecrookman, questeering for lovers’ lost pro-pertied offices the leavethings from allpurgers’ night, og gnies ogas gnasty, kikkers, brillers, knappers and bands, handsboon and strumpers, sminkysticks and eddikesflaskers;

wan fine night and the next fine night and last find night while Kothereen the Slop in her native’s chambercushy, with dreamings of simmering my veal astore, was basquing to her pillsasleep how she thawght a knogg came to the dowstairs dour at that howr to peirce the yare and dowandshe went, schritt be schratt, to see was it Schweggs’s minergals or Shuhorn the posth with a tilly- cramp for Hemsleaf and Co, Esquara, or them four hoarsemen on their apolkaloops, Norreys, Soothbys, Yates and Welks, and, galorbit of the sanes in hevel, there was a crick up the stirkiss and when she ruz the cankle to see, galohery, downand she went on her knees to blesseself that were knogging togethe as if it was the wake of the hapsprus or old Kong Gander O’Toole of the Mountains or his googoog goosth she seen, sliving off over the sawdust lobby out ofthe backroom, wan ter, that was everywans in turruns, in his honeymoon trim, holding up his fingerhals, with the clookey in his fistball, tocher of davy’s, tocher of ivileagh, for her to whisht, you sowbelly, and the whites of his pious eyebulbs swering her to silence and coort;

each and every juridical sessions night, whenas goodmen twelve and true at fox and geese in their numbered habitations tried old wireless over boord in their juremembers, whereas by reverendum they found him guilty of their and those imputations of fornicolopulation with two of his albowcrural correlations on whom he was said to have enjoyed by anticipation when schooling them in amown, mid grass, she sat, when man was, amazingly frank, for their first conjugation whose colours at standing up from the above were of a pretty carnation but, if really ’twere not so, of some deretane denudation with intent to excitation, caused by his retrogradation, among firearmed forces proper to this nation but apart from all titillation which, he said, was under heat pressure and a good mitigation without which in any case he insists upon being worthy of continued alimentation for him having displayed, he says, such grand toleration, reprobate so noted and all, as he was, with his washleather sweeds and his smokingstump, for denying transubstantiation nevertheless in respect of his highpowered station, whereof more especially as probably he was meantime suffering genteel tortures from the best medical attestation, as he oftentimes did, having only strength enough, by way of festination, to implore (or I believe you have might ha) to complore, with complete obsecration, on everybody connected with him the curse of co —

for soon again ’twill be, win me, woo me, wed me, ah weary me! deeply, now evencalm lay sleeping:

in their bed of trial, on the bolster of hardship, by the glimmer of memory, under coverlets of cowardice, Albatrus Nyanzer with Victa Nyanza, his mace of might mortified, her beautifell hung up on a nail, he, Mr of our fathers, she, our moddreeen ru arue rue, they, ay, by the hodypoker and blazier, they are, as sure as dinny drops into the dyke . . .
A cry off.

Where are we at all? and whenabouts in the name of space?

I don’t understand. I fail to say. I dearsee you too.


A time.

Act: dumbshow.

Closeup. Leads.


Callboy. Cry off Tabler. Her move.

Footage.

By the sinewy forequarters of the mare Pocahontas and by the white shoulders of Finnuala you should have seen how that smart sallowlass just hopped a nanny’s gambit out of bunk like old mother Mesopotomac and in eight and eight sixtyfour she was off, door, knightlamp with her, billy’s largel limbs prodgering after to queen’s lead. Promiscuous Omebound to Fiammelle la Diva. Huff! His move. Blackout.

Circus. Corridor.


The old humburgh looks a thing incomplete so. It is so. On its dead. But it will pawn up a fine head of porter when it is finished. In the quicktime. The castle arkwright put in a chequered staircase certainly. It has only one square step, to be steady, yet notwith-stumbling are they staleminating backgammoner supstairs by skips and trestles tiltop double corner. Whist while and game.

What scenic artist! It is ideal residence for realtar. By hims ingang tilt tinkt a turning bell that Limen Mr, that Boggey Godde, be airwaked. Lingling, lingling. Be their maggies in all. Chump, do your ephort. Shop! Please shop! Shop ado please! O ado please shop! How hominous his house, haunt it? Yesses indeed it be! Nogen, of imperial measure, is begraved beneadher. Here are his naggins poured, his alladim lamps. Around the bloombiered, booty with the bedst. For them whom he have fordone make we newly thankful!
Tell me something. The Porters, so to speak, after their shadowstealers in the newsbaggers, are very nice people, are they not? Very, all fourlike tellt. And on this wise, Mr, Porter (Bar-tholomew, heavy man, astern, mackerel shirt, hayamatt peruke) is an excellent forefather and Mrs Porter (leading lady, a poopahead, gaffneysafron nightdress, iszoppy chepelure) is a most kindhearted messmother. A so united family pateramater is not more existing on papel or off of it. As keymaster fits the lock it weds so this bally builder to his streamline secret. They care for nothing except everything that is allporterous. Porto da Brozzo! Isn’t that terribly nice of them? You can ken that they come of a rarely old family by their costumance and one must togive that one supped of it in all tonearts from awe to zest. I think I begin to divine so much. Only snakkest me truesome! I stone us I’m hable. To reachy a skeer do! Still hoyhra, till venstra! Here are two rooms on the upstairs, at forkflank and at knifekanter. Whom in the wood are they for? Why, for little Porter babes, to be saved! The coeds, boytom thwackers and timbury teaser. Here is one. thing you owed two noe. This one once upon awhile was the other but this is the other one nighadays. Ah so? The Corsicos? They are numerable. Guest them. Major bed, minor bckhiv. Halosobuth, sozv us! Who sleeps in now number one, for ex-ample? A pussy, purr esimple. Cunina, Statulina and Edulia, but how sweet of her! Has your pussy a pessname? Yes, indeed, you will hear it passim in all the noveletta and she is named Buttercup. Her bare name will tellt it, a monitress. How very sweet of her and what an excessively lovecharming missurname to forsake, now that I come to drink of it filtred, a gracecup full of bitterness. She is dadad’s lolest daughterpearl and brooder’s cissiest auntybride. Her shellback thimblecasket mirror only can show her dearest friendeen. To speak well her grace it would ask of Grecian language, of her goodness, that legend golden. Biryna Saindua! Loreas with lillas floclafake arrosas! Here’s newysweeps, the posquiflor, a windaborne and helio-trope; there miriamsweet and amaranth and marygold to crown. Add lightest knot unto tiptition. O Charis! O Charissima! A more intriguing bambolina could one not colour up out of Boccuccia’s Enameron. Would one but to do apart a liebly her virginelles and, so, to breath, so, therelbeween, behold, she had instannt with her handmade as to gras the myth inmid the air. Mother of moth! I will to show herworf in flesh. Approach not for ghost sake! Itsis dormition! She may think, what though little doth she realise, as morning fresheth, it hath happened her, you know what, as they too what dare not utter. Silvoo plush, if scolded she draws a face. Petticoat’s asleep but in the gentlest of her thoughts apoo is a nursepin. To be presented, Babs for Bim-bushi? Of courts and with enticers. Up, girls, and at him! Alone? Alone what? I mean, our strifestirrer, does she do flueirty winkies with herself Pussy is never alone, as records her chambrette, for she can always look at Biddles and talk petnames with her little playfully when she is sitting downy on the ploshmat. O, she talks, does she? Marry, how? Rosepetalled sounds. Ah Biddles es ma plikplak. Ah plikplak wed ma Biddles. A nice jezelbel bary-tinette she will gift but I much prefer her missnomen in maidenly golden lasslike gladsome wenchful flowery girlish beautycapes. So do I, much. Dulce delicatissima! Doth Dolly weeps she is hastings. Will Dally bumps wet it is tuftime. Allaliefest, she who pities very pebbles, dare we not wish on her our thrice onsk? A lovely fear! That she seventip toe her chrysming, that she spin blue to scarlad till her temple’s veil, that the Mount of Whom it open it her to shelter! She will blow ever so much more pro-misefuller, blee me, than all the other common marygales that romp round brigidschool, charming Carry Whambers or saucy Susy Maucepan of Merry Anna Patchbox or silly Polly Flinders. Platsch! A plikaplak.

And since we are talking amnessly of brukasloop crazedledaze, who doez in sleeproom number twobis? The twobirds. Holy policeman, O, I see! Of what age are your birdies? They are to come of twinning age so soon as they may be born to be eldering like those olders while they are living under chairs. They are and they seem to be so tightly tatted as two maggots to touch other, I think I notice, do I not? You do. Our bright bull babe Frank Kevin is on heartsleeveside. Do not you waken him! Our farheard bode. He is happily to sleep, limb of the Lord, with his lifted in blessing, his buchel Iosa, like the blissed angel he looks so like and his mou is semiope as though he were blowdelling on a bugifle. Whene’er I see those smiles in eyes ‘tis Father Quinn again. Very shortly he will smell sweetly when he will hear a weird to wean. By gorgeous, that boy angel he looks so like and his mou is semiope as though he

Hush! The other, twined on codliverside, has been crying in his sleep, making sharpshape his inscissors on some first choice sweets fished out of the muck. A stake in our mead. What a teething wretch! How his book of craven images! Here are post-humious tears on his intimelle. And he has pipettishly bespilled himself from his foundingpen as ilsspent from inkighorn. He is jem job joy pip poo pat (jot um for a sobrat!) Jerry Jehu. You will know him by name in the capers but you cannot see whose heel he sheepfolds in his wrought hand because I have not told it to you. O, foetal sleep! Ah, fatal slip! the one lo is jem job joy pip poo pat (jot um for a sobrat!) Jerry Jehu. You will know him by name in the capers but you cannot see whose heel he sheepfolds in his wrought hand because I have not told it to you. O, foetal sleep! Ah, fatal slip! the one lo
steelwhite and blackmail I ha’scint for my sweet an anemone’s letter with a gold of my bridest hair betied. Donatus his mark, address as follows. So you did? From the Cat and Cage. O, I see and see! In the ink of his sweat he will find it yet. What Gipsy Devereux vowed to Lylian and why the elm and how the stone. You never may know in the preterite all perhaps that you would not believe that you ever even saw to be about to. Perhaps. But they are two very blizky little portereens after their bredscrumms, Jerkoff and Eatsup, as for my part opinion indeed. They would be born so, costarred, puck and prig, the maryboy at Donnybrook Fair, the godolphing-lad in the Hoy’s Court. How frilled one shall be as at taledold of Formio and Cigalette! What folly innocents! Theirs whet pep of puppyhood! Both barmhearts shall become yeastcake by their brackfest. I will to leave a my copperwise blessing between the pair of them, for rosengorge, for greenafang. Blech and tin soldies, weals in a snifferbox. Som’s wholed, all’s parted. Weeping shouldst not thou be when man falls but that divine scheming ever adoring be. So you be either man or mouse and you be neither fish nor flesh. Take. And take. Vellicate nyche! Be ones as wes for gives for gives now the hour of passings sembles quick with quelled. Adieu, soft adieu, for these nice presents, kerryjevin. Still tosorrow!

Jeminy, what is the view which now takes up a second position of discordance, tell it please? Mark! You notice it in that rereway because the male entail partially eclipses the femecovert. It is so called for its discord the meseedo. Do you ever heard the story about Helius Croesus, that white and gold elephant in our zoopark? You astonish me by it. Is it not that we are commanding from fullback, woman permitting, a profusely fine birdseye view from behauhind this park? Finn his park has been much the admiration of all the stranger ones, grekish and romanos, who arrive to here. The straight road down the centre (see relief map) bisexes the park which is said to be the largest of his kind in the world. On the right prominence confronts you the handsome vinesregent’s lodge while, turning to the other supreme piece of cheeks, exactly opposite, you are confounded by the equally hand-some chief sacristary’s residence. Around is a little amiably tufted and man is cheered when he bewonders through the boskage how the nature in all frisko is enlivened by gentlemen’s seats. Here are heavysuppers — ’tis for daddies housings for hun-dredaires of our super thin thousand. By gum, but you have resin! Of these tallworts are yielded out juices for jointoils and pappasses for paynims. Listeneth! ’Tis a tree story. How olave, that firile, was aplantad in her liveside. How tannoboom held tonobloom. How rood in norlandes. The black and blue marks athwart the weald, which now barey is so stripped, indicate the presence of sylvious beltings. Therewithal shady rides lend themselves out to rustic cavalries. In yonder valley, too, stays mountain sprite. Any pretty dears are to be caught inside but it is a bad pities of the plain. A scarlet pimparnell now mules the mound where anciently first murders were wanted to take root. By feud fionghalian. Talkingtree and siningstone stay on either hand. Hystorical leavesdroppings may also be gar-nered up with sir Shamus Swiftpatrick, Archfieldchaplain of Saint Lucan’s. How familiar it is to see all these interesting advenements with one snake’d eyes! Is all? Yet not. Hear one’s. At the bodom fundus of this royal park, which, with tvigate shyasian gardeenen, is open to the public till night at late, so well the sissastrides so will the pederestians, do not fail to point to yourself a depression called Holl Hollow. It is often quite guttergloomering in our duol and gives wankyrious thoughts to the head but the banders of the pentapolitan poleetsfurcers bassoons into it on windy woodensdays their wellbooming wolvertones. Ulvos! Ulvos! Whervolk do rst ttou begin to tremble by our moving pictures at this moment when I am to place my hand of our true friend-shapes upon thee knee to mark well what I say? Throu shayest who? In Amsterdam there lived a . . . But how? You are trem-blotting, you retchad, like a verry jerry! Niet? Will you a gui — neerer? Gaij beutel of staub? To feel, you? Yes, how it trembles, the timid! Vortigern, ah Gortigern! Overlord of Mercia! Or doth brainskin flinchgreef? Stemming! What boyazhness! Sole shadow shows. Tis jest jibberweek’s joke. It must have stole. O, keve silence, both! Putshameyu! I have heard her voice some-where else’s before me in these ears still that now are for mine.

Let op. Slew musies. Thunner in the eire.

You were dreamend, dear. The pawdrag? The fawthrig? Shoe! Hear are no phanthares in the room at all, avikkeen. No bad bold faathern, dear one. Opop opop capallo, muy malinchily malchick! Gothgorod father godown followay tomollow the lucky load to Lublin for make his thoroughbass grossman’s big-ness. Take that two piece big slap slap bold honty bottomside pap pap pap.

— Li ne dormis?

— S! Malbone dormas.
— Kia li krias nikte?

— Parolas infanetes. S!

Sonly all in your imagination, dim. Poor little brittle magic nation, dim of mind! Shoe to me now, dear! Shoom of me! While elvery stream winds seling on for to keep this barrel of bounty rolling and the nightmail afarfrom morning nears.

When you’re coaching through Lucalised, on the sulphur spa to visit, it’s safer to hit than miss it, stop at his inn! The hammers are telling the cobbles, the pickts are hacking the saxums, it’s snugger to burrow abed than ballet on broadway. Tuck in your blank! For it’s race pound race the hosties rear all roads to ruin and layers by lifetimes laid down riches from poormen. Cried unions to chip, saltpetre to strew, gallpitch to drink, stonebread to break but it’s bully to gulp good blueberry pudding. Doze in your warmth! While the elves in the moonbeams, feeling why, will keep my lilygem gently gleaming.

In the sleepingchambers. The court to go into half morning. The four seneschals with their palfrey to be there now, all balaaming in their sellabouts and sharpening up their penisills. The boufeither Soakersoon at holdup tent sticker. The swabsister Katya to have duntalking and to keep shakenin dowan her drogh-eads. Those twelve chief barons to stand by duedesmally with their folded arums and put down all excursions and false alarums and after that to go back now to their runameat farums and re-compile their magnum charterams with the width of the road between them and all harrums. The maidbrides all, in favours gay, to strew sleeky cinders on their falling hair and for wouldbe joybells to ring sadly ringless hands. The dame dowager to stay kneeling how she is, as first mutherer with cord in coil. The two princes of the tower royal, daulpin and deevlin, to lie how they are without to see. The dame dowager’s duffgerent to present wapan, blade drawn to the full and about wheel without to be seen of them. The infant Isabella from her coign to do obeisance toward the duffgerent, as first futherer with drawn brand. Then the court to come in to full morning. Herein see ye fail not!

— Vidu, porkego! Ili vi rigardas. Returnu, porkego. Maldeli-kato!

Gauze off heaven! Vision. Then. O, pluxty suddly, the sight entrancing! Hummels! That crag! Those hullocks! O Sire! So be accident occur is not going to commence! What have you there-fore? Fear you the donkers? Of roovers? I fear lest we have lost ours (non grant it!) respecting these wildy parts. How is hit finis-ter! How shagome all and beastful! What do you show on? I show because I must see before my misfortune so a stark pointing pole. Lord of ladders, what for longitube I Can you read the verst legend hereon? I am hather of the missed. Areed! To the dun- leary obelisk via the rock vhat myles knox furlongs; to the general’s postoffice howsands of patience; to the Wellington memorial half a league wrongwards; to Sara’s bridge good hun-ter and nine to meet her: to the point, one yeoman’s yard. He, he, he! At that do you leer, a setting up? With a such unfettered belly? Two cascades? I leer (O my big, O my bog, O my bigbagbone!) because I must see a buntingcap of so a pinky on the point. It is for a true glower’s greetings and many burgesses by us, greats and grosses, uses to pink it in this way at tet-at-tet. For long has it been effigy of standard royal when broken on roofstaff which to the gunnings shall cast welcome from Courtmilits’ Fortress, umptydum dumptydum. Bemark you these hangovers, those streamer fields, his influx. Do you not have heard that, the queen lying abroad from fury of the gales, (meekname mocktitles her Nan Nan Nanetta) her liege of lateenth dignisties shall come on their bay tomorrow. Michalsmas, mellem the third and fourth of the clock, there to all the king’s aussies and all their king’s men, knechts tramplers and cavalcaders, led of herald graycloak, Ulaf Goldarskiel. All these peeplers entrammed and detrained on bikeygels and troykakyls and those puny farting little solitires! Tollacre, tollacre! Polo north will beseen Sibernian and Plein Pelouta will behowl ne yerking at lawncastrum ne ghimbelling on guelflinks. Mauser Misma shall cease to stretch her and come abroad for what the blinkins is to be seen. A rubber, a rancher, a fullvides, as crerdulous behind as he was before behind a damson of a sloe cooch. Mbv! The annamation of evabusies, the livlia-ness of her laughings, such as a plurality of bells! Have peacience, pray you! Place to dames! Even the Lady Victoria Landauener will leave to loll and parasol, all giddied into gushgasp with her dickey standing. Britus and Gothius shall no more joustle for that sonneplace but mark one autonement when, with si so silent, Cloudia
Aiduolcis, good and dewed up, shall let fall, yes, no, yet, now, a rain. Muchsias gracpias! It is how sweet from her, the wiseful, and they are soon seen swopsub so a sauril as a meise. Its ist not the tear on this monotiv sped. Tix sixpence! Pouv! Hool poll the bull? Fool pay the bill. Becups a can full. Peal, pull the bell! Still sayeme of ceremonies, much much more! So please-your! It stands in Instopressible how Meynhir Mayour, our boorgomaister, thou staunch Thorsman, (our Nancy’s fancy, our own Nanny’s Big Billy), his hod hoisted, in best bib and Tucker, with Woolington bottes over buckram babbishkis and his clouded cane and necknose aureal, surrounded of his full cooperation with fixed baronets and meng our puelobs, restrained by chain of hands from pinchgut, hoghill, darklane, gibbetmeade and beaux and ladys and bumbleyelle, shall receive Dom King at broadstall barrow meet a keys of goodmorrow on to his pompsey cushion. Me ambile dooty to your grace’s majers! Arise, sir Pompey Dompey! Ear! Ear! Weakear! An allness eversides! We but miss that horse elder yet cherchant of the wise graveleek in cabbuchin garden. That his be foison, old Caubeenhauben! ’Twill be tropic of all days. By the splendour of Sole! Perfect weatherest prevailing. Thissafter, swift’s mightmace depositing, he shall adress to His Serenemost by a speechreading from his miniated vellum, alfi byrni gamman dealer etcera zezeraa eacal treacca youghta kaptor lomdom noo, who meanwhileing that illuminiatured one, Papyroy of Pepinregn, my Sire, great, big King, (his scaffold is there set up, as to edify, by Rex Ingram, pageant-master) will be poking out with his canule into the arras of what brilliant bridgecloths and joking up with his tonguespitz to the crimosing balkonladies, here’s a help undo their modest stays with a fullbelow may the funnyfeelbelong. Oddsbones, that may it! Carilloners will ring their gluckspeels. Rng rng! Rng rng! S. Presbutt-in-the-North, S. Mark Underloop, S. Lorenz-by-the-Toolechest, S. Nicholas Myre. You shall hark to anune S. Gardener, S. George-le-Greek, S. Barclay Moitered, S. Phibb, Iona-in-the-Fields with Paull-the-Aposteln. And Audialterand: S. Jude-at-Gate, Bruno Friars, S. Weslen-on-the-Row, S. Molyneux Whout, S. Mary Stillamaries with Bride-and-Audeons-behind-Wardborg. How chimant in effect! Alla tingaling pealabells! So a many of churches one cannot pray own’s prayers.

’Tis holyyear’s day! Junj jully we may! Agithetta and Tranquilla shall demure umclamed but Marl-borough-the-Less, Greatchrist and Holy Protector shall have open vigiliglaces. Beata Basilica! But will be not pontifii-cation? Dock, dock, agame! Primatially. At wateredge. Can — taberra and Neweryork may suppurate when, by vepers, for towned and travalled, his goldwhite swaystick aloft ylifted, umbrilla-parasoul, Monsigneur of Deubian shall impart to all. Benedictus benedicat! To board! And mealisght! Unjoint him this bittern, frust me this chicken, display yon crane, thigh her her pigeon, unlace allay rabbit and pheasant! Sing: Old Finnicoole, he’s a mellow old saual when he swills with his fuddlers free! Poppop array! For we’re all jolligame fellhlewos which no-bottle can deny! Here be trouts culponed for ye and salmons chined and sturgeons tranched, sanced capons, lobsters barbed. Call halton eatwords! Mumm me moe mummers! What, no Ithalians? How, not one Moll Pamelas? Accordingly! Play actors by us ever have crash to their gate. Mr Messop and Mr Borry will produce of themselves, as they’re two genitalmen of Veruno, Senior Nowno and Senior Brolano (finaly! finaly!), all for love of a fair penitent that, a she be broughton, rhoda’s a rosy she. Their two big skins! How they strave to gat her! Such a boyplay! Their bouchicaulture! What tyronte power! Buy our fays! My name is novel and on the Granby in hills. Bravose! Thou traitor slave! Mine name’s Apnorval and o’er the Grandbeyond Mountains. Bravossimost! The royal nusick their show shall shut. It gives furi-ously to think. Is rich Mr Porriner, a squire, not always in his such strong health? I thank you for the best, he is in taken deal ex-ceedingly herculeneous. One sees how he is lot stoutlier than of formerly. One would say him to hold whole a litteringture of kidlings under his aproham. Has handsome Sir Pournrter always been so long married? O yes, Lord Pournterfamilies has been marryingman ever since so long time in Hurtleforth, where he appeers as our oily the active, and, yes indeed, he has his mic son and his two fine mac sons and a superfine mick want they mack metween them. She, she, she! But on what do you again leer? I am not leering, I pink you pardons. I am highly sheshe serious.

True! True! Vouchsafe me more soundpicture! It gives furi-ously to think. Is rich Mr Porriner, a squire, not always in his such strong health? I thank you for the best, he is in taken deal ex-ceedingly herculeneous. One sees how he is lot stoutlier than of formerly. One would say him to hold whole a litteringture of kidslings under his aproham. Has handsome Sir Pournrter always been so long married? O yes, Lord Pournterfamilies has been marryingman ever since so long time in Hurtleforth, where he appeers as our oily the active, and, yes indeed, he has his mic son and his two fine mac sons and a superfine mick want they mack metween them. She, she, she! But on what do you again leer? I am not leering, I pink you pardons. I am highly sheshe serious.

Do you not must want to go somewhere on the present? Yes, O pity! At earliest moment! That prickly heat feeling! For-think not me spill it’s at always so guey. Here we shall do a far walk (O pity) anygo khaibits till the number one of sairey’s place. Is, is. I want you to admire her sceneries illustrationing our national first rout, one ought ought one. We shall too downloook on that ford where Sylvanus Sanctus washed but hurdlely those tips of his anointments. Do not show ever retrosehemi, crockodeyled, till that you become quite crimstone in the face! Beware! guardafew! It is Stealer of the Heart! I am anxious in regard you should everthrown your sillarsalt. I will due sui, tef- nute! These brillig waveleaplights! Please say me how sing you them. Seekhem seekhem! They arise from a clear springwell in the near of our park which makes the daft to hear all
blend. This place of endearment! How it is clear! And how they cast their spells upon, the fronds that thereup float, the bookstaff branch-ings! The druggeted stems, the leaves incut on trees! Do you can their tantrist spellings? I can lese, skillmistress aiding. Elm, bay, this way, cull dare, take a message, tawny runes ilex sallow, meet me at the pine. Yes, they shall have brought us to the water trysting, by hedjes of maiden ferm. then here in another place is their chapelofeases, sold for song, of which you have thought my praise too much my price. O ma ma! Yes, sad one of Ziod? Sell me, my soul dear! Ah, my sorrowful, his cloister dreeping of his monkshood, how it is triste to death, all his dark ivytod! Where cold in dearth. Yet see, my blanching kissabelle, in the under close she is allso gay, her kirtles green, her curtsies white, her peony pears, her nistlingsloes! I, pipette, I must also quick-ingly to tryst myself softly into this littleasechapel. I would rather than Ireland! But I pray, make! Do your easiness! O, peace, this is heaven! O, Mr Prince of Pouringtoher, whatever shall I ppease to do? Why do you so lifesighs, my precious, as I hear from you, with limmenings lemantitions, after that swollen one? I am not sighing, I assure, but only I am soso sorry about all in my saarasplace. Listen, listen! I am doing it. Hear more to those voices! Always I am hearing them. Horsehem coughs enough. Annshie lispes privily.

— He is quieter now.


— S! Let us go. Make a noise. Slee . . .

— Qui . . . The gir . . .

— Huesofrichunfoldingmorn. Wakenupriseandprove. Pro-videforsacrifice.

— Wait! Hist! Let us list!

For our netherworld’s bosomfoes are working tooth and nail overtime: in earthveins, toadcvites, chessganglions, saltkles-ters, underfed: nagging firenibblers knockling aterman up out of his hinterclutch. Tomb be their tools! When the youngdammers will be soon heartpocking on their betters’ doornoggers; and the youngfries will be backfrisking diamondcuts over their lyingin underlayers, spick and spat trowelling a gravetrench for their fourinhand forebears. Vote for your club!

— Wait!

— What!

— Her door!

— Ope?

— See!

— What?

— Careful.

— Who?

Live well! Iniivdluaritzas! Tone!


Let us consider.
The procurator Interrogarius Mealterum presents us this pro-poser.

Honuphrius is a concupiscent exservicemajor who makes dis-honest propositions to all. He is considered to have committed, invoking droit d’oreiller, simple infidelities with Felicia, a virgin, and to be practising for unnatural coits with Eugenius and Jere-mias, two or three philadelphians. Honuphrius, Felicia, Eugenius and Jeremias are consanguineous to the lowest degree. Anita the wife of Honuphrius, has been told by her tirewoman, For-tissa, that Honuphrius has blasphemously confessed under volun — tary chastisement that he has instructed his slave, Mauritius, to ur., e Magravius, a commercial, emulous of Honuphrius, to solicit the chastity of Anita. Anita is informed by some illegitimate children of Fortissa with Mauritius (the supposition is Ware’s) that Gillia, the schismatical wife of Magravius, is visited clandestinely by Barnabas, the advocate of Honuphrius, an immoral person who has been corrupted by Jeremias. Gillia, (a cooler blend, D’Alton insists) ex equo with Poppea, Arancita, Clara, Marinzusa, Indra and Iodina, has been tenderly debauched (in Halliday’s view), by Honuphrius, and Magravius knows from spies that Anita has formerly committed double sacrilege with Michael, vulgo Cerularius, a perpetual curate, who wishes to seduce Eugenius. Magravius threatens to have Anita molested by Sulla, an orthodox savage (and leader of a band of twelve mercenaries, the Sullivani), who desires to procure Felicia for Gregorius, Leo, Vitellius and Macdugalius, four excavators, if she will not yield to him and also deceive Honuphrius by ren-dering conjugal duty when demanded. Anita who claims to have discovered incestuous temptations from Jeremias and Eugenius would yield to the lewdness of Honuphrius to appease the savagery of Sulla and the mercernariness of the twelve Sullivani, and (as Gilbert at first suggested), to save the virginity of Felicia for Magravius when converted by Michael after the death of Gillia, but she fears that, by allowing his marital rights she may cause reprehensible conduct between Eugenius and Jeremias. Michael, who has formerly debauched Anita, dispen-ses her from yielding to Honuphrius who pretends publicly to possess his conjunct in thirtynine several manners (turpiter! affirm ex cathedris Gerontes Cambromes) for camal hygiene whenever he has rendered himself impotent to consummate by subdolence. Anita is disturbed but Michael comminates that he will reserve her case tomorrow for the ordinary Guglielmus even if she should practise a pious fraud during affrication which, from experience, she knows (according to Wadding), to be leading to nullity. Fortissa, however, is encouraged by Gregorius, Leo, Vitellius, and Magdugalius, reunitedly, to warn Anita by describing the strong chastisements of Honuphrius and the deprivities (turpissimas!) of Canicula, the deceased wife of Mauritius, with Sulla, the simonian, who is abnegand and repents. Has he hegemony and shall she submit?

Translate a lax, you breed a bradaun. In the goods of Cape and Chattertone, deceased.

This, lay readers and gentilemen, is perhaps the commonest of all cases arising out of umbrella history in connection with the wood industries in our courts of litigation. D’Oyly Owens holds (though Finn Magnusson of himself holds also) that so long as there is a joint deposit account in the two names a mutual obligation is posited. Owens cites Brerfuchs and Warren, a foreign firm, since disseized, registered as Tangos, Limited, for the sale of certain proprietary articles. The action which was at the instance of the trustee of the heathen church emergency fund, suing by its trustee, a resigned civil servant, for the pay-ment of tithes due was heard by Judge Doyle and also by a com — mon jury. No question arose as to the debt for which vouchers spoke volumes. The defence alleged that payment had been made effective. The fund trustee, one Jucundus Fecundus Xero Pecun-dus Coppercheap, counterclaimed that payment was invalid having been tendered to creditor under cover of a crossed cheque, signed in the ordinary course, in the name of Wieldhelm, Hurls Cross, voucher copy provided, and drawn by the senior partner only by whom the lodgment of the species had been effected but in their joint names. The bank particularised, the national misery (now almost entirely in the hands of the four chief bondholders for value in Tangos), declined to pay the draft, though there were ample reserves to meet the liability, whereupon the trusty Coppercheap negotiated it for and on behalf of the fund of the thing to a client of his, a notary, from whom, on consideration, he received in exchange legal relief as between trustee and behtrusth, with thanks. Since then the cheque, a good washable pink, em-bossd D you D No 11 hundred and thirty 2, good for the figure and face, had been circulating in the country for over thirtynine years among holders of Pango stock, a rival concern, though not one demonetised farthing had ever spun or fluctuated across the counter in the semblance of hard coin or liquid cash. The jury (a sour dozen of stout fellows all of whom were curiously named after doyles) naturally disagreed jointly and severally, and the belligerent judge, disagreeing with the allied jurors’ disagree-ment, went outside his jurisdiction altogether and ordered a gar — nishee attachment to the neutral firm. No mandamus could lo — cate the depleted whilom Breyfawkes as he had entered into an ancient moratorium, dating back to the times of the early barters, and only the junior partner Barren could be found, who entered an appearance and turned up, upon a notice of motion and after service of the motion by interlocutory injunction, among the male jurors to be an absolute turfwoman, originally from the proletarian class, with still a good title to her sexname of Ann Doyle, 2 Coppinger’s Cottages, the Doyle’s country. Doyle (Ann), add woman in, having regretfully left the juryboxers, protested cheerfully on the stand in a long jurymiad in re corset checks, delivered in doy-lish, that she had often, in supply to brusk demands rising
almost to bollion point, discounted Mr Brakeforth’s first of all in ex-change at nine months from date without issue and, to be strictly literal, unbottled in corruberation a current account of how she had been made at sight for services rendered the payee-drawee of unwashable blank assignations, sometimes pinkwilliams (laughter) but more often of the crŠme-de-citron, vair .maîl paon-coque or marshmallow series, which she, as bearer, used to en — dorse, adhesively, to her various payers-drawers who in most cases were identified by the timber papers as wellknown tigists of the city and suburban. The witness, at her own request, asked if she might and wrought something between the sheets of music paper which she had accompanied herself with for the occasion and this having been handed up for the bench to look at in camera, Coppinger’s doll, as she was called, (annias, Mack Erse’s Dar, the adopted child) then proposed to jerrykin and jureens and every jim, jock and jarry in that little green courtshousing for her satis-faction and as a whole act of settlement to reamalgamate herself, tomorrow perfomce, in pardonership with the permanent suing fond trustee, Monsignore Pepigi, under the new style of Will Break-fast and Sparrem, as, when all his cognisances had been estreated, he seemed to proffer the steadiest interest towards her, but this preproposal was ruled out on appeal by Judge Jeremy Doyler, who, reserving judgment in a matter of courts and reversing the find-ings of the lower correctional, found, beyond doubt of treuson, fending the dissassents of the pickpackpanel, twelve as upright judaces as ever let down their thoms, and, occupante extremum scabie, handed down to the jury of the Liffey that, as a matter of tact, the woman they gave as free was born into contractual incapacity (the Calif of Man v the Eaudelusk Company) when, how and where many’s mancipium act did not apply and therefore held supremely that, as no property in law can exist in a corpse, (Hal Kilbride v Una Bellina) Pepigi’s pact was pure piffle (loud laughter) and Wharrem would whistle for the rhino. Will you, won’t you, pango with Pepigi? Not for Nancy, how dare you do! And whew whewwhew whew.

— He sighed in sleep.

— Let us go back.

— Lest he forewaken.

— Hide ourselves.

While hovering dreamwings, folding around, will hide from fears my wee mee mannikin, keep my big wig long strong mano—

— To bed.

Prospector projecyor and boomoozer giant builder of all causeways woesoever, hopping offpoint and true terminus of straxsstraightcuts and corkscrewn perambulaups, zeal whence to goal whither, wonderlust, in sequence to which every muckle must make its mickle, as different as York from Leeds, being the only wise in a muck’s world to look on itself from beforehand; mirrorminded curiositease and would-to-the-large which bring hills to molehunter, home through first husband, perils behind swine and horsepower down to hungerford, prick this man and tittup this woman, our forced payrents, Bogy Bobow with his cunnyngnest couchmare, Big Maester Finnykin with Phenicia Parkes, lame of his ear and gape of her leg, most correctingly, we beseech of you, down their laddercase of nightwatch service and bring them at suntime flush with the nethermost gangrung of their stepchildren, guide them through the labyrinth of their samilikes and the alteregoas of their pseudoselves, hedge them bothways from all roamers whose names are ligious, from loss of bearings deliver them; so they keep to their rights and be ware of duty frees, neoliffic smith and magdalenian jinnyjones, mandragon mor and weak wiffeyducky, Morionmale and Thry-dacianmad, basilisk glorious with his weeniequeen, tigermack and swansgrace, he as hale as his ardouries, she as verve as her veines; this prime white arsenic with bissemate alloyed, martial sin with peccadil

men, guard my bairn, mon beau.

— To bed.

Prospector projecyor and boomoozer giant builder of all causeways woesoever, hopping offpoint and true terminus of straxsstraightcuts and corkscrewn perambulaups, zeal whence to goal whither, wonderlust, in sequence to which every muckle must make its mickle, as different as York from Leeds, being the only wise in a muck’s world to look on itself from beforehand; mirrorminded curiositease and would-to-the-large which bring hills to molehunter, home through first husband, perils behind swine and horsepower down to hungerford, prick this man and tittup this woman, our forced payrents, Bogy Bobow with his cunnyngnest couchmare, Big Maester Finnykin with Phenicia Parkes, lame of his ear and gape of her leg, most correctingly, we beseech of you, down their laddercase of nightwatch service and bring them at suntime flush with the nethermost gangrung of their stepchildren, guide them through the labyrinth of their samilikes and the alteregoas of their pseudoselves, hedge them bothways from all roamers whose names are ligious, from loss of bearings deliver them; so they keep to their rights and be ware of duty frees, neoliffic smith and magdalenian jinnyjones, mandragon mor and weak wiffeyducky, Morionmale and Thry-dacianmad, basilisk glorious with his weeniequeen, tigermack and swansgrace, he as hale as his ardouries, she as verve as her veines; this prime white arsenic with bissemate alloyed, martial sin with peccadil

men, guard my bairn, mon beau.

— To bed.
from Skittish Widdas; via mala, hyber pass, heckishway per alptrack: through lands-vague and vain, after many mandelays: in their first case, to the next place, till their cozenkerries: the high and the by, both pent and plain: cross cowslips yellow, yellow, yallow, past pumpkins pinguid, purpsome: be they whacked to the wide other tied to hustings, long sizzleroads neath arthurseat, him to the derby, her to toun, til sengentide do coddlam: in the grounds or unter-linnen: rue to lose and ca cannny: at shipside, by convent garden: monk and sempstress, in sackcloth silkily: curious dreamers, curious dramas, curious deman, plagiast dayman, playajest dearest, plagiuest doureast: for the strangfort planters are pro-desting, and the karkery felons dryflooring it and the leperties’ laddos railing the way, blump for slogo slee!

Stop! Did a stir? No, is fast. On to bed! So he is. It’s only the wind on the road outside for to wake all shivering shanks from snorring.

But. Oom Godd his villen, who will he be, this mitryman, some king of the yeast, in his chrismy greyed brunzewig, with the snow in his mouth and the caspian asthma, so bulk of build? Relics of pharrer and livite! Dik Gill, Tum Lung or Macfinnan’s cool Harryng? He has only his hedsocyscasket on and his wollsey shirtplisse with peascod doublet, also his feet wear doubled width socks for he always must to insure warm sleep between a pair of fullyfleeced bankers like a finnoc in a cauwl. Can thus be Misthra Norkmann that keeps our hotel? Begor, Mr O’Sorgmann, you’re looking right well! Hecklar’s champion ethnicist. How deft as a fuchser schouws daft as a fish! He’s the dibble’s own doges for doublin existents! But a jolly fine daysent form of one word. He’s rounding up on his family.

And who is the bodikin by him, sir? So voulzievalshshie? With ybbs and zabs? Her trixiestrail is tripping her, vop! Luck at the way for the luce of smoke she’s looping the lamp! Why, that’s old missness wipethemdry! Well, well, wellsowells! Donau-watter! Ardechious me! With her halfbend as proud as a peahen, allabalmy, and her troutbeck quiverlpe, ninyananya. And her steptojazyma’s culunder buzztle. Happy tea area, naughtgyay frew! Selling sunlit sopes to washtout winches and rhaicold draughts to the props of his pubs. She tired lipping the swells at Pont Delise till she jumped the boom at Brounemouth. Now she’s borrid his head under Hatesbury’s Hatch and loomed his fate to old Love Lane. And she’s just the same old haporth of dripping. She’s even brennt her hair.

Which route are they going? Why? Angell sitter or Amen Corner, Norwood’s Southwalk or Euston Waste? The solvent man in his upper gameason withnot a breth against him and the wee wiping womanahoussey. They’re coming terug their dia-mond wedding tour, giant’s inchly elfkin’s ell, vesting their char — acters vixendevilment, andens aller, athors err, our first day man and your dressere and mine, that Luxuumburgher eveet cettiehes Alzette, konyglik shire with his queensh countess, Stepney’s shipchild with the waf of his bosun, Dunmow’s fletcher with duck-on-the-rock, down the scales, the way they went up, under talls and threading tormentors, shunning the startraps and slipping in sliders, risking a runaway, ruing reveals, from Elder Arbor to La Puiree, eskipping the clockback, crystal in carbon, sweetheartedly. Hot and cold and electrickery with attendance and lounge and promenade free. In spite of all that science could boot or art could eke. Bolt the grinden. Cave and can em. Single wrecks for the weak, double ax for the mail, and quick queck quack for the r harkery. Which Monks and their Grasps. Scrape your souls. Commit no miracles. Postpone no bills. Respect will never have post in your pocket unless you have brasse on your plate. Beggards outdoor. Goat to the Endth, thou can em. Single wrecks for the weak, double axe for the mail, and quick queck quack for the r

Now their laws assist them and ease their fall!

For they met and mated and bedded and buckled and got and gave and reared and raised and brought Thawland within Har danger, and turned them, tarrying to the sea and planted and plundered and pawned our souls and pillaged the pounds of the extramurals and fought and feigned with strained relations and bequeathed us their ills and recrutchted cripples gait and under-mined lungachers, manplanting seven sisters while wan warm — wooned woman scrubbs, and turned out coats and removed their origins and never learned the first day’s lesson and tried to mingle and managed to save and feathered foes’ nests and fouled their own and wayleft the arenotts and ponted vodavalls for the zollgebordened and escaped from liquidation by the heirs of their death and were responsible for congested districts and rolled olled logs into Peter’s sawyery and werfed
new woodcuts on Paoli’s wharf and ewesed Rachel’s lea and rammed Dominic’s gap and looked haggards after lazatables and rode fourscore odd-winters and struck rock oil and forced a policeman and col — laughed at their phizes in Toobiassed and Zachary and left off leaving off and kept on keeping on and roused up drink and poured balm down and were cuffed by their customers and bit the dust at the foot of the poll when in her deergarth he gave up his goat after the battle of Multaferry. Pharoah with fairy, two lie, let them! Yet they wend it back, qual his leif, himmertality, bullseaboob and rivishy divil, light in hand, helm on high, to peekaboo durk the thicket of slumwhere, till their hour with their scene be struck for ever and the book of the dates he close, he clasp and she and she see her tour d’adieu, Pervinca calling, Soloscar hears. (O Sheem! O Shaaam!), and gentle Isad Ysut gag, flier in the nightleaves flattery, dinsiduously, to Finnegan, to sin again and to make grim grandma grunt and grin again while the first grey streaks steal silverying by for to mock their quarrels in dollymount tumbling.

They near the base of the chill stair, that large incorporate licensed vintner, such as he is, from former times, nine hosts in himself, in his hydrocomic establishment and his ambling limfy peeping partner, the slave of the ring that worries the hand that sways the lamp that walks the path that bends to his bane, that pickled his widow that primed the pope that passed it round on the volunteers’ plate till it croppied the ears of Purses Relle that kneed O’Connell up out of his doss that shouldered Burke that butted O’Hara that woke the busker that grattaned his crowd that bucked the jiggers to rhyme the rann that flooded the routes in Eryan’s isles from Malin to Clear and Carnsore Point to Slynal-gollow and cleaned the pockets arid ransomed the ribs of all the listeners, leud and lay, that bought the ballad that Hosty made.

Anyhow (the matter is a troublous and a peniloose) have they not called him at many’s their mock indignation meeting, vehmen’s vengeance vective volleying, inwader and uitlander, the notables, crashing libels in their Sullivan’s mounted beards about him, their right renownable patriarch? Heinz cans everywhere and the swanee her ainsell and Eyrewaker’s family stock that they smuggled to life betune them, roaring (Big Reilly was the worst): free boose for the man from the nark, sure, he never was worth a cornerwall fark, and his banishee’s bedpan she’s a quarel old bite of a tark: as they wendelled their zingaway wivewards from his find me cool’s moist opulent vinery, highjacking through the nagginneck pass, as they hauled home with their hogsheds, axpoxtelating, and claiming cowled consollation, sursumcordial, from the bluefunkfires of the dipper and the martian’s frost?

Use they not, our noesmall termtraders, to abhors off from him, the yet unregendered thunderslog, whose sbrogue cunneth none lordmade undersiding, how betwixt wifely rule and mens conscia recti, then hemale man all unbracing to omniwomen, but now shedropping his hitches like any maidavale orse-rider in an idinhole? Ah, dearo! Dearo, dear! And her illian! And his willyum! When they were all there now, matinmarked for lookin on. At the carryfour with awlus plawshus, their happy- ass cloudious! And then and too the triviais! And their bivouac! And his monomyth! Ah ho! Say no more about it! I’m sorry! I saw. I’m sorry! I’m sorry to say I saw!

Gives there not too amongst us after all events (or so grunts a leading hebdromadary) some togethergush of stillandbutall—known that, insofarforth as, all up and down the whole con creation say, efficient first gets there finally every time, as a com — plex matter of pure form, for those excess and that pasphault hardhearingness from their eldfar, in grippes and rumblions, through fresh taint and old treason, another like that alter but not quite such anander and stillandnot one not all the selfsame and butstillone just the maim and encore emmerhim may always, with a little difference, till the latest up to date so early in the morning, have evertheless been allmade amenable?

Yet he begottom.

Let us wherefore, tearing ages, presently preposterose a snatchvote of thanksalot to the huskiest coaxing experimenter that ever gave his best hand into chancerisk, wishing him with his famblings no end of slow poison and a mighty broad venue for themselves between the devil’s punchbowl and the deep angleseaboard, that they may gratefully turn a deaf ear clooshed upon the desperanto of willynully, their shareholders from Taaffe to Auliffe, that will curse them below par and mar with their descendants, shame, humbug ant profit, to greenmould upon mildew over jaundice as long as ever there’s wagtail surtaxed to a testcase on enver a man.

We have to had them whether we’ll like it or not. They’ll have to have us now then we’re here on theirsot. Scant hope theirs or ours to escape life’s high carnage of semperidentity by sub-sisting peasemeal upon variables. Bloody certainly have we got
to see to it ere smellful demise surpends us on this concrete that down the gullies of the eras we may catch ourselves looking forward to what will in no time be staring you larrikons on the postface in that multimirror megaron of returningties, whirled without end to end. So there was a raughty ... who in Dyfflins-borg did ... With his soddering iron, spadeaway, hammerlegs and ... Where there was a fair young ... Who was playing her game of ... And said she you rockaby ... Will you peddle in my bog ... And he sod her in Iarland, paved her way from Maizenhead to Youghal. And that’s how Humphrey, champion emir, holds his own. Shysweet, she rests.

Or show pon him now, will you! Derg rudd face should take patrick’s purge. Hokoway, in his hiphig bearserk! Third position of concord! Excellent view from front. Sidome. Female imperfectly masking male. Redspot his browbrand. Woman’s the prey! Thon’s the dullakeykgongsbyogblagroggerswagginline (private judges, change here for Looterstown! Onlyromans, keep your seats!) that drew all ladies please to our great mettroll-ops. Leary, leary, twentytun nearly, he’s plotting kings down for his villa’s extension! Gaze at him now in momentum! As his bridges are blown to babbyrags, by the lee of his hulk upright on her orbits, and the heave of his juniper arx in action, he’s naval I see. Poor little tartanelle, her dinties are chattering, the strait’s she’s in, the bulloge she bears! Her smirk is smeeching behind for her hills. By the queer quick twist of her mobcap and the lift of her shift at random and the rate of her gate of going the pace, two thinks at a time, her country I’m proud of. The field is down, the race is their own. The galleonman jovial on his bucky brown nightmare. Bigrob dagning his lylyputtana. One to one bore one! The datter, io, io, sleeps in peace, in peace. And the twillingsons, ganymede, garrimore, turn in trot and trot. But old pairamere goes it a gallop, a gallop. Bosford and phosherine. One to one on!

O, O, her fairy setalite! Casting such shadows to Persia’s blind! The man in the street can see the coming event. Photo-flashing it far too wide. It will be known through all Urania soon. Like jealousjoy titaning fear; like rumour rhea round the planets; like china’s dragon snapping japets; like rhodagrey up the east. Satyrdaysboost besets Phoebe’s nearest. Here’s the flood and the flaxen flood that’s to come over helpless Irryland. Is there no-one to malahide Liv and her bettyship? Or who’ll buy her rosebuds, jettyblack rosebuds, ninsloes of nivia, nonpaps of nan? From the fall of the fig to doom’s last post every ephemeral anniversary while the park’s police peels peering by for to weight down morrals from county bubblin.

Kickakick. She had to kick a laugh. At her old stick-inthe-block. The way he was slogging his paunch about, elbidoobled, meet oft mate on, like hale King Willow, the robberer. Cain-maker’s mace and waxened capapee. But the tarrant’s brand on his hottomewt brow. At half past quick in the morning. And her lamp was all askew and a trumbly wick! Ringesiegey. She had to spofforth, she had to kick, too thick of the wick of her pixy’s loomph, widelickering jessup the smooky shiminey. And her duffed coverpoint of a wickedy batter, as she druv behind her stumps for a tyddlesly wink through his tunnil-cleft bagslps after the rising bounder’s yorkers, as he studd and stoddard and trutted and trumpered, to see had lordherry’s blackham’s red bobby abbels, it tickled her innings to consort pitch at kicksolock in the morm. Tipatonguing him on in her pigeony linguish, with a flick at the bails for lubrication, to scorch her faster, faster. Ye hek, ye hok, ye hucky lordherry’s blackham’s red bobby abbels, it tickled her innings to consort pitch at kicksolock in the morm. Tipatonguing him on in her pigeony linguish, with a flick at the bails for lubrication, to scorch her faster, faster. Ye hek, ye hok, ye hucky lordherry’s blackham’s red bobby abbels, it tickled her innings to consort pitch at kicksolock in the morm. Tipatonguing him...
— lers in company and their carriageable tochers, tanks tight anne thynne for her contractations tugowards his personeel. Echo, choree chorecho! O I you O you me! Well, we all unite thought-fully in rendering gratias, well, between loves repassed, begging your honour’s pardon for, well, exclusive pictorial rights of here-hear fond tiplady his weekreations, appearing in next eon’s issue of the Neptune’s Centinel and Tritonville Lightowler with well the widest circulation round the whole universe. Echolo choree choreoh choree choreico! How me O my youhou my I youtou to I O? Thanks furthermore to modest Miss Glimglow and neat Master Mettresson who so kindly profiteered their serwishes as demysell of honour and, well, as strainbearer respectively. And a cordiallest brief nod of chinchin dankyshin to, well, patient ringasend as prevenient (by your leave), to all such occasions, detachably replaceable (thanks too! twos intact!). As well as his auricular of Malthus, the promethean paratonnerwetter which first (Pray go! pray go!) taught love’s lightning the way (pity shown) to, well, conduct itself (mercy, good shot! only please don’t mention it!). Come all ye goatfathers and groanmothers, come all ye markmakers and piledrivers, come all ye labour-saving devisers and chargeleyden dividends, firefinders, water — workers, deeply condeal with him! All that is still life with death ineyborn, all verbupsaps yet bound to be, to do and to suffer, every creature, everywhere, if you please, kindly feel for her! While the dapplegray dawn drags nigh for to wake all droners that drowse in Dublin.

Humperfeldt and Anunsha, wedded now evermore in annas-tomoses by a ground plan of the placehunter, whiskered beau and donahbella. Totumvir and esquimeena, who so shall sepa-rate fetters to new desire, repeals an act of union to unite in bonds of schismacy. O yes! O yes! Withdraw your member! Closure. This chamber stands abjourned. Such precedent is largely a cause to lack of collective continencies among Don-nelly’s orchard as lifelong the shadyside to Fairbrother’s field. Humbo, lock your kekkle up! Anny, blow your wickle out! Tuck away the tablesheet! You never wet the tea! And you may go rightoway back to your Aunty Dilluvia, Humprey, after that!

Retire to rest without first disturbing your neighbor, man-kind of baffling descriptions. Others are as tired of themselves as you are. Let each one learn to bore himself. It is strictly re-quested that no cobsmoking, spitting, pubchat, wrastle rounds, coarse courting, smut, etc, will take place amongst those hours so devoted to repose. Look before behind before you strip you. Disrobe clothed in the strictest secrecy which privacy can afford. Water non to be discharged coram grate or ex window. Never divorce in the beddng the glove that will give you away. Maid Maud ninnies nay but blabs to Omama (for your life, would yovi! she to her bosom friend who does all chores (and what do you think my Madeleine saw?): this ignorant mostly sweeps it out along with all the rather old corporators (have you heard of one humbeldon jungleman how he bet byrn-and-bushe playing peg and pom?): the mauldin river then gets its dues (adding a din a ding or do): thence those laundresses (O, muddle me more about the maggies! I mean bawnee Madge Ellis and brownie Mag Dillon). Attention at all! Every ditcher’s dastard in Dupling will let us know about it if you have paid the mulctman by whether your rent is open to be foreclosed or aback in your arrears. This is seriously meant. Here is a homelet not a hothel.

That’s right, old oldun!

All in fact is soon as all of old right as anywas ever in very old place. Were he, hwen scalded of that couverfowl, to beat the bounds by here at such a point of time as this is for at sammel up all wood’s haypence and riviers argent (half back from three gangs multiplussed on a twentyot add altto a fiver with the deuce or roamer’s numbers ell a fee and do little ones) with the caboosh on him opheld for thrushes’ mistiles yet singing oud his parasant in cornish token: mean fawthery eastend appullcelery, ol

Hiss! Which we had only our hazelight-to see with, cert, in our point of view, me and my auxy, Jimmy d’Arcy, hadn’t we, Jimmy? — Who to seen with? Kiss! No kidd, capt’n, which he stood us, three jolly postboys, first a couple of Mountjoys and nutty woodbines with his cadbully’s choculars, pepped from our Theatour Regal’s drolleries puntomine, in the snug at the Cambridge Arms of Teddy Ales while we was laying, crown jewels to a peanut, was he stepmarm, old noseheavy, or a woudower, which he said, lads, a taking low his Whitby hat, lopping off the froth and whishing, with all respectfulness to the old country, tommorow comrades, we, his long life’s strength and cuirsscreen loan to our allhallowed king, the pitchur that he’s turned to weld the wall, (L awd lengthen him!) his standpoint was, to belt and blucher him afore the hole pleading churchal and submarine bar yonder but he made no class at all in port and cemented palships between our trucers, being a
refugee, didn’t he, Jimmy? — Who true to me? Sish! Honesuckler, that’s what my young lady here, Fred Watkins, bugler Fred, all the ways from Melmoth in Natal, she calls him, dip the colours, pet, when he commit his certain questions vivaviz the secret empire of the snake which it was on a point of our sutton down, how was it, Jimmy? — Who has sinnerettes to declare? Phiss! Touching our Phoenix Rangers’ nuisance at the meeting of the waitresses, the daintylines, Elsies from Chelsies, the two leggle-gels in blooms, and those pest of parkies, twitch, thistle and charlock, were they for giving up their fogging trespasses by order which we foregathered he must be raw in cane sugar, the party, no, Jimmy MacCawthellock? Who trespass against me? Briss! That’s him wiv his wig on, achieving of his maple gum, that’s our grainpopaw, Mister Beardall, an accom-pliced burgomaster, a great one among the very greatest, which he told us privates out of his own scented moup he used to was, my lads, afore this wineact come, what say, our Jimmy the chapelgoer? — Who fears all masters! Hi, Jocko Nowlong, my own sweet boosy love, which he puts his feeler to me behind the beggar’s bush, does Freda, don’t you be an emuggee! Carry-one, he says, though we marooned through this woylde. We must spy a half a hind on honesuckler now his old face’s hardalone wiv his defences down during his wappin stillstand, says my Fred, and Jamessime here which, pip it, she simply must, she says, our pet, she’ll do a retroussy from her point of view (Way you fly! Like a frush!) to keep her flouncies off the grass while paying the wetmenots a musicall visit and pair her fiefighs fore him with just one curl after the cad came back which we fought he wars a gunner and his corkiness lay up two bottles of joy with a sandy had by Fred and a fino oloroso which he was warming to, my right, Jimmy, my old brown freer? — Whose dolour, O so mine!

Following idly up to seeepoint, neath kingmount shadow the ilk for eke of us, whose nathem’s banned, whose hofd a-hooded, welkim wasrail, how di’ you dew? Hollymerry, ivysad, whicher and whoer, Mr Black Atkins and you tanapanny troopertwos, were you there? Was truce of snow, snowmounded snow? Or did wolken hang o’er earth in umber hue his fulmenbomb? Number two coming! Full inside! Was glimpsed the mean amount of cloud? Or did pitter rain fall in a sprinkling? If the waters could speak as they flow! Timgle Tom, pall the bell! Izzy’s busy down the dell! Mizpah low, youyou, number one, in deep humidity! Listen, misled peerless, please! You are of course. You miss him so, to listleto! Of course, my pledge between us, there’s no-one Noel like him here to hear. Esch so eschess, douls a doulse! Since Allan Rogue loved Arrah Pogue it’s all Kildoughall fair. Triss! Only trees such as these such were those, waving there, the barketree, the o’briertree, the rowantree, the o’corneltree, the behanshrub near windy arbour, the mag.

Tiss! Two pretty mistletots ribboned to a tree, up rose libe-erator and, fancy, they were free! Four witty missywives, wink — ing under hoods, made lasses like lads love maypolderiding and dotted our green with tricksome couples, fiftyfifty, their chil-ren’s hundred. That childish pence took care of parents’ pounds and many made money the way in the world where rushroads to riches crossed slums of lice and, the cause of it all, he forged himself ahead like a blazing urbanorb, brewing treble to drown grief, giving and taking mayom and tuam, playing milliards with his three golden balls, making party capital out of landed self-interest, light on a slavey but weighty on the bourse, our hugest commercial emporialist, with his sons boooing home from afar and his daughters bridling up at his side. Finner!

How did he bank it up, swank it up, the whaler in the punt, a guinea by a great, his index on the balance and such wealth into the bargain, with the boguyn which he snatched in the baggage coach ahead? Going forth on the prow, master jackill, under night and creeping back, dog to hide, over morning. Humbly to fall and cheaply to rise, exposition of failures. Through Duffy’s blunders and MacKenna’s insurance for upper ten and lower five the band played on. As one generation tells night and creeping back, dog to hide, over morning. Humbly to fall and cheaply to rise, expos —

Pepep. Pay bearer, sure and sorry, at foot of ohoho honest policist. On never again, by Phoenix, swore on him Lloyd’s, not for beaten wheat, not after Sir Joe Meade’s father, thanks! They know him, the covenanter, by rote at least, for a chameleon at last, in his true falseheaven colours from ultraviolet to subred tissues. That’s his last tryon to march through the grand
tryomphal arch. His reignbolt’s shot. Never again! How you do that like, Mista Chimepiece? You got nice yum plemyums. Pray-paid my promishles!

Agreed, Wu Welsher, he was chogfulled to beacsate on earn as in hiving, of foxold conningnesses but who, hey honey, for all values of his latters, integer integerrimost, was the formast of the firm? At folkmood hailed, at part farwailed, accwmwladed concloud, Nuah–Nuah, Nebob of Nephilim! After all what fol-lowed for apprentice sake? Since the now nighs nearing as the yest hies hin. Jeebies, ugh, kek, ptah, that was an ill man! Jaw–boose, puddigood, this is for true a sweetish mand! But Jum — bluffer, bagdad, sir, yond would be for a once over our all honoured christmastyde easteredman. Fourth position of solution. How johnny! Finest view from horizon. Tableau final. Two me see. Male and female unmask we hem. Begum by gunne! Who now broothes oldbrawn. Dawn! The nape of his name-shielder’s scalp. Halp! After having drummed all he dun. Hun! Worked out to an inch of his core. More! Ring down. While the queenbee he staggerhorned blesses her bliss for to feel her funnyman’s functions Tag. Rumbling.

Tiers, tiers and tiers. Rounds.

IV

Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Sandhyas!

Calling all downs. Calling all downs to dayne. Array! Surrection! Eireweeker to the wohld bludyn world. O rally, O rally, O rally! Phlenxty, O rally! To what lifelike thyne of the bird can be. Seek you somany matters. Haze sea east to Osseania. Here! Here! Tass, Patt, Staff, Woff, Havv, Bluvv and Rutter. The smog is lofting. And already the olduman’s olduman has godden up on othertimes to litanate the bonnamours. Sonne feine, somme feehn avaunt! Gulf modning, have yous viewed Piers’ aube? Thane yaars ago we have used yours up since when we have fused now orther. Calling all daynes. Calling all daynes to dawn. The old breeding bradsted culminwishlist of natures to Foyn Mac–Hooligan, The leader, the leader! Securest jubilends albas Te — moram. Clogan slogan. Quake up, dim dusty, wook doom for husky! And let Billey Feghin be baallad out of his humulation. Confindention to churchen. We have highest gratifications in announcing to pewtewr publikumst of pratician pratyusers, gen-ghis is ghoo for you.

A hand from the cloud emerges, holding a chart expanded.

The eversower of the seeds of light to the cowld owld sowls that are in the dormatory of Defmut after the night of the carrying of the word of Nuahs and the night of making Mehs to cuddle up in a coddlepot, Pu Nuseht, lord of risings in the yonderworld of Ntamplin, tohp triumphant, speaketh.

Vah! Suvarn Sur! Scatter brand to the reneweller of the sky, thou who agnitest! Dah! Arcturis comeing! Be! Verb umprincipiant through the trancitive spaces! Kilt by kelt shell kithagain with kinagain. We elect for thee, Tirtangel. Svadesia salve! We Durbalanars, theeadjure. A way, the Margan, from our astamite, through dimdom done till light kindling light has led we hopas but hunt me the journeyon, iteritinerant, the kal his course, amid the semitary of Somnionia. Even unto Heliotropolis, the castellated, the enchanting. Now if soomone felched a twoel and soomonelses warmet watter we could, while you was saying Morkret Miry or Smud, Brun and Rubbinsen, make sunlike sylp om this warful dune’s battam. Yet clarify begins at. Whither the spot for? Whence the hour by? See but! Lever hulme! Take in. Respassers should be pursaccoutred. Qui stabat Meins quan-tum qui stabat Peins. As of yours. We annew. Our shades of minglings mengle them and help help horizons. A flasch and, rasch, it shall come to pasch, as hearth by hearth leaps live. For the tanderest stock with the rosinost top Ahlen Hill’s, clubpub-ber, in general stores and. Atriathroughwards, Lugh the Brathwacker will be the listened after and he larruping sparks out of his teiney ones. The spearspid of dawnfire totouches ain the tablestoane ath the centre of the great circle of the macroliths of Helusbelus in the boshiman brush on this our peneplain by Fan-galuvu Bight whence the horned cairns erge, stanserstanded, to floran frohn, idols of isthmians. Overwhere. Gaunt grey ghostly gossips growing grubber in the glow. Past now pulls. Cur one beast, even Dane the Great, may treadspath with sniffer he snout impursuant to byelegs. Edar’s chuckal humuristic. But why pit the cur afore the noxe? Let shrill their duan Gaul and Rubbinsen, make sunlike sylp om this warful dune’s battam. Yet clarify begins at. Whither the spot for? Whence the hour by? See but! Lever hulme! Take in. Respassers should be pursaccoutred. Qui stabat Meins quan-tum qui stabat Peins. As of yours. We annew. Our shades of minglings mengle them and help help horizons. A flasch and, rasch, it shall come to pasch, as hearth by hearth leaps live. For the tanderest stock with the rosinost top Ahlen Hill’s, clubpub-ber, in general stores and. Atriathroughwards, Lugh the Brathwacker will be the listened after and he larruping sparks out of his teiney ones. The spearspid of dawnfire totouches ain the tablestoane ath the centre of the great circle of the macroliths of Helusbelus in the boshiman brush on this our peneplain by Fan-galuvu Bight whence the horned cairns erge, stanserstanded, to floran frohn, ids of isthmians. Overwhere. Gaunt grey ghostly gossips growing grubber in the glow. Past now pulls. Cur one beast, even Dane the Great, may treadspath with sniffer he snout impursuant to byelegs. Edar’s chuckal humuristic. But why pit the cur afore the noxe? Let shrill their duan Gallus, han, and she, hou the Sassqueehenna, makes ducks-runs at crooked. Once for the chantermale, twice for the pother and once twice threece for the waither. So an inedible yellow-meat turns out the invasable blackth. Kwhat serves to rob with Alliman, sae lienor, a turnkeyed trot to Seapoint, pierrotettes, means Noel’s Bar and Julepunsch, by Joge, if you’ve tippertaps in your head or starting kursses, tailour, you’re silenced at Henge Ceol- leges, Exmooth, Ostbys for ost, boys, each and one? Death banes and the quick quoake. But life
wends and the dombs spake! Whake? Hill of Hafid, knock and knock, nachasach, gives relief to the langscape as he strauches his lamusong unto upon gazelle channel and the bride of the Bryne, shin high shake, is dotter than evar for a damase wed her farther. Lambel on the up! We may plesently heal Geoglyphy’s twentynine ways to say good-bett an wassing seosoon liv. With the forty wonks winking please me your much as to. With her tup. It’s a long long ray to Newirgland’s premier. For korps, for streamfsh, for confects, for bullyoungs, for smearsassage, for patates, for steakd pig, for men, for limericks, for waterfowls, for wagsfools, for louts, for cold airs, for late trams, for curries, for curlews, for leekeses, for orphalines, for tunnygulls, for clear goldways, for lungfortes, for moonyhaunts, for fairmoneys, for coffins, for tantrums, for armuars, for waglugs, for roges comings, for sly goings, for larksmathes, for homdsmeethes, for quailsmeathes, kilalooy. Tep! Come lead, crom lech! Top. Wisely for us Old Bruton has withdrawn his theory. You are alpsulumply wroght! Amsu-lummmm. But this is perporteroguing youpoorapps? Nanan — tanai. Sure it’s not revieng your? Amslu! Good all so. We seem to understand apad vellintomes muniment, Arans Duhkha, among hoseshoes, cheriotiers and etceterogenious bargainbout-barrows, ofver and umnder, since, evenif or although, in double preposition as in triple conjunction, how the mudden research in the topaia that was Mankaylands has gone to prove from the picalava present in the maramara melma that while a successive generation has been in the deep deep deeps of Deepererars. Buried hearts. Rest here.

Conk a dook he’ll doo. Svap.

So let him slap, the sap! Till they take down his shatter from his shap. He canease. Fill stap.

Thus faraclacks the friarbird. Listening, Syd!

The child, a natural child, thenown by the mnames of, (aya! aya!), wouldbewas kidnapped at an age of recent probably, possibly remoter; or he conjured himself from seight by slide at hand; for which thetheatron is a lemoronage; at milch-goat fairmesse; in full dohdhis; sod on a fall; pat; the hundering blundering dunderfunder of plundersundered manhood; behold, he returns; renascenent; incarnate; still foretold around the hearth-side; at matin a fact; hailed chimers’ ersekind; foe purmanant, fum in his mow; awike in wave risurging into chrest; victis poenis hesternis; fosfath of solas; fram choicest of wiles with warmen and sogns til Banba, burial aranging; under articles thirtynine of the reconstitution; by the lord’s order of the canon consecrand-able; earthlost that we thought him; pesternost, the noneknown worrier; from Tumbarumba mountain; in persence of whole landslots; forebe all the rassias; sire of leery subs of dub; the Dig-gins, Woodenhenge, as to hang out at; with spawnish oel full his angalach; the sousenug; gnomeosulphidosalamerdeman; the big brucer, fert in fort; Gunnar, of The Gunnings, Gund; one of the two or three forefivest fellows a bloke could in holiday crowd enco...
And howpsadrowsay.

Lok! A shaft of shivery in the act, anilancinant. Cold’s sleuth! Vayuns! Where did thots come from? It is infinitesimally fevers, resty fever, risy fever, a coranto of aria, sleeper awakening, in the smalls of one’s back presentiment, gip, and again, geip, a flash from a future of maybe mahamayability through the windr of a wondr in a wildr is a weltr as a wirbl of a warbl is a world.

Tom.

It is perfect degrees excelsius. A jaladaew still stilleth. Cloud lay but mackrel are. Anemone activevent, the torporature is returning to mornal. Humid nature is feeling itself freely at ease with the all fresco. The vervain is to herald as the grass administers. They say, they say in effect, they really say. You have eaden fruit. Say wbuat. You have snakked mid a fish. Telle whish. Every those personal place objects if nonthings where soever and they just done been doing being in a dromo of todos with-outen a bound to be your trowers. Forswundled. You hald him by the tap of the tang. Not a salutary sellable sound is since. In-steel for asteer, adrift with adraft. Nuctumbulumbumus wander — wards the Nil. Victorias neanzas. Alberths neantas. It was a long, very long, a dark, very dark, an allburt unend, scarce endurable, and we could add mostly quite various and somenwhat stumbling night. Endee he sendee. Diu! The has goning at gone, the is coming to come. Greets to ghastern, hie to morgning. Dor-midy, destady. Doom is the faste. Well down, good other! Now day, slow day, from delicate to divine, divases. Padma, brighter and sweetster, this flower that bells, it is our hour or risings. Tickle, tickle. Lotus spray. Till herenext. Adya.

Take thanks, thankstum, thamas. In that eurpoean end meets Ind.

There is something supernoctural about whatever you called him it. Panpan and vinvin are not aloney vanvan and pinpin in your Tamal without tares but simplysoley they are they. This-utter followis that odder fellow. Himkim kimkim. Old yeaster — loaves may be a stale as a stub and the pitcher go to aftoms on the wall. Mildew, murk, leak and yarn now want the bad that they lied on. And your last words todate in camparative accousto-mology are going to tell stretch of a fancy through strength to — wards joyance, adyatants, where he gets up. Allay for allay, a threat for a throat.

Tim!

To them in Ysat Loka. Hearing. The urb it orbs. Then’s now with now’s then in tense continuant. Heard. Who having has he shall have had. Hear! Upon the thuds trokes truck, chim, it will be exactly so fewer hours by so many minutes of the ope of the diurn of the sennight of the maaned of the yere of the age of the madamanvantora of Grossguy and Littleylady, our hugibus hugibum and our weewee mother, actaman house-truewith, and their childer and their napirs and their napirs’ childers napirs and their chattels and their servance and their cognance and their ilks and their orts and their everythings that is be will was theirs.

Much obliged. Time-o’-Thay! But wherth, O clerk?

Whitbr a clonk? Vartman! See you not soo the pfath they pfunded, oura vatars that arred in Himmal, harruad bathar na-mas, the gow, the stiar, the tigara, the liofant, when even thurst was athar vetals, mid trefoils slipped the sable rampant, hoof, hoof, hoof, hoof, padapodopudpedding on fattaftafattaft. Ere we are! Signifying, if tungs may tolkan, that, primeval conditions having gradually receded but nevertheless the emplacement of solid and fluid having to a great extent persisted through intermittences of sullemn fulminance, sollemn nuptialism, sallemn sepulture and providential divining, making possible and ever; inevitable, after his a time has a tense haves and havenots hesitency, at the place and period under consideration a socially organic entity of a millenary military monetary morphological circumformation in a more — or less settled state of eunonomic ecolibe equalobe equilab equilibbrium. Gam on, Geare! Nomo-morphemy for me! Lessnatbe angardsmanlake! You jast gat a tache of army on the stumuk. To the Angar at Anker. Accquo-tincts. Seeworthy. Lots thankyouful, polite pointins! There’s a tavern in the tarn.

Where. Cumulonubulocirrhonimbant heaven electing, the dart of desire has gored the heart of secret waters and the poplarest wood in the entire district is being grown at present, eminently adapted for the requirements of pacnincstricken humanity and, between all the goings up and the whole of the comings down and the fog of the cloud in which we toil and the cloud of the fog under which we labour, bomb the thing’s to be domb about it so that, beyond indicating the locality, it is felt that one cannot with advantage add a very great deal to the aforegoing by what, such as it is to be, follows, just mentioning however that the old man of the sea and the old woman in the sky if they don’t say nothings about it they don’t tell us lie, the gist of the pantomime, from cannibal king to the property horse, being, slumply and slopely, to remind us how, in this drury world of ours, Father Times and Mother Spacies boil their kettle with their crutch. Which every lad and lass in the lane knows. Hence.

Polycarp pool, the pool of Innalavia, Saras the saft as, of meadowy marge, atween Deltas Piscium and Sagittariastrion, wherein once we lave ’tis alve and vale, minnyhahing here from hiawruther, a paddlebridges in a passabed, the river of lives, the regenerations of the incarnations of the emanations of Funn and Nin in Cleethabala, the kongdomain of the Alieni, an accorsaired race, infester of Libnud Ocean, Moyla-more, let it be! Where Allbroggt Neandser tracking Viggynette Neenise gladsighted her Linfian Fall and a teamdiggingharrow turned the first sod. Sluce! Caughtereact! Goodspeed the blow! (Incidentally ’tis believed that his harpened before Gage’s Fane for it has to be over this booty sprotch, though some hours to the wester, that ex-Colonel House’s preterpost heiress is to re-turn unto the outstretcheds of Dweyr O’Michael’s loinsprung the blunterbusted pikehead which his had hewn in hers, pro-longed laughter words). There an alomdree begins to green, soreen seen for loveseat, as we know that should she, for by essentience his law, so it make all. It is scainted to Vitalba. And her little white bloomkins, twittersky trimmed, are hobdoblins’ hankypanks. Saxenslyke our anscessers thought so darely on now they’re going soeoe to Anglesea, free of juties, dyrt chapes. There too a slab slobs, immermemorial, the only in all swamp. But so bare, so boulder, brag sagging such a brr bll bmm show that, of Barindens, the white alfred, it owed to have at leased some butchup’s upperon. Homos Circas Elochlannensis! His showplace at Leeambye. Old Wommany Wyes. Pfi! But, while gleam with gloom swan here and there, this shame rock and that wispy planter tell Paudheen Steel-the-Poghue and his perty Molly Vardant, in goodbroomirish, arrah, this place is a proper and his feist a ferial for cudrnal communal, so be who would celebrate the holy mystery upon or that the pirigrim from Mainy-lands beatend, the calmleaved hutcaged by that look whose glaum is sure he means bnsngels to empalmover. A naked yogpriest, clothed of sundust, his oakey doaked with frondest leoves, offrand to the ewon of her owen. Tas Yamaha salilikriyamu! Pfaf!

Bring about it to be brought about and it will be, loke, our lake lemanted, that greyt lack, the citye of Is is issuant (atlanst!), urban and orbal, through seep froms umber under wasseres of Erie. Lough!

Hwo! Hw, dairmaidens? Asthoreths, assay! Earthsigh to is heavened.

Hillsengals, the daughters of the cliffs, responsen. Longsome the samphire coast. From thee to thee, thoart it tho, that thouest there. The like the near, the liker nearer. O sosay! A family, a band, a school, a clanagirls. Fiftines andbut fortines by novanas andor vantads by octettes ayand decadendecads by a lunary with last a lone. Whose every has herdifferent from the similies with her site. Sicut campanulae petalliferentes they coroll in caroll round Botany Bay. A dweam of dose innocent dirly dirls. Keavn! Keavn! And they all setton voicies about singsing music was Keavn! He. Only he. Ittle he. Ah! The whole clangalied. Oh!

Prayfulness! Prayfulness!

Euh! Thaet is seu whaet shaell one naeme it!
The meidinogues have tingued togetherring. Ascend out of your bed, cavern of a trunk, and shrine! Kathlins is kitchin. Soros cast, ma brone! You must exterra acquarate to interirigate all the arkypelicans. The asturologer Wallaby by Tolan, who farshhook our showers from Newer Aland, has signed the you and the now our mandate. Milenesia waits. Be smark.

One seekings. Not the lithe slender, not the broad roundish near the lithe slender, not the fairsized fullheatured to the leeward of the broad roundish but, indeed and inneed, the curling, perfect-portioned, flowerfleckled, shapely highhued, delicate features swaying to the windward of the fairsized fullheatured.

Was that in the air about when something is to be said for it or is it someone imparticular who will somewherise for the whole anyhow?

What does Coemghen? Tell his hidings clearly! A woodtoo-gooder. Is his moraltack still his best of weapons? How about a little more goaling goold? Rowlin’s tun he gadder no must. It is the voice of Roga. His face is the face of a son. Be thine the silent hall, O Jarama! A virgin, the one, shall mourn thee. Roga’s stream is solence. But Croona is in adestance. The ass of the O’Dwyer of Greyglen is abrowtobase anfeal in his terriors of the Potter-ton’s forecoroners, the reeks around the burleyhearted. When visited by an independant reporter, “Mike” Portland, to burrow burning the latterman’s Resterant so is called the gorton in ques-ture he mikes the fallowing for the Durban Gazette? firstcoming issue. From a collispendent. Any were. Deemsday. Bosse of Upper and Lower Bygotstrade, Ciwareke, may he live for river! The Games funeral at Valleytemple. Saturnights poms, exhabitating that corricate of a harss, revealed by Oscur Camerad. The last of Dutch Schulds, perhumps. Pipe in Dream Cluse. Uncovers Pub History. The Outrage, at Length. Affected Mob Follows in Religious Sullivence. Rivention of vestiges by which they drugged the buddhy. Moviefigure on in scenic section. By Patathicus. And there, from out of the scuity, misty London, along the canavan route, that is with the years gone, mild beam of the wave his polar bearing, steerner among stars, trust touthena and you tread true turf, comes the sorter, Mr Hurr Hansen, talking allthe-ways in himself of his hopes to fall in among a merryfoule of maidens happynghome from the dance, his knuckle allready in his knackskey fob, a passable compatriate properly of the Grimstad galleon, old pairs frieze, feed up to the noxer with their geese and pees and oats upon a trencher and the toyms he’d lust in Woomin and with that smeol like a grace of backconing over his eggllips of the sunsooshine. Here’s heerding you in a guessmasque, latterman! And such an improofment! As royt as the mail and as fat as a fuddle! Schoen! Shoon! Shoon the Puzt! A penny for your thought abouts! Tay, tibby, tanny, tummy, tasty, tosty, tay. Batch is for Baker who baxters our bread. O, what an ovenly odour! Butter butter! Bring us this days our maily bag! But receive me, my freeneets, from the emerald dark winterlong! For diss is the doss for Eilder Downes and dass is it duss, as singen sengers, what the hardworking straightwalking stoutstamping securelysealing officials who trow to form our G.M.P.’s pass muster generally shay for shee and sloo for slee when butting their headd to the pi

But what does Coemghem, the fostard? Tyro a tora. The novedon iconostase of his bluegyreened vitroils but begins in feint to light his legend. Let Phosphoron proclaim! Peechy peechy. Say he that saw him that saw! Man shall sharp run do a get him. Ask no more, Jerry mine, Roga’s voice! No pice soorkabatcha. The bog which

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Oyes! Oyeses! Oyeseseyeses! The primace of the Gaulls, pro-tonotorious, I yam as I yam, mitogenarand in the free state on the air, is now aboil to blow a Gael warning. Inoperation Eyr-lands Eyot, Meganesia, Habitant and the onebut thousand insels, Western and Ostern Approaches.

Of Kevin, of increate God the servant, of the Lord Creator a filial fearer, who, given to the growing grass, took to the tall timber, slippery dick the springy heeler, as we have seen, so we have heard, that we have transmitted, thus we shall hope, this we shall pray till, in the search for love of knowledge through the comprehension of the unity in altruism through stupefaction, it may again how it may again, shearing aside the four wethers and passing over the dainty daily dairy and dropping by the way the laufalp of live coals and smoothing out Nelly Nettle and her lad of mettle, full of stings, fond of stones, friend of gnawnbones bones and leaving all the messy mess to look after our douche douche, the miracles, death and life are these.

Yad. Procreated on the ultimate ysland of Yreland in the en-cyclical yrish archipelago, come their feast of procreated holy whiteclad angels, whomamong the christener of his, voluntarily poor Kevin, having been graunted the priviloge of a priest’s postcreated portable altura cum balneo, when espousing the one true cross, invented and exalted, in celibate matrimony at matin chime arose and westfrom went and came in alb of cloth of gold to our own midmost Glendalough-le-vert by archangeliacal guid-ance where amiddle of meeting waters of river Yssia and Essia river on this one of eithers lone navigable lake piousuly Kevin, lawding the triune trishagion, amishids of his conducible altar super bath, rafted centripetally, diaconal servant of orders hiber-nian, midway across the subject lake surface to its supreem epi — centric lake Ysle, whereof its lake is the ventrifugal principality, whereon by prime, powerful in knowledge, Kevin came to where its centre is among the circumfluent watercourses of Yshgafiena and Yshgafiana, an enysled lakelet yslanding a lacustrine yset, whereupon with beached raft subdiaconal bath propter altar, with oil extremely anointed, accompanied by prayer, holy Kevin bided till the third morn hour but to build a rubric penitential honeybeehivehut in whose enclosure to live in fortitude, acoyte of cardinal virtues, whereof the arenary floor, most holy Kevin excavated as deep as to the depth of a seventh part of one full fathom, which excavated, venerable Kevin, anchorite, taking counsel, proceded towards the lakeside of the ysetyshore whereat several times he, eastward gendeflecting, in entire ubidience at sextnoon collected gregorian water sevenfold and with am-brosian eucharistic joy of heart as many times receded, carrying that privileged altar uncumque bath, which severally seven times into the cavity excavated, a lector of water levels, most venerable Kevin, then effused thereby letting there be water where was there-tofore dry land, by him so concreated, who now, confirmed a strong and perfect christian, blessed Kevin, exercised his holy sister water, perpetually so that, well understanding, she should fill to midheight his tubbathaltar, which hanbathub, most blessed Kevin, nithly enthroned in the concentric centre of the trans-lated water, whereamid, when violet vesper vailed, Saint Kevin, Hydrophilos, having girded his sable cappa magna as high as to his cherubical loins, at solemn compline sat in his sate of wis-dom, that handbathub, whereverafter, recreated doctor insularis of the universal church, keeper of the door of meditation, memory extempro proposing and intellex formally considering, recluse, he meditated continuously with seraphic ardour the primal sacra-ment of baptism or the regeneration of all man by affusion of water. Yee.

Bisships, bevel to rock’s rite! Sarver buoy, extinguish! Nuota-bene. The rare view from the three Benns under the bald heaven is on the other end, ascan your blixom on dimmen and blastun, something to right hume about. They were erected in a purvuous century, as a hen fine coops and, if you know your Bristol and have trudged the trolly ways and evlenturns of that old cobbold city, you will sortofficially scribble a mental Peny–Knox–Gore. Whether they were franklings by name also has not been fully probed. Their design is a whosold word and the charming de-tails of light in dark are freshed from the feminairity which breathes content. O ferax cupla! Ah, fairpair! The first exploder to make his ablations in these parks was indeed that lucky mortal which the monster trial showed on its first day out. What will not arky paper, anticidingly inked with penmark, push, per sample prof, kuvertly falted, when style, stink and stigmataphon are of one sum in the same person? He comes out of the soil very well after all just where Old Toffer is to come shuffling along-soons Panniquanne starts showing of her peequillar talents. Awaywrong wandler surking to a rightrare rute for his plain utterrock sukes, appelled to by her fancy claddagh. You plied that pokar, gamesy, swell as aye did, while there were flickars to the flores. He may be humpy, nay, he may be dumpy but there is always something racey about, say, a sailor on a horse. As soon as we sale him geen we gates a sprise! He brings up tofatufa and that is how we get to Missas in Massas. The old Marino tale. We veriters verity notefew demmed lustres priorly magistrite maxi-mollent in ludubility learned. Facst. Teak off that wise head! Great sinner, good sonner, is in effect the motto of the Mac–Cowell family. The gloved fist (skrimmhandsker) was intraduced into their socerdatal tree before the fourth of the twelfth and it is even a little odd all four horolodgeries still gonging restage Jakob van der Bethel, smoking behing his pipe, with Essav of Messagepostumia, lentling out his borrowed chaflingdish, before cymbaloosing the apostles at every hours of changeover. The first and last ritterrattle of the anniverse; when is a nam nought
a nam whenas it is a. Watch! Heroes’ Highway where our fleshers leave their bonings and every bob and joan to fill the bumper fair. It is their segnall for old Champelysied to seek the shades of his retirement and for young Chappielassies to tear a round and tease their partners lovesoftfun at Finnegans Wake.

And it’s high tigh tigh. Titley hi ti ti. That my dig pressed in your dag si. Gnug of old Gnig. Ni, gnid mig brawly! I bag your burden. Mees is thees knees. Thi is Mi. We have caught one-selves, Sveasmeas, in some incontigruity coumlegs of heopon — hurrish mariage from whose I most sublumbunate. A polog, my engl! Excutes. Om still so sovvy. Whyle om till ti ti.

Ha!

Dayagreening gains in schlimninging. A summerwint spring-falls, abated. Hail, regn of durknass, snowly receassing, thund lightening thund, into the dimbelowstard departamenty whither-out, soon hist, soon mist, to the hothehill from the hollow, Solsking the Frist (attempted by the admirable Captive Bunting and Loftonant–Cornel Blaire) will processingly show up above Tumplen Bar whereupon he was much jubilated by Boerge-mester “Dyk” fogg of Isoles, now Eisold, looking most plussed with (exhib 39) a clot capped sunbubble anaccanponied from his bequined torse. Up.

Blanchardstown mewspeppers pleads coppyl. Gracest good-ness, heave mensy upponnus! Grand old Manbutton, give your bowlers a rest!

It is a mere mienerism of this vague of visibilities, mark you, as accorded to by moisturologist of the Brehons Assorceration for the advauncement of scayence because, my dear, mentioning of it under the breath, as in pure (what bunkum!) essenesse, there have been dissolving forenenst you just the draeper, the two drawpers assisters and the three droopers assessors confraterni-tisers. Who are, of course, Uncle Arth, your two cozes from Niece and (kunject a bit now!) our own familiars, Billyhealy, Bally-hooly and Bullyhowley, surprised in an indecorous position by the Sigurd Sigerson Sphygmomanometer Society for bled-prusshers.

Knightsmore. Haventyne?

Ha ha!

This Mister Ireland? And a live?

Ay, ay. Aye, aye, baas.

The cry of Stena chills the vitals of slumbring off the morter has been pleased into the harms of old salaciters, measurers soon and soon, but the voice of Alina gladdens the cockly-hearted dreamerish for that magic moning with its chang chang chap sugay kaow laow milkee muchee bringing becker-brose, the brew with the foochoor in it. Sawyest? Nodt? Nyets, I dhink I sawn to remumb or sumbsuch. A kind of a thinglike all traylogged then pubably it resymbles a pelvic or some kvind then props an acutebackward quadrangle with aslant off ohahn-thenth a wenchyoumaycuddler, lying with her royalish upper — shoes among the theeckleaves. Signs are on of a mere by token that wills still to be becoming upon this there once a here was world. As the dayeleyves unfolden them. In the wake of the blackshape, Nattenden Sorte; whenat, hindled firth and hundled furth, the week of wakes is out and over; as a wick weak woking from ennemberable Ashias unto fierce force fuming, temtem tamtam, the Phoenican wakes.

Passing. One. We are passing. Two. From sleep we are passing. Three. Into the wikeawades warld from sleep we are passing. Four. Come, hours, be ours!

But still. Ah diar, ah diar! And stay.

It was also agreeable in our sinegear clutchless, touring the no placelike no timelike absolent, mixing up pettyvaughan popu-lose with the magnumoore genstries, lloydhaired mersscenary blookers with boydskinned pigttetails and goochlipped gwendo-lenes with duffyeyed dolores; like so many unprobables in their poor suit of the impressable. With Mata and after please with Matamaru and after please stop with Matamaruluka and after stop do please with Matamarulukajoni.
And anotherum. Ah ess, dapple ass! He will be longing after the Grogram Grays. And, Weisingchetaoli, he will levellaut ministel Trampleasure be. Sheflower Rosina, younger Sheflower fruit Amaryllis, youngest flowerfruityfrond Sallysill or Sillysall. And house with heaven roof occupanters they are continuingly attraverse of its milletestudinous windows, ricocoursing them-selves, as staneglass on stonestudious, inplayn unglish Wynn’s Hotel. Branchers at: Bullbeck, Oldboof, Sassondale, Josrey Uppygard, Mundelonde, Abbeytotte, Bracqueytiitte with Hoc-keyvilla, Fockeyvilla, Hillewille and Wallhall. Hoojahoo mana — gers the thingaviking. Obning shotly. When the messanger of the risen sun, (see other oriel) shall give to every seeable a hue and to every hearable a cry and to each spectacle his spot and to each happening her houram. The while we, we are waiting, we are waiting for. Hymn.

Muta: Quod est nunc fumusiste volhvuns ex Domoyo?

Juva: It is Old Head of Kettle puffing off the top of the mornin.

Muta: He odda be thorly well ashamed of himself for smoking before the high host.

Juva: Dies is Dorminus master and commandant illy tono-brass.

Muta: Diminussed aster! An I could peecieve amonkst the gatherings who ever they wolk in process?

Juva: Khubadah! It is the Chrystanthemlander with his porters of bonzos, pompommy plonkyplonk, the ghariwallahs, moveyovering the cabrattlefield of slaine.

Muta: Pongo da Banza! An I would uscertain in druidful scatterings one piece tall chap he stand one piece same place?

Juva: Bulkily: and he is fundementially theosophagusted over the whorse proceedings.

Muta: Petrificationibus! O horild haraflare! Who his dickhuns now rearrexes from undernearth the memorialorum?

Juva: Beleave filmly, beleave! Fing Fing! King King!

Muta: Ullove rum? Fulgitudo ejus Rhedonum teneat!

Juva: Rolantlossly! Till the tipp of his ziff. And the ubideintia of the savium is our ervics fenicitas.

Muta: Why soly smiles the supremest with such for a leary on his rugular lips?

Juva: Bitchorbotchum! Eebrydime! He has help his crewn on the burkeley buy but he has holf his crown on the Eurasian Generalissimo.

Muta: Skulkasloot! The twyly velleid is thus then paridi-cynical?

Juva: Ut vivat volumen sic pereat pouradosus!

Muta: Haven money on stablecert?

Juva: Tempt to wom Outsider!

Muta: Suc? He quoffs. Wutt?

Juva: Sec! Wartar wartar! Wett.
Muta: Ad Piabelle et Purabelle?

Juva: At Winne, Woermann og Sengs.

Muta: So that when we shall have acquired unification we shall pass on to diversity and when we shall have passed on to diversity we shall have acquired the instinct of combat and when we shall have acquired the instinct of combat we shall pass back to the spirit of appeasement?

Juva: By the light of the bright reason which daysends to us from the high.

Muta: May I borrow that hordwanderbaffle from you, old rubberskin?

Juva: Here it is and I hope it’s your wormingpen, Erinmonker! Shoot.


And here are the details.

Tunc. Byrneby, bullocky vampas tappany bobs topside joss pidgin fella Balkelly, archdruid of islish chinchinjoss in the his heptachromatic sevenhued septicoloured roranyellgreenlindigan mantle finish he show along the his mister guest Patholic with alb belongahim the whose throat hum with of sametime all the his cassock groaner fellas of greysfria family he fast all time what time all him monkafellas with Same Patholic, quoniam, speaking, yeh not speaking noh man liberty is, he drink up words, scilicet, tomorrow till recover will not, all too many much illusiones through photoprismic velamina of hueful panepiphanal world spectacurum of Lord Joss, the of which zoantholithic furniture, from mineral through vegetal to animal, not appear to full up to-gether fallen man than under but one photoreflection of the several iridals gradationes of solar light, that one which that part of it (furnit of heupanepi world) had shown itself (part of fur of huepanwor) unable to absorbere, whereas for numpa one pura — — duxed seer in seventh degree of wisdom of Entis–Onton he savvy inside true inwardness of reality, the Ding hvad in idself id est, all objects (of panepiwi) allside showed themselves in true coloribus resplendent with sextuple glorya of light actually re-tained, untisintus, inside them (obs of epiwo). Rumnant Patholic, stareotypicpicus, no catch all that preachybook, utpiam, tomorrow recover thing even is not, bymeby vampsybobsy taps — pansaballocks topside joss pidginfella Bilkelly–Balkelly say pat — fella, ontesantes, twotime hemhaltshealing, with other words verbigratgradation from murmurlulental till stridulocelerious in a hunghoranghoangoly tsinglontseng while his comprehen-durient, with diminishing claractinism, augmentationed himself in caloripecia to vision so throughsighty, you anxioyst melan-cholic, High Thats Hight Uberking Leary his fiery grassbelong- head all show colour of sorrelwood herbgreen, again, nigger- blonker, of the his essixcoloured holmgrewnworsted costume the his fellow saffron pettikilt look same hue of boiled spinasses, other thing, voluntary mutismuser, he not compyhandy the his golden twobreasttorc look justsamelike curlicabbis, moreafter, to pace negativisticists, verdant readyrainroof belongahim Exuber High Ober King Leary very dead, what he wish to say, spit of superexuberaabundancy plenty laurel leaves, after that com-mander bulopent eyes of Most Highest Ardreetsar King same thing like thyme choppyp upon parsley, alongsidetheat, if please-sir, nos displace tauttung, sowlofasbishedpastored, enamel Indian gem in maledicive fingerfondler of High High Siresultan Em-peror all same like one fellow olive lentil, onthelongsidethat, by undesendas, kirikirikiring, violaceous warwon contusiones of facebuts of Highup Big Cockywocky Sublissimimie Autocrat, for that with pure hueglut intensely saturated one, tinged uniformly, allaroundside upinandoutdown, very like you seeacut chowchow of plentifully sennacassia Hump cumps Ebblybally! Sukkot?

Punc. Bigseer, refrects the petty padre, whackling it out, a tumble to take, tripeness to call thing and to call if say is good while, you pore shiroskuro blackinwhitepaddynger, by thiswis aposterioprismically apastrophied and paralogically periparolyzed, celestial from principalpest of Iro’s Irismans ruinboon pot before, (for beingtime monkblinkers timeblinded completeman-tarily murkblankered in their neutralysis between the possible viriditude of the sager and the probable eruberation of the saint), as My tappropinquish to Me wipenmeselps gnosgenes a handcaughtsheaf of synthetic shammyrag to hims hers, seeming-such four three two agreement cause heart to be might, saving to Balenoarch (he kneeleths), to Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths down) to Greatest Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths down quite-somely), the sound salse symplom in a weedwayedworld of the firethere the sun in his halo cast. Onmen.
That was thing, bygotter, the thing, bogcotton, the very thing, begad! Even to uptoputty Bilkilly–Belkelly-Balkally. Who was for shouting down the shatton on the lamp of Jeeshees. Sweating on to stonker and throw his seven. As he shuck his thumping fore features apt the hoyhop of His Ards.

Thud.


Taawhaar?

Sants and sogs, cabs and cobs, kings and karls, tentes and taunts.

'Tis gone infarover. So fore now, dayleash. Pour deday. To trancefixureashone. Feist of Taborneecles, scenopegia, come! Shamwork, be in our scheining! And let every crisscouple be so croscomplimentary, little eggons, youlk and meelk, in a farbiger pancosmos. With a hottyhammyum all round. Gudstruce!

Yet is no body present here which was not there before. Only is order othered. Nought is nulled. Fuitfiat!

Lo, the laud of laurens now orielising benefictively when saint and sage have said their say.

A spathe of calyptrous glume involucrumines the perinanthean Amenta: fungoalgaceous muscafiliacial graminopalmular plan- teen; of increasing, livivorous, feelful thinkamalinks; luxuriota — ting everywhhenewithersoever among skullhollows and charnel — cysts of a weedwastewoldwevild when Ralph the Retriever ranges to jawrode his knuts knuckles and her theas thighs; one-gugulp down of the nauseous forere brarkfarsts oboboomaround and you're as paint and spickspan as a rainbow; wreath the bowl to rid the bowel; no runcure, no rank heat, sir; amess in amullium; chlorid cup.

Health, chalce, endnessnessessity! Arrive, likkypuggers, in a poke! The folgor of the frightfools is olympically optimo- minus; there is bound to be a lovleg day for mirrages in the open; Murmane and Aveling are undertoken to berry that ort- chert: provided that. You got to make good that breachsuit, seamer. You going to haulm port houlm, toilermaster. You yet must get up to kill (nonparticular). You still stand by and do as hit (private). While for yous, Jasminia Aruna and all your likers, affinitatively must it be by you elected if Monogynes his is or hers Diander, the tubous, limbesome and nectarial. Owned or grazeheifer, ethel or bonding. Mopsus or Gracchus, all your horodities will incessantlament be coming back from the Annone Wishwashwhose, Ormeipierre Lodge, Doone of the Drumes, blanches bountifully and nightsend made up, every article lathering leaving several rinsings so as each rinse results with a dap — perent rolle, cuffs for meek and chokers for sheek and a kink in the pacts for namby. Forbeer, forebear! For nought that is has bane. In mournenslaund. Themes have thimes and habit reburns. To flame in you. Ardor vigor fordors order. Since ancient was our living is in possible to be. Delivered as. Caffirs and culls and onceagain overalls, the fittest surviva lives that blued, iorn and storridge can make them. Whichus all claims. Clean. Whenast-leeps. Close. And the mannormill clipperclappers. Nxt. Doze.

Fennsense, finnsonse, aworn! Tuck upp those wide shorts. The pink of the busket for sheer give. Peeps. Stand up to hard ware and step into style. If you soil may, puett, guett me prives. For newmanmaun set a marge to the merge of unnotions. Innition wons agame.

What has gone? How it ends?

Begin to forget it. It will remember itself from every sides, with all gestures, in each our word. Today’s truth, tomorrow’s trend.

Forget, remember!

Forget!

Our wholemole millwheeling vicociclometer, a tetrados-ational gazebrocricon (the “Mamma Lujah” known to every schoolboy scallander, be he Matty, Marky, Lukey or John-a-Donk), autokinatometrically preprovided with a clappercoupling smeltingworks exprogresive process, (for the farmer, his son and their homely codes, known as eggburst, eggblend, eggburial and hatch-as-hatch can) receives through a portal vein the dialytically separated elements of precedent decomposition for the verypet-purpose of subsequent recombination so that the heroticisms, catastrophes and eccentricities transmitted by the ancient legacy of the past; type by tope, letter from litter, word at ward, with sendence of sundance, since the days of Plooney and Colum-cellas when Giacinta, Pervenche and Margaret swayed over the all-too-ghoulish and illyrical and innumantic in our mutter nation, all, anastomosically assimilated and preteridentified paradidioti-cally, in fact, the sameold gamebold adomic structure of our Finnius the old One, as highly charged with electrons as hophaz-ards can effective it, may be there for you, Cockalooralooraloo — menos, when cup, platter and pot come piping hot, as sure as herself pits hen to paper and there’s scribes scrawled on eggs.

Of cause, so! And in effect, as?

Dear. And we go on to Dirtdump. Reverend. May we add majesty? Well, we have frankly enjoyed more than anything these secret workings of natures (thanks ever for it, we humbly pray) and, well, was really so denighted of this lights time. Mucksrats which bring up about uhrweckers they will come to know good. Yon clouds will soon disappear looking forwards at a fine day. The honourable Master Sarmon they should be first born like he was with a twowangled warpon and it was between Williamstown and the Mairron Ailesbury on the top of the longcar, as merrily we rolled along, we think of him looking at us yet as if to pass away in a cloud. When he woke up in a sweat besidus it was to pardon him, goldylocks, me having an aith, but he daydreamesd we had a lovelyft face for a pulltomine. Back we were by the jerk of a bearnstark, backed in paladays last, on the bricks of the wobblish, the man what never put a dramm in the swags but milk from a national cowse. That was the prick of the spindle to me that gave me the keys to dreamland. Sneakers in the grass, keep off! If we were to tick off all that cafflers head, whisperers for his accomodation, the me craws, namely, and their bacon what harmed butter! It’s margarsseen oil. Thinthin thin-thin. Stringly is it forbidden by the honorary tenth commend — mant to shall not bare full sweetness against a neighboor’s wiles. What those slimes up the cavern door around you, keenin, (the lies is coming out on them frecklefully) had the shames to suggest can we ever? Never! So may the low forget him their trespasses against Molloyd O’Reilly, that hugglebeddy fann, now about to get up, the hartiest that Coolock ever! A nought in nought Eirinishmhan, called Ervigsen by his first mate. May all similar douters of our oldhame story have that fancied widming! For a pipe of twist or a slug of Hibernia metal we could let out and, by jings, s——

About that coerogenal hun and his knowing the size of an egg-cup. First he was a skulksman at one time and then Cloon’s fired him through guff. Be sage about sausages! Stuttutistics shows with he’s heacups of teatables the oldfirm’s fatspitters are most eatenly appreciated by metropolonians. While we should like to drag attentions to our Wolkmans Cumsensation Act. The magnets of our midst being foisted upon by a plethora of parachutes. Did speece permit the bad example of setting before the military to the best of our belief in the earliest wish of the one in mind was the mitigation of the king’s evils. And how he stairred up the step after it’s the pow——

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Toolers, both are Timsons now they’ve changed their charactrics during their blackout. Conan Boyles will pudge the
daylives out through him, if they are correctly informed. Music, me oildstrow, please! We’ll have a brand rehearsal. Fing!
One must simply laugh. Fing him aging! Good licks! Well, this ought to weke him to make up. He’ll want all his fury
gutmurderers to redress him. Gilly in the gap. The big bad old sprowly all uttering foon! Has now stuffed last podding. His
fooneral will sneak pleace by creeps o’clock tooday. Kingen will commen. Allso brewbeer. Pens picture at Manchem House
Horsegardens shown in Morning post as from Boston transcripped. Femelles will be preadam — inant as from twentyeight to
twelve. To hear that lovelade parson, of case, of a bawl gentlemale, pour forther moracles. Don’t forget! The grand fooneral
will now shortly ocuur. Remember. The remains must be removed before eaight hours shorp. With earnestly conceived hopes.
So help us to witness to this day to hand in sleep. From of Mayasdaysed most duteoused.

Well, here’s lettering you erronymously anent other clerical fands allieged herewith. I wisht I wast be that dumb tyke and
he’d wish it was me yonther heel. How about it? The sweetest song in the world! Our shape as a juvenile being much
admired from the first with native copper locks. Referring to the Married Woman’s Improperty Act a correspondent paints
out that the Swees Aubumn vogue is hanging down straith fitting to her innocenth eyes. O, felicious coolpose! If all the
MacCrawls would only handle virgils like Armsworks, Limited! That’s handsel for gertles! Never mind Micklemans! Chat us
instead! The cad with the pope’s wife, Lily Kinsella, who became the wife of Mr Sneakers for her good name in the hands of
the kissing sollicitor, will now engage in attentions. Just a prinche for to-night! Pale bellies our mild cure, back and streaky
ninepace. The thicks off Bully’s Acre was got up by Sully. The Boot lane brigade. And she had a certain medicine brought
her in a licenced victualler’s bottle. Shame! Thrice shame! We are advised the waxy is at the present in the Sweeps hospital
and that he may never come out! Only look through your leather-box one day with P.C.Q. about 4.32 or at 8 and 22.5 with
the quart of scissions masters and clerk and the bevyhum of Marie Reparatrices for a good allround sympowdhericks purge,
full view, to be surprised to see under the grand piano Lily on the sofa (and a lady!) pulling a low and then he’d begin to
jump a little bit to find out what goes on when love walks in besides the solicitous bussness by kissing and looking into a
mirror.

That we were treated not very grand when the police and everybody is all bowing to us when we go out in all directions on
Wanterlond Road with my cubarola glide? And, personably speaking, they can make their beaux to my alce, as Hillary Allen
sang to the opernine knighthers. Item, we never were chained to a chair, and, bitem, no widower whother soever followed us
about with a fork on Yankskilling Day. Meet a great civilian (proud lives to him!) who is gentle as a mushroom and a very
affecatable when he always sits forenenuf for his wet while to all whom it may concern Sully is a thug from all he drunk
though he is a rattling fine bootmaker in his profession. Would we were here-arther to lodge our complaint on sergeant
Laraseny in consequence of which in such steps taken his hea

Well, our talks are coming to be resumed by more polite conversation with a huntered persent human over the natural
bestness of pleasur after his good few mugs of humbedumb and shag. While for whoever likes that urogynal pan of cakes
one apiece it is thanks, beloved, to Adam, our former first Finnlatter and our grocerest churcher, as per Grippiths’ varuatio
bestness of pleisure after his good few mugs of humbedumb and shag. While for whoever likes that urogynal pan of cakes

Alma Luvia, Pollabella. P.S. Soldier Rollo’s sweetheart. And she’s about fetted up now with nonsery reams. And rigs out in
regal rooms with the ritzies. Rags! Worns out. But she’s still her deckhuman amber too.

Soft morning, city! Lsp! I am leafy speafing. Lpf! Foltly and foltly all the nights have falled on to long my hair. Not a sound,
falling. Lispn! No wind no word. Only a leaf, just a leaf and then leaves. The woods are fond always. As were we their babes
in. And robins in crews so. It is for me goolden wending. Unless? Away! Rise up, man of the hooths, you have slept so long!
Or is it only so mesleems? On your pondered palm. Reclined from cape to pede. With pipe on bowl. Terce for a fiddler, sxt
for makmerriers, none for a Cole. Rise up now and aruse! Norvena’s over. I am leafy, your goolden, so you called me, may
me life, yea your goolden, silve me solve, exsogerraider! You did so drool. I was so sharm. But there’s a great poet in you
too. Stout Stokes would take you offly. So has he as bored me to slump. But am good and rested. Takes to you, toddy, tan ye! Yawhawaw. Helpunto min, helpas vin. Here is your iyerol and everythlest your umbr. And stand up tall! Straight. I want to see you looking fine for me. With your brandnew big green belt and all. Blooming in the very lotust and second to nill, Budd! When you’re in the buckly shuiz Rosensharonal near did for you. Fiftyseven and three, cosh, with the bulge. Proudpurse Alby with his pooraroon Eireen, they’ll. Pride, comfytousness, envy! You make me think of a wonderdecker I once. Or somebalt thet sailder, the man me-ballant, with the bangled ears. Or an earl was he, at Lucan? Or, no, it’s the tren duke’s I mean. Or somebrey erse from the Dark Countries. Come and let us! We always said we’d. And go abroad. Rathgreany way perhaps. The chilther are still fast. There is no school today. Them boys is so contrairy. The Head does be worrying himself. Heel trouble and heal travel. Galliver and Gellover. Unless they changes by mistake. I seen the likes in the twinning of an aye. Som. So oft. Sim. Time after time. The sehm asnuh. Two bredder as doffered as nors in soun. When one of him sighs or one of him cries ’tis you all over. No peace at all. Maybe it’s those two old crony aunts held them out to the water front. Queer Mrs Quickenough and odd Miss Dodd-pbble. And when them two has had a good few there isn’t much more dirty clothes to publish. From the Laundersdale Minisions. One chap gooling the holyboy’s thingabib and this lad wetting his widdle. You were pleased as Punct, recitating war exploits and pearse orations to them jackeen gapers. But that night after, all you were wanton! Bidding me do this and that and the other. And blowing off to me, hugly Judysys, what wouldn’t you give to have a girl! Your wish was mewill. And, lo, out of a sky! The way I too. But her, you wait. Eager to choose is left to her shade. If she bad only more matchet’s wit. Findings makes runaways, runaways a stray. She’s as merry as the gricks still. ’Twould be sore should ledden sorrow. I’ll wait. And I’ll wait. And then if all goes. What will be is. Is is. But let them. Slops hospodch and the slusky slut too. He’s for thee what she’s for me. Dogging you round cove and haven and teaching me the perts of speech. If you spun your yarns to him on the swishbarque waves I was spelling my yeams to her over cottage cake. We’ll not disturb their sleep-ing duties. Let besoms be bosuns. It’s Phoenix, dear. And the flame is, hear! Let’s our joomee saintomichael make it. Since the lausafire has lost and the book of the depth is. Closed. Come! Step out of your shell! Hold up you free fing! Yes. We’ve light enough. I won’t take our laddy’s lampern. For them four old windbags of Gustsfairy to be blowing at. Nor you your ruck-sunck. To bring all the dannymans out after you on the hike. Send Arctur guiduds! Isma! Sft! It is the softest morning that ever I can ever remember me. But she won’t rain showerly, our Ilma. Yet. Until it’s the time. And me and you have made our. The sons of bursters won in the games. Still I’ll take me owlid Finvara for my shawlders. The trout will be so fine at brookfish. With a taste of roly polony from Blugpuddels after. To bring out the tang of the tay. Is’t you fain for a roost brood? Oxmealturn, all out of the woolpalls! And then all the chippy young cupidjars cluttering round us, clottering for their creams. Crying, me, grownup sister! Are me not truly? Lst! Only but, theres a but, you must buy me a fine new girdle too, nolly. When next you go to Market Norwall. They’re all saying I need it since the one from Isacsens’s slooped its line. Mrknrk? Fy arthou! Come ! Give me your great bearspaw, padder aviky, fol a miny tiny. Must buy me a fine new girdle too, nolly. When next you go to Market Norwall. They’re all saying I need it si. Must buy me a fine new girdle too, nolly. You go to Market Norwall. They’re all saying I need it si. Must buy me a fine new girdle too, nolly. When next you go to Market Norwall. They’re all saying I need it si.
stick this in your ear, wiggly! Beauties don’t answer and the rich never pays. If you were the enlarged they’d hue in cry you, Heathtown, Harbourstown, Snowtown, Four Knocks, Fleming-town, Bodingtown to the Ford of Fyne on Delvin. How they housed to house you after the Platonic garlands! And all because, loosed in her reflexes, she seem she seen Ericoriori coricome huntsome with his three poach dogs aleashing him. But you came safe through. Enough of that homer corner! And old mutther-goosip! We might call on the Old Lord, what do you say? There’s something tells me. He is a fine sport. Like the score and a moigthy went before him. And a proper old promontary. His door always open. For a newera’s day. Much as your own is. You invoiced him last Eatster so he ought to give us hockockles and everything. Remember to take off your white hat, ech? When we come in the presence. And say hoothoothoo, ihmuthishthy! His is house of laws. And I’ll drop my graciast kertssey too. If the Ming Tung no go bo to me homage me magey kow bow tow to the Mong Tang. Ceremonialness to stand lowest place be! Saying: What’ll you take to link to light a pike on porpoise, plaise? He might knight you an Armor elso daub you the first cheap magystrape. Remember Bonmhananew vim vam vom Hungerig. Hoteform, chain and epolettes, botherbumbose. And I’ll be your aural eyeness. But we vain. Plain fancies. It’s in the castles air. My currant bread’s full of sillymotocraft. Aloof is anoo. We can take or leave. He’s reading his ruffs. You’ll know our way from there surely. Flura’s way. Where once we led so many car couples have foilled since. Clatchka! Giving Shaugh-nessy’s mare the hillymount of her life. With her struuldeburg — ghers! Hnnm hmm! The rollycky road adondering. We can sit us down on the heathery benn, me on you, in quolm unson-sciounce. To scand the arising. Out from Drumleek. It was there Evora told me I had best. If I ever. When the moon of mourning is set and gone. Over Glinaduna. Lonu nula. Ourselves, oursouls alone. At the site of salvocean. And watch would the letter you’re wanting be coming may be. And cast ashore. That I prays for be mains of me draims. Scratching it and patching at with a prompt from a primer. And what scrips of nutsnolleges I pecked up and fern are rasstling as we go by. And you’ll sing thumb a bit and then wise your selmon on it. It is all so often and still...
that’s gunne. I’ll begin again in a jiffey. The nik of a nad. How glad you’ll be I waked you! My! How well you’ll feel! For ever after. First we turn by the vagurin here and then it’s gooder. So side by side, turn agate, wedding-town, laud men of Londub! I only hope whole the heavens sees us. For I feel I could near to faint away. Into the deeps. Anna-mores leep. Let me lean, just a lea, if you le, bowlstrong big — tider. Allgears is wea. At times. So. While you’re adament evar. Wrhs, that wind as if out of norewere! As on the night of the Apophanypes. Jumpst shootst throbist into me mouth like a bogue and arrohs! Ludegude of the Lashlans, how he whips me cheeks! Sea, sea! Here, weir, reach, island, bridge. Where you meet I. The day. Remember! Why there that moment and us two only? I was but teen, a tiler’s dot. The swankysuits was boosting always, sure him, he was like to me fad. But the swag-gerest swell off Shackvulle Strutt. And the fiercest freaky ever followed a pining child round the sluppery table with a forkful of fat. But a king of whistlers. Scieoula! When he’d prop me atlas against his goose and light our two candles for our singers duhos on the sewingmachine. I’m sure he squirted juice in his eyes to make them flash for frightening me. Still and all he was awful fond to me. Who’ll search for Find Me Colours now on the hilly-droops of Vikloefells? But I read in Tobecontinued’s tale that while blubles blows there’ll still be sealksers. There’ll be others but non so for me. Yed he never knew we seen us before. Night after night. So that I longed to go to. And still with all. One time you’d stand fornento me, fairly laughing, in your bark and tan billows of I branches for to fan me coolly. And I’d lie as quiet as a moss. And one time you’d rush upon me, darly roaring, like a great black I shadow with a sheeny stare to perce me rawly. And I’d frozen up and pray for thawe. Three times in all. I was the pet of everyone then. A princeable girl. And you were the pantymammy’s Vulking Corserglo. The invasion of Indelond. And, by Thorror, you looked it! My lips went livid for from the joy of fear. Like almost now. How? How you said how you’d give me the keys of me heart. And we’d be married till delth to uspart. And though dev do espart. O mine! Only, no, now it’s me who’s got to give. As duv herself div. Inn this linn. And can it be it’s nnow fforvell? Illas! I wisht I had better glances to peer t.

PARIS.
1922–1939.

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