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 dabling. Tuck up your sleeves and loosen your talktapes. And
don't butt me — hike! — when you bend. Or whatever 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 wicker. How many goes is it I wonder I
washed it? I know by the places he liked to saale, dudduty devil! Scorching my hand and starving
my famine to make his private linen public. Wallop it well with your battle and clean it. My wrists are
wrusty rubbing the moidow stains. And the sneakers of wet and the gangres of sin in it! What was it he
did a tail at all on Animal Sendai? And how long was he under loch and neagh? It was put in the newses
what he did, nicies and priers, the King fiercees Humphrey, with ilysus distilling, exploits and all. But
tons will till. I know he well. Temp untamed will hist for no man. As you spring so shall you neap. O, the
roughty old reppe! Minxing marriage and making loaf. Reeve Gootch was right and Reeve Dughead was
sinistrous! And the cut of him! And the strut of him! How he used to hold his head as high as a howeth,
the famous eld duke alien, with a hump of grandeur on him like a walking wiesel rat. And his derry's own
drawl and his corksworn blather and his doubting stuffer and his galloway swank. Ask Lictor Hackett or
Lector Reade of Garda Growley or the Boy with the Billyclub. How elster is he a called at all?
Qu'appelle? Huges Capet Earlyfool.
>>
Well, ptellomey soon and curb your escame. When they saw him shoot swift up her shoba sheath, like any
gay lord salomon, her bulls they were ruhiring, surfed with spree. Boyarka buah! Boyana buch—He ered
his little Bunbath hard, our stady bred, the trader. He did. Look at here. In this wet of his prow. Don't you
know he was kald a bairn of the brine, Wasserbournn the waterbaby? Havenmarea, so he was! H.C.E.
has a codfish ee. Shyr she's nearly as badher as him herself. Who? Anna Livia? Ay, Anna Livia. Do you
know she was calling bukvandets salty from all around, nymba noo, chamba choo, to go in till him, her
erring chief, and tickle the pontiff aisyousy? She was? Gota pot! Yssel that the limmat? As El Negro
wince when he woned in La Plate. O, tell me all I want to hear, how loft she was lift a ladderly dextro!
A coneywink after the bunting fell. Letting on she didn't care, sina leza, me absantee, him man in possessen,
the proxenate! Proxenate and phwhat is phthat? Emme for your reussischer Hondu jarkon! Tell us
in franca langue. And call a spat a spate. Did they never sharee you elo in skol, you anlabeccedarian?
It's just the same as if I was to go pur exemplum now in conservancy's cause out of telckinesis and proxenete
you. For croyt sake and is that what she is? Botlette I thought she'd act that lon. Didn't you spot
her in her windlack, wubbling up on an osierry chair, with a maestie before her all cunniform letters, pre-
tending to ribble a reedy derg on a fiddle she began without a band 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 moatst. Well, old Humber was as glommen as granopus,
me, she was safe enough. And then she'd ask to vistulate a hymn, The Heart Bowed Down or The Rakes of Mallow or Chelli Michele's La Calamia è un Verniciello or a bulky bit of old Jo Robison. Sucho fuffing a lifting 'twould cut you in two! She'd bathe the hen that crowed on the terrace of Babbel. What harm if she knew how to cockle her mouth! And not a mag out of Hum no more than out of the mangle weight. Is that a faith? That's the fact.

>>

And what was the wyere reina she made! Odet! Odet! Tell me the trent of it while I'm lathering hail out of Denis Florence MacCarthy's combies. Rise it, hit ye, pian piena! I'm dying down off my iodine feet until I lerry Anna Livia's cushingglo, that was writ by one and rede by two and troued by a poule in the park! I can see that, I see you are. How does it tummel? Listen now. Are you listening? Yes, yes! I need I am! Tarn your ere osse! Essome inne!

> By earth and the cloudy but I badly went e brandnew banksie, bedenamp and I do, and a plumper at that! For the putty affair I have ix wore out, so it is, siting, yoping and waiting for me old Dane hoddler dodderer, my life in death companion, my fragal key of our ludder, my much-altered camel's hump, my jointspoler, my moonmoo honey, my fool to the last Decemberer, to wake himself out of his winter's doze and bome me down like he used to.

Is there irwell a load 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 horserose 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 stobs dewa Tolkien or the plage au Clontarf to seale the gay aire of my salt trooblin boy and the race of the saywint up me ambushure.

Oon! Oon! tell me more. Tell me every tiny teign. I want to know every single ingul.

>>

Hehaw! She must have been a gadabout in her day, so she must, more than most. Shoul she was, gidad. She had a frewnsen of her own. Then a toss nace scared that lass, so aimal 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 FonteinMonte to Tidingtown and from Tidingtown tillhavet. Linking one and knocking the next, tipting a flark and tipting a jatty and palling in and pietaring out and clyding by on her eastway. Waishou was the first thurever burst? Someone he was, whebrua they were, in a tacit attack or in sable combat. Tinker, tillar, soundrerr, salor, Pieman Peace or Polistaman. That's the thing I'm elays on edge to esk.

>>

She sid herself she hardly knows whan the annals her graveler was, a dynast of Leinster, a wolf of the sea, or what he did or how byth she played or how, when, why, where and who offon he jumpad her and how it was gave her away. She was just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing then, sauntering, by silvamoonlake and he was a heavy trudging hurching lieabroad of a Curraghman, making his hay for whose sun to shine on, as tough as the oaktrees (peats be with them!) used to rustle that time down by the dykes of killing Kildare, for festivelloss with a plash across her. She thought she's sankd neathe the ground with nymphmam shame when he gave her the i griis eye! O happy fault! Me wish it was he! You're wrong there, correly wrong! This't only tonight you're anacheronistic! It was ages behind that when nullahs were nowhere, in county Wickenlow, garden of Erin, before she ever dreamt she'd lave Kilbride and go foaming under Horsepass bridge, with the great southwestern windstorming her traces and the midland's grainwaster asearch for her track, to wend her ways byandby, rebecca or worse, to spin and to grind, to swab and to thrash, for all her golden lifey in the barleyfields and pennylotts of Humphrey's ford ofhurdlestown an lie with a landleaper, wellingtonsothor. Alesse, the lages of glyy days! For the dove of the dunas! Wasul? Izod? Are you sartin suir? Not where the Finn fits into the Moursne, not where the Novr takes lieve of Bl m, not where the Braye divarts the Farer, not where the Mow changez her minds twint Cullin and Conn tween Conn and Collin? Or where Neptune sculled and Tritonville rowed and leumnoo three bumped heroines two? Neya, narev, nen, nonnie, nos! Then whereabouts in Ow and Ovoca? Was it yet with wyt or Lucan Yikan or where the band of man has never set foot? Delt me where, the fairy done time! I will if you listen.

>>

First she let her hair fall and down it flasked to her feet its tetiots winding coils. Then, mothermade, she smooed her self with galawater and fragant pistantia mud, wupper and lauar, from crown to sole. Next she greeved the groove of her keel, warthes and wears and mole and itch, with antifouling butter-
scath and turftide and serpentine and with leafinould she ushered round prunella isles and estates dum, quinceanent, allover her little mary. Peeld gold of waxwork her jellybelly and her grains of incense anguille bronze. And after that she wove a garland for her hair. She pleated it. She plaited 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 rumsheldown nubile, richmond and rehr, of Irish thurnlinerstones and shellmarble bangles. That done, a dawk of smut to her airy ey, Annushka Lutcticavich Pufflovah, and the leltips cream to her lippeuens and the pick of the paintbox for her pommettes, from strawberrys red to extra violates, and she sendred her boudolire maids to His Affluence, Cilligia Grande and Kirschic Reel, the two chirsines, with respeeks from his missus, seepry and sewery, and a requist might she passe of him for a minrkin. A call to pay and light a taper, in BrieonArrosa, back in a sprizzling. The cock striking mine, the stalls brildly 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 meliichag shung over her sholder, Anna Livia, oystearface, forth of her bassin came.

Describe her! Hustle along, why can't you? Spitz on the icem while it's hot. I wouldn't miss her for inthong on theneth. Not for the luce of lomba strat.

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Hellsbells, I'm sorry I missed her! Sweet gymnypum and nobody fainted! But in whell of her mouths? Was her naze alight? Everyone that saw her said the dowce little delia looked a bit queer. Let's trotly, mind the puddle!

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Well, arundigron in a waveney lyne ariangromna she pattered and swung and sidled, dribbling her boulder through narrows moses, the dillskyddrear on our drier side and the vile vetchvine agin us, curam here, careero there, not knowing which meadway or waser to strike it, edderider, making chattahoochee all to her ain chihun, like Santa Claus at the cre of the pale and puny, nisling to hear for their tiny hearties, her arms encircling Isabella, then running with reconciled Romans and Reons, on like a leech to be off like a dart, then basting Dirty Hans' spatters with spitte, with a Christmas box aipece for aitch and everyone of her chidlren, the birthday gifts they dreamt they gave her, the spoiled she freight laid at our door! On the mat, by the pourch and inander the cellar. The rivulets ran affloid to see, the glishaboyys, the pollynoties. Out of the paunsmcaup on to the pyre. And they all about her, juvenile leads and ingeniums, from the slime of their slums and artesianed wellings, rickects and riots, like the Smyly boys at their vicecine's lovee.

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But O, giben! I lovat a gagber, I could listen to maure and morawar again. Rege nor der river. Fies do your foot. Thick is the life for me.

Well, you know or don't you kennet or haven't I told you every telling has a taling and that's the he and the she of it. Look, look, the duck is growing! My branches lofty are taking rooff. And my cold cher's gone ashley. Fiulun! Fibun! What age is it? It soon is late. 'Tis endless now scane eye or erwone last saw Waterhouse's clogh. They took it assander, I hard thin sigh. When will they reassembled it? O, my back, my back, my back! I'd want to go to Aches-les-Pains. Pingpong!

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[3]

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! Buby is! And you, pluck your watch, forget not. Your evernote. So save to jumna's end! My sights are swimming thicker on me by the shadows to this place. I sow home slowly now by own way, moyavalley way. Towy I too, rathumine.

Ah, but she was the quare old skewwsha anyhow, Anna Livia, trincketoes! And sure he was the quare odd buntz too, Dear Dirty Dumpling, footsotherfather of fingalls and dothegolls. Gunmer and gafffer we're all their gangsters. Haddn't seven damm to wive him? And every dam had her seven crutches. And every crutch had its seven huce. And each hue had a differying cry. Sudds 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 Brutian Catholic Heathen, in their pinky limony creamy bimice and their turkiss indienne maves. But at nilkidness who was the spouse? Then all that was was fair. Tys Elventry! Teems of times and happy returns, the seim aew, Ordovisc or viricordo. Anna was, Livia is, Plabell's to be, Northmen's thing made folkfolks' place but howmuly plurators made eachone in person? Latin me that, my trinity scholar, out of rare sanscreeed into ours erian! Hircus Civis Ebaemnisis! He had backgoat paps on him, soft ones for aquama. Ho, Lord! Twins of his bosom. Lord save us! And ho! Hey! What all men. Hot! His tittering daughters of Whawk?
Can't hear with the waters of. The chittering waters of. Fluttering bats, fieldmice hawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone atone? What Thom Malone? Can't hear with hawk of bats, all thin trifling waters of. Ho, talk save us! My foes 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, elm! Night night! Telnetale of stem or stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hith-erandthithering waters of. Night!

Every evening at lighting up o'clock sharp and until further notice in Feenichs Playhouse. (Bar and conveniences always open, Diddlem Club dounescouars.) Entrancings: gads, a scrub; the quality, one large shilling. Newly billed for each wickersday performance. Somdoze massinence. By arragnime, childree's hours, expecatered. Jampots, rinsed porters, taken in token. With nightly redistribution of parts and players by the puppetry producer and daily dubious of gosters, with the benediction of the Holy Genesius Archimimis and under the distinguished patronage of their Elderships the Oldens from the four coroners of Findrias, Murius, Gorias and Falias, Mesoires the Courds, Clive Softis, Gallorius Kettle, Pobiedo Lancey and Pierre Dourtole, while the Caesar's Chief looks. On. Sonnet. As played by the Adelphi by the Brothers Bratiskalvo (Hyrcan and Hastalobius), after humppee duncipooe revivals. Before ah the King's Hoovers with all the Queent's Mum. A wordloosed over seven seas crowdblast in cellhellenesmolslavenced latin-loundscript. In four tubboilds. While fern may call us unif fern make cold. The Mings of Mick, Nick and the Moggies, adopted from the Ballymooney Blooddridden Muther by Bluechin Blackdillain (authorways Big Storey'), featuring:

GLUGG (Mr Scevas McQuillad)

the bold bad bleak boy of the storybooks, who, when the tabs go up, as we discover, because he knew to

THE FLORAS (Girl Scouts from St. Bride's Finishing Establishment, demand acidulated), a month's

branch of pretty maidens who, while they pick on her, their pet peeve, form with valkyrisme licence the

award for

IZOD (Miss Bury's Post, ask the attendeantes for a leaflet), a bewitching blonde who dumes delightfully and is approached in loveliness only by her grateful sister reflection in a mirror, the cloud of the opal, also, having jilted Glagg, is being fatally fascinated by

HUFF (Mr Sean O'Mailey, see the chalk and sanguine pictograph on the safety drop), the fine frank

lairdhaired fellow of the fairytales, who wrestles for tophole with the bold bad sleek boy Glagg generially

about caps or puds or dog bags or bog gots or chuting rudsigen generally or something until they adumbrace
a pattern of somebody else or other, after which they are both carried off the set and brought home to be
well soaped, sponged and scribed again by
ANN (Miss Corrie Corriendo,
>>
their poor little old motherinlaw, who is woman of the house, playing opposite to
HUMP (Mr Makcall Gone,
>>
capapipe with watch and topper, coat, crest and supporters, the cause of all our grievances, the whirl, the
flash and the trouble, who, having partially recovered from a recent impecachment due to egg everlasting,
but throughoutly proconverted, propounded for cyclogical, is, studding sail once more, jib-
sheets and royals, in the semblance of the substance for the membrance of the umbrance with the rem-
ance of the emblence revelling a quoddam supercargo, of The Rockery, Poopinheavin, engaged in
entertaining in his pilgrimst customhose at CaherelhomeuponEskur those statutory persons
THE CUSTOMERS
>>
a bundle of a dozen of representative locomotive civics, each inn quest of outings, who are still more slop-
pily served after every cup final by
SAUNDERSON (Mr Knut Oelsvinger,
>>
a schermsheiner and spoilscurate, unconcerned in the mystery but under the influence of the millidieuw and
burt of
KATE (Miss Rachel Lea Variam,
>>
kokandffishtrudge, which believes waintthinghat's, whose be the churchyard or whors he the aasgaars,
the show must go on.
Time: the present.
With futurist onehorse ballethattle pictures and the Pageant of Pest History worked up with animal vari-
ations amid everglaring mangrovealizes and beorbrackters by Messrs Thud and Blander. Shadows by
the film folk, masses by the good people. Promptings by Elanio Vitalie. Longshots, upcloces, outblacks
and stagelets by Hexenschuss, Coachmaher, Incubobine and Rocknarrag. Creations tastefully designed by
Madame Berthe Delamode. Dances arranged by Harley Quinn and Coollimbeina. Jests, jokes, jigs and
joramus for the Wake lent from the properties of the late cemented Mr T. M. Finnegan R.I.C.
>>
The interjection (Buckley?) by the firement in the pit. Accidental music providentially arranged by
L'Aratchet and Laccorde. Melodiotessities in purefusion by the score. To start with in the begining, we
need hereby remark, 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 all. Songs betune the acts by
the ambiamphions of Annapolis, Joan Mock-Comie, male soprano, and Jean Sourslevin, bass noble, respec-
tively: O, Mester Sorgornon, ef thes es what ye deaux, then I'm not surprised ye want that bottle of
Sauvequioup and Oh Off Nanch Der Rasche Ver Lasse Mitteh Nitsch.
>>
The whole thugomagog, including the portions understood to be oddmitten as the results of the respective
titulars neglecting to produce themselves, to be wound up for an afterenactment by a Magnificent
Transformation Scene showing the Radium Wedding of Neid and Moornig and the Down of Peace, Pure,
Perfect and Perpetual, Waking the Weary of the World.
An argument follows.
Gruffy was a nangel then and his soard fleshed light like likening. Fools top! Singly, sangty, meekly
loose, defedly now from provlalbots. Make a shine on the curst. Emen.
But the davvins sulph was in Guggler, that lostoturnimg. Punc. He was stuffing and sputing, tussing like
misser, whipping his eyesoul and gnarishing his teats over the brivishes from existers and the outter lie-
locks of life. He halith klicky chosen a alabead and makes praysies to his three of clubts. To part from
these, my corsets, is into everlasting fear. Acts of feel, hoof and jarety: athletes longfool. Djuvel, urephel
Aminxth that nombre of evenlings, but how piecful in their sojestiveness were those first girly stirs, with
itterings of flight released and twirlings of twitchbells in ronnel after, with waverings that made shimmers
shake rather naitlity all the duskcended airs and shylit beaconings from shehind him back.
>
To where byhangs ourtules.
Ah ho! This poor Giagg! It was so said of him about of his old fontmouther. Truly deplorable! A dire,
O dire! And all the frightfulness whom he inhabited after his colline born janitor. Sometime towarable! With that hecry antlers on him and the baublesight butching out of his sockets wailing away she sprinkled his allover with her noces of interrogation: How do you do that lack a lock and pass the poker, please? And bids him tend her, lute and airy. Sing, sweetsharp, thing to me alone! So that Glugg, the poor one, in that limbo pool which was his subnecessous he could screech of all knoakno where his morrder had bough a blabber or if the vagusstones that hit his tynpan was that nearly his skull missed her. Misty's trompe or midst his fletching! Ah, ho! Cicely, awe!

The youngly delightful frillesspleyurs are now shownly drawn or, if bad one, or, if in florileague, drawn up consciatly at the hinder sight of their commoner guarion.

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Otherwise, holding their noises, they insinuate quiet private, Ni, he make peace in his preaches and play with esteem.

Warwolff! Oiff! Toboo!

So off for his topeestuck the ruck made raid, asklick aslegs would run; and he ankered on his hunkers with the belly brest. Asking: What's my miftenstomachaches for these times? To eat; Breath and bother and whatacurse. Then breath more bother and more whatacurse. Then no breath no bother but worrawarawurmurs. And Shim shullave shome.

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Off to clutch, Glugg! Forwhat! Shape your reveres, Glugg! Foreweat! Ring we round, Chuff! Fairwell! Chuff Chuff'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 protti. But now it's so longed and so fared and so forth, Jerry for jauntings. Alahy! Fled.

The flossies all and mossies all they drooped upon her draped brimfull. The bowknots, the showlets, they wilted into growlets.

The pearlgraph, the pearlgraph, knew whitely whether to weep or laugh. For always down in Carolinas lovely Dinahs vaunt their view.

Poor Issa sits a glooming so gleaming in the glooering; the tinelle a touch tarnished wind no lovelinoise around her swan's. Hey, lass! Woefear gleum she so glooming, this pooripathete I solde? Her beaumans gone of a cool. Be good enough to synerise. If he's at anywheres he's thereof to join him. If it's to nowhere she's going to too. But if he'll go to be a son to France's she'll stay daughter of Clare. Bring tasty, throw myrtle, strew rue, rue, rue. She is fading out like Jornney's clothes so you can't see her now. Still we know how Day the Dyer works, in duns and deeps and doxes and darks. And among the shades that Eve's now wearing she'll meet anew flancy, tryd and tow. Mammy was, Mimmy is, Minnscoline's to be. In the Dee dips a dame and the dame desires a demsel but the demsel dresses dollly and the dollly does a dulcydymbly. 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 chirnub 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 noddos as girls who may, for they are an angel's garland.

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These bright elects, consented sorteds, they were walking up their willside with their princesome handsome angeline chuff while in those wherebe there went bears way (meaning unknown, a place where pigeons carry fire to seetee viands, a miry hill, belge end sore foot) oats and scrums and bawley grooms with a belchylubhub and a hellalow bedemned and bedabbled the animating lucisphere. Helldendel, whelddesel! Londen's breac lay foulend up uncoath not be broched by pumns and needles. Yet the ring gayed rund rossily with a drat for a brat.

You, Yasha Yash ate sassage and mash. So he found he bash, poor Yasha Yash. And you wanna make one of our micknuck party. No honaryhues on our spishialisate. For poor Glugger was dazzled and late in his crave, ay he, laid in his grave.

But low, boys low, he rises, shivering, with his spittyful eyes and his whosoecbeome voice. Ephthah! Osimis! Examen of conscience scruples now he to the best of his memory schemado. Nu mere for ever stolen on the stolen. With his tumsinqueinquance in the thight of his tumultull. No more singging all the dags to his sengageng. Experisly at hand counterband.

> >

It's his last lap. Gigantic, fare him weal! Revelation! A fact. True bill. By a jury of matrons. Hump for humbleness, dump for dirt. And, to make a long stoney badder and a whoedy show a perfect sight, his thing went the who淫ly welup Suffrogate Strate.
Hear, O world without! Tiny tattling! Backwoods, be wary! Dainty trees, go dutch!
But who comes yond with pike on poletop? He who relights our spearing torch, the moon. Bring lowly branches to mud cabins and peace to the tents of Cotter, Nemorion! The feast of Tubboomiggles is at hand. Shopshup, Inisfail! Temple temple tells the bells. In syngaying a sangasongue. For all in Oondlesby.
And, the rug they damename Coverfew hists from her lane. And haste, 'tis time for barns to flame. Chickchild, come hoo to roo. Comehome to roo, wee chickchild doo, when the wildworewolf's abroad. Ah, let's away and let's say and let's stay chez where the log foyer's burning!

Home all go, Halone. Blare no more ramsblare, oddmund barks! And cease your furings, kindalled bushies! And sherrigoldies yeasymagnays; your wildsweshaware movese swiftly sterneward! For here the holy language. Soons come. To passse.
'Tis goed. Hit best.

Upiloud!
The play thou schoowburgest, Game, here endeth. The curtain drops by deep request.

For the Cearcer of the Air from on high has spoken in toombaldum toambaldum to his tumbledim tobbaldoon worrid and, megaphonized by that phonemon, the unhappintes of the earth have terrevambled from finament unto fundament and from twedelledoofins down to twiddledooees.
Loud, hear us!
Loud, graciously hear us!

Now have thy children entered into their habitations. And natiohglad, 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 afterthought of thy nonmatter by the
guardianship of those guards which are thy bodemen, the cheryboyum chirryboth with the kerrybommers in their knubrum, Pray-your-Prayers Timothy and Back-to-Bank 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 thoes 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 mender. That they shall not gomine madlawiatures.
Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laughers lue!
Ha he hy hu.
Mummum.

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, Wreareagle Almighty, wouldn't un be a sky of a lark.
To see that old bazzard whooping about for uss shirt in the dark
And he hunting round for uss speckled trousers around by Palmer stown Park?
Hobohobo, moutly Mark!
You're the rumnest old rooster ever flopped out of a Noah's ark
And you think you're cock of the work.
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!
Overhove, shrillglescreaming. That song sang seaswans. The winging ones. Seahawk, seagull, curlew and plover, kestrel and capercailzie. All the birds of the sea they trolled out rightbold when they smashed the big kuss of Trustan with Usolde.
And there they were too, when it was dark, whilst the wildcups was circling, as slow their ship, the winds astide, upborne the fates, the wardrobes moved, by courtesy of Mr Deabaleau Downbellow Kaempfentally, listening in, as hard as they could, in Dubbelkorp, the donkey, by the tournaylo of the waterrfalls, with their vapours and they kevins in so hathjockey (only a quarterback askell for the last acts) to the solans and the sycamores and the wild goose and the gambets and the migraters and the mistlethrifts and the asepices and all the birds of the rockbysekerrassowyceanal sea, all four of them, all sighing and sobbing, and listening. Mooble abokying!

They were the big four, the four master 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, bussnaebeath, in Miracle Squeer: here now we are the four of us: old Matt Gregory and old Marcus and old Luke Tarey: the four of us and sure, thank God, there was 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 intermissions of Augustus for ural lang sync. And so there they were, with their palms in their hands, like the pulchin's procuts, spraining their ears, lisitening and listening to the oceans of kiesening, with their eyes glistening, all the four, when he was kidding and cuddling and bunnyhugging scrumpious his collens bawn and dinkum belle, an oscope sister, on the fifteen inch loveseat, behind the chieftain's stewardess cubin, the hero of Gaelic champion, the oniest one of her choice, her bleaneyeckat of a girl's friend, neither bigugly nor smallnice, meaning pretty much everything to her then, with his sinister dexterity, light and rutthandling, viceversam her ragbabs eg assauccyfeets, fore and aft, on and offises, the blueburn sextaster, handson and hantem, that was pafually wrong and bubbuly improper, and cuddling her and kissing her, tooifyay charmaunt, in her ensemble of maidennna blue, with an overdress of net, tickled with goldies, Islaymissa, and whispering and lisitng her about Trivialomians, how one was whispers for one was two and two was lips for one was three, and dissimulating themselves, with his pogue he Arrah-na-pogue, the dear deary annual, they all four remembered who made the world and how they used to be at that time in the vulgar ear cuddling and kidding her, after an oyster supper in Cullen's barn, from under her mistlethrun and kissing and listening, in the good old tygone days of Dion Bouicault, the elder, in Arrahnapogue, in the other-world of the passing of the key of Twotounge Commene, 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'Clergy, the man on the door, when they were all four collegians on the nod, near the Nedderlands Nurskery, whiteboys and oukboys, peep of tim boys and piping tom boys, raising hell while the sin was shining, with their slates and satchels, playing Florias's fables and commone situations and velicfor frictions with mixtrum members, in the Queen's Ultonian colleges, along with another fellow, a prime number, Totius Quotius, and paying a pot of tributes to Boris O'Brien, the butler of Clumpthump, two loaves, two turnovers plus (one) crown, to see the mad dame aiting his vitals. Wolf! Wolf! And throw- ing his tongue in the snakepit. Ah ho! The laddeh has merclis! It brought the dear prehistoric scenes all back again, as fresh as of yore, Matt and Marcus, natural born lovers of nature, in all her moves and senses, and after that now he was, that mouth of muddles, vowed to pure beauty, and his Arra- na-pogue, when she murmurous, after she let a cough, gave her firm order, if he wouldn't please mind, for a sages to one hope a dozen of the best faveartical lyrical nation blooms in Lovillicit, though not too much, reflecting on the situation, drinking in draughts of purest air serene and raveling in the great outdoors, before the four of them, in the fair fine night, whilst the stars shine bright, by the light of he moon, we longed to be soon, before her honeycoldroom, the plaint effect being in point of fact there being in the whole, a satisfaction so shocking and scandalous and now, thank God, there were no more of them and he poughin and poughin like the Moreigna bowed his crested hood and Tilly the Tailor's Tugged a Tar in the Arctic Newsex Dugduges number and there they were, like a foremastors in the rolls, listening, to Rolando's deepen darblin Ossian roll, (Lady, it was just too gorgeous, that expense of a lovely lint, embellished by the charms of art and very well conducted and nicely mannered and all the horrid rudy noises locked up in nasty cubbyhole!) as tired as they were, the three jolly toppers, with their mouths watering, all the four, the old comminal men of the sea, yarning around with their old pantometer, in duckasallopics, Luke and Johnny MacDougall and all wishing for anything at all of the bygone times, the wild times and the fell times and the hemptive times and the demymp times, for a cup of kindness yet, for four farback tumberfuls of woman squash, with them, all four, listening and spraining their ears for the millennium and all their mouths making water.
Ah now, it was too solemnly terrific, the mummurulublicbes! And then after that they used to be so forgetful, counting motherperhumus (up one up four) to memorise her beautiful maiden maiden name, for overflawing, by the dream of woman the owneress, in forty lands. From Greg and Doug on poor Greg and Mat and Mar and Lu and Jo, now happily bereft, our hour! And there she was right enough, that lovely sight enough, the gentleman authore, as for days galore, of plancty Gregory, Egory. O bunket not Orwin! Ay, ay.

And after that now in the future, please God, after nonperonal start, all repeating ourselves, in mediokopou, 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, sansfamililias, let us run on to say onorous prayer and homeshweet homely, after fully realising the gratifying experiences of highly continental evenements.

Hear, O hear, Iseult la belle! Tristan, sad hero, hear! The Lambeg drum, the Lomhag reed, the Lomhag fifer, the Limmihg brazenaxe.

Anno Domini nostri sancti Jesu Christi; Nine hundred and nineteen million pound sterling in the blueblack bowels of the bank of Ulster; Brown barneys and good gold pounds, galore, my girleen, a Sunday’ll prank thee finely. And no damn boults 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 Brindirde queen from Sibyl surfriding in her curragh of shells of daughter of pearl and her silverymonkblue 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 hide with Sir Sloonystides or the gragnum grey barncule gatherer?

You won’t need be lonesome, Lizzy my love, when your beau gets his glot of cold meat and hot soldiering,

Nor wake in winter, window machine, but snore sung in my old Balbriggan surtout.
Wishta, 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 nurse tenders?

A power of highstoppers died gone right enough—but who, acushla, 'tis beg copper 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 understand, she was always mad gone on me.

Great gone greasing we had entirely with an alight cider-down bed picnic to follow.

By the cross of Cony, says she, rising up Saturday in the twlight from under me, Mick, Nick the Maggot or whatever your name is, you're the more likeable lad that's come my ways yet from the barony of Bohermore.

Mathechew, Markechew, Lukechew, Johnhechowhechew! Haw!

And still a light moves long the river. And stiller the mermen ply their leg.

Its path is full. The way is free. Their lot is cast.

So, to jofor a jofor, Johnjajuum, led it be!
he who so swung a will of a wisp before me, hand prop to hand, prompt side to the por, dressed like an earl in just the correct wear, in a classy mac Frieez o'coat of far superior rippledness, indigo blue, tramped and tramped, and an Irish ferrier collar, freewheeling with mereswing in fishes from his shoulder and thick witted brogués on him hummered to suit the scotsmost public and climate, non heels and spurable soles, and his jacket of providence wellprovided woolies with a softfolding lap of a lapel to it and great scalawax buttons, a good helping bigger than the slots for them, of twenties and kramopoppy red and his invulnerable hurlap whiskcoat and his popular choker, Tamarama scarabatite and his loud boheem toy and the damasker's overshirt he sported inside, starspanked zephyr with a plumedly surpliced crowlydoodle foot with his motto through dear life embrothered over it in pravo rococo and veggyolk, Or for royal, Am for Mail, R.M.D, hard cash on the nail and the most successfully gamed pipit turnups now you ever, (what a paircast crease! how amnestease kernel! breaking o'er the line and lapping the shoehed, everything the best—one other from (Ah, then may the mantle, his name, of foel and Mary and Haggispatrick and Huggisbriggid be scotmuffling all over him 3 other than raul may be hundred thousand welcome steved letters, relayed wand postchased, multiply, as faithful and plaintive he teaches himself. What a picture primitive!

And he was so jarry jounty with a romp of a schoolgirl's completion utter pout on his Oyster Monday print face and he was plainly out on the ramp and mad, as you might expect he spoke.

Overture and beginners!

When lo (whish, O whish!) mesaw mnesteeded, as the given to the moor oo the owls flown, through deepness of dunkness greenorg deeper I heard a voice, the voice of duine out of the dark voice from afar.

His handpalm lifted, his handshef capped, his handshef pointed to trouble around his handaxe risen, his handle fallen. Helpsome hand that holomast head! What is his backhand laid?

And it said:

—Alo, alas, aladdin, amosse! Does she lag soft fall more in a hand of darkness in his general address rehearsal, (that was antepropeviousday's pigeon, on a charlymarch, in a charlymarch, the carrier and the hashayough of overestern prazz the 'stuesday's shumann in but it o' the electrom of the past and the hircinics of the present embellishing the musics of the futurs from Miccehurnt's band) addressing himself ex alta and complaining with vocal discontent it was so close as of the fact the rag was up and of the biends and bitlpassus, a houseful of deadheads, of him to dye his paddycoats to morn his hesternmost custom, his board in the sweathe of his fate as, having moistened his mandarouchers upon the quiet and exhaust as winded hare, utterly spent, it was all he could do (dugstast with himself that the combined weight of his tons of resent 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 drizhing seeing myself in this trim! How all too unwordy am I, a mere mailman of peace, a poor lout hussologer of the first degree, the principat of Canda, no legs and a title, for such enmities, or unpro promenade rather, to be much more exact, as to be the bearer extraordinary of these postoomoynov siveness! Woh is me, yeh is ye! I, the mightif bemaiacrann, which bii his mirth too early or met his fiend of his.

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I have the highest gratification by anouncing how I have it from whosow but Hugios Colleenkiler's prophetic. After suns and moons, dews and wettings, thunders and fires, comes sotag, Sylvius palam-buttlando! Tilvido! Ade!

Would you mind telling us, Shaun honey, big little big moreboy, we proposed to such a dear youth, where mostly are you able to work. Ah, you might! Whisniper and we shall.

Here! Shaun replied, while he was fondling one of his cowheed cuffs. There's no sabbath for nomads and I mostly was able to walk, being too soft for work proper, sixty odd wist hures a week between three
masses a morn and two chaplets at eve. I am always telling those pedestrians, my answerers, Top, Sid and Hucky, now (and it is a veriest truth as the thieves' resuscitation) how it was forstold for me by brevet for my vacation in life while possessing stout legs to be disbarr'd after holy orders from unnecessary servile work of recklessness walking of all sorts for the relics of my time for otherwise by my so douching I would get into a blarce there where sieves fall out, Excelsior tips the best. Weak stop work stop walk stop whook. Go thou this island, one house sleep there, then go thou other island, two houses sleep there, then catch one nightmare, 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 pilfe. 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 declare that before my Geity's Pantokreator with my fleshittered palms on the epizides of the appousals that I do my reasonabler's best to recite my grocery beans for mummy mit dummy mit another mit bonzer regular, genaflections enclosed. Hei domov my, there thou beest on the limonick, place up, ye dog, for your daggily broth, etc., Happy Maria and Glorious Patrick, etc., etc. In fact, always, have I believe. Greeds! Her's me hongue!

—So vi et! we responded. Song! Shaun, song! Have mood! Hold fort!

—I apologuise, Shaun began, but I would rather spinoze you one from the principal poets of Jacko and Esaup, fable one, feeble too. Let us here consider the cases, my dear little cows (lausenlaucseaffin-coffintussenossemadamamacaghusghobithbolixhoxpewelchverboglaflacarcat) of the Onnd and the Gracehopor.

The Gracehopor was always jiggling alog, hoppy on okkant of her pivitty. She had a partner pair of fistlessits to supplant him), or, if not, he was always making ungraceful overtures to Hol and Luse and Bienie and Vespilata to play pupapupa and pulpcypulcy and lampaqanda, and pudpluyldyldy, and to commence insects with him, there mouthparts to his orifice and his pandylik to there any processes, even if only in chaste, among the everlistings, behold a waspswam pot He would of curse inconstantly, by his fore feelers, flexors, contractors, depressors and extendors, frankly bury me, many me, bury me, bind me, till she was pace for shame and also fourish her in Spouncer's boxery at the earthiest shoppin-hour so summyly as his cottage, which was cold fourmillierly Tingsomingenting, grooped up. Or, if he was always striding up funny funereels with Besterfanher Zunts, the Aged One, With all his wigged ear coronys, vweehedling him, compound eyes on hominoshead, and Auld Letty Flussbouts to scratch his cuxamen and cackle his transrux, diva deborah (seven bulls of saps), a lick of lime, two spurs of fussfor, threeer of sulph, a shake o' shouer, doze grains of magniss and a messfull of muckpitchies. The whool tambarins and cantoridettes shouldering around his eggshill rockcock their dance McCaper in retrupho and langsone toes, attended to by a muter and doffer duffmatt baxingmoth and a myrmidons of pozerlons pezinging Suty's Cauallayed Nice and Homely, Donbly So We Awhile but Hoo. Time Tineagen. For if sciencium (what's what) can mate uns nought, 'a thought, abought the Great Sommbddly within the Omniboss, perhaps an artscarred (hoot's hoot) might sing uns tuntum about the Little Newbuddles that ring his panc. A high old tide for the barbarfics publics and the whole day as gratis! Fudder and lighting for ally loopy, any filly in a fog, for O'Cronime legs accrumbing in his sands but his sansussins still tumble on. Ereasting above ground, as his Book of Breathings bed him, so as everwry, sham or summer, zealiningly to kick time.

Grousous me and scarab my soulh! What a bagatell it is! Libehlous! Inzanzary! Poo! Pichla! Puh! What a zeit for the gods! Vented the Onnd, who, not being a summerfoot, was thithlly making chilly spaces at hisphex afront of the icings of his windhame, which was cold anttopically Nixxunzunzun. 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 phurr, thon sloghaid, this oldbore's year ahlong as there's a kild on a khat. Neferlyless, when he had safely looked up his oviposity, he loftet hail and prayed: May he me no voida water! Seekit Haiup! May no he me tile pig shed on! Seekit Hotup! As broad as Beppy's realm shall flourish my reign shall flourish! As high as Beppy's hev be shall flourish my lines shall flourish! Shall grow, shall flourish! Shall hurrish! Shall humnum.

The Onnd was a wealtlill fellow, raunybut and abeelboobied, bynear saw alfitiduous wee a schelling in kopfers. He was sair sair sulcenn and chairmanlooking when he was not making spaces in his psyche, but laus! when he were making spaces on his ikey, he were moaque motht sacred and muravingly
wisechairman looking. Now whin the sillyBilly of a Græchopere had jingled through a jungle of love and debs and jangled through a jumble of life in double afterwise, wetting with the bimblebeaks, driking with nautons, muttering with durrydunglelocks and haring after ladybirds (schelmonon diagelege
naitoncin) he fell jeust as sieck as a sexton and tattau pounterous quant a churchnurse, and wheer the midges to wend hemysph or vouch to sich for grab for his cuprassusce or to find a hlopse, allick, he wist gnit! Bruko dry! fuku spint! Sulfamont osa bare! And volomundo osi videvice! Nichtsichtsendnichts! Not one pickopock of mouscowmoney to bag a littlebit of beebread! Ionna! Ionna! Crack's coricule, which a plight! O moy Bog, he contrit with melancholy, Meblizzzed, him sleepereall! I am heartly hungery!

He had eaten all the whitepaper, swallowed the lustres, devoured forty foals of steyarcases, chewed up all the mensas and sececles, rogend the records, made mundiballs of the ephemerides and voracious most glutinously with the very timeplace in the tentaty —not too dusty a dicks of noontime for a chitinous chap so mitye. But when Chrysalmas was on the bare branches, off he went from Timpsoningenting. He took a round stroll and he took a stroll round and he took a round stroll umplin the privities in his head and the levities in his hair made him think he had the Tossomana. Had he traveleved the seas of the deed and treasurved their reverner? Was he come to heve with his engiles, or pone to holf with the poop? The Jone snows was flocking in thuckflues on the legelstones, bwidth out of it and autapoids, and a lugly whirlwing tormod, the Boraborayellers, blohlablasting tepethons, up to temes, and melding sleets of the coppehouses, playing ragnowrock rignewreck, with an irritant, punctant, sophomoperator spak. Graussssss! Otp! Graussssss! Otp!

The Græchopere who, though blind as batle, yet knew, not a lebele beetle, his poor samzettling of entology asped nissunustim bous nor liceless but promptly tossed himself in the viso phthist and phthir, on top of his bizzzer, tezzly wondering wheer would his attack alight or land, of both appose and the next time he makes the aquainance of the Ondt after this they have met themselves, these monochromatic unsuspendedables, it shall be motylucky if he will beheld not a word of different. Behold the cross the Ondt, prostrandvorous upon his darone, in his Pypenanal baboshocks, and de a spatul bant of Hosa na cigs, with unsinkable farfalling from his unthinkables, mazeaning of him all in his rammyroom, sated before his comforamble phallupsyppe of a plate o'monkymore, and a abun of noodle (for he was a comformed aceticist and aristotallar), as apnt as a ony sackett or a back they on the Iald a, with Flish

biring his leg thigh and Las ebugging his luff leg and Biono busssing him under his bonnet and Vespatilla blowing cosy fond luttices up the allbroad length of the large of his smals. As entomate as intimate could pinchably be. Emmet and demmet and he jiffes crazed and be jadeses whipt! sneezed the Græchopere, the Ondt, that true and perfect host, a spiter aspinne, was making the greatest space a body could with his queens laceswing for he was spizzing all over him like thingsumanything in fornicatation, boundlessly blissfilled in an allalabath of hoorsis. He was ameising himself hugely at crabround and marypose, chasing Floh out of charity and tickling Las e. I hope too, and tackling Bionie, faith, as well, and jeking Vespatilla julyby of the chroniche. Never did Dorsan from Damshanagan dance it with more devilry! The veripatetic impo of the impossible Græchopere on his odderkop in the myre, after his thire ophemerat chronic's despair, was sufficiently and probably cocoon much for his chorous of gratifications. Let him be loughed fool, writing off his phoney, but Const Carme makes the melody that mints the money. Ad magorum i.s.d.! Divigloriam. A darkener of the threshold. Haru? Orinis, capsizer of his ahtabo, sekketh rede from Eviiith, lord of loaves in Amonged. Be it! So be it! Thou-who-shou-ass, the fleet-as-
spindrift, impling thee of mine wideheight. Haru!}

The thing pleased him acht, and acht,
He larved and he larved on he need such a nauses
The Græchopere feared he needle such a nauses.
I forgive you, grunts Ondt, said the Græchopere, weeping,
For their sake of the sake you are safe in whose keeping.
Teach Floh and Lase rolhes, show Bionie where's sweet
And be sure Vespatilla fixes fat ones to heat.
As I once played the piper I must now pay the count.
So saida to Mehsmatten and marhaba to your Mount!
Let who likes lamp above so what flies be a fall 'un;
I could not feel more raggy if this was prompepoilen.
I pick up your reproof, the horsegift of a friend.
For the price of your save is the price of my spend.
Can castshores pullalekiss if oldpollocks jorsake ‘em
Or Calex feel etchy if Palex don’t wake him?
A loves to love, a term it’s亲密.
These twain are the twins that tick Hono Vulgaris.
Has Aquileane nort winged to go syf
Since the Gwysyn we were in his farrest dreebref
And that Accident Man not beeseek where his story ends
Since longseplying sighs sought heartsease for their orience?
We are Wastenot with Wast, precondamned, two and true,
Till Nolans go volants and Blacksues come blue.
Ere those gaffflars now gawin you quit your mucks for my grapes
An extase must impull, an elapse must elope.
Of my lects takestock, tinktact, and all’s weald;
As I view by your farlook bale yourself to my heal.
Partprise my thinswhes whiles my blink points unbroke on
Your whole’s wherabroads with Toul’s truightyright token on.
My in visble universe yarly hand find
Such extrabreadeness meat seveal behind.
Your feats end enormous, your volumes immense,
(May the Graces I hoped for sing your Orndship song sense?).
Your genius its worldwide, your spacest sublime!
But, Holy Salmarin, why can’t you beat time?
In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holocaust. Allmen.

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—Now? How good you are in explosion! How farflung is your yokolere and how welltingealng your velajkabulary! Qui vive spinario qua muore contanno. O foibler, O flip, you’ve that wandervogl wail withyn! It falls easily upon the earopen and goes down the frisckly shortest like trealing tirmittin with its tingtingaggle. The blamewest blatter in all Corneywall! But could you, of course, decent Letrechaun, we knew (to change your name of not your nation) while still in the barrel, read the strangewrote anglogists of those shemlates patent for His Christian’s Em?
—Greek! Hand it to me! Shaun replied, posively pointing to the cinnamon quistoquail behind his acoustrolobe. I’m as afterdusk nobly Roman as pope and water could christen me. Look at that for a ridinpin!

It is a pinch of scribble, not wortha bottle of cabbage. Overdrawn! Puffedly offal tosh! Besides its auc

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—Mildbut likesome! I might as well be talking to the four waves till tibbes grey eyes and the rests asleep.
Frost! Nape! No one in his seven senses could as I have before said, only you missed my drift, for it’s being incendary. Every dimmed letter in it is a copy and not a few of the sillbs and whoily words I can
show you in my Kingdom of Heaven. The lowly quality of him! With his three-star monothong! Thaw! The last word in sentimental! And what's more right down lowbrown scholasticism nobblemint! Yes, as he was rising my lather. Like you. And as I was plucking his goosybone. Like you. He stole the tale of me shur. Like yep. How's that for Shemence?

And, with that crickcrackcrack of his thicknecked snout from which the priest had snapped every smile, big hottempered husky fussy krenny stanny puquliser, such as he was, he virtually broke down on the moomerhead, getting quite jerry over her, overpowered by himself with the love of the tearisiver that he twined through her hair for, sure, he was the soft sempilgawn shot of the world with a heart like Montgomery's in his showchest and harvey leads of feeling in him and an inner out and undisignful as the freshfallen calf. Still, grossly unsift in sickself, he dished allanes away and laughed it off with a wipe at his padgies and a gulp apologetic, beating his bare the smockey of his other shireground around. Him belly no belong sollow mold pigeon. Ally buttly. Fiu Li's gulp. Madn you now, that he was in the sumpt of earnest ortho through him jaw war hoo hiepy bor hull ithing loutner. Most like that only he stopped short in looking up up up from his tide shackled wrists through the hole of an ocean, the voids of passionate heathever of jopeter's gaseotym as they are telling not but were and will be all told stream foreback into the fargoneahead to feel out what age in years tropical, ecclesiates and consider he might find by the serious poindstand of Charley's Wain (what betune the sphere, drooling down the balizal and the manions of the bliest turning on old times) as erewhile had he creared out of the dull and bowel necklessed him, his thumbs fell into his fists and, hozing the harmonious base of his rollies, many extremities, by the holy kettie, like a flask of lightning over he careened (I the bow of the tail) in the mightyfine weight of his barrel (all that prevented the happening of who if not the ames list to un themselves shall ever?) and, as the wisest posthole course he could playast, collapsed marowable and rolled buoyantly backwards in less than a twinkling via Rattigan's corner out of hulle on a boat with his highly curious mode of distanced motion, sorefoot, sorefoot, shakefoot, shakefoot and more to say. Linqueton loungy, and by Killastuer's lapses and falls, with corx, staves and treddies and more babble, he has keelrow a fairish and easy way enough as the town cow cries behind the town. In the town and flesh. Wallis Millie's, the crucibusshe, Open the Door Softly, down in the valley where he was still barkefled to a dip of the downs (tila!) he spoorlessly disappalled and vanished, like a popoled upaper bome in the circulatio.