show you in my Kingdom of Heaven. The lowpuality of him! With his threestar monothong! Thaw! The last word in stealing! And what’s more rightdown lowbrown schismathemicrobblemint! Yes, as he was rising my father. Like you. And as I was plucking his goosybone. Like you. He strode the tale of me shun. Like yep. How’s that for Shemese?

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And, with that crickcrackcrack of his theelhangged squelch from which grieve! had hisraped every smile, big hometemper husky fuzzy frenzy frenzy fuglisy mulluizer, such as he was, he virtually broke down on the motherhead, getting quite jerry over her, overpowered by himself with the love of the tearstiller that he twined through her hair for, sure, he was the soft semplgown slob of the world with a heart like Montgomery’s in his showchest and harveys loads of feeling in him and as innocent and undesignful as the freshfallen cafe. Still, grossly unselfish in sickself, he dished allarmes away and laughed it off with a wipe at his padalgies and a gulp apogolistic, healing his tare be the smeele of his eye, nodding around. Him belly no belong sole solue pigeon. Ally bolly. Fu Li’s gula. Mind you, now, that he was in the dispens of earnest othrought he knew war hoo bleepy bor half urthing hurther. More like that only he stopped short in looking up up up from his tie shackled wrists through the ghost of an ocean’s, the weids of painfu theatricals of joepeter’s gaseotum as they are telling not but were and will be, all told, surging forebake into the fargoneahead to feel out what age in years tropical, ecclesiastical, civil or sidereal he might find by the siurs pointstand of Charley’s Wain (what betune the spheres sledging along the tactical and the mansions of the best turning on old times) as erewhile had he craved of this, the dreamskiwieldnecklassed him, his thumbs fell into his fists and, laosing the harmonical balance of his ballbearng extremities, by the holy kettle, like a flash of lightning over he careened (O the sons of the fathers!) by the mightfyine weight of his barrel (all that prevented the happening of who if not the satesik be twink themselves shall ever?) and, as the wisest posthole course he could playact, collapsed in ensemble and rolled buoyantly backwards in less than a twinkling via Rattigan’s corner out of father facthood with his highly curious mode of slipshod motion, surefoot, sorefoot, slickfoot, stackfoot, linkman hauzzy, bapman hungay, and by Killieshier’s tapes and falls, with corks, staves and treecleaves and more Isobels to his keelrow a fairish and easy way enough as the town cow cries behind the times in the picture of Mac Auliffe’s, the crucemstone. Open the Door Softly, down in the valley before he was really uprightness in a dip of the downs (ulal!) he spoorelessly disappointed and vanished, like a popo down a popo, from circular circulating.

Ah, mean!
Gaogagaone! Tapaa!
And the stellas were shinings. And the earthnight strewed aromaticos. His pibrook crept mong the donkness. A reek was waft on the luffstream. He was ours, all fragrance. And we were his for a lifetime. O dulcide dreamings languidious! Taboeo!
It was sharning! But sharning!
And the lamp went out as it couldn’t glow on burning, yep, the lamp went out for it couldn’t stay alight.

CD4

What was thaus? Fog was whaus? Too muft sleepth. Let sleepth.
But really now whenabouts? Expeliate then how much times we live in. Yes.
So nat by night by nought 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 thecysted, the sycomores, all four of them, in their quarten aques, the majorcy, the minorcy, the everso and the fermentarian with their ballyhooric blowreaper, tiraunchit by tetranost, at their pussycorners, and that old time pallyologass, playing copers fearless, with Gus Walker, the caddy, and his poor old dying boosy cough, esker, newsele, saggard, crumlin, delil me, dook, the way to wumblin. Follow me boclime and you’re babblin, esker, newsele, saggard, crumlin. And listening. So gladdened up when nciechel Kevin Mary (who was going to irishminded in his milky way of cream dwibile and onage mustard and dased tabbage, frighted out when badbrat Jerry Godolphing (who was hurrying to be cardinal scullion in a night refuge as bald as he was cured enough uner all the hospitalso furinifrownd down his wrinkly waste of methylated spirits, ick, and
lemmoncholy lees, ick, and pulvared rhabarbaroom, ick.

night by silentsailing night while infanta Isobel (who will be blushing all day to be, when she grew up one Sunday, Saint Holy and Saint Ivory, when she took the veil, the beaufitul presentation nun, so barely twenty, in her pure cofl, sister Isobel, and next Sunday, Mislemas, when she looked a peach, the beautiful Samaritan, still as beautiful and still in her teene, nurse Saintette Isabelle, with stiffstarched cuffs

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but on Holiday, Christmas, Easter mornings when she wore a wreath, the wonderful widow of eighteen springs, Madame Isa Veve La Belle, so sad but luscious 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 aprit cot, within her singchamber, with her greengageflavoured candiedwistle dexted to the crazeyquilt, Isobel, she is so pretty, truth to tell, wildwood’s eyes and primrose hair, quietly, all the woods so wild, in mauves of moss and daphneceds, 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 evencalm lay sleeping;

nowth upon nacht, while in his tumbrl Wachtman Havelook seequeerseenes, from ybonsides of the choppy, punt by his curserbog, went long the grasscraw bupmiprass that henders the pubbel to pass, stowing his bottle in a hole for at well his whuskle to stretch eecosomek, sequestering for lovers’ lost propriety offices the leavetherings from alipurgers’ night, og neaws ogas gnasty, kikkers, brillers, knappers and bands, handboon and strumpers, sminksticks and edliketsflaskers;

wes fine night and the next fine night and lost find night while Kotheree the Slop in her native’s chamberivy, with dreamings of simmering my veal astore, was besequencing to her pillowsleep how she thought a knogg came to the downstairs at that how to perce the yare and dowandsh she went, schritt be schratt, to see was it Schweep’s minerals or Shuhora the posth with a tillycramp for Hemsell and Co, Esquara, or then four horsemen on their apolakloos, Norreys, Soothhys, Yates and Welks; and, galory-bi of the sanes in hevel, there was a crick up the stirkiss and when she ruz the cante to see, galohery, downwand she went on her knees to blessesef that were knogging together like milkjuggles as if it was the wrake of the hapsperus or old Kong Gander O’Toole of the Mountains or his googoo goost she seein, slivving off over the sawdust lobby out of the backroom, wan ter, that was everywans in turnus, in his honeymoon trim, holding up his fingerhals, with the clookeoy in his fisbtall, tocher of davy’s, tocher of ivileag, for her to wisto, you sowbelly, and the white of his pious eyebults swerring her to silence and coort;

and each and every juridical sessions night, whenas goodmen twelve and true at fox and geese in their numbered habitations tried old wireless over hoord in their jorereenmbers, whereas by reverendum they found him guilty of their and those imputations of fornicoelopulation with two of his alboudonal correlations on whom he was said to have enjoyed by anticipation when schooling them in amoan, 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 demenation with intent to excitation, caused by his retrogradation, among firearmed forces proper to this nation but apart from all irritation 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, reporate so noted and all, as he was, with his washleather sweeds and his smokingstump, for denying trans-substantitation nevertheless in respect of his highpowered station, whereof more especially as probably he was meantime suffering gentle tortures from the best medical attestations, as he oftentimes did, having only strength enough, by way of festination, to implore (or I believe you might have said better) to complore, with complete obecration, on everybody connected with him the curse of exagulation for, he tells me outside Sumon’s in King Street, after two or three hours of close confabulation, by this powerprint of Gilbey’s goatswhey which is his prime consolation, albeit involving upon the same an uncertain amount of esophagus regurgitation, he being personally unoccupied to the extent of a fleas’ gizzard amert orcutation, if he was still extremely offensive to a score and four nostrils’ dilatation, still he was likewise, on the other side of him, for some nemen’s eyes a delection, as he asserts without the least alienation, so prays of his fault you would make obliteration but for our friend behind the bars, though like Adam Findlater, a man of estimation, summing him up to be done, be what will of excess his exaltation, still we think with Sully there can be no right eximation for contravention of common and statute legislation for which the fit remedy resides, for Mr Sully, in corporal amputation; so three months for Gubbs Jeroboom, the frothwhiskered peast of the park, as per act one, section two, schedule three, clause four of the fifth of King Jurk, this sentence to be carried out tomorrow noon by Nolens Volans at six o’clock shank, and may the yeastwind and the hoppinghail hark mercy on his seven honeymends and his hurlyburlygrowth, Amen, says the Clarke;

niece by nice by near by nasty, whilst amongst revery’s happy gardens nine with twenty Leixlip yearlings, darters all, had such a ripping time with gleeful cries of what is nice toppingshawna made of mad for and weeping like fun, him to be gone, for they were never happier, luhu, than when they were miserable, luhu;
in their bed of trial, on the bolster of hardship, by the glimmer of memory, under coverlets of cowardice, Albaire Nyanza with Victa Nyanza, his niece of might mortified, her beauty fell hung up on a nail, he, Mr of our fathers, she, our modemque in armes roy, they, ay, by the bodypoker and blazer, they are, as sure as danny drops into the dyke . . .

A cry off.

Where are we at all? and wherabouts in the name of space?

I don't understand. I fail to say. I deseersee 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 Finnula you should have seen how that smart sailless jug just hopped a nappy’s gambit out of bank like old mother Mesopotamia and in eight and sixty four she was off, door, knighthood with her, billy’s largelins proddering after queen’s lead. Pramiscuous Omehound to Flamelle in Diva. Ha! His move. Blackout.

Circus. Corridor.


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 (Bartholomew, heavy man, aslern, mackerel shirt, hayanni peruke) is an excellent forefather and Mrs Porter (leading lady, a poopa-head, gaffneysalifon nightdress, iszoppy chelpure) is a most kindhearted messmother. A so united family pateranam is not more existing on papal or of it. As keymaster fits the lock it wedds so this half builder to his streamline secret. They care for nothing except everything that is allportcross. Porto da Breeze! Isn’t that terribly nice of them? You can ken that they come of a rarely old family by their costumance and one must forgive that one supplied of it in all tonecarths from awe to zest. I think I begin to divine so much. Only strakkets me truesome! I stone us I’m hable. To reachy a skeer do! Still hoybra, till veztra! Here are two rooms on the upstairs, at forkfrank and at knifekanter. Whom in the wood are they for? Why, for little Porter babes, to be saved! The coeds, boyton thackers and timby teaser. Here is one, thing you owed you no. This one once upon awhile was the other but this is the other one nighthadys. Ah so? The Corsicos? They are numerable. Guest them. Major bed, minor bickhieve. Halosobuth, sow us! Who sleeps in now number one, for example? A presy, pur example. Cintia, Statulia and Editha, but how sweet of her! Has your pussy a pessname? Yes, indeed, you will hear it passion in all the noveletta and she is named Bettercup. Her bare name will tell it, a montress. How very sweet of her and what an excessively lovecharming missname to forsake, now that I come to drink of it filtered, a gracecup foiled of bitterness. She is dadad’s lustiest daughterpearl and brooder’s cissiest austrybide. Her shellshock thimblescasket mirror only can show her dearest friendlen. To speak well her grace it would ask of Grecian language, of her
goodness, that legend golden. Birgina Sainieu! Lorness with lilacs florestake arrosses! Here’s newyear-spray, the posquifer, a windborne and heliotrope; there mitamwam and amaranth and marygold to crown. Add lightest knot unto tipition. O Charis! O Charissima!

And since we are talking amnestly of brokasloop crazedledaze, who does in sleeproom number twobis? The twobirds. Holy policeman, O, I see! Of what age are your bieries? 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 attached as two maggots to touch other, I think I notice, do I not? You do. Our bright bull babe Frank Kevin is on heartseaslesse. Do not you waken him! Our farheard bode. He is happily to sleep, limb in limb, with his lifted in blessing, his bushel loa, like the blissed angel he looks so like and his me is semiope as though he were blowdelling on a buggile. 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 ween. By gorgeous, that boy will blare some knight when he will take his danel’s pledges and quit our inkleears, spite of undesirable parents, to send him to America to quest a casyby job. That keen dear with his veen nonsenselye, O, I adore the pepper music! Dollarmighty! He is too audorable really, enique! I guess to have seen somekid like him in the story book, guess I met somewhere somelian to whom he will be becoming like. But hush! How unpardonable of me! I beg for your venials, sincerely, I do.

Hush! The other, twined on codiversides, has been crying in his sleep, making sharpshaper his incisors on some first choice sweets fished out of the muck. A stake in our meal. What a teething wretch! How his book of craven images! Here are posthumous tears on his intimelle. And he has pittpertely bespilized himself from his foundingeen as ilspient from inkinghorn. He is jent job joy pip poor pat (jot um for a sobra)! Jerry Juhn. You know him by his capers but you cannot see whose heel he sheepfold's in his wrought hand because I have not told it to you. O, foetal sleep! Ah, fatal slip! the one loved, the other left, the bride of pride leased to the stranger! He will be quite within the pale when with kordbeeron brow he vows him so toset to be of the sir Blake tribes bleak while through life’s unblest he rodes back's of bunnars. Are you not somewhat bulgar with your bowels? Whatever do you mean with bleak? With pale bleak I write tintingface. O, you do? And with steelwhite and blackmail I ha’ scint for my sweet an anemone’s letter with a gold of my briset hair beted. Denatus his mark, address as follows.
When you’re coaching through Lucalised, on the sulphur spa to visit, it’s safer to hit than miss it, stop at its inn! The hammer are tellin’ the cobbles, the pickets are hakin’ the susans, it’s snugger to borrow a bed than ballast on broadway. Tuck in your blank! For it’s race pound race the hosties rear all roads to ruin and fayers by lifetimes laid down riches from poormen. Cried unions to chip, saltpetre to stew, gall-pitch to drink, stonebread to break but it’s hilly to gulp good blueberry pudding. Doze in your warmth! While the elves in the moonbeams, feeling why, will keep my lilygem gently gleaming.

Prospector projector and boomeater giant builder of all causeways woeoeoeve, hopping offpoint and true terminus of straxstraightsous and corkscrew perambulapaws, zeal whence to goal whither, wonderlust, in sequence to which every muckle must make its nuckle, as different as York from Leeds, being the only wise in a muck’s world to look on itself from beforehand; mirror-mind curiousitee and would-to-the-large which bring hills to molehunter, home through first husband, perilis behind swine and horsepower down to hungerford, prick this man and littest this woman, our folded paymasters, Boggy Bobow with his cunningest coughmare, Big Maester Finnikin with Phenixia 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 meanest gangrun of their stepchildren, guide them through the labyrinth of their sunshines and the altergeoses of their pseudoselves, hodge them bothways from all roarsers whose names are ligeous, from loss of bearings deliver them;

that he may disincover her that she may uncouple him, that one may come and crample them, that they may soon recoup themselves: now and then, time on time again, as per periodicity;

monk and sempstress, in sackcloth silkily: curious dreamers, curious dramas, curious dream, plagiarist dayman, playas jest dearest, plagiarist dourest: for the strangfort planters are protesting, and the karkery felons dryflying it and the leperies’ ladders railing the way, blump for slogs 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 snoring.

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 our souls and pillaged the pounds of the extramurals and fought and feigned with stained relations and

and left off leaving off and kept on keeping on and roused up drunk and poured balm down and were after the battle of Maltaferry, Pharaoh with fairy, two tie, let them! Yet they wound it back, qual his left, slumberwhere, till their hour with their scene be struck for ever and the book of the dates he close, he clap gentle lad Yut gig, flispering in the nightleaves flattery, dinsdoidu, to Finnegan, to sin again and to 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 amusing limy peepingpartner, the slave of the ring that worries the hand that sways the lamp that shadows the walk that bends to his bane the busynext man that came on the cop with the fenian’s bark that pickled his widow that primed the pope that passed it round on the volunteers’ plate till it croppled the ears of Purse Belle that knoed O’Connell up out of his dose that shouldered Burke that batted O’Hara that woke the bucket that grattated his crowd that backed the jiggers to rhyme the rams that flooded the routes in Eryan’s isles from Malin to Clear and lay, that bought the ballad that Hosty made.

Or show pon him now, will you! Derg rodd face should take patrick’s purge. Hokoway, in his highpitch bairseik! Third position of concord! Excellent view from front. Sidome. Female imperfectly masking
male. Redspot his browbrand, Woman's the prey! Thou's the dulakeykongbyoghagroggerswagginine (private judges, change here for Loootherstown! Onlyromans, keep your seats!) that drew all ladies please to our great metropolises. 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 babbyraggs, by the lee of his hulk upright on her orbes, and the heave of his juniper arx in action, he's naval I see. Poor little tattanelle, her dainties are chattering, the strain's she's in, the buffags she bears! Her smirk is smooching behind for her hills. By the speer quick twist of her mombap 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 galleon-mann jovial on his buckey brown nightmare. Bigrob diggum dragging his lylyputtana. One to one bore one! The datter, io, io, sleeps in peace, in peace. And the twillingsons, ganymede, garymore, turn in trot and trot. But old pairamere goes it a gallup, a gallop, Bossford and phospherine. One to one one!

5

O, O, her fairy seatalite! Casting such shadows to Persia's blind! The man in the street can see the coming event. Photoflashing it far too wide. It will be known through all Urania soon. Like jealousjoy titaniaing fear; like rumour rhoean round the planets; like china's dragon snapping japets; like rhodogrey up the east. Saturdaysboost besets Phoebe's nearest. Here's the flood and the flaxen flood that's to come over helpless Iryland. Is there no-one to malahide Liv and her bettyship? Or who'll buy her rosebuds, jetty-black rosebuds, ninioles of nivia, noncaps of nan? From the fall of the fig to dooms last post every ephemeral anniversary while the park's police peels peering by for to weight down morals from county bubbling. That trainer's trundling! Quick, pay up!

Kickakick. She had to kick a laugh. At her old stickintheblock. The way he was slogging his paunch about, elbisednubled, meet off mtein, like hale King Willow, the robberer. Caimmaker's mace and waxened capapee. But the tarrant's brand on his hottomet bwrow. At half past quick in the morning. And her lamp was all askeaw and a trumibly wick-in-her, ringrissingey. She had to spofforth, she had to kicke, too thick of the wick of her pixy's loomph, wide lickering Jessup the smookey shinney. And her duffed coverpoint of a wickedy batter, whenever she drew behind her stumps for a tyddlessly wink through his tunnicleft bagslaps after the rising bounder's yorkers, as he studd and stoddard and trusted and trumpered, to see had lordherry's blackham's red bobby abbeis, it tickled her innings to consort pitch at

ticksolock in the morn. Tipuouising him on in her pigeony linguish, with a flik at the bailis for lubri-cation, to score her faster, faster. Ye hek, ye hok, ye hokey hiremonger! Magnath he's my pegger, he is, barrackybuller, to break his duck! He's posh, I lob him. We're pairing all Oogoster till the crapsies run you. Gooeeyenay, for the grace of the fields, or hooley pooley, cuppy, we'll both be bye and by caught in the game old merrimann, square to leg, with his lollycow towelhat and his hobby socks and his nelly feelyfooing, treading her hump and hambledown like a maiden wellfeld, owelled over, with her dorans shuntysque in a kikkey key to laugh it off, yeigh, yeigh, neigh, neigh. The way she was too not out, at all times long past conquering cock of the morgans.

How blame us?

Cocoricor!

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Come all ye goatfathers and groansmockers, come all ye markmakers and piledriver, come all ye laboursaving devisers and chargeleyden dividends, firefinders, waterworkers, deelyyundling with him! Here, everywhere, if you please, kindly feel for her! While the dapplegrey dawn drags nearing migh for to

Humperfeldt and Anansi, wodded now evermore in annastomoses by a ground plan of the place-desire, repeats an act of union to unite in bonds of schismacy. O yes! O yes! Withdraw your membercies among Donnelly's orchard as lifelong the shadyside to Fairbrother's field. Humbo, lock your kokkle rightoway back to your Aunty Dilluvia, Humprey, after that!
Retire to rest without first disturbing your neighbor, mankind of baffling descriptions. Others are as tired of themselves as you are. Let each one learn to bore himself. It is strictly requested that no cobb-smoking, spitting, pubchat, wrangle rounds, coarse courting, snort, 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 cœurant grate or ex window. Never divorce in the bedding the glove that will give you away. Maid Maud nannies nay but blabs to Omeana (for your life, would you!) 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 corporates (have you heard of one humbledown junglerman how he bet byramdbushe playing peg and pom?): the maudlin river then gets its dues (adding a din a ding or do): thence those landresses (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 maltman by whether your rent is open to foreclosure or aback in your arrears. This is seriously meant. Here is a homelet not a hothel.

That’s right, old dolt!

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Tableau final. Two me see. Male and female unmask we hem. Begum by gunne! Who now brooches oldbrown. Dawn! The rape of his nameshielder’s scalp. Halp! After having drummed all he dun. Hun! Worked out an inch of his core. More! Ring down. While the queenbee he staggerhorndes her bliss for to feel her funnyman’s functions Tag. Rambling.

Tiers, tiers and tiers. Rounds.
Death banes and the quick awake. But life wanders and the dombs speak. Whake? Hill of Hafid, knock and knock, nachasach, gives relief to the landscape as he strauches his lamassung untoupan gazelle channel and the bride of the Bryne, shin high shake, is doter than evar for a damse wed her farther. Lambel on the up! We may pleasantly heal Geoglyphy’s twentynine ways to say goodbett in wassting seosoon iv. With the forty wonks winking please me your much as to. With her tap. It’s a long long ray to Newirland’s premier.

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Tep! Come lead, crom lech! Top. Wisely for us Old Bruton has withdrawn his theory. You are alpsumly wroght! Amshummmmm. But this is perportoring youpoorapps? Namantanai. Sure it’s not revieng your? Amsu! Good all so. We seem to understand apad velluntomes muniment, Arans Dukhka, among hosehoes, chertioters and eceterousious bargainboutharrow, offer and unnder, since, evenif or altho, in double preposition as in triple conjunction, how the mudden research in the topia that was Mankayland has gone to prove from the picalaya present in the maramara melma that while a successive generation has been in the deep deep deeps of Drerrer. Buried hearts. Rest here.

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You mean to see we have been hadding a sound night’s sleep? You may so. It is just, it is just about to, it is just about to rollywholyover. Swaynasvap. Of all the stranger things that ever not even in the hunred and badd pages of unhoswent and worst nice or in eddas and eddies boxes of tomb, dyke and hollow to be have happened! The untories of livingsbeing the one subsrane of a streemsbecoming. Totalled in totdeld and teldold in titeltell tattle. Why? Because, gracec be Gad and all giddy gadgets, in whose words were the beginnings, there are two signs to turn to, the yest and the ist, the wrong side and the wrongfe side, feeling astip and wauking up, so an, so farth. Why? On the soutside we have the Moskiosk. Djinnalast with its twin adjacencies, the bathhouse and the bazaar, allaalhalhulaliah, and on the sponthesite it is the alcovan and the rosegarden, boomy noughty, all purapatty. Why? One’s apart appr a story about brid and breakfeds and parnircombating and coushcouch but others is of thules and outbourn buyings, dolings and chaffnering in heat, contest and enmity. Why? Every talk has its stay, vidnis Shavarsanjivana, and alladreams perhapasing under luckloop at last are through. Why? It is a set of a swigswag, sotymty dystomy, which everbody you ever anywhere at all doze. Why? Such me.

And howpsadrowsay.  
Lo! A shaft of shivery in the act, anilancinacent. Cold’s sleuth! Yayums! Where did thots come from? It back persentiment, gip, and again, geip, a flash from a future of maybe mahamayability through the wind.

Tom.

It is perfect degrees excelsius. A jaladaew still stilleth. Cloud lay but mackrel are. Anemone activescent, the torporate is returning to normal. Humid nature is feeling itself freely at ease with the all fresco, eaten fruit. Say whut. You have smukked mid a fish. Telle whish.

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It was a long, very long, a dark, very dark, an allbut unend, scarce endurable, and we could add mostly quite various and somewhat stumblingomighty night. Endee he scende. Dii! The has gone at gone, the good offer! Now day, slow day, from delicate to divine, diveses, Padma, brighter and sweetester, this flower that bells, it is our hour or risings. Tickle, tickle. Lotus spray. Till herenext. Adya.

Take thanks, thankstum, thanas. In that europen end meets Ind.

>>

Tim!

To them in Yst Loka. Hearing. The urb it orbs. Then’s now with now’s then in tense continuant. Heard. hours by so many minutes of the ope of the sunnt of the smnnt of the yere of the age of houseenrith, and their childer and their napirs and their napirs’ childers napirs and their chattels and theirs.

Much obliged. Time-o’-Thay! But whereth, O clerke?

>>>

Where. Cumulonimbuscirrhusnimbus heaven electing, the dart of desire has gored the heart of secret waters and the poplar tree in the entire district is being grown at present, eminently adapted for the requirements of pacificinstruments humanity and, between all the goings up and the whole of the comings down and the fog of the cloud in which we totl 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 alfogetting 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 cannabis king to the property horse, being, slumpy and slopely, to remind us how, in this dryly world of ours, Father Times and Mother Species boil their kettle with their crutch. Which every lad and lass in the lane knows, Hence.

The cry of Stena chills the vital of alumbreg off the mother has been pleased into the hams of old salicains, measurers soon and soon, but the voice of Alina gladdens the cockyhearted dreamerish for that magic moaning with its ching chang chap sugay know laow milke muckle bringing beckerthrose, the brew with the footdoor in it. Sawyest? Nod? Nyets, I think I sawm to remumb or swombool. A kind of thinglike all traylogged then probably it resembles a pelvis or some fround then props an acutebacked quad-rangle with aslant off chabunth a wenchyoomayecuddler, lying with her myafirsh uppershoes among the theecleaves. Signs are on of a mere by token that will still to be becoming upon this there once a here was world. As the dayeyevees unfold them. In the wake of the blackshape. Nattenden Sorte; wheather, hinded fright and handled furth. The week of wakes is out and over; as a wick weak woking from innumerable Ashias unto fierce force fuming, tenent tamtan, the Phenomair wakes.

Passing. One. We are passing. Two. From sleep we are passing. Three. Into the wikeawades world from sleep we are passing. Four. Come. Hours. Be ours!

But still. Ah dear, ah dear! And stay.

It was also agreeable in our singear clutchless, tourning the no place like no time like absolvent, mixing up petty-vaughan papadose with the magnumoore genitries, huddled infant monosyllables blockers with boy-skinned pigtetals and goochipped gwendolesnes with duliedyed dolors; like so many unprobables in their poor suit of the imposable. With Mata and after please with Matamrun and after stop do please with Matamrunakajoni.

And anotherum. Ah ess, dapple ass! He will be longing after the Grogom Grays.

When the messanger of the risen sun, (see other orie) shall give to every seeable a hue and to every waiting, we are waiting for, Hymn. 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 wholermole millwheeling vicociclometer, a tetradomational gazebrocticon (the "Mamma Latjah" known to every schoolboy scandal, be he Matty, Marky, Lukey or JohnaDonk), autokinesisly pre-homely codes, known as eggburst, eggblond, eggburial and hatchdashatch can) receives through a portal recombination so that the heroticisms, catastrophes and eccentricities transmitted by the ancient legacy of Plonney and Culumcellas when Giacinta, Pervenehe and Margaret swayed over the alloogoulish and ictically, in fact, the sameold gameboild adamic structure of our Fimses the old One, as highly charged platter and pot come piping hot, as sure as herself pins her to paper and there's scribings scrawled on eggs.
Dear. And we go on to Dintleap. Reverend. May we add majesty? Well, we have frankly enjoyed more than anything these secret workings of natures (thank ever for it, we humbly pray) and, well, was really so delighted of this lights time. Muckrats which bring up about unhweepers they will come to know good. Von clouds will soon disappear looking forwards at a fine day.

When he woke up in a sweat besides it was to pardon him, goldyllocks, me having an airth, but he daydreamed we had a lovelyt face for a pulltonine. Back we were by the jerk of a bearnastark, backed in paladdays 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 puck 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 cullfurs head, whisperers for his accomodation, the me craws, namely, and their bacon what harmed butter? It’s marrasen oil. Ththin thinthin. Stringly is it forbidden by the honorary tenth commendnent to shall not bare full sweetness against a neighbour’s wifes. What those slimes up the cavern door around you, keemin, (the lies is coming out on them frecklyfully) had the shownes to suspect can we ever? Never! So may the low forget him their tresspasses against Molloyd O’Reilly, that hugglebeddy fann, now about to get up, the harest that Coolock ever!

We are all at home in old Fintona, thank Danis, for ourselfsake, that direat of housebunds, wheel be true unto lovesend so long as we has a pocke full of brass. Impossible to remember persons in improbable to forget position places. Who would pellow his head off to conjure up a, well, particularly mean stinker like fann make called Foon MacCraw brothers, mystery man of the pork martyrs? Force in gidersh! Tomothy and Lorcan, the bucket Toolers, both are Timsons now they’ve changed their characterlic during their blackout. Conal Boyles will judge the daylives out through him, if they are correctly informed. Music, me oudistrow, please! We’ll have a brand rehearsal! Fing! One must simply laugh. Fing him aging! Good licks! Well, this ought to wake him to make up. He’ll want all his fury gutnurhers to redress him. Gilly in the gap. The big bad old sprowly all uttering foon! Has now stufled last poddle. His funereal will sneak pleace by creeps o’clock toodday. Kingen will common.

Well, here’s lettering you erroneously anast other clerical funds alleged herewith. I wish 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 Improprity Act a correspondent points out that the Swedes Auburn vogue is hanging down strait fitting to Limited! That’s handsel! for gorlles! Never mind Micklemans! Chat us instead! The cad with the pope’s wife, will now engage in attentions. Just a prachte for tonight! Pale bellies our mild cur, back and streeky icine brought her in a licenced victualles bottle. Shame! Thrice shame! We are advised the wassy is at the with P.C.Q. about 4.32 or at 8 and 22.5 with the quart of sciociums masters and clerk and the bevybum of 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 business by kissing and looking into a mirror.

Well, our talks are coming to be resumed by more polite conversation with a bantered present human over the natural business of pleasure after his good few mugs of humedumb and shag. While for whoever our grocerest churcher, as per Griffins’ variations, for his beautiful crossness parcel.

Well, we simply like their demb checks, the Rathgarries, wagging here about around the rhythms in me reformed peoples, we may add to this stage, are properuly saying to quite agreeable deef. Here gives your bolth. The herewaker of our hamefare is his real namesame who will get himself up and erect, confident and heroic when but, young as of old, for my daily comfreshenall, a wee one woos.

Alma Luvia, Poffalbella.
P.S. Soldier Robo’s sweetheert. And she’s about fettle up now with nonsery reams. And riggs out in regal rooms with the ritzies. Rags! Worns out. But she’s still her deckhuman amher too.
Soft morning, city! Sir! I am leafy speaking. Lst! Folly and folly all the nights have fallen on to long my hair. Not a sound, falling, Lisps! No wind no word. Only a leaf, just a leaf and then leaves. The woods are fond always. As were we their habits in. And robins in crewes so. It is for me gosden wending. Unless? Away! Rise up, man of the hooves, you have slept so long! Or is it only so menelems? On your powdered palm. Reclined from cape to pede. With pipe on bowl. Tence for a fiddler, six for makmeriers, none for a Cole. Rise up now and unsease! Norvina's over. I am leafy, your gosden, so you called me, may me life, yea your gosden, silve me solve, oxosnraider! You did so drool. I was so shorn. But there's a great poet in you too. Staut Stokes would take you offly. So has he as bored me to stop. But am good and rested. Taks to you, tooey, tan ye! Yawhawaw. Hupptono min, helpas vin. Here is your shirt, the day one, come back. The stock, your collar. Also your double brogues. A comforter as well. And here your icereal and everdouest your umber. 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 lotus and second to that, Budi! When you're in the buckly alnt Rosensharonals near did for you. Fiftyseven and three, cash, with the budge. Proudpurse Alby with his poorroom Eireen, they'll. Pride, comfotousness, envy! You make me think of a wonderdecker I once. Or somebath that saidler, the man megallant, with the bangled ears. Or an earl was he, at Lucan? Or, no, it's the Iren dake's I mean. Or somebry ese from the Dark Countries. Come and let us! We always said we'd. And go abroad. Rathearable way perhaps. The childher are still fast. There is no school today. Them boys are so contrary. The Head changes by mistake. I seen the likes in the twvingling of an aye. Som. So oft. Sim. Time after time. The selam asnut. Two bredder as doffered as nors in soum. 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 Quickernough and odd Miss Doldpibbble. And when them two has a good few there isn't much more dirty clothes to publish, From the Laundersdale Missions. One chap goothing the holyboy's thingahib and this lad wetting his widdle. You were pleased as Punch, reciting war exploits and pearse orations to them jacken exploiters. But that night after, all you were wanten! Bidding me do this and that and the other. And blowing off to me, hugly Jindys, what wouldn't you give to have a gift! 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 had only more matcher's wit, Findlings makes runaways, runaways a stray. She's as merry as the gricks still. 'Twould be sore should hidden sorrow. I'll wait. And I'll wait. And then if all goes. What Dogging you round cove and haven and teaching me the parts of speech. If you span your yarns to him turning duties. Let borsens be bosus. It's Phoenix, dear. And the flame is, hear! Let's our joornoc sain-your shell! Hold up you free fing! Yes. We've light enough. I won't take your laddy's lamper. For them four old windbags of Gustafiano to be blowing at. Nor you your recksunet. To bring all the damnymans out after you on the lake. Sonn Arcur guddus! Isma! Sit! It is the softest morning that ever I can ever over our. The sons of bursters won in the games. Still I'll take me owld Finvarra for my shawlders. The trout the tay. Is't you fain for a roost brood? Oxneoaltturn, all out of the woolpall. And then all the chilly trully? Lst! Only but, thearts a but, you must make me a fine new girdle too, noolly. When next you go to Market Norwall. They're all saying I need it since the one from Isaacs's stooped its line. Mrkyn? Fk arihbu! Come! Give me your great bearstory, pudder avilik, fol a miny miny, Dola, Mineniceylyshandys, in the lanugo of flows, That's Jorgen Jarngensen. But you understood, noolet? I always know by your brights and shades. Reach down. A lit mo. So. Draw back your glave. Hot and hairy, hogon, is your hand! Here's where the falskin begins. Smooch as an infams. One time you told you'd been burnt in ice. And one time it was chemicall after you taking a lifeness. Maybe that's why you hold your hodd as it. And people thinks you missed the scaffold. Of fell design. I'll close me eyes. So not to see. Or see only a youth in his place our hope in for ever. All men has done something. Be the time they've come to the weight of old by the hearseyard. Pax Goodmans will. Or the birds start their treeslim shindy. Look, there are yours off, high on high! And cooshes, sweet good luck they're cawing you. Coole! You see, they're as white as the riven snae. For us. Next peaters poll you will be eliced or I'm not your elicitous bribe. The Kinseila
woman's man will never reduce me. A MacGarth O'Cullagh O'Muir MacFewney soakedidoling and sweepacneep ing round the lodge of Fionna Galla of the Trumpets! It's like potting the potatoes to shanbe on the dresser or tamning Uncle Tim's Caubine on to the brows of a Vicker Eagle. Not such big strides, huddy fiddy! You'll crush me antelope I saved so long for. They're Penrose's. And the two goodiest shoes, it is hardly a man's mile or seven, possumbotties. It is very good for the health of a morning. With Bashbuhah. A gentle motion all around. As leisure pacies. And the helpyourself toast fool, cure's easy. It seems so long since, ages since. As if you had been long far away. Afterdays, afternights, and me as with you in thdark. You will tell me some time if I can believe its all. You know where I am bringing me from the hummock with your shin. Our cries. I could lead you there and I still by you in bed. Let go dute to Dunegreen, nos? Not a soul but ourselves. Time? We have loads on our hangs. Till Gilligan and Hallowgall call again to hooligan.

[1]

I've lapped so long. As you said. It fair takes. If I lose my breath for a minute or two don't speak, remem-ber! Once it happened, so it may again. Why I'm all these years within years in soffran, allbeleave. To hide away the tear, the parted. It's thinking of all. The brave that gave their. The fair that wore. All them that's ginue. I'll begin again in a jiftey. The nink of a mad. 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, tan agate, being down, lead men of Londub! I only hope whole the heavens sees us. For I feel I could near to faint away. Into the deeps. Anamores leep. Let me lean, just a lea, if you lie, bowldesrong higdeire. Allgeared is wea. At times. So. While you're adaman evar. Wraps, that wind as if out of nowhere! As on the night of the Apophanyes. Jumpst shoteg throbbs into my mouth like a hogue and arbohs! Ladegude of the Lashums, how he warps me cheeks? Sea, sea! Here, weel, reach, island, bridge. Where you meet I. The day. Remember! Why there that moment and us two only? I was but ten, a filer's dot. The swanky suits was boosting always, sure him, he was like to me fail. But the sweetpert swelled off Shackville Strutt. And the fiercest freaky ever followed a pinion child round the slurry table with a forkful of fat. But a king of whistlers. Scleola! When he'd prop me atlas against the wall and light our two candles for our singers duoth on the sewinmachine. I'm sure he squirted juice in his eyes to make them flash for flight-droops of Vlkodeltu! But I read in Tobecontinued's tale that while bubbles blowst here'll be others but not 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 Tornerst me, fairly laughing, in your bark and tan bilowls of I branches for to fan me coolly. And I'd lie as quiet as a mezz. And one time you'd rush upon me, darkly roaming, like a great black shadow on the sheenst to perce me rawly. And I'd been up and pray for thave. Three times in all. I was the pet of everyone then. A pranceable girl. And you were the pantymann's Vulkering Corsergolh. The invasion of Ireland. 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 deelt to unspart. And though des d'espars. O mine! Only, no, now it's me who's to give. As duv herself div. Inn this lim. And can it be it's now florrvell? Illas! I wish I had better chances to peer to you through this baylight's growing. But you're changing, acou-sha, you're changing from me, I can feel. Or is it me is? I'm getting mixed. Brightening up and tightening down. Yes, you're changing, son husband, and you're turning, I can feel you, for a daughtert from the hills again. Imlamay. And she is coming. Swimming in my mindmost. Divulking on me tail. Just a whisk brisk sly spyr spink spank spire of a thing thersomere, saultering. Saltarela come to her own. I pity your oldself I was used to. Now a younger's there. Try not to part! Be happy, dear ones! May I be wrong! For she'll be sweet for you as I was sweet when I came down out of me mother. My great blue bedroom, the air so quiet, scarce a cloud. In peace and silence. I could have stayed up there for always only. It's something fails us. First we feel. Then we fall. And let her rain now if she likes. Gently or strongly as she likes. Anyway let her rain for my time is come. I done me best when I was let. Thinking always if I go all goes. A hundred cares, a tithe of troubles and is there one who understands me? One in a thousand of years of the nights? All me life I have been lived among them but now they are becoming thoteed to me. And I am looting their little warm tricks. And looting their mean cozy turns. And all the greedy gushes out through their small souls. And all the lazy leaks down over their brash bodies. How all the small it's all! And me letting on to myself always. And fitting on all the time. I thought you were all glitering with the noblest of carriage. You're only a bumpkin. I thought you the great in all things, in guilt and in glory. You're but a puny. Home! My people were not their sort out beyond there so far as I can.
For all the bold and bad and bleary they are blamed, the seawags. No! Nor for all our wild dances in all their wild din, I can see meself among them, alluvia pulchribelved. How she was handsome, the wild Amazia, when she would seize to my other breast! And what is she weird, haughty Niluna, that she will snatch from my ownest hair! For 'tis they are the stormies. Ho hang! Hang ho! And the clash of our cries till we spring to be free. Auravoles, they says, never heed of your name! But I'm loathing them that's here and all I loathe. Loonly in me loneliness. For all their faults, I am passing out. O bitter ending! I'll slip away before they're up. They'll never see. Nor know. Nor miss me. And it's old and old it's sad and old it's sad and weary I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad father, my cold mad feary father, till the near sight of the mere size of him, the moyles and moyles of it, moanranoanig, makes me sensil saltsea and I rush, my only, into your arms. I see them rising! Save me from those terrible prongs! Two more. One two morehens more. So. Avelaval. My leaves have drifted from me. All. But one clings still. I'll bear it on me. To remind me of. Lef! So soft this morning, ours. Yes. Carry me along, taddy, like you done through the toy fair! If I seen him bearing down on me now under whitespread wings like he'd come from Arkangels, I sink I'd die down over his feet, humbly dumbly, only to washup. Yes, tid. There's where. First. We pass through grass behush the bush to. Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here. Us then. Finn, again! Take. Bussofihée, mememormee! Till thousandsthée. Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long in.