

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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**14. Episode FOURTEEN** (45 pages, from 429 to 473)

Full FW Text	FW Line		
FW429			
Jaunty Jaun, as I was shortly before that made aware, next	1		
halted to fetch a breath, the first cothurminous leg of his night-	2		
stride being pulled through, and to loosen (let God's son now be	3		
looking down on the poor preambler!) both of his bruised	4		
brogues that were plainly made a good bit before his hosen were,	5		
at the weir by Lazar's Walk (for far and wide, as large as he was	6		
lively, was he noted for his humane treatment of any kind of	7		
abused footgear), a matter of maybe nine score or so barrelhours	8		
distance off as truly he merited to do. He was there, you could	9		
planemetrically see, when I took a closer look at him, that was to	10		
say, (gracious helpings, at this rate of growing our cotted child of	11		
yestereve will soon fill space and burst in systems, so speeds the	12		
instant!) amply altered for the brighter, though still the graven	13		

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image of his squarer self as he was used to be, perspiring but	14		
happy notwithstanding his foot was still asleep on him, the way	15		
he thought, by the holy januarious, he had a bullock's hoof in his	16		
buskin, with his halluxes so splendid, through Ireland untran-	17		
sceded, bigmouthed poesther, propped up, restant, against a	18		
butterblond warden of the peace, one comestabulish Sigurdsen,	19		
(and where a better than such exsearfaceman to rest from roving	20		
the laddyown he bootblackened?) who, buried upright like the	21		
Osbornes, kozydozy, had tumbled slumbersomely on sleep at	22		
night duty behind the curing station, equilebriated amid the	23		
embracings of a monopolized bottle.	24		
FW430			
Now, there were as many as twentynine hedge daughters out	1		
of Benent Saint Berched's national nightschool (for they seemed	2		
to remember how it was still a once-upon-a-four year) learning	3		
their antemeridian lesson of life, under its tree, against its warn-	4		
ing, beseated, as they were, upon the brinkspody, attracted to	5		
the rarerust sight of the first human yellowstone landmark (the	6		
bear, the boer, the king of all boors, sir Humphrey his knave	7		
we met on the moors!) while they paddled away, keeping time	8		
magnetically with their eight and fifty pedalettes, playing foolu-	9		
fool jouay allo misto posto, O so jaonickally, all barely in their	10		
typtap teens, describing a charming dactylogram of nocturnes	11		

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though repelled by the snores of the log who looked stuck to	12		
the sod as ever and oft, when liquefied, (vil!) he murmoaned	13		
abasourdy in his Dutchener's native, visibly unmoved, over his	14		
treasure trove for the crown: <i>Dotter dead bedstead mean diggy</i>	15		
<i>smuggy flasky!</i>	16		
Jaun (after he had in the first place doffed a hat with a rein-	17		
forced crown and bowed to all the others in that chorus of praise	18		
of goodwill girls on their best beehivour who all they were girls	19		
all rushing sowarmly for the post as buzzy as sie could bie to read	20		
his kisshands, kittering all about, rushing and making a tremen-	21		
dous girlsfuss over him pellmale, their <i>jeune premier</i> and his rosy-	22		
posy smile, mussing his frizzy hair and the golliwog curls of him,	23		
all, but that one; Finfria's fairest, done in loveletters like a trayful	24		
of cloudberry tartlets (ain't they fine, mighty, mighty fine and	25		
honoured?) and smilingly smelling, pair and pair about, broad	26		
by bread and slender to slimmer, the nice perfumios that came	27		
cunvy peeling off him (nice!) which was angelic simply, savouring	28		
of wild thyme and parsley jumbled with breadcrumbs (O nice!)	29		
and feeling his full fat pouch for him so tactily and jingaling	30		
his jellybags for, though he looked a young chapplie of sixtine,	31		
they could frole by his manhood that he was just the killingest	32		
ladykiller all by kindness, now you, Jaun, asking kindlily (hillo,	33		
missies!) after their howareyous at all with those of their dolly-	34		
begs (and where's Agatha's lamb? and how are Bernadetta's	35		
columbillas? and Juliennaw's tubberbunnies? and Eulalina's	36		

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tuggerfunnies?) he next went on (finefeelingfit!) to drop a few	1		
stray remarks anent their personal appearances and the contrary	2		
tastes displayed in their tight kittycasques and their smart fricky-	3		
frockies, asking coy one after sloy one had she read Irish legginds	4		
and gently reproving one that the ham of her hom could be	5		
seen below her hem and whispering another aside, as lavariant,	6		
that the hook of her hum was open a bittock at her back to have	7		
a sideeye to that, hom, (and all of course just to fill up a form	8		
out of pure human kindness and in a sprite of fun) for Jaun, by	9		
the way, was by the way of becoming (I think, I hope he was)	10		
the most purely human being that ever was called man, loving all	11		
up and down the whole creation from Sampson's tyke to Jones's	12		
sprat and from the King of all Wrenns down to infuseries) Jaun,	13		
after those few prelimbs made out through his eroscope the	14		
apparition of his fond sister Izzy for he knowed his love by her	15		
waves of splabashing and she showed him proof by her way of	16		
blabushing nor could he forget her so tarnelly easy as all that	17		
since he was brotherbesides her benedict godfather and heaven	18		
knows he thought the world and his life of her sweet heart could	19		
buy, (brao!) poor, good, true, Jaun!	20		
— Sister dearest, Jaun delivered himself with express cordia-	21		
lity, marked by clearance of diction and general delivery, as he	22		

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began to take leave of his scolastica at once so as to gain time	23		
with deep affection, we honestly believe you sorely will miss us	24		
the moment we exit yet we feel as a martyr to the dischurch of	25		
all duty that it is about time, by Great Harry, we would shove	26		
off to stray on our long last journey and not be the load on ye.	27		
This is the gross proceeds of your teachings in which we were	28		
raised, you, sis, that used to write to us the exceeding nice letters	29		
for presentation and would be telling us anon (full well do we	30		
wont to recall to mind) thy oldworld tales of homespinning and	31		
derringdo and dieobscure and daddyho, these tales which reliter-	32		
ately whisked off our heart so narrated by thou, gesweest, to	33		
perfection, our pet pupil of the whole rhythmetic class and the	34		
mainsay of our erigenal house, the time we younkens twain were	35		
fairly tossing ourselves (O Phoebus! O Pollux!) in bed, having	36		
FW432			
been laid up with Castor's oil on the Parrish's syrup (the night	1		
we will remember) for to share our hard suite of affections with	2		
thee.	3		
I rise, O fair assemblage! Andcommincio. Now then, after	4		
this introit of exordium, my galaxy girls, <i>quiproquo</i> of directions	5		
to henservants I was asking his advice on the strict T.T. from	6		
Father Mike, P.P., my orational dominican and confessor doctor,	7		
C.C.D.D. (buy the birds, he was saying as he yerked me under	8		

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the ribs sermon in an offrand way and confidence between peas	9		
like ourselves in soandso many nuncupiscent words about how he	10		
had been confarreating teat-a-teat with two viragos intactas about	11		
what an awful life he led, poorish priced, uttering mass for a	12		
coppall of geldings and what a lawful day it was, there and then,	13		
for a consommation with an effusion and how, by all the manny	14		
larries ate pignatties, how, hell in tunnels, he'd marry me any	15		
old buckling time as flying quick as he'd look at me) and I am	16		
giving youth now again in words of style byaway of offertory	17		
hisand mikeadvice, an it place the person, as ere he retook him	18		
to his cure, those verbs he said to me. From above. The most	19		
eminent bishop titular of Dubloonik to all his purtybusses in	20		
Dellabelliney. Comeallyedimseldamsels, siddle down and lissle	21		
all! Follow me close! Keep me in view! Understeady me saries!	22		
Which is to all practising massoeurses from a preaching freer and	23		
be a gentleman without a duster before a parlourmade with-	24		
out a spitch. Now. During our brief apsence from this furtive	25		
feugtig season adhere to as many as probable of the ten com-	26		
mandments touching purgations and indulgences and in the long	27		
run they will prove for your better guidance along your path of	28		
right of way. Where the lisieuse are we and what's the first sing	29		
to be sung? Is it rubrics, mandarimus, pasqualines, or verdidads	30		
is in it, or the bruiselivid indecores of estreme voyoulence and,	31		
for the lover of lithurgy, bekant or besant, where's the fate's to	32		
be wished for? Several sindays after whatsintime. I'll sack that sick	33		

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server the minute I bless him. That's the mokst I can do for his	34		
grapce. Economy of movement, axe why said. I've a hopesome's	35		
choice if I chouse of all the sinkts in the colander. From the com-	36		
FW433			
mon for ignitious Purpalume to the proper of Francisko Ultramare,	1		
last of scorchers, third of snows, in terrorgammons howdydos.	2		
Here she's, is a bell, that's wares in heaven, virginwhite, Undetri-	3		
gesima, vikissy manonna. Doremon's! The same or similar to be	4		
kindly observed within the affianced dietcess of Gay O'Toole	5		
and Gloamy Gwenn du Lake (Danish spoken!) from Manducare	6		
Monday up till farrier's siesta in china dominos. Words taken in	7		
triumph, my sweet assistance, from the sufferant pen of our joco-	8		
sus inkerman militant of the reed behind the ear.	9		
Never miss your lostsomewhere mass for the couple in Myles	10		
you butrose to brideworship. Never hate mere pork which is bad	11		
for your knife of a good friday. Never let a hog of the howth	12		
trample underfoot your linen of Killiney. Never play lady's game	13		
for the Lord's stake. Never lose your heart away till you win his	14		
diamond back. Make a strong point of never kicking up your	15		
rumpus over the scroll end of sofas in the Dar Bey Coll Cafeteria	16		
by tootling risky <i>apropos</i> songs at commercial travellers' smokers	17		
for their Columbian nights entertainments the like of <i>White limbs</i>	18		
<i>they never stop teasing or Minxy was a Manxmaid when Murry</i>	19		

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<i>wor a Man. And, by the bun, is it you goes bisbuiting His Esaus</i>	20		
and Cos and then throws them bag in the box? Why the tin's	21		
nearly empty. First thou shalt not smile. Twice thou shalt not	22		
love. Lust, thou shalt not commix idolatry. Hip confiners help	23		
compunction. Never park your brief stays in the men's con-	24		
venience. Never clean your buttoncups with your dirty pair of	25		
sassers. Never ask his first person where's your quickest cut to	26		
our last place. Never let the promising hand usemake free of	27		
your oncemaid sacral. The soft side of the axe! A coil of cord, a	28		
colleen coy, a blush on a bush turned first man's laughter into	29		
wailful moither. O foolish cuppled! Ah, dice's error! Never dip	30		
in the ern while you've browsers on your suite. Never slip the	31		
silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man,	32		
collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where you	33		
truss be circumspectious and look before you leak, dears. Never	34		
christen medlard apples till a swithin is in sight. Wet your thistle	35		
where a weed is and you'll rue it, despyneedis. Especially beware	36		
FW434			
please of being at a party to any demoralizing home life. That	1		
saps a chap. Keep cool faith in the firm, have warm hoep in the	2		
house and begin frem athome to be chary of charity. Where it	3		
is nobler in the main to supper than the boys and errors of out-	4		
rager's virtue. Give back those stolen kisses; restaure those all-	5		



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cotten glooves. Recollect the yella perals that all too often beset	6		
green gerils, Rhidarhoda and Daradora, once they gethobby-	7		
horsical, playing breeches parts for Bessy Sudlow in flesh-	8		
coloured pantos instead of earthing down in the coalhole trying	9		
to boil the big gun's dinner. Leg-before-Wicked lags-behind-	10		
Wall where here Mr Whicker whacked a great fall. Femora-	11		
familla feeled it a candleliked but Hayes, Conyngham and Erobin-	12		
son sware it's an egg. Forglim mick aye! Stay, forestand and	13		
tillgive it! Remember the biter's bitters I shed the vigil I buried	14		
our Harlotte Quai from poor Mrs Mangain's of Britain Court on	15		
the feast of Marie Maudlin. Ah, who would wipe her weeper dry	16		
and lead her to the halter? Sold in her heyday, laid in the straw,	17		
bought for one puny petunia. Moral: if you can't point a lily get	18		
to henna out of here! Put your swell foot foremost on foulardy	19		
pneumonia shertwaists, irriconcible with true fiminin risirvi-	20		
tion and ribbons of lace, limenick's disgrace. Sure, what is it on the	21		
whole only holes tied together, the merest and transparent washing-	22		
tones to make Languid Lola's lingery longer? Scenta Clauthes	23		
stiffstuffs your hose and heartsies full of temptiness. Vanity flee	24		
and Verity fear! Diobell! Whalebones and buskbutts may hurt	25		
you (thwackaway thwuck!) but never lay bare your breast sec-	26		
ret (dickette's place!) to joy a Jonas in the Dolphin's Barncar	27		
with your meetual fan, Doveyed Covetfilles, come pulsing payn-	28		
attention spasms between the averthisment for Ulikah's wine and	29		
a pair of pulldoors of the old cupiosity shape. There you'll fix	30		

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your eyes darkled on the autocart of the bringfast cable but here	31		
till youre martimorphysed please sit still face to face. For if the	32		
shorth of your skorth falls down to his knees pray how wrong	33		
will he look till he rises? Not before Gravesend is commuted. But	34		
now reappears Autist Algy, the pulcherman and would-do per-	35		
former, <i>oleas</i> Mr Smuth, stated by the vice crusaders to be well	36		
FW435			
known to all the dallytaunties in and near the ciudad of Buellas	1		
Arias, taking you to the playguehouse to see the <i>Smirching of</i>	2		
<i>Venus</i> and asking with whispered offers in a very low bearded	3		
voice, with a nice little tiny manner and in a very nice little tony	4		
way, won't you be an artist's moral and pose in your nudies as a	5		
local esthetic before voluble old masters, introducing you, left	6		
to right the party comprises, to hogarths like Bottisilly and	7		
Titteretto and Vergognese and Coraggio with their extrahand	8		
Mazzaccio, plus the usual bilker's dozen of dowdycameramen.	9		
And the volses of lewd Buylan, for innocence! And the phylli-	10		
sophies of Bussup Bulkeley. O, the frecklessness of the giddies	11		
nouveautays! There's many's the icepolled globetopper is haunt-	12		
ed by the hottest spot under his equator like Ramrod, the meaty	13		
hunter, always jaeger for a thrust. The back beautiful, the un-	14		
draped divine! And Suzy's Moedl's with their Blue Danuboyes!	15		
All blah! Viper's vapid vilest! Put off the old man at the very	16		

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font and get right on with the nutty sparker round the back.	17		
Slip your oval out of touch and let the paravis be your goal.	18		
Up leather, Prunella, convert your try! Stick wicks in your ear-	19		
shells when you hear the prompter's voice. Look on a boa in	20		
his beauty and you'll never more wear your strawberry leaves.	21		
Rely on the relic. What bondman ever you bind on earth I'll be	22		
bound 'twas combined in hemel. Keep airy hores and the worm	23		
is yores. Dress the pussy for her nighty and follow her piggy-	24		
tails up their way to Winkyland. See little poupeep she's firsht	25		
ashleep. After having sat your poetries and you know what	26		
happens when chine throws over jupan. Go to doss with	27		
the poulterer, you understand, and shake up with the milch-	28		
mand. The Sully van vultures are on the prowl. And the	29		
hailies fingringmaries. Tobaccos tabu and toboggan's a back	30		
seat. Secret satieties and ononymous letters make the great un-	31		
watched as bad as their betters. Don't on any account acquire	32		
a paunchon for that alltoocommon fagbutt habit of frequenting	33		
and chumming together with the braces of couples in Mr Tun-	34		
nelly's hallways (smash it) wriggling with lowcusses and cock-	35		
chafers and vamps and rodants, with the end to commit acts of	36		
FW436			
interstipital indecency as between twineties and tapegarters,	1		
fingerpats on fondlepets, under the couvrefeu act. It's the thin	2		

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end; wedge your steps! Your high powered hefty hoyden thinks	3		
nothing of ramping through a whole suite of smokeless hus-	4		
bands. Three minutes I'm counting you. Woooooon. No triching	5		
now! Give me that when I tell you! <i>Ragazza ladra!</i> And is that	6		
any place to be smuggling his madam's apples up? Deceitful	7		
jade. Gee wedge! Begor, I like the way they're half cooked.	8		
Hold, flay, grill, fire that laney feeling for kosenkissing disgeni-	9		
cally within the proscribed limits like Population Peg on a hint or	10		
twim clandestinely does be doing to Temptation Tom, atkings	11		
questions in barely and snakking svarewords like a nursemagd.	12		
While there's men-a'war on the say there'll be loves-o'women	13		
on the do. Love through the usual channels, cisternbrothelly,	14		
when properly disinfected and taken neat in the generable way	15		
upon retiring to roost in the company of a husband-in-law or	16		
other respectable relative of an apposite sex, not love that leads	17		
by the nose as I foresmellt but canalised love, you understand,	18		
does a felon good, suspiciously if he has a slugger's liver but I	19		
cannot belabour the point too ardently (and after the lessons of	20		
experience I speak from inspiration) that fetid spirits is the thief	21		
of prurities, so none of your twenty rod cherrywhisks, me	22		
daughter! At the Cat and Coney or the Spotted Dog. And at	23		
2bis Lot's Road. When parties get tight for each other they lose	24		
all respect together. By the stench of her fizzle and the glib of her	25		
gab know the drunken draggletail Dublin drab. You'll pay for	26		
each bally sorraday night every billing sumday morning. When	27		

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the night is in May and the moon shines might. We won't meeth	28		
in Navan till you try to give the Kellsfrieclub the goby. Hill or	29		
hollow, Hull or Hague! And beware how you dare of wet cock-	30		
tails in Kildare or the same may see your wedding driving home	31		
from your wake. Makes of ashens when you flirt spoil the lad	32		
but spare his shirt! Lay your lilylike long his shoulder but buck	33		
back if he but bolder and just hep your homely hop and heed	34		
no horning but if you've got some brainy notion to raise cancan	35		
and rouse commotion I'll be apt to flail that tail for you till it's	36		
FW437			
borning. Let the love ladleliked at the eye girde your gastricks	1		
in the gym. Nor must you omit to screw the lid firmly on that	2		
jazz jiggery and kick starts. Bumping races on the flat and point	3		
to point over obstacles. Ridewheeling that acclivisciously up	4		
windy Rutland Rise and insighting rebellious northers before the	5		
saunter of the city of Dunlob. Then breretonbiking on the free	6		
with your airs of go-be-dee and your heels upon the handlebars.	7		
Berrboel brazenness! No, before your corselage rib is decartilaged,	8		
that is to mean if you have visceral ptossis, my point is, making	9		
allowances for the fads of your weak abdominal wall and your	10		
liver asprewl, vinvin, vinvin, or should you feel, in shorts, as	11		
though you needed healthy physicking exorcise to flush your	12		
kidneys, you understand, and move that twelffinger bowel and	13		

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threadworm inhibitating it, lassy, and perspire freely, lict your	14		
lector in the lobby and why out you go by the ostiary on to	15		
the dirt track and skip! Be a sportive. Deal with Nature the great	16		
greengrocer and pay regularly the monthlies. Your Punt's Per-	17		
fume's only in the hatpinny shop beside the reek of the rawny.	18		
It's more important than air — I mean than eats — air (Oop, I	19		
never open momouth but I pack mefood in it) and promotes that	20		
natural emotion. Stamp out bad eggs. Why so many puddings	21		
prove disappointing, as Dietician says, in Creature Comforts	22		
Causeries, and why so much soup is so muck slop. If we	23		
could fatten on the elizabeetons we wouldn't have teeth like	24		
the hippopotamians. However. Likewise if I were in your	25		
envelope shirt I'd keep my weathereye well cocked open for	26		
your furnished lodgers paying for their feed on tally with	27		
company and piano tunes. Only stuprifying yourself! The too	28		
friendly friend sort, Mazourikawitch or some other sukinsin of	29		
a vitch, who he's kommen from olt Pannonia on this porpoise	30		
whom sue stooderin about the maul and femurl artickles and who	31		
mix himself so at home mid the musik and spansks the ivory	32		
that lovely for this your Mistro Melosiosus MacShine MacShane	33		
may soon prove your undoing and bane through the succeeding	34		
years of rain should you, whilst Jaun is from home, get used to	35		
basking in his loverslowlap, inordinately clad, moustacheteasing,	36		
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when closehended together behind locked doors, kissing steadily,	1		
(malbongusta, it's not the thing you know!) with the calflaving	2		
selfseeker, under the influence of woman, inching up to you, dis-	3		
arranging your modesties and fumbling with his forte paws in your	4		
bodice after your billy doos twy as a first go off (take care, would	5		
you stray and split on me!) and going on doing his idiot every	6		
time you gave him his chance to get thick and play pigglywiggly,	7		
making much of you, bilgetalking like a ditherer, gougouzoug,	8		
about your glad neck and the round globe and the white milk and	9		
the red raspberries (O horrifier!) and prying down furthermore to	10		
chance his lucky arm with his pregnant questions up to our past	11		
lives. What has that caught to sing with him? The next fling	12		
you'll be squitting on the Tubber Nakel, pouring pitchers to the	13		
well for old Gloatsdane's glorification and the postequities of	14		
the Black Watch, peeping private from the Bush and Rangers.	15		
And our local busybody, talker-go-bragk. Worse again! Off of	16		
that praying fan on to them priars! It would be a whorable state	17		
of affairs altogether for the redcolumnists of presswritten epics,	18		
Peter Paragraph and Paulus Puff, (I'm keepsoaking them to cover	19		
my concerts) to get ahold of for their balloons and shoot you	20		
private by surprise, considering the marriage slump that's on this	21		
oil age and pulexes three shillings a pint and wives at six and	22		
seven when domestic calamities belame par and newlaid bellow	23		
mar for the twenty twotoosent time thwealthy took thousands	24		

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in the slack march of civilisation were you, becoming guilty of	25		
unleekylike intoxication to have and to hold, to pig and to pay	26		
direct connection, <i>qua</i> intervener, with a prominent married member	27		
of the vicereeking squad and, in consequence of the therinunder	28		
subpenas, be flummoxed to the second degree by becoming a	29		
detestificated companykeeper on the dammymonde of Luca-	30		
lamplight. Anything but that, for the fear and love of gold! Once	31		
and for all, I'll have no college swankies (you see, I am well	32		
voiced in love's arsenal and all its overtures from collion boys	33		
to colleen bawns so I have every reason to know that rogues'	34		
gallery of nightbirds and bitchfanciers, lucky duffs and light	35		
lindsays, haughty hamiltons and gay gordons, dosed, doctored	36		
FW439			
and otherwise, messing around skirts and what their fickling in-	1		
tentions look like, you make up your mind to that) trespassing	2		
on your danger zone in the dancer years. If ever I catch you at it,	3		
mind, it's you that will cocottch it! I'll tackle you to feel if you	4		
have a few devils in you. Holy gun, I'll give it to you, hot, high	5		
and heavy before you can say sedro! Or may the maledictions	6		
of Lousyfear fall like nettlerash on the white friar's father that	7		
converted from moonshine the fostermother of the first nancy-	8		
free that ran off after the trumpadour that mangled Moore's melo-	9		
dies and so upturned the tubshead of the stardaft journalwriter	10		



14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

to inspire the prime finisher to fellhim the firtree out of which	11		
Cooper Funnymore planed the flat of the beerbarrel on which	12		
my grandydad's lustiest sat his seat of unwisdom with my tante's	13		
petted sister for the cause of his joy! Amene.	14		
Poof! There's puff for ye, begor, and planxty of it, all abound	15		
me breadth! Glor galore and glory be! As broad as its lung and	16		
as long as a line! The valiantine vaux of Venerable Val Vous-	17		
dem. If my jaws must brass away like the due drops on my lay.	18		
And the topnoted delivery you'd expected be me invoice! Theo	19		
Dunnohoo's warning from Daddy O'Dowd. Who? What I'm	20		
wondering to myselfwhose for there's a strong tendency, to put	21		
it mildly, by making me the medium. I feel spirts of itchery out-	22		
ching out from all over me and only for the sludgehammer's	23		
force in my hand to hold them the darkens alone knows what'll	24		
who'll be saying of next. However. Now, before my upperotic	25		
register, something nice. Now? Dear Sister, in perfect leave again I	26		
say take a brokerly advice and keep it to yourself that we, Jaun, first	27		
of our name here now make all receptacles of, free of price. Easy,	28		
my dear, if they tingle you either say nothing or nod. No cheeka-	29		
cheek with chipperchapper, you and your last mashboy and the	30		
padre in the pulpbox enumerating you his nostrums. Be vacillant	31		
over those vigilant who would leave you to belave black on white.	32		
Close in for psychical hijiniks as well but fight shy of mugpunter.	33		
I'd burn the books that grieve you and light an allassundrian bom-	34		
pyre that would suffragate Tome Plyfire or Zolfanerole. Perousse	35		

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18

instate your <i>Weekly Standerd</i> , our verile organ that is ethelred by all	36		
FW440			
pressdom. Apply your five wits to the four verilatest. The Arsd-	1		
ken's <i>An Traitey on Miracula or Viewed to Death by a Priest</i>	2		
<i>Hunter</i> is still first in the field despite the castle bar, William	3		
Archer's a rompan good cathalogue and he'll give you a riser on	4		
the route to our nazional labronry. Skim over <i>Through Hell</i>	5		
<i>with the Papes</i> (mostly boys) by the divine comic Denti Alligator	6		
(exsponging your index) and find a quip in a quire arisus aream	7		
from bastardtitle to fatherjohnson. Swear aloud by pious fiction	8		
the like of <i>Lentil Lore</i> by Carnival Cullen or that <i>Percy Wynns</i>	9		
of our S. J. Finn's or <i>Pease in Plenty</i> by the Curer of Wars,	10		
licensed and censored by our most picturesque prelates, Their	11		
Graces of Linzen and Petitbois, bishops of Hibernites, <i>licet ut</i>	12		
<i>lebanus</i> , for expansion on the promises, the two best sells on the	13		
market this luckiest year, set up by Gill the father, put out by Gill	14		
the son and circulating disimally at Gillydehooly's Cost. Strike up	15		
a nodding acquaintance for our doctrine with the works of old	16		
Mrs Trot, senior, and Manoel Canter, junior, and Loper de Figas,	17		
nates maximum. I used to follow Mary Liddlelambe's flitsy tales,	18		
espicially with the scentaminted sauce. Sifted science will do your	19		
arts good. <i>Egg Laid by Former Cock</i> and <i>With Flageolettes in Send</i>	20		
<i>Fanciesland</i> . Chiefly girls. Trip over sacramental tea into the long	21		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

lives of our saints and saucerdots, with vignettes, cut short into	22		
instructual primers by those in authority for the bittermint of your	23		
soughts. Forfet not the palsied. Light a match for poor old	24		
Contrabally and send some balmoil for the schizomatics. A hemd	25		
in need is aye a friendly deed. Remember, maid, thou dust art	26		
powder but Cinderella thou must return (what are you robbing	27		
her sleeve for, Ruby? And pull in your tongue, Polly!). Cog that	28		
out of your teen times, everyone. The lad who brooks no	29		
breaches lifts the lass that toffs a tailor. How dare ye be laughing	30		
out of your mouthshine at the lack of that? Keep cool your fresh	31		
chastity which is far better far. Sooner than part with that vesta-	32		
lite emerald of the first importance, descended to me by far from	33		
our family, which you treasure up so closely where extremes	34		
meet, nay, mozzed lesmended, rather let the whole ekumene	35		
universe belong to merry Hal and do whatever his Mary well	36		
FW441			
likes. When the gong goes for hornets-two-nest marriage step	1		
into your harness and strip off that nullity suit. Faminy, hold	2		
back! For the race is to the rashest of, the romping, jomping	3		
rushes of. Haul Seton's down, black, green and grey, and hoist	4		
Mikealy's whey and sawdust. What's overdressed if underclothed?	5		
Poposht forstake me knot where there's white lets ope. Whisht!	6		
Blesht she that walked with good Jook Humprey for he made	7		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

her happytight. Go! You can down all the dripping you can	8		
dumple to, and buffkid scouse too ad libidinum, in these lassi-	9		
tudes if you've parents and things to look after. That was what	10		
stuck to the Comtesse Cantilene while she was sticking out Mavis	11		
Toffeelips to feed her soprannated huspals, and it is henceforth	12		
associated with her names. La Dreeping! Die Droopink! The	13		
inimitable in puresuet of the inevitable! There's nothing to touch	14		
it, we are taucht, unless she'd care for a mouthpull of white pud-	15		
ding for the wish is on her rose marine and the lunchlight in her	16		
eye, so when you pet the rollingpin write my name on the pie.	17		
Guard that gem, Sissy, rich and rare, ses he. In this cold old	18		
worold who'll feel it? Hum! The jewel you're all so cracked	19		
about there's flitty few of them gets it for there's nothing now	20		
but the sable stoles and a runabout to match it. Sing him a ring.	21		
Touch me low. And I'll lech ye so, my soandso. Show and show.	22		
Show on show. She. Shoe. Shone.	23		
Divulge, sjuddenly jouted out hardworking Jaun, kicking	24		
the console to his double and braying aloud like Brahaam's ass,	25		
and, as his voixehumanar swelled to great, clenching his manlies,	26		
so highly strong was he, man, and gradually quite warming to	27		
her (there must have been a power of kinantics in that buel	28		
of gruel he gobed at bedgo) divorce into me and say the cur-	29		
name in undress (if you get into trouble with a party you are	30		
not likely to forget his appearance either) of any lapwhelp or	31		
sleevemongrel who talks to you upon the road where he tuck	32		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

you to be a roller, O, (the goattanned saxopeeler upshotdown	33		
chigs peel of him!) and volunteers to trifle with your round-	34		
lings for profferred glass and dough, the marrying hand that	35		
his leisure repents of, without taking out his proper password	36		
FW442			
from the eligible ministriss for affairs with the black fremdling,	1		
that enemy of our country, in a cleanlooking light and I don't	2		
care a tongser's tammany hang who the mucky is nor two	3		
hoots in the corner nor three shouts on a hill (were he even	4		
a constantineal namesuch of my very own, Attaboy Knowling,	5		
and like enoch to my townmajor ancestors, the two that are	6		
taking out their divorces in the Spooksbury courts circuits,	7		
Rere Uncle Remus, the Baas of Eboracum and Old Father	8		
Ulissabon Knickerbocker, the lanky sire of Wolverhampton,	9		
about their bristelings), but as true as there's a soke for sakes in	10		
Twoways Peterborough and sure as home we come to newsky	11		
prospect from west the wave on schedule time (if I came any	12		
quicker I'll be right back before I left) from the land of breach	13		
of promise with Brendan's mantle whitening the Kerribrasilian	14		
sea and March's pebbles spinning from beneath our footslips to	15		
carry fire and sword, rest insured that as we value the very name	16		
in sister that as soon as we do possibly it will be a poor lookout	17		
for that insister. He's a markt man from that hour. And why do	18		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

we say that, you may query me? Quarry? Guess! Call'st thou?	19		
Think and think and think, I urge on you. Muffed! The wrong	20		
porridge. You are an ignoratis! Because then probably we'll	21		
dumb well soon show him what the Shaun way is like how we'll	22		
go a long way towards breaking his outsider's face for him for	23		
making up to you with his bringthee balm of Gaylad and his	24		
singthee songs of Arupee, chancetrying my ward's head into	25		
sanctuary before feeling with his two dimensions for your nup-	26		
tial dito. Ohibow, if I was Blonderboss I'd gooandfrighthisdual-	27		
man! Now, we'll tell you what we'll do to be sicker instead of	28		
compensation. We'll he'll burst our his mouth like Leary to the	29		
Leinsterface and reduce he'll we'll ournhis liniments to a	30		
poolp. Open the door softly, somebody wants you, dear! You'll	31		
hear him calling you, bump, like a blizz, in the muezzin of the	32		
turkest night. Come on now, pillarbox! I'll stiffen your scribeall,	33		
broken reed! That'll be it, grand operoar style, even should I,	34		
with my sleuts of hogpew and cheekas, have to coomb the brash	35		
of the libs round Close Saint Patrice to lay my louseboob on his	36		
FW443			
behaitch like solitar. We are all eyes. I have his quoram of	1		
images all on my retinue, Mohomadhawn Mike. Brassup! More-	2		
over after that, bad manners to me, if I don't think strongly about	3		
giving the brotherkeeper into custody to the first police bubby	4		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

cunstabless of Dora's Diehards in the field I might chance to	5		
follopon. Or for that matter, for your information, if I get the	6		
wind up what do you bet in the buckets of my wrath I mightn't	7		
even take it into my progromme, as sweet course, to do a rash act	8		
and pitch in and swing for your perfect stranger in the meadow	9		
of heppiness and then wipe the street up with the clonmellian,	10		
pending my bringing proceedings verses the joyboy before a	11		
bunch of magistrafes and twelve good and gleeful men? <i>Filius</i>	12		
<i>nullius per fas et nefas</i> . It should prove more or less of an event	13		
and show the widest federal in my cup. He'll have pansements	14		
then for his pensamientos, howling for peace. Pretty knocks, I	15		
promise him with plenty burkes for his shins. Dumnlimn wimn	16		
humn. In which case I'll not be complete in fighting lust until I	17		
contrive to half kill your Charley you're my darling for you and	18		
send him to Home Surgeon Hume, the algebrist, before his ap-	19		
pointed time, particularly should he turn out to be a man in brown	20		
about town, Rollo the Gunger, son of a wants a flurewaltzer to	21		
Arnolff's, picking up ideas, of well over or about fiftysix or so,	22		
pithecoid proportions, with perhaps five foot eight, the usual	23		
X Y Z type, R.C. Toc H, nothing but claret, not in the studbook	24		
by a long stortch, with a toothbrush moustache and jawcrockeries,	25		
<i>alias</i> grinner through collar, and of course no beard, meat and	26		
colmans suit, with tar's baggy slacks, obviously too roomy for	27		
him and springside boots, washing tie, Father Mathew's bridge	28		
pin, sipping some Wheatley's at Rhoss's on a barstool, with some	29		

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24

pubpal of the Olaf Stout kidney, always trying to poorchase mov-	30		
ables by hebdomedaries for to putt in a new house to loot, cigarette	31		
in his holder, with a good job and pension in Buinness's, what	32		
about our trip to Normandy style conversation, with an oc-	33		
casional they say that filmacolored featured at the Mothrapurl	34		
skrene about Michan and his lost angeleens is corkyshows do	35		
morvaloos, blueygreen eyes a bit scummy developing a series of	36		
FW444			
angry boils with certain references to the Deity, seeking relief	1		
in alcohol and so on, general omnibus character with a dash of	2		
railwaybrain, stale cough and an occasional twinge of claudication,	3		
having his favourite fecundclass family of upwards of a decade,	4		
both harefoot and loadenbrogued, to boot and buy off, I mean.	5		
So let it be a knuckle or an elbow, I hereby admonish you!	6		
It may all be topping fun but it's tip and run and touch and flow	7		
for every whack when Marie stopes Phil fluther's game to go.	8		
Arms arome, side aside, face into the wall. To the tumble of the	9		
toss tot the trouble of the swaddled, O. And lest there be no	10		
misconception, Miss Forstowelsy, over who to fasten the plight-	11		
forlifer on (threehundred and thirty three to one on Rue the	12		
Day!) when the nice little smellar squalls in his crydle what the	13		
dirty old bigger'll be squealing through his coughin you better	14		
keep in the gunbarrel straight around vokseburst as I recommence	15		



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you to (you gypseyeyed baggage, do you hear what I'm praying?)	16		
or, Gash, without butthering my head to assortail whose stroke	17		
forced or which struck backly, I'll be all over you myselx hori-	18		
zontally, as the straphanger said, for knocking me with my name	19		
and yourself and your babybag down at such a greet sacrifice with	20		
a rap of the gavel to a third price cowhandler as cheap as the nig-	21		
gerd's dirt (for sale!) or I'll smack your fruitflavoured jujube lips	22		
well for you, so I will well for you, if you don't keep a civil tongue	23		
in your pigeonhouse. The pleasures of love lasts but a fleeting but	24		
the pledges of life outlusts a lieftime. I'll have it in for you. I'll	25		
teach you bed minners, tip for tap, to be playing your oddaugghter	26		
tangotricks with micky dazzlers if I find corsehairs on your	27		
river-frock and the squirmside of your burberry lupitally covered	28		
with chiffchaff and shavings. Up Rosemiry Lean and Potanasty	29		
Rod you wos, wos you? I overstand you, you understand. Ask-	30		
ing Annybetyelsas to carry your parcels and you dreaming of	31		
net glory. You'll ging naemaer wi'Wolf the Ganger. Cutting	32		
chapel, were you? and had dates with slickers in particular	33		
hotels, had we? Lonely went to play your mother, isod? You was	34		
wiffriends? Hay, dot's a doll yarn! Mark mean then! I'll homesseek	35		
you, Luperca as sure as there's a palatine in Limerick and in	36		
FW445			
striped conference here's how. Nerbu de Bios! If you twos goes	1		

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to walk upon the railway, Gard, and I'll goad to beat behind the	2		
bush! See to it! Snip! It's up to you. I'll be hatsnatching harrier	3		
to hiding huries hinder hedge. Snap! I'll tear up your limpshades	4		
and lock all your trotters in the closet, I will, and cut your silk-	5		
skin into garters. You'll give up your ask unbrodhel ways when	6		
I make you reely smart. So skelp your budd and kiss the hurt!	7		
I'll have plenary sadisfaction, plays the bishop, for your partial's	8		
indulgences if your my rodeo gell. Fair man and foul suggestion.	9		
There's a lot of lecit pleasure coming bangslanging your way,	10		
Miss Pinpernelly satin. For your own good, you understand, for	11		
the man who lifts his pud to a woman is saving the way for	12		
kindness. You'll rebmemer your mottob <i>Aveh Tiger Roma</i>	13		
mikely smarter the nickst time. For I'll just draw my prancer	14		
and give you one splitpuck in the crupper, you understand, that	15		
will bring the poppy blush of shame to your peony hindmost till	16		
you yelp papapardon and radden your rhodatantarums to the	17		
beat of calorrubordolor, I am, I do and I suffer, (do you hear me	18		
now, lickspoon, and stop looking at your bussycat bow in the	19		
slate?) that you won't obliterate for the bulkier part of a running	20		
year, failing to give a good account of yourself, if you think I'm	21		
so tan cupid as all that. Lights out now (bouf!), tight and sleep	22		
on it. And that's how I'll bottle your greedypuss beautibus for	23		
ye, me bullin heifer, for 'tis I that have the peer of arrams that	24		
carry a wallop. Between them.	25		
Unbeknownst to you would ire turn o'er see, a nuncio would	26		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

I return here. How (from the sublime to the ridiculous) times	27		
out of oft, my future, shall we think with deepest of love and	28		
recollection by rintrospection of thee but me far away on the	29		
pillow, breathing foundly o'er my names all through the empties,	30		
whilst moidhered by the rattle of the doppeldoorknockers. Our	31		
homerole poet to Ostelinda, Fred Wetherly, puts it somewhys	32		
better. You're sitting on me style, maybe, whereoft I helped	33		
your ore. Littlegame rumilie from Liffalidebankum, (Toobli-	34		
quemel!) but a big corner fill you do in this unadulterated seat of	35		
our affections. Aerwenger's my breed so may we uncreepingly	36		
FW446			
multipede like the sands on Amberhann! Sevenheavens, O heaven!	1		
Iy waount yiou! yore ways to melittleme were wonderful so	2		
Ickam purseproud in sending uym loveliest pansiful thoughts	3		
touching me dash in-you through wee dots Hyphen, the so	4		
pretty arched godkin of beddingnights. If I've proved to your	5		
sallysfashion how I'm a man of Armor let me so, let me sue, let	6		
me see your isabellis. How I shall, should I survive, as, please the	7		
uniter of U.M.I. hearts, I am living in hopes to do, replacing	8		
mig wandering handsup in yawers so yeager for mitch, positively	9		
cover the two pure chicks of your comely plumpchake with	10		
zuccherikissings, hong, kong, and so gong, that I'd scare the bats	11		
out of the ivfry one of those puggy mornings, honestly, by my	12		

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rantandog and daddyoak I will, become come coming when,	13		
upon the mingling of our meeting waters, wish to wisher, like	14		
massive mountains to part no more, you will there and then, in	15		
those happy moments of our your soft accord, rainkiss on me	16		
back, for full marks with shouldered arms, and in that united	17		
I.R.U. stade, when I come (touf! touf!) wildflier's fox into my	18		
own greengeese again, swap sweetened smugs, six of one for half	19		
a dozen of the other, till they'll bet we're the cuckoo derby	20		
when cherries next come back to Ealing as come they must, as	21		
they musted in their past, as they must for my pressing season,	22		
as hereinafter must they chirrywill immediately suant on my	23		
safe return to ignorance and bliss in my horseless Coppal Poor,	24		
through suirland and noreland, kings country and queens, with	25		
my ropes of pearls for gamey girls the way ye'll hardly. Knowme.	26		
Slim ye, come slum with me and rally rats' roundup! 'Tis	27		
post purification we will, sales of work and social service,	28		
missus, completing our Abelite union by the adoption of	29		
fosterlings. Embark for Euphonia! Up Murphy, Henson and	30		
O'Dwyer, the Warchester Warders! I'll put in a shirt time	31		
if you'll get through your shift and between us in our shared	32		
slaves, brace to brassiere and shouter to shunter, we'll pull off our	33		
working programme. Come into the garden guild and be free	34		
of the gape athome! We'll circumcivicise all Dublin country.	35		
Let us, the real Us, all ignite in our prepurgatory grade as apos-	36		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

FW447			
cals and be instrumental to utensilise, help our Jakeline sisters	1		
clean out the hogshole and generally ginger things up. Meliorism	2		
in massquantities, raffling receipts and sharing sweepstakes till	3		
navel, spokes and felloes hum like hymn. Burn only what's Irish,	4		
accepting their coals. You will soothe the cokeblack bile that's	5		
Anglia's and touch Armourican's iron core. Write me your	6		
essayes, my vocational scholars, but corsorily, dipping your	7		
nose in it, for Henrietta's sake, on mortinatality in the life of	8		
jewries and the sludge of King Haarington's at its height, running	9		
boulevards over the whole of it. I'd write it all by mownself if	10		
I only had here of my jolly young watermen. Bear in mind, by	11		
Michael, all the provincial's bananas peels and elacock eggs mak-	12		
ing drawadust jubilee along Henry, Moore, Earl and Talbot	13		
Streets. Luke at all the memmer manning he's dung for the pray	14		
of birds, our priest-mayor-king-merchant, strewing the Castle-	15		
knock Road and drawing manure upon it till the first glimpse of	16		
Wales and from Ballses Breach Harshoe up to Dumping's Corner	17		
with the Mirist fathers' brothers eleven versus White Friars out	18		
on a rogation stag party. Compare them caponchin trowlers	19		
with the Bridge of Belches in Fairview, noreast Dublin's favourite	20		
souwest wateringplatz and ump as you lump it. What do you	21		
mean by Jno Citizen and how do you think of Jas Pagan?	22		
Compost liffe in Dufblin by Pierce Egan with the baugh in	23		

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Baughkley of Fino Ralli. Explain why there is such a number	24		
of orders of religion in Asea! Why such an order number in	25		
preference to any other number? Why any number in any order	26		
at all? Now? Where is the greenest island off the black coats	27		
of Spain? Overset into universal: I am perdrix and upon my	28		
pet ridge. Oralumus! Way, O way for the autointoxication of	29		
our town of the Fords in a huddle! Hailfellow some wellmet	30		
boneshaker or, to ascertain the facts for herself, run up your	31		
showeryweather once and trust and take the Drumgondola tram	32		
and, wearing the midlimb and vestee endorsed by the hierarchy	33		
fitted with ecclastics, bending your steps, pick a trail and stand	34		
on, say, Aston's, I advise you strongly, along quaith a copy of	35		
the Seeds and Weeds Act when you have procured one for your-	36		
FW448			
self and take a good longing gaze into any nearby shopswindow	1		
you may select at suppose, let us say, the hoyth of number	2		
eleven, Kane or Keogh's, and in the course of about thirtytwo	3		
minutes' time proceed to turn aroundabout on your heehills to-	4		
wards the previous causeway and I shall be very cruelly mis-	5		
taken indeed if you will not be jushed astunshed to see how you	6		
will be meanwhile durn weel topcoated with kakes of slush	7		
occasioned by the mush jam of the cross and blackwalls traffic	8		
in transit. See Capels and then fly. Show me that complaint book	9		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

here. Where's Cowntends Kateclean, the woman with the muckrake?	10		
When will the W.D. face of our sow muckloved d'lin, the Troia	11		
of towns and Carmen of cities, crawling with mendiants in per-	12		
forated clothing, get its wellbelavered white like l'pool and	13		
m'chester? When's that grandnational goldcapped dupsydurby	14		
houspill coming with its vomitives for our mothers-in-load and	15		
stretchers for their devitalised males? I am all of me for freedom	16		
of speed but who'll disasperaguss Pope's Avegnue or who'll	17		
uproose the Opian Way? Who'll brighton Brayhowth and bait	18		
the Bull Bailey and never despair of Lorcansby? The rampant	19		
royal commissioners! 'Tis an ill weed blows no poppy good. And	20		
this labour's worthy of my higher. Oil for meed and toil for feed	21		
and a walk with the band for Job Loos. If I hope not charity what	22		
profiteers me? Nothing! My tippers of flags are knobs of hard-	23		
shape for it isagrim tale, keeping the father of curls from the	24		
sport of oak. Do you know what, liddle giddles? One of those	25		
days I am advised by the smiling voteseeker who's now snoring	26		
elued to positively strike off hiking for good and all as I bldy	27		
well bdly ought until such temse as some mood is made under	28		
privy-sealed orders to get me an increase of automoboil and foot-	29		
wear for these poor discalced and a bourse from bon Somewind for	30		
a cure at Badanuweir (though where it's going to come from this	31		
time — ) as I sartunly think now, honest to John, for an income	32		
plexus that that's about the sanguine boundary limit. Amean.	33		
Sis dearest, Jaun added, with voise somewhit murky, what	34		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

though still high fa luting, as he turned his dorse to her to pay	35		
court to it, and ouverleaved his booseys to give the note and	36		
FW449			
score, phonoscopically incuriosited and melancholic this time	1		
whiles, as on the fulmament he gaped in wulderment, his on-	2		
saturncast eyes in stellar attraction followed swift to an imagin-	3		
ary swellaw, O, the vanity of Vanissy! All ends vanishing! Pur-	4		
sonally, Grog help me, I am in no violent hurry. If time enough	5		
lost the ducks walking easy found them. I'll nose a blue fonx	6		
with any tristys blinking upon this earthlight of all them that	7		
pass by the way of the deerdrive, conconey's run or wilfrid's	8		
walk, but I'd turn back as lief as not if I could only spoonfind	9		
the nippy girl of my heart's appointment, Mona Vera Toutou	10		
Ipostila, my lady of Lyons, to guide me by gastronomy under	11		
her safe conduct. That's more in my line. I'd ask no kinder of	12		
fates than to stay where I am, with my tinny of brownie's tea,	13		
under the invocation of Saint Jamas Hanway, servant of Gamp,	14		
lapidated, and Jacobus a Pershawm, intercissous, for my thuri-	15		
fex, with Peter Roche, that frind of my boozum, leaning on my	16		
cubits, at this passing moment by localoption in the birds' lodg-	17		
ing, me pheasants among, where I'll dreamt that I'll dwealth mid	18		
warblers' walls when throstles and choughs to my sigh hiehied,	19		
with me hares standing up well and me longlugs dittoes, where	20		



14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

a maurdering row, the fox! has broken at the coward sight till	21		
well on into the beausome of the exhaling night, pinching stop-	22		
andgo jewels out of the hedges and catching dimtop brilliants	23		
on the tip of my wagger but for that owledclock (fast cease to it!)	24		
has just gone twoohoo the hour and that yen breezes zipping	25		
round by Drumsally do be devils to play fleur. I could sit on safe	26		
side till the bark of Saint Grouseus for hoopoe's hours, till heoll's	27		
hoerrisings, laughing lazy at the sheep's lightning and turn a wida-	28		
most ear dreamily to the drummling of snipers, hearing the wire-	29		
less harps of sweet old Aerial and the mails across the nightrives	30		
(peepet! peepet!) and whippoow willy in the woody (moor park!	31		
moor park!) as peacefed as a philopotamus, and creaking jugs	32		
at the grenoulls, leaving tealeaves for the trout and belleeks for the	33		
wary till I'd followed through my upfielded neviewscope the	34		
rugaby moon cumuliously godrolling himself westasleep amuckst	35		
the cloudscrums for to watch how carefully my nocturnal goose-	36		
FW450			
mother would lay her new golden sheegg for me down under in	1		
the shy orient. What wouldn't I poach — the rent in my river-	2		
side, my otther shoes, my beavery, honest! — ay, and melt my	3		
belt for a dace feast of grannom with the finny ones, those happy	4		
greppies in their minnowahaw, flashing down the swansway,	5		
leaps ahead of the swift MacEels, the big Gillaroo redfellows	6		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

and the pursewinded carpers, rearin antis rood perches astench	7		
of me, or, when I'd like own company best, with the help of a	8		
norange and bear, to be reclined by the lasher on my logansome,	9		
my g.b.d. in my f.a.c.e., solfanelly in my shellyholders and lov'd	10		
latakia, the benuvolent, for my nosethrills, with the jealosomines	11		
wilting away to their heart's deelight and the king of saptimber	12		
letting down his humely odours for my consternation, dapping	13		
my griffeen, burning water in the spearlight or catching trophies	14		
of the king's royal college of sturgeone by the armful for to bake	15		
pike and pie while, O twined me abower in L'Alouette's Tower,	16		
all Adelaide's naughtingerls juckjucking benighth me, I'd ga-	17		
mut my twittynice Dorian blackbudds chthonic solphia off my	18		
singasangapiccolo to pipe musicall airs on numerous fairy-	19		
aciodes. I give, a king, to me, she does, alone, up there, yes see,	20		
I double give, till the spinney all eclosed asong with them. Isn't	21		
that lovely though? I give to me alone I trouble give! I may have	22		
no mind to lamagnage the forte bits like the pianage but you	23		
can't cadge me off the key. I've a voical lilt too true. Nomario!	24		
And bemolly and jiesis! For I sport a whatyoumacormack in the	25		
latcher part of my throughers. And the lark that I let fly (olala!)	26		
is as cockful of funantics as it's tune to my fork. Naturale you	27		
might lower register me as diserecordant, but I'm athlone in the	28		
lillabilling of killarnies. That's flat. Yet ware the wold, you!	29		
What's good for the gorse is a goad for the garden. Lethals lurk	30		
heimlocked in logans. Loathe laburnums. Dash the gaudy death-	31		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

cup! Bryony O'Bryony, thy name is Belladama! But enough of	32		
greenwood's gossip. Birdsnests is birdsnests. Thine to wait but	33		
mine to wage. And now play sharp to me. Doublefirst I'll head	34		
foremost through all my examhoops. And what sensitive coin	35		
I'd be possessed of at Latouche's, begor, I'd sink it sumtotal, every	36		
FW451			
dolly farting, in vestments of subdominal poteen at prime cost	1		
and I bait you my chancey oldcoat against the whole ounce you	2		
half on your backboard (if madamaud strips mesdamines may	3		
cold strafe illglands!) that I'm the gogetter that'd make it pay like	4		
cash registers as sure as there's a pot on a pole. And, what with one	5		
man's fish and a dozen men's poissons, sowing my wild plums to	6		
reap ripe plentihorns mead, lashings of erbole and hydromel and	7		
bragget, I'd come out with my magic fluke in close time, fair,	8		
free and frolicky, zooming tophole on the mart as a factor. And	9		
I tell you the Bective's wouldn't hold me. By the unsleeping	10		
Solman Annadromus, ye god of little pescies, nothing would	11		
stop me for mony makes multimony like the brogues and the	12		
kishes. Not the Ulster Rifles and the Cork Milice and the Dublin	13		
Fusees and Connacht Rangers ensembled! I'd axe the channon	14		
and leip a liffey and drink annyblack water that rann onme way.	15		
Yip! How's thats for scats, mine shatz, for a lovebird? To funk is	16		
only peternatural its daring feers divine. Bebold! Like Varian's	17		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

balaying all behind me. And before you knew where you	18		
weren't, I stake my ignitial's divy, cash-and-cash-can-again, I'd	19		
be staggering humanity and loyally rolling you over, my sow-	20		
white sponse, in my tons of red clover, nighty nigh to the metro-	21		
nome, fiehigh and fiehigher and fiehighest of all. Holy petter and	22		
pal, I'd spoil you altogether, my sumptuous Sheila! Mumm all	23		
to do brut frull up fizz and unpop a few shortusians or shake a	24		
pale of sparkling ice, hear it swirl, happy girl! Not a spot of my	25		
hide but you'd love to seek and scanagain! There'd be no stand-	26		
ing me, I tell you. And, as gameboy as my pagan name K.C. is	27		
what it is, I'd never say let fly till we shot that blissup and	28		
swumped each other, manawife, into our sever nevers where I'd	29		
plant you, my Gizzygay, on the electric ottoman in the lap of	30		
lechery, simpriingly stitchless with admiracion, among the most	31		
uxuriously furnished compartments, with sybarate chambers, just	32		
as I'd run my shoestring into near a million or so of them as a	33		
firstclass dealer and everything. Only for one thing that, how-	34		
over famiksed I would become, I'd be awful anxious, you under-	35		
stand, about shoepisser pluvius and in assideration of the terrible	36		
FW452			
luftsucks woabling around with the hedrolics in the coold amstop-	1		
here till the borting that would perish the Dane and his chapter	2		
of accidents to be atramental to the better half of my alltoolyrical	3		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

health, not considering my capsflap, and that's the truth now out	4		
of the cackling bag for truly sure, for another thing, I never could	5		
tell the leest falsehood that would truthfully give sotsifiction. I'm	6		
not talking apple sauce eithou. Or up in my hat. I earnst. Schue!	7		
Sissibis dearest, as I was reading to myself not very long ago	8		
in Tennis Flonnels Mac Courther, his correspondance, besated	9		
upon my tripos, and just thinking like thauthor how long I'd like	10		
myself to be continued at Hothelizod, peeking into the focus and	11		
pecking at thumbnail reveries, pricking up ears to my phono on	12		
the ground and picking up airs from th'other over th'ether, 'tis	13		
tramsported with grief I am this night sublime, as you may see	14		
by my size and my brow that's all forehead, to go forth, frank	15		
and hoppy, to the tune the old plow tied off, from our nostorey	16		
house, upon this benedictine errand but it is historically the most	17		
glorious mission, secret or profound, through all the annals of our	18		
— as you so often term her — efferfreshpainted livy, in beautific	19		
repose, upon the silence of the dead, from pharoph the nextfirst	20		
down to ramescheckles the last bust thing. The Vico road goes	21		
round and round to meet where terms begin. Still onappealed	22		
to by the cycles and unappalled by the recoursers we feel all	23		
serene, never you fret, as regards our dutyful cask. Full of my	24		
breadth from pride I am (breezed be the healthy same!) for 'tis a	25		
grand thing (superb!) to be going to meet a king, not an every-	26		
night king, nenni, by gannies, but the overking of Hither-on-	27		
Thither Erin himself, pardee, I'm saying. Before there was patch	28		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

at all on Ireland there lived a lord at Lucan. We only wish	29		
everyone was as sure of anything in this watery world as we are	30		
of everything in the newlywet fellow that's bound to follow. I'll	31		
lay you a guinea for a hayseed now. Tell mother that. And tell	32		
her tell her old one. 'Twill amuse her.	33		
Well, to the figends of Annanmeses with the wholeabuelish	34		
business! For I declare to Jeshuam I'm beginning to get sunsick!	35		
I'm not half Norawain for nothing. The fine ice so temperate	36		
FW453			
of our, alas, those times are not so far off as you might wish to	1		
be congealed. So now, I'll ask of you, let ye create no scenes in	2		
my poor primmafore's wake. I don't want yous to be billow-	3		
fighting your biddy moriarty duels, gobble gabble, over me till	4		
you spit stout, you understand, after soused mackerel, sniffing	5		
clambake to hering and impudent barney, braggart of blarney,	6		
nor you ugly lemoncholic gobs o'er the hobs in a sewing circle,	7		
stopping oddments in maids' costumes at sweeping reductions,	8		
wearing out your ohs by sitting around your ahs, making areek-	9		
eransy round where I last put it, with the painters in too,	10		
curse luck, with your rags up, exciting your mucuses, turning	11		
breakfarts into lost soupirs and salon thay nor you flabbies on	12		
your groaning chairs over Bollivar's troubles of a bluemoondag,	13		
steamin your damp ossicles, praying Holy Prohibition and Jaun	14		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Dyspeptist while Ole Clo goes through the wood with Shep	15		
together, touting in the chesnut burrs for Goodboy Sommers	16		
and Mistral Blownowse hugs his kindlings when voiceyversy	17		
it's my gala bene fit, robbing leaves out of my taletold book.	18		
May my tunc fester if ever I see such a miry lot of maggalenes!	19		
Once upon a drunk and a fairly good drunk it was and the rest	20		
of your blatherumskite! Just a plain shays by the fire for absent-	21		
er Sh the Po and I'll make ye all an eastern hummingsphere of	22		
myself the moment that you name the way. Look in the slag	23		
scuttle and you'll see me sailspread over the singing, and what	24		
do ye want trippings for when you've Paris inspire your hat?	25		
Sussumcordials all round, let ye alloyiss and ominies, while I	26		
stray and let ye not be getting grief out of it, though blighted	27		
troth be all bereft, on my poor headsake, even should we forfeit	28		
our life. Lo, improving ages wait ye! In the orchard of the bones.	29		
Some time very presently now when yon clouds are dissipated	30		
after their forty years shower, the odds are, we shall all be hooked	31		
and happy, communionistically, among the fieldnights eliceam,	32		
<i>élite</i> of the elect, in the land of lost of time. Johannisburg's a re-	33		
velation! Deck the diamants that never die! So cut out the lone-	34		
some stuff! Drink it up, ladies, please, as smart as you can lower	35		
it! Out with lent! Clap hands postilium! Fastintide is by. Your	36		
FW454			

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

sole and myopper must hereupon part company. So for e'er fare	1		
thee welt! Parting's fun. Take thou, the wringle's thine, love.	2		
This dime doth trost thee from mine alms. Goodbye, swisstart,	3		
goodbye! Haugh! Haugh! Sure, treasures, a letterman does be	4		
often thought reading ye between lines that do have no sense at	5		
all. I sign myself. With much leg. Inflexibly yours. Ann Posht	6		
the Shorn. To be continued. Huck!	7		
Something of a sidesplitting nature must have occurred to	8		
westminstrel Jaunathaun for a grand big blossy hearty stenor-	9		
ious laugh (even Drudge that lay doggo thought feathers fell)	10		
hopped out of his woolly's throat like a ball lifted over the	11		
head of a deep field, at the bare thought of how jolly they'd like	12		
to be trolling his whoop and all of them truetotypes in missam-	13		
men massness were just starting to spladher splodher with the	14		
jolly magorios, hicky hecky hock, huges huges huges, hughy	15		
hughy hughy, O Jaun, so jokable and so geepy, O, (Thou pure!	16		
Our virgin! Thou holy! Our health! Thou strong! Our victory!	17		
O salutary! Sustain our firm solitude, thou who thou well	18		
strokest! Hear, hairy ones! We have sued thee but late. Beauty	19		
parlous!) when suddenly (how like a woman!), swifter as mer-	20		
cury he wheels right round starnly on the Rizzies suddenly, with	21		
his gimlets blazing rather sternish (how black like thunder!), to	22		
see what's loose. So they stood still and wondered. Till first he	23		
sighed (and how ill soufered!) and they nearly cried (the salt of	24		
the earth!) after which he pondered and finally he replied:	25		



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— There is some thing more. A word apparting and shall the	26		
heart's tone be silent. Engagements, I'll beseal you! Fare thee	27		
well, fairy well! All I can tell you is this, my sorellies. It's prayers	28		
in layers all the thumping time, begor, the young gloria's gang	29		
voices the old doxologers, in the suburrs of the heavenly gardens,	30		
once we shall have passed, after surceases, all serene through	31		
neck and necklike Derby and June to our snug eternal retribu-	32		
tion's reward (the scorchhouse). Shunt us! shunt us! shunt us!	33		
If you want to be felixed come and be parked. Sacred ease there!	34		
The seanad and pobbel queue's remainder. To it, to it! Seekit	35		
headup! No petty family squabbles Up There nor homemade	36		
FW455			
hurricanes in our Cohortyard, no cupahurling nor apuckalips	1		
nor no puncheon jodelling nor no nothing. With the Byrns	2		
which is far better and eve for ever your idle be. You will hardly	3		
reconnoitre the old wife in the new bustle and the farmer shinner	4		
in his latterday paint. It's the fulldress Toussaint's wakeswalks	5		
expedition after a bail motion from the chamber of horrus.	6		
Saffron buns or sovran bonhams whichever you'r avider to like	7		
it and lump it, but give it a name. Iereny allover irelands. And	8		
there's food for refection when the whole flock's at home. Hog-	9		
manny di'yegut? Hogmanny di'yesmellygut? And hogmanny	10		
di'yesmellyspatterygut? You take Joe Hanny's tip for it! Post-	11		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

martem is the goods. With Jollification a tight second. Toborrow	12		
and toburrow and tobarrow! That's our crass, hairy and ever-	13		
grim life, till one finel howdiedow Bouncer Naster raps on the	14		
bell with a bone and his stinkers stank behind him with the	15		
sceptre and the hourglass. We may come, touch and go, from	16		
atoms and ifs but we're presurely destined to be odd's without	17		
ends. Here we moult in Moy Kain and flop on the seemy side,	18		
living sure of hardly a doorstep for a stopgap, with Whogoes-	19		
there and a live sandbag round the corner. But upmeyant, Pro-	20		
spector, you sprout all your abel and woof your wings dead	21		
certain however of neuthing whatever to aye forever while	22		
Hyam Hyam's in the chair. Ah, sure, pleasantries aside, in the tail	23		
of the cow what a humpty daum earth looks our misery here-	24		
today as compared beside the Hereweareagain Gaieties of the	25		
Afterpiece when the Royal Revolver of these real globoes lets	26		
regally fire of his <i>mio colpo</i> for the chrisman's pandemon to give	27		
over and the Harlequinade to begin properly SPQueaRking	28		
Mark Time's Finist Joke. Putting Allspace in a Notshall.	29		
Well, the slice and veg joint's well in its way, and so is a	30		
ribroast and jackknife as sporten dish, but home cooking every-	31		
time. Mountains good mustard and, with the helpings of ladies'	32		
lickfings and gentlemen's relish, I've eaten a griddle. But I fill	33		
twice as stewhard what I felt before when I'm after eating a few	34		
natives. The crisp of the crackling is in the chawing. Give us an-	35		
other cup of your scald. Santos Mozos! That was a damn good	36		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

FW456			
cup of scald! You could trot a mouse on it. I ingoyed your pick	1		
of hissing hot luncheon fine, I did, than' awfully, (sublime!).	2		
Tenderest bully ever I ate with the boiled protestants (allinoilia	3		
allinoilia!) only for your peas again was a taste tooth psalty to	4		
carry flavour with my godown and hereby return with my best	5		
savioury condiments and a penny in the plate for the jemes.	6		
O.K. Oh Kosmos! Ah Ireland! A.I. And for kailkannonkabbis	7		
gimme Cincinnatis with Italian (but <i>ci vuol poco!</i> ) cicalick cheese,	8		
Haggis good, haggis strong, haggis never say die! For quid we	9		
have recipimus, recipe, O lout! And save that, Oliviero, for thy	10		
sunny day! Soupmeagre! Couldn't look at it! But if you'll buy me	11		
yon coat of the vairy furry best, I'll try and pullll it awn mee. It's in	12		
fairly good order and no doubt 'twill sarve to turn. Remove this	13		
boardcloth! Next stage, tell the tabler, for a variety of Hugue-	14		
not ligooms I'll try my set on edges grapeling an aigrydoucks,	15		
grilled over birchenrods, with a few bloomancowls in albies.	16		
I want to get outside monasticism. Mass and meat mar no man's	17		
journey. Eat a missal lest. Nuts for the nerves, a flitch for the flue	18		
and for to rejoice the chambers of the heart the spirits of the	19		
spice isles, curry and cinnamon, chutney and cloves. All the vital-	20		
mines is beginning to sozzle in chewn and the harmonies to	21		
clingleclangle, fudgem, kates and eaps and naboc and erics and	22		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

oinnos on kingclud and xxxoxo and xooxox xxoxoxxxx till	23		
I'm fustfed like fungstif and very presently from now posthaste	24		
it's off yourll see me ryuoll on my usual rounds again to draw	25		
Terminus Lower and Killadown and Letternoosh, Letterspeak,	26		
Lettermuck to Littorananima and the roomiest house even in	27		
Ireland, if you can understamp that, and my next item's platform	28		
it's how I'll try and collect my extraprofessional postages owing	29		
to me by Thaddeus Kellyesque Squire, dr, for nondesirable	30		
printed matter. The Jooks and the Kelly-Cooks have been	31		
milking turnkeys and sucking the blood out of the marshalsea	32		
since the act of First Offenders. But I know what I'll do. Great	33		
pains off him I'll take and that'll be your redletterday calendar,	34		
window machree! I'll knock it out of him! I'll stump it out of	35		
him! I'll rattattatter it out of him before I'll quit the doorstep of	36		
FW457			
old Con Connolly's residence! By the horn of twenty of both of	1		
the two Saint Collopys, blackmail him I will in arrears or my	2		
name's not penitent Ferdinand! And it's daily and hourly I'll	3		
nurse him till he pays me fine fee. Ameal.	4		
Well, here's looking at ye! If I never leave you biddies till	5		
my stave is a bar I'd be tempted rigidly to become a passionate	6		
father. Me hunger's weighed. Hungkung! Me anger's suaged!	7		
Hangkang! Ye can stop as ye are, little lay mothers, and wait in	8		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

wish and wish in vain till the grame reaper draws nigh, with	9		
the sickle of the sickles, as a blessing in disguise. Devil a curly	10		
hair I care! If any lightfoot Clod Dewvale was to hold me up,	11		
dicksturping me and marauding me of my rights to my onus, yan,	12		
tyan, tethera, methera, pimp, I'd let him have my best pair of	13		
galloper's heels in the creamsourer. He will have better manners,	14		
I'm dished if he won't! Console yourself, drawhure deelish!	15		
There's a refond of eggsized coming to you out of me so mind	16		
you do me duty on me! Bruise your bulge below the belt till I	17		
blewblack beside you. And you'll miss me more as the narrowing	18		
weeks wing by. Someday duly, oneday truly, twosday newly,	19		
till whensday. Look for me always at my west and I will think	20		
to dine. A tear or two in time is all there's toot. And then in a	21		
click of the clock, toot toot, and doff doff we pop with sinnerettes	22		
in silkettes lining longroutes for His Diligence Majesty, our	23		
longdistance laird that likes creation. To whoosh!	24		
— Meesh, meesh, yes, pet. We were too happy. I knew some-	25		
thing would happen. I understand but listen, drawher nearest,	26		
Tizzy intercepted, flushing but flashing from her dove and dart	27		
eyes as she tactilifully grapbed her male corrispondee to fluster	28		
sweet nunsongs in his quickturned ear, I know, benjamin brother,	29		
but listen, I want, girls palmassing, to whisper my whish. (She	30		
like them like us, me and you, had thoud he n'er it would haltin so	31		
lithe when leased is tacitempust tongue). Of course, engine dear,	32		
I'm ashamed for my life (I must clear my throttle) over this lost	33		

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moment's gift of memento nosepaper which I'm sorry, my	34		
precious, is allathome I with grief can call my own but all the	35		
same, listen, Jaunick, accept this witwee's mite, though a jenny-	36		
FW458			
teeny witween piece torn in one place from my hands in second	1		
place of a linenhall valentino with my fondest and much left to	2		
tutor. X.X.X.X. It was heavily bulledicted for young Fr MI,	3		
my pettest parriage priest, and you know who between us by	4		
your friend the pope, forty ways in forty nights, that's the	5		
beauty of it, look, scene it, ratty. Too perfectly priceless for	6		
words. And, listen, now do enhance me, oblige my fiancy and	7		
bear it with you morn till life's e'en and, of course, when never	8		
you make usage of it, listen, please kindly think galways again	9		
or again, never forget, of one absendee not sester Maggy. Ahim.	10		
That's the stupidest little cough. Only be sure you don't catch your	11		
cold and pass it on to us. And, since levret bounds and larks is	12		
soaring, don't be all the night. And this, Joke, a sprig of blue	13		
speedwell just a spell of floralora so you'll mind your veronique.	14		
Of course, Jer, I know you know who sends it, presents that	15		
please, mercy, on the face of the waters like that film obote,	16		
awfly charmig of course, but it doesn't do her justice, apart from	17		
her cattiness, in the magginbottle. Of course, please too write,	18		
won't you, and leave your little bag of doubts, inquisitive, be-	19		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

hind you unto your utterly thine, and, thank you, forward it	20		
back by return pigeon's pneu to the loving in case I couldn't	21		
think who it was or any funforall happens I'll be so curiose to	22		
see in the Homesworth breakfast tablotts as I'll know etherways	23		
by pity bleu if it's good for my system, what exquisite buttons,	24		
gorgiose, in case I don't hope to soon hear from you. And thanks	25		
ever so many for the ten and the one with nothing at all on. I will	26		
tie a knot in my stringamejip to letter you with my silky paper,	27		
as I am given now to understand it will be worth my price in	28		
money one day so don't trouble to ans unless sentby special as	29		
I am getting his pay and wants for nothing so I can live simply	30		
and solely for my wonderful kinkless and its loops of loveliness.	31		
When I throw away my rollets there's rings for all. Flee a girl,	32		
says it is her colour. So does B and L and as for V! And listen	33		
to it! Cheveluir! So distant you're always. Bow your boche!	34		
Absolutely perfect! I will pack my comb and mirror to praxis	35		
oval owes and artless awes and it will follow you pulpicy	36		
FW459			
as far as come back under all my eyes like my sapphire chap-	1		
lets of ringarosary I will say for you to the Allmichael and	2		
solve qui pu while the dovedoves pick my mouthbuds (msch!	3		
msch!) with nurse Madge, my linkingclass girl, she's a fright,	4		
poor old dutch, in her sleeptalking when I paint the measles	5		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

on her and mudstuskers to make her a man. We. We. Issy	6		
done that, I confesh! But you'll love her for her hessians	7		
and sickly black stockies, cleryng's jumbles, salvadged from	8		
the wash, isn't it the cat's tonsils! Simply killing, how she	9		
tidies her hair! I call her Sosy because she's sosity for me	10		
and she says sossy while I say sassy and she says will	11		
you have some more scorns while I say won't you take a few	12		
more schools and she talks about ithel dear while I simply	13		
never talk about athel darling; she's but nice for enticing my	14		
friends and she loves your style considering she breaksin me	15		
shoes for me when I've arch trouble and she would kiss my	16		
white arms for me so gratefully but apart from that she's	17		
terribly nice really, my sister, round the elbow of Erne street	18		
Lower and I'll be strictly forbidden always and true in my own	19		
way and private where I will long long to betrue you along with	20		
one who will so betrue you that not once while I betreu him not	21		
once well he be betray himself. Can't you understand? O bother,	22		
I must tell the trouth! My latest lad's loveliletter I am sore I done	23		
something with. I like him lots coss he never cusses. Pity bon-	24		
hom. Pip pet. I shouldn't say he's pretty but I'm cocksure he's	25		
shy. Why I love taking him out when I unletched his cordon	26		
gate. Ope, Jack, and atem! Obealbe myodorers and he dote so.	27		
He fell for my lips, for my lisp, for my lewd speaker. I felt for	28		
his strength, his manhood, his do you mind? There can be no	29		
candle to hold to it, can there? And, of course, dear professor, I	30		



14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

understand. You can trust me that though I change thy name	31		
though not the letter never while I become engaged with my	32		
first horsepower, masterthief of hearts, I will give your lovely	33		
face of mine away, my boyish bob, not for tons of donkeys, to	34		
my second mate, with the twirlers the engineer of the passio-	35		
flower (O the wicked untruth! whot a tell! that he has bought	36		
FW460			
me in his wellingtons what you haven't got!), in one of those	1		
pure clean lupstucks of yours thankfully, Arrah of the passkeys,	2		
no matter what. You may be certain of that, fluff, now I know	3		
how to tackle. Lock my mearest next myself. So don't keep me	4		
now for a good boy for the love of my fragrant saint, you villain,	5		
peppering with fear, my goodless graceless, or I'll first murder	6		
you but, hvisper, meet me after by next appointment near you	7		
know Ships just there beside the Ship at the future poor fool's	8		
circuts of lovemountjoy square to show my disrespects now, let	9		
me just your caroline for you, I must really so late. Sweet pig,	10		
he'll be furious! How he stalks to simself loucher and lover,	11		
immutating aperybally. My prince of the courts who'll beat me	12		
to love! And I'll be there when who knows where with the	13		
objects of which I'll knowor forget. We say. Trust us. Our	14		
game. (For fun!) The Dargle shall run dry the sooner I you	15		
deny. Whoevery heard of such a think? Till the ulmost of all	16		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

elmoes shall stele our harts asthone! And Mrs A'Mara makes	17		
it up and befriends with Mrs O'Morum! I will write down all	18		
your names in my gold pen and ink. Everyday, precious, while	19		
m'm'ry's leaves are falling deeply on my Jungfraud's Messonge-	20		
book I will dream telepath posts dulcets on this isinglass stream	21		
(but don't tell him or I'll be the mort of him!) under the libans	22		
and the sickamours, the cyprissis and babilonias, where the	23		
frondoak rushes to the ask and the yewleaves too kisskiss them-	24		
selves and 'twill carry on my hearz' waves my still waters reflec-	25		
tions in words over Margrate von Hungaria, her Quaidy ways	26		
and her Flavin hair, to thee, Jack, ahoy, beyond the boysforus.	27		
Splesh of hiss splash springs your salmon. Twick twick, twinkle	28		
twings my twilight as Sarterday afternoon lex leap will smile on	29		
my fourinhanced twelvemonthsmind. And what's this I was	30		
going to say, dean? O, I understand. Listen, here I'll wait on thee	31		
till Thingavalla with beautiful do be careful teacakes, more stues-	32		
ser flavoured than Vanilla and blackcurrant there's a cure in, like	33		
a born gentleman till you'll resemble me, all the time you're	34		
awhile way, I swear to you, I will, by Candlemas! And listen,	35		
joey, don't be enoyed with me, my old evernew, when, by the	36		
FW461			
end of your chapter, you citch water on the wagon for me being	1		
turned a star I'll dubeurry my two fesces under Pouts Vanisha	2		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Creme, their way for spilling cream, and, accent, unto extend	3		
my personallitey to the latents, I'll boy me for myself only of	4		
expensive rainproof of pinked elephant's breath grey of the	5		
loveliest sheerest dearest widowshood over airforce blue I am	6		
so wild for, my precious once, Hope Bros., Faith Street, Charity	7		
Corner, as the bee loves her skyhighdeed, for I always had a	8		
crush on heliotrope since the dusses of yore cycled round the	9		
Finest Park, and listen. And never mind me laughing at what's	10		
atever! I was in the nerves but it's my last day. Always about	11		
this hour, I'm sorry, when our gamings for Bruin and Noselong	12		
is all oh you tease and afterdoon my lickle pussiness I stheal	13		
heimlick in my russians from the attraction part with my terri-	14		
blitall boots calvescatcher Pinchapoppapoff, who is going to be	15		
a jennyroll, at my nape, drenched, love, with dripping to affec-	16		
tionate slapmamma but last at night, look, after my golden vio-	17		
lents wetting in my upperstairs splendidly welluminated with	18		
such lidlylac curtains wallpapered to match the cat and a fire-	19		
please keep looking of priceless pearlogs I just want to see will	20		
he or are all Michales like that, I'll strip straight after devotions	21		
before his fondstare— and I mean it too, (thy gape to my gazing	22		
I'll bind and makeleash) and poke stiff under my isonbound with	23		
my soiedisante chineknees cheeckchubby chambermate for the	24		
night's foreign males and your name of Shane will come forth	25		
between my shamefaced whesen with other lipth I nakest open	26		
my thight when just woken by his toccatootletoo my first morn-	27		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

ing. So now, to thalk thildish, thome, theated with Mag at the	28		
oilthan we are doing to thay one little player before doing to	29		
deed. An a tiss to the tassie for lu and for tu! Coach me how to	30		
tumble, Jaime, and listen, with supreme regards, Juan, in haste,	31		
warn me which to ah ah ah ah....	32		
— MEN! Juan responded fullchantedly to her sororal sono-	33		
rity, imitating himself capitally with his bubbleblown in his	34		
patapet and his chalished drink now well in hand. (A spilt, see,	35		
for a split, see see!) Ever gloriously kind! And I truly am	36		
FW462			
eucherised to yous. Also <i>sacré père</i> and <i>maître d'autel</i> . Well,	1		
ladies upon gentlemen and toastmaster general, let us, brindising	2		
brandisong, woo and win womenlong with health to rich vine-	3		
yards, Eriñ go Dry! Amingst the living waters of, the living in	4		
giving waters of. Tight! Loose! A stiff one for Staffetta mullified	5		
with creams of hourmony, the coupe that's chill for jackless jill and	6		
a filiform dhouche on Doris! Esterelles, be not on your weeping	7		
what though Shaunathaun is in his fail! To stir up love's young	8		
fizz I tilt with this bridle's cup champagne, dimming douce from	9		
her peepair of hideseeks, tightsqueezed on my snowybrusted and	10		
while my pearlies in their sparkling wisdom are nippling her	11		
bubbles I swear (and let you swear!) by the bumper round of	12		
my poor old snaggletooth's solidbowel I ne'er will prove I'm	13		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

untrue to your liking (theare!) so long as my hole looks. Down.	14		
So gullaby, me poor Isley! But I'm not for forgetting me	15		
innerman monophone for I'm leaving my darling proxy behind	16		
for your consoler, lost Dave the Dancekerl, a squamous run-	17		
away and a dear old man pal of mine too. He will arrive inces-	18		
santly in the fraction of a crust, who, could he quit doubling and	19		
stop tipping, he would be the unicorn of his kind. He's the	20		
mightiest penumbrella I ever flourished on behond the shadow	21		
of a post! Be sure and link him, me O treasauo, as often as you	22		
learn provided there's nothing between you but a plain deal	23		
table only don't encourage him to cry lessontimes over Lepers-	24		
town. But soft! Can't be? Do mailstanes mumble? Lumtum	25		
lumtum! Now! The froubadour! I fremble! Talk of wolf in a	26		
stomach by all that's verminous! Eccolo me! The return of	27		
th'athlate! Who can secede to his success! Isn't Jaunstown,	28		
Ousterrike, the small place after all? I knew I smelt the garlic	29		
leek! Why, bless me swits, here he its, darling Dave, like	30		
the catoninelives just in time as if he fell out of space, all	31		
draped in mufti, coming home to mourn mountains from his	32		
old continence and not on one foot either or on two feet	33		
aether but on quinquiseular cycles after his French evolution	34		
and a blindfold passage by the 4.32 with the pork's pate in his	35		
suicide paw and the gulls laughing lime on his natural skunk,	36		
FW463			

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blushing like Pat's pig, begob! He's not too timtom well ashamed	1		
to carry out onaglibtogradakelly in his showman's sinister the	2		
testymonicals he gave his twenty annis orf, showing the three	3		
white feathers, as a home cured emigrant in Paddyouare far be-	4		
low on our sealevel. Bearer may leave the church, signed, Figura	5		
Porca, Lictor Magnaffica. He's the sneaking likeness of us, faith,	6		
me altar's ego in miniature and every Auxonian aimer's ace as	7		
nasal a Romeo as I am, for ever cracking quips on himself, that	8		
merry, the jeenjakes, he'd soon arise mother's roses mid bedew-	9		
ing tears under those wild wet lashes onto anny living girl's	10		
laftercheeks. That's his little veiniality. And his unpeppepedi-	11		
ment. He has novel ideas I know and he's a jarry queer fish be-	12		
times, I grant you, and cantanberous, the poisoner of his word,	13		
but lice and all and semicoloured stainedglasses, I'm enormously	14		
full of that foreigner, I'll say I am! Got by the one goat, suckled	15		
by the same nanna, one twitch, one nature makes us oldworld	16		
kin. We're as thick and thin now as two tubular jawballs. I hate	17		
him about his patent henesy, plasfh it, yet am I amorist. I love	18		
him. I love his old portugal's nose. There's the nasturtium for	19		
ye now that saved many a poor sinker from water on the grave.	20		
The diasporation of all pirates and quinconcentrum of a fake like	21		
Basilius O'Cormacan MacArty? To camiflag he turned his shirt.	22		
Isn't he after borrowing all before him, making friends with	23		
everybody red in Rossya, white in Alba and touching every dis-	24		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

tinguished Ourishman he could ever distinguish before or be-	25		
hind from a Yourishman for the customary halp of a crown and	26		
peace? He is looking aged with his pebbled eyes, and johnnythin	27		
too, from livicking on pidgins' ifs with puffins' ands, he's been	28		
slanderising himself, but I pass no remark. Hope he hasn't the	29		
cholera. Give him an eyot in the farout. Moseses and Noasies,	30		
how are you? He'd be as snug as Columbsisle Jonas wrocked in	31		
the belly of the whaves, as quotad before. Bravo, senior chief!	32		
Famose! Sure there's nobody else in touch anysides to hold a	33		
chef's cankle to the darling at all for sheer dare with that prison-	34		
potstill of spanish breans on him like the knave of trifles! A jolly-	35		
tan fine demented brick and the prince of goodfilips! Dave	36		
FW464			
knows I have the highest of respect of annyone in my oweand	1		
smooth way for that intellectual debtor (Obbligado!) Mushure	2		
David R. Crozier. And we're the closest of chems. Mark my use	3		
of you, cog! Take notice how I yemploy, crib! Be ware as you,	4		
I foil, cobby! It's a pity he can't see it for I'm terribly nice about	5		
him. Canwyll y Cymry, the marmade's flamme! A leal of the	6		
O'Looniys, a Brazel aboo! The most ompotent man! <i>Sheroos!</i>	7		
Ho, be the holy snakes, someone has shaved his rough diamond	8		
skull for him as clean as Nuntius' piedish! The burnt out	9		
mesh and the matting and all! Thunderweather, khyber schinker	10		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

escapa sansa pagar! He's the spatton spit, so he is, scaly skin	11		
and all, with his blackguarded eye and the goatsbeard in	12		
his buttinghole of Shemuel Tulliver, me grandsourd, the old	13		
cruxader, when he off with his paudeen! That was to let the	14		
crowd of the Flu Flux Fans behind him see me proper. Ah,	15		
he's very thoughtful and sympatrico that way is Brother Intelli-	16		
gentius, when he's not absintheminded, with his Paris addresse!	17		
He is, really. Holdhard till you'll ear him clicking his bull's	18		
bones! Some toad klakkin! You're welcome back, Wilkins, to	19		
red berries in the frost! And here's the butter exchange to pfeife	20		
and dramn ye with a bawful of the Moulseybaysse and yunker	21		
doodler wanked to wall awriting off his phoney. I'm tired hair-	22		
ing of you. Hat yourself! Give us your dyed dextremity here,	23		
frother, the Claddagh clasp! I met with dapper dandy and he	24		
shocked me big the hamd. Where's your watch keeper? You've	25		
seen all sorts in shapes and sizes, marauding about the moppa-	26		
mound. How's the cock and the bullfight? And old Auster and	27		
Hungrig? And the Beer and Belly and the Boot and Ball? Not	28		
forgetting the oils of greas under that turkey in julep and Father	29		
Freeshots Feilbogen in his rockery garden with the costard? And	30		
did you meet with Peadhar the Grab at all? And did you call on	31		
Tower Geesyhus? Was Mona, my own love, no bigger than she	32		
should be, making up to you in her bestbehaved manor when	33		
you made your breastlaw and made her, tell me? And did you	34		
like the landskip from Lambay? I'm better pleased than ten	35		



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guidneys! You rejoice me! Faith, I'm proud of you, french davit!	36		
FW465			
You've surpassed yourself! Be introduced to yes! This is me aunt	1		
Julia Bride, your honour, dying to have you languish to scan-	2		
dal in her bosky old delltangle. You don't reckoneyes him? He's	3		
Jackot the Horner who boxed in his corner, jilting no fewer than	4		
three female bribes. That's his penals. <i>Shervorum!</i> You haven't	5		
seen her since she stepped into her drawoffs. Come on, spinister,	6		
do your stuff! Don't be shoy, husbandmanvir! Weih, what's on	7		
you, wip? Up the shamewaugh! She has plenty of woom in the	8		
smallclothes for the bothsforus, nephews push! Hatch yourself	9		
well! Enjombyourselves thurily! Would you wait biss she buds	10		
till you bite on her? Embrace her bashfully by almeans at my	11		
frank incensive and tell her in your semiological agglutinative yez,	12		
how Idos be asking after her. Let us be holy and evil and let her	13		
be peace on the bough. Sure, she fell in line with our tripertight	14		
photos as the lyonised mails when we were stablelads together	15		
like the corks again brothers, hungry and angry, cavileer	16		
grace by roundhered force, or like boyrun to sibster, me and	17		
you, shinners true and pinchme, our tertius quiddus, that never	18		
talked or listened. Always raving how we had the wrinkles of	19		
a snailcharmer and the slits and sniffers of a fellow that fell foul	20		
of the county de Loona and the meattrap of the first vegetarian.	21		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

To be had for the asking. Have a hug! Take her out of poor	22		
tuppy luck before she goes off in pure treple licquidance. I'd	23		
give three shillings a pullet to the canon for the conjugation to	24		
shadow you kissing her from me leberally all over as if she was a	25		
crucifix. It's good for her bilabials, you understand. There's no-	26		
thing like the mistletouch for finding a queen's earring false.	27		
Chink chink. As the curly bard said after kitchin the womn in	28		
his hym to the hum of her garments. You try a little tich to the	29		
tissle of his tail. The racist to the racy, rossy. The soil is for the	30		
self alone. Be ownkind. Be kithkinish. Be bloodysibby. Be irish.	31		
Be inish. Be offalia. Be hamlet. Be the property plot. Be Yorick	32		
and Lankystare. Be cool. Be mackinamucks of yourselves. Be	33		
finish. No martyr where the preature is there's no plagues like	34		
rome. It gives up the gripes. Watch the swansway. Take your	35		
tiger over it. The leady on the lake and the convict of the forest.	36		
FW466			
Why, they might be Babau and Momie! Yipyip! To pan! To	1		
pan! To tinpinnypan. All folly me yap to Curlew! Give us a pin	2		
for her and we'll call it a tossup. Can you reverse positions?	3		
Lets have a fuchu all round, courting cousins! Quuck, the duck	4		
of a woman for quack, the drake of a man, her little live apples	5		
for Leas and love potients for Leos, the next beast king. Put	6		
me down for all ringside seats. I can feel you being corrupted.	7		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Recoil. I can see you sprouting scruples. Get back. And as	8		
he's boiling with water I'll light your pyre. Turn about, skeezy	9		
Sammy, out of metaphor, till we feel are you still tropeful	10		
of popetry. Told you so. If you doubt of his love of darearing	11		
his feelings you'll very much hurt for mishmash mastufactured	12		
on europe you can read off the tail of his. Rip ripper rippest and	13		
jac jac jac. Dwell on that, my hero and lander! That's the side	14		
that appeals to em, the wring wrong way to wright woman. Shuck	15		
her! Let him! What he's good for. Shuck her more! Let him	16		
again! All she wants! Could you wheedle a staveling encore out	17		
of your imitationer's jubalharp, hey, Mr Jinglejoys? Congrega-	18		
tional singing. Rota rota ran the pagoda <i>con dio in capo ed il dia-</i>	19		
<i>volo in coda</i> . Many a diva devoucha saw her Dauber Dan at the	20		
priesty pagoda Rota ran. Uck! He's so sedulous to singe always	21		
if prompted, the mirthprovoker! Grunt unto us, I pray, your fore-	22		
boden article in our own deas dockandoilish introducing the	23		
death of Nelson with coloraturas! <i>Coraio, fra!</i> And I'll string	24		
second to harmanize. My loaf and pottage neaheahear Ro-	25		
chelle. With your dumpsey diddely dumpsey die, fiddleley fa.	26		
<i>Diavoloh!</i> Or come on, schoolcolours, and we'll scrap, rug and	27		
mat and then be as chummy as two bashed spuds. Bitrial bay	28		
holmgang or betrayal buy jury. Attaboy! Fee gate has Heenan	29		
hoity, mind uncle Hare? What, sir? Poss, myster? Acheve! Thou,	30		
thou! What say ye? <i>Taurus periculosus, morbus pedeiculosus.</i>	31		
<i>Miserere mei in miseribilibus!</i> There's uval lavguage for you! The	32		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

tower is precluded, the mob's in her petticoats; Mr R. E. Meehan	33		
is in misery with his billyboots. Begob, there's not so much	34		
green in his Ireland's eye! Sweet fellow ovocal, he stones out of	35		
stune. But he could be near a colonel with a voice like that. The	36		
FW467			
bark is still there but the molars are gone. The misery billyboots	1		
I used to lend him before we split and, be the hole in the year,	2		
they were laking like heaven's reflexes. But I told him make your	3		
will be done and go to a general and I'd pray confessions for	4		
him. Areesh! Areesh! And I'll be your intrepider. Ambras!	5		
Ruffle her! Bussing was before the blood and bissing will behind	6		
the curtain. Triss! Did you note that worrid expressionism on	7		
his megalogue? A full octavium below me! And did you hear	8		
his browrings rattlemaking when he was preaching to himself?	9		
And, whoa! do you twig the schamlooking leaf greeping ghastly	10		
down his blousyfrock? Our national umbloom! Areesh! He	11		
won't. He's shoy. Those worthies, my old faher's onkel that	12		
was garotted, Caius Cocoa Codinhand, that I lost in a crowd,	13		
used to chop that tongue of his, japlatin, with my yuonkle's	14		
owlseller, Woowoolfe Woodenbeard, that went stomebathred,	15		
in the Tower of Balbus, as brisk, man, as I'd scoff up muttan	16		
chepps and lobscouse. But it's all deafman's duff to me,	17		
begob. Sam knows miles bettern me how to work the	18		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

miracle. And I see by his diarrhio he's dropping the stammer	19		
out of his silenced bladder since I bonded him off more as a	20		
friend and as a brother to try and grow a muff and canonise his	21		
dead feet down on the river airy by thinking himself into the	22		
fourth dimension and place the ocean between his and ours,	23		
the churchyard in the cloister of the depths, after he was capped	24		
out of beurlads scoel for the sin against the past participle and	25		
earned the factitation of coddling chaplan and being as homely	26		
gauche as swift B.A.A. Who gets twickly fullgets twice as alle-	27		
manden huskers. But the whacker his word the weaker our ears	28		
for auracles who paroles parses orileys. Illstarred punster, lipster-	29		
ing cowknucks. 'Twas the quadra sent him and Trinity too. And	30		
he can cantab as chipper as any oxon ever I mood with, a tiptoe	31		
singer! He'll prisckly soon hand tune your Erin's ear for you.	32		
<i>p.p.</i> a mimograph at a time, numan bitter, with his ancomartins	33		
to read the road roman with false steps ad Pernicious from	34		
rhearsilvar ormolus to torquinions superbers while I'm far	35		
away from wherever thou art serving my tallyhos and tullying	36		
FW468			
my hostilious by going in by the most holy recitatandas <i>ffff</i> for	1		
my varsatile examinations in the ologies, to be a coach on the	2		
Fukien mission. P? F? How used you learn me, brather	3		
soboostius, in my augustan days? With cesarella looking on.	4		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

In the beginning was the gest he joustly says, for the end is	5		
with woman, flesh-without-word, while the man to be is in a	6		
worse case after than before since she on the supine satisfies	7		
the verg to him! Thoughtough, tootological. Thou the first	8		
person shingeller. Art, an imperfect subjunctive. Paltry,	9		
flappent, had serious. Miss Smith onamatterpoetic. Hammis-	10		
andivis axes colles waxes warmas like sodullas. So pick your	11		
stops with fondnes snow. And mind you twine the twos	12		
noods of your nicenames. And pull up your furbelovs as far-	13		
above as you're farthingales. That'll hint him how to click the	14		
trigger. Show you shall and won't he will! His hearing is in-	15		
doubting just as my seeing is onbelieving. So dactylise him up	16		
to blankpoint and let him blink for himself where you speak the	17		
best ticklish. You'll feel what I mean. Fond namer, let me never	18		
see thee blame a kiss for shame a knee!	19		
Echo, read ending! Siparioramoci! But from the stress of	20		
their sunder enlivening, ay clasp, deciduously, a nikrokosmikon	21		
must come to mike.	22		
— Well, my positively last at any stage! I hate to look at alarms	23		
but, however they put on my watchcraft, must now close as I	24		
hereby hear by ear from by seeless socks 'tis time to be up and	25		
ambling. Mymiddle toe's mitching, so mizzle I must else 'twill	26		
sarve me out. Gulp a bulper at parting and the moore the	27		
melodest! Farewell but whenever, as Tisdall told Toole.	28		
Tempos fidgets. Let flee me fiacckles, says the grand old mano-	29		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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ark, stormcrested crowcock and undulant hair, hoodies tway!	30		
Yes, faith, I am as mew let freer, beneath me corthage, bound.	31		
I'm as bored now bawling beersgrace at sorepaws there as Andrew	32		
Clays was sharing sawdust with Daniel's old collie. This shack's	33		
not big enough for me now. I'm dreaming of ye, azores. And, re-	34		
member this, a chorines, there's the witch on the heath, sistra!	35		
'Bansheeba peeling hourihaared while her Orcotron is hoaring	36		
FW469			
ho. And whinn muinnuit flittsbit twinn her ttittshe cries	1		
tallmidy! Daughters of the heavens, be lucks in turnabouts	2		
to the wandering sons of red loam! The earth's atrot! The	3		
sun's a scream! The air's a jig. The water's great! Seven oldy	4		
oldy hills and the one blue beamer. I'm going. I know I am.	5		
I could bet I am. Somewhere I must get far away from Banba-	6		
shore, wherever I am. No saddle, no staffet, but spur on the	7		
moment! So I think I'll take freeboots' advise. Psk! I'll borrow	8		
a path to lend me wings, quickquack, and from Jehusalem's	9		
wall, clickclack, me courser's clear, to Cheerup street I'll travel	10		
the void world over. It's Winland for moyne, bickbuck! Jee-	11		
jakers! I hurt meself nettly that time! Come, my good frog-	12		
marchers! We felt the fall but we'll front the defile. Was not my	13		
olty mutther, Sereth Maritza, a Runningwater? And the bould	14		
one that quickened her the seaborne Fingale? I feel like that	15		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

hill of a whaler went yulding round Groenmund's Circus with	16		
his tree full of seaweeds and Dinky Doll asleep in her shell.	17		
Hazelridge has seen me. Jerne valing is. Squall aboard for Kew,	18		
hop! Farewell awhile to her and thee! The brine's my bride to	19		
be. Lead on, Macadam, and danked be he who first sights Halt	20		
Linduff! Solo, solone, solong! Lood Erynnana, ware thee wail!	21		
With me singame soarem o' erem! Here's me take off. Now's	22		
nunc or nimmer, siskinder! Here goes the enemy! Benny dick	23		
hotfoots onimpudent stayers! Sorry! I bless alls to the wished	24		
with this panromain apological which Watllwewhistlem sang to	25		
the kerrycoys. Break ranks! After wage-of-battle bother I am	26		
thinking most. Fik yew! I'm through. Won. Toe. Adry. You	27		
watch my smoke.	28		
After poor Jaun the Boast's last fireless words of postludium	29		
of his soapbox speech ending in'sheaven, twentyaid add one with	30		
a flirt of wings were pouring to his bysistance (could they snip	31		
that curl of curls to lay with their gloves and keep the kids	32		
bright!) prepared to cheer him should he leap or to curse him	33		
should he fall, but, with their biga triga rheda rodeo, the cherubs	34		
in the charabang, set down here and sedan chair, don't you	35		
wish you'd a yoke or a bit in your mouth, repulsing all attempts	36		
FW470			
at first hands on, as no es nada, our greatly misunderstood one	1		



14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

we perceived to give himself some sort of a hermetic prod or	2		
kick to sit up and take notice, which acted like magic, while	3		
the phalanx of daughters of February Filldyke, embushed and	4		
climbing, ramblers and weeps, voiced approval in their customary	5		
manner by dropping kneedeep in tears over their concelebrated	6		
meednight sunflower, piopadey boy, their solase in dorckaness,	7		
and splattering together joyously the plaps of their tappyhands	8		
as, with a cry of genuine distress, so prettly prattly pollylogue,	9		
they viewed him, the just one, their darling, away.	10		
A dream of favours, a favourable dream. They know how they	11		
believe that they believe that they know. Wherefore they wail.	12		
Eh jourd'weh! Oh jourd'woe! dosiriously it psalmodied. Gues-	13		
turn's lothlied answing to-maronite's wail.	14		
Oasis, cedarious esaltarshoming Leafboughnoon!	15		
Oisis, coolpressus onmountof Sighing!	16		
Oasis, palmost esaltarshoming Gladdays!	17		
Oisis, phantastichal roseway anjerichol!	18		
Oasis, newleavos spaciosing encampness!	19		
Oisis, plantainous dewstuckacqmirage playtennis!	20		
Pipetto, Pipetta has misery unnoticed!	21		
But the strangest thing happened. Backscuttlng for the hop	22		
off with the odds altogether in favour of his tumbling into the	23		
river, Jaun just then I saw to collect from the gentlest weaner	24		
among the weiners, (who by this were in half droopleaf long	25		
mourning for the passing of the last post) the familiar yellow	26		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

label into which he let fall a drop, smothered a curse, choked a	27		
guffaw, spat expectoratoriously and blew his own trumpet. And next	28		
thing was he gummalicked the stickyback side and stamped the	29		
oval badge of belief to his agnelows brow with a genuine	30		
dash of irrepressible piety that readily turned his ladylike	31		
typmanzelles capsy curvy (the holy scamp!), with half a	32		
glance of Irish frisky (a Juan Jaimesan <i>hastaluego</i> ) from under	33		
the shag of his parallel brows. It was then he made as if be	34		
but waved instead a handacross the sea as notice to quit while	35		
the pacifettes made their armpacts widdershins (Frida! Freda!	36		
FW471			
Paza! Paisy! Irine! Areinette! Bridomay! Bentamai! Soso-	1		
sopky! Bebebekka! Bababadkessy! Ghugugoothoyou! Dama!	2		
Damadomina! Takiya! Tokaya! Scioccara! Siuccherillina! Peoc-	3		
chia! Peucchia! Ho Mi Hoping! Ha Me Happinice! Mirra! My-	4		
rha! Solyma! Salemita! Santa! Sianta! O Peace!), but in self-	5		
righting the balance of his corporeity to reexchange widerem-	6		
brace with the pillarbosom of the Dizzier he loved prettier, be-	7		
tween estellos and venoussas, bad luck to the lie but when next	8		
to nobody expected, their star and gartergazer at the summit of	9		
his climax, he toppled a lipple on to the off and, making a brand-	10		
new start for himself to run down his easting, by blessing hes	11		
sther with the sign of the southern cross, his bungaloid borsa-	12		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

line with the hedgygreen bound blew off in a loveblast (award	13		
for trover!) and Jawjon Redhead, bucketing after, meccamaniac,	14		
(the headless shall have legs!), kingscouriered round with an easy	15		
rush and ready relays by the bridge a stadion beyond Ladycastle	16		
(and what herm but he narrowly missed fouling her buttress for	17		
her but for he acqueducked) and then, cocking a snook at the	18		
stock of his sermons, so mear and yet so fahr from that region's	19		
general, away with him at the double, the hulk of a garron,	20		
pelting after the road, on Shanks's mare, let off like a wind hound	21		
loose (the bouchal! you'd think it was that moment they gave	22		
him the jambos!) with a posse of tossing hankerwaves to his	23		
windward like seraph's summonses on the air and a tempest of	24		
good things in packetshape teeming from all accounts into the	25		
funnel of his fanmail shrimpnet, along the highroad of the	26		
nation, Traitor's Track, following which fond floral fray he was	27		
quickly lost to sight through the statuemen though without a	28		
doubt he was all the more on that same head to memory dear	29		
while Sickerson, that borne of bjoerne, <i>la garde auxiliaire</i> she	30		
murmured, hellyg Ursulinka, full of woe (and how fitlier should	31		
goodboy's hand be shook than by the warmin of her besom	32		
that wrung his swaddles?): <i>Where maggot Harvey kneeled till bags?</i>	33		
<i>Ate Andrew coos hogdam faroel!</i>	34		
Wethen, now, may the good people speed you, rural Haun,	35		
export stout fellow that you are, the crooner born with sweet	36		

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FW472			
wail of evoker, healing music, ay, and heart in hand of Sham-	1		
rogueshire! The googoes of the suckabolly in the rockabeddy are	2		
become the copiosity of wiseableness of the friarylayman in the	3		
pulpitbarrel. May your bawny hair grow rarer and fairer, our own	4		
only wideheaded boy! Rest your voice! Feed your mind! Mint	5		
your peas! Coax your qyous! Come to disdoon blarmey and	6		
walk our groves so charming and see again the sweet rockelose	7		
where first you hymned <i>O Ciesa Mea!</i> and touch the light the-	8		
orbo! Songster, angler, choreographer! Piper to prisoned! Musi-	9		
cianship made Embrassador-at-Large! Good by nature and	10		
natural by design, had you but been spared to us, Hauneen lad,	11		
but sure where's the use my talking quicker when I know you'll	12		
hear me all astray? My long farewell I send to you, fair dream of	13		
sport and game and always something new. Gone is Haun! My	14		
grief, my ruin! Our Joss-el-Jovan! Our Chris-na-Murty! 'Tis well	15		
you'll be looked after from last to first as yon beam of light we	16		
follow receding on your photophoric pilgrimage to your anti-	17		
podes in the past, you who so often consigned your distributory	18		
tidings of great joy into our nevertoolatetolove box, mansuetudi-	19		
nous manipulator, victimisedly victorihoarse, dearest Haun of	20		
all, you of the boots, true as adie, stepwalker, pennyatimer,	21		
lampaddyfair, postanulengro, our rommanychie! Thy now pal-	22		
ing light lucerne we ne'er may see again. But could it speak how	23		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

nicely would it splutter to the four cantons praises be to thee,	24		
our pattern sent! For you had — may I, in our, your and their	25		
names, dare to say it? — the nucleus of a glow of a zeal of soul	26		
of service such as rarely, if ever, have I met with single men.	27		
Numerous are those who, nay, there are a dozen of folks still	28		
unclaimed by the death angel in this country of ours today,	29		
humble indivisibles in this grand continuum, overlorded by fate	30		
and interlarded with accidence, who, while there are hours and	31		
days, will fervently pray to the spirit above that they may never	32		
depart this earth of theirs till in his long run from that place	33		
where the day begins, ere he retourneys postexilic, on that day	34		
that belongs to joyful Ireland, the people that is of all time, the	35		
old old oldest, the young young youngest, after decades of	36		
FW473			
longsuffering and decennia of brief glory, to mind us of what	1		
was when and to matter us of the withering of our ways, their	2		
Janyouare Fibyouare wins true from Sylvester (only Walker	3		
himself is like Waltzer, whimsicalissimo they go murmurand)	4		
comes marching ahome on the summer crust of the flagway.	5		
Life, it is true, will be a blank without you because avicum's not	6		
there at all, to nomore cares from nomad knows, ere Molochoy	7		
wars bring the devil era, a slip of the time between a date and a	8		
ghostmark, rived by darby's chilldays embers, spatched fun	9		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Juhn that dandyforth, from the night we are and feel and fade	10		
with to the yesterselves we tread to turnupon.	11		
But, boy, you did your strong nine furlong mile in slick and	12		
slapstick record time and a farfetched deed it was in troth, cham-	13		
pion docile, with your high bouncing gait of going and your	14		
feat of passage will be contested with you and through you, for	15		
centuries to come. The phaynix rose a sun before Erebia sank his	16		
smother! Shoot up on that, bright Bennu bird! <i>Va faotre!</i>	17		
Eftsoon so too will our own sphoenix spark spirt his spyre	18		
and sunward stride the rampante flambe. Ay, already the	19		
sombrer opacities of the gloom are sphanished! Brave footsore	20		
Haun! Work your progress! Hold to! Now! Win out, ye divil ye!	21		
The silent cock shall crow at last. The west shall shake the east	22		
awake. Walk while ye have the night for morn, lightbreakfast-	23		
bringer, morroweth whereon every past shall full fost sleep.	24		
Amain.	25		