

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW555				
What was thaas? Fog was whaas? Too mult sleepth. Let	1			
sleepth.	2			
But really now whenabouts? Expatiate then how much times	3			
we live in. Yes?	4			
So, nat by night by naught by naket, in those good old lousy	5			
days gone by, the days, shall we say? of Whom shall we say?	6			
while kinderwardens minded their twinsbed, therenow they-	7			
stood, the sycomores, all four of them, in their quartan agues, the	8			
majorchy, the minorchy, the everso and the fermentarian with	9			
their ballyhooric blowreaper, titranicht by tetranoxst, at their	10			
pussycorners, and that old time pallyollogass, playing copers fear-	11			
some, with Gus Walker, the cuddy, and his poor old dying	12			

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boosy cough, esker, newcsle, saggard, crumlin, dell me, donk,	13		
the way to wumblin. Follow me beeline and you're bumblin,	14		
esker, newcsle, saggard, crumlin. And listening. So gladdied up	15		
when nicechild Kevin Mary (who was going to be comman-	16		
deering chief of the choirboys' brigade the moment he grew up	17		
under all the auspices) irishsmiled in his milky way of cream	18		
dwibble and onage tustard and dessed tabbage, frightened out when	19		
badbrat Jerry Godolphing (who was hurrying to be cardinal	20		
scullion in a night refuge as bald as he was cured enough	21		
unerr all the hospitals) furrinfrowned down his wrinkly waste	22		
of methylated spirits, ick, and lemoncholy lees, ick, and pulverised	23		
rhubarbarorum, icky;	24		
FW556			
night by silentsailing night while infantina Isobel (who will be	1		
blushing all day to be, when she growed up one Sunday,	2		
Saint Holy and Saint Ivory, when she took the veil, the	3		
beautiful presentation nun, so barely twenty, in her pure coif,	4		
sister Isobel, and next Sunday, Mistlemas, when she looked	5		
a peach, the beautiful Samaritan, still as beautiful and still	6		
in her teens, nurse Saintette Isabelle, with stiffstarched cuffs but	7		
on Holiday, Christmas, Easter mornings when she wore a wreath,	8		
the wonderful widow of eighteen springs, Madame Isa Veuve La	9		
Belle, so sad but lucksome in her boyblue's long black with	10		

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orange blossoming weeper's veil) for she was the only girl they	11		
loved, as she is the queenly pearl you prize, because of the way	12		
the night that first we met she is bound to be, methinks, and not	13		
in vain, the darling of my heart, sleeping in her april cot, within	14		
her singachamer, with her greengageflavoured candywhistle	15		
duetted to the crazyquilt, Isobel, she is so pretty, truth to tell,	16		
wildwood's eyes and primarose hair, quietly, all the woods so	17		
wild, in mauves of moss and daphnedews, how all so still she lay,	18		
neath of the whitethorn, child of tree, like some losthappy leaf,	19		
like blowing flower stilled, as fain would she anon, for soon again	20		
'twill be, win me, woo me, wed me, ah weary me! deeply, now	21		
evencalm lay sleeping;	22		
nowth upon nacht, while in his tumbril Wachtman Havelook	23		
seequeerscenes, from yonsides of the choppy, punkt by his	24		
curserbog, went long the grassgross bumpinstrass that henders	25		
the pubbel to pass, stowing his bottle in a hole for at whet his	26		
whuskle to stretch ecrooksman, sequestering for lovers' lost pro-	27		
pertied offices the leavethings from allpurgers' night, og gneiss	28		
ogas gnasty, kikkers, brillers, knappers and bands, handsboon	29		
and strumpers, sminkysticks and eddiketsflaskers;	30		
wan fine night and the next fine night and last find night while	31		
Kothereen the Slop in her native's chambercushy, with dreamings	32		
of simmering my veal astore, was basquing to her pillasleep how	33		
she thawght a knogg came to the dowanstairs dour at that howr	34		
to peirce the yare and dowandshe went, schritt be schratt, to see	35		

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was it Schweeps's mingerals or Shuhorn the posth with a tilly-	36			
FW557				
cramp for Hemsself and Co, Esquara, or them four hoarsemen on	1			
their apolkaloops, Norreys, Soothbys, Yates and Welks, and,	2			
galorybit of the sanes in hevel, there was a crick up the stirkiss	3			
and when she ruz the cankle to see, galohery, downand she went	4			
on her knees to blessersef that were knogging together like milk-	5			
juggles as if it was the wrake of the hapspurus or old Kong	6			
Gander O'Toole of the Mountains or his googoo goosth she	7			
seein, sliving off over the sawdust lobby out of the backroom, wan	8			
ter, that was everywans in turruns, in his honeymoon trim, holding	9			
up his fingerhals, with the clookey in his fistball, tocher of davy's,	10			
tocher of ivileagh, for her to whisht, you sowbelly, and the	11			
whites of his pious eyebulbs swering her to silence and coort;	12			
each and every juridical sessions night, whenas goodmen	13			
twelve and true at fox and geese in their numbered habitations	14			
tried old wireless over boord in their juremembers, whereas by	15			
reverendum they found him guilty of their and those imputations	16			
of fornicolopulation with two of his albowcrural correlations on	17			
whom he was said to have enjoyed by anticipation when school-	18			
ing them in amown, mid grass, she sat, when man was, amazingly	19			
frank, for their first conjugation whose colours at standing up	20			
from the above were of a pretty carnation but, if really 'twere	21			

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not so, of some deretane denudation with intent to excitation,	22			
caused by his retrogradation, among firearmed forces proper to	23			
this nation but apart from all titillation which, he said, was under	24			
heat pressure and a good mitigation without which in any case	25			
he insists upon being worthy of continued alimentation for him	26			
having displayed, he says, such grand toleration, reprobate so	27			
noted and all, as he was, with his washleather sweeds and his	28			
smokingstump, for denying transubstantiation nevertheless in	29			
respect of his highpowered station, whereof more especially as	30			
probably he was meantime suffering genteel tortures from the	31			
best medical attestation, as he oftentimes did, having only	32			
strength enough, by way of festination, to implore (or I believe	33			
you have might have said better) to complore, with complete	34			
obsecration, on everybody connected with him the curse of co-	35			
agulation for, he tells me outside Sammon's in King Street, after	36			
FW558				
two or three hours of close confabulation, by this pewterpint of	1			
Gilbey's goatswhey which is his prime consolation, albeit in-	2			
volving upon the same no uncertain amount of esophagous re-	3			
gurgitation, he being personally unpreoccupied to the extent of	4			
a flea's gizzard anent eructation, if he was still extremely offen-	5			
sive to a score and four nostrils' dilatation, still he was likewise,	6			
on the other side of him, for some nepmen's eyes a delectation, as	7			

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he asserts without the least alienation, so prays of his faultt you	8		
would make obliteration but for our friend behind the bars,	9		
though like Adam Findlater, a man of estimation, summing him	10		
up to be done, be what will of excess his exaltation, still we think	11		
with Sully there can be no right extinuation for contravention	12		
of common and statute legislation for which the fit remedy	13		
resides, for Mr Sully, in corporal amputation: so three months for	14		
Gubbs Jeroboam, the frothwhiskered pest of the park, as per	15		
act one, section two, schedule three, clause four of the fifth of	16		
King Jark, this sentence to be carried out tomorrowmorn by	17		
Nolans Volans at six o'clock shark, and may the yeastwind and	18		
the hoppinghail malt mercy on his seven honeymeads and his	19		
hurlyburlygrowth, Amen, says the Clarke;	20		
niece by nice by neat by natty, whilst amongst revery's happy	21		
gardens nine with twenty Leixlip yearlings, darters all, had such a	22		
ripping time with gleeful cries of what is nice toppingshaun made	23		
of made for and weeping like fun, him to be gone, for they were	24		
never happier, huhu, than when they were miserable, haha;	25		
in their bed of trial, on the bolster of hardship, by the glimmer	26		
of memory, under coverlets of cowardice, Albatrus Nyanzer with	27		
Victa Nyanza, his mace of might mortified, her beautifell hung	28		
up on a nail, he, Mr of our fathers, she, our moddereen ru arue	29		
rue, they, ay, by the hodypoker and blazier, they are, as sure as	30		
dinny drops into the dyke . . .	31		
A cry off.	32		

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Where are we at all? and whenabouts in the name of space?	33		
I don't understand. I fail to say. I dearsee you too.	34		
House of the cederbalm of mead. Garth of Fyon. Scene and	35		
property plot. Stagemanager's prompt. Interior of dwelling on out-	36		
FW559			
skirts of city. Groove two. Chamber scene. Boxed. Ordinary bed-	1		
room set. Salmonpapered walls. Back, empty Irish grate, Adam's	2		
mantel, with wilting elopement fan, soot and tinsel, condemned.	3		
North, wall with window practicable. Argentine in casement.	4		
Vamp. Pelmit above. No curtains. Blind drawn. South, party wall.	5		
Bed for two with strawberry bedspread, wickerworker clubsessel	6		
and caneseated millikinstool. Bookshrine without, facetowel upon.	7		
Chair for one. Woman's garments on chair. Man's trousers with	8		
crossbelt braces, collar on bedknob. Man's corduroy surcoat with	9		
tabrets and taces, seapan nacre buttons on nail. Woman's gown	10		
on ditto. Over mantelpiece picture of Michael, lance, slaying	11		
Satan, dragon with smoke. Small table near bed, front. Bed with	12		
bedding. Spare. Flagpatch quilt. Yverdown design. Limes.	13		
Lighted lamp without globe, scarf, gazette, tumbler, quantity	14		
of water, julepot, ticker, side props, eventuals, man's gummy	15		
article, pink.	16		
A time.	17		
Act: dumbshow.	18		

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Closeup. Leads.	19		
Man with nightcap, in bed, fore. Woman, with curlpins, hind.	20		
Discovered. Side point of view. First position of harmony. Say!	21		
Eh? Ha! Check action. Matt. Male partly masking female. Man	22		
looking round, beastly expression, fishy eyes, paralleliped	23		
homoplatts, ghazometron pondus, exhibits rage. Business. Ruddy	24		
blond, Armenian bole, black patch, beer wig, gross build,	25		
episcopalian, any age. Woman, sitting, looks at ceiling, haggish	26		
expression, peaky nose, trekant mouth, fithery wight, exhibits	27		
fear. Welshrabbit teint, Nubian shine, nasal fossette, turfy tuft,	28		
undersized, free kirk, no age. Closeup. Play!	29		
Callboy. Cry off. Tabler. Her move.	30		
Footage.	31		
By the sinewy forequarters of the mare Pocahontas and by the	32		
white shoulders of Finnuala you should have seen how that	33		
smart sallowlass just hopped a nanny's gambit out of bunk like	34		
old mother Mesopotomac and in eight and eight sixtyfour she	35		
was off, door, knightlamp with her, billy's largelimbs prodgering	36		
FW560			
after to queen's lead. Promiscuous Omebound to Fiammelle la	1		
Diva. Huff! His move. Blackout.	2		
Circus. Corridor.	3		
Shifting scene. Wall flats: sink and fly. Spotlight working wall	4		

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cloths. Spill playing rake and bridges. Room to sink: stairs to	5		
sink behind room. Two pieces. Haying after queue. Replay.	6		
The old humburgh looks a thing incomplete so. It is so. On its	7		
dead. But it will pawn up a fine head of porter when it is finished.	8		
In the quicktime. The castle arkwright put in a chequered staircase	9		
certainly. It has only one square step, to be steady, yet notwith-	10		
stumbling are they stalemating backgammoner supstairs by skips	11		
and trestles tiltop double corner. Whist while and game.	12		
What scenic artist! It is ideal residence for realtar. By hims	13		
ingang tilt tinkt a tunning bell that Limen Mr, that Boggey	14		
Godde, be airwaked. Lingling, lingling. Be their maggies in all.	15		
Chump, do your ephort. Shop! Please shop! Shop ado please!	16		
O ado please shop! How hominous his house, haunt it? Yesses	17		
indead it be! Nogen, of imperial measure, is begraved beneadher.	18		
Here are his naggins poured, his alladim lamps. Around the	19		
bloombiered, booty with the bedst. For them whom he have	20		
fordone make we newly thankful!	21		
Tell me something. The Porters, so to speak, after their	22		
shadowstealers in the newsbaggers, are very nice people, are they	23		
not? Very, all fourlike tellt. And on this wise, Mr Porter (Bar-	24		
tholomew, heavy man, astern, mackerel shirt, hayamatt peruke)	25		
is an excellent forefather and Mrs Porter (leading lady, a	26		
poopahead, gaffneysaffron nightdress, iszoppy chepelure) is a	27		
most kindhearted messmother. A so united family pateramater	28		
is not more existing on papel or off of it. As keymaster fits the	29		

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lock it weds so this bally builder to his streamline secret. They	30			
care for nothing except everything that is allporterous. <i>Porto</i>	31			
<i>da Brozzo!</i> Isn't that terribly nice of them? You can ken that they	32			
come of a rarely old family by their costumance and one must	33			
togive that one supped of it in all tonearts from awe to zest. I	34			
think I begin to divine so much. Only snakkest me truesome! I	35			
stone us I'm hable.	36			
FW561				
To reachy a skeer do! Still hoyhra, till venstra! Here are two	1			
rooms on the upstairs, at forkflank and at knifekanter. Whom in	2			
the wood are they for? Why, for little Porter babes, to be saved!	3			
The coeds, boytom thwackers and timbuy teaser. Here is one-	4			
thing you owed two noe. This one once upon awhile was the	5			
other but this is the other one nighadays. Ah so? The Corsicos?	6			
They are numerable. Guest them. Major bed, minor bickhive.	7			
Halosobuth, sov us! Who sleeps in now number one, for ex-	8			
ample? A pussy, purr esimple. Cunina, Statulina and Edulia,	9			
but how sweet of her! Has your pussy a pessname? Yes, indeed,	10			
you will hear it passim in all the noveletta and she is named	11			
Buttercup. Her bare name will tellt it, a monitress. How very	12			
sweet of her and what an excessively lovecharming missynome	13			
to forsake, now that I come to drink of it filtred, a gracecup	14			
fulled of bitterness. She is dadad's lottiest daughterpearl and	15			

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brooder's cissiest auntybride. Her shellback thimblecasket mirror	16			
only can show her dearest friendeen. To speak well her grace	17			
it would ask of Grecian language, of her goodness, that legend	18			
golden. Biryina Saindua! Loreas with lillias flocaflake arrosas!	19			
Here's newyearspray, the posquiflor, a windaborne and helio-	20			
trope; there miriamsweet and amaranth and marygold to crown.	21			
Add lightest knot unto tiptition. O Charis! O Charissima!	22			
A more intriguant bambolina could one not colour up out	23			
of Boccuccia's Enameron. Would one but to do apart a lilybit her	24			
virginelles and, so, to breath, so, therebetween, behold, she had	25			
instantt with her handmade as to graps the myth inmid the air.	26			
Mother of moth! I will to show herword in flesh. Approach not for	27			
ghost sake! It is dormition! She may think, what though little doth	28			
she realise, as morning fresheth, it hath happened her, you know	29			
what, as they too what two dare not utter. Silvoo plush, if scolded	30			
she draws a face. Petticoat's asleep but in the gentlenest of her	31			
thoughts apoo is a nursepin. To be presented, Babs for Bim-	32			
bushi? Of courts and with enticers. Up, girls, and at him! Alone?	33			
Alone what? I mean, our strifestirrer, does she do fleurdy winkies	34			
with herself. Pussy is never alone, as records her chambrette, for	35			
she can always look at Biddles and talk petnames with her little	36			
FW562				
playfilly when she is sitting downy on the ploshmat. O, she	1			

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talks, does she? Marry, how? Rosepetalleted sounds. Ah Biddles	2		
es ma plikplak. Ah plikplak wed ma Biddles. A nice jezebel bary-	3		
tinette she will gift but I much prefer her missnomer in maidenly	4		
golden lasslike gladsome wenchful flowery girlish beautycapes.	5		
So do I, much. Dulce delicatissima! Doth Dolly weeps she is	6		
hastings. Will Dally bumpsetty it is tubtime. Allaliefest, she who	7		
pities very pebbles, dare we not wish on her our thrice onsk?	8		
A lovely fear! That she seventip toe her chrysming, that she spin	9		
blue to scarlad till her temple's veil, that the Mount of Whoam it	10		
open it her to shelterer! She will blow ever so much more pro-	11		
misefuller, blee me, than all the other common marygales that	12		
romp round brigidschool, charming Carry Whambers or saucy	13		
Susy Maucepan of Merry Anna Patchbox or silly Polly Flinders.	14		
Platsch! A plikaplak.	15		
And since we are talking amnessly of brukasloop crazedledaze,	16		
who doez in sleeproom number twobis? The twobirds. Holy	17		
policeman, O, I see! Of what age are your birdies? They are to	18		
come of twinning age so soon as they may be born to be elder-	19		
ing like those olders while they are living under chairs. They are	20		
and they seem to be so tightly tattached as two maggots to touch	21		
other, I think I notice, do I not? You do. Our bright bull babe	22		
Frank Kevin is on heartsleeveside. Do not you waken him! Our	23		
farheard bode. He is happily to sleep, limb of the Lord, with his	24		
lifted in blessing, his buchel Iosa, like the blised angel he looks so	25		
like and his mou is semiope as though he were blowdelling on a	26		

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bugigle. Whene'er I see those smiles in eyes 'tis Father Quinn	27		
again. Very shortly he will smell sweetly when he will hear a weird	28		
to wean. By gorgeous, that boy will blare some knight when he will	29		
take his dane's pledges and quit our ingletears, spite of undesirable	30		
parents, to wend him to Amoricca to quest a cashy job. That keen	31		
dean with his veen nonsolance! O, I adore the profeen music!	32		
Dollarmighty! He is too audorable really, eunique! I guess to	33		
have seen somekid like him in the story book, guess I met some-	34		
where somelam to whom he will be becoming liker. But hush!	35		
How unpardonable of me! I beg for your venials, sincerely I do.	36		
FW563			
Hush! The other, twined on codliverside, has been crying in	1		
his sleep, making sharpshape his inscissors on some first choice	2		
sweets fished out of the muck. A stake in our mead. What a	3		
teething wretch! How his book of craven images! Here are post-	4		
humious tears on his intimelle. And he has pipettishly bespilled	5		
himself from his foundingpen as illspent from inkinghorn. He is	6		
jem job joy pip poo pat (jot um for a sobrat!) Jerry Jehu. You will	7		
know him by name in the capers but you cannot see whose heel he	8		
sheepfolds in his wrought hand because I have not told it to you.	9		
O, foetal sleep! Ah, fatal slip! the one loved, the other left, the	10		
bride of pride leased to the stranger! He will be quite within the pale	11		
when with lordbeeron brow he vows him so tosset to be of the sir	12		

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Blake tribes bleak while through life's unblest he rodes backs of	13		
bannars. Are you not somewhat bulgar with your bowels?	14		
Whatever do you mean with bleak? With pale blake I write tint-	15		
ingface. O, you do? And with steelwhite and blackmail I ha'scint	16		
for my sweet an anemone's letter with a gold of my bridest hair	17		
betied. Donatus his mark, address as follows. So you did? From	18		
the Cat and Cage. O, I see and see! In the ink of his sweat	19		
he will find it yet. What Gipsy Devereux vowed to Lylian and	20		
why the elm and how the stone. You never may know in the	21		
preterite all perhaps that you would not believe that you ever	22		
even saw to be about to. Perhaps. But they are two very blizky	23		
little portereens after their bredscrums, Jerkoff and Eatsup, as	24		
for my part opinion indeed. They would be born so, costarred,	25		
puck and prig, the maryboy at Donnybrook Fair, the godolphing-	26		
lad in the Hoy's Court. How frilled one shall be as at taledold of	27		
Formio and Cigarette! What folly innocents! Theirs whet pep of	28		
puppyhood! Both barmhearts shall become yeastcake by their	29		
brackfest. I will to leave a my copperwise blessing between the	30		
pair of them, for rosen gorge, for greenafang. Blech and tin soldies,	31		
weals in a sniffbox. Som's wholed, all's parted. Weeping shouldst	32		
not thou be when man falls but that divine scheming ever adoring	33		
be. So you be either man or mouse and you be neither fish nor	34		
flesh. Take. And take. Vellicate nyche! Be ones as wes for gives for	35		
gives now the hour of passings sembles quick with quelled. Adieu,	36		
soft adieu, for these nice presents, kerryjevin. Still to sorrow!	37		

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FW 564				
Jeminy, what is the view which now takes up a second position of discordance, tell it please? Mark! You notice it in that	1			
rereway because the male entail partially eclipses the femecovert.	2			
It is so called for its discord the meseedo. Do you ever heard the	3			
story about Helius Croesus, that white and gold elephant in our	4			
zoo-park? You astonish me by it. Is it not that we are command-	5			
ing from fullback, woman permitting, a profusely fine birdseye	6			
view from beauhind this park? Finn his park has been much the	7			
admiration of all the stranger ones, grekish and romanos, who	8			
arrive to here. The straight road down the centre (see relief map)	9			
bisexes the park which is said to be the largest of his kind in the	10			
world. On the right prominence confronts you the handsome	11			
vinesregent's lodge while, turning to the other supreme piece of	12			
cheeks, exactly opposite, you are confounded by the equally hand-	13			
some chief sacristary's residence. Around is a little amiably tufted	14			
and man is cheered when he bewonders through the boskage	15			
how the nature in all frisko is enlivened by gentlemen's seats.	16			
Here are heavysuppers — 'tis for daddies housings for hun-	17			
dredaires of our super thin thousand. By gum, but you have	18			
resin! Of these tallworts are yielded out juices for jointoils and	19			
pappasses for paynims. Listeneth! 'Tis a tree story. How olave,	20			
that firile, was aplantad in her liveside. How tannoboom held	21			
	22			

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tonobloom. How rood in norlandes. The black and blue marks	23		
athwart the weald, which now barely is so stripped, indicate the	24		
presence of sylvious beltings. Therewithal shady rides lend	25		
themselves out to rustic cavalries. In yonder valley, too,	26		
stays mountain sprite. Any pretty dears are to be caught inside	27		
but it is a bad pities of the plain. A scarlet pimparnell now	28		
mules the mound where anciently first murders were wanted	29		
to take root. By feud fionghalian. Talkingtree and sinningstone	30		
stay on either hand. Hystorical leavesdroppings may also be gar-	31		
nered up with sir Shamus Swiftpatrick, Archfieldchaplain of Saint	32		
Lucan's. How familiar it is to see all these interesting advenements	33		
with one snaked's eyes! Is all? Yet not! Hear one's. At the bodom	34		
fundus of this royal park, which, with tvigate shyasian gardeenen,	35		
is open to the public till night at late, so well the sissastrides so will	36		
FW565			
the pederestians, do not fail to point to yourself a depression	1		
called Holl Hollow. It is often quite guttergloomering in our	2		
duol and gives wankyrious thoughts to the head but the banders	3		
of the pentapolitan poleetsfurers bassoons into it on windy	4		
woodensdays their wellbooming wolvertones. Ulvos! Ulvos!	5		
Whervolk dorst ttou begin to tremble by our moving pictures	6		
at this moment when I am to place my hand of our true friend-	7		
shapes upon thee knee to mark well what I say? Throu shayest	8		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

who? In Amsterdam there lived a . . . But how? You are trem-	9		
blotting, you retchad, like a verry jerry! Niet? Will you a gui-	10		
neeser? Gaij beutel of staub? To feel, you? Yes, how it trembles,	11		
the timid! Vortigern, ah Gortigern! Overlord of Mercia! Or	12		
doth brainskin flinchgreef? Stemming! What boyazhness! Sole	13		
shadow shows. Tis jest jibberweek's joke. It must have stole. O,	14		
keve silence, both! Putshameyu! I have heard her voice some-	15		
where else's before me in these ears still that now are for mine.	16		
Let op. Slew musies. Thunner in the eire.	17		
You were dreamend, dear. The pawdrag? The fawthrig?	18		
Shoe! Hear are no phanthares in the room at all, avikkeen. No	19		
bad bold faathern, dear one. Opop opop capallo, muy malinchily	20		
malchick! Gothgorod father godown followay tomollow the	21		
lucky load to Lublin for make his thoroughbass grossman's big-	22		
ness. Take that two piece big slap slap bold honty bottomsside	23		
pap pap pappa.	24		
— <i>Li ne dormis?</i>	25		
— <i>S! Malbone dormas.</i>	26		
— <i>Kia li krias nikte?</i>	27		
— <i>Parolas infanetes. S!</i>	28		
Only all in your imagination, dim. Poor little brittle magic	29		
nation, dim of mind! Shoe to me now, dear! Shoom of me! While	30		
elvery stream winds seling on for to keep this barrel of bounty	31		
rolling and the nightmail afarfrom morning nears.	32		
When you're coaching through Lucalised, on the sulphur spa	33		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

to visit, it's safer to hit than miss it, stop at his inn! The hammers	34		
are telling the cobbles, the pickts are hacking the saxums, it's	35		
snugger to burrow abed than ballet on broadway. Tuck in your	36		
FW566			
blank! For it's race pound race the hosties rear all roads to ruin	1		
and layers by lifetimes laid down riches from poormen. Cried	2		
unions to chip, saltpetre to strew, gallpitch to drink, stonebread	3		
to break but it's bully to gulp good blueberry pudding. Doze	4		
in your warmth! While the elves in the moonbeams, feeling why,	5		
will keep my lilygem gently gleaming.	6		
In the sleepingchambers. The court to go into half morning.	7		
The four seneschals with their palfrey to be there now, all	8		
balaaming in their sellaboutes and sharpening up their penisills. The	9		
boufeither Soakersoon at holdup tent sticker. The swabsister	10		
Katya to have duntalking and to keep shakenin dowan her drogh-	11		
edars. Those twelve chief barons to stand by duedesmally with	12		
their folded arums and put down all excursions and false alarums	13		
and after that to go back now to their runameat farums and re-	14		
compile their magnum chartarums with the width of the road	15		
between them and all harrums. The maidbrides all, in favours	16		
gay, to strew sleety cinders on their falling hair and for wouldbe	17		
joybells to ring sadly ringless hands. The dame dowager to stay	18		
kneeled how she is, as first mutherer with cord in coil. The two	19		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

princes of the tower royal, daulphin and deevlin, to lie how they	20		
are without to see. The dame dowager's duffgerent to present	21		
wappon, blade drawn to the full and about wheel without to be	22		
seen of them. The infant Isabella from her coign to do obeisance	23		
toward the duffgerent, as first futherer with drawn brand. Then	24		
the court to come in to full morning. Herein see ye fail not!	25		
— <i>Vidu, porkego! Ili vi rigardas. Returnu, porkego! Maldeli-</i>	26		
<i>kato!</i>	27		
Gauze off heaven! Vision. Then. O, pluxty suddly, the sight	28		
entrancing! Hummels! That crag! Those hullocks! O Sire! So be	29		
accident occur is not going to commence! What have you there-	30		
fore? Fear you the donkers? Of roovers? I fear lest we have lost	31		
ours (non grant it!) respecting these wildy parts. How is hit finis-	32		
ter! How shagsome all and beastful! What do you show on? I	33		
show because I must see before my misfortune so a stark pointing	34		
pole. Lord of ladders, what for lungitube! Can you read the verst	35		
legend hereon? I am hather of the missed. Areed! To the dun-	36		
FW567			
leary obelisk via the rock vhat myles knox furlongs; to the	1		
general's postoffice howsands of patience; to the Wellington	2		
memorial half a league wrongwards; to Sara's bridge good hun-	3		
ter and nine to meet her: to the point, one yeoman's yard. He, he,	4		
he! At that do you leer, a setting up? With a such unfettered belly?	5		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Two cascades? I leer (O my big, O my bog, O my bigbagbone!)	6		
because I must see a buntingcap of so a pinky on the point. It is	7		
for a true glover's greetings and many burgesses by us, greats	8		
and grosses, uses to pink it in this way at tet-at-tet. For long has	9		
it been effigy of standard royal when broken on roofstaff which	10		
to the gunnings shall cast welcome from Courtmilits' Fortress,	11		
umptydum dumptydum. Remark you these hangovers, those	12		
streamer fields, his influx. Do you not have heard that, the queen	13		
lying abroad from fury of the gales, (meekname mocktitles her	14		
Nan Nan Nanetta) her liege of lateenth dignisties shall come on	15		
their bay tomorrow, Michalsmas, mellems the third and fourth of	16		
the clock, there to all the king's aussies and all their king's men,	17		
knechts tramlers and cavalcaders, led of herald graycloak, Ulaf	18		
Goldarskiel? Dog! Dog! Her lofts will be loosed for her and	19		
their tumblers broodcast. A progress shall be made in walk, ney? I	20		
trow it well, and uge by uge. He shall come, sidesmen accostant, by	21		
aryan jubilarian and on brigadier-general Nolan or and buccaneer-	22		
admiral Browne, with — who can doubt it? — his golden beagles	23		
and his white elkox terriers for a hunting on our littlego illcome	24		
faxes. In blue and buff of Beaufort the hunt shall make. It is	25		
poblesse noblige. Ommes will grin through collars when each	26		
riders other's ass. Me Eccls! What cats' killings overall! What	27		
popping out of guillotened widows! Quick time! Beware of	28		
waiting! Squintina plies favours on us from her rushfrail and	29		
Zosimus, the crowder, in his surcoat, sues us with souftwister.	30		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Apart we! Here are gantlets. I believe, by Plentifolks Mixymost!	31		
Yet if I durst to express the hope how I might be able to be pre-	32		
sent. All these peeplers entrapped and detained on bikeyngels	33		
and troykakyls and those puny farting little solitires! Tollacre,	34		
tollacre! Polo north will beseem Sibernian and Plein Pelouta will	35		
behowl ne yerking at lawncastrum ne ghimbelling on guelflinks.	36		
FW568			
Mauser Misma shall cease to stretch her and come abroad for what	1		
the blinkins is to be seen. A ruber, a rancher, a fullvide, a veri-	2		
dust and as crerdulous behind as he was before behind a damson	3		
of a sloe cooch. Mbv! The annamation of evabusies, the livlia-	4		
ness of her laughings, such as a plurity of bells! Have peacience,	5		
pray you! Place to dames! Even the Lady Victoria Landauner	6		
will leave to loll and parasol, all giddied into gushgasps with her	7		
dickey standing. Britus and Gothius shall no more joustle for	8		
that sonneplace but mark one autonement when, with si so silent,	9		
Cloudia Aiduolcis, good and dewed up, shall let fall, yes, no, yet,	10		
now, a rain. Muchsias grapias! It is how sweet from her, the	11		
wispful, and they are soon seen swopsib so a sautrill as a meise.	12		
Its ist not the tear on this movent sped. Tix sixponce! Poum!	13		
Hool poll the bull? Fool pay the bill. Becups a can full. Peal, pull	14		
the bell! Still sayeme of ceremonies, much much more! So please-	15		
your! It stands in <i>Instopressible</i> how Meynhir Mayour, our	16		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

boorgomaister, thon staunch Thorsman, (our Nancy's fancy, our	17		
own Nanny's Big Billy), his hod hoisted, in best bib and tucker,	18		
with Woolington bottes over buckram babbishkis and his clouded	19		
cane and necknoose aureal, surrounded of his full cooperation	20		
with fixed baronets and meng our pueblos, restrained by chain of	21		
hands from pinchgut, hoghill, darklane, gibbetmeade and beaux	22		
and laddes and bumbellye, shall receive Dom King at broadstone	23		
barrow meet a keys of goodmorrow on to his pompey cushion.	24		
Me amble dooty to your grace's majers! Arise, sir Pompkey	25		
Dompkey! Ear! Ear! Weakear! An allness eversides! We but	26		
miss that horse elder yet cherchant of the wise graveleek in	27		
cabbuchin garden. That his be foison, old Caubenhauben!	28		
'Twill be tropic of all days. By the splendour of Sole! Perfect	29		
weatherest prevailing. Thisafter, swift's mightmace deposing, he	30		
shall adress to His Serenemost by a speechreading from his	31		
minated vellum, alfi byrni gamman dealter etcera zezera eacla	32		
treacla youghta kaptor lomdom noo, who meaningwhile that	33		
illuminatured one, Papyroy of Pepinregn, my Sire, great, big King,	34		
(his scaffold is there set up, as to edify, by Rex Ingram, pageant-	35		
master) will be poking out with his canule into the arras of	36		
FW569			
what brilliant bridgecloths and joking up with his tonguespitz	1		
to the crimosing balkonladies, here's a help undo their modest	2		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

stays with a fullbelow may the funnyfeelbelong. Oddsbones,	3		
that may it! Carilloners will ring their gluckspeels. Rng rng!	4		
Rng rng! S. Presbutt-in-the-North, S. Mark Underloop,	5		
S. Lorenz-by-the-Toolechest, S. Nicholas Myre. You shall	6		
hark to anune S. Gardener, S. George-le-Greek, S. Barclay	7		
Moitered, S. Phibb, Iona-in-the-Fields with Paull-the-Aposteln.	8		
And audialterand: S. Jude-at-Gate, Bruno Friars, S. Weslen-	9		
on-the-Row, S. Molyneux Without, S. Mary Stillamaries with	10		
Bride-and-Audeons-behind-Wardborg. How chimant in effect!	11		
Alla tingaling pealabells! So a many of churches one cannot	12		
pray own's prayers. 'Tis holyyear's day! Juin jully we may!	13		
Agithetta and Tranquilla shall demure umclaused but Marl-	14		
borough-the-Less, Greatchrist and Holy Protector shall have	15		
open virgilances. Beata Basilica! But will be not pontifi-	16		
cation? Dock, dock, agame! Primatially. At wateredge. Can-	17		
taberra and Neweryork may supprecate when, by vepers, for	18		
towned and travalled, his goldwhite swaystick aloft ylifted,	19		
umbrilla-parasoul, Monsigneur of Deublan shall impart to all.	20		
<i>Benedictus benedicat!</i> To board! And mealsight! Unjoint him	21		
this bittern, frust me this chicken, display yon crane, thigh her	22		
her pigeon, unlace allay rabbit and pheasant! Sing: Old Finncoole,	23		
he's a mellow old saoul when he swills with his fuddlers free!	24		
Poppop array! For we're all jollygame fellhellows which no-	25		
bottle can deny! Here be trouts culponed for ye and salmons	26		
chined and sturgeons tranched, sancned capons, lobsters barbed.	27		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Call halton eatwords! Mumm me moe mummers! What, no	28		
Ithalian? How, not one Moll Pamelas? Accordingly! Play actors	29		
by us ever have crash to their gate. Mr Messop and Mr Borry will	30		
produce of themselves, as they're two genitalmen of Veruno,	31		
Senior Nowno and Senior Brolano (finaly! finaly!), all for love of	32		
a fair penitent that, a she be broughton, rhoda's a rosy she. Their	33		
two big skins! How they strave to gat her! Such a boyplay! Their	34		
bouchiculture! What tyronte power! Buy our fays! My name is	35		
novel and on the Granby in hills. Bravose! Thou traitor slave!	36		
FW570			
Mine name's Apnorval and o'er the Grandbeyond Mountains.	1		
Bravossimost! The royal nusick their show shall shut with song-	2		
slide to nature's solemn silence. Deep Dalchi Dolando! Might	3		
gentle harp addurge! It will give piketurns on the tummliplads	4		
and forain dances and crosshurdles and dollmanovers and viceuv-	5		
ious pyrolyphics, a snow of dawnflakes, at darkfall for Grace's	6		
Mamnesty and our fancy ladies, all assombred. Some wholetime in	7		
hot town tonight! You do not have heard? It stays in book	8		
of that which is. I have heard anyone tell it jesterday (master	9		
currier with brassard was't) how one should come on morrow	10		
here but it is never here that one today. Well but remind to think,	11		
you where yestoday Ys Morganas war and that it is always to-	12		
morrow in toth's tother's place. Amen.	13		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

True! True! Vouchsafe me more soundpicture! It gives furi-	14			
ously to think. Is rich Mr Pornter, a squire, not always in his such	15			
strong health? I thank you for the best, he is in taken deal ex-	16			
ceedingly herculeaneous. One sees how he is lot stoutlier than of	17			
formerly. One would say him to hold whole a litteringture of	18			
kidlings under his aproham. Has handsome Sir Pournter always	19			
been so long married? O yes, Lord Pournterfamilias has been	20			
marryingman ever since so long time in Hurtleforth, where he	21			
appeers as our oily the active, and, yes indeed, he has his mic son	22			
and his two fine mac sons and a superfine mick want they mack	23			
metween them. She, she, she! But on what do you again leer? I am	24			
not leering, I pink you pardons. I am highly sheshe sherious.	25			
Do you not must want to go somewhere on the present?	26			
Yes, O pity! At earliest moment! That prickly heat feeling! For-	27			
think not me spill it's at always so guey. Here we shall do a	28			
far walk (O pity) anygo khaibits till the number one of sairey's	29			
place. Is, is. I want you to admire her sceneries illustrationing	30			
our national first rout, one ought ought one. We shall too	31			
downlook on that ford where Sylvanus Sanctus washed but	32			
hurdley those tips of his anointed. Do not show ever retrorsehim,	33			
crookodeyled, till that you become quite crimstone in the face!	34			
Beware! guardafew! It is Stealer of the Heart! I am anxious in	35			
regard you should everthrown your sillarsalt. I will dui sui, tef-	36			
FW571				

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

nute! These brilling waveaplighs! Please say me how sing you	1			
them. Seekhem seckhem! They arise from a clear springwell in	2			
the near of our park which makes the daft to hear all blend. This	3			
place of endearment! How it is clear! And how they cast their	4			
spells upon, the fronds that thereup float, the bookstaff branch-	5			
ings! The druggeted stems, the leaves incut on trees! Do you	6			
can their tantrist spellings? I can lese, skillmistress aiding. Elm,	7			
bay, this way, cull dare, take a message, tawny runes ilex sallow,	8			
meet me at the pine. Yes, they shall have brought us to the water	9			
trysting, by hedjes of maiden ferm, then here in another place is	10			
their chapelofeases, sold for song, of which you have thought	11			
my praise too much my price. O ma ma! Yes, sad one of Ziod?	12			
Sell me, my soul dear! Ah, my sorrowful, his cloister dreeping	13			
of his monkshood, how it is triste to death, all his dark ivytod!	14			
Where cold in dearth. Yet see, my blanching kissabelle, in the	15			
under close she is allso gay, her kirtles green, her curtsies white,	16			
her peony pears, her nistlingsloes! I, pipette, I must also quick-	17			
lingly to tryst myself softly into this littleeasechapel. I would	18			
rather than Ireland! But I pray, make! Do your easiness! O,	19			
peace, this is heaven! O, Mr Prince of Pouringtoher, whatever	20			
shall I pppease to do? Why do you so lifesighs, my precious, as	21			
I hear from you, with limmenings lemantitions, after that swollen	22			
one? I am not sighing, I assure, but only I am soso sorry about	23			
all in my saarasplace. Listen, listen! I am doing it. Hear more to	24			

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

those voices! Always I am hearing them. Horsehem coughs	25		
enough. Annshee lisps privily.	26		
— He is quieter now.	27		
— Legalentitled. Accesstopartnuzz. Notwildebeestsch. By-	28		
rightfoaptz. Twainbeonerflsh. Haveandholdpp.	29		
— S! Let us go. Make a noise. Slee . . .	30		
— Qui . . . The gir . . .	31		
— Huesofrichunfoldingmorn. Wakenupriseandprove. Pro-	32		
videforsacrifice.	33		
— Wait! Hist! Let us list!	34		
For our netherworld's bosomfoes are working tooth and nail	35		
overtime: in earthveins, toadcavites, chessgaglions, saltkles-	36		
FW572			
ters, underfed: nagging firenibblers knockling aterman up out of	1		
his hinterclutch. Tomb be their tools! When the youngdammers	2		
will be soon heartpocking on their betters' doornoggers: and the	3		
youngfries will be backfrisking diamondcuts over their lyingin	4		
underlayers, spick and spat trowelling a gravetrench for their	5		
fourinhand forebears. Vote for your club!	6		
— Wait!	7		
— What!	8		
— Her door!	9		
— Ope?	10		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

— See!	11		
— What?	12		
— Careful.	13		
— Who?	14		
Live well! Iniivdluaritzas! Tone!	15		
Cant ear! Her dorters ofe? Whofo? Her eskmeno daughters	16		
hope? Whofo? Ellme, elmme, elskmestoon! Soon!	17		
Let us consider.	18		
The procurator Interrogarius Mealterum presents us this pro-	19		
poser.	20		
Honuphrius is a concupiscent exservicemajor who makes dis-	21		
honest propositions to all. He is considered to have committed,	22		
invoking <i>droit d'oreiller</i> , simple infidelities with Felicia, a virgin,	23		
and to be practising for unnatural coits with Eugenius and Jere-	24		
mias, two or three philadelphians. Honophrius, Felicia, Eugenius	25		
and Jeremias are consanguineous to the lowest degree. Anita	26		
the wife of Honophrius, has been told by her tirewoman, For-	27		
tissa, that Honophrius has blasphemously confessed under volun-	28		
tary chastisement that he has instructed his slave, Mauritius, to	29		
urge Magravius, a commercial, emulous of Honophrius, to solicit	30		
the chastity of Anita. Anita is informed by some illegitimate	31		
children of Fortissa with Mauritius (the supposition is Ware's)	32		
that Gillia, the schismatical wife of Magravius, is visited clandes-	33		
tinely by Barnabas, the advocate of Honophrius, an immoral	34		
person who has been corrupted by Jeremias. Gillia, (a cooler	35		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

blend, D'Alton insists) <i>ex equo</i> with Poppea, Arancita, Clara,	36		
FW573			
Marinuzza, Indra and Iodina, has been tenderly debauched	1		
(in Halliday's view), by Honuphrius, and Magravius knows	2		
from spies that Anita has formerly committed double sacrilege	3		
with Michael, <i>vulgo</i> Cerularius, a perpetual curate, who wishes	4		
to seduce Eugenius. Magravius threatens to have Anita molested	5		
by Sulla, an orthodox savage (and leader of a band of twelve	6		
mercenaries, the Sullivani), who desires to procure Felicia for	7		
Gregorius, Leo, Vitellius and Macdugalius, four excavators, if	8		
she will not yield to him and also deceive Honuphrius by ren-	9		
dering conjugal duty when demanded. Anita who claims to have	10		
discovered incestuous temptations from Jeremias and Eugenius	11		
would yield to the lewdness of Honuphrius to appease the	12		
savagery of Sulla and the mercernariness of the twelve Sullivani,	13		
and (as Gilbert at first suggested), to save the virginity of	14		
Felicia for Magravius when converted by Michael after the	15		
death of Gillia, but she fears that, by allowing his marital rights	16		
she may cause reprehensible conduct between Eugenius and	17		
Jeremias. Michael, who has formerly debauched Anita, dispen-	18		
ses her from yielding to Honuphrius who pretends publicly to	19		
possess his conjunct in thirtynine several manners (<i>turpiter!</i>	20		
affirm <i>ex cathedris</i> Gerontes Cambronses) for carnal hygiene	21		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

whenever he has rendered himself impotent to consummate by	22			
subdolence. Anita is disturbed but Michael comminates that	23			
he will reserve her case tomorrow for the ordinary Guglielmus	24			
even if she should practise a pious fraud during affrication	25			
which, from experience, she knows (according to Wadding),	26			
to be leading to nullity. Fortissa, however, is encouraged by	27			
Gregorius, Leo, Viteilius, and Magdugalius, reunitedly, to warn	28			
Anita by describing the strong chastisements of Honuphrius	29			
and the depravities (<i>turpissimas!</i>) of Canicula, the deceased wife	30			
of Mauritius, with Sulla, the simoniac, who is abnegand and	31			
repents. Has he hegemony and shall she submit?	32			
Translate a lax, you breed a bradaun. In the goods of Cape and	33			
Chattertone, deceased.	34			
This, lay readers and gentlemen, is perhaps the commonest	35			
of all cases arising out of umbrella history in connection with	36			
FW574				
the wood industries in our courts of litigation. D'Oyly Owens	1			
holds (though Finn Magnusson of himself holds also) that so	2			
long as there is a joint deposit account in the two names a	3			
mutual obligation is posited. Owens cites Brerfuchs and Warren,	4			
a foreign firm, since disseized, registered as Tangos, Limited,	5			
for the sale of certain proprietary articles. The action which was	6			
at the instance of the trustee of the heathen church emergency	7			

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

fund, suing by its trustee, a resigned civil servant, for the pay-	8		
ment of tithes due was heard by Judge Doyle and also by a com-	9		
mon jury. No question arose as to the debt for which vouchers	10		
spoke volumes. The defence alleged that payment had been made	11		
effective. The fund trustee, one Jucundus Fecundus Xero Pecun-	12		
dus Coppercheap, counterclaimed that payment was invalid	13		
having been tendered to creditor under cover of a crossed cheque,	14		
signed in the ordinary course, in the name of Wieldhelm, Hurls	15		
Cross, voucher copy provided, and drawn by the senior partner	16		
only by whom the lodgment of the species had been effected but	17		
in their joint names. The bank particularised, the national misery	18		
(now almost entirely in the hands of the four chief bondholders	19		
for value in Tangos), declined to pay the draft, though there	20		
were ample reserves to meet the liability, whereupon the trusty	21		
Coppercheap negotiated it for and on behalf of the fund of the	22		
thing to a client of his, a notary, from whom, on consideration, he	23		
received in exchange legal relief as between trustee and bethrust,	24		
with thanks. Since then the cheque, a good washable pink, em-	25		
bossed D you D No 11 hundred and thirty 2, good for the figure	26		
and face, had been circulating in the country for over thirtynine	27		
years among holders of Pango stock, a rival concern, though not	28		
one demonetised farthing had ever spun or fluctuated across the	29		
counter in the semblance of hard coin or liquid cash. The jury (a	30		
sour dozen of stout fellows all of whom were curiously named	31		
after doyles) naturally disagreed jointly and severally, and the	32		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

belligerent judge, disagreeing with the allied jurors' disagree-	33			
ment, went outside his jurisdiction altogether and ordered a gar-	34			
nishee attachment to the neutral firm. No <i>mandamus</i> could lo-	35			
cate the depleted whilom Breyfawkes as he had entered into an	36			
FW575				
ancient moratorium, dating back to the times of the early barbers,	1			
and only the junior partner Barren could be found, who entered an	2			
appearance and turned up, upon a notice of motion and after service	3			
of the motion by interlocutory injunction, among the male jurors	4			
to be an obsolete turfwoman, originally from the proletarian class,	5			
with still a good title to her sexname of Ann Doyle, 2 Coppinger's	6			
Cottages, the Doyle's country. Doyle (Ann), add woman in,	7			
having regretfully left the juryboxers, protested cheerfully on the	8			
stand in a long jurymiad <i>in re</i> corset checks, delivered in doy-	9			
lish, that she had often, in supply to brusque demands rising almost	10			
to bollion point, discounted Mr Brakeforth's first of all in ex-	11			
change at nine months from date without issue and, to be strictly	12			
literal, unbottled in corrubberation a current account of how	13			
she had been made at sight for services rendered the payee-	14			
drawee of unwashable blank assignments, sometimes pinkwilliams	15			
(laughter) but more often of the <i>crème-de-citron</i> , <i>vair email paon-</i>	16			
<i>coque</i> or marshmallow series, which she, as bearer, used to en-	17			
dorse, adhesively, to her various payers-drawers who in most cases	18			

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

were identified by the timber papers as wellknown tetigists of the	19			
city and suburban. The witness, at her own request, asked if she	20			
might and wrought something between the sheets of music paper	21			
which she had accompanied herself with for the occasion and	22			
this having been handed up for the bench to look at <i>in camera</i> ,	23			
Coppinger's doll, as she was called, (<i>annias</i> , Mack Erse's Dar,	24			
the adopted child) then proposed to jerrykin and jureens and every	25			
jim, jock and jarry in that little green courtinghousie for her satis-	26			
faction and as a whole act of settlement to reamalgamate herself,	27			
tomorrow perforce, in pardonership with the permanent suing fond	28			
trustee, Monsignore Pepigi, under the new style of Will Break-	29			
fast and Sparrem, as, when all his cognisances had been estreated,	30			
he seemed to proffer the steadiest interest towards her, but this	31			
preposposal was ruled out on appeal by Judge Jeremy Doyler, who,	32			
reserving judgment in a matter of courts and reversing the find-	33			
ings of the lower correctional, found, beyond doubt of treuson,	34			
fending the dissassents of the pickpackpanel, twelve as upright	35			
judaces as ever let down their thoms, and, <i>occupante extremum</i>	36			
FW576				
<i>scabie</i> , handed down to the jury of the Liffey that, as a matter of	1			
tact, the woman they gave as free was born into contractual in-	2			
capacity (the Calif of Man <i>v</i> the Eaudelusk Company) when, how	3			
and where many's mancipium act did not apply and therefore held	4			

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

supremely that, as no property in law can exist in a corpse,	5		
(Hal Kilbride <i>v</i> Una Bellina) Pepigi's pact was pure piffle (loud	6		
laughter) and Wharrem would whistle for the rhino. Will you,	7		
won't you, pango with Pepigi? Not for Nancy, how dare you do!	8		
And whew whewwhew whew.	9		
— He sighed in sleep.	10		
— Let us go back.	11		
— Lest he forewaken.	12		
— Hide ourselves.	13		
While hovering dreamwings, folding around, will hide from	14		
fears my wee mee mannikin, keep my big wig long strong mano-	15		
men, guard my bairn, <i>mon beau</i> .	16		
— To bed.	17		
Prospector projector and boomooster giant builder of all	18		
causeways woesoever, hopping offpoint and true terminus of	19		
straxstraightcuts and corkscrewn perambulaups, zeal whence to	20		
goal whither, wonderlust, in sequence to which every muckle	21		
must make its mickle, as different as York from Leeds, being the	22		
only wise in a muck's world to look on itself from beforehand;	23		
mirrorminded curiositease and would-to-the-large which bring	24		
hills to molehunter, home through first husband, perils behind	25		
swine and horsepower down to hungerford, prick this man and	26		
tittup this woman, our forced payrents, Bogy Bobow with his	27		
cunnynghnest couchmare, Big Maester Finnykin with Phenicia	28		
Parkes, lame of his ear and gape of her leg, most correctingly,	29		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

we beseach of you, down their laddercase of nightwatch service	30			
and bring them at suntime flush with the nethermost gangrung	31			
of their stepchildren, guide them through the labyrinth of their	32			
samilikes and the alteregoases of their pseudoselves, hedge them	33			
bothways from all roamers whose names are ligious, from loss	34			
of bearings deliver them; so they keep to their rights and be	35			
ware of duty frees, neoliffic smith and magdalenian jinnyjones,	36			
FW577				
mandragon mor and weak wiffeyducky, Morionmale and Thry-	1			
dacianmad, basilisk glorious with his weeniequeenie, tigernack	2			
and swansgrace, he as hale as his ardouries, she as verve as her	3			
veines; this prime white arsenic with bissemate alloyed, martial	4			
sin with peccadilly, free to lease hold with first mortgage, dow-	5			
ser dour and dipper douce, stop-that-war and feel-this-feather,	6			
norsebloodheartened and landsmoolwashable, great gas with	7			
fun-in-the-corner, grand slam with fall-of-the-trick, solomn one	8			
and shebby, cod and coney, cash and carry, in all we dreamed	9			
the part we dreaded, corsair coupled with his dame, royal biber	10			
but constant lymph, boniface and bonnyfeatures, nazil hose and	11			
river mouth, bang-the-change and batter-the-bolster, big smoke	12			
and lickley roesthy, humanity's fahrman by society leader, voguener	13			
and trulley, humpered and elf, Urloughmoor with Miryburrow,	14			
leaks and awfully, basal curse yet grace abunda, Regies Producer	15			

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

with screendoll Vedette, peg of his claim and pride of her heart,	16		
cliffscaur grisly but rockdove cooing, hodinstag on fryggabet,	17		
baron and feme: that he may dishcover her, that she may uncouple	18		
him, that one may come and crumple them, that they may soon	19		
recoup themselves: now and then, time on time again, as per	20		
periodicity; from Neaves to Willses, from Bushmills to Enos; to	21		
Goerz from Harleem, to Hearths of Oak from Skittish Widdas;	22		
via mala, hyber pass, heckhisway per alptrack: through lands-	23		
vague and vain, after many mandelays: in their first case, to the	24		
next place, till their cozenkerries: the high and the by, both pent	25		
and plain: cross cowslips yillow, yellow, yallow, past pumpkins	26		
pinguind, purplesome: be they whacked to the wide other tied	27		
to hustings, long sizzleroads neath arthruseat, him to the derby,	28		
her to toun, til sengentide do coddlam: in the grounds or unter-	29		
linnen: rue to lose and ca canny: at shipside, by convent garden:	30		
monk and sempstress, in sackcloth silkily: curious dreamers,	31		
curious dramas, curious deman, plagiast dayman, playajest	32		
dearest, plaguiest dourest: for the strangfort planters are pro-	33		
desting, and the karkery felons dryflooring it and the leperties'	34		
laddos railing the way, blump for slogo slee!	35		
Stop! Did a stir? No, is fast. On to bed! So he is. It's only the	36		
FW578			
wind on the road outside for to wake all shivering shanks from	1		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

snorring.	2		
But. Oom Godd his villen, who will he be, this mitryman, some	3		
king of the yeast, in his chrismy greyed brunzewig, with the snow	4		
in his mouth and the caspian asthma, so bulk of build? Relics of	5		
pharrer and livite! Dik Gill, Tum Lung or Macfinnan's cool	6		
Harryng? He has only his hedcosycasket on and his wollsey	7		
shirtplisse with peascod doublet, also his feet wear doubled width	8		
socks for he always must to insure warm sleep between a pair of	9		
fullyfleececd bankers like a finnoc in a cauwl. Can thus be Mithra	10		
Norkmann that keeps our hotel? Begor, Mr O'Sorgmann, you're	11		
looking right well! Hecklar's champion ethnicist. How deft as a	12		
fuchser schouws daft as a fish! He's the dibble's own doges for	13		
doublin existents! But a jolly fine daysent form of one word.	14		
He's rounding up on his family.	15		
And who is the bodikin by him, sir? So vouldzievalsshie? With	16		
ybbs and zabs? Her trixiestrail is tripping her, vop! Luck at the	17		
way for the lucre of smoke she's looping the lamp! Why, that's	18		
old missness wipethemdry! Well, well, wellsowells! Donau-	19		
watter! Ardechious me! With her halfbend as proud as a peahen,	20		
allabalmy, and her troutbeck quiverlipe, ninyananya. And her	21		
steptojazyma's culunder buzztle. Happy tea area, naughtygay	22		
frew! Selling sunlit sopes to washtout winches and rhaincold	23		
draughts to the props of his pubs. She tired lipping the swells at	24		
Pont Delisle till she jumped the boom at Brounemouth. Now	25		
she's borrid his head under Hatesbury's Hatch and loamed his	26		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

fate to old Love Lane. And she's just the same old haporth of	27			
dripping. She's even brennt her hair.	28			
Which route are they going? Why? Angell sitter or Amen	29			
Corner, Norwood's Southwalk or Euston Waste? The solvent	30			
man in his upper gambeson withnot a breth against him and the	31			
wee wiping womanahoussy. They're coming terug their dia-	32			
mond wedding tour, giant's inchly elfkin's ell, vesting their char-	33			
acters vixendevolment, andens aller, athors err, our first day man	34			
and your dresser and mine, that Luxuumburgher avec cettehis	35			
Alzette, konyglik shire with his queensh countess, Stepney's	36			
FW579				
shipchild with the waif of his bosun, Dunmow's fletcher with	1			
duck-on-the-rock, down the scales, the way they went up,	2			
under talls and threading tormentors, shunning the startraps and	3			
slipping in sliders, risking a runway, ruing reveals, from Elder	4			
Arbor to La Puirée, eskiping the clockback, crystal in carbon,	5			
sweetheartedly. Hot and cold and electricrery with attendance	6			
and lounge and promenade free. In spite of all that science could	7			
boot or art could eke. Bolt the grinden. Cave and can em.	8			
Single wrecks for the weak, double axe for the mail, and quick	9			
queck quack for the radiose. Renove that bible. You will never	10			
have post in your pocket unless you have brasse on your plate.	11			
Beggards outdoor. Goat to the Endth, thou slowguard! Mind	12			

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

the Monks and their Grasps. Scrape your souls. Commit no	13		
miracles. Postpone no bills. Respect the uniform. Hold the raa-	14		
bers for the kunning his plethoron. Let leash the dooves to the	15		
cooin her coynth. Hatenot havenots. Share the wealth and spoil	16		
the weal. Peg the pound to tom the devil. My time is on draught.	17		
Bottle your own. Love my label like myself. Earn before eating.	18		
Drudge after drink. Credit tomorrow. Follow my dealing. Fetch	19		
my price. Buy not from dives. Sell not to freund. Herenow chuck	20		
english and learn to pray plain. Lean on your lunch. No cods	21		
before Me. Practise preaching. Think in your stomach. Import	22		
through the nose. By faith alone. Season's weather. Gomorrha.	23		
Salong. Lots feed from my tidetable. Oil's wells in our lands. Let	24		
earwigger's wivable teach you the dance!	25		
Now their laws assist them and ease their fall!	26		
For they met and mated and bedded and buckled and got and	27		
gave and reared and raised and brought Thawland within Har	28		
danger, and turned them, tarrying to the sea and planted and	29		
plundered and pawned our souls and pillaged the pounds of the	30		
extramurals and fought and feigned with strained relations and	31		
bequeathed us their ills and recrutchd cripples gait and under-	32		
mined lungachers, manplanting seven sisters while wan warm-	33		
wooded woman scrubbs, and turned out coats and removed their	34		
origins and never learned the first day's lesson and tried to	35		
mingle and managed to save and feathered foes' nests and fouled	36		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

FW580				
their own and wayleft the arenotts and ponted vodavalls for the	1			
zollgebordened and escaped from liquidation by the heirs of their	2			
death and were responsible for congested districts and rolled	3			
olled logs into Peter's sawyery and werfed new woodcuts on	4			
Paoli's wharf and ewesed Rachel's lea and rammed Dominic's	5			
gap and looked haggards after lazatables and rode fourscore odd-	6			
winters and struck rock oil and forced a policeman and col-	7			
laughsed at their phizes in Toobiassed and Zachary and left off	8			
leaving off and kept on keeping on and roused up drink and	9			
poured balm down and were cuffed by their customers and bit	10			
the dust at the foot of the poll when in her deergarth he gave up	11			
his goat after the battle of Multaferry. Pharoah with fairy, two	12			
lie, let them! Yet they wend it back, qual his leif, himmortality,	13			
bullseaboob and rivishy divil, light in hand, helm on high, to	14			
peekaboo durk the thicket of slumbwhere, till their hour with	15			
their scene be struck for ever and the book of the dates he close,	16			
he clasp and she and she seegn her tour d'adieu, Pervinca calling,	17			
Soloscar hears. (O Sheem! O Shaam!), and gentle Isad Ysut gag,	18			
flispering in the nightleaves flattery, dinsiduously, to Finnegan,	19			
to sin again and to make grim grandma grunt and grin again	20			
while the first grey streaks steal silvering by for to mock their	21			
quarrels in dollymount tumbling.	22			
They near the base of the chill stair, that large incorporate	23			

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licensed vintner, such as he is, from former times, nine hosts in	24			
himself, in his hydrocomic establishment and his ambling limfy	25			
peepingpartner, the slave of the ring that worries the hand that	26			
sways the lamp that shadows the walk that bends to his bane the	27			
busynext man that came on the cop with the fenian's bark that	28			
pickled his widow that primed the pope that passed it round on	29			
the volunteers' plate till it croppied the ears of Purses Relle that	30			
kneed O'Connell up out of his doss that shouldered Burke that	31			
butted O'Hara that woke the busker that grattaned his crowd	32			
that bucked the jiggers to rhyme the rann that flooded the routes	33			
in Eryan's isles from Malin to Clear and Carnsore Point to Slynag-	34			
gollow and cleaned the pockets and ransomed the ribs of all the	35			
listeners, leud and lay, that bought the ballad that Hosty made.	36			
FW581				
Anyhow (the matter is a troublous and a peniloose) have they	1			
not called him at many's their mock indignation meeting, veh-	2			
men's vengeance vective volleying, inwader and uitlander, the	3			
notables, crashing libels in their sullivan's mounted beards about	4			
him, their right renownsable patriarch? Heinz cans everywhere	5			
and the swanee her ainsell and Eyrewaker's family sock that they	6			
smuggled to life betune them, roaring (Big Reilly was the worst):	7			
free boose for the man from the nark, sure, he never was worth	8			
a cornerwall fark, and his banishee's bedpan she's a quareold bite	9			

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

of a tark: as they wendelled their zingaway wivewards from his	10		
find me cool's moist opulent vinery, highjacking through the	11		
nagginneck pass, as they hauled home with their hogsheads,	12		
axpoxtelating, and claiming cowled consollation, sursumcordial,	13		
from the bluefunkfires of the dipper and the martian's frost?	14		
Use they not, our noesmall termtraders, to abhors offrom	15		
him, the yet unregendered thunderslog, whose sbrogue cunneth	16		
none lordmade undersiding, how betwixt wifely rule and <i>mens</i>	17		
<i>conscia recti</i> , then hemale man all unbracing to omniwomen, but	18		
now shedropping his hitches like any maidavale oppersite orse-	19		
riders in an idinhole? Ah, dearo! Dearo, dear! And her illian!	20		
And his willyum! When they were all there now, matinmarked	21		
for lookin on. At the carryfour with awlus plawshus, their happy-	22		
ass cloudious! And then and too the trivials! And their bivouac!	23		
And his monomyth! Ah ho! Say no more about it! I'm sorry!	24		
I saw. I'm sorry! I'm sorry to say I saw!	25		
Gives there not too amongst us after all events (or so grunts	26		
a leading hebdromadary) some togethershush of stillandbutall-	27		
youknow that, insofarforth as, all up and down the whole con-	28		
creation say, efficient first gets there finally every time, as a com-	29		
plex matter of pure form, for those excess and that pasphault	30		
hardhearingness from their eldfar, in grippes and rumblions,	31		
through fresh taint and old treason, another like that alter but	32		
not quite such anander and stillandbut one not all the selfsame	33		
and butstillone just the maim and encore emmerhim may always,	34		

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with a little difference, till the latest up to date so early in the	35		
morning, have evertheless been allmade amenable?	36		
FW582			
Yet he begottom.	1		
Let us wherefore, tearing ages, presently preposterose a	2		
snatchvote of thanksalot to the huskiest coaxing experimenter	3		
that ever gave his best hand into chancerisk, wishing him with	4		
his famblings no end of slow poison and a mighty broad venue	5		
for themselves between the devil's punchbowl and the deep	6		
angleseaboard, that they may gratefully turn a deaf ear clooshed	7		
upon the desperanto of willynully, their shareholders from Taaffe	8		
to Auliffe, that will curse them below par and mar with their	9		
descendants, shame, humbug and profit, to greenmould upon	10		
mildew over jaundice as long as ever there's wagtail surtaxed to	11		
a testcase on enver a man.	12		
We have to had them whether we'll like it or not. They'll have	13		
to have us now then we're here on theirspot. Scant hope theirs	14		
or ours to escape life's high carnage of semperidentity by sub-	15		
sisting peasemeal upon variables. Bloody certainly have we got	16		
to see to it ere smellful demise surprends us on this concrete that	17		
down the gullies of the eras we may catch ourselves looking	18		
forward to what will in no time be staring you larrikins on the	19		
postface in that multimirror megaron of returningties, whirled	20		

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without end to end. So there was a raughty . . . who in Dyfflins-	21			
borg did . . . With his soddering iron, spadeaway, hammerlegs	22			
and . . . Where there was a fair young . . . Who was playing her	23			
game of . . . And said she you rockaby . . . Will you peddle in	24			
my bog . . . And he sod her in Iarland, paved her way from	25			
Maizenhead to Youghal. And that's how Humpfrey, champion	26			
emir, holds his own. Shysweet, she rests.	27			
Or show pon him now, will you! Derg rudd face should take	28			
patrick's purge. Hokoway, in his hiphigh bearserk! Third posi-	29			
tion of concord! Excellent view from front. Sidome. Female	30			
imperfectly masking male. Redspot his browbrand. Woman's	31			
the prey! Thon's the dullakeykongsbyogblagroggerswagginline	32			
(private judgers, change here for Lootherstown! Onlyromans,	33			
keep your seats!) that drew all ladies please to our great mettroll-	34			
ops. Leary, leary, twentytun nearly, he's plotting kings down	35			
for his villa's extension! Gaze at him now in momentum! As his	36			
FW583				
bridges are blown to babbyrags, by the lee of his hulk upright	1			
on her orbits, and the heave of his juniper arx in action, he's	2			
naval I see. Poor little tartanelle, her dinties are chattering, the	3			
strait's she's in, the bulloge she bears! Her smirk is smeeching	4			
behind for her hills. By the queer quick twist of her mobcap and	5			
the lift of her shift at random and the rate of her gate of going	6			

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the pace, two thinks at a time, her country I'm proud of. The	7		
field is down, the race is their own. The galleonman jovial on his	8		
bucky brown nightmare. Bigrob dignagging his lylputtana.	9		
One to one bore one! The datter, io, io, sleeps in peace, in peace.	10		
And the twillingsons, ganymede, garrymore, turn in trot and	11		
trot. But old pairamere goes it a gallop, a gallop. Bossford and	12		
phospherine. One to one on!	13		
O, O, her fairy setalite! Casting such shadows to Persia's	14		
blind! The man in the street can see the coming event. Photo-	15		
flashing it far too wide. It will be known through all Urania soon.	16		
Like jealousjoy titaning fear; like rumour rhean round the planets;	17		
like china's dragon snapping japets; like rhodagrey up the east.	18		
Satyrdaysboost besets Phoebe's nearest. Here's the flood and the	19		
flaxen flood that's to come over helpless Irryland. Is there no-one	20		
to malahide Liv and her bettyship? Or who'll buy her rosebuds,	21		
jettyblack rosebuds, ninsloes of nivia, nonpaps of nan? From the	22		
fall of the fig to doom's last post every ephemeral anniversary while	23		
the park's police peels peering by for to weight down morrals from	24		
county bubblin. That trainer's trundling! Quick, pay up!	25		
Kickakick. She had to kick a laugh. At her old stick-in-the-	26		
block. The way he was slogging his paunch about, elbiduubled,	27		
meet oft mate on, like hale King Willow, the robberer. Cain-	28		
maker's mace and waxened capapee. But the tarrant's brand on	29		
his hottoweyt brow. At half past quick in the morning. And her	30		
lamp was all askew and a trumbly wick-in-her, ringeysingey.	31		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

She had to spofforth, she had to kicker, too thick of the wick	32		
of her pixy's loomph, wide lickering jessup the smooky shiminey.	33		
And her duffed coverpoint of a wickedy batter, whenever she	34		
druv behind her stumps for a tyddlesly wink through his tunnill-	35		
clefft bagslops after the rising bounder's yorkers, as he studd and	36		
FW584			
stoddard and truttet and trumpered, to see had lordherry's	1		
blackham's red bobby abbels, it tickled her innings to consort	2		
pitch at kicksolock in the morm. Tipatonguing him on in her	3		
pigeony linguish, with a flick at the bails for lubrication, to scorch	4		
her faster, faster. Ye hek, ye hok, ye hucky hiremonger! Magrath	5		
he's my pegger, he is, for bricking up all my old kent road.	6		
He'll win your toss, flog your old tom's bowling and I darr ye,	7		
barrackybuller, to break his duck! He's posh. I lob him. We're	8		
parring all Oogster till the empsyseas run googlie. Declare to	9		
ashes and teste his metch! Three for two will do for me and he	10		
for thee and she for you. Goeasyosey, for the grace of the fields,	11		
or hooley pooley, cuppy, we'll both be bye and by caught in the	12		
slips for fear he'd tyre and burst his dunlops and waken her	13		
bornybarnies making his boobybabies. The game old merri-	14		
mynn, square to leg, with his lolleywide towelhat and his hobbsy	15		
socks and his wisden's bosse and his norserly pinafore and his	16		
gentleman's grip and his playaboy's plunge and his flannelly	17		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

feelyfooling, treading her hump and hambledown like a maiden	18			
wellheld, ovalled over, with her crease where the pads of her	19			
punishments ought to be by womanish rights when, keek, the hen	20			
in the doran's shantyqueer began in a kikkery key to laugh it	21			
off, yeigh, yeigh, neigh, neigh, the way she was wuck to doodle-	22			
doo by her gallows bird (how's that? Noball, he carries his bat!)	23			
nine hundred and dirty too not out, at all times long past con-	24			
quering cock of the morgans.	25			
How blame us?	26			
Cocorico!	27			
Armigerend everfasting horde. Rico! So the bill to the bowe.	28			
As the belle to the beau. We herewith pleased returned auditors'	29			
thanks for those and their favours since safely enjoined. Coco-	30			
ree! Tellaman tillamie. Tubbernacul in tipherairy, sons, travel-	31			
lers in company and their carriageable tochtors, tanks tight anne	32			
thynne for her contractations tugowards his personeel. Echo,	33			
choree chorecho! O I you O you me! Well, we all unite thought-	34			
fully in rendering gratias, well, between loves repassed, begging	35			
your honour's pardon for, well, exclusive pigtorial rights of here-	36			
FW585				
hear fond tiplady his weekreations, appearing in next eon's issue	1			
of the Neptune's Centinel and Tritonville Lightowler with well	2			
the widest circulation round the whole universe. Echolo choree	3			

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

choroh choree chorico! How me O my youhou my I youtou to	4		
I O? Thanks furthermore to modest Miss Glimglow and neat	5		
Master Mettresson who so kindly profiteered their serwishes as	6		
demyself of honour and, well, as strainbearer respectively.	7		
And a cordiallest brief nod of chinchin dankyshin to, well, patient	8		
ringasend as prevenient (by your leave), to all such occasions,	9		
detachably replaceable (thanks too! twos intact!). As well as	10		
his auricular of Malthus, the prometean paratonnerwetter which	11		
first (Pray go! pray go!) taught love's lightning the way (pity	12		
shown) to, well, conduct itself (mercy, good shot! only please	13		
don't mention it!). Come all ye goatfathers and groanmothers,	14		
come all ye markmakers and piledrivers, come all ye labour-	15		
saving devisers and chargeleyden dividends, firefinders, water-	16		
workers, deeply condeal with him! All that is still life with death	17		
inyeborn, all verbumsaps yet bound to be, to do and to suffer,	18		
every creature, everywhere, if you please, kindly feel for her!	19		
While the dapplegray dawn drags nearing nigh for to wake all	20		
droners that drowse in Dublin.	21		
Humperfeldt and Anunska, wedded now evermore in annas-	22		
tomoses by a ground plan of the placehunter, whiskered beau	23		
and donahbella. Totumvir and esquimeena, who so shall sepa-	24		
rate fetters to new desire, repeals an act of union to unite in	25		
bonds of schismacy. O yes! O yes! Withdraw your member!	26		
Closure. This chamber stands abjourned. Such precedent is	27		
largely a cause to lack of collective continencies among Don-	28		

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nelly's orchard as lifelong the shadyside to Fairbrother's field.	29		
Humbo, lock your kekkle up! Anny, blow your wickle out!	30		
Tuck away the tablesheet! You never wet the tea! And you	31		
may go rightoway back to your Aunty Dilluvia, Humprey,	32		
after that!	33		
Retire to rest without first misturbing your nighboor, man-	34		
kind of baffling descriptions. Others are as tired of themselves	35		
as you are. Let each one learn to bore himself. It is strictly re-	36		
FW586			
quested that no cobsmoking, spitting, pubchat, wrestle rounds,	1		
coarse courting, smut, etc, will take place amongst those hours	2		
so devoted to repose. Look before behind before you strip you.	3		
Disrobe clothed in the strictest secrecy which privacy can afford.	4		
Water <i>non</i> to be discharged <i>coram</i> grate or <i>ex</i> window. Never	5		
divorce in the bedding the glove that will give you away. Maid	6		
Maud ninnies nay but blabs to Omama (for your life, would you!)	7		
she to her bosom friend who does all chores (and what do you	8		
think my Madeleine saw?): this ignorant mostly sweeps it out	9		
along with all the rather old corporators (have you heard of one	10		
humbledown jungleman how he bet byrn-and-bushe playing	11		
peg and pom?): the maudlin river then gets its dues (adding a	12		
din a ding or do): thence those laundresses (O, muddle me more	13		
about the maggies! I mean bawnee Madge Ellis and brownie	14		

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Mag Dillon). Attention at all! Every ditcher's dastard in Dupling	15			
will let us know about it if you have paid the mulctman by	16			
whether your rent is open to be foreclosed or aback in your	17			
arrears. This is seriously meant. Here is a homelet not a hothel.	18			
That's right, old oldun!	19			
All in fact is soon as all of old right as anywas ever in very	20			
old place. Were he, hwen scalded of that couverfowl, to beat the	21			
bounds by here at such a point of time as this is for at sammel	22			
up all wood's haypence and riviers argent (half back from three	23			
gangs multaplussed on a twentylot add allto a fiver with the	24			
deuce or roamer's numbers ell a fee and do little ones) with the	25			
caboosh on him opheld for thrushes' mistiles yet singing oud his	26			
parasangs in cornish token: mean fawthery eastend appullcelery,	27			
old laddy he high hole: pollysigh patrolman Seekersenn, towney's	28			
tanquam, crumlin quiet down from his hoonger, he would mac	29			
siccar of inket goodsforetombbed ereshiningem of light turkling	30			
eitheranny of thuncle's windopes. More, unless we were neverso	31			
wrongtaken, if he brought his boots to pause in peace, the one	32			
beside the other one, right on the road, he would seize no sound	33			
from cache or cave beyond the flow of wand was gypsing water,	34			
telling him now, telling him all, all about ham and livery, stay	35			
and toast ham in livery, and buttermore with murmurladen, to	36			
FW587				

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

waker oats for him on livery. Faurore! Fearhoure! At last it	1		
past! Loab at cod then herrin or wind thin mong them treen.	2		
Hiss! Which we had only our hazelight to see with, cert, in	3		
our point of view, me and my auxy, Jimmy d'Arcy, hadn't we,	4		
Jimmy? — Who to seen with? Kiss! No kidd, captn, which he	5		
stood us, three jolly postboys, first a couple of Mountjoys and	6		
nutty woodbines with his cadbully's choculars, pepped from our	7		
Theoatre Regal's drolleries puntomine, in the snug at the Cam-	8		
bridge Arms of Teddy Ales while we was laying, crown jewels	9		
to a peanut, was he stepmarm, old noseheavy, or a wouldower,	10		
which he said, lads, a taking low his Whitby hat, lopping off the	11		
froth and whishing, with all respectfulness to the old country,	12		
tomorrow comrades, we, his long life's strength and cuirscreen	13		
loan to our allhallowed king, the pitchur that he's turned to	14		
weld the wall, (Lawd lengthen him!) his standpoint was,	15		
to belt and blucher him afore the hole pleading churchal and	16		
submarine bar yonder but he made no class at all in port	17		
and cemented palships between our trucers, being a refugee,	18		
didn't he, Jimmy? — Who true to me? Sish! Honeysuckler,	19		
that's what my young lady here, Fred Watkins, bugler Fred, all	20		
the ways from Melmoth in Natal, she calls him, dip the colours,	21		
pet, when he commit his certain questions vivaviz the secret	22		
empire of the snake which it was on a point of our sutton down,	23		
how was it, Jimmy? — Who has sinnerettes to declare? Phiss!	24		
Touching our Phoenix Rangers' nuisance at the meeting of the	25		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

waitresses, the dainty lines, Elsie from Chelsies, the two leggle-	26			
gels in blooms, and those pest of parkies, twitch, thistle and	27			
charlock, were they for giving up their fogging trespasses	28			
by order which we foregathered he must be raw in cane	29			
sugar, the party, no, Jimmy MacCawthelock? Who trespass	30			
against me? Briss! That's him wiv his wig on, achewing of his	31			
maple gum, that's our grainpopaw, Mister Beardall, an accom-	32			
pliced burgomaster, a great one among the very greatest, which	33			
he told us privates out of his own scented mouf he used to was,	34			
my lads, afore this wineact come, what say, our Jimmy the	35			
chapelgoer? — Who fears all masters! Hi, Jocko Nowlong, my	36			
FW588				
own sweet boosy love, which he puts his feeler to me behind	1			
the beggar's bush, does Freda, don't you be an emugee! Carry-	2			
one, he says, though we marooned through this woylde. We	3			
must spy a half a hind on honeysuckler now his old face's	4			
hardalone wiv his defences down during his wappin stillstand,	5			
says my Fred, and Jamessime here which, pip it, she simply must,	6			
she says, our pet, she'll do a retroussy from her point of view	7			
(Way you fly! Like a frush!) to keep her flouncies off the	8			
grass while paying the wetmenots a musichall visit and pair her	9			
fiefighs fore him with just one curl after the cad came back which	10			
we fought he wars a gunner and his corkiness lay up two bottles	11			

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

of joy with a shandy had by Fred and a <i>fino oloroso</i> which he	12		
was warming to, my right, Jimmy, my old brown freer? —	13		
Whose dolour, O so mine!	14		
Following idly up to seepoint, neath kingmount shadow the	15		
ilk for eke of us, whose nathem's banned, whose hofd a-hooded,	16		
welkim warsail, how di' you dew? Hollymerry, ivysad, whicher	17		
and whoer, Mr Black Atkins and you tanapanny troopertwos,	18		
were you there? Was truce of snow, moonmounded snow? Or	19		
did wolken hang o'er earth in umber hue his fulmenbomb?	20		
Number two coming! Full inside! Was glimpsed the mean	21		
amount of cloud? Or did pitter rain fall in a sprinkling? If the	22		
waters could speak as they flow! Tingle Tom, pall the bell!	23		
Izzy's busy down the dell! Mizpah low, youyou, number	24		
one, in deep humidity! Listen, misled peerless, please! You	25		
are of course. You miss him so, to listleto! Of course, my	26		
pledge between us, there's no-one Noel like him here to	27		
hear. Esch so eschess, douls a doulse! Since Allan Rogue	28		
loved Arrah Pogue it's all Killdoughall fair. Triss! Only trees	29		
such as these such were those, waving there, the barketree, the	30		
o'briertree, the rowantree, the o'corneltree, the behanshrub near	31		
windy arbour, the magill o'dendron more. Trem! All the trees	32		
in the wood they trembold, humbild, when they heard the stop-	33		
press from domday's erewold.	34		
Tiss! Two pretty mistletots, ribboned to a tree, up rose libe-	35		
rator and, fancy, they were free! Four witty missywives, wink-	36		

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

FW589				
ing under hoods, made lasses like lads love maypolderiding and	1			
dotted our green with tricksome couples, fiftyfifty, their chil-	2			
tren's hundred. So childish pence took care of parents' pounds	3			
and many made money the way in the world where rushroads	4			
to riches crossed slums of lice and, the cause of it all, he forged	5			
himself ahead like a blazing urbanorb, brewing treble to drown	6			
grief, giving and taking mayom and tuam, playing milliards with	7			
his three golden balls, making party capital out of landed self-	8			
interest, light on a slavey but weighty on the bourse, our hugest	9			
commercial emporialist, with his sons booing home from afar	10			
and his daughters bridling up at his side. Finner!	11			
How did he bank it up, swank it up, the whaler in the punt,	12			
a guinea by a groat, his index on the balance and such wealth	13			
into the bargain, with the boguey which he snatched in the	14			
baggage coach ahead? Going forth on the prow, master jackill,	15			
under night and creeping back, dog to hide, over morning.	16			
Humbly to fall and cheaply to rise, exposition of failures.	17			
Through Duffy's blunders and MacKenna's insurance for upper	18			
ten and lower five the band played on. As one generation tells	19			
another. Ofter the fall. First for a change of a seven days license	20			
he wandered out of his farmer's health and so lost his early	21			
parishlife. Then ('twas in fenland) occidentally of a sudden, six	22			

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june-looking flamefaces straggled wild out of their turns through	23			
his parson-fired wicket, showing all shapes of striplings in sleepless	24			
tights. Promptly whom after in undated times, very properly a	25			
dozen generations anterior to themselves, a main chanced to burst	26			
and misflooded his fortunes, wrothing foulplay over his fives'	27			
court and his fine poultryyard wherein were spared a just two of	28			
a feather in wading room only. Next, upon due reflotation, up	29			
started four hurri-gan gales to smitheren his plate-glass house-	30			
walls and the slate for accounts his keeper was cooking. Then	31			
came three boy bugle-horners who counterbezzled and cross-	32			
bugled him. Later on in the same evening two hussites ab-	33			
sconded through a breach in his bylaws and left him, the infidels,	34			
to pay himself off in kind remembrances. Till, ultimate him, fell	35			
the crowning barleystraw, when an explosium of his distilleries	36			
FW590				
deafadumped all his dry goods to his most favoured sinflute and	1			
dropped him, what remains of a heptark, leareyed and letterish,	2			
weeping worrybound on his bankrump.	3			
Pepep. Pay bearer, sure and sorry, at foot of ohoho honest	4			
policist. On never again, by Phoenix, swore on him Lloyd's,	5			
not for beaten wheat, not after Sir Joe Meade's father, thanks!	6			
They know him, the covenanter, by rote at least, for a chameleon	7			
at last, in his true falseheaven colours from ultraviolet to subred	8			

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tissues. That's his last tryon to march through the grand	9		
tryomphal arch. His reignbolt's shot. Never again! How you do	10		
that like, Mista Chimepiece? You got nice yum plemiums. Pray-	11		
paid my promishles!	12		
Agreed, Wu Welsher, he was chogfulled to beacsate on earn	13		
as in hiving, of foxold conningnesses but who, hey honey, for	14		
all values of his latters, integer integerrimost, was the formast	15		
of the firm? At folkmoor hailed, at part farwailed, accwmwlated	16		
concloud, Nuah-Nuah, Nebob of Nephilim! After all what fol-	17		
lowed for apprentice sake? Since the now nighs nearing as the	18		
yetst hies hin. Jeebies, ugh, kek, ptah, that was an ill man! Jaw-	19		
boose, puddigood, this is for true a sweetish mand! But Jum-	20		
bluffer, bagdad, sir, yond would be for a once over our all	21		
honoured christmastyde easteredman. Fourth position of solu-	22		
tion. How johnny! Finest view from horizon. Tableau final.	23		
Two me see. Male and female unmask we hem. Begum by gunne!	24		
Who now broothes oldbrawn. Dawn! The nape of his name-	25		
shielder's scalp. Halp! After having drummed all he dun. Hun!	26		
Worked out to an inch of his core. More! Ring down. While	27		
the queenbee he staggerhorned blesses her bliss for to feel her	28		
funnyman's functions Tag. Rumbling.	29		
Tiers, tiers and tiers. Rounds.	30		