

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 | | |
| planometrically 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 | | |
| scended, 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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| FW431 | | | |
| 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 Francisco 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. Mades 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 | | |
| FW438 | | | |

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

| | | | |
|--|----|--|--|
| | | | |
| 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 | | |

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

| | | | |
|---|----|--|--|
| 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 | | |

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

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 censered 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 | | |

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

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 | | |

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

| | | | |
|--|----|--|--|
| 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 | | |

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

| | | | |
|--|----|--|--|
| 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 | | |

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

| | | | |
|---|----|--|--|
| 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 | | |

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

| | | | |
|--|----|--|--|
| 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 | | |
| way 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 | | |

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

| | | | |
|--|----|--|--|
| — 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 xxoxoxxx 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 | | |

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

| | | | |
|--|----|--|--|
| 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 sosiety 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 | | |

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| | | | |
|---|----|--|--|
| 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 chineeknees 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 | | |

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| | | | |
|--|----|--|--|
| 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 | | |

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| | | | |
|--|----|--|--|
| 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 | | | |

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

| | | | |
|---|----|--|--|
| | | | |
| 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 omportent 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 adresse! | 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 | | |

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

| | | | |
|---|----|--|--|
| 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>Coraiio, 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 | | |
| stoph 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 tappyyhands | 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. Backscuttling 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 | | |
| | | | |

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

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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 | | |

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| | | | |
|--|----|--|--|
| 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 | | |