

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

1

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Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW003				
riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend	1			
of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to	2			
Howth Castle and Environs.	3			
Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fr'over the short sea, had passen-	4			
core rearrived from North Armorica on this side the scraggy	5			
isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor	6			
had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselfe	7			
to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their mumper	8			
all the time: nor avoice from afire bellowsed mishe mishe to	9			



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tauftauf thuartpeatrick: not yet, though venissoon after, had a	10			
kidskad buttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all's fair in	11			
vanessy, were sosie sesthers wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a	12			
peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and rory	13			
end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface.	14			
The fall (bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronntonner-	15			
ronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntooohooordenenthur-	16			
nuk!) of a once wallstrait oldparr is retaled early in bed and later	17			
on life down through all christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the	18			
offwall entailed at such short notice the pftjschute of Finnegan,	19			
erse solid man, that the humptyhillhead of humself promptly sends	20			
an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumpytumtoes:	21			
and their upturnpikepointandplace is at the knock out in the park	22			
where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since dev-	23			
linsfirst loved livvy.	24			
FW004				
What clashes here of wills gen wonts, oystrygods gaggin fishy-	1			
gods! Brékkek Kékkek Kékkek Kékkek! Kóax Kóax Kóax! Ualu	2			
Ualu Ualu! Quaouauh! Where the Baddelaries partisans are still	3			

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out to mathmaster Malachus Micgranes and the Verdon's cata-	4			
pelting the camibalistics out of the Whoyteboyce of Hoodie	5			
Head. Assiegates and boomerangstroms. Sod's brood, be me fear!	6			
Sanglorians, save! Arms appeal with larms, appalling. Killykill-	7			
killy: a toll, a toll. What chance cuddleys, what cashels aired	8			
and ventilated! What bidimetoloves sinduced by what tegotetab-	9			
solvers! What true feeling for their's hayair with what strawng	10			
voice of false jiccup! O here here how hoth sprowled met the	11			
duskt the father of fornicationists but, (O my shining stars and	12			
body!) how hath fanespanned most high heaven the skysign of	13			
soft advertisement! But waz iz? Iseut? Ere were sewers? The oaks	14			
of ald now they lie in peat yet elms leap where askes lay. Phall if	15			
you but will, rise you must: and none so soon either shall the	16			
pharce for the nunce come to a setdown secular phoenish.	17			
Bygmester Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand, freemen's mau-	18			
rer, lived in the broadest way immarginable in his rushlit toofar-	19			
back for messuages before joshuan judges had given us numbers	20			
or Helviticus committed deuteronomy (one yeastyday he sternely	21			
struxk his tete in a tub for to watsch the future of his fates but ere	22			
he swiftly stook it out again, by the might of moses, the very wat-	23			
er was eviparated and all the guenneses had met their exodus so	24			

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that ought to show you what a pentschanjeuchy chap he was!)	25			
and during mighty odd years this man of hod, cement and edi-	26			
fices in Toper's Thorp piled building supra building pon the	27			
banks for the livers by the Soangso. He addle liddle phifie Annie	28			
ugged the little craythur. Wither hayre in honds tuck up your part	29			
inher. Oftwhile balbulous, mithre ahead, with goodly trowel in	30			
grasp and ivoroiled overalls which he habitacularly fondseed, like	31			
Haroun Childeric Eggeberth he would caligulate by multiplicab-	32			
les the alltitude and malltitude until he seesaw by neatlight of the	33			
liquor wheretwin 'twas born, his roundhead staple of other days	34			
to rise in undress maisonry upstanded (joygrantit!), a waalworth	35			
of a skyerscape of most eyeful hoyth entowerly, erigenating from	36			
FW005				
next to nothing and celescalating the himals and all, hierarchitec-	1			
titiptitoploftical, with a burning bush abob off its baubletop and	2			
with larrons o'toolers clittering up and tombles a'buckets clotter-	3			
ing down.	4			
Of the first was he to bare arms and a name: Wassaily Boos-	5			
laeugh of Riesengeborg. His crest of huroldry, in vert with	6			

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ancillars, troublant, argent, a hegoak, poursuivant, horrid, horned.	7			
His scutschum fessed, with archers strung, helio, of the second.	8			
Hootch is for husbandman handling his hoe. Hohohoho, Mister	9			
Finn, you're going to be Mister Finnagain! Comeday morm and,	10			
O, you're vine! Sendday's eve and, ah, you're vinegar! Hahahaha,	11			
Mister Funn, you're going to be fined again!	12			
What then agentlike brought about that tragoady thundersday	13			
this municipal sin business? Our cubehouse still rocks as earwitness	14			
to the thunder of his arafatas but we hear also through successive	15			
ages that shebby choruysh of unkalified muzzlenimiissilehims that	16			
would blackguardise the whitestone ever hurtleturtled out of	17			
heaven. Stay us wherefore in our search for tighteousness, O Sus-	18			
tainer, what time we rise and when we take up to toothmick and	19			
before we lump down upown our leatherbed and in the night and	20			
at the fading of the stars! For a nod to the nabir is better than wink	21			
to the wabsanti. Otherways wesways like that provost scoffing	22			
bedoueen the jebel and the jpysian sea. Cropherb the crunch-	23			
bracken shall decide. Then we'll know if the feast is a flyday. She	24			
has a gift of seek on site and she allcasually ansars helpers, the	25			
dreamydeary. Heed! Heed! It may half been a missfired brick, as	26			
some say, or it mought have been due to a collupsus of his back	27			

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promises, as others looked at it. (There extend by now one thou-	28			
sand and one stories, all told, of the same). But so sore did abe	29			
ite ivvy's holired abbles, (what with the wallhall's horrors of rolls-	30			
rights, carhacks, stonengens, kistvanes, tramtrees, fargobawlers,	31			
autokinotons, hippohobbies, streetfleets, tournintaxes, mega-	32			
phoggs, circuses and wardsmoats and basilikerks and aeropagods	33			
and the hoise and the jollybrool and the peeler in the coat and	34			
the mecklenburk bitch bite at his ear and the merlinburrow bur-	35			
rocks and his fore old porecourts, the bore the more, and his	36			
FW006				
blightblack workingstacks at tweldepins a dozen and the noobi-	1			
busses sleighding along Safetyfirst Street and the derryjellybies	2			
snooping around Tell-No-Tailors' Corner and the fumes and the	3			
hopes and the strupithump of his ville's indigenous romekeepers,	4			
homesweepers, domecreepers, thurum and thurum in fancymud	5			
murumd and all the uproor from all the aufroofs, a roof for may	6			
and a reef for hugh butt under his bridge suits tony) wan warn-	7			
ing Phill filt tipping full. His howd feeled heavy, his hoddit did	8			
shake. (There was a wall of course in erection) Dimb! He stot-	9			

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tered from the latter. Damb! he was dud. Dumb! Mastabatoom,	10			
mastabadtomm, when a mon merries his lute is all long. For	11			
whole the world to see.	12			
Shize? I should shee! Macool, Macool, orra whyi deed ye diie?	13			
of a trying thirstay mournin? Sobs they sighdid at Fillagain's	14			
chrissormiss wake, all the hoolivans of the nation, prostrated in	15			
their consternation and their duodisimally profusive plethora of	16			
ululation. There was plumbs and grumes and cheriffs and citherers	17			
and raiders and cinemen too. And the all gianed in with the shout-	18			
most shoviality. Agog and magog and the round of them agrog.	19			
To the continuation of that celebration until Hanandhunigan's	20			
extermination! Some in kinkin corass, more, kankan keening.	21			
Belling him up and filling him down. He's stiff but he's steady is	22			
Priam Olim! 'Twas he was the dacent gaylabouring youth. Sharpen	23			
his pillowscone, tap up his bier! E'erawhere in this whorl would ye	24			
hear sich a din again? With their deepbrow fundigs and the dusty	25			
fidellos. They laid him brawdawn alanglast bed. With a bockalips	26			
of finisky fore his feet. And a barrowload of guenesis hoer his head.	27			
Tee the tootal of the fluid hang the twoddle of the fuddled, O!	28			
Hurrah, there is but young gleve for the owl globe wheels in	29			
view which is tautaulogically the same thing. Well, Him a being	30			

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so on the flounder of his bulk like an overgrown babeling, let wee	31			
peep, see, at Hom, well, see peegee ought he ought, platterplate. 𐀀	32			
Hum! From Shopalist to Bailywick or from ashtun to baronoath	33			
or from Buythebanks to Roundthehead or from the foot of the	34			
bill to ireglint's eye he calmly extensolies. And all the way (a	35			
horn!) from fjord to fjell his baywinds' oboboies shall wail him	36			
FW007				
rockbound (hoahoahoah!) in swimswamswum and all the livvy-	1			
long night, the delldale dalppling night, the night of bluerybells,	2			
her flittaflute in tricky trochees (O carina! O carina!) wake him.	3			
With her issavan essavans and her patterjackmartins about all	4			
them inns and ouses. Tilling a teel of a tum, telling a toll of a tea-	5			
ry turty Taubling. Grace before Glutton. For what we are, gifs	6			
à gross if we are, about to believe. So pool the begg and pass the	7			
kish for crawsake. Omen. So sigh us. Grampupus is fallen down	8			
but grinny sprids the boord. Whase on the joint of a desh? Fin-	9			
foefom the Fush. Whase be his baken head? A loaf of Singpan-	10			
try's Kennedy bread. And whase hitched to the hop in his tayle?	11			
A glass of Danu U'Dunnell's foamous olde Dobbelin ayle. But,	12			

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lo, as you would quaffoff his fraudstuff and sink teeth through	13			
that pyth of a flowerwhite bodey behold of him as behemoth for	14			
he is noewhemoe. Finiche! Only a fadograph of a yestern scene.	15			
Almost rubicund Salmosalar, ancient fromout the ages of the Ag-	16			
apemonides, he is smolten in our mist, woebecanned and packt	17			
away. So that meal's dead off for summan, schlook, schlice and	18			
goodridhirring.	19			
Yet may we not see still the brontoichthyan form outlined a-	20			
slumbered, even in our own nighttime by the sedge of the trout-	21			
ling stream that Bronto loved and Brunto has a lean on. <i>Hic cubat</i>	22			
<i>edilis. Apud libertinam parvulam.</i> Whatif she be in flags or flitters,	23			
reekierags or sundyechosies, with a mint of mines or beggar a	24			
pinnyweight. Arrah, sure, we all love little Anny Ruiny, or, we	25			
mean to say, lovelittle Anna Rayiny, when unda her brella, mid	26			
piddle med puddle, she ninnygoes nannygoes nancing by. Yoh!	27			
Brontolone slaaps, yoh snoores. Upon Benn Heather, in Seeple	28			
Isout too. The cranic head on him, caster of his reasons, peer yu-	29			
thner in yondmist. Whooth? His clay feet, swarded in verdigrass,	30			
stick up starck where he last fellonem, by the mund of the maga-	31			
zine wall, where our maggy seen all, with her sisterin shawl.	32			
While over against this belles' alliance beyind Ill Sixty, ollol-	33			

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lowed ill! bagsides of the fort, bom, tarabom, tarabom, lurk the	34			
ombushes, the site of the lyffing-in-wait of the upjock and hock-	35			
ums. Hence when the clouds roll by, jamey, a proudseye view is	36			
FW008				
enjoyable of our mounding's mass, now Wallinstone national	1			
museum, with, in some greenish distance, the charming water-	2			
loose country and the two quitewhite villagettes who hear show	3			
of themselves so gigglesomes minxt the follyages, the prettilees!	4			
Penetrators are permitted into the museomound free. Welsh and	5			
the Paddy Patkines, one shelenk! Redismembers invalids of old	6			
guard find poussepousse pousseyprom to sate the sort of their butt.	7			
For her passkey supply to the janitrix, the mistress Kathe. Tip.	8			
This the way to the museyroom. Mind your hats goan in!	9			
Now yiz are in the Willingdone Museyroom. This is a Prooshi-	10			
ous gunn. This is a ffrinch. Tip. This is the flag of the Prooshi-	11			
ous, the Cap and Soracer. This is the bullet that byng the flag of	12			
the Prooshious. This is the ffrinch that fire on the Bull that bang	13			
the flag of the Prooshious. Saloos the Crossgunn! Up with your	14			
pike and fork! Tip. (Bullsfoot! Fine!) This is the triplewon hat of	15			

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Lipoleum. Tip. Lipoleumhat. This is the Willingdone on his	16		
same white harse, the Cokenhape. This is the big Sraughter Wil-	17		
lingdone, grand and magentic in his goldtin spurs and his ironed	18		
dux and his quarterbrass woodyshoes and his magnate's gharters	19		
and his bangkok's best and goliar's goloshes and his pullupon-	20		
easyan wartrews. This is his big wide harse. Tip. This is the three	21		
lipoleum boyne grouching down in the living detch. This is an	22		
inimyskilling inglis, this is a scotcher grey, this is a davy, stoop-	23		
ing. This is the bog lipoleum mordering the lipoleum beg. A	24		
Gallawghurs argaumunt. This is the petty lipoleum boy that	25		
was nayther bag nor bug. Assaye, assaye! Touchole Fitz Tuo-	26		
mush. Dirty MacDyke. And Hairy O'Hurry. All of them	27		
arminus-varminus. This is Delian alps. This is Mont Tivel,	28		
this is Mont Tipsey, this is the Grand Mons Injun. This is the	29		
crimealine of the alps hooping to sheltershock the three lipoleums.	30		
This is the jinnies with their legahorns feinting to read in their	31		
handmade's book of stralegy while making their war undisides	32		
the Willingdone. The jinnies is a cooin her hand and the jinnies is	33		
a ravin her hair and the Willingdone git the band up. This is big	34		
Willingdone mormorial tallowscoop Wounderworker obscides	35		
on the flanks of the jinnies. Sexcaliber hrosspower. Tip. This	36		

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FW009				
is me Belchum sneaking his phillippy out of his most Awful	1			
Grimmest Sunshat Cromwelly. Looted. This is the jinnies' hast-	2			
ings dispatch for to irrigate the Willingdone. Dispatch in thin	3			
red lines cross the shortfront of me Belchum. Yaw, yaw, yaw!	4			
Leaper Orthor. Fear siecken! Fieldgaze thy tiny frow. Hugact-	5			
ing. Nap. That was the tictacs of the jinnies for to fontannoy the	6			
Willingdone. Shee, shee, shee! The jinnies is jillous agincourting	7			
all the lipoleums. And the lipoleums is gonn boycottoncrezy onto	8			
the one Willingdone. And the Willingdone git the band up. This	9			
is bode Belchum, bonnet to busby, breaking his secred word with a	10			
ball up his ear to the Willingdone. This is the Willingdone's hur-	11			
old dispitchback. Dispitch deployed on the regions rare of me	12			
Belchum. Salamangra! Ayi, ayi, ayi! Cherry jinnies. Figtreeyou!	13			
Damn fairy ann, Voutre. Willingdone. That was the first joke of	14			
Willingdone, tic for tac. Hee, hee, hee! This is me Belchum in	15			
his twelvemile cowhooks, weet, tweet and stampforth foremost,	16			
footing the camp for the jinnies. Drink a sip, drankasup, for he's	17			
as sooner buy a guinness than he'd stale store stout. This is Roo-	18			

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shious balls. This is a ttrinch. This is mistletropes. This is Canon	19			
Futter with the popynose. After his hundred days' indulgence.	20			
This is the blessed. Tarra's widdars! This is jinnies in the bonny	21			
bawn blooches. This is lipoleums in the rowdy howses. This is the	22			
Willingdone, by the splinters of Cork, order fire. Tonnerre!	23			
(Bullsear! Play!) This is camelry, this is floodens, this is the	24			
solphereens in action, this is their mobbily, this is panickburns.	25			
Almeidagad! Arthiz too loose! This is Willingdone cry. Brum!	26			
Brum! Cumbrum! This is jinnies cry. Underwetter! Goat	27			
strip Finnlambs! This is jinnies rinning away to their ouster-	28			
lists dowan a bunkersheels. With a nip nippy nip and a trip trip-	29			
py trip so airy. For their heart's right there. Tip. This is me Bel-	30			
chum's tinkyou tankyou silvoor plate for citchin the crapes in	31			
the cool of his canister. Poor the pay! This is the bissmark of the	32			
marathon merry of the jinnies they left behind them. This is the	33			
Willingdone branlish his same marmorial tallowscoop Sophy-	34			
Key-Po for his royal divorsion on the rinnaway jinnies. Gam-	35			
bariste della porca! Dalaveras fimmieras! This is the pettiest	36			
FW010				

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of the lipoleums, Toffeethief, that spy on the Willingdone from	1			
his big white harse, the Capeinhope. Stonewall Willingdone	2			
is an old maxy montrumeny. Lipoleums is nice hung bushel-	3			
lors. This is hiena hinnessy laughing alout at the Willing-	4			
done. This is lipsyg dooley krieging the funk from the hinnessy.	5			
This is the hinndoo Shimar Shin between the dooley boy and the	6			
hinnessy. Tip. This is the wixy old Willingdone picket up the	7			
half of the threefoiled hat of lipoleums fromoud of the bluddle	8			
filth. This is the hinndoo waxing ranjymad for a bombshoob.	9			
This is the Willingdone hanking the half of the hat of lipoleums	10			
up the tail on the buckside of his big white harse. Tip. That was	11			
the last joke of Willingdone. Hit, hit, hit! This is the same white	12			
harse of the Willingdone, Culpenhelp, waggling his tailoscrupp	13			
with the half of a hat of lipoleums to insoult on the hinndoo see-	14			
boy. Hney, hney, hney! (Bullstrag! Foul!) This is the seeboy,	15			
madrashattaras, upjump and pumpim, cry to the Willingdone:	16			
Ap Pukkaru! Pukka Yurap! This is the Willingdone, bornstable	17			
ghentleman, tindens his maxbotch to the cursigan Shimar Shin.	18			
Basucker youstead! This is the dooforhim seeboy blow the whole	19			
of the half of the hat of lipoleums off of the top of the tail on the	20			

back of his big wide harse. Tip (Bullseye! Game!) How Copen-	21			
hagen ended. This way the museyroom. Mind your boots goan	22			
out.	23			
Phew!	24			
What a warm time we were in there but how keling is here the	25			
airabouts! We nowhere she lives but you mussna tell annaone for	26			
the lamp of Jig-a-Lantern! It's a candlelittle houthse of a month	27			
and one windies. Downadown, High Downadown. And num-	28			
mered quaintlymine. And such reasonable weather too! The wa-	29			
grant wind's awalt'zaround the piltdowns and on every blasted	30			
knollyrock (if you can spot fifty I spy four more) there's that	31			
gnarlybird ygathering, a runalittle, doalittle, preealittle, pouralittle,	32			
wipealittle, kicksalittle, severalittle, eatalittle, whinealittle, kenalittle,	33			
helfalittle, pelfalittle gnarlybird. A verytableland of bleakbardfields!	34			
Under his seven wrothschiends lies one, Lumproar. His glav toside	35			
him. Skud ontorsed. Our pigeons pair are flewn for northcliffs.	36			
FW011				
The three of crows have flapped it southenly, kraaking of de	1			
baccle to the kvarters of that sky whence triboos answer; Wail,	2			

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'tis well! She niver comes out when Thon's on shower or when	3		
Thon's flash with his Nixy girls or when Thon's blowing toom-	4		
cracks down the gaels of Thon. No nubo no! Neblas on you liv!	5		
Her would be too moochy afreet. Of Burymeleg and Bindme-	6		
rollingeyes and all the deed in the woe. Fe fo fom! She jist does	7		
hopes till byes will be byes. Here, and it goes on to appear now,	8		
she comes, a peacefugle, a parody's bird, a peri potmother,	9		
a pringlpik in the ilandiskippy, with peewee and powwows in	10		
beggybaggy on her bickybacky and a flick flask fleckflinging	11		
its pixylighting pacts' huemeramybows, picking here, pecking	12		
there, pussypussy plunderpussy. But it's the armitides toonigh,	13		
militopucos, and toomourn we wish for a muddy kissmans to the	14		
minutia workers and there's to be a gorgeups truce for happinest	15		
childher everwere. Come nebo me and suso sing the day we	16		
sallybright. She's burrowed the coacher's headlight the better to	17		
pry (who goes cute goes siocur and shoos aroun) and all spoiled	18		
goods go into her nabsack: curtrages and rattlin buttins, nappy	19		
spattees and flasks of all nations, clavicures and scampulars, maps,	20		
keys and woodpiles of haypennies and moonled brooches with	21		
bloodstanced breeks in em, boaston nightgarters and masses of	22		
shoesets and nickelly nacks and foder allmicheal and a lugly parson	23		

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of cates and howitzer muchears and midgers and maggets, ills and	24			
ells with loffs of toffs and pleures of bells and the last sigh that	25			
come fro the hart (bucklied!) and the fairest sin the sunsaw	26			
(that's cearc!). With Kiss. Kiss Criss. Cross Criss. Kiss Cross.	27			
Undo lives 'end. Slain.	28			
How bootifull and how truetowife of her, when strengly fore-	29			
bidden, to steal our historic presents from the past postpropheti-	30			
cals so as to will make us all lordy heirs and ladymaides of a	31			
pretty nice kettle of fruit. She is livving in our midst of debt and	32			
laffing through all plores for us (her birth is uncontrollable), with	33			
a naperon for her mask and her sabboes kickin arias (so sair! so	34			
solly!) if yous ask me and I saack you. Hou! Hou! Gricks may	35			
rise and Troysirs fall (there being two sights for ever a picture)	36			
FW012				
for in the byways of high improvidence that's what makes life-	1			
work leaving and the world's a cell for citters to cit in. Let young	2			
wimman run away with the story and let young min talk smooth	3			
behind the butteler's back. She knows her knight's duty while	4			
Luntum sleeps. Did ye save any tin? says he. Did I what? with	5			

a grin says she. And we all like a marriedann because she is mer-	6			
cenary. Though the length of the land lies under liquidation	7			
(floote!) and there's nare a hairbrow nor an eyebush on this glau-	8			
brous phace of Herrschuft Whatarwelter she'll loan a vesta and	9			
hire some peat and sarch the shores her cockles to heat and she'll	10			
do all a turfwoman can to piff the business on. Paff. To puff the	11			
blaziness on. Poffpoff. And even if Humpty shell fall frumpty	12			
times as awkward again in the beardsboosloom of all our grand	13			
remonstrancers there'll be iggs for the brekkers come to mourn-	14			
him, sunny side up with care. So true is it that therewhere's a	15			
turnover the tay is wet too and when you think you ketch sight	16			
of a hind make sure but you're cocked by a hin.	17			
Then as she is on her behaviourite job of quainance bandy,	18			
fruting for firstlings and taking her tithe, we may take our review	19			
of the two mounds to see nothing of the himples here as at else-	20			
where, by sixes and sevens, like so many heegills and collines,	21			
sitton aroont, scentbreeched and somepotreek, in their swisha-	22			
wish satins and their taffetaffe tights, playing Wharton's Folly,	23			
at a treepurty on the planko in the purk. Stand up, mickos!	24			
Make strake for minnas! By order, Nicholas Proud. We may see	25			
and hear nothing if we choose of the shortlegged bergins off	26			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Corkhill or the bergamoors of Arbourhill or the bergagambols	27			
of Summerhill or the bergincellies of Miseryhill or the country-	28			
bossed bergones of Constitutionhill though every crowd has its	29			
several tones and every trade has its clever mechanics and each	30			
harmonical has a point of its own, Olaf's on the rise and Ivor's	31			
on the lift and Sitric's place's between them. But all they are all	32			
there scraping along to sneeze out a likelihood that will solve	33			
and salve life's robulous rebus, hopping round his middle like	34			
kippers on a griddle, O, as he lays dormont from the macroborg	35			
of Holdhard to the microbirg of Pied de Poudre. Behove this	36			
FW013				
sound of Irish sense. Really? Here English might be seen.	1			
Royally? One sovereign punned to petery pence. Regally? The	2			
silence speaks the scene. Fake!	3			
So This Is Dyoublong?	4			
Hush! Caution! Echoland!	5			
How charmingly exquisite! It reminds you of the outwashed	6			
engravure that we used to be blurring on the blotchwall of his	7			
innkempt house. Used they? (I am sure that tiring chabelshovel-	8			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

ler with the mujikal chocolat box, Miry Mitchel, is listening) I	9			
say, the remains of the outworn gravemure where used to be	10			
blurried the Ptolmens of the Incabus. Used we? (He is only pre-	11			
tendant to be stugging at the jubalee harp from a second existed	12			
lishener, Fiery Farrelly.) It is well known. Lokk for himself and	13			
see the old butte new. Dbln. W. K. O. O. Hear? By the mauso-	14			
lime wall. Fimfim fimfim. With a grand funferall. Fumfum fum-	15			
fum. 'Tis optophone which ontophanes. List! Wheatstone's	16			
magic lyer. They will be tugging foriver. They will be lichening	17			
for allof. They will be pretumbling forover. The harpsdischord	18			
shall be theirs for ollaves.	19			
Four things therefore, saith our herodotary Mammon Lujius	20			
in his grand old historiorum, wrote near Boriorum, bluest book	21			
in baile's annals, f.t. in Dyfflinarsky ne'er sall fail til heathersmoke	22			
and cloudweed Eire's ile sall pall. And here now they are, the fear	23			
of um. T. Totities! <i>Unum.</i> (Adar.) A bulbenboss surmounted up-	24			
on an alderman. Ay, ay! <i>Duum.</i> (Nizam.) A shoe on a pair old	25			
wobban. Ah, ho! <i>Triom.</i> (Tamuz.) An auburn mayde, o'brine	26			
a'bride, to be desarted. Adear, adear! <i>Quodlibus.</i> (Marchessvan.) A	27			
penn no weightier nor a polepost. And so. And all. (Succoth.)	28			
So, how idlers' wind turning pages on pages, as innocens with	29			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

anaclete play popeye antipop, the leaves of the living in the boke	30			
of the deeds, annals of themselves timing the cycles of events	31			
grand and national, bring fassilwise to pass how.	32			
1132 A.D. Men like to ants or emmets wondern upon a groot	33			
hwide Whallfisk which lay in a Runnel. Blubby wares upat Ub-	34			
lanium.	35			
566 A.D. On Baalfire's night of this year after deluge a crone that	36			
FW014				
hadde a wickered Kish for to hale dead turves from the bog look-	1			
it under the blay of her Kish as she ran for to sothisfeige her cow-	2			
rieosity and be me sawl but she found hersell sackvulle of swart	3			
goody quickenshoon and small illigant brogues, so rich in sweat.	4			
Blurry works at Hurdlesford.	5			
(Silent.)	6			
566 A.D. At this time it fell out that a brazenlockt damsel grieved	7			
(<i>sobralasolas!</i>) because that Puppette her minion was ravisht of her	8			
by the ogre Puropeus Pious. Bloody wars in Ballyaughacleeagh-	9			
bally.	10			
1132 A.D. Two sons at an hour were born until a goodman	11			

and his hag. These sons called themselves Caddy and Primas.	12			
Primas was a santryman and drilled all decent people. Caddy	13			
went to Winehouse and wrote o peace a farce. Blotty words for	14			
Dublin.	15			
Somewhere, parently, in the ginnandgo gap between antedilu-	16			
vious and annadominant the copyist must have fled with his	17			
scroll. The billy flood rose or an elk charged him or the sultrup	18			
worldwright from the excelsissimost empyrean (bolt, in sum)	19			
earthspake or the Dannamen gallous banged pan the bliddy du-	20			
ran. A scribicide then and there is led off under old's code with	21			
some fine covered by six marks or ninepins in metalmen for the	22			
sake of his labour's dross while it will be only now and again in	23			
our rear of o'er era, as an upshoot of military and civil engage-	24			
ments, that a gynecure was let on to the scuffold for taking that	25			
same fine sum covertly by meddlement with the drawers of his	26			
neighbour's safe.	27			
Now after all that farfatch'd and peragrine or dingnant or clere	28			
lift we our ears, eyes of the darkness, from the tome of <i>Liber Li-</i>	29			
<i>vidus</i> and, (toh!), how paisibly eirenical, all dimmering dunes	30			
and gloamering glades, selfstretches afore us our fredeland's plain!	31			
Lean neath stone pine the pastor lies with his crook; young pric-	32			

ket by pricket's sister nibbleth on returned viridities; amaid her	33			
rocking grasses the herb trinity shams lowliness; skyup is of ever-	34			
grey. Thus, too, for donkey's years. Since the bouts of Hebear	35			
and Hairyman the cornflowers have been staying at Ballymun,	36			
FW015				
the duskrose has choosed out Goatstown's hedges, twolips have	1			
pressed togatherthem by sweet Rush, townland of twinedlights,	2			
the whitethorn and the redthorn have fairygeyed the mayvalleys	3			
of Knockmaroon, and, though for rings round them, during a	4			
chiliad of perihelygangs, the Formoreans have brittled the too-	5			
ath of the Danes and the Oxman has been pestered by the Fire-	6			
bugs and the Joynts have thrown up jerrybuilding to the Kevan-	7			
ses and Little on the Green is childsfather to the City (Year!	8			
Year! And laughtears!), these paxsealing buttonholes have quad-	9			
rilled across the centuries and whiff now whafft to us, fresh and	10			
made-of-all-smiles as, on the eve of Killallwho.	11			
The babbelers with their thangas vain have been (confusium	12			
hold them!) they were and went; thigging thugs were and hou-	13			
hnhymn songtoms were and comely norgels were and pollyfool	14			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

fiansees. Menn have thawed, clerks have surssurhummed , the	15			
blond has sought of the brune: Elsekiss thou may, mean Kerry	16			
piggy?: and the duncledames have countered with the hellish fel-	17			
lows: Who ails tongue coddeau, aspace of dumbillsilly? And they	18			
fell upon one another: and themselves they have fallen. And	19			
still nowanights and by nights of yore do all bold floras of the	20			
field to their shyfaun lovers say only: Cull me ere I wilt to thee!:	21			
and, but a little later: Pluck me whilst I blush! Well may they	22			
wilt, marry, and profusedly blush, be troth! For that saying is as	23			
old as the howitts. Lave a whale a while in a whillbarrow (isn't	24			
it the truath I'm tallin ye?) to have fins and flippers that shimmy	25			
and shake. Tim Timmycan timped hir, tampting Tam. Fleppety!	26			
Flippety! Fleapow!	27			
Hop!	28			
In the name of Anem this carl on the kopje in pelted thongs a	29			
parth a lone who the joebiggar be he? Forshapen his pigmaid	30			
hoagshead, shroonk his plodsfoot. He hath locktoes, this short-	31			
shins, and, Obeold that's pectoral, his mammamuscles most	32			
mousterious. It is slaking nuncheon out of some thing's brain	33			
pan. Me seemeth a dragon man. He is almonthst on the kiek	34			
fief by here, is Comestipple Sacksoun, be it junipery or febrew-	35			

ery, marracks or alebrill or the ramping riots of pouriose and	36			
FW016				
froriose. What a quhare soort of a mahan. It is evident the mich-	1			
indaddy. Lets we overstep his fire defences and these kraals of	2			
slitsucked marrogbones. (Cave!) He can prapsposterus the pil-	3			
lory way to Hirculos pillar. Come on, fool porterfull, hosiered	4			
women blown monk sewer? Scuse us, chorley guy! You toller-	5			
day donsk? N. You tolkatiff scowegian? Nn. You spigotty an-	6			
glease? Nnn. You phonio saxo? Nnnn. Clear all so! 'Tis a Jute.	7			
Let us swop hats and excheck a few strong verbs weak oach ea-	8			
ther yapyazzard abast the bloody creeks.	9			
Jute. — Yutah!	10			
Mutt. — Mukk's pleasurad.	11			
Jute. — Are you jeff?	12			
Mutt. — Somehards.	13			
Jute. — But you are not jeffmute?	14			
Mutt. — Noho. Only an utterer.	15			
Jute. — Whoa? Whoat is the mutter with you?	16			
Mutt. — I became a stun a stummer.	17			

Jute. — What a hauhauhauhaudibble thing, to be cause! How,	18			
Mutt?	19			
Mutt. — Aput the buttle, surd.	20			
Jute. — Whose poddle? Wherein?	21			
Mutt. — The Inns of Dungtarf where Used awe to be he.	22			
Jute. — You that side your voice are almost inedible to me.	23			
Become a bitskin more wiseable, as if I were	24			
you.	25			
Mutt. — Has? Has at? Hasatency? Urp, Boo hooru! Booru	26			
Usurp! I trumple from rath in mine mines when I	27			
rimimirim!	28			
Jute. — One eyegonblack. Bisons is bisons. Let me fore all	29			
your hasitancy cross your qualm with trink gilt. Here	30			
have sylvan coyne, a piece of oak. Ghinees hies good	31			
for you.	32			
Mutt. — Louee, louee! How wooden I not know it, the intel-	33			
lible greytcloak of Cedric Silkyshag! Cead mealy	34			
faulty rices for one dabblin bar. Old grilsy growlsy!	35			
He was poached on in that egtentical spot. Here	36			
FW017				

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

where the liveries, Monomark. There where the mis-	1			
sers moony, Minnikin passe.	2			
Jute. — Simply because as Taciturn pretells, our wrongstory-	3			
shortener, he dumptied the wholeborrow of rubba-	4			
ges on to soil here.	5			
Mutt. — Just how a puddinstone inat the brookcells by a	6			
riverpool.	7			
Jute. — Load Allmarshy! Wid wad for a norse like?	8			
Mutt. — Somular with a bull on a clompturf. Rooks roorum	9			
rex roome! I could snore to him of the spumy horn,	10			
with his woolseley side in, by the neck I am sutton	11			
on, did Brian d' of Linn.	12			
Jute. — Boildoyle and rawhoney on me when I can beuraly	13			
forsstand a weird from sturk to finnic in such a pat-	14			
what as your rutterdamrotter. Onheard of and um-	15			
scene! Gut aftermeal! See you doomed.	16			
Mutt. — Quite agreem. Bussave a sec. Walk a dun blink	17			
roundward this albutisle and you skull see how olde	18			
ye plaine of my Elters, hunfree and ours, where wone	19			
to wail whimbrel to peewee o'er the saltings, where	20			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

wilby citie by law of isthmon, where by a droit of	21			
signory, icefloe was from his Inn the Bygging to	22			
whose Finishthere Punct. Let erehim ruhmuhrmuhr.	23			
Mearmerge two races, swete and brack. Morthering	24			
rue. Hither, craching eastuards, they are in surgence:	25			
hence, cool at ebb, they requiesce. Countlessness of	26			
livestories have netherfallen by this plage, flick as	27			
flowflakes, litters from aloft, like a waast wizzard all of	28			
whirlworlds. Now are all tombed to the mound, isges	29			
to isges, erde from erde. Pride, O pride, thy prize!	30			
Jute. — 'Stench!	31			
Mutt. — Fiatfuit! Hereinunder lyethey. Llarge by the smal an'	32			
everynight life also th'estrage, babylone the great-	33			
grandhotelled with tit tit tittlehouse, alp on earwig,	34			
drukn on ild, likeas equal to anequal in this sound	35			
seemetry which iz leebez luv.	36			
FW018				
Jute. — 'Zmorde!	1			
Mutt. — Meldundleize! By the fearse wave behoughted. Des-	2			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

pond's sung. And thanacross mound have swollup	3			
them all. This ourth of years is not save brickdust	4			
and being humus the same returns. He who runes	5			
may rede it on all fours. O'c'stle, n'wc'stle, tr'c'stle,	6			
crumbling! Sell me sooth the fare for Humblin! Hum-	7			
blady Fair. But speak it allsoftly, moulder! Be in	8			
your whisht!	9			
Jute. — Whysht?	10			
Mutt. — The gyant Forficules with Amni the fay.	11			
Jute. — Howe?	12			
Mutt. — Here is viceking's graab.	13			
Jute. — Hwaad!	14			
Mutt. — Ore you astoneaged, jute you?	15			
Jute. — Oye am thonthorstrok, thing mud.	16			
(Stoop) if you are abcedminded, to this claybook, what curios	17			
of signs (please stoop), in this allaphbed! Can you rede (since	18			
We and Thou had it out already) its world? It is the same told	19			
of all. Many. Miscegenations on miscegenations. Tieckle. They	20			
lived und laughed ant loved end left. Forsin. Thy thingdome is	21			
given to the Meades and Porsons. The meandertale, aloss and	22			
again, of our old Heidenburgh in the days when Head-in-Clouds	23			

walked the earth. In the ignorance that implies impression that	24			
knits knowledge that finds the nameform that whets the wits that	25			
convey contacts that sweeten sensation that drives desire that	26			
adheres to attachment that dogs death that bitches birth that en-	27			
tails the ensuance of existentiality. But with a rush out of his	28			
navel reaching the reredos of Ramasbatham. A terricolous vively-	29			
onview this; queer and it continues to be quaky. A hatch, a celt,	30			
an earshare the pourquose of which was to cassay the earthcrust at	31			
all of hours, furrowards, bagawards, like yoxen at the turnpaht.	32			
Here say figurines billycoose arming and mounting. Mounting and	33			
arming bellicose figurines see here. Futhorc, this liffle effingee is for	34			
a firefing called a flintforfall. Face at the eased! O I fay! Face at the	35			
waist! Ho, you fie! Upwap and dump em, ʒace to ʒace! When a	36			
FW019				
part so ptee does duty for the holos we soon grow to use of an	1			
allforabit. Here (please to stoop) are selveran cued peteet peas of	2			
quite a pecuniar interest inaslittle as they are the pellets that make	3			
the tomtummy's pay roll. Right rank ragnar rocks and with these	4			
rox orangotangos rangled rough and rightgorong. Wisha, wisha,	5			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

whydidtha? Thik is for thorn that's thuck in its thoil like thum-	6		
fool's thraitor thrust for vengeance. What a mnice old mness it	7		
all mnakes! A middenhide hoard of objects! Olives, beets, kim-	8		
mells, dollies, alfrids, beatties, cormacks and daltons. Owlets' eegs	9		
(O stoop to please!) are here, creakish from age and all now	10		
quite epsilene, and oldwolldy wobblewers, haudworth a wipe o	11		
grass. Sss! See the snake wurrums everyside! Our durlbin is	12		
sworming in sneaks. They came to our island from triangular	13		
Toucheaterre beyond the wet prairie rared up in the midst of the	14		
cargon of prohibitive pomefructs but along landed Paddy Wip-	15		
pingham and the his garbagecans cotched the creeps of them	16		
pricker than our whosethere outofman could quick up her whats-	17		
thats. Somedivide and sumthelot but the tally turns round the	18		
same balifuson. Racketeers and bottloggers.	19		
Axe on thwacks on thracks, axenwise. One by one place one	20		
be three dittoh and one before. Two nursus one make a plaus-	21		
ible free and idim behind. Starting off with a big boaboa and three-	22		
legged calvers and ivargraine jadesses with a message in their	23		
mouths. And a hundreadfilled unleavenweight of liberorumqueue	24		
to con an we can till allhorrors eve. What a meanderthalltale to	25		
unfurl and with what an end in view of squattor and anntisquattor	26		

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

and postproneauntisquattor! To say too us to be every tim, nick	27			
and larry of us, sons of the sod, sons, littlesons, yea and lealittle-	28			
sons, when usses not to be, every sue, siss and sally of us, dugters	29			
of Nan! Accusative ahnsire! Damadam to infinities!	30			
True there was in nillohs dieybos as yet no lumpend papeer	31			
in the waste and mightmountain Penn still groaned for the micies	32			
to let flee. All was of ancientry. You gave me a boot (signs on	33			
it!) and I ate the wind. I quizzed you a quid (with for what?) and	34			
you went to the quod. But the world, mind, is, was and will be	35			
writing its own wrunes for ever, man, on all matters that fall	36			
FW020				
under the ban of our infrarational senses fore the last milch-	1			
camel, the heartvein throbbing between his eyebrows, has still to	2			
moor before the tomb of his cousin charmian where his date is	3			
tethered by the palm that's hers. But the horn, the drinking, the	4			
day of dread are not now. A bone, a pebble, a ramskin; chip them,	5			
chap them, cut them up allways; leave them to terracook in the	6			
muttheringpot: and Gutenmorg with his cromagnom charter,	7			
tintingfast and great primer must once for omniboss step ru-	8			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

brickredd out of the wordpress else is there no virtue more in al-	9		
cohoran. For that (the rapt one warns) is what papyr is meed	10		
of, made of, hides and hints and misses in prints. Till ye finally	11		
(though not yet endlike) meet with the acquaintance of Mister	12		
Typus, Mistress Tope and all the little typtopies. Fillstup. So you	13		
need hardly spell me how every word will be bound over to carry	14		
three score and ten toptypical readings throughout the book of	15		
Doublends Jined (may his forehead be darkened with mud who	16		
would sunder!) till Daleth, mahomahouma, who oped it closeth	17		
thereof the. Dor.	18		
Cry not yet! There's many a smile to Nondum, with sytty	19		
maids per man, sir, and the park's so dark by kindlelight. But	20		
look what you have in your handself! The movibles are scrawl-	21		
ing in motions, marching, all of them ago, in pitpat and zingzang	22		
for every busy eerie whig's a bit of a torytale to tell. One's upon	23		
a thyme and two's behind their lettice leap and three's among the	24		
strubbely beds. And the chicks picked their teeths and the domb-	25		
key he begay began. You can ask your ass if he believes it. And	26		
so cuddy me only wallops have heels. That one of a wife with	27		
folty barnets. For then was the age when hoops ran high. Of a	28		
noarch and a chopwife; of a pomme full grave and a fammy of	29		

levity; or of golden youths that wanted gelding; or of what the	30			
mischievmiss made a man do. Malmarriedad he was reverso-	31			
gassed by the frisque of her frasques and her prytty pyrrhique.	32			
Maye faye, she's la gaye this snaky woman! From that trippiery	33			
toe expectungpelick! Veil, volante, valentine eyes. She's the	34			
very besch Winnie blows Nay on good. Flou inn, flow ann.	35			
Hohore! So it's sure it was her not we! But lay it easy, gentle	36			
FW021				
mien, we are in rearing of a norewhig. So weenybeeney-	1			
veenyteeny. Comsy see! Het wis if ee newt. Lissom! lissom!	2			
I am doing it. Hark, the corne entreats! And the larpnotes	3			
prittle.	4			
It was of a night, late, lang time agone, in an auldstane eld,	5			
when Adam was delvin and his madameen spinning watersilts,	6			
when mulk mountynotty man was everybully and the first leal	7			
ribberrobber that ever had her ainway everybuddy to his love-	8			
saking eyes and everybilly lived alove with everybidy else, and	9			
Jarl van Hoother had his burnt head high up in his lamphouse,	10			
laying cold hands on himself. And his two little jiminies, cousins	11			

of ourn, Tristopher and Hilary, were kickaheeling their dummy	12			
on the oil cloth flure of his homerigh, castle and earthenhouse.	13			
And, be dermot, who come to the keep of his inn only the niece-	14			
of-his-in-law, the prankquean. And the prankquean pulled a rosy	15			
one and made her wit foreninst the dour. And she lit up and fire-	16			
land was ablaze. And spoke she to the dour in her petty perusi-	17			
enne: Mark the Wans, why do I am alook alike a poss of porter-	18			
pease? And that was how the skirtmisshes began. But the dour	19			
handworded her grace in dootch nossow: Shut! So her grace	20			
o'malice kidsnapped up the jiminy Tristopher and into the shan-	21			
dy westerness she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl van Hoother war-	22			
lessed after her with soft dovesgall: Stop deaf stop come back to	23			
my earin stop. But she swaradid to him: Unlikelihud. And there	24			
was a brannewail that same sabboath night of falling angles some-	25			
where in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years'	26			
walk in Tourlemonde and she washed the blessings of the love-	27			
spots off the jiminy with soap sulliver suddles and she had her	28			
four owlers masters for to tauch him his tickles and she convor-	29			
ted him to the onesure allgood and he became a luderman. So then	30			
she started to rain and to rain and, be redtom, she was back again	31			
at Jarl van Hoother's in a brace of samers and the jiminy with	32			

her in her pinafrond, lace at night, at another time. And where	33			
did she come but to the bar of his bristolry. And Jarl von Hoo-	34			
ther had his baretholobruised heels drowned in his cellarmalt,	35			
shaking warm hands with himself and the jimminy Hilary and	36			
FW022				
the dummy in their first infancy were below on the tearsheet,	1			
wringing and coughing, like brodar and histher. And the prank-	2			
quean nipped a paly one and lit up again and redcocks flew flack-	3			
ering from the hillcombs. And she made her witter before the	4			
wicked, saying: Mark the Twy, why do I am alook alike two poss	5			
of porterpease? And: Shut! says the wicked, handwording her	6			
madesty. So her madesty aforethought set down a jiminy and	7			
took up a jiminy and all the lilipath ways to Woeman's Land she	8			
rain, rain, rain. And Jarl von Hoother bleathered atter her with	9			
a loud finegale: Stop domb stop come back with my earring stop.	10			
But the prankquean swaradid: Am liking it. And there was a wild	11			
old grannewwail that laurency night of starshootings somewhere	12			
in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in	13			
Turnlemeem and she punched the curses of cromcruwell with	14			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

the nail of a top into the jiminy and she had her four larksical	15			
monitrix to touch him his tears and she provorted him to the	16			
onecertain allsecure and he became a tristian. So then she started	17			
raining, raining, and in a pair of changers, be dom ter, she was	18			
back again at Jarl von Hoother's and the Larryhill with her under	19			
her abromette. And why would she halt at all if not by the ward	20			
of his mansionhome of another nice lace for the third charm?	21			
And Jarl von Hoother had his hurricane hips up to his pantry-	22			
box, ruminating in his holdfour stomachs (Dare! O dare!), and	23			
the jiminy Toughertrees and the dummy were belove on the	24			
watercloth, kissing and spitting, and roguing and poghuing, like	25			
knavepaltry and naivebride and in their second infancy. And the	26			
prankquean picked a blank and lit out and the valleys lay twink-	27			
ling. And she made her wittest in front of the arkway of trihump,	28			
asking: Mark the Tris, why do I am alook alike three poss of por-	29			
ter pease? But that was how the skirtmishes enduppued. For like	30			
the campbells acoming with a fork lance of lightning, Jarl von	31			
Hoother Boanerges himself, the old terror of the dames, came	32			
hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened arkway of his	33			
three shuttoned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic chol-	34			
lar and his allabuff hemmed and his bullbraggin soxangloves	35			

and his ladbroke breeks and his cattegut bandolair and his fur-	36			
FW023				
framed panuncular cumbottes like a rudd yellan gruebleen or-	1			
angeman in his violet indigonation, to the whole longth of the	2			
strongth of his bowman's bill. And he clopped his rude hand to	3			
his eacy hitch and he ordurd and his thick spch spck for her to	4			
shut up shop, dappy. And the duppy shot the shutter clup (Per-	5			
kodhuskurunbarggruauyagokgorlayorgromgremmitghundhurth-	6			
rumathunaradidillifaititillibumullunukkunun!) And they all drank	7			
free. For one man in his armour was a fat match always for any	8			
girls under shurts. And that was the first peace of illiterative	9			
porthery in all the flamend floody flatuous world. How kirssy the	10			
tiler made a sweet unclose to the Narwhealian captol. Saw fore	11			
shalt thou sea. Betoun ye and be. The prankquean was to hold	12			
her dummyship and the jimminies was to keep the peacewave	13			
and van Hooter was to git the wind up. Thus the hearsomeness	14			
of the burger felicitates the whole of the polis.	15			
O foenix culprit! Ex nickylow malo comes mickelmassed bo-	16			
num. Hill, rill, ones in company, billeted, less be proud of. Breast	17			

high and bestride! Only for that these will not breathe upon	18			
Norrnesen or Irenean the secrest of their soorcelossness. Quar-	19			
ry silex, Homfrie Noanswa! Undy gentian festyknees, Livia No-	20			
answa? Wolkencap is on him, frowned; audiurient, he would	21			
evesdrip, were it mous at hand, were it dinn of bottles in the far	22			
ear. Murk, his vales are darkling. With liph she lithpeth to him	23			
all to time of thuch on thuch and thow on thow. She he she ho	24			
she ha to la. Hairfluke, if he could bad twig her! Impalpabunt,	25			
he abhears. The soundwaves are his buffeteers; they trompe him	26			
with their trompes; the wave of roary and the wave of hooshed	27			
and the wave of hawhawhawrd and the wave of neverheedthem-	28			
horseluggarsandlistletomine. Landloughed by his neaghboormis-	29			
tress and petrified in his offspring, sables and suckers, the	30			
moaning pipers could tell him to his faceback, the louthly one	31			
whose loab we are devorers of, how butt for his hold halibutt, or	32			
her to her pudor puff, the lipalip one whose libe we drink at, how	33			
biff for her tiddywink of a windfall, our breed and washer givers,	34			
there would not be a holey spier on the town nor a vestal flout-	35			
ing in the dock, nay to make plein avowels, nor a yew nor an eye	36			
FW024				

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

to play cash cash in Novo Nilbud by swamplight nor a' toole o'	1			
tall o' toll and noddy hint to the convaynience.	2			
He dug in and dug out by the skill of his tilth for himself and	3			
all belonging to him and he sweated his crew beneath his auspice	4			
for the living and he urned his dread, that dragon volant, and he	5			
made louse for us and delivered us to boll weevils amain, that	6			
mighty liberator, Unfru-Chikda-Uru-Wukru and begad he did,	7			
our ancestor most worshipful, till he thought of a better one in	8			
his windower's house with that blushmantle upon him from ears-	9			
end to earsend. And would again could whispring grassies wake	10			
him and may again when the fiery bird disembers. And will	11			
again if so be sooth by elder to his youngers shall be said. Have	12			
you whines for my wedding, did you bring bride and bedding,	13			
will you whoop for my deading is a? Wake? <i>Usqueadbaugham!</i>	14			
Anam muck an dhoul! Did ye drink me doornail?	15			
Now be aisy, good Mr Finnimore, sir. And take your laysure	16			
like a god on pension and don't be walking abroad. Sure you'd	17			
only lose yourself in Healiopolis now the way your roads in	18			
Kapelavaster are that winding there after the calvary, the North	19			
Umbrian and the Fivs Barrow and Waddlings Raid and the	20			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Bower Moore and wet your feet maybe with the foggy dew's	21			
abroad. Meeting some sick old bankrupt or the Cottericks' donkey	22			
with his shoe hanging, clankatachankata, or a slut snoring with an	23			
impure infant on a bench. 'Twould turn you against life, so	24			
'twould. And the weather's that mean too. To part from Devlin	25			
is hard as Nugent knew, to leave the clean tanglesome one lushier	26			
than its neighbour enfranchisable fields but let your ghost have	27			
no grievance. You're better off, sir, where you are, primesigned	28			
in the full of your dress, bloodeagle waistcoat and all, remember-	29			
ing your shapes and sizes on the pillow of your babycurls under	30			
your sycamore by the keld water where the Tory's clay will scare	31			
the varmints and have all you want, pouch, gloves, flask, bricket,	32			
kerchief, ring and amberulla, the whole treasure of the pyre, in the	33			
land of souls with Homin and Broin Baroke and pole ole Lonan	34			
and Nobucketnozzler and the Guinnghis Khan. And we'll be	35			
coming here, the ombre players, to rake your gravel and bringing	36			
FW025				
you presents, won't we, fenians? And it isn't our spittle we'll stint	1			
you of, is it, druids? Not shabbty little imagettes, pennydirts and	2			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

dodgemyeyes you buy in the soottee stores. But offerings of the	3			
field. Mieliodories, that Doctor Faherty, the madison man,	4			
taught to gooden you. Popypap's a passport out. And honey is	5			
the holiest thing ever was, hive, comb and earwax, the food for	6			
glory, (mind you keep the pot or your nectar cup may yield too	7			
light!) and some goat's milk, sir, like the maid used to bring you.	8			
Your fame is spreading like Basilico's ointment since the Fintan	9			
Lalors piped you overborder and there's whole households be-	10			
yond the Bothnians and they calling names after you. The men-	11			
here's always talking of you sitting around on the pig's cheeks	12			
under the sacred rooftree, over the bowls of memory where every	13			
hollow holds a hallow, with a pledge till the drengs, in the Salmon	14			
House. And admiring to our supershillelagh where the palmsweat	15			
on high is the mark of your manument. All the toethpicks ever	16			
Eirenesians chewed on are chips chepped from that battery	17			
block. If you were bowed and soild and letdown itself from the	18			
oner of the load it was that paddyplanters might pack up plenty and	19			
when you were undone in every point fore the laps of goddesses	20			
you showed our labourlasses how to free was easy. The game old	21			
Gunne, they do be saying, (skull!) that was a planter for you, a	22			
spicer of them all. Begog but he was, the G.O.G! He's dudd-	23			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

andgunne now and we're apter finding the sores of his sedeq	24			
but peace to his great limbs, the buddhoch, with the last league	25			
long rest of him, while the millioncandled eye of Tuskar sweeps	26			
the Moylean Main! There was never a warlord in Great Erinnes	27			
and Brettland, no, nor in all Pike County like you, they say. No,	28			
nor a king nor an ardking, bung king, sung king or hung king.	29			
That you could fell an elmstree twelve urchins couldn't ring	30			
round and hoist high the stone that Liam failed. Who but a Mac-	31			
cullaghmore the reise of our fortunes and the faunayman at the	32			
funeral to compass our cause? If you was hoggiebully itself and	33			
most frifty like you was taken waters still what all where was	34			
your like to lay the cable or who was the batter could better	35			
Your Grace? Mick Mac Magnus MacCawley can take you off to	36			
FW026				
the pure perfection and Leatherbags Reynolds tries your shuffle	1			
and cut. But as Hopkins and Hopkins puts it, you were the pale	2			
eggynaggy and a kis to tilly up. We calls him the journeyall	3			
Buggaloffs since he went Jerusalemfaring in Arssia Manor. You	4			
had a gamier cock than Pete, Jake or Martin and your archgoose	5			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

of geese stubbled for All Angels' Day. So may the priest of seven	6			
worms and scalding tayboil, Papa Vestray, come never anear you	7			
as your hair grows wheater beside the Liffey that's in Heaven!	8			
Hep, hep, hurrah there! Hero! Seven times thereto we salute	9			
you! The whole bag of kits, falconplumes and jackboots incloted,	10			
is where you flung them that time. Your heart is in the system	11			
of the Shewolf and your crested head is in the tropic of Copri-	12			
capron. Your feet are in the cloister of Virgo. Your olala is in the	13			
region of sahuls. And that's ashore as you were born. Your shuck	14			
tick's swell. And that there texas is tow linen. The loamsome	15			
roam to Laffayette is ended. Drop in your tracks, babe! Be not	16			
unrested! The headboddylwatcher of the chempel of Isid,	17			
Totumcalmum, saith: I know thee, metherjar, I know thee, sal-	18			
vation boat. For we have performed upon thee, thou abrama-	19			
nation, who comest ever without being invoked, whose coming	20			
is unknown, all the things which the company of the precentors	21			
and of the grammarians of Christpatrick's ordered concerning	22			
thee in the matter of the work of thy tombing. Howe of the ship-	23			
men, steep wall!	24			
Everything's going on the same or so it appeals to all of us,	25			
in the old holmsted here. Coughings all over the sanctuary, bad	26			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

scrant to me aunt Florenza. The horn for breakfast, one o' gong	27			
for lunch and dinnerchime. As popular as when Belly the First	28			
was keng and his members met in the Diet of Man. The same	29			
shop slop in the window. Jacob's lettercrackers and Dr Tipple's	30			
Vi-Cocoa and the Eswuards' desippated soup beside Mother Sea-	31			
gull's syrup. Meat took a drop when Reilly-Parsons failed. Coal's	32			
short but we've plenty of bog in the yard. And barley's up again,	33			
begrained to it. The lads is attending school nessans regular, sir,	34			
spelling beesknees with hathatansy and turning out tables by	35			
mudapplication. Allfor the books and never pegging smashers	36			
FW027				
after Tom Bowe Glassarse or Timmy the Tossier. 'Tisraely the	1			
truth! No isn't it, roman pathoricks? You were the doublejoynted	2			
janitor the morning they were delivered and you'll be a grandfer	3			
yet entirely when the ritehand seizes what the lovearm knows.	4			
Kevin's just a doat with his cherub cheek, chalking oghres on	5			
walls, and his little lamp and schoolbelt and bag of knicks, playing	6			
postman's knock round the diggings and if the seep were milk	7			
you could lieve his olde by his ide but, laus sake, the devil does	8			

be in that knirps of a Jerry sometimes, the tarandtan plaidboy,	9			
making encostive inkum out of the last of his lavings and writing	10			
a blue streak over his bourseday shirt. Hetty Jane's a child of	11			
Mary. She'll be coming (for they're sure to choose her) in her	12			
white of gold with a touch of ivy to rekindle the flame on Felix	13			
Day. But Essie Shanahan has let down her skirts. You remember	14			
Essie in our Luna's Convent? They called her Holly Merry her	15			
lips were so ruddyberry and Pia de Purebelle when the redminers	16			
riots was on about her. Were I a clerk designate to the Williams-	17			
woodsmenufactors I'd poster those pouters on every jamb in the	18			
town. She's making her rep at Lanner's twicenightly. With the	19			
tabarine tamtammers of the whirligigmagees. Beats that cachucha	20			
flat. 'Twould dilate your heart to go.	21			
Aisy now, you decent man, with your knees and lie quiet and	22			
repose your honour's lordship! Hold him here, Ezekiel Irons, and	23			
may God strengthen you! It's our warm spirits, boys, he's spoor-	24			
ing. Dimitrius O'Flagonan, cork that cure for the Clancartys! You	25			
swamped enough since Portobello to float the Pomeroy. Fetch	26			
neahere, Pat Koy! And fetch nouyou, Pam Yates! Be nayther	27			
angst of Wramawitch! Here's lumbos. Where misties swaddlum,	28			
where misches lodge none, where mystries pour kind on, O	29			

1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

sleepy! So be yet!	30			
I've an eye on queer Behan and old Kate and the butter, trust me.	31			
She'll do no jugglywuggly with her war souvenir postcards to	32			
help to build me mural, tippers! I'll trip your traps! Assure a	33			
sure there! And we put on your clock again, sir, for you. Did or	34			
didn't we, sharestutterers? So you won't be up a stump entirely.	35			
Nor shed your remnants. The sternwheel's crawling strong. I	36			
FW028				
seen your missus in the hall. Like the queenoveire. Arrah, it's	1			
herself that's fine, too, don't be talking! Shirksends? You storyan	2			
Harry chap longa me Harry chap storyan grass woman plelthy	3			
good trout. Shakeshands. Dibble a hayfork's wrong with her only	4			
her lex's salig. Boald Tib does be yawning and smirking cat's	5			
hours on the Pollockses' woolly round tabouretcushion watch-	6			
ing her sewing a dream together, the tailor's daughter, stitch to	7			
her last. Or while waiting for winter to fire the enchantement,	8			
decoying more nesters to fall down the flue. It's an allavalonche that	9			
blows nopussy food. If you only were there to explain the mean-	10			
ing, best of men, and talk to her nice of guldenselver. The lips	11			

would moisten once again. As when you drove with her to Fin-	12			
drinny Fair. What with reins here and ribbons there all your	13			
hands were employed so she never knew was she on land or at	14			
sea or swooped through the blue like Airwinger's bride. She	15			
was flirtsome then and she's fluttersome yet. She can second a	16			
song and adores a scandal when the last post's gone by. Fond of	17			
a concertina and pairs passing when she's had her forty winks	18			
for supper after kanekannan and abbely dimpling and is in her	19			
merlin chair assotted, reading her Evening World. To see is	20			
it smarts, full lengths or swaggers. News, news, all the news.	21			
Death, a leopard, kills fellah in Fez. Angry scenes at Stormount.	22			
Stilla Star with her lucky in goingaways. Opportunity fair with	23			
the China floods and we hear these rosy rumours. Ding Tams he	24			
noise about all same Harry chap. She's seeking her way, a chickle	25			
a chuckle, in and out of their serial story, <i>Les Loves of Selskar</i>	26			
<i>et Pervenche</i> , freely adapted to <i>The Novvergin's Viv</i> . There'll	27			
be bluebells blowing in salty sepulchres the night she signs her	28			
final tear. Zee End. But that's a world of ways away. Till track	29			
laws time. No silver ash or switches for that one! While flattering	30			
candles flare. Anna Stacey's how are you! Worthier waist in the	31			
noblest, says Adams and Sons, the wouldpay actionneers. Her	32			

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hair's as brown as ever it was. And wivvy and wavy. Repose you	33			
now! Finn no more!	34			
For, be that samesake sibsubstitute of a hooky salmon, there's	35			
already a big rody ram lad at random on the premises of his	36			
FW029				
haunt of the hungred bordles, as it is told me. Shop Illicit,	1			
flourishing like a lordmajor or a buaboabaybohm, litting flop	2			
a deadlop (aloose!) to lee but lifting a bennbranch a yardalong	3			
(ivoeh!) on the breezy side (for showm!), the height of Brew-	4			
ster's chimpney and as broad below as Phineas Barnum; humph-	5			
ing his share of the showthers is senken on him he's such a	6			
grandfallar, with a pocked wife in pickle that's a flyfire and three	7			
lice nittle clinkers, two twilling bugs and one midgit pucelle.	8			
And aither he cursed and recursed and was everseen doing what	9			
your fourfootlers saw or he was never done seeing what you cool-	10			
pigeons know, weep the clouds aboon for smiledown witnesses,	11			
and that'll do now about the fairyhees and the frailyshees.	12			
Though Eset fibble it to the zephiroth and Artsa zoom it round	13			
her heavens for ever. Creator he has created for his creatured	14			

ones a creation. White monothoid? Red theatocrat? And all the	15			
pinkprophets cohaething? Very much so! But however 'twas	16			
'tis sure for one thing, what sherif Toragh voucherfors and	17			
Mapqiq makes put out, that the man, Humme the Cheapner,	18			
Esc, overseen as we thought him, yet a worthy of the naym,	19			
came at this timecoloured place where we live in our paroqial	20			
fermament one tide on another, with a bumrush in a hull of a	21			
wherry, the twin turbane dhow, <i>The Bey for Dybbling</i> , this	22			
archipelago's first visiting schooner, with a wicklowpattern	23			
waxenwench at her prow for a figurehead, the deadsea dugong	24			
updipdripping from his depths, and has been repreaching him-	25			
self like a fishmummer these siktyten years ever since, his shebi	26			
by his shide, adi and aid, growing hoarish under his turban and	27			
changing cane sugar into sethulose starch (Tuttut's cess to him!)	28			
as also that, batin the bulkihood he bloats about when innebbi-	29			
ated, our old offender was humile, commune and ensectuous	30			
from his nature, which you may gauge after the bynames was	31			
put under him, in lashons of languages, (honnein suit and	32			
praisers be!) and, totalisating him, even hamissim of himashim	33			
that he, sober serious, he is ee and no counter he who will be	34			
ultimendly respunchable for the hubbub caused in Eden-	35			

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51

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