

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

1

<b>11. Episode ELEVEN</b> (74 pages, from 309 to 382)			
Full FW Text	FW Line		
FW309			
It may not or maybe a no concern of the Guinnesses but.	1		
That the fright of his light in tribalbalbutience hides aback in	2		
the doom of the balk of the deaf but that the height of his life	3		
from a bride's eye stamppunct is when a man that means a moun-	4		
tain barring his distance wades a lymph that plays the lazy win-	5		
ning she likes yet that pride that bogs the party begs the glory of	6		
a wake while the scheme is like your rumba round me garden,	7		
allatheses, with perhelps the prop of a prompt to them, was now	8		
or never in Etheria Deserta, as in Grander Suburbia, with Finn-	9		
fannfawners, ruric or cospolite, for much or moment indispute.	10		
Whyfor had they, it is Hiberio-Miletians and Argloe-Noremen,	11		
donated him, birth of an otion that was breeder to sweatoslaves,	12		
as mysterbolder, forced in their waste, and as for Ibdullin what of	13		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

2

Himana, that their tolv tubular high fidelity daildialler, as modern	14		
as tomorrow afternoon and in appearance up to the minute, (hear-	15		
ing that anybody in that ruad duchy of Wollinstown schemed	16		
to halve the wrong type of date) equipped with supershielded um-	17		
brella antennas for distancegetting and connected by the magnetic	18		
links of a Bellini-Tosti coupling system with a vitaltone speaker,	19		
capable of capturing skybuddies, harbour craft emittences, key	20		
clickings, vaticum cleaners, due to woman formed mobile or	21		
man made static and bawling the howle hamshack and wobble	22		
down in an eliminium sounds pound so as to serve him up a mele-	23		
goturny marygoraumd, eelectrically filtered for allirish earths and	24		
FW310			
ohmes. This harmonic condenser enginium (the Mole) they	1		
caused to be worked from a magazine battery (called the Mimmim	2		
Bimbim patent number 1132, Thorpetersen and Synds, Joms-	3		
borg, Selverbergen) which was tuned up by twintriodic singul-	4		
valvulous pipelines (lackslipping along as if their liffig deepunded	5		
on it) with a howdrocephalous enlargement, a gain control of	6		
circumcentric megacycles, ranging from the antidulibnium onto	7		
the serostaatarean. They finally caused, or most leastways brung it	8		
about somehows, (that) the pip of the lin (to) pinnatrate inthro	9		
an auricular forfickle (known as the Vakingfar sleeper, mono-	10		
fractured by Piaras UaRhuamhaighaudhlug, tympan founder,	11		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Eustache Straight, Bauliaughacleeagh) a meatous conch culpable	12		
of cunduncing Naul and Santry and the forty routs of Corthy	13		
with the concertiums of the Brythyc Symmonds Guild, the	14		
Ropemakers Reunion, the Variagated Peddlars Barringoy Bni-	15		
brthirhd, the Askold Olegsonder Crowds of the O'Keef-Rosses	16		
and Rhosso-Keevers of Zastwoking, the Ligue of Yahoouth o.s.v.	17		
so as to lall the bygone dozed they arborised around, up his	18		
corpular fruent and down his reuctionary buckling, hummer,	19		
enville and cstorrap (the man of Iren, thore's Curlymane for	20		
you!), lill the lubberendth of his otological life.	21		
House of call is all their evenbreads though its cartomance	22		
hallucinate like an erection in the night the mummery of whose	23		
deed, a lur of Nur, immerges a mirage in a merror, for it is where	24		
by muzzinmessed for one wathhour, bilaws below, till time jings	25		
pleas, that host of a bottlefilled, the bulkily hulkwight, hunter's	26		
pink of face, an orel orioled, is in on a bout to be unbulging an	27		
o'connell's, the true one, all seethic, a luckybock, pledge of the	28		
stoup, whilom his canterberry bellseyes wink wickeding indtil	29		
the teller, oyne of an oustman in skull of skand. Yet is it, this	30		
ale of man, for him, our hubuljoynted, just a tug and a fistful as	31		
for Culsen, the Patagoreyan, chieftain of chokanchuckers and his	32		
moyety joyant, under the foamer dispensation when he pullupped	33		
the turfeycork by the greats of gobble out of Lougk Neagk.	34		
When, pressures be to our hoary frother, the pop gave his sullen	35		
bulletaction and, bilge, sled a movement of catharic emulsipotion	36		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

FW311			
down the sloppery slide of a slaunty to tilted lift-ye-landsmen.	1		
Allamin. Which in the ambit of its orbit heaved a sink her sailer	2		
alongside of a drink her drainer from the basses brothers, those	3		
two theygottheres.	4		
It was long after once there was a lealand in the luffing ore it	5		
was less after lives thor a toyler in the tawn at all ohr it was note	6		
before he drew out the moddle of Kersse by jerkin his dressing	7		
but and or it was not before athwartships he buttonhaled the	8		
Norweeger's capstan.	9		
So he sought with the lobestir claw of his propencil the clue of	10		
the wickser in his ear. O, lord of the barrels, comer forth from	11		
Anow (I have not mislaid the key of Efas-Taem), O, Ana, bright	12		
lady, comer forth from Thenanow (I have not left temptation in	13		
the path of the sweeper of the threshold), O!	14		
But first, strongbowth, they would deal death to a drinking.	15		
Link of a leadder, dubble in it, slake your thirdst thoughts awake	16		
with it. Our svalves are svalves aroon! We rescue thee, O Baass,	17		
from the damp earth and honour thee. O Connibell, with mouth	18		
burial! So was done, neat and trig. Up draught and whet	19		
them!	20		
— Then sagd he to the ship's husband. And in his translaten-	21		
tic norjankeltian. Hwere can a ketch or hook alive a suit and	22		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

sowterkins? Soot! sayd the ship's husband, knowing the language,	23		
here is tayleren. Ashe and Whitehead, closechop, successor to.	24		
Ahorror, he sayd, canting around to that beddest his friend, the	25		
tayler, for finixed coulpure, chunk pulley muchy chink topside	26		
numpa one sellafella, fake an capstan make and shoot! Manning to	27		
sayle of clothse for his lady her master whose to be precised of a	28		
peer of trouders under the pattern of a cassack. Let me prove, I	29		
pray thee, but this once, sazd Mengarments, saving the mouth-	30		
brand from his firepool. He spit in his faist (beggin): he tape the	31		
raw baste (paddin): he planked his pledge (as dib is a dab): and he	32		
tog his fringe sleeve (buthock lad, fur whale). Alloy for allay and	33		
this toolth for that soolth. Lick it and like it. A barter, a parter.	34		
And plenty good enough, neighbour Norreys, every bit and	35		
grain. And the ship's husband brokecurst after him to hail the	36		
FW312			
lugger. Stolp, tief, stolp, come bag to Moy Eireann! And the	1		
Norweeger's capstan swaradeed, some blowfish out of schooling:	2		
All lykkehud! Below taiyor he ikan heavin sets. But they broken	3		
waters and they made whole waters at they surfered bark to the	4		
lots of his vauce. And aweigh he yankered on the Norgean run so	5		
that seven sailend sonnenrounders was he breastbare to the brina-	6		
bath, where bottoms out has fatthoms full, fram Franz José	7		
Land til Cabo Thormendoso, evenstarde and risingsoon. Up the	8		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Rivor Tanneiry and down the Golfe Desombres. Farety days and	9		
fearty nights. Enjoy yourself, O maremen! And the tides made,	10		
veer and haul, and the times marred, rear and fall, and, holey	11		
bucket, dinned he raigh!	12		
— Hump! Hump! bassed the broaders-in-laugh with a quick	13		
piddysnip that wee halfbit a second.	14		
— I will do that, sazd Kersse, mainingstaying the rigout for her	15		
wife's lairdship. Nett sew? they hunched back at the earpicker.	16		
But old sporty, as endth lord, in ryehouse reighner, he nought	17		
feared crimp or cramp of shore sharks, plotsome to getsome. It	18		
was whol niet godthaab of errol Loritz off his Cape of Good	19		
Howthe and his trippertrice loretta lady, a maomette to his	20		
monetone, with twy twy twinky her stone hairpins, only not,	21		
if not, a queen of Prancess their telling tabled who was for his	22		
seeming a casket through the heavenly, nay, heart of the sweet	23		
(had he hows would he keep her as niece as a fiddle!) but in the	24		
mealtub it was wohl yeas sputsbargain what, rarer of recent, an	25		
occasional conformity, he, with Muggleton Muckers, awagers	26		
allalong most certainly allowed, as pilerinnager's grace to peti-	27		
tionists of right, of the three blend cupstoomerries with their	28		
customed spirits, the Gill gob, the Burkley bump, the Wallisey	29		
wanderlook, having their ceilidhe gailydhe in his shaunty irish.	30		
Group drinkards maaks grope thinkards or how reads rotary,	31		
jewr of a chrestend, respecting the otherdogs churchees, so long	32		
plubs will be plebs but plabs by low frequency amplification may	33		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

later agree to have another. For the people of the shed are the	34		
sure ads of all quorum. Lorimers and leathersellers, skimmers and	35		
salters, pewterers and paperstainers, parishclerks, fletcherbowyers,	36		
FW313			
girdlers, mercers, cordwainers and first, and not last, the weavers.	1		
Our library he is hoping to ye public.	2		
Innholder, upholder.	3		
— Sets on sayfohrt! Go to it, agitator! they bassabosuned over	4		
the flowre of their hoose. Godeown moseys and skeep thy beeble	5		
bee!	6		
— I will do that, acordial, by mine hand, saz d Kersse, piece	7		
Cod, and in the flap of a jacket, ructified after his nap of a blankit	8		
their o'cousin, as sober as the ship's husband he was one my god-	9		
father when he told me saw whileupon I am now well and jurily	10		
sagasfide after the boonamorse the widower, according to rider,	11		
following pnomoneya, he is consistently blown to Adams. So	12		
help me boyg who keeps the book!	13		
Whereofter, behest his suzerain law the Thing and the pilsener	14		
had the baar, Recknar Jarl, (they called him Roguenor, Irl call	15		
him) still passing the change-a-pennies, pengeypigses, a several	16		
sort of coyne in livery, pushed their whisper in his hairing,	17		
(seemed, a some shipshep's sottovoxed stalement, a dearagadye,	18		
to hasvey anyone doing duty for duff point of dorkland compors)	19		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

the same to the good ind ast velut discharge after which he had	20		
exempted more than orphan for the ballast of his nurtural life.	21		
And threw a cast. A few pigses and hare you are and no chicking,	22		
tribune's tribute, if you guess mimic miening. Meanly in his lewd-	23		
brogue take your tyon coppels token, with this good sixtric	24		
from mine runbag of jewels. Nummers that is summus that is	25		
toptip that is bottombay that is Twomeys that is Digges that is	26		
Heres. In the frameshape of hard mettles. For we all would fain	27		
make glories. It is minely well mint.	28		
Thus as count the costs of liquid courage, a bullyon gauger,	29		
stowed stivers pengapung in bulk in hold (fight great finence!	30		
brayvoh, little bratton!) keen his kenning, the quieriest of the	31		
crew, with that fellow fearing for his own misshapes, should he be	32		
himpself namesakely a foully fallen dissentant from the peripu-	33		
lator, sued towerds Meade-Reid and Lynn-Duff, rubbing the	34		
hodden son of a pookal, leaden be light, lather be dry and it be	35		
drownd on all the ealsth beside, how the camel and where the	36		
FW314			
deiffel or when the finicking or why the funicking, who caused	1		
the scaffolding to be first removed you give orders, babeling,	2		
were their reidey meade answer when on the cutey (the cores-	3		
pondent) in conflict of evidence drew a kick at witness but	4		
(missed) and for whom in the dyffflun's kiddy removed the	5		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

planks they were wanted, boob.	6		
Bump!	7		
Bothallchoractorschumminaroundgansumuminarumdrum-	8		
strumtruminahumptadumpwaultopoofoolooderamaunsturnup!	9		
— Did do a dive, aped one.	10		
— Propellopalombarouter, based two.	11		
— Rutsch is for rutterman ramping his roe, seed three. Where	12		
the muddies scrimm ball. Bimbim bimbim. And the maidies	13		
scream all. Himhim himhim.	14		
And forthemore let legend go lore of it that mortar scene so	15		
cwympty dwympty what a dustydust it razed arbororiginally but,	16		
luck's leap to the lad at the top of the ladder, so sartor's risorted	17		
why the sinner the badder! Ho ho ho hoch! La la la lach! Hillary	18		
rillary gibbous grist to our millery! A pushpull, qq: quiescence,	19		
pp: with extravent intervolve coupling. The savest lauf in the	20		
world. Paradoxmutose caring, but here in a present booth of Balla-	21		
clay, Barthalamou, where their dutchuncler mynhosts and serves	22		
them dram well right for a boors' interior (homereek van hohm-	23		
ryk) that salve that selver is to screen its auntey and has ringround	24		
as worldwise eve her sins (pip, pip, pip) willpip futurepip feature	25		
apip footloose pastcast with spareshins and flash substittles of	26		
noirse-made-earsy from a nephew mind the narrator but give the	27		
devil his so long as those sohns of a blitzh call the tuone tuone and	28		
thonder alout makes the thurd. Let there be. Due.	29		
— That's all murtagh purtagh but whad ababs his dopter?	30		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

sissed they who were onetime ungerls themselves, (when the	31		
youthel of his yorn shook the bouchal in his bed) twilled along-	32		
side in wiping the rice assatiated with their wetting. The lappel	33		
of his size? His <i>ros in sola velnere</i> and he sicckumed of homnis	34		
terrars. She wends to scoulas in her slalpers. There were no pea-	35		
nats in her famalgia so no wumble she tumbled for his famas	36		
FW315			
roalls davors. Don't him forget! A butcheler artsed out of Cullege	1		
Trainity. Diddled he daddle a drop of the cradler on delight	2		
mebold laddy was stetched? Knit wear? And they addled, (or	3		
ere the cry of their tongues would be uptied dead) Shufflebotham	4		
asidled, plus his ducks fore his drills, an inlay of a liddle more	5		
lining maught be licensed all at ones, be these same tokens, for-	6		
giving a brass rap, sneither a whole length nor a short shift so	7		
full as all were concerned.	8		
Burniface, shiply efter, shoply after, at an angle of lag, let flow,	9		
brabble brabble and brabble, and so hostily, heavyside breathing,	10		
came up with them and, check me joule, shot the three tailors,	11		
butting back to Moyle herring, bump as beam and buttend, roller	12		
and reiter, after the diluv's own deluge, the seasant samped as	13		
skibber breezed in, tripping, dripping, threw the sheets in the	14		
wind, the tights of his trunks at tickle to tackle and his rubmelucky	15		
truss rehorsing the pouffed skirts of his overhawl. He'd left his	16		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

stickup in his hand to show them none ill feeling. Whatthough for	17		
all appentices it had a mushroom on it. While he faced them	18		
front to back, Then paraseuls round, quite taken atack, sclaiming,	19		
Howe cools Eavybroolly!	20		
— Good marrams, sagd he, freshwatties and boasterdes all, as	21		
he put into bierhiven, nogeysokey first, cabootle segund, jilling	22		
to windwards, as he made straks for that oerasound the snarsty weg	23		
for Publin, so was his horenpipe lug in the lee off their mouths	24		
organs, with his tilt too taut for his tammy all a slaunter and his	25		
wigger on a wagger with its tag tucked. Up. With a good easter-	26		
ing and a good westering. And he asked from him how the hitch	27		
did do this my fand sulkers that mone met the Kidballacks which	28		
he suttonly remembered also where the hatch was he endnew	29		
strandweys he's that fond sutchenson, a penincular fraimd of	30		
mind, fordeed he was langseling to talka holt of hems, clown	31		
toff, tye hug fliorten. Cablen: Clifftop. Shelvling tobay oppe-	32		
long tomeadow. Ware cobbles. Posh.	33		
— Skibbereen has common inn, by pounautique, with poke-	34		
way paw, and sadder raven evermore, telled shinshanks lauwering	35		
frankish for his kicker who, through the medium of gallic	36		
FW316			
— Pukkelsen, tilltold.	1		
That with some our prowed invisors how their ulstravoliance led	2		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

them infroraid, striking down and landing alow, against our	3		
aerian insulation resistance, two boards that beached ast one, wid-	4		
ness thane and tysk and hanry. Prepatrickularly all, they summed.	5		
Kish met. Bound to. And for landlord, noting, nodding, a coast	6		
to moor was cause to mear. Besides proof plenty, over proof.	7		
While they either took a heft. Or the other swore his eric. Heaved	8		
two, spluiced the menbrace. Heirs at you, Brewinbaroon! Weth	9		
a whistle for methanks.	10		
— Good marrams and good merrymills, sayd good mothers	11		
gossip, bobbing his bowing both ways with the bents and skerries,	12		
when they were all in the old walled of Kinkincaraborg (and that	13		
they did overlive the hot air of Montybunkum upon the coal	14		
blasts of Mitropolitos let there meeds be the hourihorn), hibernia-	15		
ting after seven oak ages, fearsome where they were he had gone	16		
dump in the doomerig this tide where the peixies would pickle	17		
him down to the button of his seat and his sess old soss Erinly	18		
into the boelgein with the help of Divy and Jorum's locquor and	19		
shut the door after him to make a rarely fine Ran's cattle of fish.	20		
Morya Mortimor! Allapalla overus! Howoft had the ballshee	21		
tried! And they laying low for his home gang in that eeriebleak	22		
mead, with fireball feast and turkeys tumult and paupers patch	23		
to provide his bum end. The foe things your niggerhead needs	24		
to be fitten for the Big Water. He made the sign of the ham-	25		
mer. God's drought, he sayd, after a few daze, thinking of all	26		
those bliakings, how leif pauses! Here you are back on your haw-	27		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

kins, from Blasil the Brast to our povotogesus portocall, the furt	28		
on the turn of the hurdies, slave to trade, vassal of spices and a	29		
dragon-the-market, and be turbot, lurch a stripe, as were you	30		
soused methought out of the mackerel. Eldsfells! sayd he. A	31		
kumpavin on iceslant! Here's open handlegs for one old faulker	32		
from the hame folk here in you's booth! So sell me gundy, sagd	33		
the now waging cappon, with a warry posthumour's expletion,	34		
shoots ogos shootsle him or where's that slob? A bit bite of	35		
keesens, he sagd, til Dennis, for this jantar (and let the dobbblins	36		
FW317			
roast perus,) or a stinger, he sagd, t. d., on a doroughbread ken-	1		
nedey's for Patriki San Saki on svo fro or my old relogion's out	2		
of tiempor and when I'm soured to the tipples you can sink me	3		
lead, he sagd, and, if I get can, sagd he, a pusspull of tomtar-	4		
tarum. Thirst because homing hand give. Allkey dallkey, sayd	5		
the shop's housebound, for he was as deep as the north star (and	6		
could tolk sealer's solder into tankar's tolder) as might have sayd	7		
every man to his beast, and a treat for the trading scow, my cater	8		
million falls to you and crop feed a stall! Afram. And he got and	9		
gave the ekspedient for Hombreyhambrey wilcomer what's the	10		
good word. He made the sign on the feaster. Cloth be laid! And	11		
a disk of osturs for the swanker! Allahballah! He was the care-	12		
lessest man I ever see but he sure had the most sand. One fish-	13		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

14

ball with fixings! For a dan of a ven of a fin of a son of a gun of	14		
a gombolier. Ekspedient, sayd he, sonnur mine, Shackleton Sul-	15		
ten! Opvarts and at ham, or this ogry Osler will oxmaul us all,	16		
sayd he, like one familiar to the house, while Waldemar was	17		
heeling it and Maldemaer was toeing it, soe syg he was walking	18		
from the bowl at his food and the meer crank he was waiting for	19		
the tow of his turn. Till they plied him behaste on the fare. Say	20		
wehrn!	21		
— Nohow did he kersse or hoot alike the suit and solder skins,	22		
minded first breachesmaker with considerable way on and	23		
— Humpsea dumpsea, the munchantman, secondsnipped cutter	24		
the curter.	25		
— A ninth for a ninth. Take my worth from it. And no mistaenk,	26		
they thricetold the taler and they knew the whyed for too. The	27		
because of his sosuch. Uglymand fit himshemp but throats fill us	28		
all! And three's here's for repeat of the unium! Place the scaurs	29		
wore on your groot big bailey bill, he apullajibed, the O'Colonel	30		
Power, latterly distented from the O'Conner Dan, so promonitory	31		
himself that he was obloffious of the headth of hosth that rosed	32		
before him, from Sheeroskouro, under its zemblance of mardal	33		
mansk, like a dun darting dullemitter, with his moultain haares	34		
stuck in plostures upon it, (do you kend yon peak with its coast so	35		
green?) still trystfully acape for her his gragh knew well in pre-	36		
FW318			

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

cious memory and that proud grace to her, in gait a movely water,	1		
of smile a coolsome cup, with that rarefied air of a Montmalency	2		
and her quick little breaths and her climbing colour. Take thee	3		
live will save thee wive? I'll think uplon, lilady. Should anerous	4		
enthroprise call homovirtue, duinnafeare! The ghem's to the	5		
ghoom be she nere zo zma. Obsit nemon! Floodlift, her ancient	6		
of rights regaining, so yester yidd, even remembrance. And	7		
greater grown then in the trifle of her days, a mouse, a mere	8		
tittle, trots off with the whole panoromacron picture. Her young-	9		
free yoke stilling his wandercursus, jilt the spin of a curl and jolt	10		
the breadth of a buoy. The Annexandreian captive conquest.	11		
Ethna Prettyplume, Hooghly Spaight. Him her first lap, her his	12		
fast pal, for ditcher for plower, till deltas twoport. While this	13		
glowworld's lump is gloaming off and han in hende will grow.	14		
Through simpling years where the lowcasts have aten of amilikan	15		
honey and datish fruits and a bannock of barley on Tham the	16		
Thatcher's palm. O wanderness be wondernest and now! Listen-	17		
eath to me, veils of Mina! He would withsay, nepertheloss, that	18		
is too me mean. I oldways did me walsh and preechup ere we set	19		
to sope and fash. Now eats the vintner over these contents oft	20		
with his sad slow munch for backonham. Yet never shet it the	21		
brood of aurowoch, not for legions of donours of Gamuels. I	22		
have performed the law in truth for the lord of the law, Taif	23		
Alif. I have held out my hand for the holder of my heart in Anna-	24		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

polis, my youthrib city. Be ye then my protectors unto Mussa-	25		
botomia before the guards of the city. Theirs theres is a gentle-	26		
means agreement. Womensch plodge. To slope through heather	27		
till the foot. Join Andersoon and Co. If the flowers of speech	28		
valed the springs of me rising the hiker I hilltapped the murk I	29		
mist my blezzard way. Not a knocker on his head nor a nick-	30		
number on the manyoumeant. With that coldtbrundt natteldster	31		
wefting stinks from Alpyssinia, wooving nihilnulls from Memo-	32		
land and wolving the ulvertones of the voice. But his spectrem	33		
onlymergeant crested from the irised sea in plight, calvitousness,	34		
loss, nngnr, gliddinyss, unwill and snorth. It might have been	35		
what you call your change of my life but there's the chance of a	36		
FW319			
night for my lifting. Hillyhollow, valleylow! With the sounds	1		
and the scents in the morning.	2		
— I shot be shoddied, throttle me, fine me cowheel for ever,	3		
usquebauched the ersewild aleconner, for bringing briars to Bem-	4		
bracken and ringing rinbus round Demetrius for, as you wrinkle	5		
wryghtly, bully bluedomer, it's a suirsite's stircus haunting hes-	6		
teries round old volcanoes. We gin too gnir and thus plinary	7		
indulgence makes collemullas of us all. But Time is for talerman	8		
tasting his tap. Tiptoptap, Mister Maut.	9		
He made one summery (Cholk and murble in lonestime) of his	10		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

the three swallows like he was muzzling Moselems and torched	11		
up as the faery pangeant flued down the hisophenguts, a slake	12		
for the quicklining, to the tickle of his tube and the twobble of	13		
his fable, O, fibbing once upon a spray what a queer and queasy	14		
spree it was. Plumped.	15		
Which both did. Prompt. Eh, chrystal holder? Save Ampster-	16		
dampster that had rheumaniscences in his netherlumbs.	17		
— By the drope in his groin, Ali Slupa, thinks the cappon,	18		
plumbing his liners, we were heretofore.	19		
— And be the coop of his gobbos, Reacher the Thaurd, thinks	20		
your girth fatter, apopo of his buckseaseilers, but where's Horace's	21		
courtin troopsers?	22		
— I put hem behind the oasthouse, sagd Pukkelsen, tuning	23		
wound on the teller, appeased to the cue, that double dyode	24		
dealered, and he's wallowing awash swill of the Tarra water. And	25		
it marinned down his gargantast trombsathletic like the marousers of	26		
the gulpstroom. The kersse of Wolafs on him, shitateyar, he sagd in	27		
the fornicular, and, at weare or not at weare, I'm sigen no stretcher,	28		
for I carsed his murhersson goat in trotthers with them newbuckle-	29		
noosers behigh in the fire behame in the oasthouse. Hops! sagd he.	30		
— Smoke and coke choke! lauffed till the tear trickled drown a	31		
thigh the loafers all but a sheep's whosepants that swished to the	32		
lord he hadn't and the starer his story was talled to who felt that,	33		
the fierifornax being thurst on him motophosically, as Omar	34		
sometime notes, such a satuation, debauchly to be watched for,	35		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

would empty dempty him down to the ground.	36		
FW320			
— And hopy dope! sagd he, anded the enderer, now dyply	1		
hypnotised or hopeseys doper himself. And kersse him, sagd he,	2		
after inunder tarrapoulling, and the shines he cuts, shinar, the	3		
screeder, the stitchimesnider, adepted to nosesiorsioms in his	4		
budinholder, cummanisht, sagd he, (fouyoufoukou!) which goes	5		
in the ways smooking publics, sagd he, bomboosting to be in	6		
thelitest civile row faction for a dubblebrasterd navvygaiterd,	7		
(flick off that hvide aske, big head!) sagd he, the big bag of my	8		
hamd till hem, tollerloon, sagd he, with his pudny bun brofkost	9		
when he walts meet the bangd. I will put his fleas of wood in the	10		
flour, and he sagd, behunt on the oatshus, the not wellmade one,	11		
sagd he, the kersse of my armsore appal this most unmentionablest	12		
of men (mundering eeriesk, if he didn't scalded him all the	13		
shimps names in his gitter!) a coathemmed gusset sewer, sagd he,	14		
his first cudgin is an innvalet in the unitred stables which is not	15		
feed tonights a kirtle offal fisk and he is that woe worstered	16		
wastended shootmaker whatever poked a noodle in a clouth!	17		
So for the second tryon all the meeting of the acarras had it.	18		
How he hised his bungle oar his shourter and cut the pinter off his	19		
pourer and lay off for Fellagulphia in the farning. From his	20		
dhruimadhreamdhruue back to Brighten-pon-the-Baltic, from our	21		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

lund's rund turs bag til threathy hoeres a wuke. Ugh!	22		
— Stuff, Taaffe, stuff! interjoked it his wife's hopesend to the	23		
boath of them consistently. Come back to May Aileen.	24		
— Ild luck to it! blastfumed the nowraging scamptail, in flating	25		
furies outs trews his cammelskins, the flashlight of his ire wacker-	26		
ing from the eyewinker on his masttop. And aye far he fared from	27		
Afferik Arena and yea near he night till Blawland Bearing,	28		
baken be the brazen sun, buttered be the snows. And the sea	29		
shoaled and the saw squalled. And, soaking scupper, didn't he	30		
drain	31		
A pause.	32		
Infernal machinery (serial number: Bullysacre, dig care a dig)	33		
having thus passed the buck to billy back from jack (finder the	34		
keeper) as the baffling yarn sailed in circles it was now high tide	35		
for the reminding pair of snipers to be suitably punished till they	36		
FW321			
had, like the pervious oelkenner done, liquorally no more powers	1		
to their elbow. Ignorinsers' bliss, therefore, their not to say rifle	2		
butt target, none too wisely, poor fish, (he is eating, he is spun,	3		
is milked, he dives) upholding a lampthorne of lawstift as wand	4		
of welcome to all men in bonafay, (and the corollas he so has	5		
saved gainsts the virus he has thus injected!) discoastedself to that	6		
kipsie point of its Dublin bar there, breaking and entering, from the	7		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

outback's dead heart, Glasthule Bourne or Boehernapark Nolagh,	8		
by wattismade or bianconi, astraylians in island, a wellknown	9		
tall hat blown in between houses by a nightcap of that silk or it	10		
might be a black velvet and a kiber galler dragging his hunker,	11		
were signalling gael warnings towards Wazwollenzee Haven to	12		
give them their beerings, east circular route or elegant central	13		
highway. Open, 'tis luck will have it! Lifeboat Alloee, Noeman's	14		
Woe, Hircups Emptybolly! With winkles whelks and cocklesent	15		
jelks. Let be buttercup eve lit by night in the Phoenix! Music.	16		
And old lotts have funn at Flammagen's ball. Till Irinwakes from	17		
Slumber Deep. How they succeeded by courting daylight in	18		
saving darkness he who loves will see.	19		
Business. His bestness. Copeman helpen.	20		
Contrescene.	21		
He cupped his years to catch me's to you in what's yours as	22		
minest to hissant, giel as gail, geil as gaul, Odorozone, now our-	23		
menial servent, blanding rum, milk and toddy with I hand it	24		
to you. Saying wiches, see his bow on the hapence, with a pat-	25		
tedyr but digit here, he scooped the hens, hounds and horses	26		
biddy by bunny, with an arc of his covethand, saved from the	27		
drohnings they might oncounter, untill his cubid long, to hide in	28		
dry. Aside. Your sows tin the topple, dodgers, trink me dregs!	29		
Zoot!	30		
And with the gust of a spring alice the fossickers and swaggelers	31		
with him on the hoof from down under piked forth desert roses in	32		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

that mulligar scrub.	33		
Reenter Ashe Junior. Peiwei toptip, nankeen pontdelounges.	34		
Gives fair day. Cheroot. Cheevio!	35		
Off.	36		
FW322			
— Take off thatch whitehat (lo, Kersse come in back bespoking	1		
of loungeon off the Boildawl stuumpheats for rushirishis Irush-	2		
Irish, dangieling his old Conan over his top gallant shouldier so	3		
was, lao yiu shao, he's like more look a novicer on the nevoy).	4		
— Tick off that whilehot, you scum of a botch, (of Kersse who,	5		
as he turned out, alas, hwen ching hwan chang, had been mocking	6		
his hollaballoon a sample of the costume of the country).	7		
— Tape oaf that saw foull and sew wrong, welsher, you suck of	8		
a thick, stock and the udder, and confiteor yourself (for bekersse	9		
he had cuttered up and misfutthered in the most multiplest	10		
manner for that poor old bridge's masthard slouch a shook of	11		
cloakses the wise, hou he pouly hung hoang tseu, his own fitter	12		
couldn't nose him).	13		
Chorus: With his coate so graye. And his pounds that he	14		
pawnd from the burning.	15		
— And, haikon or hurlin, who did you do at doyle today, my	16		
horsey dorksey gentryman. Serge Mee, suit! sazd he, tersey ker-	17		
sey. And when Tersse had sazd this Kersse stood them the whole	18		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

koursse of training how the whole blazy raze acurraghed, from	19		
lambkinsback to sliving board and from spark to phoenish. And	20		
he tassed him tartly and he sassed him smartly, tig for tager, strop	21		
for stripe, as long as there's a lyasher on a kyat. And they peered	22		
him beheld on the pyre.	23		
And it was so. Behold.	24		
— Same capman no nothing horces two feller he feller go	25		
where. Isn't that effect? gig for gag, asked there three newcom-	26		
mers till knockingshop at the ones upon a topers who, while in	27		
admittance to that impedance, as three as they were there, they had	28		
been malttreating themselves to their health's contempt.	29		
— That's fag for fig, metinkus, confessed, mhos for mhos, those	30		
who, would it not be for that dielectrick, were upon the point of	31		
obsoletion, and at the brink of from the pillary of the Nilsens and	32		
from the statutes of the Kongbullies and from the millestones of	33		
Ovlergroamlius libitate nos, Domnial!	34		
— And so culp me goose, he sazd, szed the ham muncipated of	35		
the first course, recoursing, all cholers and coughs with his beauw	36		
FW323			
on the bummell, the bugganeering wanderducken, he sazd, (that	1		
his pumps may ship awhoyle shandymound of the dussard), the	2		
coarsehair highsaydighsayman, there's nice tugs he looks, (how	3		
you was, Ship Alouset?) he sazd, the bloedaxe bloodooth baltxe-	4		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

bec, that is crupping into our raw language navel through the	5		
lumbsmall of his hawsehole, he sazd, donconfounder him, voyag-	6		
ing after maidens, belly jonah hunting the polly joans, and the	7		
hurss of all portnoysers befaddle him, he sazd, till I split in his flags,	8		
he sazd, one to one, the landslewder, after Donnerbruch fire.	9		
Reefer was a wenchman. One can smell off his wetsments how he	10		
is coming from a beach of promisck. Where is that old muttiny,	11		
shall I ask? Free kicks he will have from me, turncoats, in Bar	12		
Bartley if I wars a fewd years ago. Meistr Capteen Gaascooker, a	13		
salestrimmer! As he was soampling me ledder, like pulp, and as	14		
I was trailing his fumbelums, like hulp, he'll fell the fall of me	15		
faus, he sazd, like yulp! The goragorridgorballyed pushkalsson,	16		
he sazd, with his bellows pockets fulled of potchtatos and his fox	17		
in a stomach, a disagrees to his ramskew coddlelechershithers'	18		
zirkuvs, drop down dead and deaf, and there is never a teilwrmans	19		
in the feof fife of Iseland or in the wholeabelongd of Skunkinabory	20		
from Drumadunderry till the rumnants of Mecckrass, could milk	21		
a colt in thrushes foran furrow follower width that a hole in his	22		
tale and that hell of a hull of a hill of a camelump bakk. Fadgest-	23		
fudgist!	24		
Upon this dry call of selenium cell (that horn of lunghalloon,	25		
Riland's in peril!) with its doomed crack of the old damn ukonnen	26		
power insound in it the lord of the saloom, as if for a flash sala-	27		
magunnded himself, listed his tummelumpsk pack and hearinat	28		
presently returned him, ambilaterally alleyeoneyesed, from their	29		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

24

uppletoned layir to his beforetime guests, that bunch of palers on	30		
their round, timemarching and petrolling how, who if they were	31		
abound to loose a laugh (Toni Lampi, you booraascal!) they were	32		
abooned to let it as the leashed they might do when they felt (O,	33		
the wolf he's on the walk, sees his sham cram bokk!) their joke	34		
was coming home to them, the steerage way for stabling, ghus-	35		
torily spoeking, gen and gang, dane and dare, like the dud spuk	36		
FW324			
of his first foetotype (Trolldedroll, how vary and likely!), the filli-	1		
bustered, the fully bellied. With the old sit in his shoulders, and	2		
the new satin atlas onder his uxter, ernaling his breadth to the swelt	3		
of his proud and, picking up the emberose of the lizod lights, his	4		
tail toiled of spume and spawn, and the bulk of him, and hulk of	5		
him as whenever it was he reddled a ruad to riddle a rede from the	6		
sphinxish pairc while Ede was a guardin, ere love a side issue.	7		
They hailed him cheeringly, their encient, the murrainer, and	8		
wallruse, the merman, ye seal that lubs you lassers, Thallasee or	9		
Tullafilmagh, when come of uniform age.	10		
— Heave, coves, emptybloddy!	11		
And ere he could catch or hook or line to suit their saussyskins,	12		
the lumpenpack. Underbund was overraskelled. As	13		
— Sot! sod the tailors opsits from their gabbalots, change all	14		
that whole set. Shut down and shet up. Our set, our set's	15		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

allohn.	16		
And they poured em behoiled on the fire. Scaald!	17		
Rowdiose wodhalooing. Theirs is one lessonless missage for	18		
good and truesirs. Will any persen bereaved to be passent bring-	19		
back or rumpart to the Hoved politymester. Clontarf, one love,	20		
one fear. Ellers for the greeter glossary of code, callen hom:	21		
Finucane-Lee, Finucane-Law.	22		
Am. Dg.	23		
Welter focussed.	24		
Wind from the nordth. Warmer towards muffinbell, Lull.	25		
As our revelant Colunnfiller predicted in last mount's chattiry	26		
sermon, the allexpected depression over Schiumdinebbia, a bygger	27		
muster of veiryng precipitation and haralded by faugh sicknells,	28		
(hear kokkenhovens ekstras!) and umwalloped in an unusuable	29		
suite of clouds, having filthered through the middelhav of the	30		
same gorgers' kennel on its wage wealthwards and incursioned a	31		
sotten retch of low pleasure, missed in some parts but with lucal	32		
drizzles, the outlook for tomarry (Streamstress Mandig) beamed	33		
brider, his ability good.	34		
What hopends to they?	35		
Giant crash in Aden. Birdflights confirm abbroaching nub-	36		
FW325			
tials. Burial of Lifetenant-Groevener Hatchett, R.I.D. Devine's	1		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Previdence.	2		
Ls. De.	3		
Art thou gainous sense uncompetite! Limited. Anna Lynchya	4		
Pourable! One and eleven. United We Stand, even many offered.	5		
Don't forget. I wish ausplicable thievesdayte for the stork dyrby.	6		
It will be a thousand's a won paddies. And soon to bet. On drums	7		
of bliss. With hapsalap troth, hipsalewd prudity, hopesalot hon-	8		
nessy, hoopsalooop luck. After when from midnights unwards the	9		
fourposter harp quartetto. (Kiskiviikko, Kalastus. Torstaj, tanssia.	10		
Perjantaj, peleja. Lavantaj ja Sunnuntaj, christianismus kirjallisuus,	11		
kirjallisuus christianismus.) Whilesd this pellover his finnisch.	12		
— Comither, ahorace, thou mighty man of valour, elderman	13		
adaptive of Capel Ysnod, and tsay-fong tsei-foun a laun bricks-	14		
number till I've fined you a faulter-in-law, to become your son-	15		
to-be, gentlemens tealer, generalman seelord, gosse and bosse,	16		
hunguest and horasa, jonjemsums both, in sailsmanship, szed the	17		
head marines talebearer, then sayd the ships gospfather in the scat	18		
story to the husband's capture and either you does or he musts	19		
and this moment same, sayd he, so let laid pacts be being betving	20		
ye, he sayd, by my main makeshift, he sayd, one fisk and one flesk,	21		
as flat as, Aestmand Addmundson you, you're iron slides and so	22		
hompety domp as Paddley Mac Namara here he's a hardy canooter,	23		
for the two breasts of Banba are her soilers and her toilers, if thou	24		
wilt serve Idyall as thou hast sayld. Brothers Boathes, brothers	25		
Coathes, ye have swallen blooders' oathes. And Gophar sayd unto	26		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Glideon and sayd he to the nowedding captain, the rude hunner-	27		
able Humphrey, who was praying god of clothildies by the seven	28		
bosses of his trunktarge he would save bucklesome when she	29		
wooded belove on him, comeether, sayd he, my merrytime mare-	30		
lupe, you wutan whaal, sayd he, into the shipfolds of our quad-	31		
rupede island, bless madhugh, mardyky, luusk and cong! Blass	32		
Neddos bray! And no more of your maimed acts after this with	33		
your kowtoros and criados to every tome, thick and heavy, and	34		
our onliness of his revelance to your ultitude. The illfollowable	35		
staying in wait for you with the winning word put into his mouth	36		
FW326			
or be the hooley tabell, as Horrocks Toler hath most cares to call	1		
it, I'll rehearse your comeundermends and first mardhyr you en-	2		
tirely. As puck as that Paddeus picked the pun and left the lollies	3		
off the foiled. A Trinity judge will crux your boom. Pat is the	4		
man for thy. Ay ay! And he pured him beheild of the ouishguss,	5		
mingling a sign of the cruisk. I popetithes thee, Ocean, sayd he,	6		
Oscarvaughther, sayd he, Erievikkingr, sayd he, <i>intra trifum</i>	7		
<i>triforium trifoliorum</i> , sayd he, onconditionally, forfor furst of giel-	8		
gaulgalls and hero chief explunderer of the clansakiltic, sayd he,	9		
the streameress mastress to the sea aase cuddycoalman's and let	10		
this douche for you as a wholly apuzzler's and for all the puk-	11		
kaleens to the wakes of you, sayd he, out of the hellsinky of the	12		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

howtheners and be damned to ye, sayd he, into our roomyo con-	13		
nellic relation, sayd he, from which our this pledge is given, Tera	14		
truly ternatrine if not son towards thousand like expect chrisan	15		
athems to which I osker your godhsbattaring, saelir, for as you	16		
gott kvold whereafter a gooden diggin and with gooder ensure	17		
from osion buck fared agen fairioes feuded hailsohame til Edar	18		
in that the loyd mave hercy on your sael! Anomyn and awer.	19		
Spickinusand.	20		
— Nansense, you snorsted? he was haltid considerable agenst	21		
all religions ovetrow so hworefore the thokkurs pokker the big-	22		
bug miklamanded storstore exploder would he be wholesalesolde	23		
daadooped by Priest Gudfodren of the sacredhaunt suit in	24		
Diaeblen-Balkley at Domnkirk Saint Petricksburg? But ear this:	25		
— And here, aaherra, my rere admirable peadar poulsen, sayd	26		
he, consistently, to the secondnamed sutor, my lately lamented	27		
sponsorship, comesend round that wine and lift your horn, sayd	28		
he, to show you're a skolar for, winter you likes or not, we	29		
brought your summer with us and, tomkin about your lief eurek-	30		
ason and his undishcovery of americle, be the rolling forties, he	31		
sayd, and on my sopper crappidamn, as Harris himself says, to let	32		
you in on some crismion dottrin, here is the ninethest pork of a man	33		
whisk swimmies in Dybblin water from Ballscodden easthmost	34		
till Thyrston's Lickslip and, sayd he, (whiles the heart of Lukky	35		
Swayn slaughed in his icebox for to think of all the soorts of	36		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

FW327			
smukklers he would behave in juteyfrieze being forelooper to her)	1		
praties peel to our goodsend Brandonius, <i>filius</i> of a Cara, spouse	2		
to Fynlogue, he has the nicesth pert of a nittlewoman in the	3		
house, la chito, la chato, la Charmadouiro, Tina-bat-Talur, cif for	4		
your fob and a tesura astore for you, eslucylamp aswhen the surge	5		
seas sombren, that he daughts upon of anny livving plusquebelle,	6		
to child and foster, that's the lippeyear's wonder of Totty go,	7		
Newschool, two titty too at win winnie won, tramity trimming and	8		
funnity fare, with a grit as hard as the trent of the thimes but a	9		
touch as saft as the dee in flooing and never a Hyderow Jenny the	10		
like of her lightness at look and you leap, rheadoromanscing long	11		
evmans invairn, about little Anny Roners and all the Lavinias of	12		
ester yours and pleding for them to herself in the periglus glatsch	13		
hangs over her trickle bed, it's a piz of fortune if it never falls from	14		
the stuffel, and, when that mallaura's over till next time and all the	15		
prim rossies are out dressparading and the tubas tout tout for the	16		
glowru of their god, making every Dinny dingle after her down	17		
the Dargul dale and (wait awhile, blusterbuss, you're marchadant	18		
too forte and don't start furlan your ladins till you've learned the	19		
lie of her landuage!), when it's summwer calding and she can hear	20		
the pianutunar beyant the bayondes in Combria sleepytalking to	21		
the Wiltsh muntions, titting out through her droemer window	22		
for the flyend of a touchman over the wishtas of English Strand,	23		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

when Kilbarrack bell pings saksalaisance that Concessas with	24		
Sinbads may (pong!), where our dollimonde sees the phantom	25		
shape of Mr Fortunatus Wright since winksome Miss Bulkeley	26		
made loe to her wrecker and he took her to be a rover, O, and	27		
playing house of ivary dower of gould and gift you soil me	28		
peepat my prize, which its a blue loogoont for her in a bleakeyed	29		
seusan if she can't work her mireiclles and give Norgeyborgey	30		
good airish timers, while her fresh racy turf is kindly kindling up	31		
the lovver with the flu, with a roaryboaryellas would set an Eri-	32		
weddyng on fire, let aloon an old Humpopolamos with the boomar-	33		
poorter on his brain, aiden bay scye and dye, aasbukividdy,	34		
twentynine to her dozen and cocoo him didulceydovely to his	35		
old cawcaws huggin and munin for his strict privatear which	36		
FW328			
there's no pure rube like an ool pool roober when your pullar	1		
beer turns out Bruin O'Luinn and beat his barge into a battering	2		
pram with her wattling way for cubblin and, be me fairy fay, sayd	3		
he, the marriage mixer, to Kersse, Son of Joe Ashe, her coax-	4		
fonder, wiry eyes and winky hair, timkin abeat your Andraws	5		
Meltons and his lovsang of the short and shifty, I will turn my	6		
thinks to things alove and I will speak but threes ones, sayd he,	7		
my truest patrions good founter, poles a port and zones asunder,	8		
tie up in hates and repeat at luxure, you can better your tooblue	9		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

prodestind arson, tyler bach, after roundsabouts and donochs and	10		
the volumed smoke, though the clonk in his stumble strikes warn,	11		
and were he laid out on that counter there like a Slavocrates	12		
amongst his skippies, when it comes to the ride onerable, sayd he,	13		
that's to make plain Nanny Ni Sheeres a full Dinamarqueza, and	14		
all needed for the lay, from the hursey on the montey with the	15		
room in herberge down to forkpiece and bucklecatch, (Elding,	16		
my elding! and Lif, my lif!) in the pravacy of the pirmanocturne,	17		
hap, sayd he, at that meet hour of night, and hop, sayd he, and the	18		
fyrsty annas everso thried (whiles the breath of Huppy Hulle-	19		
pond swumped in his seachest for to renumber all the mallyme-	20		
dears' long roll and call of sweetheart emmas that every had a	21		
port in from Coxenhagen till the brottels on the Nile), while	22		
taylight is yet slipping under their pillow, (ill omens on Kitty	23		
Cole if she's spilling laddy's measure!) and before Sing Mattins in	24		
the Fields, ringsengd ringsengd, bings Heri the Concorant Erho,	25		
and the Referinn Fuchs Gutmann gives us <i>I'll Bell the Welled</i> or	26		
<i>The Steeplepoy's Revanger</i> and all Thingavalley knows for its	27		
never dawn in the dark but the deed comes to life, and raptist bride	28		
is aptist breed (tha lassy! tha lassy!), and, to buoy the hoop	29		
within us springing, 'tis no timbertar she'll have then in her arms-	30		
brace to doll the dallydandle, our fiery quean, upon the night of	31		
the things of the night of the making to stand up the double	32		
tet of the oversear of the seize who cometh from the mighty	33		
deep and on the night of making Horuse to crihumph over his	34		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

32

enemy, be the help of me cope as so pluse the riches of the roed-	35		
shields, with Elizabeliza blessing the bedpain, at the willbedone	36		
FW329			
of Yinko Jinko Randy, come Bastabasco and hippychip eggs, she	1		
will make a suomease pair and singlette, jodhpur smalls and tailor-	2		
less, a copener's cribful, leaf, bud and berry, the divlin's own little	3		
mimmykin puss, (hip, hip, horatia!) for my old comrhade salty-	4		
mar here, Briganteen – General Sir A. I. Magnus, the flapper-	5		
nooser, master of the good lifebark <i>Ulivengrene</i> of Onslought,	6		
and the homespund of her hearth, (Fuss his farther was the norse	7		
norse east and Muss his mother was a gluepot) and, gravydock or	8		
groovy anker, and a hulldread pursunk manowhood, who (with	9		
a chenchen for his delight time and a bonzeye nappin through his	10		
doze) he is the bettest bluffy blondblubber of an olewidgeon what	11		
overspat a skettle in a skib.	12		
Cawcaught. Coocaged.	13		
And Dub did glow that night. In Fingal of victories. Cann-	14		
matha and Cathlin sang together. And the three shouters of	15		
glory. Yelling halfviewed their harps. Surly Tuhall smiled upon	16		
drear Darthoola: and Roscranna's bolgaboyo begirlified the	17		
daughter of Cormac. The soul of everyelsesbody rolled into its	18		
olesoleself. A doublemonth's licence, lease on mirth, while hooney-	19		
moon and her flame went hunesuckling. Holyryssia, what boom	20		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

33

of bells! What battle of bragues on Sandgate where met the bobby	21		
mobbed his bibby mabbing through the ryce. Even Tombs left	22		
doss and dunnage down in Demidoff's tomb and drew on the	23		
dournailed clogs that Morty Manning left him and legged in by	24		
Ghoststown Gate, like Pompei up to date, with a sprig of White-	25		
boys heather on his late Luke Elcock's heirloom. And some say	26		
they seen old dummydeaf with a leaf of bronze on his cloak	27		
so grey, trooping his colour a pace to the reire. And as owfally	28		
posh with his halfcrown jool as if he was the Granjook Meckl or	29		
Paster de Grace on the Route de l'Épée. It was joobileejeu that	30		
All Sorts' Jour. Freestouters and publicranks, hafts on glaives.	31		
You could hear them swearing threaties on the Cymylaya	32		
Mountains, man. And giving it out to the Ould Fathach and louth-	33		
mouthing after the Healy Mealy with an enfysis to bring down	34		
the rain of Tarar. Nevertoletta! Evertomind! The grandest	35		
bethehailey seen or heard on earth's conspectrum since Scape	36		
FW330			
the Goat, that gafr, ate the Suenders bible. Hadn't we heaven's	1		
lamps to hide us? Yet every lane had its lively spark and every	2		
spark had its several spurtles and each spitfire spurtle had some	3		
trick of her trade, a tease for Ned, nook's nestle for Fred and	4		
a peep at me mow for Peer Pol. So that Father Matt Hughes	5		
looked taytotally threbled. But Danno the Dane grimmed. Dune.	6		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

'Twere yeg will elsecare doatty lanv meet they dewscnt hyemn	7		
to cannons' roar and rifles' peal vill shantey soloweys sang! For	8		
there were no more Tyrrhanees and for Laxembraghs was pass-	9		
thecupper to Our Lader's. And it was dim upon the floods only	10		
and there was day on all the ground.	11		
Thus street spins legends while wharves woves tales but some	12		
family fewd felt a nick in their name. Old Vickers sate down on	13		
their airs and straightened the points of their lace. Red Rowleys	14		
popped out of their lairs and asked what was wrong with the	15		
race. Mick na Murrough used dripping in layers to shave	16		
all the furze off his face. The Burke-Lees and Coyle-Finns	17		
paid full feines for their sinns when the Cap and Miss Coolie	18		
were roped.	19		
Rolloraped.	20		
With her banbax hoist from holder, zig for zag through pool	21		
and polder, cheap, cheap, cheap and Laughing Jack, all augurs	22		
scorenning, see the Bolche your pictures motion and Kitzy	23		
Kleinsuessmein eloping for that holm in Finn's Hotel Fiord,	24		
Nova Norening. Where they pulled down the kuddle and they	25		
made fray and if thee don't look homey, well, that Dook can eye	26		
Mae.	27		
He goat a berth. And she cot a manege. And wohl's gorse	28		
mundom ganna wedst.	29		
Knock knock. War's where! Which war? The Twwinns.	30		
Knock knock. Woos without! Without what? An apple. Knock	31		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

knock.	32		
The kilder massed, one then and uhundred, (harefoot, birdy-	33		
hands, herringabone, beesknees), and they barneydasked a	34		
kathareen round to know the who and to show the howsome.	35		
Why was you hiding, moder of moders? And where was hunty,	36		
FW331			
poppa the gun? Pointing up to skyless heaven like the spoon out	1		
of sergeantmajor's tay. Which was the worst of them phaymix	2		
cupplerts? He's herd of hoarding and her faiths is altared. Becom-	3		
ing ungoing, their seeming sames for though that liamstone	4		
deaf do his part there's a windtreetop whipples the damp off the	5		
mourning. But tellusit allasif wellasits end. And the lunger it	6		
takes the swooner they tumble two. He knows he's just thrilling	7		
and she's sure she'd squeam. The threelegged man and the tulip-	8		
pied dewydress. Lludd hillmythey, we're brimming to hear! The	9		
durst he did and the first she ever? Peganeen Bushe, this isn't the	10		
polkar, catch as you cancan when high land fling! And you Tim	11		
Tommy Melooney, I'll tittle your barents if you stick that pigpin	12		
upinto meh!	13		
So in the names of the balder and of the sol and of the holli-	14		
chrost, ogsowearit, trisexnone, and by way of letting the aandt	15		
out of her grosskropper and leading the mokes home by their	16		
gribes, whoopsabout a plabbaside of plobbicides, alamam alemon,	17		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

poison kerls, on this mouden of Delude, and in the high places	18		
of Delude of Isreal, which is Haraharem and the diublin's owld	19		
mouden over against Vikens, from your tarns, thwaites and	20		
thorpes, withes, tofts and fosses, fells, haughs and shaws, lunds,	21		
garths and dales, mensuring the megnominous as so will is the	22		
littleyest, the myrioheartzed with toroidal coil, eira area round	23		
wantanajocky, fin above wave after duckydowndivvy, trader arm	24		
aslung beauty belt, the formor velican and nana karlikeevna,	25		
sommerlad and cinderenda, Valtivar and Viv, how Big Bil Brine	26		
Borumoter first took his gage at lil lolly lavvander waader since	27		
when capriole legs covets limbs of a crane and was it the twylyd	28		
or the mounth of the yare or the feint of her smell made the seo-	29		
men assalt of her (in imageascene all: whimwhim whimwhim).	30		
To the laetification of disgeneration by neuhumorisation of our	31		
kristianiasation. As the last liar in the earth begeylywayled the	32		
first lady of the forest. Though Toot's pardoosled sauve l'hum-	33		
mour! For the joy of the dew on the flower of the fleets on the	34		
fields of the foam of the waves of the seas of the wild main from	35		
Borneholm has jest come to crown.	36		
FW332			
Snip snap snoodly. Noo err historyend goody. Of a lil trip	1		
trap and a big treeskooner for he put off the ketyl and they	2		
made three (for fie!) and if hec dont love alpy then lad you	3		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

37

annoy me. For hanigen with hunigen still haunt ahunt to finnd	4		
their hinnigen where Pappappapparrassannuaragheallachnatull-	5		
aghmonganmacmacmacwhackfalltherdebblenonthedubblandadd-	6		
ydoodled and anruly person creeked a jest. Gestapose to parry	7		
off cheekars or frankfurters on the odor. Fine again, Cuoholson!	8		
Peace, O wiley!	9		
Such was the act of goth stepping the tolk of Doolin, drain	10		
and plantage, wattle and daub, with you'll peel as I'll pale and	11		
we'll pull the boath toground togutter, testies touchwood and	12		
shenstone unto pop and puma, calf and condor, under all the	13		
gaauspices (incorporated), the chal and his chi, their roammerin	14		
over, gribgrobgrab reining trippetytrappety (so fore shalt thou	15		
flow, else thy cavern hair!) to whom she (anit likenand please-	16		
thee!). Till sealump becomedump to bumpslump a lifflebed,	17		
(altolà, allamarsch! O gué, O gué!). Kaemper Daemper to Jetty	18		
de Waarft, all the weight of that mons on his little ribbeunuch!	19		
Him that gronde old mand to be that haard of heaering (afore	20		
said) and her the petty tondur with the fix in her changeable	21		
eye (which see), Lord, me lad, he goes with blowbierd, leedy,	22		
plasheous stream. But before that his loudship was converted to	23		
a landshop there was a little theogamyjig incidence that hoppy-	24		
go-jumpy January morn when he colluded with the cad out on	25		
the beg amudst the fiounaregal gaames of those oathmassed	26		
fenians for whome he's forcecaused a bridge of the piers, at	27		
Inverleffy, mating pontine of their engagement, synnbildising	28		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

38

graters and things, eke ysendt? O nilly, not all, here's the first	29		
cataraction! As if ever she cared an assuan damm about her	30		
harpoons sticking all out of him whet between phoenix his	31		
calipers and that psourdonome sheath. Sdrats ye, Gus Paudheen!	32		
Kenny's thought ye, Dinny Oozle! While the cit was leaking	33		
asphalt like a suburbiaurealis in his rure was tucking to him like	34		
old booths, booths, booths, booths.	35		
Enterruption. Check or slowback. Dvershen.	36		
FW333			
Why, wonder of wenchalows, what o szeszame open, v doer s t	1		
doing? V door s being. But how theng thingajarry miens but this	2		
being becoming n z doer? K? An o. It is ne not him what foots	3		
like a glove, shoehandschiner Pad Podomkin. Sooftly, anni	4		
slavey, szszuszchee is slowjaneska.	5		
The aged crafty nummifeed confusionary overinsured ever-	6		
lapsing accentuated katekattershin clopped, clopped, clopped,	7		
darsey dobrey, back and along the danzing corridor, as she was	8		
going to pimpim him, way boy wally, not without her comple-	9		
ment of cavarnan men, between the two deathdealing allied	10		
divisions and the lines of readypresent fire of the corkedagains up-	11		
stored, taken in giving the saloot, band your hands going in, bind	12		
your heads coming out, and remoltked to herselp in her serf's	13		
alown, a weerpovy willowy dreevy drawly and the patter of so	14		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

familiars, farabroads and behomeans, as she shure sknows, boof	15		
for a booby, boo: new uses in their mewseyfume. The jammesons	16		
is a cook in his hair. And the juinnesses is a rapin his hind. And	17		
the Bullingdong caught the wind up. Dip.	18		
And the message she braught below from the missus she	19		
bragged abouve that had her agony stays outsize her sari chemise,	20		
blancking her shifts for to keep up the fascion since the king of	21		
all dronnings kissed her beeswixed hand, fang (pierce me, hunky,	22		
I'm full of meunders!), her fize like a tubtail of mondayne	23		
clothes, fed to the chaps with working medicals and her birthright	24		
pang that would split an atam like the forty pins in her hood, was	25		
to fader huncher a howdydowdy, to mountainy mots in her	26		
amnest plein language, from his fain a wan, his hot and tot lass,	27		
to pierce his ropeloop ear, how, Podushka be prayhasd, now the	28		
sowns of his loins were awinking and waking and his dorter of	29		
the hush lillabilla lullaby (lead us not into reformication with the	30		
poors in your thingdom of gory, O moan!), once after males,	31		
nonce at a time, with them Murphy's puffs she dursted with	32		
gnockmeggs and the bramborry cake for dour dorty dompling	33		
obayre Mattom Beetom and epsut the pfot and if he was whishtful	34		
to licture her caudal with chesty chach from his dauberg den	35		
and noviny news from Naul or toplots talks from morrienbaths	36		
FW334			

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

or a parrotsprate's cure for ensevelised lethurgies, spick's my	1		
spoon and the veriblest spoon, 'twas her hour for the chamber's	2		
ensallycopodium with love to melost Panny Kostello from	3		
X.Y. Zid for to folly billybobbis gibits porzy punzy and she was	4		
a wanton for De Marera to take her genial glow to bed.	5		
—This is time for my tubble, reflected Mr 'Gladstone	6		
Browne' in the toll hut (it was choractoristic from that 'man of	7		
Delgany'). Dip.	8		
—This is me vulcanite smoking, profused Mr 'Bonaparte	9		
Nolan' under the natecup (one feels how one may hereby reekig-	10		
nites the 'ground old mahonagyan'). Dip.	11		
—And this is defender of defeater of defaulter of deformer	12		
of the funst man in Danelagh, willingtoned in with this glance	13		
dowon his browen and that born appalled noodlum the panellite	14		
pair's cummal delimitator, odding: Oliver White, he's as tiff as	15		
she's tight. And thisens his speak quite hoarse. Dip.	16		
In reverence to her midgetsy the lady of the comeallyous as	17		
madgestoo our own one's goff stature. Prosim, prosit, to the	18		
krk n yr nck!	19		
O rum it is the chomicalest thing how it pickles up the punchey	20		
and the jude. If you'll gimmy your thing to me I will gamey a sing	21		
to thee. Stay where you're dummy! To get her to go ther. He	22		
banged the scoop and she bagged the sugar while the whole	23		
pub's pobbel done a stare. On the mizzatint wall. With its chromo	24		
for all, crimm crimms. Showing holdmenag's asses sat by Allme-	25		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

neck's men, canins to ride with em, canins that lept at em, woollied	26		
and flundered.	27		
So the katey's came and the katey's game. As so gangs sludge-	28		
nose. And that henchwench what hopped it dunneth there duft	29		
the. Duras.	30		
(Silents)	31		
Yes, we've conned thon print in its gloss so gay how it came	32		
from Finndlader's Yule to the day and it's Hey Tallaght Hoe on	33		
the king's highway with his hounds on the home at a turning.	34		
To Donnicombe Fairing. Millikin's Pass. When visiting at	35		
Izd-la-Chapelle taste the lipe of the waters from Carlowman's Cup.	36		
FW335			
It tellyhows its story to their six of hearts, a twelve-eyed man;	1		
for whom has madjestky who since is dyed drown reign before	2		
the izba.	3		
Au! Au! Aue! Ha! Heish!	4		
As stage to set by ritual rote for the grimm grimm tale of the	5		
four of hyacinths, the deafeeled carp and the bugler's dozen of	6		
leagues-in-amour or how Holispolis went to Parkland with	7		
mabby and sammy and sonny and sissy and mop's varlet de	8		
shambles and all to find the right place for it by peep o'skirt or	9		
pipe a skirl when the hundt called a halt on the chivvychace of	10		
the ground sloper at that lightning lovmaker's thender apeal till,	11		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

between wandering weather and stable wind, vastelend hostile-	12		
end, neuziel and oltrigger some, Bullyclubber burgherly shut	13		
the rush in general.	14		
Let us propel us for the frey of the fray! Us, us, beraddy!	15		
Ko Niutirenis hauru leish! A lala! Ko Niutirenis haururu	16		
laleish! Ala lala! The Wullingthund sturm is breaking. The	17		
sound of maormaring. The Wellingthund sturm waxes fuer-	18		
cilier. The whackawhacks of the sturm. Katu te ihis ihis! Katu	19		
te wana wana! The strength of the rawshorn generand is known	20		
throughout the world. Let us say if we may what a weeny	21		
wukeleen can do.	22		
Au! Au! Aue! Ha! Heish! A lala!	23		
— Paud the roosky, weren't they all of them then each in his	24		
different way of saying calling on the one in the same time	25		
hibernian knights underthamer that was having, half for the laugh	26		
of the bliss it sint barbaras another doesend end once tale of a	27		
tublin wished on to him with its olives ocolombs and its hills	28		
owns ravings and Tutty his tour in his Nowhare's yarcht. It was	29		
before when Aimee stood for Arthurduke for the figger in pro-	30		
fane and fell from grace so madlley for fill the flatter fellows.	31		
(They were saying). And it was the lang in the shirt in the green	32		
of the wood, where obelisk rises when odalisks fall, major threft	33		
on the make and jollyjacques spindthrift on the merry (O Mr	34		
Mathurin, they were calling, what a topheavy hat you're in! And	35		
there aramny maeud, then they were saying, these so piou-	36		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

FW336			
pious!). And it was cyclums cyclorums after he made design on	1		
the corse and he want to mess on him (enterellbo add all taller	2		
Danis), back, seater and sides, and he applied (I'm amazingly	3		
sorracer!) the wholed bould shoulderedboy's width for fullness,	4		
measures for messieurs, messer's massed, (they were saycalling	5		
again and agone and all over agun, the louthly meathers, the	6		
loudly meaders, the lously measlers, six to one, bar ones).	7		
And they pled him beheighten the firing. Dope.	8		
Maltomeetim, alltomatetam, when a tale tarries shome shunter	9		
shove on. Fore auld they wauld to pree.	10		
Pray.	11		
Of this Mr A (tillalaric) and these wasch woman (dapple-	12		
hued), fhronehflord and feofeeds, who had insue keen and able	13		
and a spindlesong aside, nothing more is told until now, his	14		
awebrume hour, her sere Sahara of sad oakleaves. And then. Be	15		
old. The next thing is. We are once amore as babes awondering	16		
in a wold made fresh where with the hen in the storyabout we	17		
start from scratch.	18		
So the truce, the old truce and nattonbuff the truce, boys.	19		
Drouth is stronger than faction. Slant. Shinshin. Shinshin.	20		
— It was of The Grant, old gartener, <i>qua</i> golden meddlist,	21		
Publius Manlius, fuderal private, (his place is his poster, sure, they	22		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

44

said, and we're going to mark it, sore, they said, with a carbon	23		
caustick manner) bequother the liberaloider at his petty corpore-	24		
lezzo that hung caughtnapping from his baited breath, it was of	25		
him, my wife and I thinks, to feel to every of the younging fruits,	26		
tenderosed like an atalantic's breastswells or, on a second wreath-	27		
ing, a bright tauth bight shimmeryshaking for the welt of his	28		
plow. And where the peckadillies at his wristsends meetings be	29		
loving so lightly dovessoild the candidacy, me wipin eye sinks,	30		
of his softboiled bosom should be apparient even to our illiciterate	31		
of nullatinenties.	32		
All to which not a lot snapped The Nolan of the Calabashes	33		
at his whilom eweheart photognomist who by this sum taken	34		
was as much incensed by Saint Bruno as that what he had con-	35		
summed was his own panegoric, and wot a lout about it if it was	36		
FW337			
only a pippappoff pigeon shoot that gracesold getrunner, the	1		
man of centuries, was bowled out by judge, jury and umpire at	2		
batman's biff like a witchbefooled legate. Dupe.	3		
His almonence being alaterelly in dispensation with his three	4		
oldher patrons' aid, providencer's divine cow to milkfeeding	5		
mleckman, bonafacies to solafides, what matter what all his	6		
freudzay or who holds his hat to harm him, let hutch just keep	7		
on under at being a vanished consinent and let annapal livibel	8		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

prettily prattle a lude all her own. And be that semeliminal	9		
salmon solemonly angled, ingate and outgate. A truce to lovecalls,	10		
dulled in warclothes, maleybags, things and bleakhusen. Leave	11		
the letter that never begins to go find the latter that ever comes	12		
to end, written in smoke and blurred by mist and signed of	13		
solitude, sealed at night.	14		
Simply. As says the mug in the middle, nay brian nay noel,	15		
ney billy ney boney. Imagine twee cweamy wosen. Suppwose	16		
you get a beautiful thought and cull them sylvias sub silence.	17		
Then inmaggin a stotterer. Suppoutre him to been one bigger-	18		
master Omnibil. Then lustily (tutu the font and tritt on the boks-	19		
woods like gay feeters's dance) immengine up to three longly	20		
lurking lobstarts. Fair instents the Will Woolsley Wellaslayers.	21		
Pet her, pink him, play pranks with them. She will nod ampro-	22		
perly smile. He may seem to appraisiate it. They are as piractical	23		
jukersmen sure to paltipsypote. Feel the wollies dripping out	24		
of your fingathumbs. Says to youssilves (floweers have ears,	25		
heahear!) slowly: So these ease Budlim! How do, dainty dau-	26		
limbs? So peached to pick on you in this way, prue and simple,	27		
pritt and sry! Heyday too, Malster Faunagon, and hopes your	28		
hahitahiti licks the mankey nuts! And oodlum hoodlum dood-	29		
lum to yes, Donn, Teague and Hurleg, who the bullocks brought	30		
you here and how the hillocks are ye?	31		
We want Bud. We want Bud Budderly. We want Bud Budderly	32		
boddily. There he is in his Borrisalooner. The man that shunned	33		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

the rucks on Gereland. The man thut won the bettllle of the	34		
bawll. Order, order, order, order! And tough. We call on Tan-	35		
cred Artaxerxes Flavin to compeer with Barnabas Ulick Dunne.	36		
FW338			
Order, order, order! Milster Malster in the chair. We've heard it	1		
sinse sung thousandtimes. How Burghley shuck the rackushant	2		
Germanon. For Ehren, boys, gobrawl!	3		
A public plouse. Citizen soldiers.	4		
TAFF ( <i>a smart boy, of the peat freers, thirty two eleven, looking</i>	5		
<i>through the roof towards a relevation of the karmalife order privoious</i>	6		
<i>to his hoisting of an emergency umberolum in byway of paraguastical</i>	7		
<i>solation to the rhyttel in his hedd</i> ). All was flashing and krashning	8		
blurty moriartsky blutcherudd? What see, buttywalch? Tell ever	9		
so often?	10		
BUTT ( <i>mottledged youth, clerigical appealance, who, as his pied</i>	11		
<i>friar, is supposing to motto the sorry dejester in tiffaff toffiness or</i>	12		
<i>to be digarced from ever and a daye in his accounts</i> ). But da. But	13		
dada, mwilshsuni. Till even so aften. Sea vaast a pool!	14		
TAFF ( <i>porumptly helping himself out by the cesspull with a yellup</i>	15		
<i>yurruup, puts up his furry furzed hare</i> ). Butly bitly! Humme to our	16		
mounthings. Conscribe him tillusk, unt, in his jubalant tubalence,	17		
the groundsapper, with his soilday site out on his moulday side	18		
in. The gubernier-gerenal in laut-lievtonant of Baltiskeeamore,	19		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

amaltheouse for leporty hole! Endues paramilintary langdwage.	20		
The saillils of the yellavs nocadont palignol urdlesh. Shelltoss	21		
and welltass and telltuss aghom! Sling Stranaslang, how Malo-	22		
razzias spikes her, coining a speak a spake! Not the Setanik stuff	23		
that slimed soft Siranouche! The good old gunshop monowards	24		
for manosymples. Tincurs tammit! They did oak hay doe fou	25		
Chang-li-meng when that man d'airain was big top tom saw tip	26		
side bum boss pageantfiller. Ajaculate! All lea light! Rassamble	27		
the glowrings of Bruyant the Bref when the Mollies Makehal-	28		
pence took his leg for his thumb. And may he be too an intrepida-	29		
tion of our dreams which we foregot at wiking when the morn	30		
hath razed out limpalove and the bleakfrost chilled our ravery!	31		
Pook. Sing ching lew mang! Upgo, bobbycop! Lets hear in	32		
remember the braise of. Hold!	33		
BUTT ( <i>drawling forth from his blousom whereis meditabound of</i>	34		
<i>his minkerstary, switches on his gorsecopper's fling weitoheito lang-</i>	35		
<i>thorn, fed up the grain oils of Aerin, while his laugh neighs banck as</i>	36		
FW339			
<i>that flashermind's rays and his lipponease longuwedge wambles).</i>	1		
Ullahbluh! Sehyoh narar, pokehole sann! Manhead very dirty by	2		
am anoyato. Like old Dollidy Icon when he cooked up his iggs	3		
in bicon. He gatovit and me gotafit and Oalgoak's Cheloven gut	4		
a fudden. Povar old pitschobed! Molodeztious of metchennacht	5		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

belaburt that pentschmyaso! Bog carsse and dam neat, sar, gam	6		
cant! Limbers affront of him, lumbers behund. While the bucks	7		
bite his dos his hart bides the ros till the bounds of his bays bell	8		
the warning. Sobaiter sobarkar. He was enmivallupped. Chro-	9		
mean fastion. With all his cannoball wappents. In his raglanrock	10		
and his malakoiffed bulbsbyg and his varnashed roscians and his	11		
cardigans blousejagged and his scarlett manchokuffs and his tree-	12		
coloured camiflag and his perikopendolous gaelstorms. Here	13		
weeks hire pulchers! Obriania's beromst! From Karrs and	14		
Polikoff's, the men's confessorers. Seval shimars pleasant	15		
time payings. Mousoumeselles buckwoulds look. Tenter and	16		
likelings.	17		
TAFF ( <i>all Perssiastersssias shookatnaratatattar at his waggon-</i>	18		
<i>horchers, his bulgeglarying stargapers razzledazzlingly full of eyes,</i>	19		
<i>full of balls, full of holes, full of buttons, full of stains, full of medals,</i>	20		
<i>full of blickblackblobs</i> ). Grozarktic! Toadlebens! Some garment-	21		
guy! Insects appalling, low hum clang sin! A cheap decoy! Too	22		
deep destroy! Say mangraphique, may say nay por daguerre!	23		
BUTT ( <i>if that he hids foregodden has nate of glozery farused ameeet</i>	24		
<i>the florahs of the follest, his spent fish's livid smile giving allasundery</i>	25		
<i>the bumfit of the doped</i> ). Come alleyou jupes of Wymmingtown	26		
that graze the calves of Man! A bear rainging in his heavenspawn	27		
consomation robes. Rent, outraged, yewleaved, grained, bal-	28		
looned, hindergored and voluant! Erminia's capecloaked hoo-	29		
doodman! First he s s st steppes. Then he st stoo stoopt. Lookt.	30		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

TAFF ( <i>strick struck strangling like aleal luskly Lubliner to merum-</i>	31		
<i>ber by the cycl of the cruize who strungled Attahilloupa with what</i>	32		
<i>empoisoned El Monte de Zuma and failing wilnaynilnay that he</i>	33		
<i>was pallups barn in the minkst of the Krumlin befodt he was pop-</i>	34		
<i>soused into the monkst of the vatercan, makes the holypolygon of</i>	35		
<i>the emt on the greaseshaper, a little farther, a little soon, a lettera-</i>	36		
FW340			
<i>cettera, oukraydoubray). Scutterer of guld, he is retourious on</i>	1		
<i>every roudery! The lyewdsky so so sewn of a fitchid! With his</i>	2		
<i>walshbrushup. And his boney bogey braggs.</i>	3		
BUTT ( <i>after his tongues in his cheeks, with pinkpoker pointing</i>	4		
<i>out in rutene to impassible abjects beyond the mistomist towards</i>	5		
<i>Lissnaluhy such as the Djublian Alps and the Hoofd Ribeiro as</i>	6		
<i>where he and his trulock may ever make a game). The field of</i>	7		
<i>karhags and that bloasted tree. Forget not the felled! For the</i>	8		
<i>lomondations of Oghrem! Warful doon's bothem. Here furry</i>	9		
<i>glunn. Nye? Their feery pass. Tak! With guerillaman aspear</i>	10		
<i>aspoor to prink the pranks of primkissies. And the buddies be-</i>	11		
<i>hide in the byre. Allahblah!</i>	12		
TAFF ( <i>a blackseer, he stroves to regulect all the straggles for wife</i>	13		
<i>in the rut of the past through the widnows in effigies keening after the</i>	14		
<i>blank sheets in their faminy to the relix of old decency from over</i>	15		
<i>draught). Oh day of rath! Ah, murther of mines! Eh, selo moy!</i>	16		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Uh, zulu luy! Bernesson Mac Mahahon from Osro bearing nose	17		
easger for sweeth prolettas on his swooth prow!	18		
BUTT ( <i>back to his peatrol and paump: swee Gee's wee rest: no</i>	19		
<i>more applehooley: dodewodetook</i> ). Bruinoboroff, the hooney-	20		
moonger, and the grizzliest manmichal in Meideveide! Whose	21		
annal livves the hoiest! For he devoused the lelias on the fined	22		
and he confortd samp, tramp and marchint out of the drumbume	23		
of a narse. Guards, serf Finland, serve we all!	24		
TAFF ( <i>whatwidth the psychophannies at the front and whetwadth</i>	25		
<i>the psuckofumbers beholden the fair, illcertain, between his bulchri-</i>	26		
<i>chudes and the roshashanaral, where he sees Bishop Ribboncake plus</i>	27		
<i>his pollex prized going forth on his visitations of mirrage or Miss</i>	28		
<i>Horizon, justso all our fannacies daintied her, on the curve of the</i>	29		
<i>camber, unsheathing a showlaced limbaloft to the great consternations</i> ).	30		
Divulge! Hyededye, kittyls, and howdeddoh, pan! Poshbott and	31		
pulbuties. See that we soll or let dargman be luna as strait a way	32		
as your ant's folly me line while ye post is goang from Piping	33		
Pubwirth to Haunted Hillborough on his Mujiksy's Zaravence,	34		
the Riss, the Ross, the sur of all Russers, as my farst is near to	35		
hear and my sackend is meet to sedon while my whole's a peer's	36		
FW341			
aureolies. We should say you dones the polecad. Bang on the	1		
booche, gurg in the gorge, rap on the roof and your flup is unbu...	2		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

BUTT ( <i>at the signal of his act which seems to sharpnel his</i>	3		
<i>innermals menody, playing the spool of the little brown jog round the</i>	4		
<i>wheel of her whang goes the millner).</i> Buckily buckily, blodestained	5		
boyne! Bimbambombumb. His snapper was shot in the Rumjar	6		
Journalar. Why the gigls he lubbed beeyed him.	7		
TAFF ( <i>obliges with a two stop yogacoga sumphoty on the bones for ivory</i>	8		
<i>girl and ebony boy).</i> The balacleivka! Trovatarovitch! I trumble!	9		
BUTT ( <i>with the sickle of a scygtthe but the humour of a hummer, O,</i>	10		
<i>howorodies through his cholarguled, fumfing to a fullfrengh with</i>	11		
<i>this wallowing olfact).</i> Mortar martar tartar wartar! May his	12		
boules grow wider so his skittles gets worse! The aged monad	13		
making a venture out of the murder of investment. I seen him	14		
acting surgent what betwinks the scimitar star and the ashen	15		
moon. By their lights shalthow throw him! Piff paff for puffpuff	16		
and my pife for his cgar! The mlachy way for gambling.	17		
[ <i>Up to this curkscrew bind an admirable verbivocovisual pre-</i>	18		
<i>sentment of the worldrenounced Caerholme Event has been being</i>	19		
<i>given by The Irish Race and World. The huddled and aliven stable-</i>	20		
<i>crashers have shared fleetfooted enthusiasm with the paddocks</i>	21		
<i>dare and ditches tare while the mewas was combing ground. Hippo-</i>	22		
<i>hopparray helioscope flashed winsor places as the gates might see.</i>	23		
<i>Meusdeus! That was (with burning briar) Mr Twomass Noho-</i>	24		
<i>holan for their common contribe satisfunction in the purports of</i>	25		
<i>amusement telling the Verily Roverend Father Epiphanes</i>	26		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>shrineshriver of Saint Dhorough's (in browne bomler) how</i>	27		
<i>(assuary as there's a bonum in your osstheology!) Backlegs</i>	28		
<i>shirked the racing kenneldar. The saintly scholarist's roastering</i>	29		
<i>guffalawd of nupersaturals holler at this metanoic excomologosis</i>	30		
<i>tells of the chestnut's (once again, Wittingtom!) absolutonally</i>	31		
<i>romptyhompty successfulness. A lot of lasses and lads without</i>	32		
<i>damas or dads, but fresh and blued with collecting boxes. One</i>	33		
<i>aught spare ones triflets, to be shut: it is Coppingers for the</i>	34		
<i>children. Slippery Sam hard by them, physically present how-</i>	35		
FW342			
<i>somedever morally absent, was slooching about in his knavish</i>	1		
<i>diamonds asking Gmax, Knox and the Dmuggies (a pinnance for</i>	2		
<i>your toughts, turffers!) to deck the ace of duds. Tomtinker Tim,</i>	3		
<i>howbeit, his unremitting retainer, (the seers are the seers of</i>	4		
<i>Samael but the heers are the heers of Timoth) is in Boozer's</i>	5		
<i>Gloom, soalken steady in his sulken tents. Baldawl the curse,</i>	6		
<i>baledale the day! And the frocks of shick sheeples in their shum-</i>	7		
<i>mering insamples! You see: a chiefsmith, semperal scandal</i>	8		
<i>stinkmakers, a middinest from the Casabianca and, of course,</i>	9		
<i>Mr Fry. Barass! Pardon the inquisition, causas es quostas? It</i>	10		
<i>is Da Valorem's Dominical Brayers. Why coif that weird hood?</i>	11		
<i>Because among nosoever circusdances is to be apprehended the</i>	12		
<i>dustungwashed poltronage of the lost Gabbarnaur-Jaggarnath.</i>	13		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>Pamjab! Gross Jumpiter, whud was thud? Luckluckluckluck-</i>	14		
<i>luckluckluck! It is the Thousand to One Guinea-Gooseberry's</i>	15		
<i>Lipperfull Slipover Cup. Hold hard, ridesiddle titelittle Pitsy</i>	16		
<i>Riley! Gurragrunch, gurragrunch! They are at the turn of the</i>	17		
<i>fourth of the hurdles. By the hross of Xristos, Holophullopopu-</i>	18		
<i>lace is a shote of excramation! Bumchub! Emancipator, the</i>	19		
<i>Creman hunter (Major Hermyn C. Entwistle) with dramatic</i>	20		
<i>effect reproducing the form of famous sires on the scene of the</i>	21		
<i>formers triumphs, is showing the eagle's way to Mr Whayte-</i>	22		
<i>hayte's three buy geldings Homo Made Ink, Bailey Beacon</i>	23		
<i>and Ratauoohy while Furstin II and The Other Girl (Mrs</i>	24		
<i>'Boss' Waters, Leavybrink) too early spring dabbles, are showing</i>	25		
<i>a clean pairofhids to Immensipater. Sinkathinks to oppen here!</i>	26		
<i>To this virgin's tuft, on this golden of evens! I never sought of</i>	27		
<i>sinkathink. Our lorkmakor he is proformly annuysed. He is</i>	28		
<i>shinkly thinkly shaking in his schayns. Sat will be off follteedee.</i>	29		
<i>This eeridreme has being effered you by Bett and Tipp. Tipp and</i>	30		
<i>Bett, our swapstick quackchancers, in From Topphole to Bot-</i>	31		
<i>tom of The Irish Race and World.]</i>	32		
<i>TAFF (awary that the first sports report of Loundin Reginald</i>	33		
<i>has now been afterthoughtfully colliberated by a saggind spurts</i>	34		
<i>flash, takes the dipperend direction and, for tasing the tiomor of</i>	35		
FW343			

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>malaise after the pognency of orangultonia, orients by way of Sagit-</i>	1		
<i>tarius towards Draco on the Lour).</i> And you collier carsst on him,	2		
the corsar, with Boyle, Burke and Campbell, I'll gogemle on	3		
strangbones tomb. You had just been cerberating a camp camp	4		
camp to Saint Sepulchre's march through the armeemonds re-	5		
treat with the boys all marshalled, scattering giant's hail over the	6		
curseway, fellowed along the rout by the stenchions of the	7		
corpse. Tell the coldspell's terroth! If you please, commeylad!	8		
Perfedes Albionias! Think some ingain think, as Teakortairer	9		
sate over the Galwegian caftan forewhen Orops and Aasas were	10		
chooldrengs and micramacrees! A forward movement, Miles na	11		
Bogaleen, and despatch!	12		
BUTT ( <i>slinking his coatsleeves surdout over his squad mutton</i>	13		
<i>shoulder so as to loop more life the jauntlyman as he scents the</i>	14		
<i>anggreget yup behound their whole scoopchina's desperate noy's</i>	15		
<i>totalage and explaining aposteriorly how awstooloo was valde-</i>	16		
<i>sombre belowes hero and he was in a greak esthate phophiar an</i>	17		
<i>erixtion on the soseptuple side of him made spoil apriori his popo-</i>	18		
<i>porportiums).</i> Yass, zotnyzor, I don't think I did not, pojr. Never	19		
you brother me for I scout it, think you! Ichts nichts on nichts!	20		
Greates Schtschuptar! Me fol the rawlawdy in the schpirrt of a	21		
schkrepz. Of all the quirasses and all the qwehrmin in the tra-	22		
gedoes of those antiants their grandoper, that soun of a gun-	23		
nong, with his sabaothsopolettes, smooking his scandlelose at	24		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

bothtends of him! Foinn duhans! I grandthicked after his obras	25		
after another time about the itch in his egondoom he was legging	26		
boldylugged from some pulversporochs and lyoking for a stool-	27		
eazy for to nemesisplotsch allafranka and for to salubrate himself	28		
with an ultradungs heavenly mass at his base by a supprime pomp-	29		
ship chorams the perished popes, the reverend and allaverred	30		
cromlecks, and when I heard his lewdbrogue reciping his cheap	31		
cheateary gospeds to sintry and santry and sentry and suntry I	32		
thought he was only haftara having afterhis brokeforths but be	33		
the homely Churopodvas I no sooner seen aghist of his frighte-	34		
ousness then I was bibbering with vear a few versets off fooling for	35		
fjorg for my fifth foot. Of manifest 'tis obedience and the. Flute!	36		
FW344			
TAFF ( <i>though the unglucksarsoon is giming for to git him, jotning</i>	1		
<i>in, hoghly ligious, hapagodlap, like a soldierry sap, with a pique at</i>	2		
<i>his cue and a tyr in his eye and a bond of his back and a croak in his</i>	3		
<i>cry as did jolly well harm lean o'er him) Is not athug who would.</i>	4		
Weepon, weeponder, song of sorrowmon! Which goathey	5		
and sheepskeer they damnty well know. Papaist! Gambanman!	6		
Take the cawraidd's blow! Yia! Your partridge's last!	7		
BUTT ( <i>giving his scimmianised twinge in acknuckledownedgment</i>	8		
<i>of this cumulick, strafe from the firetrench, studently drobs led, sa-</i>	9		
<i>toniseels ouchyotchy, he changecors induniforms as he is lefting the</i>	10		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

gat out of the big: his face glows green, his hair greys white, his	11		
bleyes bcome broon to suite his cultic twalette). But when I seeing	12		
him in his oneship fetch along within hail that tourrible tall	13		
with his nitshnykopfgoknob and attempting like a brandylogged	14		
rudeman cathargic, lugging up and laiding down his livepelts	15		
so cruschinly like Mebbuck at Messar and expousing his old	16		
skinful self tailtottom by manurevring in open ordure to renew-	17		
muratione with the cowruads in their airish pleasantry I thanked	18		
he was recovering breadth from some herdsquatters beyond the	19		
carcasses and I couldn't erver never to tell a liard story not of I	20		
knew the prize if from lead or alimoney. But when I got innocu-	21		
pation of a full new of his old basemiddelism, in ackshan, pagne	22		
pogne, by the veereyed lights of the stormtrooping clouds and	23		
in the sheenflare of the battleaxes of the heroim and mid the	24		
shieldfails awail of the bitteraccents of the sorafim and caught the	25		
pfierce tsmell of his aurals, orankastank, a suphead setrapped,	26		
like Peder the Greste, altipaltar, my bill it forsooks allegiance	27		
(gut bull it!) and, no lie is this, I was babbeing and yetaghain	28		
bubbering, bibbelboy, me marrues me shkewers me gnaas me	29		
fiet, tob tob tob beat it, solongopatom. Clummensy if ever mis-	30		
used, must used you's now! But, meac Coolp, Arram of Eirze-	31		
rum, as I love our Deer Dirouchy, I confesses withould pride-	32		
jealice when I looked upon the Saur of all the Haurousians with	33		
the weight of his arge fullin upon him from the travaillings of	34		
his tommuck and rueckenased the fates of a bossar there was fear	35		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

on me the sons of Nuad for him and it was heavy he was for me	36		
FW345			
then the way I immingled my Irmenial hairmaierians ammon-	1		
gled his Gospolis fomiliours till, achaura moucreas, I adn't the	2		
arts to.	3		
TAFF ( <i>as a marrer off act, prepensing how such waldmanns from</i>	4		
<i>Burnias seduced country clowns, he is preposing barangaparang</i>	5		
<i>after going knowing what he is doing after to see him pluggy well</i>	6		
<i>moidered as a murder effect, you bet your blowie knife, before he</i>	7		
<i>doze soze, sopprused though he is) Grot Zot! You hidn't the hurts?</i>	8		
Vott Fonn!	9		
BUTT ( <i>hearing somrother sudly give tworthree peevisish sniff snuff</i>	10		
<i>snoores like govalise falseleep he waitawhishts to see might he stirs</i>	11		
<i>and then goes on kuldrum like without asking for pepeace or anysing</i>	12		
<i>a soul). Merzmard! I met with whom it was too late. My fate! O</i>	13		
<i>hate! Fairwail! Fearwealing of the groan! And think of that</i>	14		
<i>when you smugs to bagot.</i>	15		
TAFF ( <i>who meanwhilome at yarn's length so as to put a nodje</i>	16		
<i>in the poestcher, by wile of stoccan his hand and of rooma makin</i>	17		
<i>ber getting umptyums gatherumed off the skatterert, had been lavish-</i>	18		
<i>ing, lagan on lighthouse, words of silent power, susu glouglou biri-</i>	19		
<i>biri gongos, upon the repleted speechsalver's innkeeping right which,</i>	20		
<i>thanks gioeme and naperied norms nonobstaclant, there can be little</i>	21		
<i>doubt, have resulted in a momstchance ministring of another guid-</i>	22		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>ness, my good, to see) Bompromifazzio! Shumpum for Pa-li-di</i>	23		
<i>and oukosouso for the nipper dandy! Trink off this scup and be</i>	24		
<i>bladdy orafferteed! To bug at?</i>	25		
<i>BUTT (he whipedoff's his chimbley phot, as lips lovecurling to the</i>	26		
<i>tongueopener, he takecups the communion of sense at the hands of</i>	27		
<i>the foregiver of trosstpassers and thereinofter centelinnates that</i>	28		
<i>potifex miximhost with haruspical hospedariaty proferring into his</i>	29		
<i>pauses somewhat salt bacon). Theres scares knud in this gnarld</i>	30		
<i>warld a fully so svend as dilates for the improvement of our</i>	31		
<i>foerses of nature by your very ample solvent of referacting upon</i>	32		
<i>me like is boesen fiend.</i>	33		
<i>[The other foregotthened abbosed in the Mullingaria are</i>	34		
<i>during this swishingsight teilweisioned. How the fictionable world</i>	35		
<b>FW346</b>			
<i>in Fruzian Creamtartery is loading off heavy furses and affubling</i>	1		
<i>themselves with muckinstushes. The neatschknee Novgolosh. How</i>	2		
<i>the spinach ruddocks are being tatoovatted up for the second</i>	3		
<i>comings of antigreenst. Hebeneros for Aromal Peace. How</i>	4		
<i>Alibey Ibrahim wisheths Bella Suora to a holy cryptmahs while</i>	5		
<i>the Arumbian Knives Riders axecutes devilances round the</i>	6		
<i>jehumispheure. Learn the Nunsturk. How Old Yales boys is</i>	7		
<i>making rebolutions, for the cunning New Yirls, never elding,</i>	8		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>still begidding, never to mate to lend, never to ate selleries and</i>	9		
<i>never to add soulleries and never to ant sulleries and never to aid</i>	10		
<i>silleries with sucharow with sotchyouroff as Burkeley's Show's</i>	11		
<i>a ructiongetherall. Phone for Phineal toomellow aftermorn and</i>	12		
<i>your phumeral's a roselixion.]</i>	13		
<i>TAFF (now as he has been past the buckthurnstock from Peadhar</i>	14		
<i>Piper of Colliguchuna, whiles they all are bealting pots to dubrin</i>	15		
<i>din for old daddam dombstom to tomb and wamb humbs lumbs</i>	16		
<i>agamb, glimpse agam, glance agen, rise up road and hive up hill,</i>	17		
<i>and find your pollyvoulley foncey pitchin ingles in the parler). Since</i>	18		
<i>you are on for versingrhetorish say your piece! How Buccleuch</i>	19		
<i>shocked the rosing girnirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A hov</i>	20		
<i>and az ov and off like a gow! And don't live out the sad of tearfs,</i>	21		
<i>piddyawhick! Not offgott affsang is you, buthbach? Ath yet-</i>	22		
<i>heredayth noth endeth, hay? Vaersegood! Buckle to! Sayyessik,</i>	23		
<i>Ballygarry. The fourscore soculums are watchyoumaycodding</i>	24		
<i>to cooll the skoopgoods blooff. Harkabuddy, feign! Thingman</i>	25		
<i>placeyear howed wholst somwom shimwhir tinkledinkledelled.</i>	26		
<i>Shinfine deed in the myrtle of the bog tway fainmain stod op to</i>	27		
<i>slog, free bond men lay lurkin on. Tuan about whattinghim!</i>	28		
<i>Fore sneezturmdrappen! 'Twill be a rpnice pschange, arrah, sir?</i>	29		
<i>Can you come it, budd?</i>	30		
<i>BUTT (who in the cushlows of his goodsforseeking hoarth, ever</i>	31		
<i>fondlinger of his pimple spurk, is a niallist of the ninth homestages,</i>	32		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

60

<i>the babybell in his baggutstract upper going off allatwanst, begad,</i>	33		
<i>lest he should challenge himself, beygoad, till angush).</i> Horrasure,	34		
toff! As said as would. It was Colporal Phailinx first. Hittit was	35		
FW347			
of another time, a white horsday where the midril met the bulg,	1		
sbogom, roughnow along about the first equinarx in the cholon-	2		
der, on the plain of Khorason as thou goest from the mount of	3		
Bekel, Steep Nemorn, elve hundred and therety and to years	4		
how the krow flees end in deed, after a power of skimiskes,	5		
blodidens and godinats of them, when we sight the beasts, (heg-	6		
heg whatlk of wraimy wetter!), moist moonful date man aver	7		
held dimsdzey death with, and higeye was in the Reilly Oirish	8		
Krzerszonese Milesia asundurst Sirdarthar Woolwichleagues,	9		
good tomkeys years somewhile in Crimealian wall samewhere	10		
in Ayerland, during me weeping stillstumms over the freshprosts	11		
of Eastchept and the dangling garters of Marrowbone and daring	12		
my wapping stiltstunts on Bostion Moss, old stile and new style	13		
and heave a lep onwards. And winn again, blaguadargoos, or	14		
lues the day, plays goat, the banshee pealer if moskats knows	15		
whoss whizz, the great day and the druidful day come San	16		
Patrisky and the grand day, the excellent fine splendorous long	17		
agreeable toastworthy cylindrical day, go Sixt of the Ninth, the	18		
heptahundread annam dammias that Hajizfijiz ells me is and	19		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

will and was be till the timelag is in it that's told in the Bok of	20		
Alam to columnkill all the prefacies of Erin gone brugk. But	21		
Icantenue. And incommixtion. We was lowsome like till we'd	22		
took out after the dead beats. So I begin to study and I soon	23		
show them day's reasons how to give the cold shake to they	24		
blighty perishers and lay one over the beats. All feller he look	25		
he call all feller come longa villa finish. Toumbalo, how was	26		
I acclapadad! From them banjopeddlars on the raid. Gidding	27		
up me anti vanillas and getting off the stissas me aunties.	28		
Boxerising and coxerusing. And swiping a johnny dann	29		
sweept for to exercitise myself notwithstanding the topkats	30		
and his roaming cartridges, orussheyng and patronng, out	31		
all over Crummwiliam wall. Be the why it was me who haw	32		
haw.	33		
TAFF ( <i>all for letting his tinder and lighting be put to beheiss in</i>	34		
<i>the feuer and, while durblinly obasiant to the felicias of the skivis,</i>	35		
<i>still smolking his fulourite turfkish in the rooking pressance of</i>	36		
FW348			
<i>laddios</i> ). Yaa hoo how how, col? Whom battles joined no bottles	1		
sever! Worn't you aid a comp?	2		
BUTT ( <i>in his difficultous tresdobremient, he feels a bitovalike a</i>	3		
<i>baddlefall of staot but falls a batforlake a borrrlefull of bare</i> ). And	4		
me awlphul omegrims! Between me rassociations in the postlea-	5		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

62

deny past and me disconnections with aplompervious futules	6		
I've a boodle full of maimerries in me buzzim and medears runs	7		
sloze, bleime, as I now with platoonic leave recoil in (how the	8		
thickens they come back to one to rust!) me misenary post for	9		
all them old boyars that's now boomaringing in waulholler, me	10		
alma marthyrs. I dring to them, bycorn spirits fuselaiding, and	11		
you cullies adjutant, even where its contentsed wody, with	12		
absents wehrmuth. Junglemen in agleement, I give thee our	13		
greatly swooren, Theoccupant that Rueandredful, the thrown-	14		
fullvner and all our royal devouts with the arrest of the whole	15		
inhibitance of Neuilands! One brief mouth. And a velligoolap-	16		
now! Meould attashees the currgans, (if they could get a kick at	17		
this time for all that's hapenced to us!) Cedric said Gormleyson	18		
and Danno O'Dunnochoo and Conno O'Cannochar it is this	19		
were their names for we were all under that manner barracksers	20		
on Kong Gores Wood together, thurkmen three, with those	21		
khakireinettes, our miladies in their toiletries, the twum plum-	22		
yumnietcies, Vjeras Vjenaskayas, of old Djadja Uncken who	23		
was a great mark for jinking and junking, up the palposes of	24		
womth and wamth, we war and the charme of their lyse brocade.	25		
For lispias harth a burm in eye but whom it bames fire norone	26		
screeneth. Hulp, hulp, huzzars! Raise ras tryracy! Freetime's	27		
free! Up Lancesters! Anathem!	28		
TAFF ( <i>who still senses that heavinscent houroines that enter-</i>	29		
<i>trained him who they were sinuorivals from the sunny Espionia but</i>	30		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

63

<i>plied wopsy with his wallets in thatthack of the bustle Bakerloo,</i>	31		
<i>(11.32), passing the uninational truthbosh in smoothing irony over</i>	32		
<i>the multinotcheralled infructuosities of his grinner set).</i> The rib,	33		
the rib, the quean of oldbyrdes, Sinya Sonyavitches! Your	34		
Rhoda Cockardes that are raday to embrace our ruddy inflamtry	35		
world! In their ohosililesvienne biribarbebeway. Till they've	36		
FW349			
kinks in their tringers and boils on their taws. Whor dor the pene	1		
lie, Mer Pencho? Ist dramhead countmortal or gonorrhah stab?	2		
Mind your pughs and keaoghs, if you piggots, marsh! Do the	3		
nut, dingbut! Be a dag! For zahur and zimmerminnes! Sing in	4		
the chorias to the ethur:	5		
<i>[In the heliotropical noughttime following a fade of trans-</i>	6		
<i>formed Tuff and pending, its viseversion, a metenergic reglow</i>	7		
<i>of beaming Batt, the bairdboard bombardment screen, if taste-</i>	8		
<i>fully taut guranium satin, tends to teleframe and step up to</i>	9		
<i>the charge of a light barricade. Down the photoslope in syncopanc</i>	10		
<i>pulses, with the bitts bugtwug their teffs, the missledhropes,</i>	11		
<i>glitteraglatteglutt, borne by their carnier walvoe. Spraygun</i>	12		
<i>rakes and splits them from a double focus: grenadite, damny-</i>	13		
<i>mite, alextronite, nichilite: and the scanning firespot of the</i>	14		
<i>sgunners traverses the rutilanced illustred sunksundered lines.</i>	15		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>Shlossh! A gaspel truce leaks out over the caeseine coatings.</i>	16		
<i>Amid a fluorescence of spectracular mephiticism there caoculates</i>	17		
<i>through the inconoscope stealdily a still, the figure of a fellow-</i>	18		
<i>chap in the wohly ghash, Popey O'Donoshough, the jesuneral</i>	19		
<i>of the russuates. The idolon exhibisces the seals of his orders:</i>	20		
<i>the starre of the Son of Heaven, the girtel of Izodella the Calot-</i>	21		
<i>tica, the cross of Michelides Apaleogos, the latchet of Jan of</i>	22		
<i>Nepomuk, the puffpuff and pompom of Powther and Pall, the</i>	23		
<i>great belt, band and bucklings of the Martyrology of Gorman.</i>	24		
<i>It is for the castomercies mudwake surveice. The victar. Pleave</i>	25		
<i>to notnoys speach above your dreadths, please to doughboys. Hll,</i>	26		
<i>smthngs gnwrng wthth sprsnwtch! He blanks his oggles because</i>	27		
<i>he confesses to all his tellavicious nieces. He blocks his nosoes be-</i>	28		
<i>cause that he confesses to everywheres he was always putting up his</i>	29		
<i>latest faengers. He wollops his mouter with a sword of tusk in as</i>	30		
<i>because that he confesses how opten he used be obening her howonton</i>	31		
<i>he used be undering her. He boundles alltgotter his manucupes</i>	32		
<i>with his pedarrests in asmuch as because that he confesses before</i>	33		
<i>all his handcomplishies and behind all his comfoderacies. And</i>	34		
<i>(hereis cant came back saying he codant steal no lunger, yessis,</i>	35		
<b>FW350</b>			
<i>catz come buck beques he caudant stail awake) he touched upon</i>	1		
<i>this tree of livings in the middenst of the garerden for inasmuch</i>	2		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>as because that he confessed to it on Hillel and down Dalem and</i>	3		
<i>in the places which the lepers inhabit in the place of the stones</i>	4		
<i>and in pontofert jusfuggading amoret now he come to think of it</i>	5		
<i>jolly well ruttengenerously olyovvover the ole blucky shop. Pugger</i>	6		
<i>old Pumpey O'Dungaschiff! There will be a hen collection of him</i>	7		
<i>after avensung on the field of Hanar. Dumble down looties and</i>	8		
<i>gengstermen! Dtin, dtin, dtin, dtin!]</i>	9		
<i>BUTT (with a gisture expansive of Mr Lhugewhite Cadderpollard</i>	10		
<i>with sunflowered beautonhole pulled up point blanck by mailbag</i>	11		
<i>mundaynism at Oldbally Court though the hissindensity buck far</i>	12		
<i>of his melovelance tells how when he was fast marking his first</i>	13		
<i>lord for cremation the whyfe of his bothem was the very lad's thing</i>	14		
<i>to elter his mehind). Prostatates, pujealousties! Dovolnoisers,</i>	15		
<i>prayshyous! Defense in every circumstancias of deboutcheries</i>	16		
<i>no the chaste daffs! Pack pickets, pioghs and kughs to be palsey-</i>	17		
<i>putred! Be at the peme, prease, of not forgetting or mere betoken</i>	18		
<i>yourself to hother prace! Correct me, pleatze commando for</i>	19		
<i>cossakes but I abjure of it. No more basquibezigues for this pole</i>	20		
<i>aprican! With askormiles' eskermillas. I had my billyfell of</i>	21		
<i>duckish delights the whole pukny time on rawmeots and juliannes</i>	22		
<i>with their lambstoels in my kiddeneys and my ramsbutter in</i>	23		
<i>their sassenacher ribs, knee her, do her and trey her, when</i>	24		
<i>th'osirian cumb dumb like the whalf on the fiord and we prey-</i>	25		
<i>ing players and pinching peacesmokes, trouppers tomiatskyns</i>	26		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

all, for Father Petrie Spence of Parishmoslattary to go and leave	27		
us and the crimsend daun to shellalite on the darkumen (scene	28		
as signed, Slobabogue), feeding and sleeping on the huguenottes	29		
(the snuggest spalniel's where the lieon's tame!) and raiding	30		
revolutions over the allbegeneses (sand us and saint us and	31		
sound as agun!). Yet still in all, spit for spat like we chanted on	32		
Sunda schoon, every warson wearrier kaddies a komnate in	33		
his schnapsack and unlist I am getting foegutfulls of the rugi-	34		
ments of savaliged wildfire I was gamefellow willmate and send	35		
FW351			
us victorias with nowells and brownings, dumm sneak and	1		
curry, and all the fun I had in that fanagan's week. A strange	2		
man wearing abarrel. And here's a gift of meggs and teggs. And	3		
as I live by chipping nortons. And 'tis iron fits the farmer, ay.	4		
Arcdesedo! Renborumba! Then were the hellscyown days for	5		
our fellows, the loyal leibsters, and we was the redugout raw-	6		
recruitmenters, praddies three and prettish too, a wheeze we has	7		
in our waynward islands, wee engrish, one long blue streak,	8		
jisty and pithy af durck rosolun, with hand to hand as Homard	9		
Kayenne was always jiggilyjugging about in his wendowed	10		
courage when our woos with the wenches went wined for a song,	11		
tsingirillies' zygarettes, while Woodbine Willie, so popiular	12		
with the poppyrossies, our Chorney Choplain, blued the air.	13		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Sczlanthas! Banzaine! Bissbasses! S. Pivorandbowl. And we all	14		
tuned in to hear the topmast noviality. Up the revels drown the	15		
rinks and almistips all round! Paddy Bonhamme he vives! En-	16		
core! And tig for tag. Togatogtug. My droomodose days Y loved	17		
you abover all the strest. Blowhole brasshat and boy with his	18		
boots off and the butch of our bunch and all. It was buckoo	19		
bonzer, beleeme. I was a bare prive without my doglegs but I	20		
did not give to one humpenny dump, wingh or wangh, touching	21		
those thusengaged slavey generales of Tanah Kornalls, the	22		
meelisha's deelishas, pronouncing their very flank movemens	23		
in sunpictorsbosk. Baghus the whatwar! I could always take good	24		
cover of myself and, eyedulls or earwakers, preyers for rain or	25		
cominations, I did not care three tanker's hoots, ('sham! hem!	26		
or chaffit!) for any feelings from my lifeprivates on their reptro-	27		
grad leanins because I have Their Honours booth my respectables	28		
soeurs assistershood off Lyndhurst Terrace, the puttih Misses	29		
Celana Dalems, and she in vinting her angurr can belle the troth	30		
on her alliance and I know His Heriness, my respektoble me-	31		
dams culonelle on Mellay Street, Lightnints Gundhur Sawabs,	32		
and they would never as the aimees of servation let me down.	33		
Not on your bludger life, touters! No peeping, pimpadoors!	34		
And, by Jova, I never went wrong not let him doom till, risky	35		
wark rasky wolk, at the head of the wake, up come stumblebum	36		
FW352			

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

(ye olde cottemptable!), his urssian gemenal, in his scutt's rudes	1		
unreformed and he went before him in that nemcon enchelonce	2		
with the same old domstoole story and his upleave the fallener	3		
as is greatly to be petted (whitesides do his beard!) and I seen his	4		
brichashert offensive and his boortholomas vadnhammaggs vise	5		
a vise them scharlot runners and how they gave love to him	6		
and how he took the ward from us (odious the fly fly flirtation	7		
of his him and hers! Just mairmaid maddeling it was it he was!)	8		
and, my oreland for a rovever, sord, by the splunthers of colt	9		
and bung goes the enemay the Percy rally got me, messger (as	10		
true as theirs an Almagnian Gothabobus!) to blow the grand off	11		
his aceupper. Thistake it's meest! And after meath the dulwich.	12		
We insurrectioned, and be the procuratress of the hory synnotts,	13		
before he could tell pullyirragun to parrylewis, I shuttm, missus,	14		
like a wide sleever! Hump to dump! Tumbleheaver!	15		
TAFF ( <i>camelsensing that sonce they have given bron a nuhlan</i>	16		
<i>the volkar boastsung is heading to sea vermelhion but too wellbred</i>	17		
<i>not to ignore the umzemlianness of his rifal's preceedings in an effort</i>	18		
<i>towards autosotorisation, effaces himself in favour of the ideology</i>	19		
<i>alwise behounding his lumpy hump off homosodalism which means</i>	20		
<i>that if he has lain amain to lolly his liking - cabronne! - he may pops</i>	21		
<i>lilly a young one to his herth - combrune -) Oholy rasher, I'm be-</i>	22		
<i>liever! And Oho bullyclaver of ye, bragadore-gunneral! The</i>	23		
<i>grand ohold spider! It is a name to call to him Umsturdum Vonn!</i>	24		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Ah you were shutter reshottus and sieger besieged. Aha race of	25		
fiercemarchands counterination oho of shorpshoopers.	26		
BUTT ( <i>miraculising into the Dann Deafir warcry, his bigotes</i>	27		
<i>bristling, as, jittinju triggity shittery pet, he shouts his thump and</i>	28		
<i>feeh fauh foul finngures up the heighohs of their ahs!)</i> Bluddy-	29		
muddymuzzle! The buckbeshottered! He'll umbozzle no more	30		
graves nor horne nor haunder lou garou for gayl geselles in	31		
dead men's hills! Kaptan (backsights to his bared!) His Cum-	32		
bulent Embulence, the frustate fourstar Russkakruscam, Dom	33		
Allaf O'Khorwan, connundurumchuff.	34		
TAFF ( <i>who, asbestas can, wiz the healps of gosh and his bluzzid</i>	35		
<i>maikar, has been sulphuring to himsalves all the pungataries</i>	36		
FW353			
<i>of sin praktice in failing to furrow theogonies of the dommed).</i>	1		
Trisseme the mangoat! And the name of the Most Marsiful,	2		
the Aweghost, the Gragious One! In sober sooth and in souber	3		
civiles? And to the dirtiment of the curtailment of his all of man?	4		
Notshoh?	5		
BUTT ( <i>maomant scoffin, but apoxyomenously deturbaned but</i>	6		
<i>thems bleachin banes will be after making a bashman's haloday out</i>	7		
<i>of the euphorious hagiohygiecynicism of his die and be diademmed).</i>	8		
Yastsar! In sabre tooth and sobre saviles! Senonnevero! That	9		
he leaves nyet is my grafe. He deared me to it and he dared me	10		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

do it, and bedattle I didaredonit as Cocksark of Killtork can	11		
tell and Ussur Ursussen of the viktaurios onrush with all the	12		
rattles in his arctic! As bold and as madhouse a bull in a meadows.	13		
Knout Knittrick Kinkypeard! Olefoh, the sourd of foemoe	14		
times! Unknun! For when meseemim, and tolfoklokken rolland	15		
allover ourloud's lande, beheaving up that sob of tunf for to	16		
claimhis, for to wollpimsolff, puddywhuck. Ay, and untuoning	17		
his culothone in an exitous erseroyal <i>Deo Jupto</i> . At that instullt	18		
to Igorladns! Prronto! I gave one dobblenotch and I ups with	19		
my crozzier. Mirrdo! With my how on armer and hits leg an	20		
arrow cockshock rockrogn. Sparro!	21		
<i>[The abnihilisation of the etym by the grising of the grosning</i>	22		
<i>of the grinder of the grunder of the first lord of Hurtreford ex-</i>	23		
<i>polodotonates through Parsuralia with an ivanmorinthorrorumble</i>	24		
<i>fragoromboassity amidwhiches general uttermosts confussion are</i>	25		
<i>perceivable moletons skaping with mulicules while coentry</i>	26		
<i>plumpkins fairlygosmotherthemselves in the Landaunelegants</i>	27		
<i>of Pinkadindy. Similar scenatas are projectilised from Hullulullu,</i>	28		
<i>Bawlawayo, empyreal Raum and mordern Atems. They were</i>	29		
<i>precisely the twelves of clocks, noon minutes, none seconds.</i>	30		
<i>At someseat of Oldanelang's Konguerrig, by dawnybreak in</i>	31		
<i>Aira.]</i>	32		
TAFF ( <i>skimperskamper, his wools gatherings all over cromlin</i>	33		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>what with the birstol boys artheynes and is it her tour and the</i>	34		
<i>crackery of the fullfour fivefirearms and the crockery of their dam-</i>	35		
FW354			
<i>dam domdom chumbers). Wharall thubulbs uptheaires! Shatta-</i>	1		
<i>movick?</i>	2		
<i>BUTT (pulling alast stark daniel with alest doog at doorak while</i>	3		
<i>too greater than pardon painfully the issue of his mouth diminuen-</i>	4		
<i>doing vility of vilities he becomes allasvitally faint). Shurenoff!</i>	5		
<i>Like Faun MacGhoul!</i>	6		
<i>BUTT and TAFF (desprot slave wager and foeman feodal un-</i>	7		
<i>sheckled, now one and the same person, their fight upheld to right</i>	8		
<i>for a wee while being baffled and tottered, umbraged by the shadow</i>	9		
<i>of Old Erssia's magisquammythical mulattomilitiaman, the living</i>	10		
<i>by owning over the surfers of the glebe whose sway craven minnions</i>	11		
<i>had caused to revile, as, too foul for hell, under boiling Mauses'</i>	12		
<i>burning brand, he falls by Goll's gillie, but keenheartened by the</i>	13		
<i>circuminsistence of the Parkes O'Rarelys in a hurdly gurdly Cicilian</i>	14		
<i>concertone of their fonngeena barney brawl, shaken everybothy's</i>	15		
<i>hands, while S. E. Morehampton makes leave to E. N. Sheil-</i>	16		
<i>martin after Meetinghouse Lanigan has embaraced Vergemout</i>	17		
<i>Hall, and, without falter or mormor or blathrehoot of sophsterliness,</i>	18		
<i>pugnate the pledge of fiannaship, dook to dook, with a commonturn</i>	19		
<i>oudchd of fest man and best man astoutsalliesemoutioun palms it</i>	20		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>off like commodity tokens against a cococancancacacano tioun).</i>	21		
When old the wormd was a gadden and Anthea first unfoiled her	22		
limbs wanderloot was the way the wood wagged where opter	23		
and apter were samuraised twimbs. They had their muttherring	24		
ivies and their murdherring idies and their mouldherring iries in	25		
that muskat grove but there'll be bright plinnyflowers in Calo-	26		
mella's cool bowers when the magpyre's babble towers scorching	27		
and screeching from the ravenindove. If thees lobed the sex of	28		
his head and mees ates the seep of his traublers he's dancing	29		
figgies to the spittle side and shoving outs the soord. And he'll	30		
be buying buys and go gulling gells with his flossim and jessim	31		
of carm silk and honey while myandthys playing lancifer lucifug	32		
and what's duff as a bettle for usses makes coy cosyn corollanes'	33		
moues weeter to wee. So till butagain budly shoots thon rising	34		
germinal let bodley chow the fatt of his anger and badley bide	35		
the toil of his tubb.	36		
FW355			
<i>[The pump and pipe pingers are ideally reconstituted. The</i>	1		
<i>putther and bowls are peterpacked up. All the presents are deter-</i>	2		
<i>mining as regards for the future the howabouts of their past</i>	3		
<i>absences which they might see on at hearing could they once smell</i>	4		
<i>of tastes from touch. To ought find a values for. The must over-</i>	5		
<i>listingness. When ex what is ungiven. As ad where. Stillhead.</i>	6		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>Blunk.</i> ]	7		
Shutmup. And bud did down well right. And if he sung dumb	8		
in his glass darkly speech lit face to face on allaround.	9		
Vociferagitant. Viceversounding. Namely, Abdul Abulbul	10		
Amir or Ivan Slavansky Slavar. In alldconfusalem. As to whom the	11		
major guiltfeather pertained it was Hercushiccups' care to educe.	12		
Beauty's bath she's bound to bind beholders and pride, his purge,	13		
has place appoint in penance and the law's own libel lifts and	14		
lames the low with the lofty. Be of the housed! While the Hersy	15		
Hunt they harrow the hill for to rout them rollicking rogues	16		
from, rule those racketeer romps from, rein their rockery rides	17		
from. Rambling.	18		
Nightclothesed, arooned, the conquerods sway. After their	19		
battle thy fair bosom.	20		
— That is too toottrue enough in Solidan's Island as in Mol-	21		
tern Giaourmany and from the Amelakins off to date back to	22		
land of engined Egypsians, assented from his opening before his	23		
inlookers of where an oxmanstongue stalled stabled the well-	24		
nourished one, lord of the seven days, overlord of sats and suns,	25		
the sat of all the suns which are in the ring of his system of the	26		
sats of his sun, god of the scuffeldfallen skillfilledfelon, who (he	27		
contaimns) hangsters, who (he constrains) hersirrs, a gain chang-	28		
ful, a mintage vaster, heavy on shirts, lucky with shifts, the top-	29		
side humpup stummock atween his showdows fellah, Misto Tee-	30		
wiley Spillitshops, who keepeth watch in Khummer-Phett, whose	31		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

74

spouse is An-Lyph, the dog's bladder, warmer of his couch in	32		
fore. We all, for whole men is lepers, have been nobbut won-	33		
terers in that chill childerness which is our true name after the	34		
allfaulters (mug's luck to em!) and, bespeaking of love and lie	35		
detectors in venuvarities, whateither the drugs truth of it, was	36		
FW356			
there an iota of from the faust to the lost. And that is at most re-	1		
doubtedly an overthrow of each and ilkermann of us, I persuade	2		
myself, before Gow, gentlemen, so true as this are my kopfinpot	3		
astrode on these is my boardsoldereds.	4		
It sollected, grobbling hummley, his roundhouse of seven	5		
orofaces, of all, guiltshouters or crimemummers to be sayd by,	6		
codnops, advices for, free of gracies, scamps encloded, com-	7		
petitioning them, if they had steadied Jura or when they had	8		
raced Messafissi, husband of your wifebetter or bestman botcha-	9		
lover of you yourself, how comes ever a body in our taylorised	10		
world to selve out thishis, whither it gives a primeum nobilees	11		
for our notomise or naught, the farst wriggle from the ubivence,	12		
whereom is man, that old offender, nother man, wheile he is	13		
asame. And fullexamplng. The pints in question. With some by-	14		
spills. And sicsecs to provim hurtig. Soup's on!	15		
— A time. And a find time. Whenin aye was a kiddling. And	16		
the tarikies held sowansopper. Let there beam a frishfrey. And	17		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

they sodhe gudhe rudhe brodhe wedhe swedhe medhe in the	18		
kandledrum. I have just (let us suppraise) been reading in a	19		
(suppressed) book—it is notwithstempting by meassures long	20		
and limited—the latterpress is eminently legligible and the paper,	21		
so he eagerly seized upon, has scarsely been buttered in works of	22		
previous publicity wholebeit in keener notcase would I turf aside	23		
for pastureuration. Packen paper paineth whomto is sacred	24		
scriptured sign. Who straps it scraps it that might, if ashed have	25		
healped. Enough, however, have I read of it, like my good bedst	26		
friend, to augur in the hurry of the times that it will cocommend	27		
the widest circulation and a reputation coextensive with its merits	28		
when intrusted into safe and pious hands upon so edifying a	29		
mission as it, I can see, as is his. It his ambullished with expurga-	30		
tive plates, replete in information and accampaigning the action	31		
passiom, slopbang, whizzcrash, boomarattling from burst to	32		
past, as I have just been seeing, with my warmest venerectons,	33		
of a timmersome townside upthecountryslifer, (Guard place the	34		
town!) allthose everwhalmed upon that preposterous blank seat,	35		
before the wordcraft of this early woodcutter, a master of vignett-	36		
FW357			
iennes and our findest grobsmid among all their orefices, (and,	1		
shukar in chowdar, so splunderdly English!) Mr Aubeyron	2		
Birdslay. Chubgoodchob, arsoncheep and wellwillworth a triat!	3		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Bismillafoulties. But the hasard you asks is justly ever behind his	4		
meddle throw! Those sad pour sad forengistanterers, dastyhappy	5		
dustyrust! Chaichairs. It is that something, awe, aurorbean in that	6		
fellow, hamid and damid, (did he have but Hugh de Brassey's	7		
beardslie his wear mine of ancient guised) which comequeers this	8		
anywhat perssian which we, owe, realisinus with purups a dard	9		
of pene. There is among others pleasons whom I love and which	10		
are favourests to mind, one which I have pushed my finker in for	11		
the movement and, but for my sealring is none to hand I swear,	12		
she is highly catatheristic and there is another which I have	13		
fombly fongered freequuntly and, when my signet is on sign	14		
again I swear she is deeply sangnificant. <i>Culpo de Dido!</i> Ars we	15		
say in the classies. <i>Kunstful</i> , we others said. What ravening shadow!	16		
What dovely line! Not the king of this age could richlier eyefeast	17		
in oreillant longuardness with alternate nightjoys of a thousand	18		
kinds but one kind. A shahrryar cobbler on me when I am lying!	19		
And whilst (when I doot my sliding panel and I hear cawcaw) I	20		
have been idylly turmbing over the loose looves leaflefts jagged	21		
casualty on the lamatory, as is my this is, as I must commit	22		
my lips to make misface for misfortune, often, so far as I can	23		
chance to recollect from the some farnights ago, (so dimsweet is	24		
that selvischdischdience of to not to be able to be obliged to	25		
have to hold further anything than a stone his throw's fruit's	26		
fall!) when I, if you wil excuse for me this informal leading down	27		
of illexpressibles, enlivened toward the Author of Nature by the	28		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

77

natural sins ligger gobelinned theirs before me, (how differen-	29		
ded with the manmade Eonochs Cunstuntonopolies!), weather-	30		
ed they be of a general golf stature, assasserted, or blossomly	31		
emblushing thems elves underneed of some howthern folleys,	32		
am entrenched up contemplating of myself, wiz my naked I, for	33		
relieving purposes in our trurally virvir vergitabale (garden) I	34		
sometimes, maybe, what has justly said of old Flannagan, a wake	35		
from this or huntsfurwards, with some shock (shell I so render	36		
FW358			
it?) have (when I ope my shylight window and I see cocoo) a	1		
notion quiet involuptary of that I am cadging hapsnots as at	2		
murmurrandoms of distend renations from ficsimilar phases or	3		
dugouts in the behindscenes of our earthwork (what roving	4		
shudder! what deadly loom!) as this is, at no spatial time pro-	5		
cessly which regards to concrude chronology about which in	6		
fact, at spite of I having belittled myself to my gay giftname of	7		
insectarian, happy burgages abeyance would make homesweets-	8		
town hopeygoalucrey, my mottu propprior, as I claim, cad's	9		
truck, I coined, I am highly pelaged and deeply gluttened to	10		
mind hindmost hearts to see by their loudest reports from my	11		
threespawn bottery parts (shsh!) that, colombophile and corvino-	12		
phobe alike when I have remassed me my travellingself as from	13		
Magellanic clouds, after my contractual expenditures, through	14		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

the perofficies of merelimb, I, my good grief, I am, I am big	15		
altoogooder.	16		
He beached the bark of his tale; and set to husband and vine:	17		
and the harpermaster told all the living conservancy, know	18		
Meschiameschianah, how that win a gain was in again. Flying	19		
the Perseoroyal. Withal aboarder, padar and madar, hal and sal,	20		
the sens of Ere with the duchtars of Iran. Amick amack amock in	21		
a mucktub. Qith the tou loulous and the gryffygyffygyffs, at	22		
Fenegans Wick, the Wildemanns. Washed up whight and de-	23		
liveried rhight. Loud lauds to his luckhump and bejetties on jo-	24		
nahs! And they winxed and wanxed like baillybeacons. Till we	25		
woksed up oldermen.	26		
From whose plultibust preaggravated, by baskatchairch theo-	27		
logies (there werenighn on thaurity herouns in that alraschil	28		
arthouducks draken), they were whoalike placed to say, in the	29		
matters off ducomans nonbar one, with bears' respects to him and	30		
bulls' acknowledgments (come on now, girls! lead off, O cara,	31		
whichever won of you wins! The two Gemuas and Jane Agrah	32		
and Judy Tombuys!) disassembling and taking him apart, the	33		
slammocks, with discrimination for his maypole and a rub in	34		
passing over his hump, droguerries inaddendance, frons, fesces	35		
and frithstool: 1) he hade to die it, the beetle, 2) he didhithim self,	36		
FW359			

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

hod's fush, 3) all ever the pelican huntered with truly fond bull-	1		
pen backthought since his toork human life where his personal	2		
low outhired his taratoryism, the orenore under the selfhide of his	3		
bessermettle, was forsake in his chiltern and lumbojumbo, 4) he	4		
was like Fintan fore flood and after sometimes too damned	5		
merely often on the saved side, saw he was, 5) regarding to	6		
prussyattes or quazzyverzing he wassand no better than he would	7		
have been before he could have been better than what he warrant	8		
after, 6) blood, musk or haschish, as coked, diamoned or pence-	9		
loid, and bleaching him naclenude from all cohlorine matter,	10		
down to a boneash bittstoff, he's, tink fors tank, the same old	11		
dustamount on the same old tincoverdull baubleclass, totstitty-	12		
winktossor and bogusbagwindburster, whether fitting tyres onto	13		
Danelope boys or fluttering flaus for laurettas, whatever the	14		
bucket brigade and the plug party says, touchant Arser of the	15		
Rum Tipple and his camelottery and lyonesslooting but with a	16		
layaman's brutstrenth, by Jacohob and Esahur and the all saults	17		
or all sallies, what we warn to hear, jeff, is the woods of chirpsies	18		
cries to singaloo sweecheeriode and sock him up, the oldcant	19		
rogue.	20		
Group A.	21		
You have jest (a ham) beamed listening through (a ham pig)	22		
his haulted excerpt from John Whiston's fiveaxled production,	23		
<i>The Coach With The Six Insides</i> , from the Tales of Yore of the	24		
times gone by before there was a hofdking or a hoovthing or a	25		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

80

pinginapoke in Orelan, all sould. Goes Tory by Eeric Whigs is	26		
To Become Tintinued in <i>Fearson's Nightly</i> in the Lets All Wake	27		
Brickfaced In Lucan. Lhirondella, jaunty lhirondella! With tirra	28		
lirra rondinelles, atantivy we go!	29		
Attention! Stand at!! Ease!!!	30		
We are now diffusing among our lovers of this sequence (to	31		
you! to you!) the dewfolded song of the naughtingels (Alys!	32		
Alysaloe!) from their sheltered positions, in roscenery hay-	33		
dyng, on the heather side of waldalure, Mount Saint John's,	34		
Jinnyland, whither our allies winged by duskfoil from Moore-	35		
parque, swift sanctuary seeking, after Sunsink gang (Oiboe!	36		
FW360			
Hitherzither! Almost dotty! I must dash!) to pour their peace in	1		
partial (floflo floreflorence), sweetishsad lightandgayle, twittwin	2		
twosingwoolow. Let everie sound of a pitch keep still in reson-	3		
ance, jemcrow, jackdaw, prime and secund with their terce that	4		
whoe betwides them, now full theorbe, now dulcifair, and when	5		
we press of pedal (sof!) pick out and vowelise your name.	6		
A mum. You pere Golazy, you mere Bare and you Bill Heeny, and	7		
you Smirky Dainty and, more beethoken, you wheckfoolthe-	8		
nairyans with all your badchthumpered peanas! We are gluck-	9		
glucky in our being so far fortunate that, bark and bay duol with	10		
Man Goodfox inchimings having ceased to the moment, so allow	11		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

the clinkars of our nocturnefield, night's sweetmoztheart, their	12		
Carmen Sylvae, my quest, my queen. Lou must wail to cool me	13		
airly! Coil me curly, warbler dear! May song it flourish (in the	14		
underwood), in chorush, long make it flourish (in the Nut, in the	15		
Nutsky) till thorush! Secret Hookup.	16		
— Roguenaar Loudbrags, that soddy old samph! How high	17		
is vuile, var?	18		
To which yes he did, capt, that was the answer.	19		
— And his shartshort trooping its colours! We knows his	20		
ventruquulence.	21		
Which that that rang ripprippipling.	22		
— Bulbul, bulbulone! I will shally. Thou shalt willy. You wouldnt	23		
should as youd remesmer. I hypnot. 'Tis golden sickle's hour.	24		
Holy moon priestess, we'd love our grappes of mistellose! Moths	25		
the matter? Pschtt! Tabarins comes. To fell our fairest. O gui, O	26		
gui! Salam, salms, salaum! Carolus! O indeed and we ware! And	27		
hoody crow was ere. I soared from the peach and Missmolly	28		
showed her pear too, onto three and away. Whet the bee as to	29		
deflowret greendy grassies yellowhorse. Kematitis, cele our er-	30		
dours! Did you aye, did you eye, did you everysee suchaway,	31		
suchawhy, eeriewhigg airywhugger? Even to the extremity of	32		
the world? Dingoldell! The enormanous his, our littlest little!	33		
Wee wee, that long alancey one! Let sit on this anthill for our	34		
frilldress talk after this day of making blithe inveiled the heart	35		
before our goatsupper serves to us Panchomaster and let har-	36		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

82

FW361			
leqwind play peeptomine up all our colombinations! Wins	1		
won is nought, twigs too is nil, tricks trees makes nix, fairs fears	2		
stoops at nothing. And till Arthur comes againus and sen pea-	3		
trick's he's reformed we'll pose him together a piece, a pace.	4		
Shares in guineases! There's lovely the sight! Surey me, man	5		
weepful! Big Seat, you did hear? And teach him twisters in	6		
tongue irish. Pat lad may goh too. Quicken, aspen; ash and yew;	7		
willow, broom with oak for you. And move your tellabout. Not	8		
nice is that, limpet lady! Spose we try it promissly. Love all.	9		
Naytellmeknot tennis! Taunt me treattening! But do now say to	10		
Mr Eustache! Ingean mingen has to hear. Whose joint is out of	11		
jealousy now? Why, heavilybody's evillyboldy's. Hopping Gra-	12		
cius, onthy ovful! O belessk mie, what a nerve! How a mans in	13		
his armor we nurses know. Wingwong welly, pittty pretty Nelly!	14		
Some Poddy pittted in, will anny petty pullet out? Call Kitty	15		
Kelly! Kissykitty Killykelly! What a nossowl buzzard! But what	16		
a neats ung gels!	17		
Here all the leaves alift aloft, full o'liefing, fell alaughing over	18		
Ombrellone and his parasollieras with their black thronguards	19		
from the County Shillelagh. Ignorant invincibles, innocents im-	20		
mutant! Onzel grootvatter Lodewijk is onangonamed before the	21		
bridge of primerose and his twy Isas Boldmans is met the bluey-	22		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

bells near Dandeliond. We think its a gorsedd shame, these go-	23		
doms. A lark of limonladies! A lurk of orangetawneymen! You're	24		
backleg wounted, budkley mister, bester of the boyne!	25		
And they leaved the most leavely of leaftimes and the most	26		
folliagenous till there came the marrer of mirth and the jangthe-	27		
rapper of all jocularinas and they were as were they never ere.	28		
Yet had they laughtered, one on other, undo the end and enjoyed	29		
their laughings merry was the times when so grant it High Hila-	30		
riion us may too!	31		
Cease, prayce, storywalkering around with gestare romano-	32		
verum he swinking about is they think and plan unrawil	33		
what.	34		
Back to Droughty! The water of the face has flowed.	35		
The all of them, the sowriegueuxers, blottyeyed boys, in that	36		
FW362			
pig's village smoke, a sixdigitarian legion on druid circle, the	1		
Clandibblon clam cartel, then pulled out and came off and rally	2		
agreed them, roasted malts with toasted burleys, in condemnation	3		
of his totomptation and for the duration till his repepulation,	4		
upon old nollcromforemost ironsides, as cannabel chieftain, since,	5		
as Sammon trowed to explain to summon, seeing that, as he had	6		
contracted out of islands empire, he might as coolly have rolled	7		
to school call, tarponturboy, a grampurpoise, the manyfathom	8		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

84

brinegroom with the fortyinch bride, out of the cuptin klanclord	9		
kettle auction like the soldr of a british he was bound to be and	10		
become till the sea got him whilask, from maker to misses and	11		
what he gave was as a pattern, he, that hun of a horde, is a finn	12		
as she, his tent wife, is a lap, at home on a steed, abroad by the	13		
fire (to say nothing of him having done whatyouknow howyou-	14		
saw whenyouheard whereyouwot, the kenspeckled souckar,	15		
generose as cocke, greediguss with garzelle, uprighter of age and	16		
most umbrasive of yews all, under heaviest corpus exemption)	17		
and whoasever spit her in howsoever's fondling saving her	18		
keepers that mould the bould she sould to hould the wine that	19		
wakes the barley, the peg in his pantry to hold the heavyache off	20		
his heart. The droll delight of deemsterhood, a win from the	21		
wood to bond. Like the bright lamps, Thamamahalla, yearin out	22		
yearin. Auspically suspectable but in expectancy of respectable-	23		
ness. From dirty flock bedding, drip dropping through the ceil-	24		
ing, with two sisters of charities on the front steps and three eva-	25		
cuan cleansers at the back gaze, single box and pair of chairs	26		
(suspectable), occasionally and alternatively used by husband	27		
when having writing to do in connection with equitable druids	28		
and friendly or other societies through periods of dire want with	29		
comparative plenty (thunderburst, ravishment, dissolution and	30		
providentiality) to a sofa allbeit of hoarsehaar with Amodicum	31		
cloth, hired payono, still playing off, used by the youngsters for	32		
czurnying out oldstrums, three bedrooms upstairs, of which	33		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

one with fireplace (aspectable), with greenhouse in prospect (par-	34		
ticularly respectable).	35		
And you, when you kept at Dulby, were you always (for that	36		
FW363			
time only) what we knew how when we (from that point solely)	1		
were you know where? There you are! And why? Why, hitch a	2		
cock eye, he was snapped on the sly upsadaisyng coras pearls	3		
out of the pie when all the perts in princer street set up their	4		
tinker's humn, (the rann, the rann, that keen of old bards), with	5		
them newnesboys pearcin screaming off their armsworths. The	6		
boss made dovesandraves out of his bucknesst while herself	7		
wears the bowler's hat in her bath. Deductive Almayne Rogers	8		
disguides his voice, shettters behind hoax chestnote from exexive.	9		
Heat wives rasing. They jest keeps rosing. He jumps leaps rizing.	10		
Howlong!	11		
You known that tom? I certainly know. Is their bann boths-	12		
tiesed? Saddenly now. Has they bane reneemed? Soothinly low.	13		
Does they ought to buy the papelboy when he footles up their	14		
suit? He's their mark to foil the flouter and they certainty	15		
owe.	16		
He sprit in his phiz (baccon!). He salt to their bis (pudden!).	17		
He toockled her palam (so calam is solom!). And he suked their	18		
friends' leave (bonnick lass, fair weal!)	19		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

— Guilty but fellows culpows! It was felt by me sindeade, that	20		
submerged doughdoughty doubleface told waterside labourers.	21		
But since we for athome's health have chanced all that, the wild	22		
whips, the wind ships, the wonderlost for world hips, unto their	23		
foursquare trust prayed in aid its plumptylump piteousness	24		
which, when it turtled around seeking a thud of surf, spake to	25		
approach from inherdoff trisspass through minxmingled hair.	26		
Though I may have hawked it, said, and selled my how hot peas	27		
after theactrisscalls from my imprecurious position and though	28		
achance I could have emptied a pan of backslop down drain by	29		
whiles of dodging a rere from the middenprivet appurtenant	30		
thereof, salving the presents of the board of wumps and pumps,	31		
I am ever incalpable, where release of prisonals properly is con-	32		
cerned, of unlifting upfallen girls wherein dangered from them	33		
in thereopen out of unadulteratous bowery, with those hintering	34		
influences from an angelsexonism. It was merely my barely till	35		
their oh offs. Missaunderstaid. Meggy Guggy's giggag. The	36		
FW364			
code's proof! The rebald danger with they who would bare white-	1		
ness against me I dismissem from the mind of good. He can tell	2		
such as story to the Twelfth Maligns that my first was a nurss-	3		
maid and her fellower's a willbe perambulatrix. There are twingty	4		
to twangty too thews and leathermail coatschemes penparing to	5		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

hostpost for it valinnteerily with my valued fofavour to the post	6		
puzzles deparkment with larch parchels' of presents for future	7		
branch offercings. The green approve the raid! Shaum Baum's	8		
bode he is amustering in the groves while his shool comes merg-	9		
ing along! Want I put myself in their kirtlies I were ayearn to	10		
leap with them and show me too bisextine. Dear and lest I for-	11		
get mergers and bow to you low, marchers! Attemption! What	12		
a mazing month of budsome misses they are making, so wingty-	13		
wish to flit beflore their kin! Attonsure! Ears to hears! The skall	14		
of a gall (for every dime he yawpens that momouth you could	15		
park your ford in it) who has papertreated him into captivities	16		
with his inside man by a hocksheat of starvision for an avrageto-	17		
peace of parchment, cooking up his lenses to be my apoclogypst,	18		
the recreuter of conscraptions, let him be asservent to Kinahaun!	19		
For (peace peace perfectpeace!) I have abwaited me in a water of	20		
Elin and I have placed my reeds intectis before the Registower of	21		
the perception of tribute in the hall of the city of Analbe. How	22		
concerns any merryaunt and hworsoever gravesobbers it is	23		
perensempry sex of fun to help a dazzle off the othour. What for	24		
Mucias and Gracias may the duvlin rape the handsomst! And the	25		
whole mad knightmayers' nest! Tunpothor, prison and plotch!	26		
If Y shoulden somewhat, well, I am able to owe it, hearth and chem-	27		
ney easy. They seeker for vannflaum all worldins merkins. I'll	28		
eager make lyst turpidump undher arkens. Basast! And if my liti-	29		
gimate was well to wrenn tigtag cackling about it, like the sally	30		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

berd she is, to abery ham in the Cutey Strict, (I shall call upon	31		
my first among my lost of lyrars beyond a jingoobangoist, to	32		
overcast her) dismissing mundamanu all the riflings of her vic-	33		
tuum gleaner (my old chuck! she drakes me druck! turning out,	34		
gay at ninety!) and well shoving off a boastonmess like lots wives	35		
does over her handpicked hunsbend, as she would be calling, well,	36		
FW365			
for further oil mircles upon all herwayferer gods and reanounc-	1		
ing my deviltries as was I a locally person of caves until I got my	2		
purchase on her firmforhold I am, I like to think, by their sacre-	3		
ligion of daimond cap daimond, confessedly in my baron gentil-	4		
homme to the manhor bourne till ladiest day as panthoposopher,	5		
to have splet for groont a peer of bellows like Bacchulus shakes a	6		
rousing guttural at any old cerpaintime by peaching (allsole we	7		
are not amusical) the warry warst against myself in the defile as	8		
a lieberretter sebaiscopal of these mispeschyites of the first virgi-	9		
nial water who, without an auction of biasement from my part,	10		
with gladyst tone ahquickyessed in it, overhowe and under-	11		
where, the totty lolly poppy flossy conny dollymaukins! Though	12		
I heave a coald on my bauck and am could up to my eres hoven	13		
sametimes I used alltides to be aswarmer for the meekst and the	14		
graced. You are not going to not. You might be threeabreasted	15		
wholenosing at a whallhoarding from our Don Amir anent villa-	16		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

yets prostatation precisingly kuschkars tarafs and it could be	17		
double densed uncounthest hour of allbleakest age with a bad of	18		
wind and a barran of rain, nompos mentis like Novus Elector, what	19		
with his Marx and their Groups, yet did a doubt, should a dare,	20		
were to you, you would do and dhamnk me, shenker, dhumnk you.	21		
Skunk. And fare with me to share with me. Hinther and thonther,	22		
hant by hont. By where dauvening shedders down whose rovely	23		
lanes. As yose were and as yese is. Sure and you would, Mr Mac	24		
Gurk! Be sure and you would, Mr O'Duane! To be sure and you	25		
would so, Mr MacElligut! Wod you nods? Mom mom. No mum	26		
has the rod to pud a stub to the lurch of amotion. My little love	27		
apprencisses, my dears, the estelles, van Nessies von Nixies von	28		
der pool, which I had a reyal devouts for yet was it marly lowease	29		
or just a feel with these which olderman K.K. Alwayswelly he	30		
is showing ot the fullnights for my palmspread was gav to a	31		
parsleysprig, the curliest weeden old ocean coils around, so spruce	32		
a spice for salthorse, sonnies, and as tear to the thrusty as Tay-	33		
lor's Spring, when aftabournes, when she was look like a little	34		
cheayat chilled (Oh sard! ah Mah!) by my tide impracing, as	35		
Beacher seath, and all the colories fair fled from my folced cheeks!	36		
FW366			
Popottes, where you cancel me you mayst forced guage my	1		
bribes. Wickedgapers, I appeal against the light! A nexistence of	2		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

vividence! Panto, boys, is on a looser inloss; ballet, girls, suppline	3		
thrown tights. I have wanted to thank you such a long time so	4		
much now. Thank you. Sir, kindest of bottleholders and very dear	5		
friend, among our hearts of steel, frouतिकnow, it will befor you,	6		
me dare beautiful young soldier, winner nor anyour of rudi-	7		
mental moskats, before you go to mats, you who have watched	8		
your share with your sockboule sodalists on your buntad nogs at	9		
our love tennis squats regatts, suckpump, when on with the balls	10		
did disserve the fain, my goldrush gainst her silvernetss, to say,	11		
biguidd, for the love of goddess and perthanow as you reveres	12		
your one mothers, mitsch for matsch, and while I reveal thus my	13		
deepseep daughter which was bourne up pridely out of meds-	14		
dreams unclouthed when I was pillowing in my brime (of Satur-	15		
nay Eve, how now, woren't we't?), to see, I say, whoahoa, in stay	16		
of execution <i>in re</i> Milcho Melekman, increaminated, what you	17		
feel, oddrabbit, upon every strong ground you have ever taken	18		
up, by bitterstiff work or battonstaff play, with assault of turk	19		
against a barrakraval of grakeshoots, e'en tho' Jambuwel's defe-	20		
calties is Terry Shimmyrag's upperturnity, if that is grace for the	21		
grass what is balm for the brambles, as it is as it is, that I am the	22		
catasthmatic old ruffin sippahsedly improctor to be seducint tro-	23		
vatellas, the dire daffy damedeaconesses, like (why sighs the	24		
sootheesinger) the lilliths oft I feldt, and, when boobob brutals	25		
and cautious only aims at the oggog hogs in the humand, then,	26		
(Houtes, Blymey and Torrenation, upkurts and scotchem!) I'll	27		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

tall tale tell croon paysecurers, sowill nuggets and nippers, that	28		
thash on me stumpen blows the gaff off mombition and thit thides	29		
or marse makes a good dayle to be shattat. Fall stuff.	30		
His rote in ere, afstef, was.	31		
And dong wonged Magongty till the bombtomb of the warr,	32		
thrushed in his whole soort of cloose.	33		
Whisht who wooed in Weald, bays of Bawshaw binding. The	34		
desire of Miriam is the despair of Marian as Joh Joseph's beauty	35		
is Jacq Jacob's grief. Brow, tell nun; eye, feign sad; mouth, sing	36		
FW367			
mim. Look at Lokman! Whatbetween the cupgirls and the	1		
platterboys. And he grew back into his grossery baseness: and	2		
for all his grand remonstrance: and there you are.	3		
Here endeth chinchinatibus with have speak finish. With a	4		
haygue for a halt on a pouncefoot panse. Pink, pleas pink, two	5		
pleas pink, how to pleas pink.	6		
Punk.	7		
Mask one. Mask two. Mask three. Mask four.	8		
Up.	9		
— Look about you, Tutty Comyn!	10		
— Remember and recall, Kullykeg!	11		
— When visiting Dan Leary try the corner house for thee.	12		
— I'll gie ye credit for simmence more if ye'll be lymphing.	13		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Our four avunculusts.	14		
And, since threestory serratelling was much too many, they	15		
maddened and they morgued and they lungd and they jowld.	16		
Synopticked on the word.	17		
Till the Juke done it.	18		
Down.	19		
Like Jukoleon, the seagoer, when he bore down in his perry	20		
boat he had raised a slide and shipped his orders and seized his	21		
pullets and primed their plumages, the fionnling and dubhlet, the	22		
dun and the fire, and, sending them one by other to fare fore forn,	23		
he had behold the residuance of a delugion: the foggy doze still	24		
going strong, the old thalassocrats of invinsible empores, maskers	25		
of the waterworld, facing one way to another way and this way	26		
on that way, from severalled their fourdimmansions. Where the	27		
lighning leaps from the numbulous; where coold by cawld breide	28		
lieth langwid; the bounds whereinbourne our solied bodies all	29		
attomed attain arrest: appoint, that's all. But see what follows.	30		
Wringlings upon wronglings among incomputables about an	31		
uncomeoutable (an angel prophetethis? kingcorrier of beheasts?	32		
the calif in his halifskin? that eyriewinging one?) and the voids	33		
bubbily vode's dodos across the which the boomomouths from	34		
their dupest dupes were in envery and anononously blowing	35		
great.	36		
FW368			

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Guns.	1		
Keep backwards, please, because there was no good to gundy	2		
running up again. Guns. And it was written up in big capital.	3		
Guns. Saying never underrupt greatgrandgosterfosters! Guns.	4		
And whatever one did they said, the fourlings, that on no accounts	5		
you were not to. Guns.	6		
Not to pad them behaunt in the fear. Not to go, tonnerwatter,	7		
and bungley well chute the rising gianerant. Not to wandly be	8		
woking around jerumsalemdo at small hours about the murketplots,	9		
smelling okey boney, this little figgy and arraky belloky this little	10		
pink into porker but, porkodirto, to let the gentlemen pedest-	11		
rolies out of the Monabella culculpuration live his own left leave,	12		
cullebuone, by perperusual of the petpublicities without inwok-	13		
ing his also's between ( <i>sic</i> ) the arraky bone and ( <i>suc</i> ) the okey	14		
bellock. And not to not be always, hemmer and hummer, treeing	15		
unselves up with one exite but not to never be caving nicely, pre-	16		
cisely, quicely, rebustly, tendrollly, unremarkably, forsakenly, hal-	17		
tedly, reputedly, firstly, somewhatly, yesayenolly about the back	18		
excits. Never to weaken up in place of the broths. Never to vvol-	19		
lussllepp in the pleece of the poots. And, allerthings, never to ate	20		
the sour deans if they weren't having anysin on their consients.	21		
And, when in Zumschloss, to never, narks, cease till the finely	22		
ending was consummated by the completion of accomplishment.	23		
And thus within the tavern's secret booth The wisehight ones	24		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

who sip the tested sooth Bestir them as the Just has bid to jab The	25		
punch of quaram on the mug of truth.	26		
K.C. jowls, they're sodden in the secret. K.C. jowls, they sure	27		
are wise. K.C. jowls, the justicestjobbers, for they'll find another	28		
faller if their ruse won't rise. Whooley the Whooper.	29		
There is to see. Squarish large face with the atlas jacket. Brights,	30		
brownie eyes in bluesackin shoeings. Peaky booky nose over a	31		
lousiany shirt. Ruddy stackle hair besides a strawcamel belt.	32		
Namely. Gregorovitch, Leonocopolos, Tarpinacci and Duggel-	33		
duggel. And was theys stare all atime? Yea but they was. Andor-	34		
ing the games, induring the studies, undaring the stories, end all.	35		
Ned? Only snugged then and cosied after one perceived nought	36		
FW369			
while tuffbettle outraged the waywords and meansigns of their	1		
hinterhand suppliesdemands. And be they gone to splane splica-	2		
tion? That host that hast one on the hoose when backturns when	3		
he facefronts none none in the house his geust has guest. You bet	4		
they is. And nose well down.	5		
With however what sublation of compensation in the radifica-	6		
tion of interpretation by the byeboys? Being they. Mr G. B. W.	7		
Ashburner, S. Bruno's Toboggan Drive, Mr Faixgood, Bell-	8		
chimbers, Carolan Crescent, Mr I. I. Chattaway, Hilly Gape,	9		
Poplar Park, Mr Q. P. Dieudonney, The View, Gazey Peer,	10		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Mr T. T. Erchdeakin, Multiple Lodge, Jiff Exby Rode, Mr W. K.	11		
Ferris-Fender, Fert Fort, Woovil Doon Botham ontowhom	12		
adding the tout that pumped the stout that linked the lank that	13		
cold the sandy that nextdoored the rotter that rooked the rhymer	14		
that lapped at the hoose that Joax pilled.	15		
They had heard or had heard said or had heard said written.	16		
Fidelisat.	17		
That there first a rudrik kingcomed to an inn court; and the	18		
seight of that yard was a perchypole with a loovahgloovah on it;	19		
last mannarks maketh man when wandshift winneth womans: so	20		
how would it hum, whoson of a which, if someof aswas to start	21		
to stunt the story on?	22		
So many needles to ponk out to as many noodles as are com-	23		
pany, they noddling all about it <i>tutti to tempo</i> , decumans numbered	24		
too, (a) well, that the secretary bird, better known as Pandoria	25		
Paullabucca, whom they thought was more like a solicitor general,	26		
indiscriminatingly made belief mid authorsagastions from Schelm	27		
the Pelman to write somewords to Senders about her chilikin	28		
puck, laughing that Poulebec would be the death of her, (b) that,	29		
well, that Madges Tighe, the postulate auditressee, when her	30		
daremoood's a grownian is always on the who goes where, hoping	31		
to Michal for the latter to turn up with a cupital tea before her	32		
ephumeral comes off without any much father which is parting	33		
parcel of the same goumeral's postoppage, it being lookwhyse on	34		
the whence blows weather helping mickle so that the loiter end of	35		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

that leader may twaddle out after a cubital lull with a hopes soon	36		
FW370			
to ear, comprong? (c) becakes the goatsman on question, or what-	1		
ever the hen the bumbler was, feeling not up to scratch bekicks	2		
of whatever the kiddings Payne Inge and Popper meant for him,	3		
thoughy onced at a throughlove, true grievingfrue danger, as a	4		
nirshe persent to his minstress, devoured the pair of them	5		
Mather Caray's chucklings, <i>pante blanche</i> , and skittered his litters	6		
like the cavaliery man in Cobra Park for ungeborn yenkelmen,	7		
Jeremy Trouvas or Kepin O'Keepers, any old howe and any old	8		
then and when around Dix Dearthly Dungbin, remarking sceni-	9		
cally with laddylike lassitude upon what he finally postscrapped,	10		
(d) after it's so long till I thanked you about I do so much now	11		
thank you so very much as you introduced me to fourks, (e) will,	12		
these remind to be sane? (f) Fool step! Aletheometry? Or just	13		
zoot doon floon?	14		
Nut it out, peeby eye! Onamassofmancynaves.	15		
But. Top.	16		
You were in the same boat of yourselves too, Getobodoff or	17		
Treamplasurin; and you receptionated the most diliskious of	18		
milisk; which it all flowowered your drooplin dunlearies: but	19		
dribble a drob went down your rothole. Meaning, Kelly, Grimes,	20		
Phelan, Mollanny, O'Brien, MacAlister, Sealy, Coyle, Hynes-	21		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Joynes Naylar-Traynor Courcy de Courcy and Gilligan-Goll.	22		
Stunner of oddstodds on bluebleeding boarhorse! What	23		
soresen's head subprises thus tous out of rumpumpplikun oak with,	24		
well, we cannot say whom we are looking like through his now-	25		
face? It is of Noggens whilk dusts the bothsides of the seats of the	26		
bigslaps of the bogchaps of the porlarbaar of the marringaar of the	27		
Lochlunn gonlannludder of the feof of the foef of forfummed	28		
Ship-le-Zoyd.	29		
Bounce! It is polisignstunter. The Sockerson boy. To pump	30		
the fire of the lewd into those soulths of bauchees, havsouse-	31		
dovers, tillfellthey deadwar knootvindict. An whele time he was	32		
rancing there smutsy floskons nodunder ycholerd for their	33		
poopishers, ahull onem Fyre maynoother endnow! Shatten up	34		
ship! Bououounce! Nomo clandoilskins cheakinlevers! All	35		
ashored for Capolic Gizzards! Stowlaway there, glutany of	36		
FW371			
stainks! Porterfillyers and spirituous suncksters, ooom ooom!	1		
As these vitupetards in his boasum he did strongholder,	2		
bushbrows, nobblynape, swinglyswanglers, sunkentrunk, that	3		
from tin of this clucken hadded runced slapottleslup. For him	4		
had hord from fard a piping. As? Of?	5		
Dour douchy was a sieguldson. He cooed that loud nor he	6		
was young. He cud bad caw nor he was gray Like wather parted	7		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

from the say.	8		
Ostia, lift it! Lift at it, Ostia! From the say! Away from the say!	9		
Himhim. Himhim.	10		
Hearhasting he, himmed, reromembered all the chubbs, chipps,	11		
chaffs, chuckinpucks and chayney chimebells That he had mistri-	12		
buted in port, pub, park, pantry and poultryhouse, While they,	13		
thered, the others, that are, were most emulously concerned to	14		
cupturing the last dropes of summour down through their	15		
grooves of blarneying. Ere the sockson locked at the dure. Which	16		
he would, shuttinshure. And lave them to sture.	17		
For be all rules of sport 'tis right That youth bedower'd to	18		
charm the night Whilst age is dumped to mind the day When	19		
wather parted from the say.	20		
The humming, it's coming. Insway onsway.	21		
Fingool MacKishgmard Obesume Burgearse Benefice, He was	22		
bowen hem and scrapin him in recolcitrantament to the right-	23		
about And these probenopubblicoes clamatising for an extinsion	24		
on his hostillery With his chargehand bombing their eres. Tids,	25		
genmen, plays, she been goin shooter off almaynoother on-	26		
awares.	27		
You here nort farwellens rouser? Ashiffle ashuffle the wayve	28		
they.	29		
From Dancingtree till Suttonstone There's lads no lie would	30		
filch a crown To mull their sack and brew their tay With wather	31		
parted from the say.	32		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Lelong Awaindhoo's a selverbourne enrouted to Rochelle	33		
Lane and liberties those Mullinguard minstrelers are marshal-	34		
sing, par tunepiped road, under where, perked on hollowy hill, that	35		
poor man of Lyones, good Dook Weltington, hugon come er-	36		
FW372			
rindwards, had hircomed to the belles bows and been cutat-	1		
trapped by the mausers. Now is it town again, londmear of Dub-	2		
lin! And off course the toller, ples the dotter of his eyes with	3		
her: Moke the Wanst, whye doe we aime alike a pose of poeter	4		
peaced? While the dumb he shoots the shopper rope. And they	5		
all pour forth. Sans butly Tuppeter Sowyer the rouged engene-	6		
rand, a barttler of the beauyne, still our benjamin liefest, some-	7		
time frankling to thise citye, whereas bigrented him a piers half	8		
subporters for his arms, Josiah Pipkin, Amos Love, Raoul Le Feb-	9		
ber, Blaize Taboutot, Jeremy Yopp, Francist de Loomis, Hardy	10		
Smith and Sequin Pettit followed by the snug saloon seanad of	11		
our Café Béranger. The scenictutors.	12		
Because they wonted to get out by the goatweigh afore the sheep	13		
was looset for to wish the Wobbleton Whiteleg Welshers kailly-	14		
kailly kellykekkle and savebeck to Brownhazelwood from all the	15		
dinnasdoolins on the labious banks of their swensewn snewwes-	16		
ner, turned again weastinghome, by Danesbury Common, and	17		
they onely, duoly, thruely, fairly after rainydraining founty-	18		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

100

buckets (chalkem up hemptyempty!) till they caught the wind	19		
abroad (alley loafers passinggeering!) all the rockers on the	20		
roads and all the boots in the stretes.	21		
Oh dere! Ah hoy!	22		
Last ye, lundsmin, hasty hosty! For an anondation of miri-	23		
fication and the lutification of our paludination.	24		
His bludgeon's bruk, his drum is tore. For spuds we'll keep the	25		
hat he wore And roll in clover on his clay By wather parted	26		
from the say.	27		
Hray! Free rogue Mountone till Dew Mild Well to corry awen	28		
and glowry! Are now met by Brownaboy Fuinninuinn's former	29		
for a lyncheon partyng of his burgherbooh. The Shanavan	30		
Wacht. Rantinroarin Batteries Dorans. And that whistling thief,	31		
O' Ryne O'Rann. With a catch of her cunning like and nowhere	32		
a keener.	33		
The for eolders were aspolootly at their wetsend in the mailing	34		
waters, trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! Because number one	35		
lived at Bothersby North and he was trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide!	36		
FW373			
Seek! And number two digged up Poors Coort, Soother, trying	1		
to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! And nomber three he slepted with	2		
Lilly Tekkles at The Eats and he was trying to. Hide! Seek!	3		
Hide! Seek! And the last with the sailalloyd donggie he was	4		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

berthed on the Moherboher to the Washte and they were all try-	5		
ing to and baffling with the walters of, hoompsydoompsy walters	6		
of. High! Sink! High! Sink! Highohigh! Sinkasink!	7		
Waves.	8		
The gangstairs strain and anger's up As Hoisty rares the can	9		
and cup To speed the bogre's barque away O'er wather parted	10		
from the say.	11		
Horkus chiefest ebblynuncies!	12		
— He shook be ashaped of hempshelves, hiding that shepe in	13		
his goat. And for rassembling so bearfelled the magreedy	14		
prince of Roger. Thuthud. Heigh hohse, heigh hohse, our kin-	15		
dom from an orse! Bruni Lanno's woollies on Brani Lonni's	16		
hairyparts. And the hunk in his trunk it would be an insalt foul	17		
the matter of that cellaring to a pigstrough. Stop his laysense.	18		
Ink him! You would think him Alddaublin staking his lordsure like	19		
a gourd on puncheon. Deblinity devined. Wholehunting the pairk	20		
on a methylogical mission whenever theres imberillas! And call-	21		
ing Rina Roner Reinette Ronayne. To what mine answer is a	22		
lemans. Arderleys, beedles and postbillers heard him. Three	23		
points to one. Ericus Vericus corrupted into ware eggs. Dummy	24		
up, distillery! Broree aboo! Run him a johnsgate down jameses-	25		
lane. Begetting a wife which begame his niece by pouring her	26		
youngthings into skintighs. That was when he had dizzy spells.	27		
Till Gladstools Pillools made him ride as the mall. Thanks to his	28		
huedobrass beard. Lodenbroke the Longman, now he canseels	29		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

102

under veerious persons but is always that Rorke relly! On con-	30		
sideration for the musickers he ought to have down it. Pass out	31		
your cheeks, why daunt you! Penalty, please! There you'll know	32		
how warder barded the bollhead that parssed our alley. We just	33		
are upsidedown singing what ever the dimkims mummur alla-	34		
lilty she pulls inner out heads. This is not the end of this by no	35		
manners means. When you've bled till you're bone it crops out	36		
FW374			
in your flesh. To tell how your mead of, mard, is made of. All old	1		
Dadgerson's dodges one conning one's copying and that's what	2		
wonderland's wanderlad'll flaunt to the fair. A trancedone boy-	3		
script with tittivits by. Ahem. You'll read it tomorrow, marn,	4		
when the curds on the table. A nigg for a nogg and a thrate for	5		
a throte. The auditor learns. Still pumping on Torkenwhite Rad-	6		
lumps, Lencs. In preplays to Anonymay's left hinted palinode	7		
obviously inspiterebbed by a sibspecious connexion. Note the	8		
notes of admiration! See the signs of suspicion! Count the hemi-	9		
semidemicolons! Screamer caps and invented gommas, quoites	10		
puntlost, forced to farce! The pipette will say anything at all for	11		
a change. And you know what aglove means in the Murdrus due-	12		
luct! Fewer to feud and rompant culotticism, a fuggle for the glee-	13		
men and save, sit and sew. And a pants outsizinned on the	14		
Doughertys' duckboard pointing to peace at home. In some	15		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

103

lawanorder on lovinardor. Wait till we hear the Boy of Biskop	16		
reeling around your postoral lector! Epistlemadethemology for	17		
deep dorfy doubtlings. As we'll lay till break of day in the bunk of	18		
basky, O! Our island, Rome and duty! Well tried, buckstiff! Batt	19		
in, boot! Sell him a breach contact, the vendoror, the buylawyer!	20		
One hyde, sack, hic! Two stick holst, Lucky! Finnish Make Goal!	21		
First you were Nomad, next you were Namar, now you're Nu-	22		
mah and it's soon you'll be Nomon. Hence counsels Ecclesiast.	23		
There's every resumption. The forgein offils is on the shove to	24		
lay you out dossier. Darby's in the yard, planning it on you, plot	25		
and edgings, the whispering peeler after cooks wearing an illfor-	26		
mation. The find of his kind! An artist, sir! And dirt cheap at	27		
a sovereign a skull! He knows his Finsbury Follies backwoods	28		
so you batter see to your regent refutation. Ascare winde is rifing	29		
again about nice boys going native. You know who was wrote	30		
about in the Orange Book of Estchapel? Basil and the two other	31		
men from King's Avenance. Just press this cold brand against	32		
your brow for a mow. Cainfully! The sinus the curse. That's it.	33		
Hung Chung Egglyfella now speak he tell numptywumpty top-	34		
sawys belongahim pidgin. Secret things other persons place there	35		
covered not. How you fell from story to story like a sagasand	36		
FW375			
to lie. Enfilmung infirmity. On the because alleging to having a	1		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

finger a fudding in pudding and pie. And here's the witnesses.	2		
Glue on to him, Greevy! Bottom anker, Noordeece! And kick	3		
kick killykick for the house that juke built! Wait till they send	4		
you to sleep, scowpow! By jurors' cruces! Then old Hunphy-	5		
dunphyville'll be blasted to bumboards by the youthful herald	6		
who would once you were. He'd be our chosen one in the matter	7		
of Brittas more than anarthur. But we'll wake and see. The wholes	8		
poors riches of ours hundreds of manhoods and womhoods. Two	9		
cents, two mills and two myrds. And it's all us rangers you'll be	10		
facing in the box before the twelfth correctional. Like one man,	11		
gell. Between all the Misses Mountsackvilles in their halfmoon	12		
haemicycles, gasping to giddies to dye for the shame. Just hold	13		
hard till the one we leapt out gets her yearing! Hired in cameras,	14		
extra! With His Honour Surpacker on the binge. So yelp your	15		
guilt and kitz the buck. You'll have loss of fame from Wimme-	16		
game's fake. Forwards! One bully son growing the goff and his	17		
twinger read out by the Nazi Priers. You fought as how they'd	18		
never woxen up, did you, cricket? It will wecker your earse, that	19		
it will! When hives the court to exchequer 'tis the child which	20		
gives the sire away. Good for you, Richmond Rover! Scrum	21		
around, our side! Let him have another between the spindlers! A	22		
grand game! Dalymount's decisive. Don Gouverneur Buckley's	23		
in the Tara Tribune, sporting the insides of a Rhutian Jhanaral	24		
and little Mrs Ex-Skaerer-Sissers is bribing the halfpricers to pray	25		
for her widower in his gravest embazzlement. You on her, hosy	26		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

jigses, that'll be some nonstop marrimont! You in your stolen	27		
mace and anvil, Magnes, and her burrowed in Berkness cirrchus	28		
clouthses. Fummuccumul with a graneen aveiled. Playing down	29		
the slavey touch. Much as she was when the fancy cutter out col-	30		
lecting milestones espied her aseesaw on a fern. So nimb, he said,	31		
a dat of dew. Between Furr-y-Benn and Ferr-y-Bree. In this tear	32		
Vikloe vich he lofed. The smiling ever. If you pulls me over pay	33		
me, prhyse! A talor would adapt his caulking trudgers on to any	34		
shape at see. Address deceitfold of wovens weard. The wonder	35		
of the women of the world together, moya! And the lovablest	36		
FW376			
Lima since Ineen MacCormick MacCoort MacConn O'Puckins	1		
MacKundred. Only but she is a little width wider got. Be moving	2		
abog. You cannot make a limousine lady out of a hillman minx.	3		
Listun till you'll hear the Mudquirt accent. This is a bulgen	4		
horiesies, this is wollan indulgencies, this is a flemsh. Tik. Scapu-	5		
lars, beads and a stump of a candle, Hubert was a Hunter, <i>chemins</i>	6		
<i>de la croixes</i> and Rosairette's egg, all the trimmings off the tree	7		
that she picked up after the Clontarf voterloost when O'Bryan	8		
MacBruiser bet Norris Nobnut. Becracking his cucconut be-	9		
tween his kknneess. Umpthump, Here Inkeeper, it's the doater-	10		
een's wednessmorn! Delphin dringing! Grusham undergang!	11		
And the Real Hymernians strenging strong at knocker knocker!	12		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Holy and massalltolled. You ought to tak a dos of frut. Jik.	13		
Sauss. You're getting hoovier, a twelve stone hoovier, fullends	14		
a twelve stone hoovier, in your corpus entis and it scurves you	15		
right, demnye! Aunt as unclish ams they make oom. But Nichtia	16		
you bound not to loose's gone on Neffin since she clapped her	17		
charmer on him at Gormagareen. At the Gunting Munting Hunt-	18		
ing Punting. The eitch is in her blood, arrah! For a frecklesome	19		
freshcheeky sweetworded lupsqueezer. And he shows how he'll	20		
pick him the lock of her fancy. Poghue! Poghue! Poghue! And	21		
a good jump, Powell! Clean over all their heads. We could kiss	22		
him for that one, couddled we, Huggins? Sparkes is the footer	23		
to hance off nancies. Scaldhead, pursue! Before you bunkledoodle	24		
down upon your birchentop again after them three blows from	25		
time, drink and hurry. The same three that nursed you, Skerry,	26		
Badbols and the Grey One. All of your own club too. With the	27		
fistful of burryberries were for the massus for to feed you living	28		
in dying. Buy bran biscuits and you'll never say dog. And be	29		
in the finest of companies. Morialtay and Kniferope Walker and	30		
Rowley the Barrel. With Longbow of the lie. Slick of the trick	31		
and Blennercassel of the brogue. Clanruckard for ever! The	32		
Fenn, the Fenn, the kinn of all Fenns! Deaf to the winds when	33		
for Croonacreena. Fisht! And it's not now saying how we are	34		
where who's softing what rushes. Merryvirgin forbed! But of	35		
they never eat soullfriede they're ating it now. With easter	36		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

FW377			
greeding. Angus! Angus! Angus! The keykeeper of the keys of	1		
the seven doors of the dreamadoory in the house of the house-	2		
hold of Hecech saysaith. Whitmore, whatmore? Give it over,	3		
give it up! Mawgraw! Head of a helo, chesth of champgnon, eye	4		
of a gull! What you'd if he'd. The groom is in the greenhouse,	5		
gattling out his. Gun! That lad's the style for. Lannigan's ball!	6		
Now a drive on the naval! The Shallburn Shock. Never mind	7		
your gibbous. Slip on your ropen collar and draw the noosebag	8		
on your head. Nobody will know or heed you, Postumus, if you	9		
skip round schlymartin by the back and come front sloomutren	10		
to beg in one of the shavers' sailorsuits. Three climbs three-	11		
quickenthrees in the garb of nine. We'll split to see you mouldem	12		
imparvious. A wing for oldboy Welsey Wandrer! Well spat,	13		
witty wagtail! Now piawn to bishop's forthe! Moove. There's	14		
Mumblesome Wadding Murch cranking up to the hornemooni-	15		
um. Drawg us out <i>Ivy Eve in the Hall of Alum!</i> The finnecies of	16		
poetry wed music. Feeling the jitters? You'll be as tight as Trivett	17		
when the knot's knuttet on. Now's your never! Peena and	18		
Queena are duetting a giggle-for-giggle and the brideen Alan-	19		
nah is lost in her diamindwaiting. What a magnificent gesture	20		
you will show us this gallus day. Clean and easy, be the hooker!	21		
And a free for croaks after. Dovlen are out for it. So is Rathfinn.	22		
And, hike, here's the hearse and four horses with the interpro-	23		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

108

vincial crucifixioners throwing lots inside to know whose to be	24		
their gosson and whereas to brake the news to morhor. How	25		
our myterbilder his fullen aslip. And who will wager but he'll	26		
Shonny Bhoy be, the fleshlumpfleeter from Poshtapengha and all	27		
he bares sobsconciuous inklings shadowed on soulskin. Its segnet	28		
yores, the strake of a hin. Nup. Laying the cloth, to fore of them.	29		
And thanking the fish, in core of them. To pass the grace for	30		
Gard sake! Ahmohn. Mr Justician Matthews and Mr Justician	31		
Marks and Mr Justician Luk de Luc and Mr Justinian Johnston-	32		
Johnson. And the aaskart, see, behind! Help, help, hurray! All-	33		
sup, allsop! Four ghools to nail! Cut it down, mates, look slippy!	34		
They've got a dathe with a swimminpull. Dang! Ding! Dong!	35		
Dung! Dinnin. Isn't it great he is swaying above us for his good	36		
FW378			
and ours. Fly your balloons, dannies and dennises! He's door-	1		
knobs dead! And Annie Delap is free! Ones more. We could	2		
ate you, par Buccas, and imbabe through you, reassuranced in	3		
the wild lac of gotliness. One fledge, one brood till hulm	4		
culms evurdyburdy. Huh the throman! Huh the traidor. Huh	5		
the truh. Arrorsure, he's the mannork of Arrahland over-	6		
sense he horrhorrd his name in thuthunder. Rrrwwwkkkrrr!	7		
And seen it rudden up in fusefiressence on the flashmurket.	8		
P.R.C.R.L.L. Royloy. Of the rollorrish rattillary. The lewd-	9		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

ningbluebolteredallucktruckalltraumconductor! The unnamed	10		
nonirishblooder that becomes a Greenislender overnight! But	11		
we're molting superstituettes out of his fulse thortin guts. Tried	12		
mark, Easterlings. Sign, Soideric O'Cunnuc, Rix. Adversed ord,	13		
Magtmorken, Kovenhow. There's a great conversion, myn! Cou-	14		
cous! Find his causcaus! From Motometusolum through Bulley	15		
and Cowlie and Diggerydiggerydock down to bazeness's usual?	16		
He's aight there still, by Mike! Loose afore! Bung! Bring forth	17		
your deed! Bang! Till is the right time. Bang! Partick Thistle	18		
agen S. Megan's versus Brystal Palace agus the Walsall! Putsch!	19		
Tiemore moretis tisturb badday! The playgue will be soon over,	20		
rats! Let sin! Geh tont! All we wants is to get peace for posses-	21		
sion. We dinned unnerstunned why you sassad about thurteen	22		
to aloafen, sor, kindly repeat! Or ledn us alones of your lungorge,	23		
parsonifier propounde of our edelweissed idol worts! Shaw and	24		
Shea are lorning obsen so hurgle up, gandfarder, and gurgle me	25		
gurk. You can't impose on frayshouters like os. Every tub here	26		
spucks his own fat. Hang coersion everyhow! And smotther-	27		
mock Gramm's laws! But we're a drippindhruue gayleague all at	28		
ones. In the buginning is the woid, in the muddle is the sound-	29		
dance and thereinofter you're in the unbewised again, vund	30		
vulsyvolsy. You talker dunsker's brogue men we our souls	31		
speech obstruct hostery. Silence in thought! Spreach! Wear	32		
anartful of outer nocense! Pawpaw, wowow! Momerry twelfths,	33		
noebroed! That was a good one, ha! So it will be quite a material	34		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

110

what <i>May</i> farther be unvuloped for you, old <i>Mighty</i> , when it's	35		
aped to foul a delfian in the Mahnung. Ha ha! Talk of Paddy-	36		
FW379			
barke's echo! Kick nuck, Knockcastle! Muck! And you'll nose it,	1		
O you'll nose it, without warnward from we. We don't know the	2		
sendor to whome. But you'll find Chiggenchugger's taking the	3		
Treaclyshortcake with Bugle and the Bitch pairsadrawsing and	4		
Horssmayres Prosession tyghting up under the threes. Stop.	5		
Press stop. To press stop. All to press stop. And be the seem	6		
talkin wharabahts hosetanzies, dat sure is sullibrated word! Bing	7		
bong! Saxolooter, for congesters are salders' prey. Snap it up in	8		
the loose, patchy the blank! Anyone can see you're the son of a	9		
gunnell. Fellow him up too, Carlow! Woes to the worm-	10		
quashed, aye, and wor to the winner! Think of Aerian's Wall and	11		
the Fall of Toss. Give him another for to volleyholleydoodlem!	12		
His lights not all out yet, the liverpooser! Boohoo it oose!	13		
With seven hores always in the home of his thinkingthings, his	14		
nodsloddledome of his noiselisslesoughts. Two Idas, two Evas,	15		
two Nessies and Rubyjuby. Phook! No wonder, pipes as kirles,	16		
that he sthings like a rheinbok. One bed night he had the dely-	17		
siums that they were all queens mobbing him. Fell stiff. Oh,	18		
ho, ho, ho, ah, he, he! Abedicate yourself. It just gegs our goad.	19		
He'll be the deaf of us, pappappoppocuddle, samblind daiy-	20		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

rudder. Yus, sord, fathe, you woll, putty our wraughtther!	21		
What we waits be after? Whyfore we come agooding? None of	22		
you, cock icy! You keep that henayearn and her fortycandle glim	23		
lookbehinder. We might do with rubiny leeses. But of all your	24		
wanings send us out your peppydecked ales and you'll not be	25		
such a bad lot. The rye is well for whose amind but the wheateny	26		
one is proper lovely. B E N K! We sincerestly trust that Missus	27		
with the kiddies of sweet Gorteen has not B I N K to their very	28		
least tittles deranged if in B U N K and we greesiously augur for	29		
your Meggers a B E N K B A N K B O N K to sloop in with	30		
all sorts of adceterus and adsaturas. It's our last fight, Megantic,	31		
fear you will! The refergee's took to hailing to time the pass.	32		
There goes the blackwatchwomen, all in white, flaxed up, pur-	33		
gad! Right toe, Armitage! Tem for Tam at Timmotty Hall!	34		
We're been carried away. Beyond bournes and bowers. So we'll	35		
leave it to Keyhoe, Danelly and Pykemhyme, the three muskrat-	36		
FW380			
eers, at the end of this age that had it from Variants' Katey	1		
Sherratt that had it from Variants' Katey Sherratt's man for the	2		
bonnefacies of Blashwhite and Blushred of the Aquasancta Liffey	3		
Patrol to wind up and to tells of all befells after that to Mocked	4		
Majesty in the Malincurred Mansion.	5		
So you were saying, boys? Anyhow he what?	6		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

So anyhow, melumps and mumpos of the hoose uncommons,	7		
after that to wind up that longtobechronickled gettogether	8		
thanksbetogiving day at Glenfinnisk-en-la-Valle, the anniver-	9		
sary of his finst homy commulion, after that same barbecue bean-	10		
feast was all over poor old hospitable corn and eggfactor, King	11		
Roderick O'Conor, the paramount chief polemarch and last pre-	12		
electric king of Ireland, who was anything you say yourself be-	13		
tween fiftyodd and fiftyeven years of age at the time after the	14		
socalled last supper he greatly gave in his umbrageous house of	15		
the hundred bottles with the radio beamer tower and its hangars,	16		
chimbneys and equilines or, at least, he was'nt actually the then	17		
last king of all Ireland for the time being for the jolly good	18		
reason that he was still such as he was the eminent king of all	19		
Ireland himself after the last preeminent king of all Ireland, the	20		
whilom joky old top that went before him in the Taharan dy-	21		
nasty, King Arth Mockmorrow Koughenough of the leathered	22		
leggions, now of parts unknown, (God guard his generous	23		
comicsongbook soul!) that put a poached fowl in the poor man's	24		
pot before he took to his pallyass with the weeping eczema for	25		
better and worse until he went under the grass quilt on us, never-	26		
theless, the year the sugar was scarce, and we to lather and shave	27		
and frizzle him, like a bald surging buoy and himself down	28		
to three cows that was meat and drink and dogs and washing	29		
to him, 'tis good cause we have to remember it, going through	30		
summersultryngs of snow and sleet witht the widow Nolan's	31		



11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

goats and the Brownes girls neats anyhow, wait till I tell you,	32		
what did he do, poor old Roderick O'Conor Rex, the aus-	33		
picious waterproof monarch of all Ireland, when he found him-	34		
self all alone by himself in his grand old handwedown pile after	35		
all of them had all gone off with themselves to their castles of	36		
FW381			
mud, as best they cud, on footback, owing to the leak of the	1		
McCarthy's mare, in extended order, a tree's length from the	2		
longest way out, down the switchbackward slidder of the land-	3		
sown route of Hauburnea's liveliest vinnage on the brain, the	4		
unimportant Parthalonians with the mouldy Firbolgs and the	5		
Tuatha de Danaan googs and the rambles from Clane and all	6		
the rest of the notmuchers that he did not care the royal spit out	7		
of his ostensible mouth about, well, what do you think he did,	8		
sir, but, faix, he just went heeltapping through the winespilth	9		
and weevily popcorks that were kneedeep round his own right	10		
royal round rollicking toper's table, with his old Roderick Ran-	11		
dom pullon hat at a Lanty Leary cant on him and Mike Brady's	12		
shirt and Greene's linnet collarbow and his Ghenter's gaunts and	13		
his Macclefield's swash and his readymade Reillys and his pan-	14		
prestuberian poncho, the body you'd pity him, the way the world	15		
is, poor he, the heart of Midleinster and the supereminent lord of	16		
them all, overwhelmed as he was with black ruin like a sponge	17		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

out of water, allocutioning in bellcantos to his own oliverian	18		
society MacGuiney's <i>Dreans of Ergen Adams</i> and thruming	19		
through all to himself with diversed tonguesed through his old	20		
tears and his ould plaised drawl, starkened by the most regal of	21		
belches, like a blurney Cashelmagh crooner that lerking Clare	22		
air, the blackberd's ballad <i>I've a terrible errible lot todue todie</i>	23		
<i>todue tootorribleday</i> , well, what did he go and do at all, His Most	24		
Exuberant Majesty King Roderick O'Conor but, arrah bedamnbu,	25		
he finalised by lowering his woolly throat with the wonderful	26		
midnight thirst was on him, as keen as mustard, he could not tell	27		
what he did ale, that bothered he was from head to tail, and,,	28		
wishawishawish, leave it, what the Irish, boys, can do, if he did'nt	29		
go, sliggymaglooral reemyround and suck up, sure enough, like	30		
a Trojan, in some particular cases with the assistance of his vene-	31		
rated tongue, whatever surplus rotgut, sorra much, was left by the	32		
lazy lousers of malknights and beerchurls in the different bot-	33		
toms of the various different replenquished drinking utensils left	34		
there behind them on the premisses by that whole hogsheaded	35		
firkin family, the departed honourable homegoers and other sly-	36		
FW382			
grogging suburbanites, such as it was, fall and fall about, to the	1		
brindishing of his charmed life, as toastified by his cheeriubi-	2		
cundenances, no matter whether it was chateaubottled Guinness's	3		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

or Phoenix brewery stout it was or John Jameson and Sons or	4		
Roob Coccola or, for the matter of that, O'Connell's famous old	5		
Dublin ale that he wanted like hell, more that halibut oil or	6		
jesuits tea, as a fall back, of several different quantities and quali-	7		
ties amounting in all to, I should say, considerably more than the	8		
better part of a gill or naggin of imperial dry and liquid measure	9		
till, welcome be from us here, till the rising of the morn, till that	10		
hen of Kaven's shows her beaconegg, and Chapwellswendows	11		
stain our horyhistoricold and Father MacMichael stamps for	12		
aitch o'clerk mess and the Litvian Neweastlatter is seen, sold and	13		
delivered and all's set for restart after the silence, like his ancestors	14		
to this day after him (that the blazings of their ouldmouldy gods	15		
may attend to them we pray!), overopposites the cowery lad in	16		
the corner and forenenst the staregaze of the cathering candled,	17		
that adornment of his album and folkenfather of familyans, he	18		
came acrash a crupper sort of a sate on accomondation and the	19		
very boxst in all his composs, whereuponce, behome the fore	20		
for cove and trawlers, heave hone, leave lone, Larry's on the	21		
focse and Faugh MacHugh O'Bawlar at the wheel, one to do and	22		
one to dare, par by par, a peerless pair, ever here and over there,	23		
with his fol the dee oll the doo on the flure of his feats and the	24		
feels of the fumes in the wakes of his ears our wineman from	25		
Barleyhome he just slumped to throne.	26		
So sailed the stout ship <i>Nansy Hans</i> . From Liff away. For	27		
Nattenlaender. As who has come returns. Farvel, farerne! Good-	28		

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

116

bark, goodbye!	29		
Now follow we out by Starloe!	30		