

12. Episode TWELVE (17 pages, from 383 to 399). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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12. Episode TWELVE (17 pages, from 383 to 399)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW383				
<i>— Three quarks for Muster Mark!</i>	1			
<i>Sure he hasn't got much of a bark</i>	2			
<i>And sure any he has it's all beside the mark.</i>	3			
<i>But O, Wreneagle Almighty, wouldn't un be a sky of a lark</i>	4			
<i>To see that old buzzard whooping about for uns shirt in the dark</i>	5			
<i>And he hunting round for uns speckled trousers around by Palmer-</i>	6			
<i>stown Park?</i>	7			
<i>Hohohoho, moulty Mark!</i>	8			
<i>You're the rummest old rooster ever flopped out of a Noah's ark</i>	9			
<i>And you think you're cock of the wark.</i>	10			
<i>Fowls, up! Tristy's the spry young spark</i>	11			
<i>That'll tread her and wed her and bed her and red her</i>	12			

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<i>Without ever winking the tail of a feather</i>	13		
<i>And that's how that chap's going to make his money and mark!</i>	14		
Overhoved, shrillgleescreaming. That song sang seaswans.	15		
The winging ones. Seahawk, seagull, curlew and plover, kestrel	16		
and capercallzie. All the birds of the sea they trolled out rightbold	17		
when they smacked the big kuss of Trustan with Usolde.	18		
And there they were too, when it was dark, whilest the wild-	19		
caps was circling, as slow their ship, the winds aslight, upborne	20		
the fates, the wardorse moved, by courtesy of Mr Deaubaleau	21		
Downbellow Kaempersally, listening in, as hard as they could, in	22		
Dubbeldorp, the donker, by the tourneyold of the wattarfalls,	23		
with their vuoxens and they kemin in so hattajocky (only a	24		
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quarteback askull for the last acts) to the solans and the sycamores	1		
and the wild geese and the gannets and the migratories and the	2		
mistlethrushes and the auspices and all the birds of the rockby-	3		
suckerassousyocanal sea, all four of them, all sighing and sob-	4		
bing, and listening. Moykle ahoykling!	5		
They were the big four, the four maaster waves of Erin, all	6		
listening, four. There was old Matt Gregory and then besides old	7		
Matt there was old Marcus Lyons, the four waves, and oftentimes	8		
they used to be saying grace together, right enough, bausnabeatha,	9		
in Miracle Squeer: here now we are the four of us: old Matt Gre-	10		

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gory and old Marcus and old Luke Tarpey: the four of us and	11		
sure, thank God, there are no more of us: and, sure now, you	12		
wouldn't go and forget and leave out the other fellow and old	13		
Johnny MacDougall: the four of us and no more of us and so	14		
now pass the fish for Christ sake, Amen: the way they used to be	15		
saying their grace before fish, repeating itself, after the interims	16		
of Augusburgh for auld lang syne. And so there they were, with	17		
their palms in their hands, like the pulchrum's procus, spraining	18		
their ears, luistening and listening to the oceans of kissening, with	19		
their eyes glistening, all the four, when he was kiddling and	20		
cuddling and bunnyhugging scrumptious his colleen bawn and	21		
dinkum belle, an oscar sister, on the fifteen inch loveseat, behind	22		
the chieftaness stewardesses cubin, the hero, of Gaelic champion,	23		
the onliest one of her choice, her bleaueyedeal of a girl's friend,	24		
neither bigugly nor smallnice, meaning pretty much everything	25		
to her then, with his sinister dexterity, light and rufthandling,	26		
vicemversem her ragbags et assaucyeties, fore and aft, on and	27		
offsides, the brueburnt sexfutter, handson and huntsem, that was	28		
palpably wrong and bulbubly improper, and cuddling her and	29		
kissing her, tootyfay charmaunt, in her ensemble of maidenna	30		
blue, with an overdress of net, tickled with goldies, Isolamisola,	31		
and whisping and lispig her about Trisolanisans, how one was	32		
whips for one was two and two was lips for one was three, and	33		
dissimulating themself, with his poghue like Arrah-na-poghue,	34		
the dear dear annual, they all four remembored who made the	35		

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world and how they used to be at that time in the vulgar ear	36		
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cuddling and kiddling her, after an oyster supper in Cullen's barn,	1		
from under her mistlethrush and kissing and listening, in the good	2		
old bygone days of Dion Boucicault, the elder, in Arrah-na-	3		
pogue, in the otherworld of the passing of the key of Two-	4		
tongue Common, with Nush, the carrier of the word, and with	5		
Mesh, the cutter of the reed, in one of the farback, pitchblack	6		
centuries when who made the world, when they knew O'Clery,	7		
the man on the door, when they were all four collegians on the	8		
nod, neer the Nodderlands Nurskery, whiteboys and oakboys,	9		
peep of tim boys and piping tom boys, raising hell while the sin	10		
was shining, with their slates and satchels, playing Florian's fables	11		
and communic suctiones and vellicar frictions with mixum mem-	12		
bers, in the Queen's Ultonian colleges, along with another fellow,	13		
a prime number, Totius Quotius, and paying a pot of tribluts	14		
to Boris O'Brien, the buttlar of Clumphump, two looves, two	15		
turnovers plus (one) crown, to see the mad dane ating his	16		
vitals. Wulf! Wulf! And throwing his tongue in the snakepit. Ah	17		
ho! The ladies have mercias! It brought the dear prehistoric	18		
scenes all back again, as fresh as of yore, Matt and Marcus, natu-	19		
ral born lovers of nature, in all her moves and senses, and after	20		
that now there he was, that mouth of mandibles, vowed to pure	21		

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beauty, and his Arrah-na-poghue, when she murmurously, after	22		
she let a cough, gave her firm order, if he wouldn't please mind,	23		
for a sings to one hope a dozen of the best favourite lyrical	24		
national blooms in Luvillicit, though not too much, reflecting on	25		
the situation, drinking in draughts of purest air serene and re-	26		
velling in the great outdoors, before the four of them, in the fair	27		
fine night, whilst the stars shine bright, by she light of he moon,	28		
we longed to be spoon, before her honeyoldloom, the plaint effect	29		
being in point of fact there being in the whole, a seatuition so	30		
shocking and scandalous and now, thank God, there were no more	31		
of them and he poghuing and poghuing like the Moreigner	32		
bowed his crusted hoed and Tilly the Tailor's Tugged a Tar in the	33		
Arctic Newses Dagsdogs number and there they were, like a	34		
foremasters in the rolls, listening, to Rolando's deepen darblun	35		
Ossian roll, (Lady, it was just too gorgeous, that expense of a	36		
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lovely tint, embellished by the charms of art and very well con-	1		
ducted and nicely mannered and all the horrid rudy noisies locked	2		
up in nasty cubbyhole!) as tired as they were, the three jolly	3		
topers, with their mouths watering, all the four, the old connu-	4		
bial men of the sea, yambing around with their old pantometer,	5		
in duckasaloppics, Luke and Johnny MacDougall and all wishen-	6		
ing for anything at all of the bygone times, the wald times and	7		

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the fald times and the hempty times and the dempty times, for a	8		
cup of kindness yet, for four farback tumblerfuls of woman	9		
squash, with them, all four, listening and spraining their ears for	10		
the millennium and all their mouths making water.	11		
Johnny. Ah well, sure, that's the way (up) and it so happened	12		
there was poor Matt Gregory (up), their pater familias, and (up)	13		
the others and now really and (up) truly they were four dear	14		
old heladies and really they looked awfully pretty and so nice and	15		
bespectable and after that they had their fathomglasses to find	16		
out all the fathoms and their half a tall hat, just now like the old	17		
Merquus of Pawerschoof, the old determined despot, (<i>quiescents</i>	18		
<i>in brage!</i>) only for the extrusion of the saltwater or the auctioneer	19		
there dormont, in front of the place near O'Clery's, at the darku-	20		
mound numbur wan, beside that ancient Dame street, where the	21		
statue of Mrs Dana O'Connell, prostituent behind the Trinity	22		
College, that arranges all the auctions of the valuable colleges,	23		
Bootersbay Sisters, like the auctioneer Battersby Sisters, the pru-	24		
miscuous creators, that sells all the emancipated statues and	25		
flowersports, James H. Tickell, the jaypee, off Hoggin Green,	26		
after he made the centuries, going to the tailturn horseshow, be-	27		
fore the angler nomads flood, along with another fellow, active	28		
impulsive, and the shoeblacks and the redshanks and plebeians	29		
and the barrancos and the cappunchers childerun, Jules, every-	30		
one, Gotopoxy, with the houghers on them, highstepping the	31		
fissure and fracture lines, seven five threes up, three five	32		

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sevens down, to get out of his way, onasmuck as their withers	33		
conditions could not possibly have been improved upon,	34		
(praisers be to deeseesee!) like hopolopocattls, erumping oround	35		
their Judgity Yaman, and all the tercentenary horses and priest-	36		
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hunters, from the Curragh, and confusionaries and the authori-	1		
ties, Noord Amrikaans and Suid Aferican cattleraiders (so they	2		
say) all over like a tiara dullfuoco, in his grey half a tall hat and	3		
his amber necklace and his crimson harness and his leathern jib	4		
and his cheapshein hairshirt and his scotobrit sash and his para-	5		
pilagian gallowglasses (how do you do, jaypee, Elevato!) to find	6		
out all the improper colleges (and how do you do, Mr Dame	7		
James? Get out of my way!), forkbearded and bluetoothed and	8		
bellied and boneless, from Strathlyffe and Aylesburg and North-	9		
umberland Anglesey, the whole yaghoodurt sweepstakings and	10		
all the horsepowers. But now, talking of hayastdanars and	11		
wolkingology and how our seaborn isle came into exestuanace,	12		
(the explutor, his three andesiters and the two pantellarias) that	13		
reminds me about the manausteriums of the poor Marcus of Lyons	14		
and poor Johnny, the patrician, and what do you think of the four	15		
of us and there they were now, listening right enough, the four	16		
saltwater widowers, and all they could remembore, long long ago	17		
in the olden times Momonian, throw darker hour sorrows, the	18		

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princest day, when Fair Margrate waited Swede Villem, and Lally	19		
in the rain, with the blank prints, now extincts, after the wreak	20		
of Wormans' Noe, the barmaisigheds, when my heart knew no	21		
care, and after that then there was the official landing of Lady	22		
Jales Casemate, in the year of the flood 1132 S.O.S., and the	23		
christening of Queen Baltersby, the Fourth Buzzersbee, accord-	24		
ing to Her Grace the bishop Senior, off the whate shape, and	25		
then there was the drowning of Pharoah and all his pedestrians	26		
and they were all completely drowned into the sea, the red sea,	27		
and then poor Merkin Cornyngwham, the official out of the	28		
castle on pension, when he was completely drowned off Erin	29		
Isles, at that time, suir knows, in the red sea and a lovely	30		
mourning paper and thank God, as Saman said, there were no	31		
more of him. And that now was how it was. The arzurian deeps	32		
o'er his humbodumbones sweeps. And his widdy the giddy is	33		
wreathing her murmoirs as her gracest triput to the Grocery	34		
Trader's Manthly. Mind mand gunfree by Gladeys Rayburn!	35		
Runable's Reincorporated. The new world presses. Where the	36		
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old conk cruised now croons the yunk. Exeunc throw a darras	1		
Kram of Llawnroc, ye gink guy, kirked into yord. Enterest at-	2		
tawonder Wehpen, luftcat revol, fairescapading in his natsirt.	3		
Tuesy tumbles. And mild aunt Liza is as loose as her neese. Ful-	4		

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fest withim inbrace behent. As gent would deem oncontinent.	5		
So mulct per wenche is Elsker woed. Ne hath his thrysting. Fin.	6		
Like the newcasters in their old plyable of <i>A Royenne Devours</i> .	7		
Jazzaphoney and Mirillovis and Nippy she nets best. Fing. Ay,	8		
ay! Sobbos. And so he was. Sabbus.	9		
Marcus. And after that, not forgetting, there was the Flemish	10		
armada, all scattered, and all officially drowned, there and then, on	11		
a lovely morning, after the universal flood, at about aleven thirty-	12		
two was it? off the coast of Cominghome and Saint Patrick, the	13		
anabaptist, and Saint Kevin, the lacustrian, with toomuch of tolls	14		
and lottance of beggars, after converting Porterscout and Dona,	15		
our first marents, and Lapoleon, the equestrian, on his whuite	16		
hourse of Hunover, rising Clunkthurf over Cabinhogan and all	17		
they remembored and then there was the Frankish fload of Noahs-	18		
dobahs, from Hedalgoland, round about the freebutter year of	19		
Notre Dame 1132 P.P.O. or so, disumbunking from under	20		
Motham General Bonaboche, (noo poopery!) in his half a grey	21		
traditional hat, alevoila come alevilla, and after that there he was,	22		
so terrestrial, like a Nailscissor, poghuing her scandalous and very	23		
wrong, the maid, in single combat, under the sycamores, amid	24		
the bludderings from the boom and all the gallowsbirds in Arrah-	25		
na-Poghue, so silvestrious, neer the Queen's Colleges, in 1132	26		
Brian or Bride street, behind the century man on the door. And	27		
then again they used to give the grandest gloriaspanquost univer-	28		
sal howldmoutherhibbert lectures on anarxaquy out of doxarch-	29		

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ology (hello, Hibernia!) from sea to sea (Matt speaking!) accord-	30		
ing to the pictures postcard, with sexon grimmacticals, in the	31		
Latimer Roman history, of Latimer repeating himself, from the	32		
vicerine of Lord Hugh, the Lacytynant, till Bockleyshuts the rah-	33		
jahn gerachknell and regnumrockery roundup, (Marcus Lyons	34		
speaking!) to the oceanfuls of collegians green and high classes	35		
and the poor scholars and all the old trinitarian senate and saints and	36		
FW389			
sages and the Plymouth brethren, droning along, peanzanzangan,	1		
and nodding and sleeping away there, like forgetmenots, in her	2		
abijance service, round their twelve tables, per pioja at pulga	3		
bollas, in the four trinity colleges, for earnasyoulearning Erin-	4		
growback, of Ulcer, Moonster, Leanstare and Cannought, the	5		
four grandest colleges supper the matther of Erryn, of Killorcure	6		
and Killthemall and Killeachother and Killkelly-on-the-Flure,	7		
where their role was to rule the round roll that Rollo and Rullo	8		
rolled round. Those were the grandest gynecollege histories	9		
(Lucas calling, hold the line!) in the Janesdanes Lady Anders-	10		
daughter Universary, for auld acquaintance sake (this unitarian	11		
lady, breathtaking beauty, Bambam's bonniest, lived to a great	12		
age at or in or about the late No. 1132 or No. 1169, bis, Fitzmary	13		
Round where she was seen by many and widely liked) for teach-	14		
ing the Fatima Woman history of Fatimiliafamilias, repeating her-	15		

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self, on which purposeth of the spirit of nature as difinely deve-	16		
loped in time by psadatepholomy, the past and present (Johnny	17		
MacDougall speaking, give me trunks, miss!) and present and	18		
absent and past and present and perfect <i>arma virumque romano</i> .	19		
Ah, dearo, dear! O weep for the hower when eve aleaves bower!	20		
How it did but all come eddaying back to them, if they did but	21		
get gaze, gagagniagnian, to hear him there, kiddling and cuddling	22		
her, after the gouty old galahat, with his peer of quinnifyears and	23		
his troad of thirstuns, so nefarious, from his elevation of one	24		
yard one handard and thartytwo lines, before the four of us, in	25		
his Roman Catholic arms, while his deepseepeepers gazed and	26		
sazed and dazecrazemazed into her dullokblood rodolling olo-	27		
sheen eyebowls by the Cornelius Nepos, Mnepos. Anumque,	28		
umque. Napoo.	29		
Queh? Quos?	30		
Ah, dearo dearo dear! Bozun braceth brythe hwen geoses	31		
gandered gamen. Mahazar ag Dod! It was so scalding sorry for all	32		
the whole twice two four of us, with their familiar, making the toten,	33		
and Lally when he lost part of his half a hat and all belongings to	34		
him, in his old futile manner, cape, towel and drawbreeches, and	35		
repeating himself and telling him now, for the seek of Senders	36		
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Newsletters and the mossacre of Saint Brices, to forget the past,	1		

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when the burglar he shoved the wretch in churneroil, and con-	2		
tradicting all about Lally, the ballest master of Gosterstown, and	3		
his old fellow, the Lagener, in the Locklane Lighthouse, earing his	4		
wick with a pierce of railing, and ligger hie with his ladder up, and	5		
that oldtime turner and his sadderday ereley cloudsing, the old	6		
croniony, Skelly, with the lether belly, full of nelts, full of kelts,	7		
full of lightweight belts and all the bald drakes or ever he had up	8		
in the bohween, off Artsichekes Road, with Moels and Mahmullagh	9		
Mullarty, the man in the Oran mosque, and the old folks at home	10		
and Duignan and Lapole and the grand confarreation, as per the	11		
cabbangers richestore, of the filest archives, and he couldn't stop	12		
laughing over Tom Tim Tarpey, the Welshman, and the four	13		
midleaged widowers, all nangles, sangles, angles and wangles.	14		
And now, that reminds me, not to forget the four of the Welsh	15		
waves, leaping laughing, in their Lumbag Walk, over old Battle-	16		
shore and Deaddleconche, in their half a Roman hat, with an an-	17		
cient Greek gloss on it, in Chichester College auction and, thank	18		
God, they were all summarily divorced, four years before, or so	19		
they say, by their dear poor shehusbands, in dear byword days,	20		
and never brought to mind, to see no more the rainwater on the	21		
floor but still they parted, raining water laughing, per Nupiter	22		
Privius, only terparry, on the best of terms and be forgot, whilk was	23		
plainly foretold by their old pilgrim cocklesong or they were sing-	24		
ing through the wetttest indies <i>As I was going to Burrymecarott we</i>	25		
<i>fell in with a lout by the name of Peebles</i> as also in another place by	26		

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their orthodox proverb so there was said thus <i>That old fellow</i>	27		
<i>knows milk though he's not used to it latterly.</i> And so they parted.	28		
In Dalkymont member to. Ay, ay. The good go and the wicked	29		
is left over. As evil flows so Ivel flows. Ay, ay. Ah, well sure,	30		
that's the way. As the holymaid of Kunut said to the haryman	31		
of Koombe. For his humple position in odvices. Woman. Squash.	32		
Part. Ay, ay. By decree absolute.	33		
Lucas. And, O so well they could remembore at that time, when	34		
Carperry of the Goold Fins was in the kingship of Poolland, Mrs	35		
Dowager Justice Squalchman, foorsitter, in her fullbottom wig	36		
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and beard, (Erminia Reginia!) in or aring or around about the	1		
year of buy in disgrace 1132 or 1169 or 1768 Y.W.C.A., at the	2		
Married Male Familyman's Auctioneer's court in Arrahnacuddle.	3		
Poor Johnny of the clan of the Dougals, the poor Scuitsman,	4		
(Hohannes!) nothing if not amorous, dinna forget, so frightened	5		
(Zweep! Zweep!) on account of her full bottom, (undullable	6		
attraxity!) that put the yearl of mercies on him, and the four	7		
maasters, in chors, with a hing behangd them, because he was	8		
so slow to borstel her schoon for her, when he was grooming her	9		
ladyship, instead of backscratching her materfamilias proper, like	10		
any old methodist, and all divorced and innasense interdict, in	11		
the middle of the temple, according to their dear faithful. Ah, now,	12		

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it was too bad, too bad and stout entirely, all the missoccurs; and	13		
poor Mark or Marcus Bowandcoat, from the brownesberrow in	14		
nolandsland, the poor old chronometer, all persecuted with ally	15		
croaker by everybody, by decree absolute, through Herrinsilde,	16		
because he forgot himself, making wind and water, and made	17		
a Neptune's mess of all of himself, sculling over the giamond's	18		
courseway, and because he forgot to remember to sign an old	19		
morning proxy paper, a writing in request to hersute herself, on	20		
stamped bronnanoleum, from Roneo to Giliette, before saying	21		
his grace before fish and then and there and too there was	22		
poor Dion Cassius Poosycomb, all drowned too, before the	23		
world and her husband, because it was most improper and most	24		
wrong, when he attempted to (well, he was shocking poor in	25		
his health, he said, with the shingles falling off him), because	26		
he (ah, well now, peaces pea to Wedmore and let not the song go	27		
dumb upon your Ire, as we say in the Spasms of Davies, and we	28		
won't be too hard on him as an old Manx presbyterian) and after	29		
that, as red as a Rosse is, he made his last will and went to con-	30		
fession, like the general of the Berkeleyites, at the rim of the rom,	31		
on his two bare marrowbones, to Her Worship his Mother and	32		
Sister Evangelist Sweainey, on Cailcainnin widnight and he was	33		
so sorry, he was really, because he left the bootybutton in the	34		
handsome cab and now, tell the truth, unfriends never, (she was	35		
his first messes dogess and it was a very pretty peltry and there	36		

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were faults on both sides) well, he attempted (or so they say)	1			
ah, now, forget and forgive (don't we all?) and, sure, he was only	2			
funning with his andrewmartins and his old age coming over	3			
him, well, he attempted or, the Connachy, he was tempted to	4			
attempt some hunnish familiarities, after eten a bad carmp in the	5			
rude ocean and, hevantonozé sure, he was dead seasickabed (it was	6			
really too bad!) her poor old divorced male, in the housepays for	7			
the daying at the Martyr Mrs MacCawley's, where at the time	8			
he was taying and toying, to hold the nursetendered hand, (ah,	9			
the poor old coax!) and count the buttons and her hand and	10			
frown on a bad crab and doying to remembore what doed they	11			
were byorn and who made a who a snore. Ah dearo dearo	12			
dear!	13			
And where do you leave Matt Emeritus? The laychief of Ab-	14			
botabishop? And exchullard of ffrench and gherman. Achoch!	15			
They were all so sorgy for poorboir Matt in his saltwater hat,	16			
with the Aran crown, or she grew that out of, too big for him, of	17			
or Mnepos and his overalls, all falling over her in folds— sure he	18			
hadn't the heart in her to pull them up— poor Matt, the old peri-	19			
grime matriarch, and a queenly man, (the porple blussing upon	20			
them!) sitting there, the sole of the settlement, below ground,	21			
for an expiatory rite, in postulation of his cause, (who shall say?)	22			
in her beaver bonnet, the king of the Caucasus, a family all to	23			

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himself, under geasa, Themistletocles, on his multilingual tomb-	24		
stone, like Navellicky Kamen, and she due to kid by sweetpea	25		
time, with her face to the wall, in view of the poorhouse, and	26		
taking his rust in the oxsight of Iren, under all the auspices, amid	27		
the rattle of hailstorms, kalospintheochromatokreening, with her	28		
ivy-clad hood, and gripping an old pair of curling tongs, belong-	29		
ing to Mrs Duna O’Cannell, to blow his brains with, till the	30		
heights of Newhigherland heard the Bristolhut, with his can of	31		
tea and a purse of alfred cakes from Anne Lynch and two cuts of	32		
Shackleton’s brown loaf and dilisk, waiting for the end to come.	33		
Gordon Heighland, when you think of it! The merthe dirther!	34		
Ah ho! It was too bad entirely! All devoured by active parlour-	35		
men, laudabiliter, of woman squelch and all on account of the	36		
FW393			
smell of Shakeletin and scratchman and his mouth watering, acid	1		
and alkolic; signs on the salt, and so now pass the loaf for Christ	2		
sake. Amen. And so. And all.	3		
Matt. And loaf. So that was the end. And it can’t be helped.	4		
Ah, God be good to us! Poor Andrew Martin Cunningham!	5		
Take breath! Ay! Ay!	6		
And still and all at that time of the dynast days of old konning	7		
Soteric Sulkinbored and Bargomuster Bart, when they struck coil	8		
and shock haunts, in old Hungerford-on-Mudway, where first I	9		

12. Episode TWELVE (17 pages, from 383 to 399). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

met thee oldpoetryck flied from may, and the Finnan haddies and	10		
the Noal Sharks and the muckstails turtles like an acoustic pot-	11		
tish and the griesouper bullyum and how he poled him up his	12		
boccat of vuotar and got big buzz for his name in the airweek's	13		
honours from home, colonies and empire, they were always with	14		
assisting grace, thinking (up) and not forgetting about shims and	15		
shawls week, in auld land syne (up) their four hosenbands, that	16		
were four (up) beautiful sister misters, now happily married, unto	17		
old Gallstonebelly, and there they were always counting and con-	18		
tradicting every night 'tis early the lovely mother of periwinkle	19		
buttons, according to the lapper part of their anachronism (up	20		
one up two up one up four) and after that there now she was,	21		
in the end, the deary, soldpowder and all, the beautfour sisters,	22		
and that was her mudhen republican name, right enough, from	23		
alum and oves, and they used to be getting up from under, in	24		
their tape and straw garlands, with all the worries awake in their	25		
hair, at the kookaburra bell ringring all wrong inside of them	26		
(come in, come on, you lazy loafers!) all inside their poor old Shan-	27		
don bellbox (come out to hell, you lousy louts!) so frightened,	28		
for the dthclangavore, like knockneeghs bumpsed by the fister-	29		
man's straights, (ys! ys!), at all hours every night, on their mistle-	30		
toes, the four old oldsters, to see was the Transton Postscript	31		
come, with their oerkussens under their armsaxters, all puddled	32		
and mythified, the way the wind wheeled the schooler round,	33		
when nobody wouldn't even let them rusten, from playing	34		

12. Episode TWELVE (17 pages, from 383 to 399). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

their gastspiels, crossing their sleep by the shocking silence,	35		
when they were in dreams of yore, standing behind the	36		
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door, or leaning out of the chair, or kneeling under the sofa-	1		
cover and setting on the souptureen, getting into their way	2		
something barbarous, changing the one wet underdown convi-	3		
brational bed or they used to slumper under, when hope was there	4		
no more, and putting on their half a hat and falling over all synop-	5		
ticals and a panegyric and repeating themselves, like svvollovv-	6		
ing, like the time they were dadging the talkeycook that chased	7		
them, look look all round the stool, walk everywhere for a jool,	8		
to break fyre to all the rancers, to collect all and bits of brown,	9		
the rathure's evelopment in spirits of time in all fathom of space	10		
and slooping around in a bawneen and bath slippers and go away	11		
to Oldpatrick and see a doctor Walker. And after that so glad	12		
they had their night tentacles and there they used to be, flapping	13		
and cycling, and a dooing a doonloop, panementically, around	14		
the waists of the ships, in the wake of their good old Foehn	15		
again, as tyred as they were, at their windswidths in the	16		
wavelength, the clipperbuilt and the five fourmasters and	17		
Lally of the cleftoft bagoderts and Roe of the fair cheats, ex-	18		
changing fleas from host to host, with arthroposophia, and he	19		
selling him before he forgot, issle issle, after having prealably	20		

12. Episode TWELVE (17 pages, from 383 to 399). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

dephlegmatized his gutterful of throatyfrogs, with a lungible fong	21		
in his suckmouth ear, while the dear invoked to the coolun dare	22		
by a palpabrows lift left no doubt in his minder, till he was in-	23		
stant and he was trustin, sister soul in brother hand, the subjects	24		
being their passion grand, that one fresh from the cow about	25		
Aithne Meithne married a mailde and that one too from Engr-	26		
vakon saga abooth a gooth a gev a gotheny egg and the park-	27		
side pranks of quality queens, katte efter kinne, for Earl Hooved-	28		
soon's choosing and Huber and Harman orhowwhen theeupon-	29		
thus (chchch!) eysolt of binnoculises memostinmust egotum	30		
sabcunsciously senses upers the deprofundity of multimathema-	31		
tical immaterialities wherebejubers in the pancosmic urge the	32		
allimmanence of that which Itself is Itself Alone (hear, O hear,	33		
Caller Errin!) exteriorises on this ourherenow plane in disunited	34		
solod, likeward and gushious bodies with (science, say!) peril-	35		
whitened passionpanting pugnoplagent intuitions of reunited	36		
FW395			
selfdom (murky whey, abstrew adim!) in the higherdimissional	1		
selfless Allself, theemeeng Narsty meetheeng Idoless, and telling	2		
Jolly MacGolly, dear mester John, the belated dishevelled, hack-	3		
ing away at a parchment pied, and all the other analist, the	4		
steamships ant the ladies' foursome, ovenfor, nedenfor, dinkety,	5		
duk, downalupping, (how long tandem!) like a foreretyred schoon-	6		

12. Episode TWELVE (17 pages, from 383 to 399). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

masters, and their pair of green eyes and peering in, so they say, like	7		
the narcolepts on the lakes of Coma, through the steamy win-	8		
dows, into the honeymoon cabins, on board the big steamadories,	9		
made by Fumadory, and the saloon ladies' madorn toilet chambers	10		
lined over prawn silk and rub off the salty catara off a windows	11		
and, hee hee, listening, <i>qua</i> committe, the poor old quakers, oben	12		
the dure, to see all the hunnishmooners and the firstclass ladies,	13		
serious me, a lass spring as you fancy, and sheets far from the lad,	14		
courting in blankets, enfamillias, and, shee shee, all improper, in a	15		
lovely mourning toilet, for the rosecrumpler, the thrilldriver, the	16		
sighinspirer, with that olive throb in his nude neck, and, swayin	17		
and thayin, thanks ever so much for the tiny quote, which sought	18		
of maid everythingling again so very much more delightafellay,	19		
and the perfidly suite of her, bootyfilly yours, under all their	20		
familiarities, by preventing grace, forgetting to say their grace be-	21		
fore chambadory, before going to boat with the verges of the	22		
chaptel of the opering of the month of Nema Knatut, so pass the	23		
poghue for grace sake. Amen. And all, hee hee hee, quaking, so	24		
fright, and, shee shee, shaking. Aching. Ay, ay.	25		
For it was then a pretty thing happened of pure diversion	26		
mayhap, when his flattering hend, at the justright moment, like	27		
perchance some cook of corage might clip the lad on a poot of	28		
porage handshut his duckhouse, the vivid girl, deaf with love,	29		
(ah sure, you know her, our angel being, one of romance's fade-	30		
less wonderwomen, and, sure now, we all know you dote on	31		

12. Episode TWELVE (17 pages, from 383 to 399). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

her even unto date!) with a queeleetleecree of joysis crisis she	32		
renulited their disunited, with ripy lepes to ropy lopes (the dear	33		
o' dears!) and the golden importunity of aloofer's leavetime,	34		
when, as quick, is greased pigskin, Amoricas Champius, with one	35		
aragan throust, druve the massive of virilvigtoury flshpst the	36		
FW396			
both lines of forwards (Eburnea's down, boys!) rightjingbangshot	1		
into the goal of her gullet.	2		
Alris!	3		
And now, upright and add them! And plays be honest! And	4		
pullit into yourself, as on manowoman do another! Candidately,	5		
everybody! A mot for amot. Comong, meng, and douh! There	6		
was this, wellyoumaycallher, a strapping modern old ancient	7		
Irish prisscess, so and so hands high, such and such paddock	8		
weight, in her madapolam smock, nothing under her hat but	9		
red hair and solid ivory (now you know it's true in your	10		
hardup hearts!) and a firstclass pair of bedroom eyes, of most	11		
unhomy blue, (how weak we are, one and all!) the charm	12		
of favour's fond consent! Could you blame her, we're saying,	13		
for one psocoldlogical moment? What would Ewe do? With	14		
that so tiresome old milkless a ram, with his tiresome duty	15		
peck and his bronchial tubes, the tiresome old hairyg orangogran	16		
beaver, in his tiresome old twennysixandsixpenny sheopards	17		

12. Episode TWELVE (17 pages, from 383 to 399). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

plods drowers and his thirtybobandninepenny tails plus toop!	18		
Hagakhroustioun! It were too exceeding really if one woulds	19		
to offer at sulk an oldivirdual a pinge of hinge hit. The	20		
mainest thing ever! Since Edem was in the boags noavy. No, no,	21		
the dear heaven knows, and the farther the from it, if the whole	22		
stole stale mis betold, whoever the gulpable, and whatever the	23		
pulpous was, the twooned togethered, and giving the mhost	24		
phassionable wheathers, they were doing a lally a lolly a dither	25		
a duther one lelly two dather three lilly four dother. And it was	26		
a fiveful moment for the poor old timetettters, ticktacking, in tenk	27		
the count. Till the spark that plugged spared the chokee he	28		
gripped and (volatile volupty, how brieved are thy languings!)	29		
they could and they could hear like of a lisp lapsing, that	30		
was her knight of the truths thong plipping out of her chapell-	31		
ledeosy, after where he had gone and polped the questioned.	32		
Plop.	33		
Ah now, it was tootwooly torrific, the mummurrubejubes! And	34		
then after that they used to be so forgetful, counting mother-	35		
peributts (up one up four) to membore her beaufu mouldern	36		
FW397			
maiden name, for overflauwing, by the dream of woman the	1		
owneirist, in forty lands. From Greg and Doug on poor Greg	2		
and Mat and Mar and Lu and Jo, now happily buried, our four!	3		

12. Episode TWELVE (17 pages, from 383 to 399). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

And there she was right enough, that lovely sight enough, the	4		
girleen bawn ashore, as for days galore, of planxty Gregory.	5		
Egory. O bunket not Orwin! Ay, ay.	6		
But, sure, that reminds me now, like another tellmastory re-	7		
peating yourself, how they used to be in lethargy's love, at the	8		
end of it all, at that time (up) always, tired and all, after doing the	9		
mousework and making it up, over their community singing	10		
(up) the top loft of the voicebox, of Mamalujó like the senior	11		
follies at murther magrees, squatting round, two by two, the four	12		
confederates, with Caxons the Coswarn, up the wet air register	13		
in Old Man's House, Millenium Road, crowning themselves in	14		
lauraly branches, with their cold knees and their poor (up) quad	15		
rupeds, ovasleep, and all dolled up, for their blankets and materny	16		
mufflers and plimsoles and their bowl of brown shackle and	17		
milky and boterham clots, a potion a peace, a piece aportion, a	18		
lepel alip, alup a lap, for a cup of kindest yet, with hold take hand	19		
and nurse and only touch of ate, a lovely munkybown and for	20		
xmell and wait the pinch and prompt poor Marcus Lyons to be not	21		
beheeding the skillet on for the live of ghosses but to pass the teeth	22		
for choke sake, Amensch, when it so happen they were all syca-	23		
more and by the world forgot, since the phlegmish hoopicough,	24		
for all a possabled, after ete a bad cramp and johnny magories, and	25		
backscrat the poor bedsores and the farthing dip, their caschal	26		
pandle of magnegnousioum, and read a letter or two every night,	27		
before going to dodo sleep atrance, with their catkins coifs, in	28		

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the twilight, a capitaletter, for further auspices, on their old one	29		
page codex book of old year's eve 1132, M.M.L.J. old style, their	30		
Senchus Mor, by his fellow girl, the Mrs Shemans, in her summer	31		
seal houseonsample, with the caracul broadtail, her <i>totam in</i>	32		
<i>tutu</i> , final buff noonmeal edition, in the regatta covers, uptenable	33		
from the orther, for to regul their reves by incubation, and Lally,	34		
through their gangrene spentacles, and all the good or they	35		
did in their time, the rigorists, for Roe and O'Mulcnory a	36		
FW398			
Conry ap Mul or Lap ap Morion and Buffler ap Matty Mac	1		
Gregory for Marcus on Podex by Daddy de Wyer, old baga-	2		
broth, beeves and scullogues, churls and vassals, in same, sept	3		
and severalty and one by one and sing a mamalujo. To the	4		
heroest champion of Eren and his braceoelanders and Gowan,	5		
Gawin and Gonne.	6		
And after that now in the future, please God, after nonpenal	7		
start, all repeating ourselves, in medios loquos, from where he got	8		
a useful arm busy on the touchline, due south of her western	9		
shoulder, down to death and the love embrace, with an interesting	10		
tallow complexion and all now united, sansfamillias, let us ran on	11		
to say oremus prayer and homeysweet homely, after fully realis-	12		
ing the gratifying experiences of highly continental evenements,	13		
for meter and peter to temple an eslaap, for auld acquaintance, to	14		

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Peregrine and Michael and Farfassa and Peregrine, for navigants	15		
et peregrinantibus, in all the old imperial and Fionnachan sea and	16		
for vogue awallow to a Miss Yiss, you fascinator, you, sing a	17		
lovasteamadorion to Ladyseyes, here's Tricks and Doelsy, de-	18		
lightly ours, in her doaty ducky little blue and roll his hoop	19		
and how she ran, when wit won free, the dimply blissed and aw-	20		
fully bucked, right glad we never shall forget, thoh the dayses	21		
gone still they loves young dreams and old Luke with his	22		
kingly leer, so wellworth watching, and Senchus Mor, possessed	23		
of evident notoriety, and another more of the bigtimers, to name	24		
no others, of whom great things were expected in the fulmfilming	25		
department, for the lives of Lazarus and auld luke syne and she	26		
haihaihail her kobbor kohinor seheet on the praze savohole	27		
shanghai.	28		
Hear, O hear, Iseult la belle! Tristan, sad hero, hear! The Lambeg	29		
drum, the Lombog reed, the Lumbag fiferer, the Limibig brazenaze.	30		
<i>Anno Domini nostri sancti Jesu Christi</i>	31		
<i>Nine hundred and ninety-nine million pound sterling in the blueblack</i>	32		
<i>bowels of the bank of Ulster.</i>	33		
<i>Braw bawbees and good gold pounds, galore, my girleen, a Sunday'll</i>	34		
<i>prank thee finely.</i>	35		
FW399			

12. Episode TWELVE (17 pages, from 383 to 399). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>And no damn loutll come courting thee or by the mother of the Holy</i>	1		
<i>Ghost there'll be murder!</i>	2		
<i>O, come all ye sweet nymphs of Dingle beach to cheer Brinabride</i>	3		
<i>queen from Sybil surfriding</i>	4		
<i>In her curragh of shells of daughter of pearl and her silverymonnblue</i>	5		
<i>mantle round her.</i>	6		
<i>Crown of the waters, brine on her brow, she'll dance them a jig and</i>	7		
<i>jilt them fairly.</i>	8		
<i>Yerra, why would she bide with Sig Sloomysides or the grogram grey</i>	9		
<i>barnacle gander?</i>	10		
<i>You won't need be lonesome, Lizzy my love, when your beau gets his</i>	11		
<i>glut of cold meat and hot soldiering</i>	12		
<i>Nor wake in winter, window machree, but snore sung in my old</i>	13		
<i>Balbriggan surtout.</i>	14		
<i>Wisha, won't you agree now to take me from the middle, say, of</i>	15		
<i>next week on, for the balance of my days, for nothing (what?)</i>	16		
<i>as your own nursetender?</i>	17		
<i>A power of highsteppers died game right enough— but who, acushla,</i>	18		
<i>'ll beg coppers for you?</i>	19		
<i>I tossed that one long before anyone.</i>	20		
<i>It was of a wet good Friday too she was ironing and, as I'm given</i>	21		
<i>now to understand, she was always mad gone on me.</i>	22		

12. Episode TWELVE (17 pages, from 383 to 399). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>Grand goosegreasing we had entirely with an allnight eiderdown bed</i>	23		
<i>picnic to follow.</i>	24		
<i>By the cross of Cong, says she, rising up Saturday in the twilight</i>	25		
<i>from under me, Mick, Nick the Maggot or whatever your name</i>	26		
<i>is, you're the mose likable lad that's come my ways yet from the</i>	27		
<i>barony of Bohermore.</i>	28		
Mattheehew, Markeehew, Lukeehew, Johnheehewheehew!	29		
Haw!	30		
And still a light moves long the river. And stiller the mermen	31		
ply their keg.	32		
Its pith is full. The way is free. Their lot is cast.	33		
So, to john for a john, johnajears, led it be!	34		