

13. Episode THIRTEEN (26 pages, from 403 to 428). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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13. Episode THIRTEEN (26 pages, from 403 to 428)				
Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW403				
Hark!	1			
Tolv two elf kater ten (it can't be) sax.	2			
Hork!	3			
Pedwar pemp foify tray (it must be) twelve.	4			
And low stole o'er the stillness the heartbeats of sleep.	5			
White fogbow spans. The arch embattled. Mark as capsules.	6			
The nose of the man who was nought like the nasoets. It is self-	7			
tinted, wrinkling, ruddled. His kep is a gorsecone. He am Gascon	8			
Titubante of Tegmine – sub – Fagi whose fixtures are mobil-	9			
ing so wobiling befear my remembrandts. She, exhibit next, his	10			
Anastashie. She has prayings in lowdelph. Zeehere green egg-	11			
brooms. What named blautoothdmand is yon who stares? Gu-	12			

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gurtha! Gugurtha! He has becco of wild hindigan. Ho, he hath	13		
hornhide! And hvis now is for you. Pensée! The most beautiful	14		
of woman of the veilch veilchen veilde. She would kidds to my	15		
voult of my palace, with obsidian luppas, her aal in her dhove's	16		
suckling. Apagemonite! Come not nere! Black! Switch out!	17		
Methought as I was dropping asleep somepart in nonland of	18		
where's please (and it was when you and they were we) I heard	19		
at zero hour as 'twere the peal of vixen's laughter among mid-	20		
night's chimes from out the belfry of the cute old speckled church	21		
tolling so faint a goodmantrue as nighhood's unseen violet	22		
rendered all animated greatbritish and Irish objects nonviewable	23		
to human watchers save 'twere perchance anon some glistery	24		
FW404			
gleam darkling adown surface of affluvial flowandflow as again	1		
might seem garments of laundry reposing a leasward close at	2		
hand in full expectation. And as I was jogging along in a dream as	3		
dozing I was dawdling, arrah, methought broadtone was heard and	4		
the creepers and the gliders and flivvers of the earth breath and	5		
the dancetongues of the woodfires and the hummers in their	6		
ground all vociferated echoing: Shaun! Shaun! Post the post!	7		
with a high voice and O, the higher on high the deeper and low,	8		
I heard him so! And lo, mescemed somewhat came of the noise	9		
and somewho might amove allmurk. Now, 'twas as clump, now	10		

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mayhap. When look, was light and now'twas as flasher, now	11		
moren as the glaow. Ah, in unlitness 'twas in very similitude,	12		
bless me, 'twas his belted lamp! Whom we dreamt was a shaddo,	13		
sure, he's lightseyes, the laddo! Blessed momence, O romence,	14		
he's growing to stay! Ay, he who so swayed a will of a wisp	15		
before me, hand prop to hand, prompt side to the pros, dressed	16		
like an earl in just the correct wear, in a classy mac Frieze o'coat	17		
of far suparior ruggedness, indigo braw, tracked and tramped,	18		
and an Irish ferrier collar, freeswinging with mereswin lacers from	19		
his shoulthern and thick welted brogues on him hammered to suit	20		
the scotsmost public and climate, iron heels and sparable soles, and	21		
his jacket of providence wellprovided woolies with a softrolling	22		
lisp of a lapel to it and great sealingwax buttons, a good helping	23		
bigger than the slots for them, of twentytwo carrot krasnapopp-	24		
sky red and his invulnerable burlap whiskcoat and his popular	25		
choker, Tamagnum sette-and-forte and his loud boheem toy and	26		
the damasker's overshirt he sported inside, a starspangled zephyr	27		
with a decidedly surpliced crinklydoodle front with his motto	28		
through dear life embrothred over it in peas, rice, and yeggy-	29		
yolk, Or for royal, Am for Mail, R.M.D. hard cash on the nail	30		
and the most successfully carried gigot turnups now you ever,	31		
(what a pairfact crease! how amsolookly kersse!) breaking over	32		
the ankle and hugging the shoeheel, everything the best— none	33		
other from (Ah, then may the turtle's blessings of God and Mary	34		
and Haggispatrick and Huggisbrigid be souptumbling all over	35		

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him!) other than (and may his hundred thousand welcome stewed	36		
FW405			
letters, relayed wand postchased, multiply, ay faith, and plultiply!)	1		
Shaun himself.	2		
What a picture primitive!	3		
Had I the concordant wiseheads of Messrs Gregory and Lyons	4		
alongside of Dr Tarpey's and I dorsay the reverend Mr Mac	5		
Dougall's, but I, poor ass, am but as their fourpart tinckler's dun-	6		
key. Yet methought Shaun (holy messonger angels be uninter-	7		
ruptedly nudging him among and along the winding ways of	8		
random ever!) Shaun in proper person (now may all the blue-	9		
blacksliding constellations continue to shape his changeable time-	10		
table!) stood before me. And I pledge you my agricultural word	11		
by the hundred and sixty odds rods and cones of this even's	12		
vision that young fellow looked the stuff, the Bel of Beaus'	13		
Walk, a prime card if ever was! Pep? Now without deceit it is	14		
hardly too much to say he was looking grand, so fired smart, in	15		
much more than his usual health. No mistaking that beamish	16		
brow! There was one for you that ne'er would nunch with good	17		
Duke Humphrey but would aight through the months without a	18		
sign of an err in hem and then, otherwise rounding, fourale to the	19		
lees of Traroe. Those jehovial oye-glances! The heart of the rool!	20		
And hit the hencoop. He was immense, topping swell for he was	21		

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after having a great time of it, a twentyfour hours every moment	22		
matters maltsight, in a porterhouse, scutfrank, if you want to	23		
know, Saint Lawzenge of Toole's, the Wheel of Fortune, leave	24		
your clubs in the hall and wait on yourself, no chucks for wal-	25		
nut ketchups, Lazenby's and Chutney graspis (the house the once	26		
queen of Bristol and Balrothery twice admired because her	27		
frumped door looked up Dacent Street) where in the sighed of	28		
lovely eyes while his knives of hearts made havoc he had re-	29		
cruted his strength by meals of spadefuls of mounded food, in	30		
anticipation of the faste of tablenapkins, constituting his three-	31		
partite pranzipal meals <i>plus</i> a collation, his breakfast of first, a bless	32		
us O blood and thirsty orange, next, the half of a pint of becon	33		
with newled googs and a segment of riceplummy padding, met	34		
of sunder suigar and some cold forsoaken steak peatrefired from	35		
the batblack night o'erflown then, without prejudice to evectorials,	36		
FW406			
came along merendally his stockpot dinner of a half a pound of	1		
round steak, very rare, Blong's best from Portarlington's Butchery,	2		
with a side of riceypeasy and Corkshire alla mellonge and bacon	3		
with (a little mar pliche!) a pair of chops and thrown in from the	4		
silver grid by the proprietress of the roastery who lives on the	5		
hill and gaulusch gravy and pumpernickel to wolp up and a	6		
gorger's bulby onion (Margareter, Margaretar Margarastican-	7		

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deatar) and as well with second course and then finally, after	8		
his avalunch oclock snack at Appelredt's or Kitzly Braten's of	9		
saddlebag steak and a Botherhim with her old phoenix portar,	10		
jistr to gwen his gwistel and praties sweet and Irish too and mock	11		
gurgle to whistle his way through for the swallying, swp by swp,	12		
and he getting his tongue around it and Boland's broth broken	13		
into the bargain, to his regret his soupay <i>avic</i> nightcap, vitellusit,	14		
a carusal consistent with second course eyer and becon (the rich	15		
of) with broad beans, hig, steak, hag, pepper the diamond bone	16		
hotted up timmtomm and while'twas after that he scoffed a drake-	17		
ling snuggily stuffed following cold loin of veal more cabbage and	18		
in their green free state a clister of peas, soppositorily petty, last.	19		
P.S. but a fingerhot of rheingenever to give the Pax cum Spiri-	20		
tututu. Drily thankful. Burud and dulse and typureely jam, all	21		
free of charge, aman, and. And the best of wine <i>avec</i> . For his	22		
heart was as big as himself, so it was, ay, and bigger! While the	23		
loaves are aflowering and the nachtingale jugs. All St Jilian's of	24		
Berry, hurrah there for tobies! Mabhrodaphne, brown pride of our	25		
custard house quay, amiable with repastful, cheerus graciously,	26		
cheer us! Ever of thee, Anne Lynch, he's deeply draiming!	27		
Houseanna! Tea is the Highest! For auld lang Ayternitay! Thus	28		
thicker will he grow now, grew new. And better and better on	29		
butterand butter. At the sign of Mesthress Vanhungrig. However!	30		
Mind you, nuckling down to nourritures, were they menuly some	31		
ham and jaffas, and I don't mean to make the ingestion for the	32		

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moment that he was guilbey of gulpable gluttony as regards chew-	33		
able boltaballs, but, biestings be biestings, and upon the whole,	34		
when not off his oats, given prelove appetite and postlove pricing	35		
good coup, goodcheap, were it thermidor oogst or floreal may	36		
FW407			
while the whistling prairial roysters play, between gormandising	1		
and gourmeteering, he grubbed his tuck all right, deah smorregos,	2		
every time he was for doing dirt to a meal or felt like a bottle of	3		
ardilaun arongwith a smag of a lecker biss of a welldressed taart	4		
or. Though his net intrants wight weighed nought but a flyblow	5		
to his gross and ganz afterduepoise. And he was so jarvey jaunty	6		
with a romp of a schoolgirl's completion sitting pretty over his	7		
Oyster Monday print face and he was plainly out on the ramp and	8		
mash, as you might say, for he spoke.	9		
Overture and beginners!	10		
When lo (whish, O whish!) mesaw mestreamed, as the green	11		
to the gred was flew, was flown, through deafths of durkness	12		
greengrown deeper I heard a voice, the voce of Shaun, vote of	13		
the Irish, voise from afar (and cert no purer puer palestrine e'er	14		
chanted panangelical mid the clouds of Tu es Petrus, not	15		
Michaeleen Kelly, not Mara O'Mario, and sure, what more	16		
numerosse Italicuss ever rawsucked frish uov in urinal?), a brieze	17		
to Yverzone o'er the brozaozaozing sea, from Inchigeela call	18		

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the way how it suspired (morepork! morepork!) to scented	19		
nightlife as softly as the loftly marconimasts from Clifden sough	20		
open tireless secrets (mauveport! mauveport!) to Nova Scotia's	21		
listing sisterwands. Tubetube!	22		
His handpalm lifted, his handshell cupped, his handsign pointed,	23		
his handheart mated, his handaxe risen, his handleaf fallen.	24		
Helpsome hand that holemost heals! What is het holy! It gested.	25		
And it said:	26		
— Alo, alass, aladdin, amobus! Does she lag soft fall means	27		
rest down? Shaun yawned, as his general address rehearsal,	28		
(that was antepreviousday's pigeons-in-a-pie with rough	29		
dough for the carrier and the hash-say-ugh of overgestern pluzz	30		
the 'stuesday's shampain in his head, with the memories of the	31		
past and the hicnuncs of the present embelliching the musics of	32		
the futures from Miccheruni's band) addressing himself <i>ex alto</i>	33		
and complaining with vocal discontent it was so close as of	34		
the fact the rag was up and of the briefs and billpasses, a houseful	35		
of deadheads, of him to dye his paddycoats to morn his hestern-	36		
FW408			
most earning, his board in the swealth of his fate as, having	1		
moistened his manducators upon the quiet and scooping molars	2		
and grinders clean with his two fore fingers, he sank his hunk,	3		
dowanouet to resk at once, exhaust as winded hare, utterly spent,	4		

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it was all he could do (disgusted with himself that the combined	5		
weight of his tons of iosals was a hundred men's massed too much	6		
for him), upon the native heath he loved covered kneehigh with	7		
virgin bush, for who who e'er trod sod of Erin could ever sleep	8		
off the turf! Well, I'm liberally dished seeing myself in this trim!	9		
How all too unwordy am I, a mere mailman of peace, a poor loust	10		
hastehater of the first degree, the principot of Candia, no legs and	11		
a title, for such eminence, or unpro promenade rather, to be much	12		
more exact, as to be the bearer extraordinary of these postoomany	13		
missive on his majesty's service while me and yous and them we're	14		
extending us after the pattern of reposiveness! Weh is me, yeh is	15		
ye! I, the mightif beam maircanny, which bit his mirth too early	16		
or met his birth too late! It should of been my other with his	17		
leickname for he's the head and I'm an everdevoting fiend of his.	18		
I can seeze tomirror in tosdays of yer when we lofobsed os so ker.	19		
Those sembal simon pumpkel pieman yers! We shared the twin	20		
chamber and we winked on the one wench and what Sim sobs	21		
todie I'll reeve tomorry, for 'twill be, I have hopes of, Sam	22		
Dizzier's feedst. Tune in, tune on, old Tighe, high, high, high,	23		
I'm thine owelglass. Be old! He looks rather thin, imitating me.	24		
I'm very fond of that other of mine. Fish hands Macsorley!	25		
Elien! Obsequies! Bonzeye! Isaac Egari's Ass! We're the music-	26		
hall pair that won the swimmyease bladdhers at the Guinness	27		
gala in Badeniveagh. I ought not to laugh with him on this stage.	28		
But he' such a game loser! I lift my disk to him. Brass and reeds,	29		

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brace and ready! How is your napper, Handy, and hownow does	30		
she stand? First he was living to feel what the eldest daughter she was	31		
panseying and last he was dying to know what old Madre Patriack	32		
does be up to. Take this John's Lane in your toastingfourch. Shaun-	33		
ti and shaunti and shaunti again! And twelve coolinder moons!	34		
I am no helotwashipper but I revere her! For my own coant! She	35		
has studied! Piscisvendolor! You're grace! Futs dronk of	36		
FW409			
Wouldndom! But, Gemini, he's looking frightfully thin! I heard	1		
the man Shee shinging in the pantry bay. Down among the dust-	2		
bins let him lie! Ear! Ear! Not ay! Eye! Eye! For I'm at the heart	3		
of it. Yet I cannot on my solemn merits as a recitativer recollect	4		
ever having done of anything of the kind to deserve of such.	5		
Not the phost of a nation! Nor by a long trollop! I just didn't have	6		
the time to. Saint Anthony Guide!	7		
— But have we until now ever besought you, dear Shaun, we	8		
remembered, who it was, good boy, to begin with, who out of	9		
symphony gave you the permit?	10		
— Goodbye now, Shaun replied, with a voice pure as a church-	11		
mode, in echo rightdainty, with a good catlick tug at his coco-	12		
moss candylock, a foretaste in time of his cabbageous brain's	13		
curlyflower. Athiacaro! Comb his tar odd gee sing your mower	14		
O meeow? Greet thee Good? How are them columbuses! Lard	15		

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have mustard on them! Fatiguing, very fatiguing. Hobos horn-	16		
knees and the corveeture of my spine. Poumeerme! My heaviest	17		
crux and dairy lot it is, with a bed as hard as the thinkamuddles	18		
of the Greeks and a board as bare as a Roman altar. I'm off	19		
rabbited kitchens and relief porridgers. No later than a very few	20		
fortnichts since I was meeting on the Thinker's Dam with a pair	21		
of men out of glasshouse whom I shuffled hands with named	22		
MacBlacks — I think their names is MacBlakes — from the Headfire	23		
Clump — and they were improving me and making me beliek no	24		
five hour factory life with insufficient emollient and industrial	25		
disabled for them that day o' gratises. I have the highest grati-	26		
fication by anuncing how I have it from whowho but Hagios	27		
Colleenkiller's prophecies. After suns and moons, dewes and	28		
wettings, thunders and fires, comes sabotag. <i>Solvitur palum-</i>	29		
<i>ballando!</i> Tilvido! Adie!	30		
— Then, we explained, salve a tour, ambly andy, you possibly	31		
might be so by order?	32		
— Forgive me, Shaun repeated from his liquid lipes, not what	33		
I wants to do a strike of work but it was condemned on me pre-	34		
mitially by Hireark Books and Chiefoverseer Cooks in their	35		
Eusebian Concordant Homilies and there does be a power com-	36		
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ing over me that is put upon me from on high out of the book of	1		

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breedings and so as it is becoming hairydittary I have of coerce	2		
nothing in view to look forward at unless it is Swann and beat-	3		
ing the blindquarters out of my oldfellow's orologium oloss olo-	4		
rium. A bad attack of maggot it feels like. 'Tis trope, custodian	5		
said. Almost might I say of myself, while keeping out of crime,	6		
I am now becoming about fed up be going circulating about them	7		
new hikler's highways like them nameless souls, ercked and skorned	8		
and grizzild all over, till it's rusty October in this bleak forest	9		
and was veribally complussed by thinking of the crater of some	10		
noted volcano or the Dublin river or the catchalot trouth subsi-	11		
dity as away out or to isolate i from my multiple Mes on the	12		
spits of Lumbage Island or bury meself, clogs, coolcellar and all,	13		
deep in my wineupon ponteen unless Morrissey's colt could help	14		
me or the gander maybe at 49 as it is a tithe fish so it is, this	15		
pig's stomach business, and where on dearth or in the miraculous	16		
meddle of this expending umniverse to turn since it came into	17		
my hands I am hopeless off course to be doing anything con-	18		
cerning.	19		
— We expect you are, honest Shaun, we agreed, but from	20		
franking machines, limricked, that in the end it may well turn out,	21		
we hear to be you, our belated, who will bear these open letter.	22		
Speak to us of Emailia.	23		
— As, Shaun replied patly, with tootlepick tact too and a	24		
down of his dampers, to that I have the gumpower and, by the	25		
benison of Barbe, that is a lock to say with everything, my be-	26		

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loved.	27		
— Would you mind telling us, Shaun honey, beg little big	28		
moreboy, we proposed to such a dear youth, where mostly are	29		
you able to work. Ah, you might! Whimper and we shall.	30		
— Here! Shaun replied, while he was fondling one of his	31		
cowheel cuffs. There's no sabbath for nomads and I mostly was	32		
able to walk, being too soft for work proper, sixty odd eilish	33		
mires a week between three masses a morn and two chaplets at	34		
eve. I am always telling those pedestriasts, my answerers, Top,	35		
Sid and Hucky, now (and it is a veriest throth as the thieves' re-	36		
FW411			
scension) how it was forstold for me by brevet for my vacation	1		
in life while possessing stout legs to be disbarred after holy orders	2		
from unnecessary servile work of reckless walking of all sorts for	3		
the relics of my time for otherwise by my so douching I would	4		
get into a blame there where sieves fall out, Excelsior tips the best.	5		
Weak stop work stop walk stop whoak. Go thou this island, one	6		
housesleep there, then go thou other island, two housesleep there,	7		
then catch one nightmaze, then home to dearies. Never back a	8		
woman you defend, never get quit of a friend on whom you	9		
depend, never make face to a foe till he's rife and never get stuck	10		
to another man's pfife. Amen, ptah! His hungry will be done! On	11		
the continent as in Eironesia. But believe me in my simplicity I am	12		

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awful good, I believe, so I am, at the root of me, praised be right	13		
cheek Discipline! And I can now truthfully declaret before my	14		
Geity's Pantokreator with my fleshfettered palms on the epizzles	15		
of the apossels that I do my reasonabler's best to recite my grocery	16		
beans for mummy <i>mit dummy mot muthar mat bonzar regular,</i>	17		
genueflections enclosed. Hek domov muy, there thou beest on the	18		
hummock, ghee up, ye dog, for your daggily broth, etc., Happy	19		
Maria and Glorious Patrick, etc., etc. In fact, always, have I	20		
believe. Greedo! Her's me hongue!	21		
— And it is the fullsoot of a tarabred. Yet one minute's ob-	22		
servation, dear dogmestic Shaun, as we point out how you have	23		
while away painted our town a wearing greenridinghued.	24		
— O murder mere, how did you hear? Shaun replied, smoil-	25		
ing the ily way up his lampsleeve (it just seemed the natural thing	26		
to do), so shy of light was he then. Well, so be it! The gloom hath	27		
rays, her lump is love. And I will confess to have, yes. Your	28		
diogneses is anonest man's. Thrubedore I did! Inditty I did. All lay	29		
I did. Down with the Saozon ruze! And I am afraid it wouldn't	30		
be my first coat's wasting after striding on the vampire and blaz-	31		
ing on the focoal. See! blazing on the focoal. As see! blazing upon	32		
the foe. Like the regular redshank I am. Impregnable as the mule	33		
himself. Somebody may perhaps hint at an aughter impression	34		
of I was wrong. No such a thing! You never made a more freud-	35		
ful mistake, excuse yourself! What's pork to you means meat to	36		

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me while you behold how I be eld. But it is grandiose by my	1		
ways of thinking from the prophecies. New worlds for all! And	2		
they were scotographically arranged for gentlemen only by a	3		
scripchewer in whofoundland who finds he is a relative. And it	4		
was with my extravert davy. Like glue. Be through. Moyhard's	5		
daynoight, tomthumb. Phwum!	6		
— How mielodorous is thy bel chant, O songbird, and how	7		
exqueezit thine after draught! <i>Buccinate in Emenia tuba insigni</i>	8		
<i>volumnitatis tuae</i> . But do you mean, O phausdheen phewn, from	9		
Pontoffbellek till the Kisslemerched our ledan triz will be? we	10		
gathered substantively whether furniture would or verdure var-	11		
nish?	12		
— It is a confoundyous injective so to say, Shaun the fiery	13		
boy shouted, naturally incensed, as he shook the red pepper out	14		
of his auricles. And another time please confine your glaring in-	15		
tinuations to some other mordant body. What on the physiog	16		
of this furnaced planet would I be doing besides your verjuice?	17		
That is more than I can fix, for the teom bihan, anyway. So let I	18		
and you now kindly drop that, angryman! That's not French	19		
pastry. You can take it from me. Understand me when I tell you	20		
(and I will ask you not to whisple, cry golden or quoth mecbak)	21		
that under the past purcell's office, so deeply deplored by my	22		
erstwhile elder friend, Miss Enders, poachmistress and gay re-	23		

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ceiver ever for in particular to the Scotie Poor Men's Thousand	24		
Gallon Cow Society (I was thinking of her in sthore) allbethey	25		
blessed with twentytwo thousand sorters out of a biggest poss	26		
of twentytwo thousand, mine's won, too much privet stationery	27		
and safty quipu was ate up larchly by those nettlesome goats	28		
out of pension greed. <i>Colpa di Becco, buon apartita!</i> Proceeding,	29		
I will say it is also one of my avowal's intentions, at some time	30		
pease Pod pluse murthers of gout (when I am not prepared to say)	31		
so apt as my pen is upt to scratch, to compound quite the makings	32		
of a verdigrease savingsbook in the form of a pair of capri	33		
sheep boxing gloves surrounding this matter of the Welsfusel	34		
mascoteers and their sindyuck that saved a city for my publickers,	35		
Nolaner and Browno, Nickil Hopstout, Christcross, so long as,	36		
FW413			
thanks to force of destiny, my selary as a paykelt is propaired,	1		
and there is a peg under me and there is a tum till me.	2		
To the Very Honourable The Memory of Disgrace, the Most	3		
Noble, Sometime Sweeypard at the Service of the Writer. Salu-	4		
tem dicint. The just defunct Mrs Sanders who (the Loyd insure	5		
her!) I was shift and shuft too, with her shester Mrs Shunders,	6		
both mudical dauctors from highschoolhorse and aslyke as	7		
Easter's leggs. She was the niceliest person of a wellteached non-	8		
party woman that I ever acquired her letters, only too fat, used	9		

13. Episode THIRTEEN (26 pages, from 403 to 428). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

to babies and tottydean verbish this is her entertermentdags for	10		
she shuk the bottle and tuk the medascene all times a day. She	11		
was well under ninety, poor late Mrs, and had tastes of the poetics,	12		
me having stood the pilgarlick a fresh at sea when the moon also	13		
was standing in a corner of sweet Standerson my ski. P.L.M.	14		
Mevrouw von Andersen was her whogave me a muttonbrooch,	15		
stakkers for her begfirst party. Honour thy farmer and my lit-	16		
ters. This, my tears, is my last will intesticle wrote off in the	17		
strutforit about their absent female assauciations which I, or per-	18		
haps any other person what squaton a toffette, have the honour	19		
to had upon their polite sophykussens in the real presence of de-	20		
vouted Mrs Grumby when her skin was exposed to the air. O	21		
what must the grief of my mund be for two little ptpt coolies	22		
worth twenty thousand quad herewitdnessed with both's	23		
maddlemass wishes to Pepette for next match from their dearly	24		
beloved Roggers, M.D.D. O.D. May doubling drop of drooght!	25		
Writing.	26		
— Hopsoloosely kidding you are totether with your cadenus	27		
and goat along nose how we shall complete that white paper.	28		
Two venusstas! Biggerstiff! Qweer but gaon! Be trouz and	29		
wholetrouz! Otherwise, frank Shaun, we pursued, what would	30		
be the autobiography of your softbodied fumiform?	31		
— Hooraymost! None whomsoever, Shaun replied, Heavenly	32		
blank! (he had intentended and was peering now rather close to	33		
the paste of his rubiny winklering) though it ought to be more	34		

13. Episode THIRTEEN (26 pages, from 403 to 428). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

or less rawcawcaw romantical. By the wag, how is Mr Fry? All	35		
of it, I might say, in ex-voto, pay and perks and wooden half-	36		
FW414			
pence, some rhino, rhine, O joyoust rhine, was handled over spon-	1		
daneously by me (and bundle end to my illwishers' Miss Anders!	2		
she woor her wraith of ruins the night she lost I left!) in the ligname	3		
of Mr van Howten of Tredcastles, Clowntalkin, timbreman, among	4		
my prodigits nabobs and navious of every subscription entitled	5		
the Bois in the Boscoor, our evicted tenemants. What I say is (and	6		
I am noen roehorn or culkilt permit me to tell you, if uninformed),	7		
I never spont it. Nor have I the ghuest of innation on me the way	8		
to. It is my rule so. It went anyway like hot pottagebake. And	9		
this brings me to my fresh point. Quoniam, I am as plain as	10		
portable enveloped, inhowmuch, you will now parably receive,	11		
care of one of Mooseyeare Goonness's registered andouterthus	12		
barrels. Quick take um whiffat andrainit. Now!	13		
— So vi et! we responded. Song! Shaun, song! Have mood!	14		
Hold forth!	15		
— I apologuise, Shaun began, but I would rather spinooze	16		
you one from the grimm gests of Jacko and Esaup, fable one,	17		
feeble too. Let us here consider the casus, my dear little couisis	18		
(husstenhasstencaffincoffintussemtosemdamandamnacosaghcusa-	19		
ghhobixhatouxpeswchbechoscashlcarcaract) of the Ondt and	20		

13. Episode THIRTEEN (26 pages, from 403 to 428). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

the Gracehoper.	21		
The Gracehoper was always jiggig ajog, hoppy on akkant	22		
of his joyicity, (he had a partner pair of findlestilts to supplant	23		
him), or, if not, he was always making ungraceful overtures to	24		
Floh and Luse and Bienie and Vespatilla to play pupa-pupa and	25		
pulicy-pulicy and langtennas and pushpygyddyum and to com-	26		
mence insects with him, there mouthparts to his oreface and his	27		
gambills to there airy processes, even if only in chaste, ameng	28		
the everlistings, behold a waspering pot. He would of curse	29		
melissciously, by his fore feelhers, flexors, contractors, depres-	30		
sors and extensors, lamely, harry me, marry me, bury me, bind	31		
me, till she was puce for shame and allso fourmish her in Spin-	32		
ner's housery at the earthsbest schoppinhour so summery as his	33		
cottage, which was cald fourmillierly Tingsomingenting, groped	34		
up. Or, if he was always striking up funny funereels with Bester-	35		
farther Zeuts, the Aged One, with all his wigearred corollas, albe-	36		
FW415			
dinous and oldbuoyant, inscythe his elytrical wormcasket and	1		
Dehlia and Peonia, his druping nymphs, bewheedling him, com-	2		
pound eyes on hornitosehead, and Auld Letty Plussiboots to	3		
scratch his cacumen and cackle his tramsitus, diva deborah (seven	4		
bolts of sapo, a lick of lime, two spurts of fussfor, threefurts of	5		
sulph, a shake o'shouker, doze grains of migniss and a mesfull of	6		

13. Episode THIRTEEN (26 pages, from 403 to 428). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

midcap pitchies. The whool of the whaal in the wheel of the	7		
whorl of the Boubou from Bourneum has thus come to taon!),	8		
and with tambarins and cantoridettes soturning around his eggs-	9		
hill rockcoach their dance McCaper in retrophoebia, beck from	10		
bulk, like fantastic disossed and jenny aprils, to the ra, the ra, the	11		
ra, the ra, langsome heels and langsome toesis, attended to by a	12		
mutter and doffer duffmatt baxingmotch and a myrmidins of	13		
pszozlers pszinging <i>Satyr's Caudledayed Nice and Hombly,</i>	14		
<i>Dombly Sod We Awhile but Ho, Time Timeagen, Wake!</i> For if	15		
sciencium (what's what) can mute uns nought, 'a thought,	16		
abought the Great Sommboddy within the Omniboss, perhaps an	17		
artsaccord (hoot's hoot) might sing ums tumtim abutt the Little	18		
Newbuddies that ring his panch. A high old tide for the bar-	19		
heated publics and the whole day as gratiis! Fudder and lighting	20		
for ally looty, any filly in a fog, for O'Cronione lags acrumbling	21		
in his sands but his sunsunsuns still tumble on. Erething above	22		
ground, as his Book of Breathings bed him, so as everwhy, sham	23		
or shunner, zeemliangly to kick time.	24		
Grouscious me and scarab my sahu! What a bagateller it is!	25		
Libelulous! Inzanzarity! Pou! Pschla! Ptuh! What a zeit for the	26		
goths! vented the Ondt, who, not being a sommerfool, was	27		
thothfolly making chilly spaces at hisphex affront of the icinglass	28		
of his windhame, which was cold antitopically Nixnixundnix.	29		
We shall not come to party at that lopp's, he decided possibly,	30		
for he is not on our social list. Nor to Ba's berial nether, thon	31		

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sloghard, this oldeborre's yaar ablong as there's a khul on a khat.	32		
Nefersenless, when he had safely looked up his ovipository, he	33		
loftet hails and prayed: May he me no voida water! Seekit Ha-	34		
tup! May no he me tile pig shed on! Suckit Hotup! As broad as	35		
Beppy's realm shall flourish my reign shall flourish! As high as	36		
FW416			
Heppy's hevn shall flurrish my haine shall hurrish! Shall grow,	1		
shall flourish! Shall hurrish! Hummum.	2		
The Ondt was a weltall fellow, raumybult and abelboobied,	3		
bynear saw altitudinous wee a schelling in kopfers. He was sair	4		
sair sullemn and chairmanlooking when he was not making spaces	5		
in his psyche, but, laus! when he wore making spaces on his ikey,	6		
he ware mouche mothst secred and muravyingly wisechairman-	7		
looking. Now whim the sillybilly of a Gracehoper had jingled	8		
through a jungle of love and debts and jangled through a jumble	9		
of life in doubts afterworse, wetting with the bimblebeaks, drik-	10		
king with nautonects, bilking with durrydunglecks and horing	11		
after ladybirdies (<i>ichnehmon diagelegenaitoikon</i>) he fell joust as	12		
sieck as a sexton and tantoo pooveroo quant a churchprince, and	13		
wheer the midges to wend hemsylph or vosch to sirch for grub	14		
for his corapusse or to find a hospes, alick, he wist gnit! Bruko	15		
dry! fuko spint! Sultamont osa bare! And volomundo osi vide-	16		
vide! Nichtsnichtsundnichts! Not one pickopeck of muscow-	17		

13. Episode THIRTEEN (26 pages, from 403 to 428). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

money to bag a tittlebits of beebread! Iomio! Iomio! Crick's	18		
corbicule, which a plight! O moy Bog, he contrited with melan-	19		
ctholy. Meblizzered, him slugged! I am heartily hungry!	20		
He had eaten all the whilepaper, swallowed the lustres, de-	21		
voured forty flights of styearcases, chewed up all the mensas and	22		
seccles, ronged the records, made mundballs of the ephemerids	23		
and vorasioused most glutinously with the very timeplace in the	24		
ternitary — not too dusty a cicada of neutrimment for a chittinous	25		
chip so mitey. But when Chrysalmas was on the bare branches,	26		
off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and	27		
he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the	28		
grillies in his head and the leivnits in his hair made him thought	29		
he had the Tossmania. Had he twicycled the sees of the deed	30		
and trestraversed their revermer? Was he come to hevre with his	31		
engiles or gone to hull with the poop? The June snows was	32		
flocking in thuckflues on the hegelstomes, millipeeds of it and	33		
myriopods, and a lugly whizzling tournedos, the Boraborayel-	34		
lers, blohablasting tegolhuts up to tetties and ruching sleets off	35		
the coppeehouses, playing ragnowrock rignewreck, with an irri-	36		
FW417			
tant, penetrant, siphonopterous spuk. Grausssssss! Opr!	1		
Grausssssss! Opr!	2		
The Gracehoper who, though blind as batflea, yet knew, not	3		

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a leetle beetle, his good smetterling of entymology asped niss-	4		
unitimost lous nor liceens but promptly tossed himself in the	5		
vico, phthin and phthir, on top of his buzzer, tezzily wondering	6		
wheer would his aluck alight or boss of both appease and the	7		
next time he makes the aquinatance of the Ondt after this they	8		
have met themselves, these mouschical umsummables, it shall be	9		
motylucky if he will beheld not a world of differentes. Behailed	10		
His Gross the Ondt, prostrandvorous upon his dhrone, in his	11		
Papylonian babooshkees, smolking a spatial brunt of Hosana	12		
cigals, with unshrinkables farfalling from his unthinkables,	13		
swarming of himself in his sunnyroom, sated before his com-	14		
fortumble phullupsuppy of a plate o'monkynous and a confucion	15		
of minthe (for he was a conformed aceticist and aristotaller), as	16		
appi as a oneysucker or a baskerboy on the Libido, with Floh	17		
biting his leg thigh and Luse lugging his luff leg and Bieni bussing	18		
him under his bonnet and Vespatilla blowing cosy fond tutties	19		
up the allabroad length of the large of his smalls. As entomate	20		
as intimate could pinchably be. Emmet and demmet and be jiltses	21		
crazed and be jadeses whipt! schneezed the Gracehoper, aguepe	22		
with ptchjelasys and at his wittol's indts, what have eyeforsight!	23		
The Ondt, that true and perfect host, a spiter aspinne, was	24		
making the greatest spass a body could with his queens lace-	25		
swinging for he was spizzing all over him like thingsumanything	26		
in formicolation, boundlessly blissfilled in an allallahbath of	27		
houris. He was ameising himself hugely at crabround and mary-	28		

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pose, chasing Floh out of charity and tickling Luse, I hope too,	29		
and tackling Bienie, faith, as well, and jucking Vespatilla jukely	30		
by the chimiche. Never did Dorsan from Dunshanagan dance it	31		
with more devilry! The veripatetic imago of the impossible	32		
Gracehoper on his odderkop in the myre, after his thrice ephe-	33		
meral journeeyes, sans mantis ne shooshooe, featherweighed	34		
animule, actually and presumptuably sinctifying chronic's de-	35		
spair, was sufficiently and probably cocoo much for his chorous	36		
FW418			
of gravitates. Let him be Artalone the Weeps with his parisites	1		
peeling off him I'll be Highfee the Crackasider. Flunkey Footle	2		
furloughed foul, writing off his phoney, but Conte Carme makes	3		
the melody that mints the money. <i>Ad majorem l.s.d.! Divi gloriam.</i>	4		
A darkener of the threshold. Haru? Orimis, capsizer of his ant-	5		
boat, sekketh rede from Evil-it-is, lord of loaves in Amongded.	6		
Be it! So be it! Thou-who-thou-art, the fleet-as-spindrifit,	7		
impfang thee of mine wideheight. Haru!	8		
The thing pleased him andt, and andt,	9		
<i>He larved ond he larved on he merd such a nauses</i>	10		
<i>The Gracehoper feared he would mixplace his fauces.</i>	11		
<i>I forgive you, grondt Ondt, said the Gracehoper, weeping,</i>	12		
<i>For their sukes of the sakes you are safe in whose keeping.</i>	13		

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<i>Teach Floh and Luse polkas, show Bienie where's sweet</i>	14		
<i>And be sure Vespatilla fines fat ones to heat.</i>	15		
<i>As I once played the piper I must now pay the count</i>	16		
<i>So saida to Moyhammet and marhaba to your Mount!</i>	17		
<i>Let who likes lump above so what flies be a full 'un;</i>	18		
<i>I could not feel moregruggy if this was prompollen.</i>	19		
<i>I pick up your reproof, the horsegift of a friend,</i>	20		
<i>For the prize of your save is the price of my spend.</i>	21		
<i>Can castwhores pulladefkiss if oldpollocks forsake 'em</i>	22		
<i>Or Culex feel etchy if Pulex don't wake him?</i>	23		
<i>A locus to loue, a term it t'embarass,</i>	24		
<i>These twain are the twins that tick Homo Vulgaris.</i>	25		
<i>Has Aquileone nort winged to go syf</i>	26		
<i>Since the Gwyfyn we were in his farrest drewbryf</i>	27		
<i>And that Accident Man not beseeked where his story ends</i>	28		
<i>Since longsephyring sighs sought heartseast for their orience?</i>	29		
<i>We are Wastenot with Want, precondamned, two and true,</i>	30		
<i>Till Nolans go volants and Bruneyes come blue.</i>	31		
<i>Ere those gidflirts now gadding you quit your mocks for my gropes</i>	32		
<i>An extense must impull, an elapse must elopes,</i>	33		
<i>Of my tectucs takestock, tinktact, and ail's weal;</i>	34		
<i>As I view by your farlook hale yourself to my heal.</i>	35		
FW419			

13. Episode THIRTEEN (26 pages, from 403 to 428). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>Partiprise my thinwhins whiles my blink points unbroken on</i>	1		
<i>Your whole's whercabroads with Tout's trightyright token on.</i>	2		
<i>My in risible universe youdly haud find</i>	3		
<i>Sulch oxtrabeeforeness meat soveal behind.</i>	4		
<i>Your feats end enormous, your volumes immense,</i>	5		
<i>(May the Graces I hoped for sing your Ondtship song sense!),</i>	6		
<i>Your genus its worldwide, your spacest sublime!</i>	7		
<i>But, Holy Saltmartin, why can't you beat time?</i>	8		
In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holo-	9		
caust. Allmen.	10		
— Now? How good you are in explosion! How farflung is	11		
your fokloire and how velktingeling your volupkabulary! <i>Qui</i>	12		
<i>vive sparanto qua muore contanto. O foibler, O flip, you've that</i>	13		
wandervogl wail withyin! It falls easily upon the earopen and goes	14		
down the friskly shortiest like treacling tumtim with its tingting-	15		
taggle. The blarneyest blather in all Corneywall! But could you,	16		
of course, decent Lettrechaun, we knew (to change your name of	17		
not your nation) while still in the barrel, read the strangewrote	18		
anaglyptics of those shemletters patent for His Christian's Em?	19		
— Greek! Hand it to me! Shaun replied, plosively pointing to	20		
the cinnamon quistoquill behind his acoustrolobe. I'm as after-	21		
dusk nobly Roman as pope and water could christen me. Look	22		
at that for a ridingpin! I am, thing Sing Larynx, letter potent to	23		
play the sem backwards like Oscan wild or in shunt Persse trans-	24		

13. Episode THIRTEEN (26 pages, from 403 to 428). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

luding from the Otherman or off the Toptic or anything off the	25		
types of my finklers in the draught or with buttles, with my oyes	26		
thickshut and all. But, hellas, it is harrobrew bad on the corns and	27		
callouses. As far as that goes I associate myself with your remark	28		
just now from theodicy <i>re'furloined</i> notepaper and quite agree in	29		
your prescriptions for indeed I am, pay Gay, in juxtaposition to	30		
say it is not a nice production. It is a pinch of scribble, not	31		
wortha bottle of cabbis. Overdrawn! Puffedly offal tosh! Be-	32		
sides its auctionable, all about crime and libel! Nothing beyond	33		
clerical horrors <i>et omnibus</i> to be entered for the foreign as second-	34		
class matter. The fuellest filth ever fired since Charley Lucan's.	35		
FW420			
Flummery is what I would call it if you were to ask me to put it	1		
on a single dimension what pronounced opinion I might possibly	2		
orally have about them bagges of trash which the mother and	3		
Mr Unmentionable (O breed not his same!) has reduced to writ-	4		
ing without making news out of my sootyemm. When she	5		
slipped under her couchman. And where he made a cat with a	6		
peep. How they wore two madges on the makewater. And why	7		
there were treefellers in the shrubrubs. Then he hawks his hand-	8		
mud figgers from Francie to Fritzie down in the kookin. Phiz	9		
is me mother and Hair's me father. Bauv Betty Famm and Pig	10		
Pig Pike. Their livetree (may it flourish!) by their ecotaph (let it	11		

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stayne!). With balsinbal bimbies swarming tiltop. Comme bien,	12		
Comme bien! Feefeel! Feefeel! And the Dutches dyin loffin at	13		
his pon peck de Barec. And all the mound reared. Till he wot not	14		
wot to begin he should. An infant sailing eggshells on the floor	15		
of a wet day would have more sabby.	16		
Letter, carried of Shaun, son of Hek, written of Shem, brother	17		
of Shaun, uttered for Alp, mother of Shem, for Hek, father of	18		
Shaun. Initialled. Gee. Gone. 29 Hardware Saint. Lendet till	19		
Laonum. Baile-Atha-Cliath. 31 Jan. 1132 A.D. Here Com-	20		
merces Enville. Tried Apposite House. 13 Fitzgibbets. Loco.	21		
Dangerous. Tax 9d. B.L. Guineys, esqueer. L.B. Not known at	22		
1132 a. 12 Norse Richmound. Nave unlodgeable. Loved noa's	23		
dress. Sinned, Jetty Pierrse. Noon sick parson. 92 Windsewer.	24		
Ave. No such no. Vale. Finn's Hot. Exbelled from 1014 d. Pull-	25		
down. Fearview. Opened by Miss Take. 965 nighumpeddan sexti-	26		
ffits. Shout at Site. Roofloss. Fit Dunlop and Be Satisfied. Mr.	27		
Domnall O'Domnally. Q.V. 8 Royal Terrors. None so strait.	28		
Shutter up. Dining with the Danes. Removed to Philip's Burke.	29		
At sea. D.E.D. Place scent on. Clontalk. Father Jacob, Rice	30		
Factor. 3 Castlewoos. P.V. Arrusted. J.P. Converted to Hos-	31		
pitalism. Ere the March past of Civilisation. Once Bank of Ireland's.	32		
Return to City Arms. 2 Milchbroke. Wrongly spilled. Traumcon-	33		
draws. Now Bunk of England's. Drowned in the Laffey. Here.	34		
The Reverest Adam Foundlitter. Shown geshotten. 7 Streetpetres.	35		
Since Cabranke. Seized of the Crownd. Well, Sir Arthur. Buy	36		

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FW421			
Patersen's Matches. Unto his promisk hands. Blown up last	1		
Lemmas by Orchid Lodge. Search Unclaimed Male. House Con-	2		
damned by Ediles. Back in Few Minutes. Closet for Repeers. 60	3		
Shellburn. Key at Kate's. Kiss. Isaac's Butt, Poor Man. Dalicious	4		
arson. Caught. Missing. Justiciated. Kainly forewarred. Abraham	5		
Badly's King, Park Bogey. Salved. All reddy berried. Hollow and	6		
eavy. Desert it. Overwayed. Understrumped. Back to the P.O.	7		
Kaer of. Ownes owe M.O. Too Let. To Be Soiled. Cohabited	8		
by Unfortunates. Lost all Licence. His Bouf Toe is Frozen Over.	9		
X, Y and Z, Ltd, Destinied Tears. A.B, ab, Sender. Boston	10		
(Mass). 31 Jun. 13, 12. P.D. Razed. Lawyered. Vacant. Mined.	11		
Here's the Bayleaffs. Step out to Hall out of that, Ereweaker,	12		
with your Bloody Big Bristol. Bung. Stop. Bung. Stop. Cumm	13		
Bumm. Stop. Came Baked to Auld Aireen. Stop.	14		
— Kind Shaun, we all requested, much as we hate to say it,	15		
but since you rose to the use of money have you not, without	16		
suggesting for an instant, millions of moods used up slanguage	17		
tun times as words as the penmarks used out in sinscript with such	18		
hesitancy by your cerebrated brother — excuse me not men-	19		
tioningahem?	20		
— CelebrAted! Shaun replied under the sheltar of his brog-	21		
uish, vigorously rubbing his magic lantern to a glow of full-	22		

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consciousness. HeCitEncy! Your words grates on my ares.	23		
Notorious I rather would feel inclined to myself in the first place	24		
to describe Mr O'Shem the Draper with before letter as should	25		
I be accentually called upon for a dieoguinnsis to pass my opinions,	26		
properly spewing, into impulsory irelitz. But I would not care to	27		
be so unfruitful to my own part as to swear for the moment posi-	28		
tively as to the views of Denmark. No, sah! But let me say my	29		
every belief before my high Gee is that I much doubt of it. I've no	30		
room for that fellow on my fagroaster, I just can't. As I hourly	31		
learn from Rooters and Havers through Gilligan's maypoles in	32		
a nice pathetic notice he, the pixillated doodler, is on his last with	33		
illegible clergimanths boasting always of his ruddy complexious!	34		
She, the mammy far, was put up to it by him, the iniquity that	35		
ought to be depraved of his libertins to be silenced, sackclothed	36		
FW422			
and suspended, and placed in irons into some drapery institution	1		
off the antipopees for wordsharping only if he was klanver enough	2		
to pass the panel fleischcurers and the fieldpost censor. Gach!	3		
For that is a fullblown fact and well celibated before the four	4		
divorce courts and all the King's paunches, how he has the	5		
solitary from seeing Scotch snakes and has a lowsense for the pro-	6		
duction of consumption and dalickey cyphalos on his brach	7		
premises where he can purge his contempt and dejeunerate into a	8		

13. Episode THIRTEEN (26 pages, from 403 to 428). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

skillyton be thinking himself to death. Rot him! Flannelfeet! Flatty-	9		
ro! I will describe you in a word. Thou. (I beg your pardon.)	10		
Homo! Then putting his bedfellow on me! (like into mike and	11		
nick onto post). The criniman: I'll give it to him for that! Making	12		
the lobbard change hisstops, as we say in the long book! Is he	13		
on whosekeeping or are my! Obnoximost posthumust! With his	14		
unique hornbook and his prince of the apauper's pride, blunder-	15		
ing all over the two worlds! If he waits till I buy him a mossel-	16		
man's present! Ho's nos halfcousin of mine, pigdish! Nor wants	17		
to! I'd famish with the cuistha first. Aham!	18		
— May we petition you, Shaun illustrious, then, to put his	19		
prentis' pride in your aproper's purse and to unravel in your own	20		
sweet way with words of style to your very and most obse-	21		
quent, we suggested, with yet an esioip's foible, as to how?	22		
— Well it is partly my own, isn't it? and you may, ought and	23		
welcome, Shaun replied, taking at the same time, as his hunger	24		
got the bitter of him, a hearty bite out of the honeycomb of his	25		
Braham and Melosedible hat, tryone, tryon and triune. Ann wun-	26		
kum. Sure, I thunkum you knew all about that, honorey causes,	27		
through thelemontary channels long agum. Sure, that is as old as	28		
the Baden bees of Saint Dominoc's and as commonpleas now to	29		
allus pueblows and bunkum as Nelson his trifulgurayous pillar.	30		
However. Let me see, do. Beerman's bluff was what begun it, Old	31		
Knoll and his borrowing! And then the liliens of the veldt, Nancy	32		
Nickies and Folletta Lajambe! Then mem and hem and the jaque-	33		

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jack. All about Wucherer and righting his name for him. I regret	34		
to announce, after laying out his litterery bed, for two days she	35		
kept squealing down for noisy priors and bawling out to her	36		
FW423			
jameymock farceson in Shemish like a mouther of the incas with	1		
a garcielasso huw Ananymus pinched her tights and about the	2		
Balt with the markshaire parawag and his loyal divorces, when he	3		
feraxiously shed ovas in Alemaney, tse tse, all the tell of the tud	4		
with the bourighevisien backclack, and him, the cribibber like an	5		
ambitrickster, aspiring like the decan's, fast aslooped in the in-	6		
trance to his polthronchair with his sixth finger between his cats-	7		
eye and the index, making his pillgrimace of Childe Horrid, en-	8		
grossing to his ganderpan what the idioglossary he invented under	9		
hicks hyssop! Hock! Ickick gav him that toock, imitator! And it	10		
was entirely theck latter to blame. Does he drink because I am sorely	11		
there shall be no more Kates and Nells. If you see him it took	12		
place there. It was given meeck, thank the Bench, to assist at the	13		
whole thing byck special chancery licence. As often as I think of	14		
that unbloody housewarmer, Shem Skrivenitch, always cutting	15		
my prhose to please his phrase, bogorror, I declare I get the	16		
jawache! Be me punting his reflection he'd begin his beogre-	17		
fright in muddyass ribalds. Digteter! Grundtsagar! Swop beef!	18		
You know he's peculiar, that eggschicker, with the smell of old	19		

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woman off him, to suck nothing of his switchedupes. M.D. made	20		
his <i>ante mortem</i> for him. He was grey at three, like sygnus the	21		
swan, when he made his boo to the public and barnacled up to the	22		
eyes when he repented after seven. The alum that winters on his	23		
top is the stale of the staun that will soar when he stambles till	24		
that hag of the coombe rapes the pad off his lock. He was down	25		
with the whooping laugh at the age of the loss of reason the	26		
whopping first time he prediseased me. He's weird, I tell you, and	27		
middayevil down to his vegetable soul. Never mind his falls	28		
feet and his tanbark complexion. That's why he was forbidden	29		
tomate and was warmed off the ricecourse of marrimoney, under	30		
the Helpless Corpses Enactment. I'm not at all surprised the saint	31		
kicked him whereby the sum taken Berkeley showed the reason	32		
genrously. <i>Negas, negasti</i> — negertop, negertoe, negertoby, ne-	33		
grunter! Then he was pushed out of Thingamuddy's school	34		
by Miss Garterd, for itching. Then he caught the europicolas and	35		
went into the society of jewses. With Bro Cahlls and Fran Czeschs	36		
FW424			
and Bruda Pszths and Brat Slavos. One temp when he foiled to	1		
be killed, the freak wanted to put his bilingual head intentionally	2		
through the <i>Ikish Tames</i> and go and join the clericy as a demoni-	3		
can skyterrier. Throwing dust in the eyes of the Hooley Fer-	4		
mers! He used to be avowdeed as he ought to be vitandist. For	5		

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onced I squeaked by twyst I'll squelch him. Then he went to	6		
Cecilia's treat on his solo to pick up Galen. Asbestopoulos! Inku-	7		
pot! He has encaust in the blood. Shim! I have the outmost con-	8		
tempt for. Prost bitten! Conshy! Tiberia is waiting on you,	9		
arestocrank! Chaka a seagull ticket at Gattabuia and Gabbiano's!	10		
Go o'er the sea, haythen, from me and leave your libber to TCD.	11		
Your puddin is cooked! You're served, cram ye! Fatefully	12		
yaourth . . . Ex. Ex. Ex. Ex.	13		
— But for what, thrice truthful teller, Shaun of grace? weakly	14		
we went on to ask now of the gracious one. Vouchsafe to say.	15		
You will now, goodness, won't you? Why?	16		
— For his root language, if you ask me whys, Shaun replied,	17		
as he blessed himself devotionally like a crawsbomb, making act	18		
of oblivion, footinmouther! (what the thickuns else?) which he	19		
picksticked into his lettruce invrention. Ullhodturdenweirmud-	20		
gaardgringnirurdrmolnirfenrirlukkilokkibaugimandodrrerin-	21		
surtkrinmgernrackinarockar! Thor's for yo!	22		
— The hundredlettered name again, last word of perfect lan-	23		
guage. But you could come near it, we do suppose, strong Shaun	24		
O', we foresupposed. How?	25		
— Peax! Peax! Shaun replied in vealar penultimatum. 'Tis	26		
pebils before Sweeney's as he swigged a slug of Jon Jacobsen	27		
from his treestem sucker cane. Mildbut likesome! I might as	28		
well be talking to the four waves till tibbes grey eyes and the	29		
rests asleep. Frost! Nope! No one in his seven senses could as	30		

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I have before said, only you missed my drift, for it's being in-	31		
cendiary. Every dimmed letter in it is a copy and not a few of the	32		
silbils and wholly words I can show you in my Kingdom of	33		
Heaven. The lowquacity of him! With his threestar monothong!	34		
Thaw! The last word in stolentelling! And what's more right-	35		
down lowbrown schisthematic robblemint! Yes. As he was rising	36		
FW425			
my lather. Like you. And as I was plucking his goosybone. Like	1		
yea. He store the tale of me shur. Like yup. How's that for	2		
Shemese?	3		
— Still in a way, not to flatter you, we fancy you that you are	4		
so strikingly brainy and well letterread in yourshelves as ever were	5		
the Shamous Shamonous, Limited, could use worse of yourself, in-	6		
genious Shaun, we still so fancied, if only you would take your	7		
time so and the trouble of so doing it. Upu now!	8		
— Undoubtedly but that is show, Shaun replied, the mutter-	9		
melk of his blood donor beginning to work, and while innocent	10		
of disseminating the foul emanation, it would be a fall day I	11		
could not, sole, so you can keep your space and by the power of	12		
blurry wards I am loyable to do it (I am convicted of it!) any time	13		
ever I liked (bet ye fippence off me boot allowance!) with the	14		
allergrossest transfusiasm as, you see, while I can soroquise the	15		
Siamanish better than most, it is an openear secret, be it said,	16		

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how I am extremely ingenuous at the clerking even with my	17		
badily left and, arrah go braz, I'd pinsel it with immenuensoes	18		
as easy as I'd perorate a chickerow of beans for the price of two	19		
maricles and my trifolium librotto, the authordux Book of Lief,	20		
would, if given to daylight, (I hold a most incredible faith about	21		
it) far exceed what that bogus bolshy of a shame, my soamheis	22		
brother, Gaoy Fecks, is conversant with in audible black and	23		
prink. Outragedy of poetscalds! Acomedy of letters! I have	24		
them all, tame, deep and harried, in my mine's I. And one of	25		
these fine days, man dear, when the mood is on me, that I	26		
may willhap cut my throat with my tongue tonight but I will	27		
be ormuzd moved to take potlood and introvent it Paatryk just	28		
like a work of merit, mark my words and append to my mark	29		
twang, that will open your pucktricker's ops for you, broather	30		
brooher, only for, as a papst and an immature and a nayophight	31		
and a <i>spaciaman spaciosum</i> and a hundred and eleven other things,	32		
I would never for anything take so much trouble of such doing.	33		
And why so? Because I am altogether a chap too fly and hairyman	34		
for to infradig the like of that ultravirulence. And by all I hold	35		
sacred on earth clouds and in heaven I swear to you on my piop	36		
FW426			
and oath by the awe of Shaun (and that's a howl of a name!) that	1		
I will commission to the flames any incendiarist whosoever or	2		

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ahriman howsoclever who would endeavour to set ever annyma	3		
roner moother of mine on fire. Rock me julie but I will soho!	4		
And, with that crickcrackcruck of his threelungged squool	5		
from which grief had usupped every smile, big hottempered	6		
husky fusky krenfy strenfy pugiliser, such as he was, he virtually	7		
broke down on the mooherhead, getting quite jerry over her,	8		
overpowered by himself with the love of the tearsilver that	9		
he twined through her hair for, sure, he was the soft semplgawn	10		
slob of the world with a heart like Montgomery's in his showchest	11		
and harvey loads of feeling in him and as innocent and undesign-	12		
ful as the freshfallen calef. Still, grossly unselfish in sickself, he	13		
dished allarmes away and laughed it off with a wipe at his pud-	14		
gies and a gulp apologetic, healing his tare be the smeyle of his	15		
oye, oogling around. Him belly no belong sollow mole pigeon.	16		
Ally bully. Fu Li's gulpa. Mind you, now, that he was in the	17		
dumpest of earnest orthough him jawr war hoo hleepy hor halk	18		
urthing hurther. Moe like that only he stopped short in looking	19		
up up upfrom his tide shackled wrists through the ghost of an	20		
ocean's, the wields of pansiful heathvens of joepeter's gaseytotum	21		
as they are telling not but were and will be, all told, scruting fore-	22		
back into the fargoneahead to feel out what age in years tropical,	23		
ecclesiastic, civil or sidereal he might find by the sirious pointstand	24		
of Charley's Wain (what betune the spheres sledding along the	25		
lacteal and the mansions of the blest turning on old times) as ere-	26		
while had he craved of thus, the dreamskhwindel necklassoed him,	27		

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his thumbs fell into his fists and, lusosing the harmonical balance	28		
of his ballbearing extremities, by the holy kettle, like a flask of	29		
lightning over he careened (O the sons of the fathers!) by the	30		
mightyfine weight of his barrel (all that prevented the happering	31		
of who if not the asterisks betwink themselves shall ever?) and,	32		
as the wisest postlude course he could playact, collaspsed in en-	33		
semble and rolled buoyantly backwards in less than a twink-	34		
ling <i>via</i> Rattigan's corner out of farther earshot with his highly	35		
curious mode of slipashod motion, surefoot, sorefoot, slickfoot,	36		
FW427			
slackfoot, linkman laizurely, lampman loungey, and by Killesther's	1		
lapes and falls, with corks, staves and treeleaves and more bub-	2		
bles to his keelrow a fairish and easy way enough as the town cow	3		
cries behind the times in the direction of Mac Auliffe's, the crucet-	4		
house, <i>Open the Door Softly</i> , down in the valley before he was	5		
really uprighted ere in a dip of the downs (uila!) he spoorlessly	6		
disappaled and vanessed, like a popo down a papa, from circular	7		
circulatio. Ah, mean!	8		
Gaogaogaone! Tapaa!	9		
And the stellas were shinings. And the earthnight strewed	10		
aromatose. His pibrook creppt mong the donkness. A reek was	11		
waft on the luftstream. He was ours, all fragrance. And we were	12		
his for a lifetime. O dulcid dreamings languidous! Taboccoo!	13		

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It was sharming! But sharmeng!	14		
And the lamp went out as it couldn't glow on burning, yep, the	15		
Imp went out for it couldn't stay alight.	16		
Well, (how dire do we thee hours when thylike fades!) all's dall	17		
and youllow and it is to bedowern that thou art passing hence,	18		
mine bruder, able Shaun, with a twhisking of the robe, ere the	19		
morning of light calms our hardest throes, beyond cods' cradle	20		
and porpoise plain, from carnal relations undfamiliar faces, to the	21		
inds of Tuskland where the oliphants scrum till the ousts of	22		
Amiracles where the toll stories grow proudest, more is the pity,	23		
but for all your deeds of goodness you were soo ooft and for	24		
ever doing, manomano and myriamilia even to mulimuli, as	25		
our humbler classes, whose virtue is humility, can tell, it is hardly	26		
we in the country of the old, Sean Moy, can part you for, oleypoe,	27		
you were the walking saint, you were, tootoo too stayer, the	28		
graced of gods and pittites and the salus of the wake. Countenance	29		
whose disparition afflictedly fond Fuinn feels. Winner of the	30		
gamings, primed at the studience, propredicted from the story-	31		
bouts, the choice of ages wise! Spickspookspokesman of our	32		
specturesque silentiousness! Musha, beminded of us out there in	33		
Cockpit, poor twelve o'clock scholars, sometime or other any-	34		
when you think the time. Wisha, becoming back to us way home	35		
in Bidyhouse one way or either anywhere we miss your smile.	36		
FW428			

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Palmwine breadfruit sweetmeat milksoup! Suasusupo! However!	1		
Our people here in Samoanesia will not be after forgetting you	2		
and the elders lukiing and marking the jornies, chalkin up drizzle	3		
in drizzle out on the four bare mats. How you would be thinking	4		
in your thoughts how the deepings did it all begin and how you	5		
would be scrimmaging through your scruples to collar a hold of	6		
an imperfection being committled. Sireland calls you. Mery Loye	7		
is saling moonlike. And Slyly mamourneen's ladymaid at Glads-	8		
house Lodge. Turn your coat, strong character, and tarry among	9		
us down the vale, yougander, only once more! And may the mosse	10		
of prosperousness gather you rolling home! May foggy dewes be-	11		
diamondise your hoopings! May the fireplug of filiality reinsure	12		
your bunghole! May the barleywind behind glow luck to your	13		
bathershins! 'Tis well we know you were loth to leave us,	14		
winding your hobbledehorn, right royal post, but, aruah sure,	15		
pulse of our slumber, dreambookpage, by the grace of Votre	16		
Dame, when the natural morning of your nocturne blankmerges	17		
into the national morning of golden sunup and Don Leary gets	18		
his own back from old grog Georges Quartos as that goodship the	19		
Jonnyjoys takes the wind from waterloogged Erin's king, you	20		
will shiff across the Moylendsea and round up in your own	21		
escapology some canonisator's day or other, sack on back, alack!	22		
digging snow, (not so?) like the good man you are, with your	23		
picture pockets turned knockside out in the rake of the rain for	24		

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fresh remittances and from that till this in any case, timus tenant,	25			
may the tussocks grow quickly under your trampthickets and	26			
the daisies trip lightly over your battercops.	27			