

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

1

3. Episode THREE (27 pages, from 048 to 074)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW048				
Chest Cee! 'Sdense! Corpo di barragio! you spoof of visibility	1			
in a freakfog, of mixed sex cases among goats, hill cat and plain	2			
mousey, Bigamy Bob and his old Shanvocht! The Blackfriars	3			
treacle plaster outrage be liddled! Therewith was released in that	4			
kingsrick of Humidia a poisoning volume of cloud barrage indeed.	5			
Yet all they who heard or redelivered are now with that family	6			
of bards and Vergobretas himself and the crowd of Caraculacticors	7			
as much no more as be they not yet now or had they then not-	8			
ever been. Canbe in some future we shall presently here amid	9			
those zouave players of Inkermann the mime mumming the mick	10			
and his nick miming their maggies, Hilton St Just (Mr Frank	11			
Smith), Ivanne Ste Austelle (Mr J. F. Jones), Coleman of Lucan	12			
taking four parts, a choir of the O'Daley O'Doyles doublesixing	13			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

the chorus in <i>Fenn Mac Call and the Serven Feeries of Loch Neach,</i>	14			
<i>Galloper Troppler and Hurleyquinn</i> the zitherer of the past with his	15			
merrymen all, zimzim, zimzim. Of the persins sin this Eyrawyg-	16			
gla saga (which, thorough readable to int from and, is from tubb	17			
to buttom all falsetissues, antilibellous and nonactionable and this	18			
applies to its whole wholume) of poor Osti-Fosti, described as	19			
quite a musical genius in a small way and the owner of an	20			
exceedingly niced ear, with tenorist voice to match, not alone,	21			
but a very major poet of the poorly meritary order (he began	22			
Tuonisonian but worked his passage up as far as the we-all-	23			
hang-together Animandovites) no one end is known. If they	24			
FW049				
whistled him before he had curtains up they are whistling him	1			
still after his curtain's doom's doom. <i>Ei fù.</i> His husband, poor old	2			
A'Hara (Okaroff?) crestfallen by things and down at heels at the	3			
time, they squeak, accepted the (Zassnoch!) ardree's shilling at	4			
the conclusion of the Crimean war and, having flown his wild	5			
geese, alohned in crowds to warnder on like Shuley Luney,	6			
enlisted in Tyrone's horse, the Irish whites, and soldiered a bit	7			
with Wolsey under the assumed name of Blanco Fusilovna Buck-	8			
lovitch (spurious) after which the cawer and the marble halls	9			
of Pump Court Columbarium, the home of the old seakings,	10			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

looked upon each other and queth their haven evermore for it	11			
transpires that on the other side of the water it came about that on	12			
the field of Vasileff's Cornix inauspiciously with his unit he	13			
perished, saying, this papal leafless to old chap give, rawl chaw-	14			
clates for mouther-in-louth. <i>Booil</i> . Poor old dear Paul Horan,	15			
to satisfy his literary as well as his criminal aspirations, at the	16			
suggestion thrown out by the doomster in loquacity lunacy, so	17			
says the Dublin Intelligence, was thrown into a Ridley's for	18			
inmates in the northern counties. Under the name of Orani he	19			
may have been the utility man of the troupe capable of sustain-	20			
ing long parts at short notice. He was. Sordid Sam, a dour decent	21			
deblancer, the unwashed, haunted always by his ham, the unwished,	22			
at a word from Israfel the Summoner, passed away painlessly	23			
after life's upsomdowns one hallowe'en night, ebbrous and in	24			
the state of nature, propelled from Behind into the great Beyond	25			
by footblows coulinclouted upon his oyster and atlas on behanged	26			
and behooved and behicked and behulked of his last fishandblood	27			
bedscrappers, a Northwegian and his mate of the Sheawolving	28			
class. Though the last straw glimt his baring this stage thunkhard	29			
is said (the pitfallen gagged him as 'Promptboxer') to have	30			
solemnly said — as had the brief thot but fell in till his head like	31			
a bass dropt neck fust in till a bung crate (cogged!): Me drames,	32			
O'Loughlins, has come through! Now let the centuple celves of	33			
my egourge as Micholas de Cusack calls them, — of all of whose	34			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

I in my hereinafter of course by recourse demission me — by	35			
the coincidance of their contraries reamalgamerge in that indenty	36			
FW050				
of undiscernibles where the Baxters and the Fleshmans may	1			
they cease to bidivil uns and (but at this poingt though the iron	2			
thrust of his cockspurt start might have prepared us we are well-	3			
nigh stinkpotthered by the mustardpunge in the tailend) this	4			
outandin brown candlestock melt Nolan's into peese! <i>Han var.</i>	5			
Dislikened as he was to druriodrama, her wife Langley, the prophet,	6			
and the decentest dozendest short of a frusker whoever stuck his	7			
spickle through his spoke, disappeared, (in which toodooing he	8			
has taken all the French leaves unveivable out of Calomne-	9			
quiller's Pravities) from the sourface of this earth, that austral	10			
plain he had transmariend himself to, so entirely spoorlessly (the	11			
mother of the book with a dustwhisk tabularasing his obliteration	12			
done upon her involucrum) as to tickle the speculative to all but	13			
opine (since the Levey who might have been Langley may have	14			
really been a redivivus of paganinism or a volunteer Vousden)	15			
that the hobo (who possessed a large amount of the humoresque)	16			
had transtuled his funster's latitat to its finsterest interrimost. <i>Bhi</i>	17			
<i>she.</i> Again, if Father San Browne, tea and toaster to that quaint-	18			
esttest of yarnspinnners is Padre Don Bruno, treu and troster to	19			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

the queen of Iar-Spain, was the reverend, the sodality director,	20			
that eupeptic viceflayer, a barefaced carmelite, to whose palpi-	21			
tating pulpit (which of us but remembers the rarevalent and	22			
hornerable Fratomistor Nawlanmore and Brawne.) sinning society	23			
sirens (see the [Roman Catholic] presspassim) fortunately became	24			
so enthusiastically attached and was an objectionable ass who very	25			
occasionally cockaded a raffles ticket on his hat which he wore all	26			
to one side like the hangle of his pan (if Her Elegance saw him	27			
she'd have the canary!) and was semiprivately convicted of mal-	28			
practices with his hotwashed tableknife (glossing over the cark	29			
in his pocket) that same snob of the dunhill, fully several year-	30			
schaums riper, encountered by the General on that redletter	31			
morning or maynoon jovesday and were they? <i>Fuitfuit.</i>	32			
When Phishlin Phil wants throws his lip 'tis pholly to be fortune	33			
flonting and whoever's gone to mix Hotel by the salt say water	34			
there's nix to nothing we can do for he's never again to sea. It	35			
is nebules an autodidact fact of the commonest that the shape of	36			
FW051				
the average human cloudyphiz, whereas sallow has long daze	1			
faded, frequently altered its ego with the possessing of the showers	2			
(Not original!). Whence it is a slopperish matter, given the wet	3			
and low visibility (since in this scherzarade of one's thousand one	4			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

nightinesses that sword of certainty which would indentifide the	5			
body never falls) to idendifine the individuone in scratch wig,	6			
squarecuts, stock lavaleer, regattable oxeter, baggy pants and	7			
shufflers (he is often alluded to as Slypatrick, the llad in the llane)	8			
with already an incipience (lust!) in the direction of area baldness	9			
(one is continually firstmeeting with odd sorts of others at all	10			
sorts of ages!) who was asked by free boardschool shirkers in	11			
drenched coats overawall, Will, Conn and Otto, to tell them	12			
overagait, Vol, Pov and Dev, that fishabed ghoatstory of the	13			
haardly creditable edventyres of the Haberdasher, the two Cur-	14			
chies and the three Enkelchums in their Bearskin ghoats! Girles	15			
and jongers, but he has changed alok syne Thorkill's time! Ya, da,	16			
tra, gathery, pimp, shesses, shossafat, okodeboko, nine! Those	17			
many warts, those slummy patches, halvesinster wrinkles, (what	18			
has come over the face on wholebroader E?), and (shrine of	19			
Mount Mu save us!) the large fungopark he has grown! Drink!	20			
Sport's a common thing. It was the Lord's own day for damp	21			
(to wait for a postponed regatta's eventualising is not of Battlecock	22			
Shettledore-Juxta-Mare only) and the request for a fully	23			
armed explanation was put (in Loo of Pat) to the porty (a native	24			
of the sisterisle — Meathman or Meccan? — by his brogue, ex-	25			
race eyes, lokil calour and lucal odour which are said to have	26			
been average clownturkish (though the capelist's voiced nasal	27			
liquids and the way he sneezed at zees haul us back to the craogs	28			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

and bryns of the Silurian Ordovices) who, the lesser pilgrimage	29			
accomplished, had made, pats' and pigs' older inselt, the south-	30			
east bluffs of the stranger stepshore, a <i>regifugium persecutorum</i> ,	31			
hence hindquarters) as he paused at evenchime for some or so	32			
minutes (hit the pipe, dannyboy! Time to won, barmon. I'll take	33			
ten to win.) amid the devil's one duldrum (Apple by her blossom	34			
window and Charlotte at her toss panomancy his sole admirers,	35			
his only tearts in store) for a fragrend culubosh during his week-	36			
FW052				
end pastime of executing with Anny Oakley deadliness (the con-	1			
summatory pairs of provocatives, of which remained provokingly	2			
but two, the ones he fell for, Lili and Tutu, cork em!) empties	3			
which had not very long before contained Reid's family (you ruad	4			
that before, soaky, but all the bottles in sodemd histry will not	5			
soften your bloodathirst!) stout. Having reprimed his repeater	6			
and resiteroomed his timespiece His Revenances, with still a life	7			
or two to spare for the space of his occupancy of a world at a time,	8			
rose to his feet and there, far from Tolkaheim, in a quiet English	9			
garden (commonplace!), since known as Whiddington Wild, his	10			
simple intensive curolent vocality, my dearbraithers, my most	11			
dearbrathairs, as he, so is a supper as is a sipper, spake of the	12			
One and told of the Compassionate, called up before the triad of	13			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

precoxious scaremakers (scoretaking: Spegulo ne helpas al mal-	14			
bellulo, Mi Kredas ke vi estas prava, Via dote la vizago rispondas	15			
fraulino) the now to ushere mythical habiliments of Our Farfar	16			
and Arthor of our doyne.	17			
Television kills telephony in brothers' broil. Our eyes de-	18			
mand their turn. Let them be seen! And wolfbone balefires blaze	19			
the trailmost if only that Mary Nothing may burst her bibby	20			
buckshee. When they set fire then she's got to glow so we may	21			
stand some chances of warming to what every soorkabatcha,	22			
tum or hum, would like to know. The first Humphrey's latitu-	23			
dinous baver with puggaree behind, (calaboose belong bigboss	24			
belong Kang the Toll) his fourinhand bow, his elbaroom surtout,	25			
the refaced unmansionables of gingerine hue, the state slate	26			
umbrella, his gruff woolselywellesly with the finndrinn knopfs	27			
and the gauntlet upon the hand which in an hour not for him	28			
solely evil had struck down the might he mighthavebeen d'Est-	29			
erre of whom his nation seemed almost already to be about to	30			
have need. Then, stealing his thunder, but in the befitting le-	31			
gomena of the smaller country, (probable words, possibly said, of	32			
field family gleaming) a bit duskish and flavoured with a smile,	33			
seein as ow his thoughts consisted chiefly of the cheerio, he aptly	34			
sketched for our soontobe second parents (sukand see whybe!)	35			
the touching seene. The solence of that stilling! Here one might	36			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

FW053				
a fin fell. Boomster rombombonant! It scenes like a landscape	1			
from Wildu Picturescu or some seem on some dimb Arras, dumb	2			
as Mum's mutyness, this mimage of the seventyseventh kusin of	3			
kristansen is odable to os across the wineless Ere no œdor nor	4			
mere eerie nor liss potent of suggestion than in the tales of the	5			
tingmount. (Prigged!)	6			
And there oftafter, jauntyjogging, on an Irish visavis, instea-	7			
dily with shoulder to shoulder Jehu will tell to Christianier, saint	8			
to sage, the humphriad of that fall and rise while daisy winks at	9			
her pinker sister among the tussocks and the copoll between the	10			
shafts mocks the couple on the car. And as your who may look	11			
like how on the owther side of his big beltry your tyrs and cloes	12			
your noes and paradigm maymay rererise in eren. Follow we up	13			
his whip vindicative. Thurston's! Lo bebold! <i>La arboro, lo</i>	14			
<i>petrusu</i> . The augustan peacebetothem oaks, the monolith rising	15			
stark from the moonlit pinebarren. In all fortitudinous ajaxious	16			
rowdinoisy tenuacity. The angelus hour with ditchers bent upon	17			
their farm usetensiles, the soft belling of the fallow deers (<i>doereh-</i>	18			
<i>moose genuane!</i>) advertising their milky approach as midnight	19			
was striking the hours (<i>letate!</i>), and how brightly the great tri-	20			
bune outed the sharkskin smokewallet (imitation!) from his	21			
frock, kippers, and by Joshua, he tips un a topping swank	22			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

cheroot, none of your swellish soide, quoit the reverse, and how	23			
manfally he says, pluk to pluk and lekan for lukan, he was to just	24			
pluggy well suck that brown boyo, my son, and spend a whole	25			
half hour in Havana. Sorer of the kreeksmen, would not thore be	26			
old high gothsprogue! Wherefore he met Master, he mean to say,	27			
he do, sire, bester of redpublicans, at Eagle Cock Hostel on	28			
Lorenzo Tooley street and how he wished his Honour the ban-	29			
nocks of Gort and Morya and Bri Head and Puddyrick, yore	30			
Loudship, and a starchboxsitting in the pit of his St Tomach's,	31			
— a strange wish for you, my friend, and it would poleaxe your	32			
sonson's grandson utterly though your own old sweatandswear	33			
floruerunts heaved it hoch many as the times, when they were	34			
turrified by the hitz.	35			
Chee chee cheers for Upkingbilly and crow cru cramwells	36			
FW054				
Downaboo! Hup, boys, and hat him! See! Oilbeam they're lost	1			
we've found rerembrandtsers, their hours to date link these heirs	2			
to here but wowhere are those yours of Yestersdays? Farseeing-	3			
therich and Poolaulwoman Charachthercuss and his Ann van	4			
Vogt. D.e.e.d! Edned, ended or sleeping soundlessly? Favour	5			
with your tongues! <i>Intendite!</i>	6			
Any dog's life you list you may still hear them at it, like sixes	7			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

and seventies as eversure as Halley's comet, ulemamen, sobran-	8		
jewomen, storthingboys and dumagirls, as they pass its bleak and	9		
bronze portal of your Casaconcordia: Huru more Nee, minny	10		
frickans? Hwoorledes har Dee det? Losdoor onleft mladies, cue.	11		
Millecientotrigintadue scudi. Tippoty, kyrie, tippoty. Cha kai	12		
rotty kai makkar, sahib? Despenseme Usted, senhor, en son suc-	13		
co, sabez. O thaw bron orm, A'Cothraige, thinkinthou gaily?	14		
Lick-Pa-flai-hai-pa-Pa-li-si-lang-lang. Epi alo, ecou, Batiste, tu-	15		
vavnr dans Lptit boing going. Ismeme de bumbac e meias de por-	16		
tocallie. O.O. Os pipos mios es demasiada gruarse por O pic-	17		
colo pocchino. Wee fee? Ung duro. Kocshis, szabad? Mercy, and	18		
you? Gomagh, thak.	19		
And, Cod, says he with mugger's tears: Would you care to	20		
know the prise of a liard? Maggis, nick your nightynovel! Mass	21		
Taverner's at the mike again! And that bag belly is the buck	22		
to goat it! Meggeg, m'gay chapjappy fellow, I call our univalse	23		
to witness, as sicker as moyliffey eggs is known by our good	24		
househalters from yorehunderts of mamooth to be which they	25		
commercially are in ahoy high British quarters (conventional!)	26		
my guesthouse and cowhaendel credits will immediately stand	27		
ohoh open as straight as that neighbouring monument's fabrica-	28		
tion before the hygienic glilll (this was where the reverent sab-	29		
both and bottlebreaker with firbalk forthstretched touched upon	30		
his tricoloured boater, which he uplifted by its pickledhoopy (he	31		

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

gave Stetson one and a penny for it) whileas oleaginosity of an-	32			
cestralolosis sgocciolated down the both pendencies of his mut-	33			
sohito liptails (Sencapetulo, a more modestuous conciliabulite	34			
never curled a torn pocketmouth), cordially inwiting the adul-	35			
lescence who he was wising up to do in like manner what all did	36			
FW055				
so as he was able to add) lobe before the Great Schoolmaster's.	1			
(I tell you no story.) Smile!	2			
The house of Atreox is fallen indeedust (Ilyam, Ilyum! Mae-	3			
romor Mournomates!) averging on blight like the mundibanks of	4			
Fennyana, but deeds bounds going arise again. Life, he himself	5			
said once, (his biografiend, in fact, kills him verysoon, if yet not,	6			
after) is a wake, livit or krikrit, and on the bunk of our bread-	7			
winning lies the cropse of our seedfather, a phrase which the	8			
establisher of the world by law might pretinately write across	9			
the chestfront of all manorwombanborn. The scene, refreshed,	10			
reroused, was never to be forgotten, the hen and crusader ever-	11			
intermutuomergent, for later in the century one of that puisne	12			
band of factferreters, (then an excivilly (out of the custom huts)	13			
(retired), (hurt), under the sixtyfives act) in a dressy black modern	14			
style and wewere shiny tan burlingtons, (tam, homd and dicky,	15			
quopriquos and peajagd) rehearsed it, pippa pointing, with a	16			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

dignified (copied) bow to a namecousin of the late archdeacon	17			
F. X. Preserved Coppinger (a hot fellow in his night, may the	18			
mouther of guard have mastic on him!) in a pullwoman of our	19			
first transhibernian with one still sadder circumstance which is a	20			
dirkandurk heartskewerer if ever to bring bouncing brimmers	21			
from marbled eyes. Cycloptically through the windowdisks and	22			
with eddying awes the round eyes of the rundreisers, back to back,	23			
buck to bucker, on their airish chaunting car, beheld with in-	24			
touristing anterestedness the clad pursue the bare, the bare the	25			
green, the green the frore, the frore the cladagain, as their convoy	26			
wheeled encirculingly about the gigantig's lifetree, our fire-	27			
leaved loverlucky blomsterbohm, phoenix in our woodlessness,	28			
haughty, cacuminal, erubescant (repetition!) whose roots they be	29			
ashes with lustres of peins. For as often as the Archicadenus,	30			
pleacing aside his <i>Irish Field</i> and craving their auriculars to re-	31			
cepticle particulars before they got the bump at Castlebar (mat	32			
and far!) spoke of it by request all, hearing in this new reading	33			
of the part whereby, because of Dyas in his machina, the new	34			
garrickson's grimacing grimaldism hypostasised by substintua-	35			
tion the axiomatic orerotundity of that once grand old elrington	36			
FW056				
bawl, the copycus's description of that fellowcommuter's play	1			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

upon countenants, could simply imagine themselves in their bo-	2		
som's inmost core, as <i>pro tem locums</i> , timesported acorss the yaw-	3		
ing (abyss), as once they were seasiders, listening to the cockshy-	4		
shooter's evensong evocation of the doomed but always ventri-	5		
loquent Agitator, (nonot more plangorpound the billows o'er	6		
Thounawahallya Reef!) silkhouatted, a whallrhosmightiadd, a-	7		
ginsst the dusk of skumring, (would that fane be Saint Muezzin's	8		
calling — holy places! — and this fez brimless as brow of faithful	9		
toucher of the ground, did wish it were — blessed be the bones!	10		
— the ghazi, power of his sword.) his manslayer's gunwielder	11		
protended towards that overgrown leadpencil which was soon,	12		
monumentally at least, to rise as Molyvdokondylon to, to be, to	13		
be his mausoleum (O'dan stod tillsteyne at meisies aye skould	14		
show pon) while olover his exculpatory features, as Roland rung,	15		
a wee dropeen of grief about to sillonise his jouejous, the ghost	16		
of resignation diffused a spectral appealingness, as a young man's	17		
drown o'er the fate of his waters may gloat, similar in origin and	18		
akkurat in effective to a beam of sunshine upon a coffin plate.	19		
Not olderwise Inn the days of the Bygning would our Travel-	20		
ler remote, unfriended, from van Demon's Land, some lazy	21		
skald or maundering pote, lift wearywilly his slowcut snobsic	22		
eyes to the semisigns of his zooteac and lengthily lingering along	23		
flaskneck, cracket cup, downtrodden brogue, turfsod, wild-	24		
broom, cabbageblad, stockfisch, longingly learn that there at the	25		

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

Angel were herberged for him poteen and tea and praties and	26			
baccy and wine width woman wordth warbling: and informally	27			
quasi-begin to presquesm'ile to queasithin' (Nonsense! There	28			
was not very much windy Nous blowing at the given moment	29			
through the hat of Mr Melancholy Slow!)	30			
But in the pragma what formal cause made a smile of <i>that</i> to-	31			
think? Who was he to whom? (O'Brien's not his name nor the	32			
brown one his maid.) Whose are the placewheres? Kiwasti, kis-	33			
ker, kither, kitnabudja? Tal the tem of the tumulum. Giv the gav	34			
of the grube. Be it cudgelplayers' country, orfishfellows' town or	35			
leeklickers' land or panbpanungopovengreskey. What regnans	36			
FW057				
raised the rains have levelled but we hear the pointers and can	1			
gauge their compass for the melos yields the mode and the mode	2			
the manners plicyman, plansiman, plousiman, plab. Tsin tsin tsin	3			
tsin! The forefarther folkers for a prize of two peaches with	4			
Ming, Ching and Shunny on the lie low lea. We'll sit down on	5			
the hope of the ghoully ghost for the titheman troubleth but his	6			
hantitat hies not here. They answer from their Zoans; Hear the	7			
four of them! Hark torroar of them! I, says Armagh, and a'm	8			
proud o'it. I, says Clonakilty, God help us! I, says Deansgrange,	9			
and say nothing. I, says Barna, and whatabout it? Hee haw! Be-	10			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

fore he fell hill he filled heaven: a stream, alplapping streamlet,	11		
coily coiled um, cool of her curls: We were but thermites then,	12		
wee, wee. Our antheap we sensed as a Hill of Allen, the Barrow	13		
for an People, one Jotnursfjaell: and it was a grummelung amung	14		
the porktroop that wonderstruck us as a thunder, yunder.	15		
Thus the unfacts, did we possess them, are too imprecisely	16		
few to warrant our certitude, the evidencegivers by legpoll too	17		
untrustworthily irreperible where his adjugers are semmingly	18		
freak threes but his judicandees plainly minus twos. Neverthe-	19		
less Madam's Tshowus waxes largely more lifeliked (entrance,	20		
one kudos; exits, free) and our notional gullery is now com-	21		
pletely complacent, an exegious monument, aerily perennious.	22		
Oblige with your blackthorns; gamps, degrade! And there many	23		
have paused before that exposure of him by old Tom Quad, a	24		
flashback in which he sits sated, gowndabout, in clericalease ha-	25		
bit, watching bland sol slithe dodgsomely into the nethermore,	26		
a globule of maugdleness about to corrugitate his mild dewed	27		
cheek and the tata of a tiny victorienne, Alys, pressed by his	28		
limper looser.	29		
Yet certes one is. Eher the following winter had overed the	30		
pages of nature's book and till Ceadurbar-atta-Cleath became	31		
Dablerna Tertia, the shadow of the huge outlander, maladik, mult-	32		
vult, magnoperous, had bulked at the bar of a rota of tribunals in	33		
manor hall as in thieves' kitchen, mid pillow talk and chithouse	34		

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

chat, on Marlborough Green as through Molesworth Fields, here	35			
sentenced pro tried with Jedburgh justice, there acquitted con-	36			
FW058				
testimony with benefit of clergy. His Thing Mod have undone	1			
him: and his madthing has done him man. His beneficiaries are	2			
legion in the part he created: they number up his years. Greatwheel	3			
Dunlop was the name was on him: behung, all we are his bisaacles.	4			
As hollyday in his house so was he priest and king to that: ulvy	5			
came, envy saw, ivy conquered. Lou! Lou! They have waved his	6			
green boughs o'er him as they have torn him limb from lamb.	7			
For his muertification and upiration and dumnation and annu-	8			
hulation. With schreis and grida, deprofound souspirs. Steady,	9			
sullivans! Mannequins pause! Longtong's breach is fallen down	10			
but Graunya's spreed's abroad. Ahdostay, feedailyones, and feel	11			
the Flucher's bawls for the total of your flouts is not fit to fan his	12			
fettle, O! Have a ring and sing wohl! Chin, chin! Chin, chin!	13			
And of course all chimed din width the eatmost boviaity. Swip-	14			
ing rums and beaunes and sherries and ciders and negus and cit-	15			
ronnades too. The strongers. Oho, oho, Mester Begge, you're	16			
about to be bagged in the bog again. Bugge. But softsies seuf-	17			
sighed: Eheu, for gassies! But, lo! lo! by the threnning gods,	18			
human, erring and condonable, what the statues of our kuo, who	19			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

is the messchef be our kuang, ashu ashure there, the unforgettable	20			
treeshade looms up behind the jostling judgements of those, as	21			
all should owe, malrecapturable days.	22			
Tap and pat and tapatagain, (fire firstshot, Missiers the Refusel-	23			
eers! Peingpeong! For saxonlootie!) three tommix, soldiers free,	24			
cockaleak and cappapee, of the Coldstream. Guards were walking,	25			
in (<i>pardonnez-leur, je vous en prie, eh?</i>) Montgomery Street. One	26			
voiced an opinion in which on either wide (<i>pardonnez!</i>), nod-	27			
ding, all the Finner Camps concurred (<i>je vous en prie, eh?</i>). It	28			
was the first woman, they said, souped him, that fatal wellesday,	29			
Lili Coninghams, by suggesting him they go in a field. Wroth	30			
mod eldfar, ruth redd stilstand, wrath wrackt wroth, confessed	31			
private Pat Marchison <i>retro</i> . (Terse!) Thus contenters with san-	32			
toys play. One of our coming Vauxhall ontheboards who is	33			
resting for the moment (she has been callit by a noted stagey ele-	34			
cutioner a wastepacket Sittons) was interfeud in a waistend pewty	35			
parlour. Looking perhaps even more pewtyflushed in her cherry-	36			
FW059				
derry padouasoys, girdle and braces by the Halfmoon and Seven	1			
Stars, russets from the Blackamoor's Head, amongst the climbing	2			
boys at his Eagle and Child and over the corn and hay emptors	3			
at their Black and All Black, Mrs F . . . A . . . saidaside, half in	4			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

stage of whisper to her confidante glass, while recoopering her	5		
cartwheel chapot (ahat! — and we now know what thimbles a	6		
baquets on lallance a tall's mean), she hoped Sid Arthar would	7		
git a Chrissman's portrout of orange and lemonsized orchids with	8		
hollegs and ether, from the featre of the Innocident, as the	9		
worryld had been uncained. Then, while it is odrous comparison-	10		
ing to the sprangflowers of his burstday which was a virid-	11		
able goddinpotty for the reinworms and the charlattinas and all	12		
branches of climatitis, it has been such a wanderful noyth untirely,	13		
added she, with many regards to Maha's pranjapansies. (Tart!)	14		
Prehistoric, obitered to his dictaphone an entychologist: his pro-	15		
phenomen is a properismenon. A dustman nocknamed Seven-	16		
churches in the employ of Messrs Achburn, Soulpetre and	17		
Ashreborn, prairmakers, Glintalook, was asked by the sisterhood	18		
the vexed question during his midday collation of leaver and	19		
buckrom alternatively with stenk and kitteney phie in a hash-	20		
housh and, thankeaven, responsed impulsively: We have just been	21		
propogandering his nullity suit and what they took out of his ear	22		
among my own crush. All our fellows at O'Dea's sages with	23		
Aratar Calaman he is a cemented brick, buck it all! A more nor	24		
usually sober cardriver, who was jauntingly hosing his runabout,	25		
Ginger Jane, took a strong view. Lorry hosed her as he talked	26		
and this is what he told rewrightemen: Irewaker is just a plain pink	27		
joint reformee in private life but folks all have it by brehemons	28		

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

laws he has parliamentary honours. Eiskaffier said (Louigi's, you	29			
know that man's, brilliant Savourain): <i>Mon foie</i> , you wish to ave	30			
some homelette, yes, lady! Good, mein leber! Your hegg he must	31			
break himself. See, I crack, so, he sit in the poele, umbedimbt!	32			
A perspirer (over sixty) who was keeping up his tennises panted	33			
he kne ho har twa to clect infamatios but a diffpair flannels climb	34			
wall and trespassing on doorbell. After fullblown Braddon hear	35			
this fresky troterella! A railways barmaid's view (they call her	36			
FW060				
Spilltears Rue) was thus expressed: to sympathisers of the Dole	1			
Line, Death Avenue, anent those objects of her pity-prompted	2			
ministrance, to wet, man and his syphon. Ehim! It is ever too	3			
late to whistle when Phyllis floods her stable. It would be skar-	4			
lot shame to jailahim in lockup, as was proposed to him by the	5			
Seddoms creature what matter what merrytricks went off with	6			
his revulverher in connections with ehim being a norphan and	7			
enjoining such wicked illth, ehim! Well done, Drumcollakill!	8			
Kitty Tyrrel is proud of you, was the reply of a B.O.T. official	9			
(O blame gnot the board!) while the Daughters Benkletter mur-	10			
mured in uniswoon: Golforgilhisjurylegs! Brian Lynsky, the cub	11			
curser, was questioned at his shouting box, Bawlonabraggat, and	12			
gave a snappy comeback, when saying: Paw! Once more I'll	13			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

hellbowl! I am for caveman chase and sahara sex, burk you! Them	14			
two bitches ought to be leashed, canem! Up hog and hoar hunt!	15			
Paw! A wouldbe martyr, who is attending on sanit Asitas where	16			
he is being taught to wear bracelets, when grilled on the point,	17			
revealed the undoubted fact that the consequence would be that	18			
so long as Sankya Moondy played his mango tricks under the	19			
mysttetry, with shady apsaras sheltering in his leaves' licence and	20			
his shadowers torrified by the potent bolts of indradiction, there	21			
would be fights all over Cuxhaven. (Tosh!) Missioner Ida Womb-	22			
well, the seventeenyearold revivalist, said concerning the coinci-	23			
dent of interfizzing with grenadines and other respectable and	24			
disgusted peersons using the park: That perpendicular person is	25			
a brut! But a magnificent brut! 'Caligula' (Mr Danl Magrath,	26			
bookmaker, wellknown to Eastrailian poorusers of the Sydney	27			
Parade Ballotin) was, as usual, antipodal with his: striving todie,	28			
hopening tomellow, Ware Splash. Cobbler. We have meat two	29			
hourly, sang out El Caplan Buycout, with the famous padre's	30			
turridur's capecast, meet too ourly, matadear! Dan Meiklejohn,	31			
precentor, of S.S. Smack and Olley's was probiverbal with his	32			
upsiduxit: <i>mutatus mutandus</i> . Dauran's lord ('Sniffpox') and Moir-	33			
gan's lady ('Flatterfun') took sides and crossed and bowed to	34			
each other's views and recrossed themselves. The dirty dubs upin	35			
their flies, went too free, echoed the dainly drabs downin their	36			

FW061				
scenities, una mona. Sylvia Silence, the girl detective (<i>Meminerua,</i>	1			
but by now one hears turtlings all over Doveland!) when supplied	2			
with informations as to the several facets of the case in her cozy-	3			
dozy bachelure's flat, quite overlooking John a'Dream's mews,	4			
leaned back in her really truly easy chair to query restfully through	5			
her vowelthreaded syllabelles: Have you eview thought, wepow-	6			
tew, that sheew gweatness was his twadgedy? Nevewtheless ac-	7			
cowding to my considewed attitudes fow this act he should pay	8			
the full penalty, pending puwsuance, as pew Subsec. 32, section	9			
II, of the C. L. A. act 1885, anything in this act to the contwawy	10			
notwithstanding. Jarley Jilke began to silke for he couldn't get	11			
home to Jelsey but ended with: He's got the sack that helped him	12			
moult instench of his gladsome rags. Meagher, a naval rating,	13			
seated on one of the granite cromlech setts of our new fish-	14			
shambles for the usual aireating after the ever popular act, with	15			
whom were Questa and Puella, piquante and quoite, (this had a	16			
cold in her brain while that felt a sink in her summock, wit's	17			
wat, wot's wet) was encouraged, although nearvanashed himself,	18			
by one of his co-affianced to get your breath, Walt, and gobbit	19			
and when ther chidden by her fastra sastra to saddle up your	20			
pance, Naville, thus cor replied to her other's thankskissing: I	21			
lay my two fingerbuttons, fiancee Meagher, (he speaks!) he was	22			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

to blame about your two velvetthighs up Horniman's Hill — as	23			
hook and eye blame him or any other piscman? — but I also	24			
think, Puellywally, by the siege of his trousers there was some-	25			
one else behind it — you bet your boughtem blarneys — about	26			
their three drummers down Keysars Lane. (Trite!).	27			
Be these meer marchant taylor's fablings of a race referend	28			
with oddman rex? Is now all seenheard then forgotten? Can it	29			
was, one is fain in this leaden age of letters now to wit, that so	30			
diversified outrages (they have still to come!) were planned and	31			
partly carried out against so staunch a covenanter if it be true	32			
than any of those recorded ever took place for many, we trow,	33			
beyessed to and denayed of, are given to us by some who use	34			
the truth but sparingly and we, on this side ought to sorrow for	35			
their pricking pens on that account. The seventh city, Urovivla,	36			
FW062				
his citadear of refuge, whither (would we believe the laimen and	1			
their counts), beyond the outraved gales of Atreatic, changing	2			
clues with a baggermalster, the hejirite had fled, silentioussue-	3			
meant under night's altosonority, shipalone, a raven of the wave,	4			
(be mercy, Mara! A he whence Rahoulas!) from the ostmen's	5			
dirty on the old vic, to forget in expiating manslaughter and,	6			
reberthing in remarriment out of dead seekness to devine previ-	7			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

dence, (if you are looking for the bilder deep your ear on the	8		
movietone!) to league his lot, palm and patte, with a papishee.	9		
For mine qvinne I thee giftake and bind my hosenband I thee	10		
halter. The wastobe land, a lottuse land, a luctuous land, Emerald-	11		
illuim, the peasant pastured, in which by the fourth commandment	12		
with promise his days apostolic were to be long by the abundant	13		
mercy of Him Which Thundereth From On High, murmured,	14		
would rise against him with all which in them were, franchisab-	15		
les and inhabitands, astea as agora, helotsphilots, do him hurt,	16		
poor jink, ghostly following bodily, as were he made a curse for	17		
them, the corruptible lay quick, all saints of incorruption of an	18		
holy nation, the common or ere-in-garden castaway, in red re-	19		
surrection to condemn so they might convince him, first pha-	20		
roah, Humpheres Cheops Exarchas, of their proper sins. Busi-	21		
ness bred to speak with a stiff upper lip to all men and most occa-	22		
sions the Man we wot of took little short of fighting chances but	23		
for all that he or his or his care were subjected to the horrors of	24		
the premier terror of Errorland. (perorhaps!)	25		
We seem to us (the real Us!) to be reading our Amenti in the	26		
sixth sealed chapter of the going forth by black. It was after the	27		
show at Wednesbury that one tall man, humping a suspicious	28		
parcel, when returning late amid a dense particular on his home	29		
way from the second house of the Boore and Burgess Christy	30		
Menestrels by the old spot, Roy's Corner, had a barkiss revolver	31		

placed to his faced with the words: you're shot, major: by an un-	32			
knowable assailant (masked) against whom he had been jealous	33			
over, Lotta Crabtree or Pomona Evlyn. More than that Whenn	34			
the Waylayer (not a Lucalizod diocesan or even of the Glenda-	35			
lough see, but hailing fro' the prow of Little Britain), mention-	36			
FW063				
ing in a bytheway that he, the crawsopper, had, in edition to	1			
Reade's cutless centiblade, a loaded Hobson's which left only twin	2			
alternatives as, viceversa, either he would surely shoot her, the	3			
aunt, by pistol, (she could be okaysure of that!) or, failing of such,	4			
bash in Patch's blank face beyond recognition, pointedly asked	5			
with gaeilish gall wodkar blizzard's business Thornton had with	6			
that Kane's fender only to be answered by the aggravated	7			
assaulted that that that was the snaps for him, Midweeks, to sultry	8			
well go and find out if he was showery well able. But how trans-	9			
paringly nontrue, gentlewriter! His feet one is not a tall man, not	10			
at all, man. No such parson. No such fender. No such lumber. No	11			
such race. Was it supposedly in connection with a girls, Myramy	12			
Huey or Colores Archer, under Flaggy Bridge (for ann there is	13			
but one liv and hir newbridge is her old) or to explode his	14			
twelvechamber and force a shrievalty entrance that the heavybuilt	15			
Abelbody in a butcherblue blouse from One Life One Suit (a	16			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

men's wear store), with a most decisive bottle of single in his	17			
possession, seized after dark by the town guard at Haveyou-	18			
caught-emerod's temperance gateway was there in a gate's way.	19			
Fifthly, how parasoliloquisingly truetoned on his first time of	20			
hearing the wretch's statement that, muttering Irish, he had had	21			
had o'gloriously a'lot too much hanguest or hoshoe fine to	22			
drink in the House of Blazes, the Parrot in Hell, the Orange Tree,	23			
the Glibt, the Sun, the Holy Lamb and, lapse not leashed, in	24			
Ramitdown's ship hotel since the morning moment he could	25			
dixtinguish a white thread from a black till the engine of the	26			
laws declosed unto Murray and was only falling fillthefluthered	27			
up against the gatestone pier which, with the cow's bonnet	28			
a'top o'it, he falsetook for a cattlepillar with purest peaceablest	29			
intentions. Yet how lamely hobbles the hoy of his then pseudo-	30			
jocax aplanation how, according to his own story, he was a	31			
process server and was merely trying to open zozimus a bottlop	32			
stoub by mortially hammering his <i>magnum bonum</i> (the curter the	33			
club the sorer the savage) against the bludgey gate for the boots	34			
about the swan, Maurice Behan, who hastily into his shoes with	35			
nothing his hald barra tinnteack and came down with homp,	36			
FW064				
shtemp and jumphet to the tiltyard from the wastes a'sleep in his	1			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

obi ohny overclothes or choker, attracted by the norse of guns	2		
playing Delandy is cartager on the raglar rock to Dulynd, said	3		
war' prised safe in bed as he dreamed that he'd wealthes in mor-	4		
mon halls when wokenp by a fourth loud snore out of his land	5		
of byelo while hickstrey's maws was grazing in the moonlight	6		
by hearing hammering on the pandywhank scale emanating from	7		
the blind pig and anything like it (oonagh! oonagh!) in the	8		
whole history of the Mullingcan Inn he never. This battering	9		
babel allower the door and sideposts, he always said, was not in	10		
the very remotest like the belzey babble of a bottle of booze	11		
which would not rouse him out o' slumber deep but reminded	12		
him loads more of the martiallawsey marsed of foreign musi-	13		
kants' instrumongs or the overthrewer to the third last days of	14		
Pompery, if anything. And that after this most nooningless	15		
knockturn the young reine came down desperate and the old	16		
liffopotamus started ploring all over the plains, as mud as she	17		
cud be, ruinating all the bouchers' schurts and the backers'	18		
wischandtugs so that be the chandeleure of the Rejaneyjailey	19		
they were all night wasching the walters of, the weltering walters	20		
off. Whyte.	21		
Just one moment. A pinch in time of the ideal, musketeers!	22		
Alphos, Burkos and Caramis, leave Astrelea for the astrollajerries	23		
and for the love of the saunces and the honour of Keavens pike	24		
puddywhackback to Pamintul. And roll away the reel world, the	25		

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

reel world, the reel world! And call all your smokeblushes,	26			
Snowwhite and Rosered, if you will have the real cream! Now for	27			
a strawberry frolic! Filons, filoosh! <i>Cherchons la flamme!</i> Famm-	28			
famm! Fammfamm!	29			
Come on, ordinary man with that large big nonobli head, and	30			
that blanko berbecked fischial ekksprezzion Machinsky Scapolo-	31			
polos, Duzinascu or other. Your machelar's mutton leg's getting	32			
musclebound from being too pulled. Noah Beery weighed stone	33			
thousand one when Hazel was a hen. Now her fat's falling fast.	34			
Therefore, chatbags, why not yours? There are 29 sweet reasons	35			
why blossomtime's the best. Elders fall for green almonds when	36			
FW065				
they're raised on bruised stone root ginger though it winters on	1			
their heads as if auctumned round their waistbands. If you'd had	2			
pains in your hairs you wouldn't look so orgibald. You'd have	3			
Colley Macaires on your lump of lead. Now listen, Mr Leer!	4			
And stow that sweatyfunnyadams Simper! Take an old geeser	5			
who calls on his skirt. Note his sleek hair, so elegant, <i>tableau</i>	6			
<i>vivant</i> . He vows her to be his own honeylamb, swears they will	7			
be papa pals, by Sam, and share good times way down west in a	8			
guaranteed happy lovenest when May moon she shines and they	9			
twit twinkle all the night, combing the comet's tail up right and	10			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

shooting popguns at the stars. Creampuffs all to dime! Every	11		
nice, missymackenzies! For dear old grumpapar, he's gone on	12		
the razzledar, through gazing and crazing and blazing at the stars.	13		
Compree! She wants her wardrobe to hear from above by return	14		
with cash so as she can buy her Peter Robinson trousseau and cut	15		
a dash with Arty, Bert or possibly Charley Chance (who knows?)	16		
so tolloll Mr Hunker you're too dada for me to dance (so off she	17		
goes!) and that's how half the gels in town has got their bottom	18		
drars while grumpapar he's trying to hitch his braces on to his	19		
trars. But old grum he's not so clean dippy between sweet you	20		
and yum (not on your life, boy! not in those trousers! not by a	21		
large jugful!) for someplace on the sly, where Furphy he isn't by,	22		
old grum has his gel number two (bravevow, our Grum!) and he	23		
would like to canoodle her too some part of the time for he is	24		
downright fond of his number one but O he's fair mashed on	25		
peaches number two so that if he could only canoodle the two,	26		
chivee chivoo, all three would feel genuinely happy, it's as simple	27		
as A. B. C., the two mixers, we mean, with their cherrybum	28		
chappy (for he is simply shamming dippy) if they all were afloat	29		
in a dreamlifeboat, hugging two by two in his zoo-doo-you-doo,	30		
a tofftuff for thee, missymissy for me and howcameyou-e'enso for	31		
Farber, in his tippy, upindown dippy, tiptoptippy canoodle, can	32		
you? Finny.	33		
Ack, ack, ack. With which clap, trap and soddenment, three to	34		

a loaf, our mutual friends the fender and the bottle at the gate seem	35			
to be implicitly in the same bateau, so to singen, bearing also	36			
FW066				
several of the earmarks of design, for there is in fact no use in	1			
putting a tooth in a snipery of that sort and the amount of all	2			
those sort of things which has been going on onceday in and	3			
twiceday out every other nachtistag among all kinds of pro-	4			
miscious individuals at all ages in private homes and reeboos	5			
publikiss and allover all and elsewhere throughout secular	6			
sequence the country over and overabroad has been particularly	7			
stupendous. To be continued. Federal's' Uniteds' Transports'	8			
Unions' for Exultations' of Triumphants' Ecstasies.	9			
But resuming inquiries. Will it ever be next morning the postal	10			
unionist's (officially called carrier's, Letters Scotch, Limited)	11			
strange fate (Fierceendgiddyex he's hight, d.e., the losel that	12			
hucks around missivemaids' gummibacks) to hand in a huge	13			
chain envelope, written in seven divers stages of ink, from blanch-	14			
essance to lavandaiette, every pothook and pancrook bespaking	15			
the wisherwife, superscribed and subpencilled by yours A Laugh-	16			
able Party, with afterwite, S.A.G., to Hyde and Cheek, Eden-	17			
berry, Dubblenn, WC? Will whatever will be written in lappish	18			
language with inbursts of Maggyer always seem semposed, black	19			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

looking white and white guarding black, in that siamixed twoa-	20			
talk used twist stern swift and jolly roger? Will it bright upon us,	21			
nightle, and we plunging to our plight? Well, it might now, miracle,	22			
so it light. Always and ever till Cox's wife, twice Mrs Hahn, pokes	23			
her beak into the matter with Owen K. after her, to see whawa	24			
smutter after, will this kiribis pouch filled with litterish frag-	25			
ments lurk dormant in the paunch of that halpbrother of a herm,	26			
a pillarbox?	27			
The coffin, a triumph of the illusionist's art, at first blench	28			
naturally taken for a handharp (it is handwarp to tristinguish	29			
jubabe from jabule or either from tubote when all three have just	30			
been invened) had been removed from the hardware premises of	31			
Oetzmann and Nephew, a noted house of the gonemost west,	32			
which in the natural course of all things continues to supply	33			
funeral requisites of every needed description. Why needed,	34			
though? Indeed needed (wouldn't you feel like rattanfowl if you	35			
hadn't the oscar!) because the flash brides or bride in their lily	36			
FW067				
boleros one games with at the Nivynubies' finery ball and your	1			
upright grooms that always come right up with you (and by jingo	2			
when they do!) what else in this mortal world, now ours, when	3			
meet there night, mid their nackt, me there naket, made their	4			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

nought the hour strikes, would bring them rightcame back in the	5			
flesh, thumbs down, to their orses and their hashes.	6			
To proceed. We might leave that nitrience of oxagiants to take	7			
its free of the air and just analectralyse that very chymerical com-	8			
bination, the gasbag where the warderworks. And try to pour	9			
somour heiterscene up thealmostfere. In the bottled heliose case	10			
continuing, Long Lally Tobkids, the special, sporting a fine breast	11			
of medals, and a conscientious scripturereader to boot in the brick	12			
and tin choorch round the coroner, swore like a Norewheezian	13			
tailliur on the stand before the proper functionary that he was up	14			
against a right querrshnorrt of a mand in the butcher of the blues	15			
who, he guntinued, on last epening after delivering some car-	16			
casses mattonchepps and meatjutes on behalf of Messrs Otto	17			
Sands and Eastman, Limericked, Victuallers, went and, with his	18			
unmitigated astonissment, hickicked at the dun and dorass against	19			
all the runes and, when challenged about the pretended hick (it	20			
was kickup and down with him) on his solemn by the imputant	21			
imputed, said simply: I appop pie oath, Phillyps Captain. You	22			
did, as I sostressed before. You are deepknee in error, sir, Madam	23			
Tomkins, let me then tell you, replied with a gentlewomanly	24			
salaam MackPartland, (the meatman's family, and the oldest in	25			
the world except nick, name.) And Phelps was flayful with his	26			
peeler. But his phizz fell.	27			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

Now to the obverse. From velveteens to dimities is barely a	28			
fivefinger span and hence these camelback excesses are thought	29			
to have been instigated by one or either of the causing causes of	30			
all, those rushy hollow heroines in their skirtsleeves, be she ma-	31			
gretta be she the posque. Oh! Oh! Because it is a horrible thing	32			
to have to say to say to day but one dilalah, Lupita Lorette, short-	33			
ly after in a fit of the unexpectednesses drank carbolic with all	34			
her dear placid life before her and paled off while the other	35			
soiled dove that's her sister-in-love, Luperca Latouche, finding	36			
FW068				
one day while dodging chores that she stripped teasingly for binocu-	1			
lar man and that her jamps were jimjoyed to see each other, the	2			
nautchy girly soon found her fruitful hat too small for her and	3			
rapidly taking time, look, she rapidly took to necking, partying	4			
and selling her spare favours in the haymow or in lumber closets	5			
or in the greenawn <i>ad huck</i> (there are certain intimacies in all	6			
ladies' lavastories we just lease to imagination) or in the sweet	7			
churchyard close itself for a bit of soft coal or an array of thin	8			
trunks, serving whom in fine that same hot coney <i>a la Zingara</i>	9			
which our own little Graunya of the chilred cheeks dished up	10			
to the greatsire of Oscar, that son of a Coole. Houri of the coast	11			
of emerald, arrah of the laccessive poghue, Aslim-all-Muslim, the	12			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

resigned to her surrender, did not she, come leinster's even, true	13		
dotter of a dearmud, (her pitch was Forty Steps and his perch old	14		
Cromwell's Quarters) with so valkirry a licence as sent many a	15		
poor pucker packing to perdition, again and again, ay, and again	16		
sfidare him, tease fido, eh tease fido, eh eh tease fido, toos top-	17		
ples topple, stop, dug of a dog of a dgiaour, ye! Angealousmei!	18		
And did not he, like Arcoforty, farfar off Bissavolo, missbrand	19		
her behaveyous with iridescent huecry of down right mean false	20		
sop lap sick dope? Tawfulsdreck! A reine of the shee, a shebeen	21		
quean, a queen of pranks. A kingly man, of royal mien, regally	22		
robed, exalted be his glory! So gave so take: Now not, not now!	23		
He would just a min. Suffering trumpet! He thought he want.	24		
Whath? Hear, O hear, living of the land! Hungreb, dead era,	25		
hark! He hea, eyes ravenous on her lippling lills. He hear her voi	26		
of day gon by. He hears! Zay, zay, zay! But, by the beer of his	27		
profit, he cannot answer. Upterputty till rise and shine! Nor needs	28		
none shaft ne stele from Phenicia or Little Asia to obelise on	29		
the spout, neither pobalclock neither folksstone, nor sunkeness	30		
in Tomar's Wood to bewray how erpressgangs score off the rued.	31		
The mouth that tells not will ever attract the unthinking tongue	32		
and so long as the obseen draws theirs which hear not so long	33		
till allearth's dumbnation shall the blind lead the deaf. Tatcho,	34		
tawney yeeklings! The column of lumps lends the pattrin of the	35		
leaves behind us. If violence to life, limb and chattels, often as	36		

FW069				
not, has been the expression, direct or through an agent male, of	1			
womanhid offended, (ah! ah!), has not levy of black mail from	2			
the times the fairies were in it, and fain for wilde erthe blothoms	3			
followed an impressive private reputation for whispered sins?	4			
Now by memory inspired, turn wheel again to the whole of	5			
the wall. Where Gyant Blyant fronts Peannlueamoore There was	6			
once upon a wall and a hooghoog wall a was and such a wall-	7			
hole did exist. Ere ore or ire in Aaarlund. Or you Dair's Hair or	8			
you Diggin Mosses or your horde of orts and oriorts to garble	9			
a garthen of Odin and the lost paladays when all the eddams ended	10			
with aves. Armen? The doun is theirs and still to see for menags	11			
if he strikes a lousaforitch and we'll come to those baregazed	12			
shoeshines if you just shoodov a second. And let oggs be good	13			
old gaggles and Isther Estarr play Yesther Asterr. In the drema	14			
of Soarestost Areas, Diseased. A stonehinged gate then was for	15			
another thing while the suroptimist had bought and enlarged	16			
that shack under fair rental of one yearlyng sheep, (prime) value	17			
of sixpence, and one small yearlyng goat (cadet) value of eight-	18			
pence, to grow old and happy (hogg it and kidd him) for the re-	19			
minants of his years; and when everything was got up for the	20			
purpose he put an applegate on the place by no means as some	21			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

pretext a bedstead in loo thereof to keep out donkeys (the pig-	22			
dirt hanging from the jags to this hour makes that clear) and just	23			
thenabouts the iron gape, by old custom left open to prevent	24			
the cats from getting at the gout, was triplepatlockt on him on	25			
purpose by his faithful poorters to keep him inside probably and	26			
possibly enaunter he felt like sticking out his chest too far and	27			
tempting gracious providence by a stroll on the peoplade's egg-	28			
day, unused as he was yet to being freely clodded.	29			
O, by the by, lets wee brag of praties, it ought to be always	30			
remembered in connection with what has gone before that there	31			
was a northroomer, Herr Betreffender, out for his zimmer hole-	32			
digs, digging in number 32 at the Rum and Puncheon (Branch of	33			
Dirty Dick's free house) in Laxlip (where the Sockeye Sammons	34			
were stopping at the time orange fasting) prior to that, a Kom-	35			
merzial (Gorbotipacco, he was wreaking like Zentral Oylrubber)	36			
FW070				
from Osterich, the U.S.E. paying (Gaul save the mark!) 11/- in	1			
the week (Gosh, these wholly romads!) of conscience money in	2			
the first deal of Yuly wheil he was, swishing beesnest with bles-	3			
sure, and swobbing broguen eeriesh myth brockendootsch, mak-	4			
ing his reporterage on Der Fall Adams for the Frankofurto Siding,	5			
a Fastland payrodicule, and er, consstated that one had on him	6			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

the Lynn O'Brien, a melted lammswolle, disturbed, and wider	7		
he might the same zurichschicken other he would, with tosend	8		
and obertosend tonnowatters, one monkey's damages become.	9		
Now you must know, franksman, to make a heart of glass, that	10		
the game of gaze and bandstand butchery was merely a Patsy	11		
O'Strap tissue of threats and obuses such as roebucks rough at	12		
pinnacle's peak and after this sort. Humphrey's unsolicited visitor,	13		
Davy or Titus, on a burgley's clan march from the middle west,	14		
a hikely excellent crude man about road who knew his Bullfoost	15		
Mountains like a starling bierd, after doing a long dance untidled	16		
to Cloudy Green, deposend his bockstump on the waityoumay-	17		
wantme, after having blew some quaker's (for you! Oates!) in	18		
through the houseking's keyhole to attract attention, bleated	19		
through the gale outside which the tairor of his clothes was hog-	20		
calling, first, be the hirsuiter, that he would break his bulshey-	21		
wigger's head for him, next, be the heeltapper, that he would	22		
break the gage over his lankyduckling head the same way he	23		
would crack a nut with a monkeywrench and, last of all, be the	24		
stirabouter, that he would give him his (or theumperom's or any-	25		
bloody else's) thickerthanwater to drink and his bleday steppe-	26		
brodhar's into the bucket. He demanded more wood alcohol to	27		
pitch in with, alleging that his granfather's was all taxis and that	28		
it was only after ten o'connell, and this his isbar was a public	29		
oven for the sake of irsk irskusky, and then, not easily dis-	30		

couraged, opened the wrathfloods of his atillarey and went on at	31			
a wicked rate, weathering against him in mooxed metaphores	32			
from eleven thirty to two in the afternoon without even a lunch-	33			
eonette interval for House, son of Clod, to come out, you jew-	34			
beggar, to be Executed Amen. Earwicker, that patternmind, that	35			
paradigmatic ear, receptoretentive as his of Dionysius, longsuffer-	36			
FW071				
ing although whitening under restraint in the sititout corner of	1			
his conservatory, behind faminebuilt walls, his thermos flask and	2			
ripidian flabel by his side and a walrus whiskerbristle for a tusk-	3			
pick, compiled, while he mourned the flight of his wild guineese,	4			
a long list (now feared in part lost) to be kept on file of all abusive	5			
names he was called (we have been compelled for the rejoicement	6			
of foinne loidies ind the humours of Milltown etcetera by Joseph-	7			
ine Brewster in the collision known as Contrastations with Inker-	8			
mann and so on and sononward, lacies in loo water, flee, celestials,	9			
one clean turv): <i>Firstnighter, Informer, Old Fruit, Yellow Whigger,</i>	10			
<i>Wheatears, Goldy Geit, Bogside Beauty, Yass We've Had His</i>	11			
<i>Badannas, York's Porker, Funnyface, At Baggotty's Bend He</i>	12			
<i>Bumped, Grease with the Butter, Opendoor Ospices, Cainandabler,</i>	13			
<i>Ireland's Eighth Wonderful Wonder, Beat My Price, Godsoilman,</i>	14			
<i>Moonface the Murderer, Hoary Hairy Hoax, Midnight Sunburst,</i>	15			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

<i>Remove that Bible, Hebdromadary Publocation, Tummer the Lame</i>	16			
<i>the Tyrannous, Blau Clay, Tight before Teatime, Read Your</i>	17			
<i>Pantojoke, Acoustic Disturbance, Thinks He's Gobblasst the Good</i>	18			
<i>Dook of Ourguile, W.D.'s Grace, Gibbering Bayamouth of Dublin,</i>	19			
<i>His Farther was a Mundzucker and She had him in a Growler,</i>	20			
<i>Burnham and Bailey, Artist, Unworthy of the Homely Protestant</i>	21			
<i>Religion, Terry Cotter, You're Welcome to Waterfood, signed the</i>	22			
<i>Ribbonmen, Lobsterpot Lardling, All for Arthur of this Town,</i>	23			
<i>Hooshed the Cat from the Bacon, Leathertogs Donald, The Ace</i>	24			
<i>and Deuce of Paupering, O'Reilly's Delights to Kiss the Man</i>	25			
<i>behind the Borrel, Magogagog, Swad Puddlefoot, Gouty Ghibeline,</i>	26			
<i>Loose Luther, Hatches Cocks' Eggs, Muddle the Plan, Luck before</i>	27			
<i>Wedlock, I Divorce Thee Husband, Tanner and a Make, Go to</i>	28			
<i>Hellena or Come to Connies, Piobald Puffpuff His Bride, Purged</i>	29			
<i>out of Burke's, He's None of Me Causin, Barebarean, Peculiar</i>	30			
<i>Person, Grunt Owl's Facktotem, Twelve Months Aristocrat,</i>	31			
<i>Lycanthrope, Flunkey Beadle Vamps the Tune Letting on He's</i>	32			
<i>Loney, Thunder and Turf Married into Clandorf, Left Boot Sent</i>	33			
<i>on Approval, Cumberer of Lord's Holy Ground, Stodge Arschmann,</i>	34			
<i>Awnt Yuke, Tommy Furlong's Pet Plagues, Archdukon Cabbanger,</i>	35			
<i>Last Past the Post, Kennealey Won't Tell Thee off Nancy's Gown,</i>	36			
FW072				

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

<i>Scuttle to Cover, Salary Grab, Andy Mac Noon in Annie's Room,</i>	1		
<i>Awl Out, Twitchbratschballs, Bombard Street Bester, Sublime</i>	2		
<i>Porter, A Ban for Le King of the Burgaans and a Bom for Ye Sur</i>	3		
<i>of all the Ruttledges, O'Phelim's Cutprice, And at Number Wan</i>	4		
<i>Wan Wan, What He Done to Castlecostello, Sleeps with Feathers</i>	5		
<i>end Ropes, It is Known who Sold Horace the Rattler, Enclosed</i>	6		
<i>find the Sons of Fingal, Swayed in his Falling, Wants a Wife and</i>	7		
<i>Forty of Them, Let Him Do the Fair, Apeegeequanee Chimmuck,</i>	8		
<i>Plowp Goes his Whastle, Ruin of the Small Trader, He — —</i>	9		
<i>Milkinghoneybeaverbrooker, Vee was a Vindner, Sower Rapes,</i>	10		
<i>Armenian Atrocity, Sickfish Bellyup, Edomite, — ' Man Devoyd of</i>	11		
<i>the Commoner Characteristics of an Irish Nature, Bad Humborg,</i>	12		
<i>Hraabhraab, Coocoohandler, Dirt, Miching Daddy, Born Burst Feet</i>	13		
<i>Foremost, Woolworth's Worst, Easyathic Phallusaphist, Guilty-</i>	14		
<i>pig's Bastard, Fast in the Barrel, Boose in the Bed, Mister Fatmate,</i>	15		
<i>In Custody of the Polis, Boawwill's Alocutionist, Deposed, but anar-</i>	16		
<i>chistically respectsful of the liberties of the noninvasive individual,</i>	17		
<i>did not respond a solitary wedgeword beyond such sedentarity,</i>	18		
<i>though it was as easy as kissanywhere for the passive resistant in</i>	19		
<i>the booth he was in to reach for the hello gripes and ring up Kim-</i>	20		
<i>mage Outer 17.67, because, as the fundamentalist explained, when</i>	21		
<i>at last shocked into speech, touchin his woundid feelins in the</i>	22		
<i>fuchsiar the dominican mission for the sowsealist potty was on at</i>	23		
<i>the time and he thought the rowmish devowtion known as the</i>	24		

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

howly rowsary might reeform ihm, Gonn. That more than	25			
considerably unpleasant bullocky before he rang off drunkishly	26			
pegged a few glatt stones, all of a size, by way of final mocks	27			
for his grapes, at the wicket in support of his words that he was	28			
not guilphy but, after he had so slaunga vollayed, reconnoi-	29			
tring through his semisubconscious the seriousness of what he	30			
might have done had he really polished off his terrible intentions	31			
finally caused him to change the bawling and leave downg the	32			
whole grumus of brookpebbles pangpung and, having sobered	33			
up a bit, paces his groundould diablen lionndub, the flay the	34			
flegm, the floedy fleshener, (purse, purse, pursyfurse, I'll splish	35			
the splume of them all!) this backblocks boor bruskiy put out	36			
FW073				
his langwedge and quite quit the paleologic scene, telling how	1			
by his selfdenying ordnance he had left Hyland on the dissenting	2			
table, after exhorting Earwicker or, in slightly modified phrase-	3			
ology, Messrs or Missrs Earwicker, Seir, his feminisable name of	4			
multitude, to cocoa come outside to Mockerloo out of that for	5			
the honour of Crumlin, with his broody old flishguds, Gog's	6			
curse to thim, so as he could brianslog and burst him all dizzy,	7			
you go bail, like Potts Fracture did with Keddle Flatnose and	8			
nobodyatall with Wholyphamous and build rocks over him, or	9			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

if he didn't, for two and thirty straws, be Cacao Campbell, he	10		
didn't know what he wouldn't do for him nor nobody else no-	11		
more nor him after which, batell martell, a brisha a milla a stroka	12		
a boola, so the rage of Malbruk, playing on the least change of	13		
his manjester's voice, the first heroic couplet from the fuguall	14		
tropical, Opus Elf, Thortytoe: <i>My schemes into obeyance for This</i>	15		
<i>time has had to fall</i> : they bit goodbye to their thumb and, his	16		
bandol eer his solgier, dripdropdrap on pool or poldier, wishing	17		
the loff a falladelfian in the morning, proceeded with a Hubble-	18		
forth slouch in his slips backwards (<i>Et Cur Heli!</i>) in the directions	19		
of the duff and demb institutions about ten or eleven hundred	20		
years lurch away in the moonshiny gorge of Patself on the Bach.	21		
Adyoe!	22		
And thus, with this rochelly exetur of Bully Acre, came to	23		
close that last stage in the siegings round our archicitadel which	24		
we would like to recall, if old Nestor Alexis would wink the	25		
worth for us, as Bar-le-Duc and Dog-an-Doras and Bangen-op-	26		
Zoom.	27		
Yed he med leave to many a door beside of Oxmanswold for	28		
so witness his chambered cairns a cloudletlitter silent that are at	29		
browse up hill and down coombe and on eolithostroton, at	30		
Howth or at Coolock or even at Enniskerry, a theory none too	31		
rectiline of the evolution of human society and a testament of	32		
the rocks from all the dead unto some the living. Olivers lambs	33		

we do call them, skatterlings of a stone, and they shall be ga-	34			
thered unto him, their herd and paladin, as nubillettes to cumule,	35			
in that day hwen, same the lightning lancer of Azava Arthur-	36			
FW074				
honoured (some Finn, some Finn avant!), he skall wake from	1			
earthsleep, haught crested elmer, in his valle of briers of Green-	2			
man's Rise O, (lost leaders live! the heroes return!) and o'er dun	3			
and dale the Wulverulverlord (protect us!) his mighty horn skall	4			
roll, orland, roll.	5			
For in those deyes his Deyus shall ask of Allprohome and	6			
call to himm: Allprohome! And he make answer: Add some.	7			
Nor wink nor wunk. <i>Animadiabolum, mene credidisti mortuum?</i>	8			
Silence was in thy faustive halls, O Truiga, when thy green	9			
woods went dry but there will be sounds of manymirth on the	10			
night's ear ringing when our pantriarch of Comestowntonobble	11			
gets the pullover on his boots.	12			
Liverpool? Sot a bit of it! His braynes coolt parritch, his pelt	13			
nassy, his heart's adrone, his bluidstreams acrawl, his puff but a	14			
piff, his extremeties extremely so: Fengless, Pawmbroke, Chil-	15			
blaimend and Baldowl. Humph is in his doge. Words weigh no	16			
no more to him than raindrops to Rethfernhim. Which we all	17			
like. Rain. When we sleep. Drops. But wait until our sleeping.	18			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

44

Drain. Sdops.	19			
---------------	----	--	--	--