

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW196				
O	1			
tell me all about	2			
Anna Livia! I want to hear all	3			
about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia? Yes, of course,	4			
we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all. Tell me now. You'll die	5			
when you hear. Well, you know, when the old cheb went futt	6			
and did what you know. Yes, I know, go on. Wash quit and	7			
don't be dabbling. Tuck up your sleeves and loosen your talk-	8			
tapes. And don't butt me – hike! – when you bend. Or what-	9			
ever it was they threed to make out he thried to two in the	10			
Fiendish park. He's an awful old reppe. Look at the shirt of him!	11			
Look at the dirt of it! He has all my water black on me. And it	12			

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steeping and stuping since this time last wik. How many goes	13		
is it I wonder I washed it? I know by heart the places he likes to	14		
saale, duddurty devil! Scorching my hand and starving my fa-	15		
mine to make his private linen public. Wallop it well with your	16		
battle and clean it. My wrists are wrusty rubbing the mouldaw	17		
stains. And the dneepers of wet and the gangres of sin in it! What	18		
was it he did a tail at all on Animal Sendai? And how long was	19		
he under loch and neagh? It was put in the newses what he did,	20		
nicies and priers, the King fierceas Humphrey, with illysus dis-	21		
tilling, exploits and all. But toms will till. I know he well. Temp	22		
untamed will hist for no man. As you spring so shall you neap.	23		
O, the roughy old rappe! Minxing marrage and making loof.	24		
FW197			
Reeve Gootch was right and Reeve Drughad was sinisterous! And	1		
the cut of him! And the strut of him! How he used to hold his	2		
head as high as a howeth, the famous eld duke alien, with a hump	3		
of grandeur on him like a walking wiesel rat. And his derry's	4		
own drawl and his corksown blather and his doubling stutter	5		
and his gullaway swank. Ask Lictor Hackett or Lector Reade	6		
of Garda Growley or the Boy with the Billyclub. How elster is	7		
he a called at all? Qu'appelle? Huges Caput Earlyfouler. Or	8		
where was he born or how was he found? Urgothland, Tvistown	9		
on the Kattekat? New Hunshire, Concord on the Merrimake?	10		

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Who blocksmitt her saft anvil or yelled lep to her pail? Was her	11		
banns never loosened in Adam and Eve's or were him and her	12		
but captain spliced? For mine ether duck I thee drake. And by	13		
my wildgaze I thee gander. Flowey and Mount on the brink of	14		
time makes wishes and fears for a happy isthmass. She can show	15		
all her lines, with love, license to play. And if they don't remarry	16		
that hook and eye may! O, passmore that and oxus another! Don	17		
Dom Dombdomb and his wee follyo! Was his help inshored in	18		
the Stork and Pelican against bungelars, flu and third risk par-	19		
ties? I heard he dug good tin with his doll, delvan first and duvlin	20		
after, when he raped her home, Sabine asthore, in a parakeet's	21		
cage, by dredgerous lands and devious delts, playing catched and	22		
mythed with the gleam of her shadda, (if a flic had been there to	23		
pop up and pepper him!) past auld min's manse and Maisons	24		
Allfou and the rest of incurables and the last of immurables, the	25		
quaggy waag for stumbling. Who sold you that jackalantern's	26		
tale? Pemmican's pasty pie! Not a grasshoop to ring her, not an	27		
antsgrain of ore. In a gabbard he barqued it, the boat of life,	28		
from the harbourless Ivernikan Okean, till he spied the loom of	29		
his landfall and he loosed two croakers from under his tilt, the	30		
gran Phenician rover. By the smell of her kelp they made the	31		
pigeonhouse. Like fun they did! But where was Himself, the	32		
timoneer? That marchantman he suivied their scutties right over	33		
the wash, his cameleer's burnous breezing up on him, till with	34		
his runagate bowmpriss he roade and borst her bar. Pilcomayo!	35		

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Suchcaughtawan! And the whale's away with the grayling! Tune	36		
FW198			
your pipes and fall ahumming, you born ijypt, and you're no-	1		
thing short of one! Well, ptellomey soon and curb your escumo.	2		
When they saw him shoot swift up her sheba sheath, like any	3		
gay lord salomon, her bulls they were ruhning, surfed with	4		
spree. Boyarka buah! Boyana bueh! He erved his lille Bunbath	5		
hard, our staly bred, the trader. He did. Look at here. In this wet	6		
of his prow. Don't you know he was kaldt a bairn of the brine,	7		
Wasserbourne the waterbaby? Havemmarea, so he was! H.C.E.	8		
has a codfiscck ee. Shyr she's nearly as badher as him herself.	9		
Who? Anna Livia? Ay, Anna Livia. Do you know she was call-	10		
ing bakvandets sals from all around, nyumba noo, chamba choo,	11		
to go in till him, her erring cheef, and tickle the pontiff aisy-oisy?	12		
She was? Gota pot! Yssel that the limmat? As El Negro winced	13		
when he wonced in La Plate. O, tell me all I want to hear, how	14		
loft she was lift a laddery dextro! A coneywink after the bunting	15		
fell. Letting on she didn't care, sina feza, me absantee, him man	16		
in passession, the proxenete! Proxenete and phwhat is phthat?	17		
Emme for your reussischer Honddu jarkon! Tell us in franca	18		
langua. And call a spate a spate. Did they never sharee you ebro	19		
at skol, you antiabecedarian? It's just the same as if I was to go	20		
par exemplum now in conservancy's cause out of telekinesis and	21		

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proxenete you. For coxyt sake and is that what she is? Botlettle	22		
I thought she'd act that loa. Didn't you spot her in her windaug,	23		
wubbling up on an osiery chair, with a meusic before her all	24		
cunniform letters, pretending to ribble a reedy derg on a fiddle	25		
she bogans without a band on? Sure she can't fiddan a dee, with	26		
bow or abandon! Sure, she can't! Tista suck. Well, I never now	27		
heard the like of that! Tell me moher. Tell me moatst. Well, old	28		
Humber was as glommen as grampus, with the tares at his thor	29		
and the buboes for ages and neither bowman nor shot abroad and	30		
bales allbrant on the crests of rockies and nera lamp in kitchen or	31		
church and giant's holes in Grafton's causeway and deathcap	32		
mushrooms round Funglus grave and the great tribune's barrow	33		
all darnels occumule, sittang sambre on his sett, drammen and	34		
drommen, usking queasy quizzers of his ruful continence, his	35		
childlinen scarf to encourage his obsequies where he'd check their	36		
FW199			
debths in that mormon's thames, be questing and handsetl, hop,	1		
step and a deepend, with his berths in their toiling moil, his swal-	2		
lower open from swolf to fore and the snipes of the gutter pecking	3		
his crocs, hungerstriking all alone and holding doomsdag over	4		
hunselv, dreeing his weird, with his dander up, and his fringe	5		
combed over his eyes and droming on loft till the sight of the	6		
sternes, after zwarthy kowse and weedy broeks and the tits of	7		

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buddy and the loits of pest and to peer was Parish worth thette	8		
mess. You'd think all was dodo belonging to him how he durmed	9		
adranse in durance vaal. He had been belching for severn years.	10		
And there she was, Anna Livia, she darent catch a winkle of	11		
sleep, purling around like a chit of a child, Wendawanda, a finger-	12		
thick, in a Lapsommer skirt and damazon cheeks, for to ishim	13		
bonzour to her dear dubber Dan. With neuphraties and sault	14		
from his maggias. And an odd time she'd cook him up blooms	15		
of fisk and lay to his heartsfoot her meddery eygs, yayis, and	16		
staynish beacons on toasc and a cupenhave so weeshywashy of	17		
Greenland's tay or a dzoupgan of Kaffue mokau an sable or	18		
Sikiang sukry or his ale of ferns in trueart pewter and a shin-	19		
kobread (hamjambo, bana?) for to plaise that man hog stay his	20		
stomicker till her pyrraknees shrunk to nutmeg graters while her	21		
togglejoints shuck with goyt and as rash as she'd russ with her	22		
peakload of vivers up on her sieve (metauwero rage it swales and	23		
rieses) my hardey Hek he'd kast them frome him, with a stour	24		
of scorn, as much as to say you sow and you sozh, and if he didn't	25		
peg the platteau on her tawe, believe you me, she was safe	26		
enough. And then she'd esk to vistule a hymn, <i>The Heart Bowed</i>	27		
<i>Down</i> or <i>The Rakes of Mallow</i> or Chelli Michele's <i>La Calumnia è</i>	28		
<i>un Vermicelli</i> or a balfy bit ov <i>old Jo Robidson</i> . Sucho fuffing a	29		
fifeing 'twould cut you in two! She'd bate the hen that crowed	30		
on the turrace of Babbel. What harm if she knew how to cockle	31		
her mouth! And not a mag out of Hum no more than out of the	32		

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mangle weight. Is that a faith? That's the fact. Then riding the	33		
ricka and roya romanche, Annona, gebroren aroostokrat Nivia,	34		
dochter of Sense and Art, with Sparks' pirryphlickathims funkl-	35		
ing her fan, anner frostivying tresses dasht with virevlies, —	36		
FW200			
while the prom beauties sreeked nith their bearers' skins! — in	1		
a period gown of changeable jade that would robe the wood of	2		
two cardinals' chairs and crush poor Cullen and smother Mac-	3		
Cabe. O blazerskate! Theirs porpor patches! And brahming to	4		
him down the feedchute, with her femtyfyx kinds of fondling	5		
endings, the poother rambling off her nose: <i>Vuggybarney,</i>	6		
<i>Wickerymandy! Hello, ducky, please don't die! Do you know</i>	7		
what she started cheeping after, with a choicemy voicey like water-	8		
glucks or Madame Delba to Romeoreszk? You'll never guess.	9		
Tell me. Tell me. <i>Phoebe, dearest, tell, O tell me and I loved you</i>	10		
<i>better nor you knew.</i> And letting on hoon var daft about the warbly	11		
sangs from over holmen: <i>High hellskirt saw ladies hensmoker lily-</i>	12		
<i>hung pigger:</i> and soay and soan and so firth and so forth in a tone	13		
sonora and Oom Bothar below like Bheri-Bheri in his sandy	14		
cloak, so umvolosy, as deaf as a yawn, the stult! Go away! Poor	15		
deef old deary! Yare only teasing! Anna Liv? As chalk is my	16		
judge! And didn't she up in sorgues and go and trot doon and	17		
stand in her douro, puffing her old dudheen, and every shirvant	18		

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siligirl or wensum farmerette walking the pilend roads, Sawy,	19		
Fundally, Daery or Maery, Milucre, Awny or Graw, usedn't she	20		
make her a simp or sign to slip inside by the sullyport? You don't	21		
say, the sillypost? Bedoux but I do! Calling them in, one by one	22		
(To Blockbeddum here! Here the Shoebenacaddie!) and legging	23		
a jig or so on the sihl to show them how to shake their benders	24		
and the dainty how to bring to mind the gladdest garments out	25		
of sight and all the way of a maid with a man and making a sort	26		
of a cackling noise like two and a penny or half a crown and hold-	27		
ing up a silliver shiner. Lordy, lordy, did she so? Well, of all the	28		
ones ever I heard! Throwing all the neiss little whores in the	29		
world at him! To inny captured wench you wish of no matter	30		
what sex of pleissful ways two adda tammar a lizzy a lossie to	31		
hug and hab haven in Humpy's apron!	32		
And what was the wyerye rima she made! Odet! Odet! Tell	33		
me the trent of it while I'm lathering hail out of Denis Florence	34		
MacCarthy's combies. Rise it, flut ye, pian piena! I'm dying	35		
down off my iodine feet until I lerryn Anna Livia's cushingloo,	36		
FW201			
that was writ by one and rede by two and trouved by a poule in	1		
the parco! I can see that, I see you are. How does it tummel?	2		
Listen now. Are you listening? Yes, yes! Idneed I am! Tarn your	3		
ore ouse! Essonne inne!	4		

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<i>By earth and the cloudy but I badly want a brandnew bankside,</i>	5		
<i>bedamp and I do, and a plumper at that!</i>	6		
<i>For the putty affair I have is wore out, so it is, sitting, yaping and</i>	7		
<i>waiting for my old Dane hodder dodderer, my life in death companion,</i>	8		
<i>my frugal key of our larder, my much-altered camel's hump, my</i>	9		
<i>jointspoiler, my maymoon's honey, my fool to the last Decemberer,</i>	10		
<i>to wake himself out of his winter's doze and bore me down like he</i>	11		
<i>used to.</i>	12		
<i>Is there irwell a lord of the manor or a knight of the shire at strike,</i>	13		
<i>I wonder, that'd dip me a dace or two in cash for washing and</i>	14		
<i>darning his worshipful socks for him now we're run out of horse-</i>	15		
<i>brose and milk?</i>	16		
<i>Only for my short Brittas bed made's as snug as it smells it's</i>	17		
<i>out I'd lep and off with me to the slobs della Tolka or the plague au</i>	18		
<i>Clontarf to feale the gay aire of my salt troublin bay and the race</i>	19		
<i>of the saywint up me ambushure.</i>	20		
<i>Onon! Onon! tell me more. Tell me every tiny teign. I want</i>	21		
<i>to know every single ingul. Down to what made the potters fly</i>	22		
<i>into jagsthole. And why were the vesles vet. That homa fever's</i>	23		
<i>winning me wome. If a mahun of the horse but hard me! We'd</i>	24		
<i>be bundukiboi meet askarigal. Well, now comes the hazel-</i>	25		
<i>hatchery part. After Clondalkin the Kings's Inns. We'll soon be</i>	26		
<i>there with the freshet. How many aleveens had she in tool? I can't</i>	27		
<i>rightly rede you that. Close only knows. Some say she had three</i>	28		
<i>figures to fill and confined herself to a hundred eleven, wan by-</i>	29		

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wan bywan, making meanacuminamoyas. Olaph lamm et, all that	30		
pack? We won't have room in the kirkeyaard. She can't remember	31		
half of the cradlenames she smacked on them by the grace of her	32		
boxing bishop's infallible slipper, the cane for Kund and abbles for	33		
Eyolf and ayther nayther for Yakov Yea. A hundred and how?	34		
They did well to rechristien her Pluhurabelle. O loreley! What a	35		
loddon lodes! Heigh ho! But it's quite on the cards she'll shed	36		
FW202			
more and merrier, twills and trills, sparefours and spoilfives, nord-	1		
sihkes and sudsevers and ayes and neins to a litter. Grandfarthring	2		
nap and Messamisery and the knave of all knaves and the joker.	3		
Heehaw! She must have been a gadabout in her day, so she	4		
must, more than most. Shoal she was, gidgad. She had a flewmen	5		
of her owen. Then a toss nare scared that lass, so aimai moe,	6		
that's agapo! Tell me, tell me, how cam she camlin through all	7		
her fellows, the neckar she was, the diveline? Casting her perils	8		
before our swains from Fonte-in-Monte to Tidingtown and	9		
from Tidingtown tilhavet. Linking one and knocking the next,	10		
taptng a flank and tiptng a jutty and palling in and pietaring	11		
out and clyding by on her eastway. Waiwhou was the first thur-	12		
ever burst? Someone he was, whuebra they were, in a tactic attack	13		
or in single combat. Tinker, tilar, souldrer, salor, Pieman Peace	14		
or Polistaman. That's the thing I'm elwys on edge to esk. Push	15		

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up and push vardar and come to uphill headquarters! Was it	16		
waterlows year, after Grattan or Flood, or when maids were in	17		
Arc or when three stood hosting? Fidaris will find where the	18		
Doubt arises like Nieman from Nirgends found the Nihil. Worry	19		
you sighin foh, Alber, O Anser? Untie the gemman's fistiknots,	20		
Qvic and Nuancee! She can't put her hand on him for the mo-	21		
ment. Tez thelon langlo, walking weary! Such a loon waybash-	22		
wards to row! She sid herself she hardly knows whuon the annals	23		
her graveller was, a dynast of Leinster, a wolf of the sea, or what	24		
he did or how blyth she played or how, when, why, where and	25		
who offon he jumpnad her and how it was gave her away. She	26		
was just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing then,	27		
sauntering, by silvymoonlake and he was a heavy trudging	28		
lurching lieabroad of a Curraghman, making his hay for whose	29		
sun to shine on, as tough as the oaktrees (peats be with them!)	30		
used to rustle that time down by the dykes of killing Kildare,	31		
for forstfellfoss with a splash across her. She thought she's sankh	32		
neathe the ground with nymphant shame when he gave her the	33		
tigris eye! O happy fault! Me wish it was he! You're wrong there,	34		
corribly wrong! Tisn't only tonight you're anacheronistic! It	35		
was ages behind that when nullahs were nowhere, in county	36		
FW203			
Wickenlow, garden of Erin, before she ever dreamt she'd lave	1		

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Kilbride and go foaming under Horsepass bridge, with the great	2		
southerwestern windstorming her traces and the midland's grain-	3		
waster asarch for her track, to wend her ways byandby, robecca	4		
or worse, to spin and to grind, to swab and to thrash, for all her	5		
golden lifey in the barleyfields and pennylotts of Humphrey's	6		
fordofhurdlestown and lie with a landleaper, wellingtonorseher.	7		
Alesse, the lagos of girly days! For the dove of the dunas! Was-	8		
ut? Izod? Are you sarthin suir? Not where the Finn fits into the	9		
Mourne, not where the Nore takes lieve of Bloem, not where the	10		
Braye divarts the Farer, not where the Moy changez her minds	11		
twixt Cullin and Conn tween Cunn and Collin? Or where Neptune	12		
sculled and Tritonville rowed and leandros three bumped heroines	13		
two? Neya, narev, nen, nonni, nos! Then whereabouts in Ow and	14		
Ovoca? Was it yst with wyst or Lucan Yokan or where the hand	15		
of man has never set foot? Dell me where, the fairy ferse time! I	16		
will if you listen. You know the dinkel dale of Luggelaw? Well,	17		
there once dwelt a local heremite, Michael Arklow was his river-	18		
end name, (with many a sigh I aspersed his lavabibs!) and one	19		
venersderg in junojuly, oso sweet and so cool and so limber she	20		
looked, Nance the Nixie, Nanon L'Escaut, in the silence, of the sy-	21		
comores, all listening, the kindling curves you simply can't stop	22		
feeling, he plunged both of his newly anointed hands, the core of	23		
his cushlas, in her singimari saffron strumans of hair, parting them	24		
and soothing her and mingling it, that was deepdark and ample	25		
like this red bog at sundown. By that Vale Vowclose's lucydlac,	26		

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the reignbeau's heavenarches arranged orranged her. Afroth-	27		
dizzying galbs, her enamelled eyes indergoading him on to the	28		
vierge violetian. Wish a wish! Why a why? Mavro! Letty Lerck's	29		
lafing light throw those laurals now on her daphdaph teasesong	30		
petrock. Maass! But the majik wavus has elfun anon meshes.	31		
And Simba the Slayer of his Oga is slewd. He cuddle not help	32		
himself, thurso that hot on him, he had to forget the monk in	33		
the man so, rubbing her up and smoothing her down, he baised	34		
his lippes in smiling mood, kiss akiss after kisokushk (as he	35		
warned her niver to, niver to, nevar) on Anna-na-Poghue's of	36		
FW204			
the freckled forehead. While you'd parse secheressa she hielt her	1		
souff. But she ruz two feet hire in her aisne aestumation. And	2		
steppes on stilts ever since. That was kissuahealing with bantur	3		
for balm! O, wasn't he the bold priest? And wasn't she the	4		
naughty Livvy? Nautic Naama's now her navn. Two lads in	5		
scoutsch breeches went through her before that, Barefoot Burn	6		
and Wallowme Wade, Lugnaquillia's noblesse pickts, before she	7		
had a hint of a hair at her fanny to hide or a bossom to tempt a	8		
birch canoedler not to mention a bulgic porterhouse barge. And	9		
ere that again, leada, laida, all unraidy, too faint to buoy the	10		
fairiest rider, too frail to flirt with a cygnet's plume, she was licked	11		
by a hound, Chirripa-Chirruta, while poing her pee, pure and	12		

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simple, on the spur of the hill in old Kippure, in birdsong and	13		
shearingtime, but first of all, worst of all, the wiggly livvly, she	14		
sideslipped out by a gap in the Devil's glen while Sally her nurse	15		
was sound asleep in a slood and, feefee fiefie, fell over a spillway	16		
before she found her stride and lay and wriggled in all the stag-	17		
nant black pools of rainy under a fallow coo and she laughed	18		
innocent with her limbs aloft and a whole drove of maiden	19		
hawthorns blushing and looking askance upon her.	20		
Drop me the sound of the findhorn's name, Mtu or Mti, som-	21		
bogger was wisness. And drip me why in the flenders was she	22		
frickled. And trickle me through was she marcellewaved or was	23		
it weirdly a wig she wore. And whitside did they droop their	24		
glows in their florry, aback to wist or affront to sea? In fear to	25		
hear the dear so near or longing loth and loathing longing? Are	26		
you in the swim or are you out? O go in, go on, go an! I mean	27		
about what you know. I know right well what you mean. Rother!	28		
You'd like the coifs and guimpes, snouty, and me to do the	29		
greasy jub on old Veronica's wipers. What am I rancing now	30		
and I'll thank you? Is it a pinny or is it a surplice? Arran, where's	31		
your nose? And where's the starch? That's not the vesdre bene-	32		
diction smell. I can tell from here by their <i>eau de Colo</i> and the	33		
scent of her oder they're Mrs Magrath's. And you ought to have	34		
aird them. They've moist come off her. Creases in silk they	35		
are, not crampton lawn. Baptiste me, father, for she has sinned!	36		

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FW205				
Through her catchment ring she freed them easy, with her hips'	1			
hurrahs for her knees' dontelleries. The only parr with frills in	2			
old the plain. So they are, I declare! Welland well! If tomorrow	3			
keeps fine who'll come tripping to sightsee? How'll? Ask me	4			
next what I haven't got! The Belvedarean exhibitioners. In their	5			
cruisery caps and oarsclub colours. What hoo, they band! And	6			
what hoa, they buck! And here is her nubilee letters too. Ellis	7			
on quay in scarlet thread. Linked for the world on a flush-	8			
caloured field. Annan exe after to show they're not Laura Ke-	9			
own's. O, may the diablo twisk your seifety pin! You child of	10			
Mammon, Kinsella's Lilith! Now who has been tearing the leg	11			
of her drawars on her? Which leg is it? The one with the bells	12			
on it. Rinse them out and aston along with you! Where did I	13			
stop? Never stop! Continuarration! You're not there yet. I	14			
amstel waiting. Garonne, garonne!	15			
Well, after it was put in the Mercy Cordial Mendicants' Sitter-	16			
dag-Zindeh-Munaday Wakeschrift (for once they sullied their	17			
white kidloves, chewing cuds after their dinners of cheeckin and	18			
beggin, with their show us it here and their mind out of that and	19			
their when you're quite finished with the reading matarial), even	20			
the snee that snowdon his hoaring hair had a skunner against	21			
him. Thaw, thaw, sava, savuto! Score Her Chuff Exsquire!	22			
Everywhere erriff you went and every bung you arver dropped	23			

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

into, in cit or suburb or in addled areas, the Rose and Bottle or	24		
Phoenix Tavern or Power's Inn or Jude's Hotel or wherever you	25		
scoured the countryside from Nannywater to Vartryville or from	26		
Porta Lateen to the lootin quarter you found his ikom etsched	27		
tipside down or the cornerboys cammocking his guy and Morris	28		
the Man, with the role of a royss in his turgos the turrible, (Evro-	29		
peahahn cheic house, unskimmed sooit and yahoort, hamman	30		
now cheekmee, Ahdahm this way make, Fatima, half turn!)	31		
reeling and railing round the local as the peihos piped und uban-	32		
jees twanged, with oddfellow's triple tiara busby rotundarinking	33		
round his scalp. Like Pate-by-the-Neva or Pete-over-Meer. This	34		
is the Hausman all paven and stoned, that cribbed the Cabin that	35		
never was owned that cocked his leg and hennad his Egg. And	36		
FW206			
the mauldrin rabble around him in areopage, fracassing a great	1		
bingkan cagnan with their timpan crowders. Mind your Grimm-	2		
father! Think of your Ma! Hing the Hong is his jove's hang-	3		
nomen! Lilt a bolero, bulling a law! She swore on croststyx nyne	4		
wyndabouts she's be level with all the snags of them yet. Par the	5		
Vulnerable Virgin's Mary del Dame! So she said to herself she'd	6		
frame a plan to fake a shine, the mischiefmaker, the like of it you	7		
niever heard. What plan? Tell me quick and dongu so crould!	8		
What the meurther did she mague? Well, she bergened a zakbag,	9		

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

a shammy mailsack, with the lend of a loan of the light of his	10		
lampion, off one of her swapsons, Shaun the Post, and then she	11		
went and consulted her chapboucqs, old Mot Moore, Casey's	12		
Euclid and the Fashion Display and made herself tidal to join	13		
in the mascarete. O gig goggle of gigguels. I can't tell you how!	14		
It's too screaming to rizo, rabbit it all! Minneha, minnehi mina-	15		
aehe, minneho! O but you must, you must really! Make my hear	16		
it gurgle gurgle, like the farest gargle gargle in the dusky dirgle	17		
dargle! By the holy well of Mulhuddart I swear I'd pledge my	18		
chanza getting to heaven through Tirry and Killy's mount of	19		
impiety to hear it all, aviary word! O, leave me my faculties,	20		
woman, a while! If you don't like my story get out of the punt.	21		
Well, have it your own way, so. Here, sit down and do as you're	22		
bid. Take my stroke and bend to your bow. Forward in and pull	23		
your overthepoise! Lisp it slaney and crisp it quiet. Deel me long-	24		
some. Tongue your time now. Breathe thet deep. Thouat's the	25		
fairway. Hurry slow and scheldt you go. Lynd us your blessed	26		
ashes here till I scrub the canon's underpants. Flow now. Ower	27		
more. And pooleypooley.	28		
First she let her hair fal and down it flussed to her feet its	29		
teviots winding coils. Then, mothernaked, she sampood herself	30		
with galawater and fraguant pistania mud, wupper and lauar,	31		
from crown to sole. Next she greesed the groove of her keel,	32		
warthes and wears and mole and itcher, with antifouling butter-	33		
scatch and turfentide and serpentyme and with leafmould she	34		

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

ushered round prunella isles and eslats dun, quincecunct, allover	35		
her little mary. Peeld gold of waxwork her jellybelly and her	36		
FW207			
grains of incense anguille bronze. And after that she wove a gar-	1		
land for her hair. She pleated it. She plaited it. Of meadowgrass	2		
and riverflags, the bulrush and waterweed, and of fallen griefs of	3		
weeping willow. Then she made her bracelets and her anklets	4		
and her armlets and a jetty amulet for necklace of clicking cobbles	5		
and pattering pebbles and rumbledown rubble, richmond and	6		
rehr, of Irish rhunerhinerstones and shellmarble bangles. That	7		
done, a dawk of smut to her airy ey, Annushka Lutetiavitch	8		
Pufflovah, and the lellipos cream to her lippeleens and the pick	9		
of the paintbox for her pommettes, from strawbirry reds to	10		
extra violates, and she sendred her boudeloire maids to His	11		
Affluence, Ciliegia Grande and Kirschie Real, the two chirsines,	12		
with respecks from his missus, seepy and sewery, and a request	13		
might she passe of him for a minnikin. A call to pay and light a	14		
taper, in Brie-on-Arrosa, back in a sprizzling. The cock striking	15		
mine, the stalls bridely sign, there's Zambosy waiting for Me!	16		
She said she wouldn't be half her length away. Then, then, as	17		
soon as the lump his back was turned, with her mealiebag slang	18		
over her shulder, Anna Livia, oysterface, forth of her bassein	19		
came.	20		

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Describe her! Hustle along, why can't you? Spitz on the iern	21		
while it's hot. I wouldn't miss her for irthing on nerthe. Not for	22		
the lucre of lomba strait. Oceans of Gaud, I mosel hear that!	23		
Ogowe presta! Leste, before Julia sees her! Ishekarry and washe-	24		
meskad, the carishy caratimaney? Whole lady fair? Duodecimo-	25		
roon? Bon a ventura? Malagassy? What had she on, the liddel oud	26		
oddity? How much did she scallop, harness and weights? Here	27		
she is, Amnisty Ann! Call her calamity electrifies man.	28		
No electress at all but old Moppa Necessity, angin mother of	29		
injons. I'll tell you a test. But you must sit still. Will you hold	30		
your peace and listen well to what I am going to say now? It	31		
might have been ten or twenty to one of the night of Allclose or	32		
the nexth of April when the flip of her hoogly igloo flappered and	33		
out toetippit a bushman woman, the dearest little moma ever	34		
you saw, nodding around her, all smiles, with ems of embarras	35		
and aues to awe, between two ages, a judyqueen, not up to your	36		
FW208			
elb. Quick, look at her cute and saise her quirk for the bicker she	1		
lives the slicker she grows. Save us and tagus! No more? Werra	2		
where in ourthe did you ever pick a Lambay chop as big as a	3		
battering ram? Ay, you're right. I'm epte to forgetting, Like	4		
Liviam Liddle did Loveme Long. The linth of my hough, I say!	5		
She wore a ploughboy's nailstudded clogs, a pair of ploughfields	6		

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

in themselves: a sugarloaf hat with a gaudyquiviry peak and a	7		
band of gorse for an arnoment and a hundred streamers dancing	8		
off it and a guildered pin to pierce it: owlglassy bicycles boggled	9		
her eyes: and a fishnetzeveil for the sun not to spoil the wrinklings	10		
of her hydeaspects: potatorings boucled the loose laubes of her	11		
laudsnarers: her nude cuba stockings were salmospotspeckled: she	12		
sported a galligo shimmy of hazevaipar tinto that never was fast	13		
till it ran in the washing: stout stays, the rivals, lined her length:	14		
her bloodorange bockknickers, a two in one garment, showed	15		
natural nigger bidders, fancyfastened, free to undo: her black-	16		
stripe tan joseph was sequansewn and teddybearlined, with wavy	17		
rushgreen epaulettes and a leadown here and there of royal	18		
swansruff: a brace of gaspers stuck in her hayrope garters: her	19		
civvy codroy coat with alpheubett buttons was boundaried round	20		
with a twobar tunnel belt: a fourpenny bit in each pocketside	21		
weighed her safe from the blowaway windrush; she had a clothes-	22		
peg tight astride on her joki's nose and she kep on grinding a	23		
somomething quaint in her fiumy mouth and the rreke of the	24		
fluve of the tail of the gawan of her snuffdrab siouler's skirt	25		
trailed fffifty odd Irish miles behind her lungarhodes.	26		
Hellsbells, I'm sorry I missed her! Sweet gumptyum and no-	27		
body fainted! But in whelk of her mouths? Was her naze alight?	28		
Everyone that saw her said the dowce little delia looked a bit	29		
queer. Lotsy trotsy, mind the poddle! Missus, be good and don't	30		
fol in the say! Fenny poor hex she must have charred. Kickhams	31		

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

a frumpier ever you saw! Making mush mullet's eyes at her boys	32		
dobelon. And they crowned her their chariton queen, all the	33		
maids. Of the may? You don't say! Well for her she couldn't	34		
see herself. I recknitz wharfore the darling murrayed her mirror.	35		
She did? Mersey me! There was a koros of drouthdropping sur-	36		
FW209			
facemen, boomslanging and plugchewing, fruiteyeing and flower-	1		
feeding, in contemplation of the fluctuation and the undification	2		
of her filimentation, lolling and leasing on North Lazers' Waal	3		
all eelfare week by the Jukar Yoick's and as soon as they saw her	4		
meander by that marritime way in her grasswinter's weeds and	5		
twigged who was under her archdeaconess bonnet, Avondale's	6		
fish and Clarence's poison, sedges an to aneber, Wit-upon-	7		
Crutches to Master Bates: <i>Between our two southsates and the</i>	8		
<i>granite they're warming, or her face has been lifted or Alp has doped!</i>	9		
But what was the game in her mixed baggyrhatty? Just the	10		
tembo in her tumbo or pilipili from her pepperpot? Saas and	11		
taas and specis bizaas. And where in thunder did she plunder?	12		
Fore the battle or efter the ball? I want to get it frisk from the	13		
soorce. I aubette my bearb it's worth while poaching on! Shake	14		
it up, do, do! That's a good old son of a ditch! I promise I'll	15		
make it worth your while. And I don't mean maybe. Nor yet	16		
with a goodfor. Spey me pruth and I'll tale you true.	17		

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Well, arundgirond in a waveney lyne aringarouma she pattered	18		
and swung and sidled, dribbling her boulder through narrowa	19		
mosses, the diliskydrear on our drier side and the vilde vetchvine	20		
agin us, curara here, careero there, not knowing which medway	21		
or weser to strike it, edereider, making chattahoochee all to her	22		
ain chichiu, like Santa Claus at the cree of the pale and puny,	23		
nistling to hear for their tiny hearties, her arms encircling Isola-	24		
bella, then running with reconciled Romas and Reims, on like a	25		
lech to be off like a dart, then bathing Dirty Hans' spatters with	26		
spittle, with a Christmas box apiece for aisch and iveryone of her	27		
childer, the birthday gifts they dreamt they gabe her, the spoiled	28		
she fleetly laid at our door! On the matt, by the pourch and in-	29		
under the cellar. The rivulets ran aflod to see, the glashaboys, the	30		
pollynooties. Out of the paunshaup on to the pyre. And they all	31		
about her, juvenile leads and ingenuinas, from the slime of their	32		
slums and artesaned wellings, rickets and riots, like the Smyly	33		
boys at their vicereine's levee. Vivi vienne, little Annchen! Vielo	34		
Anna, high life! Sing us a sula, O, susuria! Ausone sidulcis!	35		
Hasn't she tambre! Chipping her and raising a bit of a chir or a	36		
FW210			
jary every dive she'd neb in her culdee sacco of wabbash she	1		
raabed and reach out her maundy meerschaundize, poor souvenir	2		
as per ricorder and all for sore aringarung, stinkers and heelers,	3		

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

laggards and primelads, her furzeborn sons and dribblederry	4		
daughters, a thousand and one of them, and wickerpotluck for	5		
each of them. For evil and ever. And kiks the buch. A tinker's	6		
bann and a barrow to boil his billy for Gipsy Lee; a cartridge of	7		
cockaleekie soup for Chummy the Guardsman; for sulky Pen-	8		
der's acid nephew deltoïd drops, curiously strong; a cough and	9		
a rattle and wildrose cheeks for poor Piccolina Petite MacFarlane;	10		
a jigsaw puzzle of needles and pins and blankets and shins between	11		
them for Isabel, Jezebel and Llewelyn Mmarriage; a brazen nose	12		
and pigiron mittens for Johnny Walker Beg; a papar flag of the	13		
saints and stripes for Kevineen O'Dea; a puffpuff for Pudge Craig	14		
and a nightmarching hare for Techertim Tombigby; waterleg	15		
and gumboots each for Bully Hayes and Hurricane Hartigan;	16		
a prodigal heart and fatted calves for Buck Jones, the pride of	17		
Clonliffe; a loaf of bread and a father's early aim for Val from	18		
Skibereen; a jauntingcar for Larry Doolin, the Ballyclee jackeen;	19		
a seasick trip on a government ship for Teague O'Flanagan; a	20		
louse and trap for Jerry Coyle; slushmincepies for Andy Mac-	21		
kenzie; a hairclip and clackdish for Penceless Peter; that twelve	22		
sounds look for G. V. Brooke; a drowned doll, to face down-	23		
wards for modest Sister Anne Mortimer; altar falls for Blanchisse's	24		
bed; Wildairs' breechettes for Magpeg Woppington; to Sue Dot	25		
a big eye; to Sam Dash a false step; snakes in clover, picked and	26		
scotched, and a vaticanned viper catcher's visa for Patsy Presbys;	27		
a reiz every morning for Standfast Dick and a drop every minute	28		

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

for Stumblestone Davy; scruboak beads for beatified Biddy; two	29		
appletweed stools for Eva Mobbely; for Saara Philpot a jordan	30		
vale tearorne; a pretty box of Pettyfib's Powder for Eileen Aruna	31		
to whiten her teeth and outflash Helen Arhone; a whippingtop	32		
for Eddy Lawless; for Kitty Coleraine of Butterman's Lane a	33		
penny wise for her foolish pitcher; a putty shovel for Terry the	34		
Puckaun; an apotamus mask for Promoter Dunne; a niester egg	35		
with a twicedated shell and a dynamight right for Pavl the Curate;	36		
FW211			
a collera morbous for Mann in the Cloack; a starr and girton for	1		
Draper and Deane; for Will-of-the-Wisp and Barny-the-Bark two	2		
mangolds noble to sweeden their bitters; for Oliver Bound a	3		
way in his frey; for Seumas, thought little, a crown he feels big;	4		
a tibertine's pile with a Congoswood cross on the back for	5		
Sunny Twimjim; a praises be and spare me days for Brian the	6		
Bravo; pentepenty of pity with lubilashings of lust for Olona	7		
Lena Magdalena; for Camilla, Dromilla, Ludmilla, Mamilla, a	8		
bucket, a packet, a book and a pillow; for Nancy Shannon a	9		
Tuami brooch; for Dora Riparia Hopeandwater a cooling douche	10		
and a warmingpan; a pair of Blarney braggs for Wally Meagher;	11		
a hairpin slatepencil for Elsie Oram to scratch her toby, doing	12		
her best with her volgar fractions; an old age pension for Betty	13		
Bellezza; a bag of the blues for Funny Fitz; a <i>Missa pro Messa</i> for	14		

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Taff de Taff; Jill, the spoon of a girl, for Jack, the broth of a boy;	15		
a Rogerson Crusoe's Friday fast for Caducus Angelus Rubicon-	16		
stein; three hundred and sixtysix poplin tyne for revery warp in	17		
the weaver's woof for Victor Hugonot; a stiff steaded rake and	18		
good varians muck for Kate the Cleaner; a hole in the ballad for	19		
Hosty; two dozen of cradles for J.F.X.P. Coppinger; tenpounten	20		
on the pop for the daulphins born with five spoiled squibs for	21		
Infanta; a letter to last a lifetime for Maggi beyond by the ashpit;	22		
the heftiest frozenmeat woman from Lusk to Livienbad for Felim	23		
the Ferry; spas and speranza and symposium's syrup for decayed	24		
and blind and gouty Gough; a change of naves and joys of ills	25		
for Armoricus Tristram Amoor Saint Lawrence; a guillotine	26		
shirt for Reuben Redbreast and hempen suspendeats for Bren-	27		
nan on the Moor; an oakanknee for Conditor Sawyer and mus-	28		
quodoboits for Great Tropical Scott; a C ₃ peduncle for Karma-	29		
lite Kane; a sunless map of the month, including the sword and	30		
stamps, for Shemus O'Shaun the Post; a jackal with hide for	31		
Browne but Nolan; a stonecold shoulder for Donn Joe Vance;	32		
all lock and no stable for Honorbright Merreytrickx; a big drum	33		
for Billy Dunboyne; a guilty goldeny bellows, below me blow	34		
me, for Ida Ida and a hushaby rocker, Elletrouvetout, for Who-is-	35		
silvier — Where-is-he?; whatever you like to swilly to swash,	36		
FW212			

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Yuinness or Yennessy, Laagen or Niger, for Festus King and	1		
Roaring Peter and Frisky Shorty and Treacle Tom and O. B.	2		
Behan and Sully the Thug and Master Magrath and Peter Cloran	3		
and O'Delawarr Rossa and Nerone MacPacem and whoever you	4		
chance to meet knocking around; and a pig's bladder balloon for	5		
Selina Susquehanna Stakelum. But what did she give to Pruda	6		
Ward and Katty Kanel and Peggy Quilty and Briery Brosna and	7		
Teasy Kieran and Ena Lappin and Muriel Maassy and Zusan Camac	8		
and Melissa Bradogue and Flora Ferns and Fauna Fox-Good-	9		
man and Grettina Greaney and Penelope Inglesante and Lezba	10		
Licking like Leytha Liane and Roxana Rohan with Simpatica	11		
Sohan and Una Bina Laterza and Trina La Mesme and Philomena	12		
O'Farrell and Irmak Elly and Josephine Foyle and Snakeshead	13		
Lily and Fountainoy Laura and Marie Xavier Agnes Daisy	14		
Frances de Sales Macleay? She gave them ilcka madre's daughter	15		
a moonflower and a bloodvein: but the grapes that ripe before	16		
reason to them that devide the vinedress. So on Izzy, her shame-	17		
maid, love shone befond her tears as from Shem, her penmight,	18		
life past befoul his prime.	19		
My colonial, wardha bagful! A bakereen's dusind with tithe	20		
tillies to boot. That's what you may call a tale of a tub! And Hi-	21		
bernonian market! All that and more under one crinoline enve-	22		
lope if you dare to break the porkbarrel seal. No wonder they'd	23		
run from her pison plague. Throw us your hudson soap for the	24		

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

honour of Clane! The wee taste the water left. I'll raft it back,	25		
first thing in the marne. Merced mulde! Ay, and don't forget the	26		
reckitts I lohaned you. You've all the swirls your side of the cur-	27		
rent. Well, am I to blame for that if I have? Who said you're to	28		
blame for that if you have? You're a bit on the sharp side. I'm on	29		
the wide. Only snuffers' cornets drifts my way that the cracka	30		
dvine chucks out of his cassock, with her estheryear's marsh	31		
narcissus to make him recant his vanitty fair. Foul strips of his	32		
chinook's bible I do be reading, dodwell disgusted but chickled	33		
with chuckles at the tittles is drawn on the tattlepage. <i>Senior ga</i>	34		
<i>dito: Faciasi Omo! E omo fu fò. Ho! Ho! Senior ga dito: Faciasi</i>	35		
<i>Hidamo! Hidamo se ga facessà. Ha! Ha! And Die Windermere</i>	36		
FW213			
<i>Dichter and Lefanu (Sheridan's) old House by the Coachyard and</i>	1		
<i>Mill (J.) On Woman with Ditto on the Floss. Ja, a swamp for Alt-</i>	2		
<i>muehler and a stone for his flossies! I know how racy they move</i>	3		
<i>his wheel. My hands are blawcauld between isker and suda like</i>	4		
<i>that piece of pattern chayney there, lying below. Or where is it?</i>	5		
<i>Lying beside the sedge I saw it. Hoangho, my sorrow, I've lost</i>	6		
<i>it! Aimihi! With that turbary water who could see? So near and</i>	7		
<i>yet so far! But O, gihon! I lovat a gabber. I could listen to maure</i>	8		
<i>and moravar again. Regn onder river. Flies do your float. Thick</i>	9		
<i>is the life for mere.</i>	10		

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Well, you know or don't you kennet or haven't I told you	11		
every telling has a taling and that's the he and the she of it. Look,	12		
look, the dusk is growing! My branches lofty are taking root.	13		
And my cold cher's gone ashley. Fieluhr? Filou! What age is at?	14		
It saon is late. 'Tis endless now senne eye or erewone last saw	15		
Waterhouse's clogh. They took it asunder, I hurd thum sigh.	16		
When will they reassemble it? O, my back, my back, my bach!	17		
I'd want to go to Aches-les-Pains. Pingpong! There's the Belle	18		
for Sexaloitez! And Concepta de Send-us-pray! Pang! Wring out	19		
the clothes! Wring in the dew! Godavari, vert the showers! And	20		
grant thaya grace! Aman. Will we spread them here now? Ay,	21		
we will. Flip! Spread on your bank and I'll spread mine on mine.	22		
Flep! It's what I'm doing. Spread! It's churning chill. Der went is	23		
rising. I'll lay a few stones on the hostel sheets. A man and his bride	24		
embraced between them. Else I'd have sprinkled and folded them	25		
only. And I'll tie my butcher's apron here. It's suety yet. The	26		
strollers will pass it by. Six shifts, ten kerchiefs, nine to hold to	27		
the fire and this for the code, the convent napkins, twelve, one	28		
baby's shawl. Good mother Jossiph knows, she said. Whose	29		
head? Mutter snores? Deataceas! Wharnow are alle her childer,	30		
say? In kingdome gone or power to come or gloria be to them	31		
farther? Allalivial, allalluvial! Some here, more no more, more	32		
again lost alla stranger. I've heard tell that same brooch of the	33		
Shannons was married into a family in Spain. And all the Dun-	34		
ders de Dunnes in Markland's Vineland beyond Brendan's herring	35		

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

pool takes number nine in yangsee's hats. And one of Bidddy's	36		
FW214			
beads went bobbing till she rounded up lost histereve with a	1		
marigold and a cobbler's candle in a side strain of a main drain	2		
of a manzinahurries off Bachelor's Walk. But all that's left to the	3		
last of the Meaghers in the loup of the years prefixed and between	4		
is one kneebuckle and two hooks in the front. Do you tell me	5		
that now? I do in troth. Orara por Orbe and poor Las Animas!	6		
Ussa, Ulla, we're umbas all! Mezha, didn't you hear it a deluge of	7		
times, ufer and ufer, respund to spond? You deed, you deed! I	8		
need, I need! It's that irrawaddyng I've stoke in my aars. It all	9		
but husheth the lethest zswound. Oronoko! What's your trouble?	10		
Is that the great Finnleader himself in his joakimono on his statue	11		
riding the high horse there forehengist? Father of Otters, it is	12		
himself! Yonne there! Isset that? On Fallareen Common? You're	13		
thinking of Astley's Amphitheayter where the bobby restrained	14		
you making sugarstuck pouts to the ghostwhite horse of the	15		
Peppers. Throw the cobwebs from your eyes, woman, and spread	16		
your washing proper! It's well I know your sort of slop. Flap!	17		
Ireland sober is Ireland stiff. Lord help you, Maria, full of grease,	18		
the load is with me! Your prayers. I sonht zo! Madammangut!	19		
Were you lifting your elbow, tell us, glazy cheeks, in Conway's	20		
Carrigacurra canteen? Was I what, hobbledyhips? Flop! Your	21		

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

rere gait's creakorheuman bitts your butts disagrees. Amn't I	22		
up since the damp dawn, marthared mary allacook, with Corri-	23		
gan's pulse and varicoarse veins, my pramaxle smashed, Alice	24		
Jane in decline and my oneeyed mongrel twice run over, soaking	25		
and bleaching boiler rags, and sweating cold, a widow like me,	26		
for to deck my tennis champion son, the laundryman with the	27		
lavandier flannels? You won your limpopo limp fron the husky	28		
hussars when Collars and Cuffs was heir to the town and your	29		
slur gave the stink to Carlow. Holy Scamander, I sar it again!	30		
Near the golden falls. Icis on us! Seints of light! Zezere! Subdue	31		
your noise, you hamble creature! What is it but a blackburry	32		
growth or the dwyergray ass them four old codgers owns. Are	33		
you meanam Tarpey and Lyons and Gregory? I meyne now,	34		
thank all, the four of them, and the roar of them, that draves	35		
that stray in the mist and old Johnny MacDougal along with	36		
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them. Is that the Poolbeg flasher beyant, pharphar, or a fireboat	1		
coasting nyar the Kishtna or a glow I behold within a hedge or	2		
my Garry come back from the Indes? Wait till the honeying of	3		
the lune, love! Die eve, little eve, die! We see that wonder in	4		
your eye. We'll meet again, we'll part once more. The spot I'll	5		
seek if the hour you'll find. My chart shines high where the blue	6		
milk's upset. Forgivemequick, I'm going! Bubyee! And you,	7		

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pluck your watch, forgetmenot. Your evenlode. So save to	8		
jurna's end! My sights are swimming thicker on me by the sha-	9		
dows to this place. I sow home slowly now by own way, moy-	10		
valley way. Towy I too, rathmine.	11		
Ah, but she was the queer old skeowsha anyhow, Anna Livia,	12		
trinkettoes! And sure he was the quare old buntz too, Dear Dirty	13		
Dumpling, footherfather of fingalls and dotthergills. Gammer	14		
and gaffer we're all their gangsters. Hadn't he seven dams to wive	15		
him? And every dam had her seven crutches. And every crutch	16		
had its seven hues. And each hue had a differing cry. Sudds for	17		
me and supper for you and the doctor's bill for Joe John. Befor!	18		
Bifur! He married his markets, cheap by foul, I know, like any	19		
Etrurian Catholic Heathen, in their pinky limony creamy birnies	20		
and their turkiss indienne mauves. But at milkidmass who was	21		
the spouse? Then all that was was fair. Tys Elvenland! Teems of	22		
times and happy returns. The seim anew. Ordovico or viricordo.	23		
Anna was, Livia is, Plurabelle's to be. Northmen's thing made	24		
southfolk's place but howmulty plurators made eachone in per-	25		
son? Latin me that, my trinity scholard, out of eure sanscreed into	26		
oure eryan! <i>Hircus Civois Eblanensis!</i> He had buckgoat paps on	27		
him, soft ones for orphans. Ho, Lord! Twins of his bosom. Lord	28		
save us! And ho! Hey? What all men. Hot? His tittering daugh-	29		
ters of. Whawk?	30		
Can't hear with the waters of. The chittering waters of. Flitter-	31		
ing bats, fieldmice bawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone ahome?	32		

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What Thom Malone? Can't hear with bawk of bats, all thim liffey-	33			
ing waters of. Ho, talk save us! My foos won't moos. I feel as old	34			
as yonder elm. A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia's daughter-	35			
sons. Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel	36			
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as heavy as yonder stone. Tell me of John or Shaun? Who were	1			
Shem and Shaun the living sons or daughters of? Night now!	2			
Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Telmetale of stem or	3			
stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters	4			
of. Night!	5			