

loosed in her reflexes, she seem she seen Ericoricori coricome  
huntsome with his three poach dogs aleashing him. But you came  
safe through. Enough of that horner corner! And old mutther-  
goosip! We might call on the Old Lord, what do you say? There's  
something tells me. He is a fine sport. Like the score and a moighty  
went before him. And a proper old promnentory. His door  
always open. For a newera's day. Much as your own is. You  
invoiced him last Eatster so he ought to give us hot cockles and  
everything. Remember to take off your white hat, ech? When  
we come in the presence. And say hoothoothoo, ithmuthisthy!  
His is house of laws. And I'll drop my graciast kertssey too. If  
the Ming Tung no go bo to me homage me hamage kow bow  
tow to the Mong Tang. Ceremonialness to stand lowest place  
be! Saying: What'll you take to link to light a pike on porpoise,  
plaise? He might knight you an Armor elsor daub you the first  
cheap magyerstrape. Remember Bomthomanew vim vam vom  
Hungerig. Hoteform, chain and epolettes, botherbumbose. And  
I'll be your aural eyeness. But we vain. Plain fancies. It's in the  
castles air. My currant bread's full of sillymottocraft. Aloof is  
anoof. We can take or leave. He's reading his ruffs. You'll know  
our way from there surely. Flura's way. Where once we led so  
many car couples have follied since. Clatchka! Giving Shaugh-  
nessy's mare the hillymount of her life. With her strulldeburg-  
ghers! Hnmn hnmn! The rolckky road adondering. We can sit  
us down on the heathery benn, me on you, in quolm uncon-  
sciounce. To scand the arising. Out from Drumleek. It was there  
Evora told me I had best. If I ever. When the moon of mourning  
is set and gone. Over Glinaduna. Lonu nula. Ourselves, oursouls  
alone. At the site of salvocean. And watch would the letter you're  
wanting be coming may be. And cast ashore. That I prays for  
be mains of me draims. Scratching it and patching at with a  
prompt from a primer. And what scrips of nutsnolleges I pecked  
up me meself. Every letter is a hard but yours sure is the hardest  
cruX ever. Hack an axe, hook an oxe, hath an an, heth hith ences.  
But once done, dealt and delivered, tattat, you're on the map.  
Rased on traumscrip from Maston, Boss. After rounding his

world of ancient days. Carried in a caddy or screwed and corked.  
On his mugisstosst surface. With a bob, bob, bottledby. Blob.  
When the waves give up yours the soil may for me. Sometime  
then, somewhere there, I wrote me hopes and buried the page  
when I heard Thy voice, ruddery dunner, so loud that none but,  
and left it to lie till a kissmiss coming. So content me now. Lss.  
Unbuild and be buildn our bankaloan cottage there and we'll  
cohabit respectable. The Gowans, ser, for Medem, me. With  
acute bubel runtoer for to pippup and gopeep where the sterres  
be. Just to see would we hear how Jove and the peers talk. Amid  
the soleness. Tilltop, bigmaster! Scale the summit. You're not  
so giddy any more. All your graundplotting and the little it  
brought! Humps, when you hised us and dumps, when you  
doused us! But sarra one of me cares a brambling ram, pomp  
porteryark! On limpidy marge I've made me hoom. Park and a  
pub for me. Only don't start your stunts of Donachie's yeards  
agoad again. I could guessp to her name who tuckt you that one, tuf-  
nut! Bold bet backwards. For the loves of sinfintins! Before the  
naked universe. And the bailby pleasemarm rincing his eye! One  
of these fine days, lewdy culler, you must redoform again.  
Blessed shield Martin! Softly so. I am so exquisitely pleased about  
the loveleavest dress I have. You will always call me Leafiest,  
won't you, dowling? Wordherfhull Ohldhbhoy! And you won't  
urbjunk to me parafume, oiled of kolooney, with a spot of mara-  
shy. Sm! It's Alpine Smile from Yesthers late Yhesters. I'm in  
everywince nasturtls. Even in Houlth's nose. Medeurscodeignus!  
Astale of astoun. Grand owld marauder! If I knew who you are!  
When that hark from the air said it was Captain Finsen makes cum-  
hulments and was mayit pressing for his suit I said are you there  
here's nobody here only me. But I near fell off the pile of samples.  
As if your tinger winged ting to me hear. Is that right what  
your brothermilk in Bray bes telling the district you were bragged  
up by Brostal because your parents would be always tumbling  
into his foulplace and losing her pentacosts after drinking their  
pledges? Howsomendeavour, you done me fine! The only man  
was ever known could eat the crushts of lobsters. Our native

night when you twicetook me for some Marienne Sherry and then your Jermyn cousin who signs hers with exes and the beard-wig I found in your Clarksome bag. Pharaops you'll play you're the king of Aeships. You certainly make the most royal of noises. I will tell you all sorts of makeup things, strangerous. And show you to every simple storyplace we pass. *Cadmillersfolly, Bellevenue, Wellcrom, Quid Superabit*, villities valleties. Change the plates for the next course of murphies. Spendlove's still there and the canon going strong and so is Claffey's habits endurtaking and our parish pomp's a great warrent. But you'll have to ask that same four that named them is always snugging in your barsalooner, saying they're the best relicts of Conal O'Daniel and writing *Finglas since the Flood*. That'll be some kingly work in progress. But it's by this route he'll come some morrow. And I can signal you all flint and fern are rasstling as we go by. And you'll sing thumb a bit and then wise your selmon on it. It is all so often and still the same to me. Snf? Only turf, wick dear. Clane turf. You've never forgodden batt on tarf, have you, at broin burrow, what? Mch? Why, them's the muchrooms, come up during the night. Look, agres of roofs in parshes. Dom on dam, dim in dym. And a capital part for olympics to ply at. Steadyon, Cooლოსus! Mind your stride or you'll knock. While I'm dodging the dustbins. Look what I found! A lintil pea. And look at here! This cara weeseed. Pretty mites, my sweetthings, was they poor-loves abandoned by wholawidey world? Neighboulotts for newtown. The Eblanamagna you behazyheld looming up out of the dumblynass. But the still sama sitta. I've lapped so long. As you said. It fair takes. If I lose my breath for a minute or two don't speak, remember. Once it happened, so it may again. Why I'm all these years within years in soffran, allbeleaved. To hide away the tear, the parted. It's thinking of all. The brave that gave their. The fair that wore. All them that's gunne. I'll begin again in a jiffey. The nik of a nad. How glad you'll be I waked you! My! How well you'll feel! For ever after. First we turn by the vagurin here and then it's gooder. So side by side, turn agate, wedding-town, laud men of Londub! I only hope whole the heavens sees