

premises, advoc  
Ras ruddist of all, though  
hued and cried of each's colour.  
Home all go. Halome. Blare no more ramsblares, oddmund  
barkes! And cease your fumings, kindalled bushies! And sherri-  
goldies yeassymgnays; your wildeshaweshowe moves swiftly  
sterneward! For here the holy language. Soons to come. To  
pousse.

'Tis goed. Het best.

For they are now tearing, that is, teartoretorning. Too soon  
are coming tasbooks and goody, hominy bread and bible bee,  
with jaggery-yo to juju-jaw, Fine's French phrases from the  
Grandmère des Grammaires and bothered parsenaps from the  
Four Massores, Mattatias, Marusias, Lucanias, Jokinias, and what  
happened to our eleven in thirtytwo antepostdating the Valgur  
Eire and why is limbo where is he and what are the sound waves  
saying ceased ere they all wayed wrong and Amnist anguished  
axes Collis and where fishngaman fetched the mongafesh from  
and whatfor paddybird notplease rancoon and why was Sindat  
sitthing on him sitbom like a saildior, with what the doc did in the  
doil, not to mention define the hydraulics of common salt and,  
its denier crid of old provaunce, where G.P.O. is zentrum and  
D.U.T.C. are radients write down by the frequency of the scores  
and crores of your refractions the valuations in the pice of ding-  
gyings on N.C.R. and S.C.R.

That little cloud, a nibulissa, still hangs isky. Singabed sulks  
before slumber. Light at night has an alps on his druckhouse.  
Thick head and thin butter or after you with me. Caspi, but  
gueroligue stings the air. Gaylegs to riot of us! Gallocks to lafft.

What is amaid today todo? So angelland all weeping bin that Izzy most unhappy is. Fain Essie fie onhapje? laughs her stella's vispirine.

While, running about their ways, going and coming, now at rhimba rhomba, now in trippiza trappaza, pleating a pattern Gran Geamatron showed them of gracehoppers, auntskippers and coney-farm leppers, they jeeriled along, durian gay and marian maid-cap, lou Dariou beside la Matioto, all boy more all girl singout-feller longa house blong store Huddy, whilst nin nin nin nin that Boorman's clock, a winny on the tinny side, ninned nin nin nin nin, about old Father Barley how he got up of a morning arley and he met with a plattonem blondes named Hips and Haws and fell in with a fellows of Trinity some header Skowood Shaws like (You'll catch it, don't fret, Mrs Tummy Lupton! Come indoor, Scoffynosey, and shed your swank!) auld Daddy Deacon who could stow well his place of beacon but he never could hold his kerosene's candle to (The nurse'll give it you, stickypots! And you wait, my lasso, fecking the twine!) bold Farmer Burleigh who wuck up in a hurlywurly where he huddly could wuddle to wallow his weg tillbag of the baker's booth to beg of (You're well held now, Missy Cheekspeer, and your panto's off! Fie, for shame, Ruth Wheatacre, after all the booz said!) illed Diddiddy Achin for the prize of a pease of bakin with a pinch of the panch of the ponch in jurys for (Ah, crabeyes, I have you, showing off to the world with that gape in your stocking!) Wold Forrester Farley who, in deesperation of deispiration at the diasporation of his diesparation, was found of the round of the sound of the lound of the Lukkedoerendunandurraskewdylooshoofermoyporertoo-ryzooysphalnabortansporthaokansakroidverjkapakkapuk.

Byfall.

Uploud!

The play thou schouwburgst, Game, here endeth. The curtain drops by deep request.

Uplouderamain!

Gonn the gawds, Gunnar's gustspells. When the h, who the hu, how the hue, where the huer? Orbiter onswers: lots lives lost. Fionia is fed up with Fidge Fudgesons. Sealand snorres.

Rendningrocks roguesreckning reigns. Gwds with gurs are  
gttrdmmrng. Hills vlls. The timid hearts of words all exeomno-  
sunt. Mannagad, lammalelouh, how do that come? By Dad, youd  
not heed that fert! Fulgitudes ejist rowdownan tonuout. Quoq!  
And buncskleydoodle! Kidoosh! Of their fear they broke, they  
ate wind, they fled; where they ate there they fled; of their fear  
they fled, they broke away. Go to, let us extol Azrael with our  
harks, by our brews, on our jambses, in his gaits. To Mezou-  
zalem with the Dephilim, didits dinkun's dud? Yip! Yup! Yar-  
rah! And let Nek Nekulon extol Mak Makal and let him say  
unto him: Immi ammi Semmi. And shall not Babel be with  
Lebab? And he war. And he shall open his mouth and answer:  
I hear, O Ismael, how they laud is only as my loud is one. If  
Nekulon shall be havonfalled surely Makal haven heavens. Go to,  
let us extell Makal, yea, let us exceedingly extell. Though you  
have lien amung your posspots my excellency is over Ismael.  
Great is him whom is over Ismael and he shall mekanek of Mak  
Nakulon. And he deed.

Uplouderamainagain!

For the Clearer of the Air from on high has spoken in tumbul-  
dum tambaldam to his tembledim tombaldoom worrild and, mogu-  
phonoised by that phonemanon, the unhappitents of the earth  
have terrerumbled from fimament unto fundament and from  
tweedledeedumms down to twiddledeedees.

Loud, hear us!

Loud, graciously hear us!

Now have thy children entered into their habitations. And  
nationglad, camp meeting over, to shin it, Gov be thanked. Thou  
hast closed the portals of the habitations of thy children and thou  
hast set thy guards thereby, even Garda Didymus and Garda  
Domas, that thy children may read in the book of the opening of  
the mind to light and err not in the darkness which is the after-  
thought of thy nomatter by the guardiance of those guards which  
are thy bodemen, the cheeryboyum chirryboth with the kerry-  
bommers in their krubeems, Pray-your-Prayers Timothy and  
Back-to-Bunk Tom.

Till tree from tree, tree among trees, tree over tree become  
stone to stone, stone between stones, stone under stone for ever.

O Loud, hear the wee beseech of thees of each of these thy un-  
litten ones! Grant sleep in hour's time, O Loud!

That they take no chill. That they do ming no merder. That  
they shall not gomeet madhowiatrees.

Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laugh-  
ters low!

Ha he hi ho hu.

Mummum.