

Rags! Worns out. But she's still her deckhuman amber too.
Soft morning, city! Lsp! I am leafy speafing. Lpf! Foly and
folty all the nights have falled on to long my hair. Not a sound,
falling. Lispn! No wind no word. Only a leaf, just a leaf and
then leaves. The woods are fond always. As were we their babes
in. And robins in crews so. It is for me goolden wending.
Unless? Away! Rise up, man of the hooths, you have slept so
long! Or is it only so mesleems? On your pondered palm.
Reclined from cape to pede. With pipe on bowl. Terce for a
fiddler, sixt for makmerriers, none for a Cole. Rise up now and
aruse! Norvena's over. I am leafy, your goolden, so you called
me, may me life, yea your goolden, silve me solve, exsogerraider!
You did so drool. I was so sharm. But there's a great poet in you
too. Stout Stokes would take you offly. So has he as bored me
to slump. But am good and rested. Taks to you, todody, tan ye.
Yawhawaw. Helpunto min, helpas vin. Here is your shirt, the day
one, come back. The stock, your collar. Also your double brogues.
A comforter as well. And here your iverol and everthelest your

umbr. And stand up tall! Straight. I want to see you looking fine for me. With your brandnew big green belt and all. Blooming in the very lotust and second to nill, Budd! When you're in the buckly shuit Rosensharonals near did for you. Fiftyseven and three, cosh, with the bulge. Proudpurse Alby with his pooraroon Eireen, they'll. Pride, comfytousness, enevy! You make me think of a wonderdecker I once. Or somebalt thet sailder, the man me-gallant, with the bangled ears. Or an earl was he, at Lucan? Or, no, it's the Iren duke's I mean. Or somebrey erse from the Dark Countries. Come and let us. We always said we'd. And go abroad. Rathgreany way perhaps. The childher are still fast. There is no school today. Them boys is so contrairy. The Head does be worrying himself. Heel trouble and heal travel. Galliver and Gellover. Unless they changes by mistake. I seen the likes in the twinngling of an aye. Som. So oft. Sim. Time after time. The sehm asnuh. Two bredder as doffered as nors in soun. When one of him sighs or one of him cries 'tis you all over. No peace at all. Maybe it's those two old crony aunts held them out to the water front. Queer Mrs Quickenough and odd Miss Dodd-pebble. And when them two has had a good few there isn't much more dirty clothes to publish. From the Launderdale Minssions. One chap googling the holyboy's thingabib and this lad wetting his widdle. You were pleased as Punch, recitating war exploits and pearse orations to them jackeen gapers. But that night after, all you were wanton! Bidding me do this and that and the other. And blowing off to me, hugly Judsys, what wouldn't you give to have a girl. Your wish was mewill. And, lo, out of a sky! The way I too. But her, you wait. Eager to choose is left to her shade. If she had only more matcher's wit. Findlings makes runaways, runaways a stray. She's as merry as the gricks still. 'Twould be sore should ledden sorrow. I'll wait. And I'll wait. And then if all goes. What will be is. Is is. But let them. Slops hospodch and the slusky slut too. He's for thee what she's for me. Dogging you round cove and haven and teaching me the perts of speech. If you spun your yarns to him on the swishbarque waves I was spelling my yearns to her over cottage cake. We'll not disturb their sleep-

ing duties. Let besoms be bosuns. It's Phoenix, dear. And the
flame is, hear! Let's our joornee saintomichael make it. Since the
lausafire has lost and the book of the depth is. Closed. Come!
Step out of your shell. Hold up you free fing. Yes. We've light
enough. I won't take our laddy's lampern. For them four old
windbags of Gustsofairy to be blowing at. Nor you your ruck-
sunck. To bring all the dannymans out after you on the hike. Send
Arctur guiddus! Isma! Sft! It is the softest morning that ever I
can ever remember me. But she won't rain showerly, our Ilma. Yet.
Until it's the time. And me and you have made our. The sons of
bursters won in the games. Still I'll take me owld Finvara for my
shawlders. The trout will be so fine at brookfisht. With a taste
of roly polony from Blugpuddels after. To bring out the tang of
the tay. Is't you fain for a roost brood? Oaxmealturn, all out of
the woolpalls! And then all the chippy young cuppinjars clutter-
ing round us, clottering for their creams. Crying, me, grownup
sister! Are me not truly? Lst! Only but, theres a but, you must
buy me a fine new girdle too, nolly. When next you go to Market
Norwall. They're all saying I need it since the one from Isaacsen's
slooped its line. Mrkrnk? Fy arthou! Come! Give me your great
bears paw, padder avilky, fol a miny tiny. Dola. Mineninecy-
handsy, in the languo of flows. That's Jorgen Jargonsen. But you
understood, nodst? I always know by your brights and shades.
Reach down. A lil mo. So. Draw back your glave. Hot and hairy,
hugon, is your hand! Here's where the falskin begins. Smoos as
an infams. One time you told you'd been burnt in ice. And one
time it was chemicalled after you taking a lifeness. Maybe that's
why you hold your hodd as if. And people thinks you missed the
scaffold. Of fell design. I'll close me eyes. So not to see. Or see only
a youth in his florizel, a boy in innocence, peeling a twig, a child be-
side a weenywhite steed. The child we all love to place our hope in
for ever. All men has done something. Be the time they've come to
the weight of old fletch. We'll lave it. So. We will take our walk
before in the timpul they ring the earthly bells. In the church
by the hearseyard. Pax Goodmens will. Or the birds start their
treestirm shindy. Look, there are yours off, high on high! And

cooshes, sweet good luck they're cawing you, Coole! You see, they're as white as the riven snae. For us. Next peaters poll you will be elicited or I'm not your elicitous bribe. The Kinsella woman's man will never reduce me. A MacGarath O'Cullagh O'Muirk MacFewney sookadoodling and sweepacheeping round the lodge of Fjorn na Galla of the Trumpets! It's like potting the po to shambe on the dresser or tamming Uncle Tim's Caubeen on to the brows of a Viker Eagle. Not such big strides, huddy foddy! You'll crush me antilopes I saved so long for. They're Penisole's. And the two goodiest shoeshoes. It is hardly a Knut's mile or seven, possumbotts. It is very good for the health of a morning. With Buahbuah. A gentle motion all around. As leisure paces. And the helpyourselftoastrool cure's easy. It seems so long since, ages since. As if you had been long far away. Afartodays, afearonights, and me as with you in thadark. You will tell me some time if I can believe its all. You know where I am bringing you? You remember? When I ran berrying after hucks and haws. With you drawing out great aims to hazel me from the hummock with your sling. Our cries. I could lead you there and I still by you in bed. Les go dutc to Danegreven, nos? Not a soul but ourselves. Time? We have loads on our hangs. Till Gilligan and Halligan call again to hooligan. And the rest of the guns. Sullygan eight, from left to right. Olobobo, ye foxy theagues! The moskors thought to ball you out. Or the Wald Unicorns Master, Bugley Captain, from the Naul, drawls up by the door with the Honourable Whilp and the Reverend Poynter and the two Lady Pagets of Tallyhaugh, Ballyhuntus, in their riddletight raiding hats for to lift a hereshealth to their robest, the Stag, evers the Carlton hart. And you needn't host out with your duck and your duty, capapole, while they reach him the glass he never starts to finish. Clap this wis on your poll and stick this in your ear, wiggly. Beauties don't answer and the rich never pays. If you were the enlarged they'd hue in cry you, Heathtown, Harbourstown, Snowtown, Four Knocks, Flemingtown, Bodingtoun to the Ford of Fyne on Delvin. How they housed to house you after the Platonic garlens. And all because,

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 prommentory. 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 rollcky 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 traumscraft from Maston, Boss. After rounding his