



# BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Lectura de *Retrato de un Artista Adolescente*; *Dublineses* (Eveline); *Ulises* (Calipso); y

*Finnegans Wake* ( L1C1), de James Joyce

Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid

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**1. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Chapter I. Reader: Jonh McClafferty.**

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo....

His father told him that story: his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face.

He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

O, the wild rose blossoms  
On the little green place.

He sang that song. That was his song.

O, the green wothe botheth.

When you wet the bed, first it is warm then it gets cold. His mother put on the oilsheet. That had the queer smell.

His mother had a nicer smell than his father. She played on the piano the sailor's hornpipe for him to dance. He danced:

Tralala lala,  
Tralala tralaladdy,  
Tralala lala,  
Tralala lala.

Uncle Charles and Dante clapped. They were older than his father and mother but uncle Charles was older than Dante.

Dante had two brushes in her press. The brush with the maroon velvet back was for Michael Davitt and the brush with the green velvet back was for Parnell. Dante gave him a cachou every time he brought her a piece of tissue paper.

The Vances lived in number seven. They had a different father and mother. They were Eileen's father and mother. When they were grown up he was going to marry Eileen. He hid under the table. His mother said:

—O, Stephen will apologise.

Dante said:

—O, if not, the eagles will come and pull out his eyes.—

Pull out his eyes,  
Apologise,  
Apologise,  
Pull out his eyes.



Apologise,

|            |     |     |       |
|------------|-----|-----|-------|
| Pull       | out | his | eyes, |
| Pull       | out | his | eyes, |
| Apologise. |     |     |       |

The wide playgrounds were swarming with boys. All were shouting and the prefects urged them on with strong cries. The evening air was pale and chilly and after every charge and thud of the footballers the greasy leather orb flew like a heavy bird through the grey light. He kept on the fringe of his line, out of sight of his prefect, out of the reach of the rude feet, feigning to run now and then. He felt his body small and weak amid the throng of the players and his eyes were weak and watery. Rody Kickham was not like that: he would be captain of the third line all the fellows said.

Rody Kickham was a decent fellow but Nasty Roche was a stink. Rody Kickham had greaves in his number and a hamper in the refectory. Nasty Roche had big hands. He called the Friday pudding dog-in-the-blanket. And one day he had asked:

—What is your name?

Stephen had answered: Stephen Dedalus.

Then Nasty Roche had said:

—What kind of a name is that?

And when Stephen had not been able to answer Nasty Roche had asked:

—What is your father?

Stephen had answered:

—A gentleman.

Then Nasty Roche had asked:

—Is he a magistrate?

He crept about from point to point on the fringe of his line, making little runs now and then. But his hands were bluish with cold. He kept his hands in the side pockets of his belted grey suit. That was a belt round his pocket. And belt was also to give a fellow a belt. One day a fellow said to Cantwell:

—I'd give you such a belt in a second.

Cantwell had answered:

—Go and fight your match. Give Cecil Thunder a belt. I'd like to see you. He'd give you a toe in the rump for yourself.

That was not a nice expression. His mother had told him not to speak with the rough boys in the college. Nice mother! The first day in the hall of the castle when she had said goodbye she had put up her veil double to her nose to kiss him: and her nose and eyes were red. But he had pretended not to see that she was going to cry. She was a nice mother but she was not so nice when she cried. And his father had given him two five-shilling pieces for pocket money. And his father had told him if he wanted anything to write home to him and, whatever he did, never to peach on a fellow. Then at the door of the castle the rector had shaken hands



with his father and mother, his soutane fluttering in the breeze, and the car had driven off with his father and mother on it. They had cried to him from the car, waving their hands:

—Goodbye, Stephen, goodbye!

—Goodbye, Stephen, goodbye!

He was caught in the whirl of a scrimmage and, fearful of the flashing eyes and muddy boots, bent down to look through the legs. The fellows were struggling and groaning and their legs were rubbing and kicking and stamping. Then Jack Lawton's yellow boots dodged out the ball and all the other boots and legs ran after. He ran after them a little way and then stopped. It was useless to run on. Soon they would be going home for the holidays. After supper in the study hall he would change the number pasted up inside his desk from seventyseven to seventysix.

It would be better to be in the study hall than out there in the cold. The sky was pale and cold but there were lights in the castle. He wondered from which window Hamilton Rowan had thrown his hat on the haha and had there been flowerbeds at that time under the windows. One day when he had been called to the castle the butler had shown him the marks of the soldiers' slugs in the wood of the door and had given him a piece of shortbread that the community ate. It was nice and warm to see the lights in the castle. It was like something in a book. Perhaps Leicester Abbey was like that. And there were nice sentences in Doctor Cornwell's Spelling Book. They were like poetry but they were only sentences to learn the spelling from.

|        |        |          |           |         |
|--------|--------|----------|-----------|---------|
| Wolsey | died   | in       | Leicester | Abbey   |
| Where  | the    | abbots   | buried    | him.    |
| Canker | is     | a        | disease   | of      |
| Cancer | one of | animals. |           | plants, |

It would be nice to lie on the hearthrug before the fire, leaning his head upon his hands, and think on those sentences. He shivered as if he had cold slimy water next his skin. That was mean of Wells to shoulder him into the square ditch because he would not swop his little snuffbox for Wells's seasoned hacking chestnut, the conqueror of forty. How cold and slimy the water had been! A fellow had once seen a big rat jump into the scum. Mother was sitting at the fire with Dante waiting for Brigid to bring in the tea. She had her feet on the fender and her jewelly slippers were so hot and they had such a lovely warm smell! Dante knew a lot of things. She had taught him where the Mozambique Channel was and what was the longest river in America and what was the name of the highest mountain in the moon. Father Arnall knew more than Dante because he was a priest but both his father and uncle Charles said that Dante was a clever woman and a wellread woman. And when Dante made that noise after dinner and then put up her hand to her mouth: that was heartburn.

A voice cried far out on the playground:

—All in!

Then other voices cried from the lower and third lines:

—All in! All in!



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**2. Dublineses, Eveline. Lectoras: Pilar Pastor (Sentada-palpitaciones); María Paz González (Cuando se fueron-secreto); Elena Carcedo (En la calle-reconocimiento).**

**Sentada** a la ventana vio cómo la noche invadía la avenida. Reclinó la cabeza en la cortina y su nariz se llenó del olor a cretona polvorienta. Se sentía cansada.

Pasaban pocas personas. El hombre que vivía al final de la manzana regresaba a su casa; oyó los pasos repicar sobre la acera de cemento y crujir luego en el camino de ceniza que pasaba frente a las nuevas casas de ladrillo rojo. En otro tiempo hubo allí un solar yermo en donde jugaban todas las tardes con los otros muchachos. Luego, alguien de Belfast compró el solar y construyó allí casas -no casitas de color pardo como las demás, sino casas de ladrillo, de colores vivos y techos charolados. Los muchachos de la avenida acostumbraban a jugar en ese lugar: los Devine, los Water, los Dunn, Keogh el lisiadito, ella y sus hermanos y hermanas. Ernest, sin embargo, nunca jugaba: era muy mayor. Su padre solía perseguirlos por el yermo esgrimiendo un bastón de endrino; pero casi siempre el pequeño Keogh se ponía a vigilar y avisaba cuando veía venir a su padre. Con todo, parecían felices por aquel entonces. Su padre no iba tan mal en ese tiempo; y, además, su madre estaba viva. Eso fue hace años; ella, sus hermanos y hermanas ya eran personas mayores; su madre había muerto. Tizzie Dunn también había muerto y los Water habían vuelto a Inglaterra. ¡Todo cambia! Ahora ella también se iría lejos, como los demás, abandonando el hogar paterno.

¡El hogar! Echó una mirada al cuarto, revisando todos los objetos familiares que había sacudido una vez por semana durante tantísimos años, preguntándose de dónde saldría ese polvo. Quizá no volvería a ver las cosas de la familia, de las que nunca soñó separarse. Y, sin embargo, en todo ese tiempo nunca averiguó el nombre del cura cuya foto amarillenta colgaba en la pared, sobre el armonio roto, al lado de la estampa de las promesas a Santa Margarita María Alacoque. Fue amigo de su padre. Cada vez que mostraba la foto a un visitante, su padre solía alargársela con una frase fácil:

-Ahora vive en Melbourne.

Ella había decidido dejar su casa, irse lejos. ¿Era esta una decisión inteligente? Trató de sopesar las partes del problema. En su casa por lo menos tenía techo y comida; estaban aquellos a los que conocía de toda la vida. Claro que tenía que trabajar duro, en la casa y en la calle. ¿Qué dirían en la tienda cuando supieran que se había fugado con el novio? Tal vez dirían que era una idiota, y la sustituirían poniendo un anuncio. Miss Gavan se alegraría. La tenía tomada con ella, sobre todo cuando había gente delante.

-Miss Hill, ¿no ve que está haciendo esperar a estas señoras?

-Por favor, miss Hill, un poco más de viveza.

No iba a derramar precisamente lágrimas por la tienda.

Pero en su nueva casa, en un país lejano y extraño, no pasaría lo mismo. Luego -ella, Eveline- se casaría. Entonces la gente sí que la respetaría. No iba a dejarse tratar como su madre. Aún ahora, que tenía casi veinte años, a veces se sentía amenazada por la violencia de su padre. Sabía que era eso lo que le daba **palpitaciones**.



**Cuando se fueron** haciendo mayores, él nunca le levantó la mano a ella, como sí lo hizo a Harry y a Ernest, porque ella era mujer; pero últimamente la amenazaba y le decía lo que le haría si no fuera porque su madre estaba muerta. Y ahora no tenía quien la protegiera, con Ernest muerto y Harry, que trabajaba decorando iglesias, siempre de viaje por el interior. Además, las invariables disputas por el dinero cada sábado por la noche habían comenzado a cansarla hasta decir no más. Ella siempre entregaba todo su sueldo -siete chelines-, y Harry mandaba lo que podía, pero el problema era cómo conseguir dinero de su padre. Él decía que ella malgastaba el dinero, que no tenía cabeza, que no le iba a dar el dinero que ganaba con tanto trabajo para que ella lo tirara por ahí, y muchísimas cosas más, ya que los sábados por la noche siempre regresaba algo destemplado. Al final le daba el dinero, preguntándole si ella no tenía intención de comprar las cosas de la cena del domingo. Entonces tenía que irse a la calle volando a hacer los recados, agarraba bien su monedero de cuero negro en la mano al abrirse paso por entre la gente y volvía a casa ya tarde cargada de comestibles. Le costaba mucho trabajo sostener la casa y ocuparse de que los dos niños dejados a su cargo fueran a la escuela y se alimentaran con regularidad. El trabajo era duro -la vida era dura-, pero ahora que estaba a punto de partir no encontraba que su vida dejara tanto que desear.

Iba a comenzar a explorar una nueva vida con Frank. Frank era bueno, varonil, campechano. Iba a irse con él en el barco de la noche, y ser su esposa, y vivir con él en Buenos Aires, en donde le había puesto casa. Recordaba bien la primera vez que lo vio; se alojaba él en una casa de la calle mayor a la que ella iba de visita. Parecía que no habían pasado más que unas semanas. Él estaba parado en la puerta, la visera de la gorra echada para atrás, con el pelo cayéndole en la cara bronceada. Llegaron a conocerse bien. Él la esperaba todas las noches a la salida de la tienda y la acompañaba hasta su casa. La llevó a ver *La muchacha de Bohemia*, y ella se sintió en las nubes sentada con él en el teatro, en sitio desusado. A él le gustaba mucho la música y cantaba un poco. La gente se enteró de que la enamoraba, y, cuando él cantaba aquello de la novia del marinero, ella siempre se sentía turbada. Él la apodó Poppens, en broma. Al principio era emocionante tener novio, y después él le empezó a gustar. Contaba cuentos de tierras lejanas. Había empezado como camarero, ganando una libra al mes, en un buque de las líneas Allan que navegaba al Canadá. Le recitó los nombres de todos los barcos en que había viajado y le enseñó los nombres de los diversos servicios. Había cruzado el estrecho de Magallanes y le narró historia de los terribles patagones. Recaló en Buenos Aires, decía, y había vuelto al terruño de vacaciones solamente. Naturalmente, el padre de ella descubrió el noviazgo y le prohibió que tuviera nada que ver con él.

-Yo conozco muy bien a los marineros -le dijo.

Un día él sostuvo una discusión acalorada con Frank, y después de eso ella tuvo que verlo en **secreto**.

**En la calle** la tarde se había hecho noche cerrada. La blancura de las cartas se destacaba en su regazo. Una era para Harry; la otra para su padre. Su hermano favorito fue siempre Ernest, pero ella también quería a Harry. Se había dado cuenta de que su padre había envejecido últimamente: le echaría de menos. A veces él sabía ser agradable. No hacía mucho, cuando ella tuvo que guardar cama por un día, él le leyó un cuento de aparecidos y le hizo tostadas en el fogón. Otro día -su madre vivía todavía- habían ido *depicnic* a la loma de Howth. Recordó cómo su padre se puso el gorro de su madre para hacer reír a los niños.

Apenas le quedaba tiempo ya, pero seguía sentada a la ventana, la cabeza recostada en la cortina, respirando el olor a cretona polvorienta. A lo lejos, en la avenida, podía oír un organillo. Conocía la canción. Qué extraño que la oyera precisamente esa noche para recordarle la promesa que le hizo a su madre: la promesa de sostener la casa cuanto pudiera. Recordó la última noche de la



enfermedad de su madre: de nuevo regresó al cuarto cerrado y oscuro al otro lado del corredor; afuera tocaban una melancólica canción italiana. Mandaron mudarse al organillero dándole seis peniques. Recordó cómo su padre regresó al cuarto de la enferma diciendo:

-¡Malditos italianos! ¡Mira que venir aquí!

Mientras rememoraba, la lastimosa imagen de su madre la tocó en lo más vivo de su ser —una vida entera de sacrificio cotidiano para acabar en la locura total. Temblaba al oír de nuevo la voz de su madre diciendo constantemente con insistencia insana:

-¡Dedevaun Seraun! ¡Dedevaun Seraun!

Se puso en pie bajo un súbito impulso aterrado. ¡Escapar! ¡Tenía que escapar! Frank sería su salvación. Le daría su vida, tal vez su amor. Pero ella ansiaba vivir. ¿Por qué ser desgraciada? Tenía derecho a la felicidad. Frank la levantaría en vilo, la cargaría en sus brazos. Sería su salvación.

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Esperaba entre la gente apelotonada en la estación en North Wall. Le cogía una mano y ella oyó que él le hablaba diciendo una y otra vez algo sobre el pasaje. La estación estaba llena de soldados con maletas marrones. Por las puertas abiertas del almacén atisbó el bulto negro del barco, atracado junto al muelle, con sus portillas iluminadas. No respondió. Sintió su cara fría y pálida y, en su laberinto de penas, rogó a Dios que la encaminara, que le mostrara cuál era su deber. El barco lanzó un largo y condolido pitazo hacia la niebla. De irse ahora, mañana estaría mar afuera con Frank, rumbo a Buenos Aires. Ya él había sacado los pasajes. ¿Todavía se echaría atrás, después de todo lo que él había hecho por ella? Su desánimo le causó náuseas físicas y continuó moviendo los labios en una oración silenciosa y ferviente.

Una campanada sonó en su corazón. Sintió su mano coger la suya.

-¡Ven!

Todos los mares del mundo se agitaban en su seno. Él tiraba de ella: la iba a ahogar. Se agarró con las dos manos en la barandilla de hierro.

-¡Ven!

¡No! ¡No! ¡No! Imposible. Sus manos se aferraron frenéticas a la baranda. Dio un grito de angustia hacia el mar.

-¡Eveline! ¡Evy!

Se apresuró a pasar la barrera, diciéndole a ella que lo siguiera. Le gritaron que avanzara, pero él seguía llamándola. Se enfrentó a él con cara lívida, pasiva, como un animal indefenso. Sus ojos no tuvieron para él ni un vestigio de amor o de adiós o **de reconocimiento**.

### **3. Ulysses, Calypso. Readers: Mal Murphy (Narrator&Bloom) and Kate Marriage (Molly Bloom)**

The tea was drawn. He filled his own moustachecup, sham crown Derby, smiling. Silly Milly's birthday gift. Only five she was then. No, wait: four. I gave her the amberoid necklace she broke. Putting pieces of folded brown paper in the letterbox for her. He smiled, pouring.

*O, Milly Bloom, you are my darling.  
You are my lookingglass from night to morning.  
I'd rather have you without a farthing  
Than Katey Keogh with her ass and garden.*



Poor old professor Goodwin. Dreadful old case. Still he was a courteous old chap. Oldfashioned way he used to bow Molly off the platform. And the little mirror in his silk hat. The night Milly brought it into the parlour. O, look what I found in professor Goodwin's hat! All we laughed. Sex breaking out even then. Pert little piece she was.

He prodded a fork into the kidney and slapped it over: then fitted the teapot on the tray. Its hump bumped as he took it up. Everything on it? Bread and butter, four, sugar, spoon, her cream. Yes. He carried it upstairs, his thumb hooked in the teapot handle.

Nudging the door open with his knee he carried the tray in and set it on the chair by the bedhead.

—What a time you were! she said.

She set the brasses jingling as she raised herself briskly, an elbow on the pillow. He looked calmly down on her bulk and between her large soft bubs, sloping within her nightdress like a shegoat's udder. The warmth of her couched body rose on the air, mingling with the fragrance of the tea she poured.

A strip of torn envelope peeped from under the dimpled pillow. In the act of going he stayed to straighten the bedspread.

—Who was the letter from? he asked.

Bold hand. Marion.

—O, Boylan, she said. He's bringing the programme.

—What are you singing?

—*Là ci darem* with J. C. Doyle, she said, and *Love's Old Sweet Song*.

Her full lips, drinking, smiled. Rather stale smell that incense leaves next day. Like foul flowerwater.

—Would you like the window open a little?

She doubled a slice of bread into her mouth, asking:

—What time is the funeral?

—Eleven, I think, he answered. I didn't see the paper.

Following the pointing of her finger he took up a leg of her soiled drawers from the bed. No? Then, a twisted grey garter looped round a stocking: rumped, shiny sole.

—No: that book.

Other stocking. Her petticoat.

—It must have fell down, she said.





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He felt here and there. *Voglio e non vorrei*. Wonder if she pronounces that right: *voglio*. Not in the bed. Must have slid down. He stooped and lifted the valance. The book, fallen, sprawled against the bulge of the orangekeyed chamberpot.

—Show here, she said. I put a mark in it. There's a word I wanted to ask you.

She swallowed a draught of tea from her cup held by nothandle and, having wiped her fingertips smartly on the blanket, began to search the text with the hairpin till she reached the word.

—Met him what? he asked.

—Here, she said. What does that mean?

He leaned downward and read near her polished thumbnail.

—Metempsychosis?

—Yes. Who's he when he's at home?

—Metempsychosis, he said, frowning. It's Greek: from the Greek. That means the transmigration of souls.

—O, rocks! she said. Tell us in plain words.

He smiled, glancing askance at her mocking eyes. The same young eyes. The first night after the charades. Dolphin's Barn. He turned over the smudged pages. *Ruby: the Pride of the Ring*. Hello. Illustration. Fierce Italian with carriagewhip. Must be Ruby pride of the on the floor naked. Sheet kindly lent. *The monster Maffei desisted and flung his victim from him with an oath*. Cruelty behind it all. Doped animals. Trapeze at Hengler's. Had to look the other way. Mob gaping. Break your neck and we'll break our sides. Families of them. Bone them young so they metempsychosis. That we live after death. Our souls. That a man's soul after he dies. Dignam's soul...

—Did you finish it? he asked.

—Yes, she said. There's nothing smutty in it. Is she in love with the first fellow all the time?

—Never read it. Do you want another?

—Yes. Get another of Paul de Kock's. Nice name he has.

She poured more tea into her cup, watching it flow sideways.

Must get that Capel street library book renewed or they'll write to Kearney, my guarantor. Reincarnation: that's the word.

—Some people believe, he said, that we go on living in another body after death, that we lived before. They call it reincarnation. That we all lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other planet. They say we have forgotten it. Some say they remember their past lives.



The sluggish cream wound curdling spirals through her tea. Better remind her of the word: metempsychosis. An example would be better. An example?

The *Bath of the Nymph* over the bed. Given away with the Easter number of *Photo Bits*: Splendid masterpiece in art colours. Tea before you put milk in. Not unlike her with her hair down: slimmer. Three and six I gave for the frame. She said it would look nice over the bed. Naked nymphs: Greece: and for instance all the people that lived then.

He turned the pages back.

—Metempsychosis, he said, is what the ancient Greeks called it. They used to believe you could be changed into an animal or a tree, for instance. What they called nymphs, for example.

Her spoon ceased to stir up the sugar. She gazed straight before her, inhaling through her arched nostrils.

—There's a smell of burn, she said. Did you leave anything on the fire?

—The kidney! he cried suddenly.

He fitted the book roughly into his inner pocket and, stubbing his toes against the broken commode, hurried out towards the smell, stepping hastily down the stairs with a flurried stork's legs. Pungent smoke shot up in an angry jet from a side of the pan. By prodding a prong of the fork under the kidney he detached it and turned it turtle on its back. Only a little burnt. He tossed it off the pan on to a plate and let the scanty brown gravy trickle over it.

#### **4. Finnegans Wake, L1C1. Reader: Bill Dixon.**

It was of a night, late, lang time agone, in an auldstane eld, when Adam was delvin and his madameen spinning watersilts, when mulk mountynotty man was everybully and the first leal ribberrobber that ever had her ainway everybuddy to his lovesaking eyes and everybilly lived alove with everybiddy else, and Jarl van Hoother had his burnt head high up in his lamphouse, laying cold hands on himself. And his two little jiminyes, cousins of ourn, Tristopher and Hilary, were kickaheeling their dummy on the oil cloth flure of his homerigh, castle and earthenhouse. And, be dermot, who come to the keep of his inn only the niece-of-his-inlaw, the prankquean. And the prankquean pulled a rosy one and made her wit foreninst the dour. And she lit up and fireland was ablaze. And spoke she to the dour in her petty perusienne: Mark the Wans, why do I am alook alike a poss of porterpease? And that was how the skirtmisshes began. But the dour handworded her grace in dootch nossow: Shut! So her grace o'malice kidsnapped up the jiminy Tristopher and into the shandy westernness she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl van Hoother warlessed after her with soft dovesgall: Stop deaf stop come back to my earin stop. But she swaradid to him: Unlikelihud. And there was a brannewail that same sabboath night of falling angles somewhere in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in Tourlemonde and she washed the blessings of the lovespots off the jiminy with soap sulliver saddles and she had her four owlers masters for to tauch him his tickles and she convorted him to the onesure allgood and he became a luderman. So then she started to rain and to rain and, be redtom, she



was back again at Jarl van Hooter's in a brace of samers and the jiminy with her in her pinafrond, lace at night, at another time. And where did she come but to the bar of his bristolry. And Jarl von Hooter had his baretholobruised heels drowned in his cellarmalt, shaking warm hands with himself and the jimminy Hilary and the dummy in their first infancy were below on the tearsheet, wringing and coughing, like brodar and histher. And the prankquean nipped a paly one and lit up again and redcocks flew flackering from the hillcombs. And she made her witter before the wicked, saying: Mark the Twy, why do I am alook alike two poss of porterpease? And: Shut! says the wicked, handwording her madesty. So her madesty 'a forethought' set down a jiminy and took up a jiminy and all the lilipath ways to Woeman's Land she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl von Hooter bleethered atter her with a loud finegale: Stop domb stop come back with my earring stop. But the prankquean swaradid: Am liking it. And there was a wild old grannewwail that laurency night of starshootings somewhere in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in Turnlemeem and she punched the curses of cromcruwell with the nail of a top into the jiminy and she had her four larksical monitrix to touch him his tears and she provorted him to the onecertain allsecure and he became a tristian. So then she started raining, raining, and in a pair of changers, be dom ter, she was back again at Jarl von Hooter's and the Larryhill with her under her abromette. And why would she halt at all if not by the ward of his mansionhome of another nice lace for the third charm? And Jarl von Hooter had his hurricane hips up to his pantrybox, ruminating in his holdfour stomachs (Dare! O dare!), ant the jiminy Toughertrees and the dummy were below on the watercloth, kissing and spitting, and roguing and poghuing, like knavepaltry and naivebride and in their second infancy. And the prankquean picked a blank and lit out and the valleys lay twinkling. And she made her wittest in front of the arkway of trihump, asking: Mark the Tris, why do I am alook alike three poss of porter pease? But that was how the skirtmishes enduppued. For like the campbells acoming with a fork lance of lightning, Jarl von Hooter Boanerges himself, the old terror of the dames, came hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened arkway of his three shuttoned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic chollar and his allabuff hemmed and his bullbraggin soxangloves and his ladbroke breeks and his cattegut bandolair and his furframed panuncular cumbottes like a rudd yellan gruebleen orangeman in his violet indigonation, to the whole length of the strength of his bowman's bill. And he clopped his rude hand to his eacy hitch and he ordurd and his thick spch spck for her to shut up shop, dappy. And the duppy shot the shutter clup (Perkodhuskurunbarggruauyagokgorlayorgromgremmitghundhurthrumathunaradidillifait itillibumullunukkunun!) And they all drank free. For one man in his armour was a fat match always for any girls under shurts. And that was the first peace of illiterative porthery in all the flamend floody flatuous world. How kirssy the tiler made a sweet unclose to the Narwhealian captol. Saw fore shalt thou sea. Betoun ye and be. The prankquean was to hold her dummyship and the jimminies was to keep the peacewave and van Hooter was to git the wind up. Thus the hearsomeness of the burger felicitates the whole of the polis.