Translations:

EIGHTY STORIES above the eacophonous terra firma of the  
 xenophobiceity, the intractable equilibrist. without valediction,steppedout  
for a feat of postprandial funambulism on the wire that stretched between  
the buildings. He gazed at the unsightly chips in the bas relief frieze of  
the opposite monolithic tower, a superannuated skyscraper of stone and  
  
"translucent plastic some malefic miscreant had fired egregiously at the  
building with a hand weapon, damaging the sculpture, but the sacrosanct  
  
 Punctilios of the city s'patronizing and supercilious elite had prevented  
more than a token punishment of the egocentric youth.  
  
 The equilibrist, in a stoical but discursive soliloquy, had abjured   
 analgesics, and now his head began to pulse fortissimo with the magnitude  
of the challenge that had become his id e fixe, a nonpareil to cross the  
wire to the farthest building. It would be his magnumopus. He would  
be lionized as the metempsychosis of Houdini. Hagiographies would be  
written in his honor, for this distance was nojinterstice, and the buildings  
were by no means contiguous. In supercilious sangfroid, he stood over  
the man made abyss.  
  
Far below, the mellifluous, sotto voce hum of the traffic exiting  
the city in confluent streams of red tail lights signaled that the city had  
not yet settled into sedate night. Far above, the omniscient physiognomyy  
of the constellations twinkled its imiponderable benediction on a  
  
 equilibrist as he stepped, with thelimeredulous joy of a NeOphyte  
  
on the wire.  
  
   
  
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