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TRANSITION

As I have now successfully explained to you my own naturalborn rations which are even in excise of my vaultybrain insure me that I am a mouth's more deserving case by genius I'm Armory, so herald me, but he's merely the size of his shirt. The Jonases were juanizers in Lyonesse before the first Schmied started to forge. For see my stitchwork! A boche benglant in a field flam. Motto: Twist im ann insulte! Mookse makes for Muth and his Muth makes for Mastery wile Gripes adds to Guile but his Guile'll yield the faster he is Faced in Front and Forced to acknowledge that the Roarer Rules the Knaves Leonidas! Mookse, Mookse, Mookse! I could face a phalanx philistine! And Gripes, Gripes, Gripes. I could chor em wiv zis jor of mine. For I feel like Samsen. Hamsen and Yan Yammesen but nevertheless also I feel in symbathos for my ever devoted friend and halfaloafonwashed (darling germ! darling smallfox! I could love that man! I want him to go and live on Tristan da Cunha where he'll make Number 106 and be near Inaccessible. If I weren't a jones in myself I'd elect myself to be his dolphin in the wildsbillow) because he is such a barefooted rubber with my supersocks pulled over his face which I published in my bestback garden for the laetification of siderodromites and to the irony of the stars. And he wants my addition of meal, meat, bread, butter, dripping, eggs, tea and cabbage with a doorstep! I ought not to indulge on this stage still I will think he is so very allingh! You will say it is most unenglish and I shall hope to hear that you will not be wrong about it. But I further, feeling a bit husky in my truths

Will you please come over and let us mooremoore murgessly to each's other down below our vices. i am underheard by old billfaust. wilsh is full of curks. the coolskittle is philip deblinite. mr wist is thereover beyeind the wantnot. wilsh and wist are as thick of thins udder as faust on the deblinite. And from the