

Chart of Reported Speech: 325.13 - 329.13

Comither, ahorace, thou mighty man of valour, elderman adaptive of Capel Ysnod, and tsay-fong tsei-foun a laun bricksnumber till I've fined you a falter-in-law, to become your son-to-be, gentlemens tealer, generalman seelord, gosse and bosse, hunguest and horasa, jonjemsums both, in sailsmanship,	
	szed the head marines talebearer,
	then sayd the ships gospfather
in the scat story to the husband's capture and either you does or he musts and this moment same,	
	sayd he,
so let laid pacts be being betving ye,	Pacts between God & Adam or Satan
	he sayd,
by my main makeshift,	
	he sayd,
one fisk and one flesk, as flat as, Aestmand Addmundson you, you're iron slides and so hompety domp as Paddley Mac Namara here he's a hardy canooter, for the two breasts of Banba are her soilers and her toilers, if thou wilt serve Idyall as thou hast sayld. Brothers Boathes, brothers Coathes, ye have swallen blooders' oathes.	
	And Gophar sayd unto Glideon
	and sayd he to the nowedding captain,
the rude hunnerable Humphrey, who was praying god of clothildies by the seven bosses of his trunktarge he would save bucklesome when she wooed belove on him, comeether,	
	sayd he,
my merrytime marelupe, you wutan whaal,	
	sayd he,
into the shipfolds of our quadrupede island, bless madhugh, mardy, luusk and cong! Blass Neddos bray! And no more of your maimed acts after this with your kowtoros and criados to every tome, thick and heavy, and our onliness of his revelance to your ultitude. The illfollowable staying in wait for you with the winning	

word put into his mouth (326) or be the hooley tabell, as Horrocks Toler hath most cares to call it, I'll rehearse your comeundermends and first mardhyr you entirely. As puck as that Paddeus picked the pun and left the lollies off the foiled. A Trinity judge will crux your boom. Pat is the man for thy. Ay ay! And he pured him beheid of the ouishguss, mingling a sign of the cruisk. I popetithes thee, Ocean,	
	sayd he,
Oscarvaughther, sayd he, Erievikkingr,	
	sayd he,
<i>intra trifum triforium trifoliorum,</i>	
	sayd he,
onconditionally, forfor furst of gielgaulgalls and hero chief explunderer of the clansakiltic,	
	sayd he,
the streameress mastress to the sea aase cuddycoalman's and let this douche for you as a wholly apuzzler's and for all the puk kaleens to the wakes of you,	
	sayd he,
out of the hellsinky of the howtheners and be damned to ye,	
	sayd he,
into our roomyo connellic relation,	
	sayd he,
from which our this pledge is given, Tera truly ternatrine if not son towards thousand like expect chrisan athems to which I osker your godhsbattaring, saelir, for as you gott kvold whereafter a gooden diggin and with gooder ensure from osion buck fared agen fairioes feuded hailsohame til Edar in that the loyd mave hercy on your sael! Anomyn and awer. Spickinusand.	
Nansense, you snorsted? he was haltid considerable agenst all religions overtraw so hworefore the thokkurs pokker the big bug miklamanded storstore exploder would he be whulesalesolde daadooped by Priest Gudfodren of the	

sacredhaunt suit in Diaeblen-Balkley at Domnkirk Saint Petricksburg? But ear this:	
And here, aaherra, my rere admirable peadar poulsen,	
	sayd he, consistently, to the secondnamed sutor,
my lately lamented sponsorship, comesend round that wine and lift your horn,	
	sayd he,
to show you're a skolar for, winter you likes or not, we brought your summer with us and, tomkin about your lief eurekason and his undishcovery of americle, be the rolling forties,	
	he sayd,
and on my sopper crappidamn, as Harris himself says, to let you in on some crismion dottrin, here is the ninethest pork of a man whisk swimmies in Dybblin water from Ballscodden easthmost till Thyrston's Lickslip and,	
	sayd he,
(whiles the heart of Lukky Swayn slaughed in his icebox for to think of all the soorts of (327) smukklers he would behave in juteyfrieze being forelooper to her) praties peel to our goodsend Brandonius, filius of a Cara, spouse to Fynlogue, he has the nicesth pert of a nittlewoman in the house, la chito, la chato, la Charmadouiro, Tina-bat-Talur, cif for your fob and a tesura astore for you, eslucylamp aswhen the surge seas sombren, that he daughts upon of anny livving plusquebelle, to child and foster, that's the lippeyear's wonder of Totty go, Newschool, two titty too at win winnie won, tramity trimming and funnity fare, with a grit as hard as the trent of the thimes but a touch as saft as the dee in flooing and never a Hyderow Jenny the like of her lightness at look and you leap, rheadoromanscing long evmans invairn, about little Anny Roners and all the Lavinias of ester yours and pleding for them to herself in the periglus glatsch hangs over her trickle bed, it's a piz of fortune if it never falls from the stuffel, and, when that mallaura's over till next time and all the prim rossies are out dressparading and the tubas tout tout for the glowru of their god, making every Dinny dingle after her down the Dargul dale and (wait awhile, blusterbuss, you're marchadant too forte and don't start furlan your ladins till you' ve learned the lie of her landuage!), when it's summwer	

<p>calding and she can hear the pianutunar beyant the bayondes in Combria sleepytalking to the Wiltsh muntons, titting out through her droemer window for the flyend of a touchman over the wishtas of English Strand, when Kilbarrack bell pings saksalaisance that Concessas with Sinbads may (pong!), where our dollimonde sees the phantom shape of Mr Fortunatus Wright since winksome Miss Bulkeley made loe to her wrecker and he took her to be a rover, O, and playing house of ivary dower of gould and gift you soil me peepat my prize, which its a blue loogoont for her in a bleakeyed seusan if she can't work her mireicllles and give Norgeyborgey good airish timers, while her fresh racy turf is kindly kindling up the lovver with the flu, with a roaryboaryellas would set an Eiweddyng on fire, let aloon an old Humpopolamos with the boomarpoorter on his brain, aiden bay scye and dye, aasbukividly, twentynine to her dozen and cocoo him didulceydovely to his old cawcaws huggin and munin for his strict privatear which (328) there's no pure rube like an ool pool roober when your pullar beer turns out Bruin O'Luinn and beat his barge into a battering pram with her wattling way for cubblin and, be me fairy fay,</p>	
	sayd he,
<p>the marriage mixer, to Kersse, Son of Joe Ashe, her coaxfonder, wiry eyes and winky hair, timkin abeat your Andraws Meltons and his lovsang of the short and shifty, I will turn my thinks to things alove and I will speak but threes ones,</p>	
	sayd he,
<p>my truest patrions good founter, poles a port and zones asunder, tie up in hates and repeat at luxure, you can better your toobblue prodestind arson, tyler bach, after roundsabouts and donochs and the volumed smoke, though the clonk in his stumble strikes warn, and were he laid out on that counter there like a Slavocrates amongst his skippies, when it comes to the ride onerable,</p>	
	sayd he,
<p>that's to make plain Nanny Ni Sheeres a full Dinamarqueza, and all needed for the lay, from the hursey on the montey with the room in herberge down to forkpiece and bucklecatch, (Elding, my elding! and Lif, my lif!) in the pravacy of the pirmanocturne, hap,</p>	
	sayd he,
<p>at that meet hour of night, and hop,</p>	

	sayd he,
<p>and the fyrsty annas everso thried (whiles the breath of Huppy Hullepond swumped in his seachest for to renumber all the mallymedears' long roll and call of sweetheart emmas that every had a port in from Coxenhagen till the brottels on the Nile), while taylight is yet slipping under their pillow, (ill omens on Kitty Cole if she's spilling laddy's measure!) and before Sing Mattins in the Fields, ringsengd ringsengd, bings Heri the Concorant Erho, and the Referinn Fuchs Gutmann gives us I'll Bell the Welled or The Steeplepoy's Revanger and all Thingavalley knows for its never dawn in the dark but the deed comes to life, and raptist bride is aptist breed (tha lassy! tha lassy!), and, to buoy the hoop within us springing, 'tis no timbertar she'll have then in her armsbrace to doll the dallydandle, our fiery quean, upon the night of the things of the night of the making to stand up the double tet of the oversear of the seize who cometh from the mighty deep and on the night of making Horuse to crihumph over his enemy, be the help of me cope as so pluse the riches of the roedshields, with Elizabeliza blessing the bedpain, at the willbedone (329) of Yinko Jinko Randy, come Bastabasco and hippychip eggs, she will make a suomease pair and singlette, jodhpur smalls and tailorless, a copener's cribful, leaf, bud and berry, the divlin's own little mimmykin puss, (hip, hip, horatia!) for my old comrhade saltymar here, Briganteen General Sir A. I. Magnus, the flappernooser, master of the good lifebark Ulivengrene of Onslought, and the homespund of her hearth, (Fuss his farther was the norse norse east and Muss his mother was a gluepot) and, gravydock or groovy anker, and a hulldread pursunk manowhood, who (with a chenchen for his delight time and a bonzeye nappin through his doze) he is the bettest bluffy blondblubber of an olewidgeon what overspat a skettle in a skib.</p> <p>Cawcaught. Cooaged.</p>	