It was of a night, late, lang tim e agone, in an auldstone e l, whe n A dam was delvin and his madameen spinning watersilts, whe n mulk mountynotty man was everybuddy and the first leal ribberrobbie that ever had her ainway everybuddy to his lovesaking eyes and everybilly lived alove w ith everybiddy else,

and Jarl van Hoothe r had his burnt head high up in his lamphouse, laying cold hands on himself. And his two little jiminies, cousins of oun, Tri stopher and Hilary, were kickaheelin their dummy on the oil cloth flure of his homerigh, castle and earthenhouse. And, be der mot, who come to the keep of his inn only the niece-of-his-in-law, 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 alike a poss of porterpease? And that was how the skirtmisses began. But the dour handcowed her grace in dootch nossow: Shut! So her grace o'm al how the skirtm isshes began. But the dour handworded was everybully and the first leal ribberrobber that ever had her ainw ay everybuddy to his lovesaking eyes and everybilly lived alove w ith everybiddy else,

And Jarl von Hoothe r 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 teersheet, wringing and coughing, like brodar and histher. And the prankquean nipped a paly one and lit up again and reddscket 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 majesty. So her majesty a forethought set down a jimminy and took up a jimminy and all the lilipath w ays to Woeman's Land she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl von Hoothe r 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 crannewail that laureny night of starshootings 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 suddles and she had her four owlers masters for to tauch him  his tears and she provorted him  to the onecertain allsecure and he became a tristian. So then she started rain- ing, raining, and in a pair of changers, be dom ter, she was back again at Jarl von Hoothe r's and the Larryhill with her under her abromette. And why would she halt at all if not by the ward of his man- sionhome of another nice lace for the third charm?

And Jarl von Hoothe r had his hurricane hips up to his pantrybox, ruminating in his holdfour stomachs (Dare! O dare!), and the jimminy Toughe rtree and the dummy were belove 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 archway of trihump, asking: Mark the Tris, why do I am alook alike three poss of porter pease? But that was how the skirtmisses endupped. For like the campbells acoming with a fork lance of lightning, Jarl von Hoothe r Boanerges himself, the old terror of the dames, came hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened archway of his three shut-toned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic chollar and his allabuff hemmed and his bullbrag-gin 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 longth of the strength of his bowman's bill. A nd 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 (Perkodhuskururbargruuyayogkorlayorgrom-gremmitghundthurhmutaradilifaitilli-bumullunukkun!) 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 uncloose to the Narwhealian captol. Saw fore shalt thou sea. Betoun ye and be. The prankquean was to hold her dummyship and the jimmynes was to keep the peacewave and von Hoothe r was to git the wind up. Thus the hearsomeness of the burger felicitates the whole of the polis.