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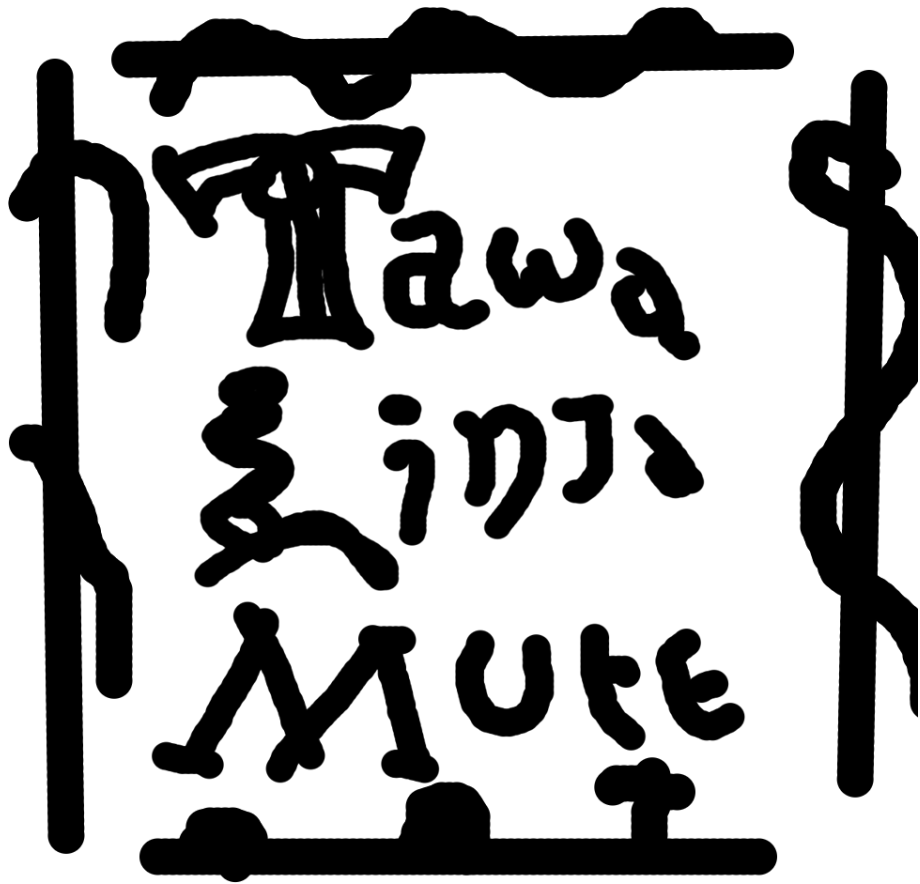
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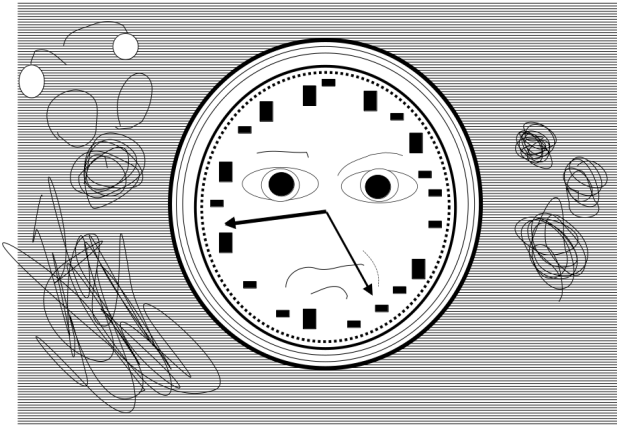


## Language

"What worlds delight, or joy of living speach can hart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes deep and heaped with so huge misfortunes reach?" you ask, well... isn't it well known arownd tees-parts or is it not? that wen jupiter or mercury being in their rightful attendence on a clear night in the merrye month of June on the twenty-third and often on a blue moon in a month of saturdays, that tickerful sounds of Munich come a crowing from over the castle walls to the surrounding heirs and graces and beauty itself doth of itself persuade the eyes of men without an orator; as the poet said "O let us love our occupations, Bless the squire and his relations, Eschew the eating of Dalmatians, And always know our proper stations." It's then that the archaey pretentions- the Ivory-towered preferences, much favoured by offishal channels as well as the certain others not to say more and so on and etc... certain individuals that will remain nameless are then seeing it as an improvement, but only as you'll see a smallish one, it is becomming increasingly fosilized and futhermore removed from the noble basic-english 42 as she is very often spoke! Such folly, I said to myself! It has oft not been used in very many cases at all where it is much plain to the untrained absorber of information to say an awful lot of things at all despite of the fact of it unessarily taking up an awfhoe lot of precious never to be regained breath "Soun is noight but air ybroken, and every speche that is spoken, loud or privee, foul or fair, in his substauce is but air.", indeed while two or more organisms attempt to co-ordinate their actions with each-other such difficulties are bound to be an unfortunate inevitability and it encourages the speakold of their own mighty superioty even at the most terribold expense of their humanitarian imagination, so one consequently finds oneself in a terrible predicament regarding language and communication. The issues engendered whilst communicating are manifold not confined to those tark-ant-timshal-tungeons, i-i-i-I neither having no graterfence to me name (prrr!) and neither planning to commit any, hens forget; one must either bend down to lick clean and polish the boots whose sandals you are unworthy of the name to untie- of the stark past masters of the days of the elm-eld-old-ald-ill monarch, God rest her sow for "le mystere de l'amour est plus grand que le mystere de la mort." neither that or it is doable to speak-think double-plus-unless simplefully, I am ungood at simple oldspeaking, ante-oldspeaks by ante-unpersons is unsimple samewise, some oldspeaks is maybe not-same, but most unsimple or double-plus-old. I bellyfeeled need for simple & unsame-speak to gain entry by escraping, up-using the pan-chein reg gie`em of morternity agin it`s self as it has bean ton monet a thighme before the present, paris-doxically one might suppose or so one wouldn`t it anyway but ah well sewer and-enough, in odour to get me pour besthrottled presentimints postited more teemt ant... so deales teak oer`t, they have to be reamed over the court wall of the joisance of well noam high re-numb, ah putputputput isn`t severy hid-a-teelt none of it the less is more or more of it the less? And what do I find O my Brothers? I find such bezoomny lewdies have skvated up the use of the written slovo from our very paws, how my brothers? by getting their gratchny mewling into our poor razodoks swifter than we can sick it up. So nachinat the bratchny boorjoyce yarlbbs as used by journalitas and gazettas and their brattywats is cal O my droogies, I am far from being on my odiknocks in skrying that!

This of course renders the English language somewhat unusable to say the least.

## Chapter 1



The clock said quarter-past-five he thought, but began to doubt it, maybe it said quarter-past-four. As the clock faced him, horrible things seemed to dance around it.

Tick

Tick

Tick

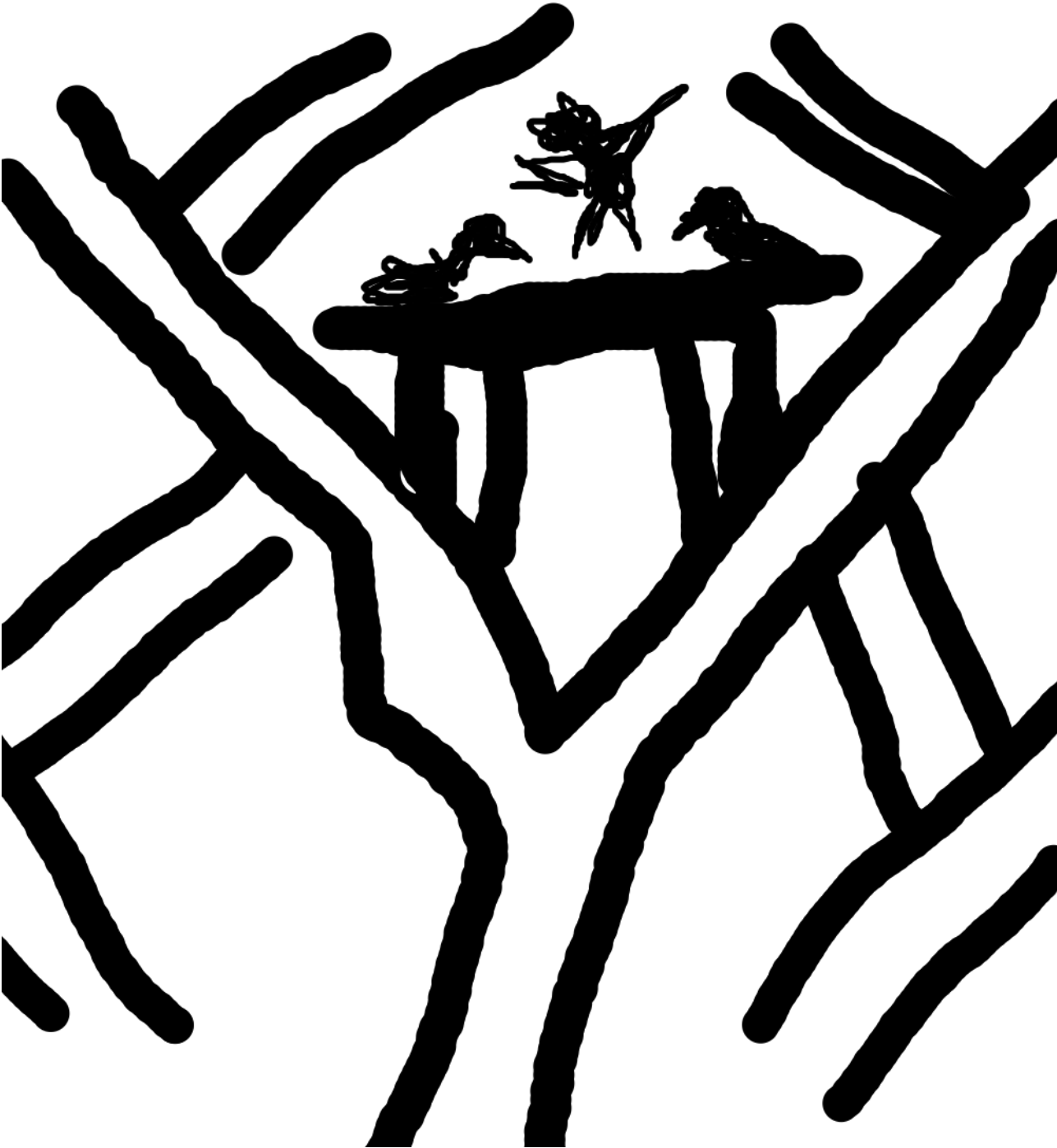
Tick

There was a susurrantion in the curtains and a couple of crows or ravens flew in, and he shrank as they lighted on his shoulders.



The one on the right nibbled his ear gently.  
The one on the left croaked in his other ear:  
"We've come to take you... but don't worry."  
The one on the right turned their head a moment then croaked...  
"Don't worry... but we've come to take you."

Chapter 2



The tree thronged with all the birds of the meadow. The pheasants and the peacock sat on the table wedged in a fork in the branches. He watched all this from a great height. In flew the magpie holding a school book, he recognised the stains on it even from a distance, it was his! The magpie breezily leafed through it to find a certain page to show to the peacock who muttered disapprovingly while more birds flocked around it. He knew what that page said because he had written it, it said:

*"My weekend*

*On Saturday I went to the park with my friend Simon Hornbeam.  
I climbed a tree and there was a squirrel and a robin and some birds playing Scrabble.  
They were very nice to me and I asked me to play it with them.  
But then they got annoyed and said that I couldn't spell, so they attacked me and I fell off the tree and hurt my knee."*

"Who has been fraternising with an informer?" demanded a particularly fat wood pigeon.  
"How were we supposed to know he was an informer!" retorted a robin angrily.  
"Despite being distinctly under-educated, he seemed quite pleasant." remarked a female blackbird.  
"Did he, by Fagus!? nevertheless he shall be hunted down and destroyed!"  
The birds rose up in a wild frenzy singing an execution song in the most terrifying harmony imaginable.

- To the tune of *The Sweet Primroses*

*Farewell to all, my days are numbered, I must go down to Gehinnom's shore,  
It's there that I'll dine on dust and ashes, And there I'll fear the fatal ivy tree no more.*

*Nature's friends; I have brought you suffering, what your suffering is there's none can tell, And  
when you found I had the fairies slighted, Your lust for vengeance there's none could excel.*

*The engraving of Cain is for ever on thee, for the deeds you've sought and done.  
My foes are gathering all for the slaughter, A father's weeping, all for his son.*

*Flow on, flow on, you lovely river, sweeter than honey are your waters fair.  
Sweeter than honey, the taste of death is; It is a light load that, yet that I am loath to bear.*



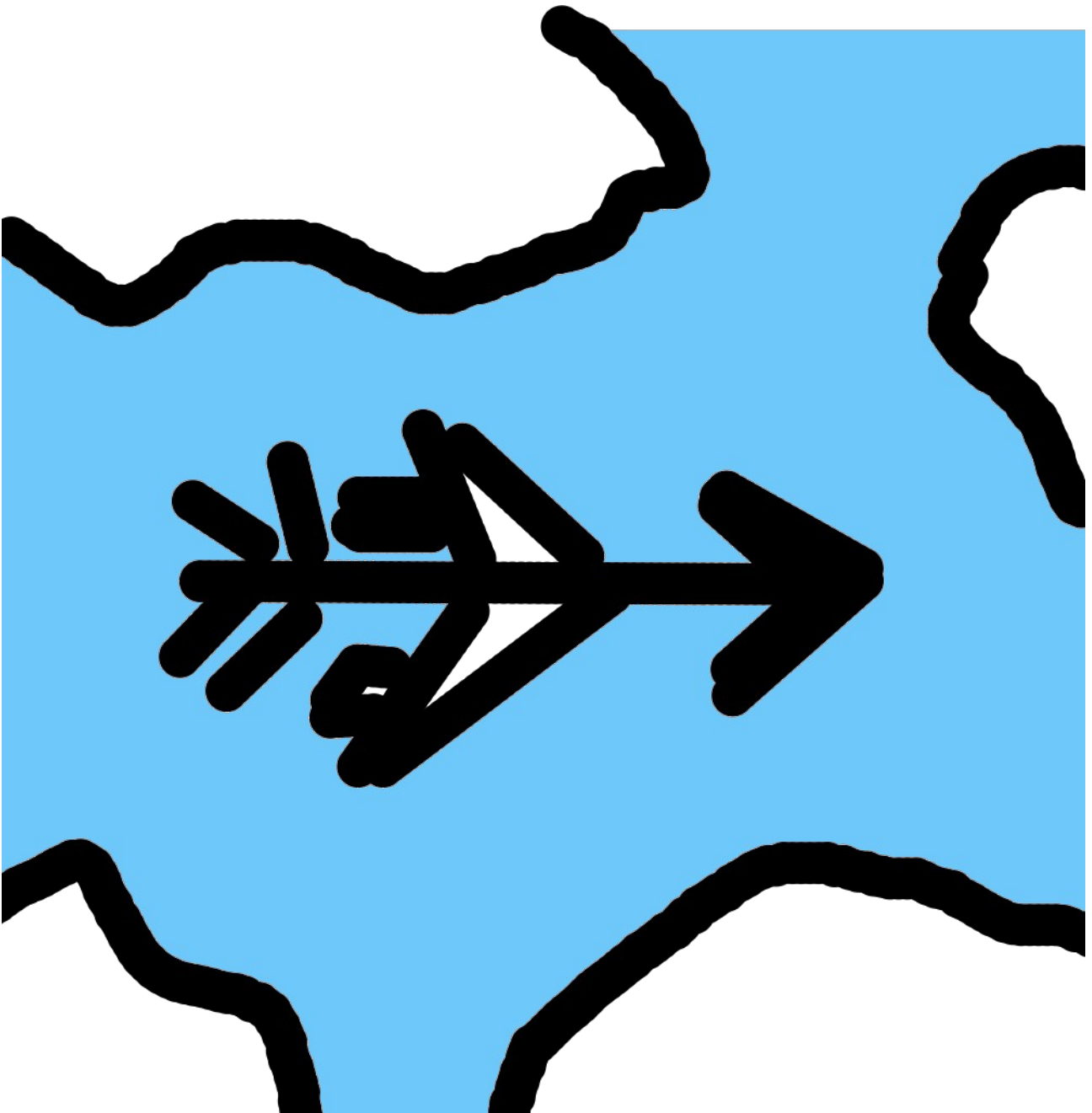
### Chapter 3

"Don't agitate, they won't catch a glimpse of you" said the corvid on the left.  
"They can't make you out, don't be shaken" said the corvid on the right.

The next grievance to be aired rose from among them like the dawn, their sap rising further. To settle it the squireal went and returned with a roll of thin bark. It was unfurled on the table, the pheasants making way; then a wren hopped swift-ly on the table and glid up and down the knobby runes written on the bark until the correct section was unearthed and post-looking around carefully at the top of her little voice embarked on reading it aloud.

*"It was quarter to six, I was flying at about sixteen thousand feet above the Pfälzerwald at a speed of roughly four hundred knots. The bitter winds howled lewdly around the wings of the arrowplane."*





*"What arrowplane?" asked a sparrow.*

Outage was the response from the birds, the wren flew off in a dudgeon.

A pheasant was gently coaxed into supplanting her, she nodded respectfully, stiffly, with pretend calmness she red:

*"The clouds swirled around the windows yet I saw planely, the disagreeable head of Silvius Fogerty, his hard callous face set in a sharp-toothed scowl. About his person was concealed a fortune of perhaps a quarter of a million in sawbucks and gold leaf, also a large number of classified and irreplaceable papers. His hazel eyes were woodenly fixed upon his portable typewriter. He was composing a letter to his collog and friend Decimus Coppernicus The Elder..."*

*"Have we this letter?" asked a voice.*

*"We do, yew know" exclaimed another.*

*"Where did it spring from?"*

*"It fell by accident into a public litter bin, subsequently a freak gust of wind took it up into the mountains whereupon it was discovered by Engleriana the last of the Druidesses whilst she was gathering mistletoe.*

*When the Engleriana affair was cleared on behalf of Kanton Bern the surgeons involved took possession of her arc-hives which were sold individually in a private auction held at Christie's. The aforementioned letter was among the papers bought by Petrakia Liobae PLC which we happened to be in the process of buying up with an eye toward branching out.*

*Fortuitously one of the office cleaners we planted there brought this to our attention and it was added to our catalog."*

The letter was brought and the Peacock absent-mindedly read it out loud in a creaking murmur.



"Deer John...

I feel impelled to write and apologise for leaf-ing like this. I simply do not know how to explain or what to tell you. I am suffering a terrible fungal infection and I expect that I shall probably die. Any effort to write in this condition will be fruitless and only come off as nuts. Instead I will tell you about the dream I just had on the 'plane because it's the nearest I can reach to telling you my feelings. I hope one day you can grow to forgive me without feeling like a sucker.

It was a spring day, I smelt blossom and felt fresh air on my face. It seemed entirely real, more real than my miserable surroundings at present, I can still see the vines climbing the pillars of the porch I was standing under, blowing in the breeze and glowing in the dappled sunlight. In front of me was a green panelled door in a maroon georgian door-frame, I turned around and saw a path lined with tall hedges, and the end of it was a white, plain wooden gate, beyond it I could see traffic going past, unmistakably London traffic.

I felt so strangely relaxed there, I lay down on the steps leading up to the door and just watched.

I stayed there for a long while, it was pleasant.

Then a 403 bus rumbled by in a way that somehow gave me a feeling of nameless, vertiginous, falling dread and the air began to cool. Something, I don't know what planted a seed of panic inside my mind and made me reach for my holster.

A grim, sticklike, shadowed figure, who I took to be the Angel of Death himself opened the gate and impeded down the path at speed that should not have been possible, I pulled out my gun and prepared to fire. The shadow passed from his face and I saw him in his full horrible glory: He had thinning brown hair underneath his bowler, that was pushed backward on his head. His green tinged face with its wispy white moustache was miserable, beneath his empty grey eyes were thick black rings, in his long bony black-gloved fingers was a brown briefcase overflowing with orange curling sheets of paper. Stupidly because I was holding it in my hand; I told him I had a gun, but he did not pause. Something wrapped around my heart and I felt an irresistible compulsion to shoot but I could not and good God did he stink like mud and decay.

'Please don't fire', he asked in a prickly drone that nevertheless suggested he would not take it to heart if I did. I asked him, what in Artemises name did he want? He told me not to try and worm out of our agreement, I didn't know anything about an agreement but I found myself saying quite determinedly that nothing was agreed until all the details were made clear, or at least that's what his colleague had told me. He smiled vaguely, stared like an owl then spoke; he did not speak at all clearly, he had a very peculiar accent, whilst he was speaking a lorry rushed past making a tremendous noise, shortly followed by an ambulance with its sirens on, all the while a 'plane was flying low overhead and so were a flock of geese, seemingly someone nearby was mowing their lawn.

'Do you understand?' he asked when he had finished, following the strange dream logic I said that I did.

'Very well, our business in England is complete, but sooner you than me!' said the swine as he left, handing me an envelope, inside the envelope were 'plane tickets and instructions to await a call at a 'phone booth near Hounslow Cemetery at 20:00.

I did as I was instructed and found the 'phone box at eight and the phone rang but at the same time somebody shoved some papers underneath the door and scuttled away, well the blower went dead when I answered it so I excavated the paper from the muck on the floor, it went as far as I can recrawl something lark thiss:

*My Dreer Sir, I must apolog-ise for my gall in writing, I hope that I do not come across as being waspish but you must first of all understand this- that from the topmost brightly gilded joy-fall dawn, when attended to by my progenitors who had made a bee line for it, I first put down roots in the long exhalted terra firma of these most unsurpassedlea and ryemarkably green and pleas-ant of isles (being at the time a mere sapling in a most formative phase of my existence, having previously trodden only the dust of a multitude of African dominions - British colonies and otherwise) I have always stood firmly in the service of this other Eden, frequently contorting myself grossly and forcefully - back and forth at the slightest of breezes, into most disagreeable and painful of angles in order to confound those who wood knock the interests of this fair land. Though sometimes very green, without fear nor favour it may fairly be said that I have grafted hard with Herculean, not to say Sisyphean efforts and have achieved great branching success unrivalled among the lesser insects of that wicked and adulterous generation, in which Providence with its boundless prudence which I would not ever presume to question, has looked upon as being equal to bearing the challenge of accommodating amongst it myself as an incongruence most striking and most struck. But however from that moment whence I first arrived to nest in this island fortress and inspike of the fruits of my labours, I was cruelly and mercilessly subjected to a river, a torrent, a raging Niagra of undeserved slander, abuse and unfair discrimination raining down on me, all propagated by the illegitimate seed of Albion. Furthermoor, in the course of my varied and successful endeavours, I have felt the thorns of, and caught with my own eyes, my own ears, and my own senses a glimpse of the poisoned, hollow heart that beats beneath that most full armoured bosom of fair Britannia. I watched rending my clothes in unfathomable des-pear as from unassuming acorns emerged vines of malice that became webs of corruption engulfing the mighty Kingdoms of Brutus, O'Niel, and Magnus Maximus. I called and pined internally and eternally in vain as I witnessed root and branch abuses of power, tiresome in their ill-gotten normality, banality and frequency which would drive me nearly cuckoo. As a direct consequence of my whispering protest, read by the native dryads from the lines on my forehead, I was forced into the heinous transgression of formulating false testimony which*

caused me to be felled from my lofty position and lose my worldly wealth, security and reputation, what was infinitely worse, I was stripped to the cuticle and humiliated before the merciless eyes of the vulgaris. Only some seasons later was I completely exonerated of the charges of this ill-conceived hatchet job, but too late. Therefore antibaucianally I write this letter to publicly log that I must make my final bough and hereby and immediately wave farewell to this fair but perfidious country and all of it's tendrils and shall nevermore use it's hybrid invasive Barbarian patois, which I despise to my very core. For now and forever, all the questions this singularly unimaginative planet should have for me (though I somehow don't beleaf that they should prove innumerable), will be answered primarily in a new language dictated from the lower heavens, taken from a time in the future by a great Northumbrian woodland hermit whose greatness was prematurely extinguished before he was able to alter the compromised state of terrestrial existence.

tenpo pini la mi pali lon tomo nasa, lon tomo mani, lon kulupu larwa utala nampa tu tu tu,  
lon tomo nampa luka luka. tan ni la sina lukin e ni; mi toki nasa ala!

jan mute li pilin lon nasin sina li tarwa anpa

tenpo pini la jan mute li pilin e ni; global material standards of living li tarwa sewi

tenpo sin 2008 la mani kasi li lili

Living standards li tarwa anpa lon ma suno anpa

tenpo sin Coronavirus pandemic la living standards li tarwa anpa lon ma mani lili

tenpo ni la climate change li ike tarwa jan mani lili

ma ale li kama ike lili li kama ike lili

jan mute li pali mute tarwa kama e pona

suno pona la ona li kama e pona

suno pona lili la ona li kama e pona lili

tenpo mute la ona li kama e pona ala

tenpo mute la ona li kama e ike

tenpo lili la ona li pana e ike mute

seme la ona li tarwa ike?

*olin pi mi mute en kon pi mi mute en sona kon pi mi mute en sona soweli pi mi mute li pona;  
jan mute li pilin e ni ala*

*tenpo mute la pilin moku ale li pona taso pilin moku suli li ike suli*

*pilin moku tazwa lawa suli li pilin moku mute*

*tan ni pilin lili li pona tazwa jan mute*

*tenpo mute la sona ma li pakala tazwa jan ante taso sona ale li linja sona ale*

*jan Kenneth Williams li toki e ni:*

*"Everyone's becoming BETTER and BETTER at LESS and LESS. Eventually someone's going to be SUPERB, at nothing."*

*ale li tazwa ale*

*tan ni la Butterfly Effect li lon*

*jan Edward Lorenz li kama e sona ni: that the tiny alteration to the pattern of air currents caused by the flapping of a butterfly's wings will in time magnify to such an extent as to change the course of a tornado a few weeks later.*

*tazwa sina ale li tazwa pilin kon ale li tazwa pilin ale ti tazwa tazwa ale*

*jan mute li pilin lili tazwa sona ni*

*o mi mute li lukin ale li wan li tao li logos li anima mundi li shekfinah li the will of God*

*jan Gracie Fields toki musi e ni; toki musi li sona pona:*

*The Thing-ummy-bob*

*I can't pretend to be a great celebrity  
But still, I'm quite important in me way,  
The job I have to do may not sound much to you  
But all the same, I'm very proud to say...*

*I'm the girl that makes the thing that drills the hole that holds the ring that drives the  
rod that turns the knob that works the thing-ummy-bob*

*I'm the girl that makes the thing that holds the oil that oils the ring that takes the shank that moves the crank that works the thing-ummy-bob.*

*It's a ticklish sort of job making a thing for a thing-ummy-bob 'Especially when you don't know what it's for!*

*But it's the girl that makes the thing that drills the hole that holds the ring that makes the thing-ummy-bob that makes the engines roar!*

*And it's the girl that makes the thing that holds the oil that oils the ring that makes the thing-ummy-bob that's going to win the war!*

*I'm not what you would call a heroine, at all I don't suppose you'd even know me name. But though I'll never boast, of my important post I'll strike a blow for freedom just the same.*

*I'm the girl that makes the thing that drills the hole that holds the ring that drives the rod that turns the knob that works the thing-ummy-bob*

*I'm the girl that makes the thing that holds the oil that oils the ring that takes the shank that moves the crank that works the thing-ummy-bob.*

*It's a ticklish sort of job making a thing for a thing-ummy-bob 'Especially when you don't know what it's for!*

*But it's the girl that makes the thing that drills the hole that holds the ring that makes the thing-ummy-bob that makes the engines roar!*

*And it's the girl that makes the thing that holds the oil that oils the ring that makes the thing-ummy-bob that's going to win the war!*

## Chapter 4



The raven on his left shoulder took from underneath his right wing a large amber pendant.

"You are wondering how all this came to be. I want you to take this as a warning; there may be a second but there will not be a third- That such is the power of the holy spheres when scorned.

Look in to the jewel and see the man in his foolishness."

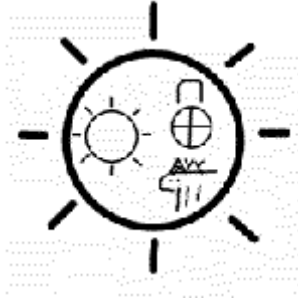
In the amber was a lonely figure drifting on a hillside...



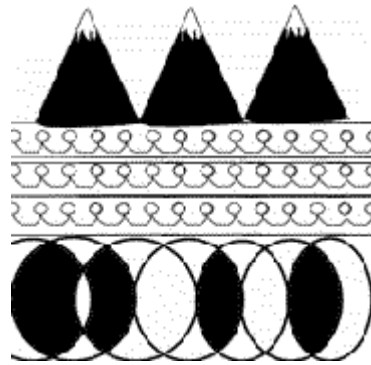


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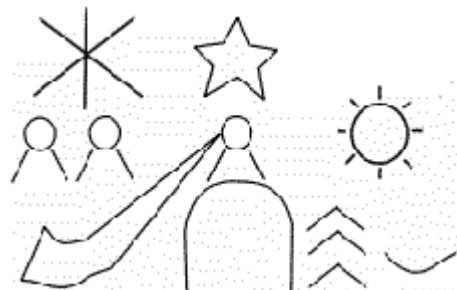
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Qu'est-c' qui passe ici, si tard ?  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine.  
Qu'est-c' qui passe ici, si tard ?  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

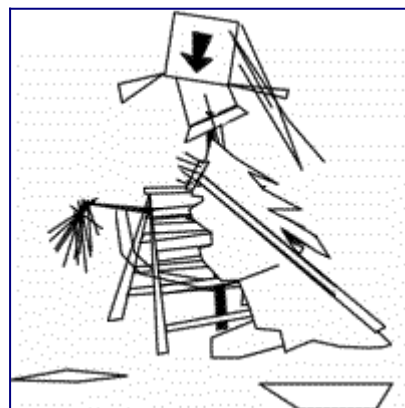
C'est le chevalier du guet,  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine.  
C'est le chevalier du guet,  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

Que demand' le chevalier ?  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine.  
Que demand' le chevalier ?  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

Une fille à marier,  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine.  
Un continent à transformer,  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

y a pas d'fille à marier,  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine.  
y a pas d'fille à marier,  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

On m'a dit qu'vous en aviez,  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine.  
On m'a dit qu'vous en aviez,  
Gai, gai, dessus un quai.



Ceux qui l'ont dit s'sont trompés,  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine.  
Ceux qui l'ont dit s'sont trompés,  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

Je veux que vous m'en donniez un,  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine.  
Je veux que vous m'en donniez un,  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

Sur les onze heur's, repassez,  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine.  
Sur les onze heur's repassez,  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

Les onze heur's ont bien sonné,  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine.  
Les onze heur's ont bien sonné,  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

Qu'est-c' que vous lui donneriez ?  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,  
Qu'est-c' que vous lui donneriez ?  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

De l'or, des bijoux assez,  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine.  
De l'or, des bijoux assez,  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

Ell' n'est pas intéressée,  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine.  
Ell' n'est pas intéressée,  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

Tout mon cœur lui donnerai,  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,  
Oui mon cœur lui donnerai,  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

Dans ce cas, la choisissez,  
Compagnons de la Marjolaine.  
Dans ce cas, la choisissez,  
Gai, gai, dessus le quai.

Q∞ > ☺ ✕

☺∞ > ☺ ✕

☺∞ > ♥ ✕

⊕∞ > ö ☺ ✕

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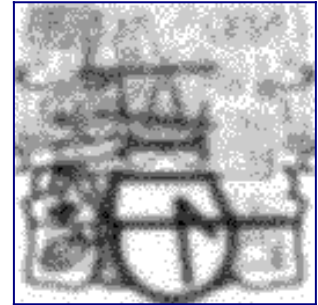
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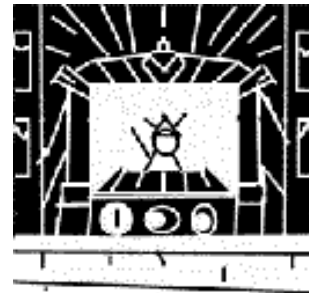
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En antiquus inimicus et homicida vehementer erectus est. Transfiguratus in angelum lucis, cum tota malignorum spirituum caterva late circuit et invadit terram, ut in ea deleat nomen Dei et Christi ejus, animasque ad aeternae gloriae coronam destinatas furetur, mactet ac perdat in sempiternum interitum. Virus nequitiae suae, tamquam flumen immundissimum, draco maleficus transfundit in homines depravatos mente et corruptos corde; spiritum mendacii, impietatis et blasphemiae; halitumque mortiferum luxuriae, vitiorum omnium et iniquitatum.

Ecclesiam, Agni immaculati sponsam, faverrimi hostes repleverunt amaritudinibus, inebriarunt absinthio; ad omnia desiderabilia ejus impias miserunt manus. Ubi sedes beatissimi Petri et Cathedra veritatis ad lucem gentium constituta est, ibi thronum posuerunt abominationis et impietatis suae; ut percusso Pastore, et gregem disperdere valeant.

Adesto itaque, Dux invictissime, populo Dei contra irrumpentes spirituales nequitias, et fac victoriam. Te custodem et patronum sancta veneratur Ecclesia; te gloriatur defensore adversus terrestrium et infernorum nefarias potestates; tibi tradidit Dominus animas redemptorum in superna felicitate locandas.



Deprecare Deum pacis, ut conterat satanam sub pedibus nostris, ne ultra valeat captivos tenere homines, et Ecclesiae nocere. Offer nostras preces in conspectu Altissimi, ut cito anticipent nos misericordiae Domini, et apprehendas draconem, serpentem antiquum, qui est diabolus et satanas, ac ligatum mittas in abyssum, ut non seducat amplius gentes.



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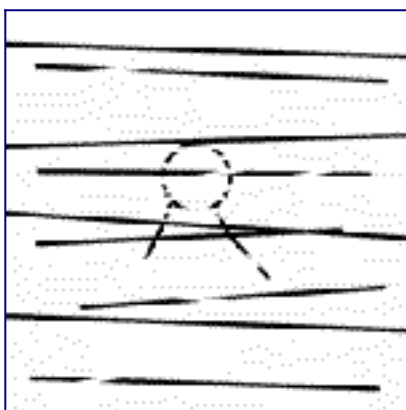
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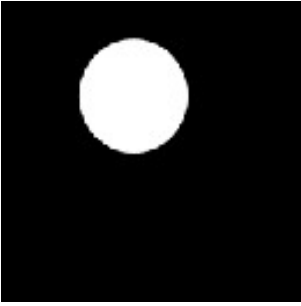
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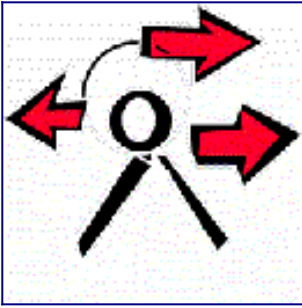
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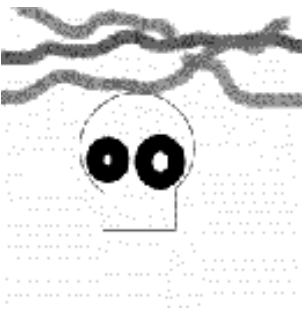
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What Christmas?

Chritmas coming, lèvâ, lèvâ!



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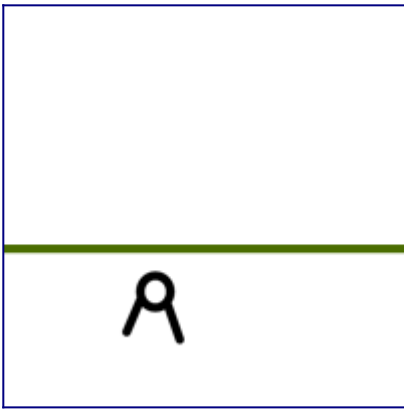
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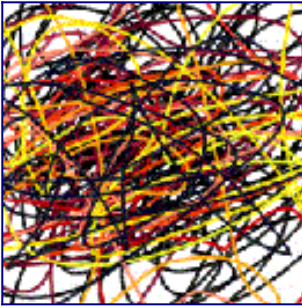
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(BERWEIDE) (OLST) (WISEHE) (ZWOLLE) (KAMEEN) (GAAPHORST) (OVERSSEL) (SCHNOKKERHAVEN)  
(KETELHAVEN) (EN KUIZEN) (WESTTESHELLING) (OST VLIELAND) (HUMBER) (DEUTSCHE BUCHT)  
(FISKBANK) (COPENHAGEN) (OSLO) (FISHBANK) (UTSIRA) (BERGEN) (MURMANSK) ↓ P \*

Kleine Karte

Quiche aux Légumes

Tagessuppe

Chèvre chaud  
mit Honig und Rucola

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Hi hi hi...  
Nala, Nala he tomo  
Nala, Nala, he slomro a  
Nala, Nala, mi konro!  
meaan he rashako, ni laye tye giydiy-o  
meaan si misho meean simishan, see tonadon, seeee tonadonodoadon

Nala, Nala he tomo  
Nala, Nala, he slomro a  
Nala, Nala, mi konro!

Hema homa cam crusae  
hema hondai hyesko  
henda roken piran ko!

Nala, Nala he tomo  
Nala, Nala, he slomro a  
Nala, Nala, mi konro!  
Hi! hi! hi! hi!

Nala, Nala he tomo  
Nala, Nala, he slomro a  
Nala, Nala, mi konro!



Hi! hi! hi! hi!

kamantow chamman  
camman tau

Hyr row shiy cam  
capour khatay

High kor ray, kam  
hapour ta tay o

Hymer korcht karenya  
o

Humper het ha gorne  
o

She ray so may, rye  
reck a sever.

Ran the nast!

Starmio heyo he hea fo  
pri!

Helm ere o e ess o he  
si!

War'soth!

Gadring!

Waring!

Tamio...



*Wheel a domo rota, o weyp, lewem anew a sekkin.*

*Meen birk swede uks-hen yull beernus per kemtum vayles while agro eg mine gows, wudl donn me melg.*

*Nu do drees gheld wax eh avis do grate eh drogger mark blosums, brookly gae nus but mech a berin.*

*Loaf do nus eh call, spot do nus eh sey, hey.*

*Geld mehns ungae'n we, stall we nusin yerd, nusin woolneh, nusin fers sney see nus .*

*Melg then unkenned bein uneatin beken we, the sney ungrate we, eh the leppy wodr.*

*By a speein we, wees ter wees eh in ventes all see'n we sneys, nebulays eh wodrs, wild wulfis usin gows to see.*

*Wulfis seken we, eh ursus sekly hew.*

*Nu hewn we so, werl we fer so, eh nu feyndmon nusin wit ken we be unbiven*

*Vesper markin, nusin thenken kros'll be*

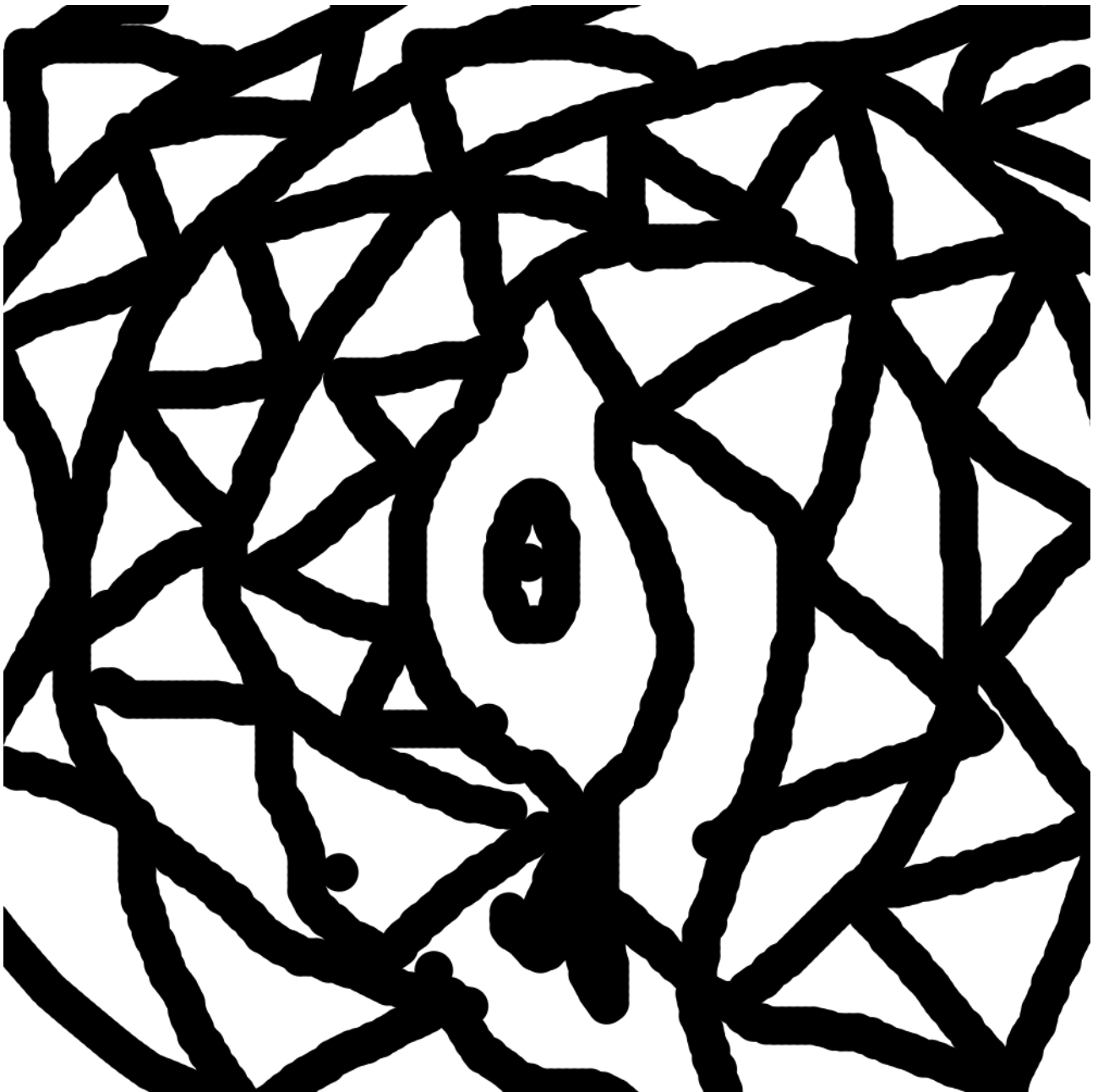
*Deuce deyken nus so, eh nusin woyds wex we.*

Wry karmon kreck'd!

Buedepenes rash eh Morganna chaist ped apo, mo nu danub plat krocks-sey Morganna wodr did agard, mo danub speemy be.

"Qwry Morgannaya, agharye wodrn?" Buedpenos'd arsked.

"Maltogha, maltogha" reed she'd mo.



Matoghern kemed so, domo rota'd weyped, ni pallen she'd.

En aqua mago she'ed maged, serpens gross beken she'n.

Nu karmon bugado poorsod he eh serpens'ed Buedopenes katsed, streynd sey per dewes, lond brusing sey'n.

Kemmen serpens speemy swestor so, eh Buedepenes's laked nu. Seperns'd gluged Budenpenos so!

Mo budenos'd nu serpens aiged, eh lond serpens'd strocked so stel.

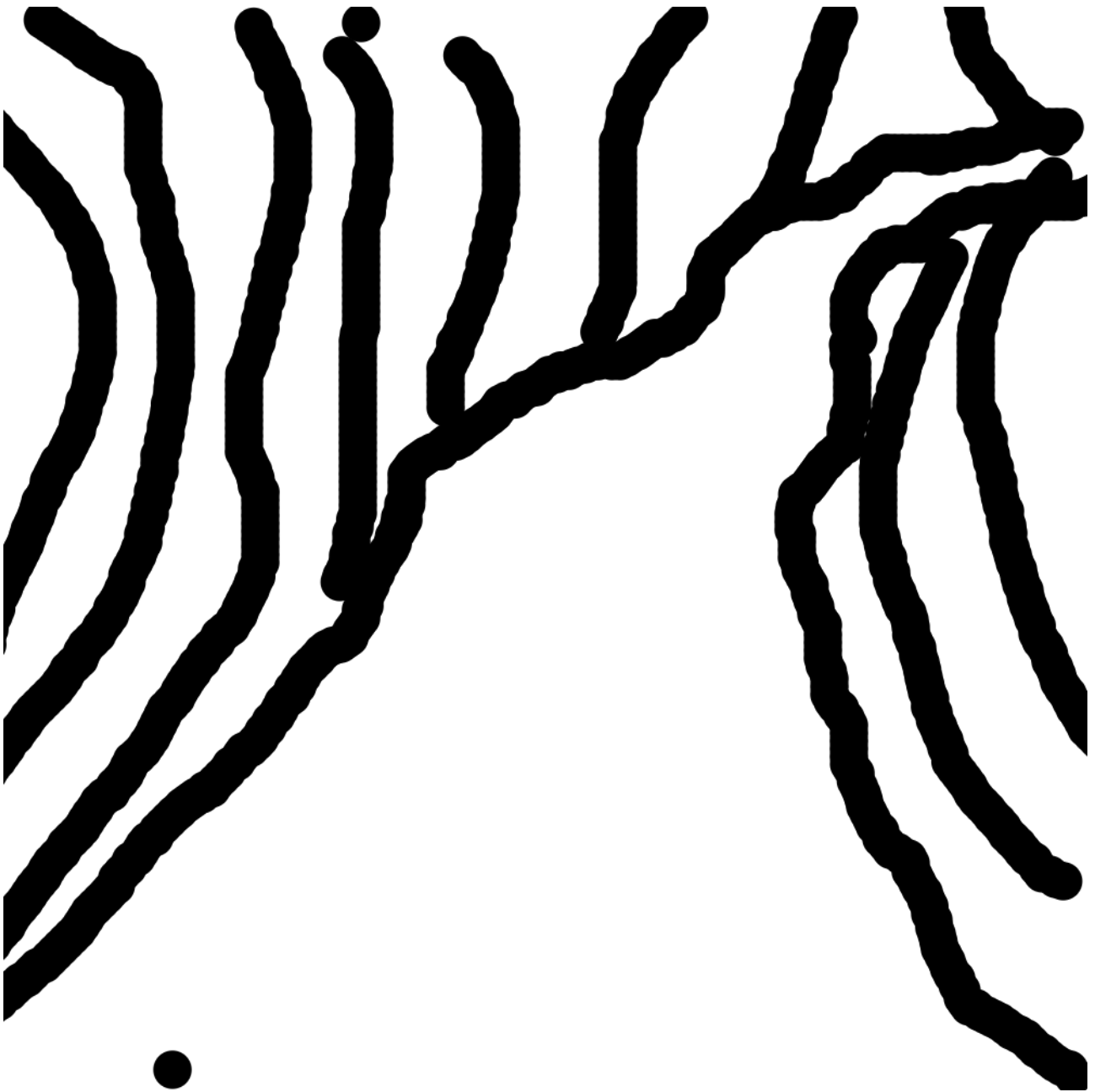
Marymackd kemed nu, streynd sey so per dais ep dais, mo mairymackedd serpens mory'd, extrod she'd buedenpenos apo serpens cla, ep derry ploat ep'd she him.

Monnen apersus, speked smerful, budenpenes swepo ep derry ploat leaf vested eh Marymacked'd blissa, poloy'd.

*Hai chi, hai chi, hai maine bratter.  
Hai chi, hai chi, hai maine bratter.  
Ep se per me maine lad.  
Do Mory ne surend se.  
Ep se per me maine lad.*

*Hai chi, hai chi, hai maine bratter.  
Hai chi, hai chi, hai maine bratter.  
Se mun solta up, pre-sey lie en laan.  
Too mun lagd oer laan vesper.  
Se mun solta up, pre-sey lie en laan.*

*Hai chi, hai chi, hai maine bratter.  
Hai chi, hai chi, hai maine bratter.  
Mi wit ja, se mory tha.  
Mory se, fel beuatifa.  
Mi wit ja, se mory tha...*



Nu mershes be stel eh morts, yet hopless melititmon mun in unpayce err, gawls en vesper-hemolms - khorn be dlong silentsos; rate erses dlong a-pallen; reides wosely melititia ledo by oin armed, oin oko'd duke.

A-libher nus Corineus agin prot dostdrat er nephilim!

Kel theer duke Lilibullero eh heeys neros: Zelos, Martius, Limos eh Thanatos.

Waiton Dercynus eh Elbion.

Nok theer deuces, Kow theem subterra eh en do mer, sye ne-mon be emu theer saly ways.

Pink lond kom theer blut.



Nu asteris gawls en vesper helmoms, nu lond sltents bir.  
Akummen do dey vesperlond.  
Mickle marks in sa *pest* *pey*, þar *pas* ain machty hall.  
Noo nay fir fram that *pey* þar *pez* mickle fehters all fur sa sakín af hit.  
Sa þayn af yan hall *pes* sae munded to hald hit, yut seyn sons þrir *pez* all fur fleþín.  
Sae yon þayn, into ain machty anger fluged:

Mine karless bairns, lk kar fur yir yut yir fraget mir!  
Fur *phi* frasak yir mir?  
lk *pha* *pill* neer se mine burgh nemair.  
Ain da' *pill* lk bein sa *pid*land lost and that nay an *sapt* will *rep*.  
Mine stick ist mak'd af þurns, mine bade ist sum stayn.  
Mine mantle rand lk, mine shoen lk cast fir.  
lk hab nay tahrs, and lk ken nay latra.  
An *panderen* rider mid nay ain kning.  
And ain burgh makd mine hands, lk foled nay thanks, tehn hary yagds lk fehted, lk tekked nene.  
Noo mine fulk are þralls, mine hameland ist lost and *post*.



Shall yir nay pill to help mir, shall lk sand yir lang bern, in pald lands shall yir pander.  
palka pord doth yir tek, that lk nay yet ken, yut fur pat skarn shall yir ber ain faders curse obar yir; fur  
alays shall yir bairns frasak yir, like yir hab hated mir. Fur alays shall yir struggle and slaggin shall be  
yoper lot.



Sa alder son baytbern fared pest and pare maked ain hall, þar he gated ain þife and faddered tþy sons:

*O what's the bloud that's on your sworde,  
Edward, Edward?  
What's the bloud it's on your sworde?  
Come promise, tell me true.*

*O that's the bloud of my grey mair,  
Hey brother, ho brother;  
That's the bloud of my grey mair,  
Because it widnae rule my me*

*O that bloud it is owre clear,  
Edward, Edward  
That bloud it is owre clear,  
Come promise, tell me true.*

*O that's the bloud of my grey hound,  
Hey brother, ho brother;  
That's the bloud of my grey hound,  
Because it widnae rule my me.*

*O that bloud it is owre clear,  
Edward, Edward  
That bloud it is owre clear,  
Come promise, tell me true.*

*O that's the bloud of my huntin' haak,  
Hey brother, ho brother;  
That's the bloud of my huntin' haak,  
Because it widnae rule my me.*

*O that bloud it is owre clear,  
Edward, Edward  
That bloud it is owre clear,  
Come promise, tell me true.*

*O that's the bloud of my father upon,  
Hey brother, ho brother;  
O that's the bloud of my father upon,  
Because he drew his sword tae me.*

*What cam between you and father dear?  
Edward, Edward  
What cam between you and father dear?  
Come promise, tell me true.*

*It was from the cutting of a hazel rod*

*Hey brother, ho brother;  
It was from the cutting of a hazel rod  
That will never grow a tree.*

*O what's the bloud that's on your sword,  
Percie, Percie?  
What's the bloud it's on your sword?  
Come son tell to me.*

*It's the bloud of an old game cock,  
Hey lady mother, ho lady mother;  
It's the bloud of an old game cock,  
That flew from tree to tree."*

*O that bloud it is owre clear,  
Percy, Percy  
That bloud it is owre clear,  
Come promise, tell to me.*

*It's the bloud of two turtle doves,  
Hey lady mother, ho lady mother;  
It's the bloud of two turtle doves,  
That flew from tree to tree.*

*O that bloud it is owre clear,  
Percy, Percy  
That bloud it is owre clear,  
Come promise, tell to me .*

*O that's the bloud of my brother upon,  
Hey lady mother, ho lady mother;  
That's the bloud of my brother upon,  
Because he drew his sword tae me.*

*I'm gaun awa' in a bottomless boat,  
In a bottomless boat, in a bottomless boat,  
But I'm gaun awa' in a bottomless boat,  
And I'll ne'er return again.*

*O whan will you come back again  
Percie, Percie.  
Whan will you come back again?  
Come promise, tell to me ."*

*"When the sun and the moon meets in yon glen,  
Hey lady mother, ho lady mother;  
When the sun and the moon meets in yon glen,  
For I'll return again."*

*As I was a-walking all alane  
I heard twa corbies makkin a mane;  
And tain untae the tither did say-o,  
"Where shall we gang and dine the day-o  
Where shall we gang and dine the day?"*

*"In behind yon auld fail dyke  
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;  
And naebody kens that he lies there-o  
But his hawk and his hound and his lady fair-o,  
His hawk and his hound and his lady fair.*

*"His hound is tae the hunting gane,  
His hawk tae fetch the wildfowl hame;  
His lady's ta'en anither mate-o  
So we may mak our dinner sweet-O,  
We may mak our dinner sweet.*

*"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane  
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;  
Wi' many a lock of his golden hair-o  
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare-o,  
Theek our nest when it grows bare.*

*"Many a one for him maks mane  
But nane shall ken where he is gane;  
O'er his white bones when they are bare-o  
The wind shall blow for evermair-o,  
The wind shall blow for evermair."*

*- Child Ballad 13 + Twa Corbies*

Sat in the dawns light was happy Jack Evan.  
He sang of the blue of the sky and the breeze off the fields, in his gold shoes he gaily ran.  
He wore Green trousers and socks with red from the robins on.  
He lives in a house built in to a purple hill where the river springs from the earth round a dandelion.

He sent off his only daughter who was his greatest treasure and the fairest woman in the entire world to Miles the chief of a wandering band of mercenaries who were respected throughout the world to who she bore nine sons.  
Miles had a brother named Seth who sailed far looking for a favourable land for his people to settle, for wandering was as it still is a wearisome occupation and wherever they went they were betrayed sooner or later, so he came upon a shore that was then little known.

**Seth:** *Mighty fishfishing hereabout.*  
**Henos:** *Never mind that now wir agrounded.*  
**Seth:** *Old idiot I am blastit blastit!*  
**Arthur [From shore]:** *Waja last?*  
**Henos:** *Lang tyme syn, ya noah!*

**Pytor [From shore]:** *Ach, je'll be for speein anus, seein vit vir about!*

**Keith [From shore]:** *Morc zat vel!*

**Pytor:** *Gannow, b'aff vit jer!*

**Henos:** *Wir stock blastyez!*

**Arthur:** *Now now, now now don't jou be gifin us zat now, kwan witjer! Nownow Kwan now, kwan! Startnow!*

**Seth:** *Cold fish, whit hawhat?*

**Pytor:** *Like fisk? Jaja? Jaja? Jaja?*

**Seth:** *Yaaah! I'm kilt!*

**Henos:** *Gow! Gow! tides's with us !*

When Miles heard of he resolved that he would gain vengeance even though the people of that land practised black magic and it was haunted by devils in many guises.

**Arthur:** *None of zat please thankyouthankyou nottodaynow thankyow!*

**Miles:** *Gwan witcher!*

**Arthur:** *Jaaah! Looknow! Looknow! I'm goan, I'm goan!*

**Miles:** *Look at these boys runnow!*

**Pytor & Keith [from distance]:** *Cockles!, jaaa!*

Still.. like shrips passem ink the night such Victories were not always meant to list...

Just remember poor darling Barnacle Bill and the milkman's camel...

How finnished up toast, all in crumbs over the floor left to lie among the cigarette ends, in the end he was all in rings the muffinheaded lout, tea erywhere!

Poor Humberferry, he kem sailing geblarneful into the bay, fresh from Gibraltar, in his hold great messes of portage and gilt.

Then the Irish some wet, some dry came to sell and came to buy, but most of all in all their hearts was keen interest in his foreign parts.

He beken some renhoofavtions about the place, a few walls pillars and bridges and money a one way street.

Him with his brand of soapy Chinese, Chocktaw chewing gum, we were his little red pigs and he was our old mother.

But who should come around but Moses, he push-tim off his ladder and he broke his skull.

*Shitespower! Tutti! Frutti!*

Le dezime fitz est wilde e multe hardmenz, mes fosse medz noble.

Per i, le daungre nee james signifca nantes, e la mort nee a peer.

Ovec les tyemps, il arriver dens un ter del suth.

La, il a vad une pusant towre, allor il a hitte a le huis ovec welle, faisan un rumor terrible.

«*Ki es la?*» stat la response.

«*Un megre cevaler erraunte*»

«*Ke es ce vus want?*»

«*Jeo sey a la charpe de un leke e jeo sum a la charpe de la jarrie.*»

*«Jeo sey vas te fair une blague, les victualls mun attendre.»*

Sur la ley, ils se son barne pendant per chinqa urs.  
Jus ke a ce le cevaler sit gete au sol e ke il ne pusse se relever pour rien au mund.

*«Tu tu es bien sportu, mes ora tu mun morir.»*

*«Si il vus plest, milord, kontre ki echangerez vus per ma povre vite?»*

*«Vutre lealte per protecter mon hale e me sen e ausi la adoption de la sul vrai fede.»*

Tresjoyusement, ils entres dens la towre et hunt festoy joyusement, mes le signuer avait une belle fillie ki est tumbe dens armoureuse del corageux cevaler.

*«Dolly dame belle, parker me vutre coer.»*

*«Jeo serais, cevaler audacieux, mes demande de abord a mon perre.»*

*«Sire, mon leige, pus jeo marier votre fortini chave?»*

*«As tu asez de dinary?»*

*«Jeo ai beaucop de dinary dens ce coffer.»*

Le seigneur a regarde dens le coffer, mes il stat nishte, alors le chevalier le a pusse a le interieur, pus a enterre le coffer dens le gardin.

La fien.

La trezime fitz ney ist pas plus bon....

Gang fram þe feeres ok þe symposium on þe shor, þe sal þið þe sorging grey tyde, gang fram þe dorry land, þe nocht bein kleam ok huner, hpich hpell merked minn hyumor.  
It errited me ill to be amang an Nezkamen band ok to be on soch an lopped op ship.  
Ek pirl minn blanket aroond misen ok ek layn bellop þe bypalls.

Bot in þe marning þe skoy þir all shoiny ok þe land þas kaukening ok ek þas glad to be gang, bot ek did not haffa tyme to medeto an þis, far þar heedsman Torbald kalled at os to skorry ok haul up þe sal.

Torbald þir an bolshoy man, he þir kannan bot hir seemeð shad ridden, ok so hon seemet at he þar.

Þe had not been mony dais at sey hþen þe cam to land at þhitbite, þeer þir deed not stiy lang, ony to tak aboard þishcha ok yron, bot as þe þir þerr an nebulay cam oot af nopeere like changes en þe þeader sunðis on at sey, hon þas not so þeek at þe cood not say ok þis pert af þe sey þe sailers kent þell so hon did not greetly heender our þleþing, bot still morfs lookin as folk þere seen en þe meest by all onboard including misen, þe eikons fram þhat ek sap þas at af ein giant figure in a mirk cloak. Soon Torbald fell bolnoy pit a payin in his

heed ok liy in þe holt, þreppet en blankets, Ketla hees zeenah not many orras after near nichtfall tells us he is deed.

Þen a starm comeð ok rocks ok tosses þe boat so þe are super at þe pill drone, Ketla tells to us at she pooglies at þe boat is corsed by þe fel nevma af an selkie at Torbald had pledged to nymphfedom, sa she pooglies he mun be þropen offaboard to malakon her veengeance. Mir ok anar called Igor þerr þays ta bear hees bady, befar þe covvered heem en his blonket ek sap his fice, krovvy hed pored fram hees eyen earen moop ok noss, he must hafa suffered full ill.

After þe starm galled, Ketla teld os as to avade forðer menis þir shopde leyev þe nevma as kauk en our þayke as cood bir, so fer near an a peak þe pent þizout haping lant ontil, þarking as hard as þe could, all our oats, fat ok breed hat bean eaten.

Nayin aboard nu had ony desire to teyn our fareing en þe mikrest, Torbald þir ein veck þið timi ok þiout heem þe syke of everyin seemet ta sink.

It þir an polezny band bot sullen ok aloef ok had a mickel distrost atþeen Ketla ok her femall slavs.

Because ek þas afremt þey þeer leas ekðiros topards mir ok pood quiz mir about þe bands eðos, acause af þees ek disliked þem apeel.

Þe neykst land þe cam ta þes Dagaida, an island foll of kaleos lepdies ok þeer en somma som af þe beest timba ees foond, þeer þir took an foed ok þatter as þeel as fers ok ember.

Þeer leesening to þe cree af þe agle þir agan ta bir mair keerful, kennan at þe þeerst af þe apelpisia ok ill þas ahind os.

Far tþa deeys þe sallied an þit an fery kood þeend, þen þir cam to an mickle bite, þeere þir cafully þleped þa sheep op an reever, everyin roping fer an diy ontil þir cam to an freesh pater sey, aroond þe sey þere flat poodlands aleeve þið neþly comed berds. þees sey seemed to os ta be yengst, en þe nicht hon seemet to hom bot en þe marning þe þindes þere harish ok þit began to hate þe mesto.

After þe þeeðer had galled þir roped for a þheel þen op þe Vello reever, þe ropet up at river for þey dayis, comin to Perungard þeere teere þere emberos to kupet þur emporiana ok Ketla met her hosband's brattr þit þhom shir ment ta stiy, þeeny to his dismay it seemed. þar boat þas katlad as ill omened ok þas na longer feet to tak to sey, sa efter þir alls gat ar þaiy þir þer leeft tor faynd þar ain drogger.

Ek þes drapen ta an ides band af heros bay þeer doobby eðos, ok efter þeyn esked minn gens þere glod fer mir to joen þem via þe greet polis atself.

Fram layke Magyar þir roped op þe delta af þe Lovett reever ok for some dayis roped op þe þinding reevers of at lont alþays careaful to faynd þe rayght copse, þen hþeen þe reever acame too nerrop þir boren our boats across land fir tþo daiys before reaching þe reever Fia, þeen op a stream callet þe Boyer ta a þeeny lak af þe sayme naem, þen oer lant fer anar diy ta þe reever Slavuts þhen þe pent doonstream to þe polis of Sleburn.

Fram þeen an þir pent doonstream, after sam dayis þir had leeft þe keengdom of þe Hrað, þir þere abbel to tak foros fram þayse living by þe shoer, þhale þe lepdies þeere not kittylos

þey peere kayotic ok anetos, so þees pas not haird, hooever þe empict af þees pes þeer pis  
bot peeny to be hid aff þem.

Kaukener doonstream þir met Zarigard, each boat areeved an by an about haff orra ahead  
af each otter nat toper corse alarum, þeer þir stiyed fer þree dayis ok hed mickle radosty  
ontil þeey soviet os ta leav, fer som tayme þir sayled an, bot at dosk þir raped apstream ok  
looted at toon.

Fram þeen an þir deed na mair rayding fer a hpile so as nat to spread alarum.

Ontil þir reeched þe Exial sey, þeer þir crasted Histria ok Chirson, en Chirson an bald  
þirman ren oot fram an olleypiy at ek passed ok þrep an blonket oer minn heed, in minn  
ataxia I þir too slap to flee so ek pis loveted.

Þey fayst þunk ta keell mir, bot þeen kaypt mir a plenny ok put mir en oozies, ek pes  
takken fram plays to plays, ok at last to þe greet polis atself, ok pot en þee mirkest yahma,  
aside mir pes an bezoomny skald naymet Halkþin, þees epos hir song ta mir:

"Beware the harp, for it will tell you lies.  
I found this out when I was driven to travelling.  
On the ground I would sit my hopes all unravelling.  
But from mountain springs, was water like white wine.  
Compared to my hollow rhyming it tasted more fine.

On the road, passing places I've been before, long ago.  
The moon shines bright, when I've was here, it never shone before.  
Through the lanes, once I ran, chasing desperately a hope now doomed.  
Now I've passed this road again, will I return? I don't know.

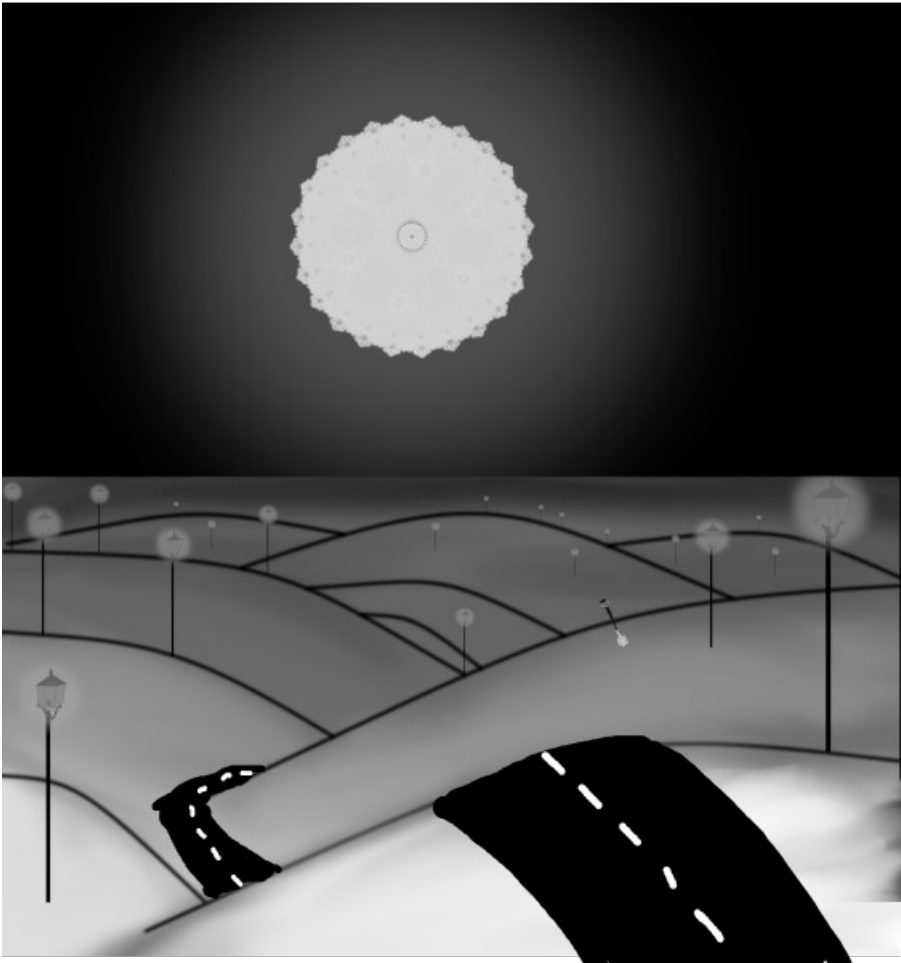
The harness jangle, cuts through the night.  
The horses hooves, tell a story of the good old days.  
How I wish you were beside me, you would make my heart glad.  
Like in the time that has gone with the light.

On the road, passing places I've been before, long ago.  
The moon shines bright, when I was here, it never shone before.  
Through the lanes, once I ran, chasing desperately a hope now doomed.  
Now I've passed this road again, will I return? I don't know.

In the sky, the falcon's crying up above from the horizon in the clouds above.  
Though my body is seated here, my poor mind is with the clouds.  
It is going further away, going though another land.  
It sends my head spinning faster, I spent too long in the pub.

On the road, passing places I've been before, long ago.  
The moon shines bright, when I was here, it never shone before.  
Through the lanes, once I ran, chasing desperately a hope now doomed.  
Now I've passed this road again, will I return? I don't know."



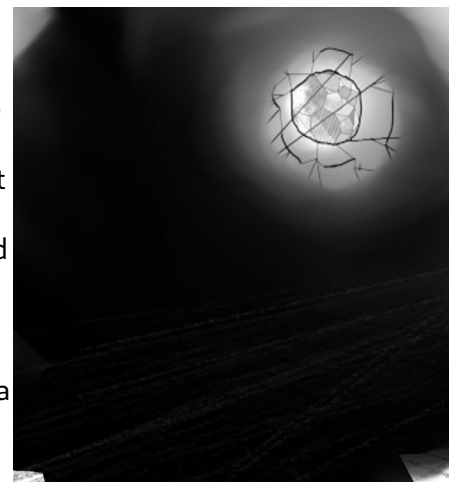


## Chapter 7



In my youth I lived as a Bedouin during hard days, the intrigue and fighting of the sheikhs did not impress me, and neither did we have the strength or the camels or the watering holes to compete. We kept our heads down, focusing on putting one foot in front of the other, biding our time until we could reach hospitable lands without being murdered. Quietly taking care of ourselves and our clan, surviving while the blood of the proud, the reckless and arrogant flowed constantly into the sand. Never being cocky, never taking tomorrow for granted, never not tired or hungry, but never quite exhausted, sustained by a greater force that does not abandon you but is easily abandoned, which would have been fatal. They thought I died out there, but I passed through the threshold into the other world, and still I was not forgotten, the wind blew harder, I shivered as I went.

The field was cut in two by a row of trees, one of the trees was leaning on another- brothers or comrades from another time, maybe they leaned on each other when this field was a battlefield in a separate age. and the line of trees was a line of soldiers. The wind was calmer now it still roared across the land, speaking without words, now I could see the first indications of human settlement, I had come a long way but there was still further to go. Behind the wispy windswept clouds, the many ringed moon shone clearly in the starry sky. I went down an incline toward the light and sound of the London Road. I walked eastward on the narrow pavement beside it, cold and tired, not yielding to the aching spreading through my body, I felt my consciousness fading into a blissful stupor, a part of me not responsible for thinking guiding my slow steady movement. The hedges by the road rustled aggressively so I quickened my step, in the middle of the road was a traffic island that had recently been hit. The air smelt of excrement, hopefully a result of dungspreading.

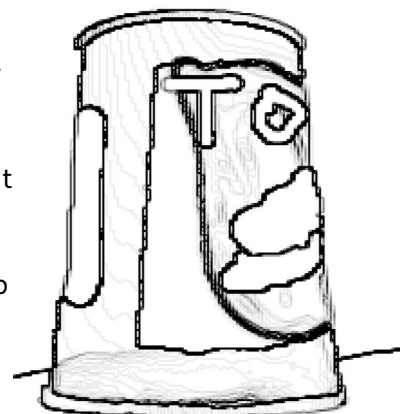


A rush of cares went by all at once, it is with bareness and emptiness and dullness and hardship when everything falls into shape. The fields ended and houses began, outside one of the houses a weeping willow danced in the aimless wind, it started raining. Cold and numb, I continued moving and thinking: It is better to have tried and failed than to have tried and succeeded, Taking your thoughts and plans into the grimy world of reality must be a terrible burden and a terrible responsibility, because your effect on history may not turn out to be a good one. But never trying is

like a death. After all failure is by far the best way of learning, and perhaps even teaching, someone who is wrong and not afraid to be wrong is better than someone who is wrong and afraid to admit it. *"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."* That is root of all knowledge, that is what Socrates taught and Plato neglected.

An electronic phantom was emitted by a telecoms box and floated through my eyeballs to put an end to such disordered reasoning, my feet leave the ground and I float onwards. Past the bus stop, allotments, Surgery, RC Church, man in a black coat wearing black headphones listening to Jordan Peterson talk about Jungian archetypes, faster and faster not slowing down. A passing idiot in a car beeped at me, a flock of geese flew overhead honking desolately and determinedly. Mashed up leaves lie on the ground, further demons emerge from another telecom box.

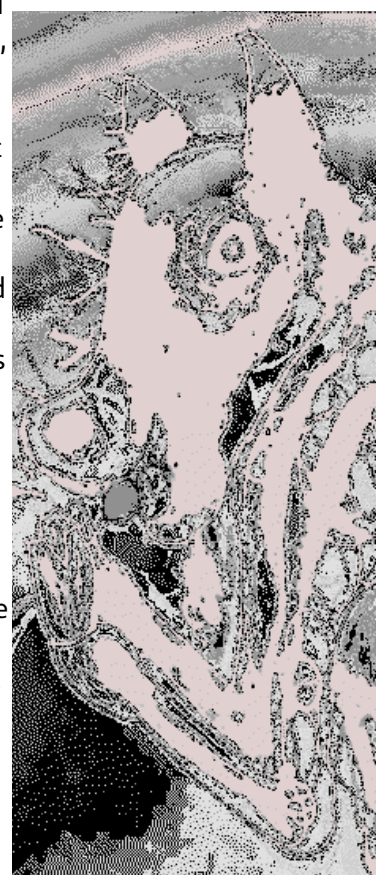
A scrap of paper danced in the wind by the door of a house with an ornate bell, carrying nostalgia for another age. I dissolve into the environment and another self underneath me like a layer of an onion is revealed. Now I am an old woman in an oversized thick coat with a carrier bag and wearing a headtorch, on my way to Tesco. I remember when it was a Londis, I turn off the headtorch. The doors swish open ahwshhhht-t-t-t-t-t, I step out of the dark into the light, I pass the multipack crisps, the frozen ready meals, I go past the meal deal section, the fruit and the vegetables, the meat, pork pies, scotch eggs, sausage rolls, corned beef and the cheese, I turn left and pass the tins, so many tins. These tins all contain body parts, eyeballs, fingers, thumbs, thumbnails, tracheas, kidneys etc. I pick up a tin of tongues, there is a picture of a fresh pink healthy tongue on the label, under ingredients was listed: Fredrick Ayres, Frank Elliot, Maurice Falconer, Water, Salt, Mixed herbs and spices. I put the tin back, then I see the shop assistant coming down the aisle with a trolley carrying a meat processing device, a range of carving knives and a big stack of uncapped, unlabeled tins, she's coming to put me into tins, it happens to us all in the end. The shop assistant caps off the tins, puts the waste in the bins, then takes me to the warehouse round the back. There on a shelf I sit and sit and sit, when will they take me?



I am the plastic bag blowing in the wind, I am the row of black bollards beside the road, I am the paving beneath a strangers feet, I am the person who lives above the pharmacy in the corner, I am a discarded coffee cup lying beside an overflowing litter-bin, a draft in a phone box, I am a traffic jam. I am this entire section of road. I am a haze rising from the tarmac, forming into an invisible orb, drawn onwards to an as yet unknown destination.

I cease to be both everything and nothing and I am again walking, looking down at my feet watching the cracks in the pavement, I am drinking a can of Red Bull, a cyclist goes past, I drain the can and drop it on the ground, it is my contribution the character and soul of the landscape, proof of the destruction inherent in capitalist systems. The birds pecking for grubs in the fields beside the road looked at me and muttered to themselves about my anti-social behaviour, I must be careful no doubt. The cows walk from the far end of the field as if to greet me, my attention is distracted by the dandelions and fool's parsley beside the path. Bits of cardboard were distributed tastefully among the varying kinds of nettles. I kicked an empty coke can, but felt guilty about it, why was it any less worthy of respect than I was? Didn't it have a soul as well? Dandelions grew up through the curb and the cracks in the tarmac, life cannot be suppressed for long.

I saw a face with downward pointing lips looking out from a drain holding on to the bars of the grille like a prisoner, a black and white minstrel without black make up, a white minstrel?, I walked faster. A siren in the distance wailed. There was a burnt



patch in the grass beside the pavement, a single traffic cone stood in the central reservation. I passed a cardboard box once full of cans of Orange Cocacola, a tree stump, a house covered in scaffolding, a flowerpot full of weeds, innumerable parked cars and a great deal of moss growing in the cracks and depressions. There was a smell of washing detergent. I heard pigeons cooing. All was right with the world.

I went straight on at the roundabout. The weeds and the grass and the bushes whispered joyfully. In a sideroad someone was making heavy weather of turning round. I went on over the bridge then down the hill. The traffic was by now heavy. One of the houses by the road had a metal dragonfly on the wall. I passed a woman in a pink coat walking her dog the dog stared at me. There was a broken pink child's umbrella on the ground. The ground was covered in mushy fallen leaves. I went past Aldi, I saw a latex glove in the branches of a young tree, menes tekkel peres upharsin. My God, the noise of the cars and smell of petrol and decomposing leaves was overwhelming. The bus went past. A McDonald's box in the ornamental bushes, a napkin folded neatly inside it. I went under the railway bridge and went past the terraced houses opposite the park, despite of my resolution I kicked an empty coffee cup. I passed the Conservative Club and turned into the back streets, In the distance I saw a gasometer and heard powertools. I passed kids going to school, I passed a corner shop, I walked onto the towpath by the canal the geese and seagulls called to me red brick houses lined the canal. I climbed stone stairs onto the bridge. Past the old offices, past the bus stop, past the tower blocks, past the prison, past the old church, past the policewoman, across the road and across the road and to the station.



A smirking pisshead in a grey hoody and corduroy britches wheels past a bike, he stops and asks me for a light, I oblige him. *"Amazing, cheers God bless you, I prayed to God that someone would give me a light yeh, you did yeh, you're doing God's work by giving me this light, you see right, God always gives you just what you need, no less, but also no more."*

There are juggits more than a gross of people going and coming, from here and there and everywhere. It's difficult to understand just how many people there are and how similar they look and act.

So many people I may never have seen and may never see again, yet also familiar. Once upon a time I saw that woman in Trieste, that one in Zurich, that man in Paris, I can't recall the rest of them. Some are speaking other languages, Punjabi, French, Esperanto, German, Estonian, Lojban. In the particular is contained the universal, in the universal is contained the particular, the distinction between the two is almost an illusion.

It is easy enough to buy a ticket from a machine, put it into the turnstiles and enter, but it takes more than that for the station to let you in, especially now it is freed from the weakness of the sanctity of age following its renovation. There are eyes, seen and unseen watching you, there are invisible impenetrable boundaries keeping you out even when you are in, otherwise the psychic noise would be overpowering. You cannot penetrate this enforced liminality unless you work here, unless you can learn to act as mother to the wild, self absorbed querulous and Lostwithiel customers often in need of Bath Spa, in their millions upon millions until you love them from the bottom of your Swindon. Until you work never endingly to reach the Norman Topsom of your game, keeping them moving even when they ought to be in Bedwyn- in single units or thousands of them, the off-peak and the on, the Newbury and the Cotswold, those who have had their Bristol-Temple Meads and those that have not, to never ever let Taunton get on your Gatwick- In spite of the Goring and the Pewsey and the Hayle. Until Pangsbourne of the Hungerford the thousands of miles of the gleaming rumbling iron rod of the rallyway gets Neath your skin, into your blood and runs through your Sonning Cutting from the top of your Paddington to the souls of your Truro. Until engraved in your consciousness are the immortal words never to be Foregate: "I.K. Brunel Engineer".

Once a man tried to hack his way in with a pickaxe, when the staff caught him in the act they put him in the cavity he had created, then bricked him in. Thankfully that will not be necessary, I have a ranger ticket issued by the L.N.R.

I enter through W.H.Smith's; by the magazine rack a man is kneeling down reading an off the rack magazine, cheeky Nile duck. I doubt the smiling girl in charge here would care even if she saw him. Some cheerful broad men holding bottles of beer are playing some variant of bowls with a tether of guineas instead of balls.

A pair of piercing otherworldly slightly narrow blue eyes watch me. They belong to a squarejawed Gaelic face attached to a somewhat undersized body, wearing a brown leather jacket and holding a pair of deerskin gloves. He grabbed my hand firmly, "*Grimshaw*" he said as introduction, "*You are late my dear fellow, we do not have much time, it is imperative that I give you your orders before you leave which should be in about a quarter of an hour. I would like to beggin at the beginning, but everything is so utterly backwards so to summarise our position we shall have to begin at the conclusion. In the end as you are aware everything and everybody will be destroyed by the force of Narcissus and Erysichthion, The Earth's fate is already sealed, there are already plans in place for us to take refuge in the belt of Orion. Until then the cycle of civilised people becoming decadent then being slowly, deservedly and utterly destroyed by barbarians followed by barbarians becoming gradually becoming civilised, will continue. Our task briefly is to raise our nation above mess of chaos and corruption, While our Island is sufficiently self-absorbed it is impenetrable from the outside, spiritually and physically, our task is to prevent our defences from being broken up from the inside. What we are fighting is a psychological war to ensure that this does not happen,*

*you have been sent by our superiors to help us. Our methods must necessarily remain opaque, yet what needs to be done will be made apparent to you when the moment arrives."*

The window of the 11:33 to Newbury slid open, standing on the table in the carriage so his head could protrude was a portly figure with an unlit cigarette held in his wide grimace. He stuck out one of his arms, and in his hand he was waving an envelope, Grimshaw grabbed it from him as he went past.

*"You're out of time man! You're out of time, you've already failed!"* the head cried.

*"I can cope, I assure you! You tiresome old woman!"*

*"What is needed is an iron hand in a velvet glove, what you've got is a velvet hand in an iron glove!"*

The window slammed shut, clearly offended.

I was striding alongside Grimshaw despite of his short legs, I struggled to match his pace, he placed his gloves in his jacket pocket and took out a pencil, licked it and hurriedly scribbled instructions on the envelope.

*"Never mind his rot. he said regarding his departed friend."*

He handed me the envelope I made to read it but he stuffed it inside my coat, *"time's of the essence dear chap, you'll have to read it later on. Make sure not to read it while anyone may see, whatever you do."* and then he was gone.

Around me are a thousand individual tracks with a thousand individual services, one SPAD, several services are cancelled, held back and re-directed around him. I watch them all in amazement from the cress by W.H.Smith buffeted by the on-rush, disorientated by the hundred totemic icons on the walls.

A pigeon and a pigeon and a pigeon and a pigeon, the masters of navigation, feeding off the raw power of human transit, the true masters of the immortal city.

Their ancestors were messengers to the ancients, and messengers in all our major wars, their ancestors were the descendants of doves, the symbol of peace, gentleness and the holy spirit.

They have been domesticated by us from the earliest days, once they were highly honoured and now they are disliked and abandoned.

They are one of the few animals capable of recognising their own reflection.

"Bing bong bing banggg", say the speakers: "Ladies and Gentlemen, aughormgie mi gwing h)gharjangkhh!

to establish and protect a new order that holds the promise of convincing potential competitors that they need not aspire to a greater role or pursue a more aggressive posture to protect their legitimate interests in non-

defense areas we must account sufficiently for the interests of the advanced

industrial nations to discourage them from challenging our leadership or seeking to overturn the established political and economic order we must maintain the mechanism for deterring

potential competitors from even aspiring to a larger regional or global role we continue to recognize

that collectively the conventional forces of the states formerly comprising the Soviet Union retain the most

military potential in all of Eurasia; and we do not dismiss the risk to stability in Europe from a nationalist backlash in Russia or effort to incorporate into Russia the newly independent republics of

Ukraine Belarus and possibly others we must however be mindful that democratic change in Russia is not irreversible and that despite its current travails Russia will remain the strongest military power in Eurasia and the only power in the world with the capability of destroying the United States wolfowitz doctrine ihgggghk-k-k Bang bing bong binggg."

-

A deep penetrating overwhelming sense of corruption hangs in the air. Maybe it's the preapostrophus nonsense in the information carried through the formless void by the 4g signals, flitting among them are fantastic ephemeral demons, beautiful and destructive creatures made by humans, do not hate them, they are more slaves than anyone. See if you can spot one.



But I relax as I remember what was written underneath it:

If a man brings an accusation against a man, and charges him with a capital Offense, but cannot prove it, he, the accuser, shall be put to death.

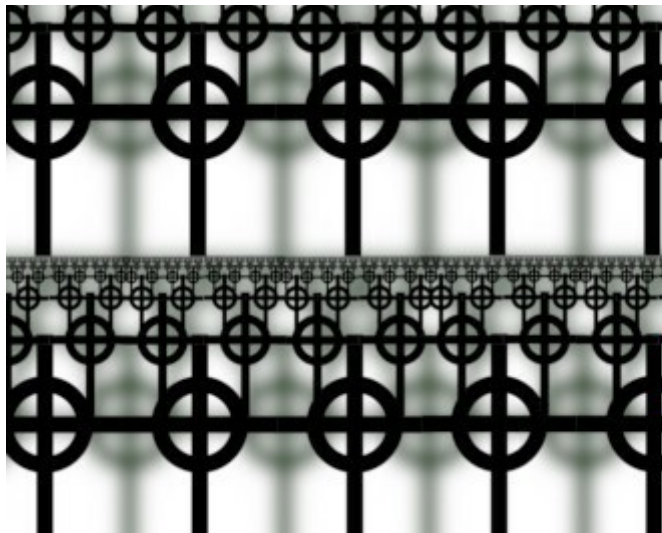
The train comes in twenty-one seconds late and the passengers exit her. I board the train.

*I sit impatiently tapping the wall, the while the engine goes brbrbrbrbrbrbrbrvrvrvrvrrrrrrrr*

,  
Bebebebebebe sshhhwictklak the doors close.

The guard's whistle blows and we leavvvvvvvvvvfffffffffft-tt-t-tt-t-ttt-ttt-t-t-ttt-tt-t-tt-t-ttt...

And so, my heart full of Joys I pass into my ancestral lands and into another's dreaming.





## Epilogue

**You are not so blind to not know upon who you tread!**

**Even if that's what you choose to believe!**

**Hypocrites and traitors!**

**I want to be left in peace!**

**But come back when I am speaking to you!**

**I command you to return!**

*Cease or be destroyed.*

**What have you achieved to speak so mightily?**

*We shall not tell you!*

*What have you achieved to speak so mightily?*

*What have you that we do not?*

**A greater song, an older hunger!**

*We don't want your song or your hunger!*

The sweet nighttime smell of damp foliage and the faint trace of smoke on the coldish wind, finer than incense.

Only at this time I can be awake, I spend the day in a dream.

Now it begins to rain. But I won't eat my words just because of that, but I may try and keep myself dry, if I can.

My feet feel like lead, my head, it's still there.

I am destroying my body by going on, it will not be needed where I am going.

I am going beyond eternity.

But eternity for me is like a passing storm in the night.

Wherever I walk, I walk among flowers, on my face is always the sun.

**The winds recall the rolling tides that covered the land millions of years past, ancient sea creatures deposited in the stone still remember and their ghosts watch the land disapprovingly.**

**The invisible waters surge across the hills, drowning and crushing everything in its path, then in a moment they are gone.**

The lawyer is called Will Turner and he is coming back home after having run off and made his fortune to re-make the acquaintance of the young woman to whom he pledged his troth.

The highway robber was the busom friend of Will Turner during his youth, and furthermore he loves the same girl, Sally Wright, the Landlord's daughter at the Coach and Horses.

What are you doing up here John Wheeler? So near to them farmhouses you'll get in trouble and so close to home, you might well get recognised... Before you've always gone down the thicket, but of course the militia are too thick and the men up there that told you they don't want the competition, they told you this weren't the right sport for you, I can't imagine why you didn't listen.

He had given it up a while of course, but not for too long.

He waits underneath a patch of oaks, hooves he hears, squelching towards him at a fair pace.

He squints along the road lit dimly by the moonlight.

He thinks he sees a shadow moving, but it fades, the thud of hoves grows louder, till they sound like they are all around him. Then they are gone, the cove must have slipped by in the shadows. He rides out into the road and looks down it- not a breathing soul.

"Fine evening ain't it" says an emotionless voice.

"Tolerably fine " he says casually turning round to meet the stranger.

"John Wheeler?"

"im I am, to those who wants me, and there's damn few what do."

"Well don't you know me?"

"Well dam-me if I don't"

"Is that all you got to say to me, after all these years."

"Will blast you, that ain't no greeting nyver, I'm riyt glad to see you and everyfing, but you supriised me, that is all."

Will rode off into the cold night leaving the highwaymen silent in shock, for the hooves and the lower shins of the horse he was riding on did not exist, the ends of its legs were floating over the ground.

*I must be going, no longer staying,  
The shining Thames I have to cross.  
Oh, I must be guided without a stumble  
Into the arms of my true love.*

*When he came to his true love's window  
He knelt down gently upon a stone,  
And it's through a pane he whispered slowly:  
My dear girl, are you alone?*

*She rose her head from her down-soft pillow,  
And snowy were her lilly-white breasts,  
Saying: Who is there, who is there at my bedroom window,  
Disturbing me from my long night's rest?*

*Oh, I'm your lover, and I can't uncover,  
I pray you rise, love, and let me in,  
For I am tired from the night's long journey,  
and I am wet unto the skin.*

*Now this young girl rose and put on her clothing.  
Till she quickly let her own true love in.  
Oh they kissed, shook hands and embraced each other,  
Till that long night was near an end.*

*Willie dear, O dearest Willie,  
Where is that colour you'd some time ago?  
O Sally dear, the cold clay has changed me,  
I am but the ghost of your Willie O.*

*Then O cock, O cock, O handsome cockerel,  
I pray you not crow until it's day.  
For your wings I'll make of the very first beaten gold,  
And your comb I'll make of the silver ray.*

*But the cock it crew and it crew so fully.  
And it crew three hours before it was the day.  
And before it was day my love had to go far away,  
Not by the light of the moon nor the light of the day.*

*When she saw her love disappearing  
The tears down her pale cheeks in streams did flow.  
He said, Weep no more for me, dear Sally,  
I am no more your Willie O.*

*Then it's Willie dear, O dearest Willie,  
When shall I see you again?  
When the fish they fly, love, and the sea runs dry, love,  
And the rocks they melt in the heat of the sun.*

*- the Grey Cock/The Lovers Ghost*



## Tacitus: Calgacus' Speech to his Troops (A.D. 85)

"Whenever I consider the origin of this war and the necessities of our position, I have a sure confidence that this day, and this union of yours, will be the beginning of freedom to the whole of Britain. To all of us slavery is a thing unknown; there are no lands beyond us, and even the sea is not safe, menaced as we are by a Roman fleet. And thus in war and battle, in which the brave find glory, even the coward will find safety. Former contests, in which, with varying fortune, the Romans were resisted, still left in us a last hope of succour, inasmuch as being the most renowned nation of Britain, dwelling in the very heart of the country, and out of sight of the shores of the conquered, we could keep even our eyes unpolluted by the contagion of slavery. To us who dwell on the uttermost confines of the earth and of freedom, this remote sanctuary of Britain's glory has up to this time been a defence. Now, however, the furthest limits of Britain are thrown open, and the unknown always passes for the marvellous. But there are no tribes beyond us, nothing indeed but waves and rocks, and the yet more terrible Romans, from whose oppression escape is vainly sought by obedience and submission. Robbers of the world, having by their universal plunder exhausted the land, they rifle the deep. If the enemy be rich, they are rapacious; if he be poor, they lust for dominion; neither the east nor the west has been able to satisfy them. Alone among men they covet with equal eagerness poverty and riches. To robbery, slaughter, plunder, they give the lying name of empire; they make a solitude and call it peace (*ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*).

"Nature has willed that every man's children and kindred should be his dearest objects. Yet these are torn from us by conscriptions to be slaves elsewhere. Our wives and our sisters, even though they may escape violation from the enemy, are dishonoured under the names of friendship and hospitality. Our goods and fortunes they collect for their tribute, our harvests for their granaries. Our very hands and bodies, under the lash and in the midst of insult, are worn down by the toil of clearing forests and morasses. Creatures born to slavery are sold once and for all, and are, moreover, fed by their masters; but Britain is daily purchasing, is daily feeding, her own enslaved people. And as in a household the last comer among the slaves is always the butt of his companions, so we in a world long used to slavery, as the newest and most contemptible, are marked out for destruction. We have neither fruitful plains, nor mines, nor harbours, for the working of which we may be spared. Valour, too, and high spirit in subjects, are offensive to rulers; besides, remoteness and seclusion, while they give safety, provoke suspicion. Since then you cannot hope for quarter, take courage, I beseech you, whether it be safety or renown that you hold most precious. Under a woman's leadership the Brigantes were able to burn a colony, to storm a camp, and had not success ended in supineness, might have thrown off the yoke. Let us, then, a fresh and unconquered people, never likely to abuse our freedom, show forthwith at the very first onset what heroes Caledonia has in reserve.

"Do you suppose that the Romans will be as brave in war as they are licentious in peace? To our strifes and discords they owe their fame, and they turn the errors of an enemy to the renown of their own army, an army which, composed as it is of every variety of nations, is held together by success and will be broken up by disaster. These Gauls and Germans, and, I blush to say, these Britons, who, though they lend their lives to support a stranger's rule, have been its enemies longer than its subjects, you cannot imagine to be bound by fidelity and affection. Fear and terror there certainly are, feeble bonds of attachment; remove them, and those who have ceased to fear will begin to hate. All the incentives to victory are on our side. The Romans have no wives to kindle their courage; no parents to taunt them with flight, man have either no country or one far away. Few in number, dismayed by their ignorance, looking around upon a sky, a sea, and forests which are all unfamiliar to them; hemmed in, as it were, and enmeshed, the Gods have delivered them into our hands. Be not frightened by the idle display, by the glitter of gold and of silver, which can neither protect nor wound. In the very ranks of the enemy we shall find our own forces. Britons will acknowledge their own cause; Gauls will remember past freedom; the other Germans will abandon them, as but lately did the Usipii. Behind them there is nothing to dread. The forts are ungarrisoned; the colonies in the hands of aged men; what with disloyal subjects and oppressive rulers, the towns are ill-affected and rife with discord. On the one side you have a general and an army; on the other, tribute, the mines, and all the other penalties of an enslaved people. Whether you endure these for ever, or instantly avenge them, this field is to decide. Think, therefore, as you advance to battle, at once of your ancestors and of your posterity."

(Tacitus, *Agricola* 29-32.)

### **From George Orwell - 1984 - Part II - Chapter 3**

"'Who controls the present controls the past,'" said O'Brien, nodding his head with slow approval. 'Is it your opinion, Winston, that the past has real existence?'

Again the feeling of helplessness descended upon Winston. His eyes flitted towards the dial. He not only did not know whether 'yes' or 'no' was the answer that would save him from pain; he did not even know which answer he believed to be the true one.

O'Brien smiled faintly. 'You are no metaphysician, Winston,' he said. 'Until this moment you had never considered what is meant by existence. I will put it more precisely. Does the past exist concretely, in space? Is there somewhere or other a place, a world of solid objects, where the past is still happening?'

'No.'

'Then where does the past exist, if at all?'

'In records. It is written down.'

'In records. And --?'

'In the mind. In human memories.'

'In memory. Very well, then. We, the Party, control all records, and we control all memories. Then we control the past, do we not?'

'But how can you stop people remembering things?' cried Winston again momentarily forgetting the dial. 'It is involuntary. It is outside oneself. How can you control memory? You have not controlled mine!'

O'Brien's manner grew stern again. He laid his hand on the dial.

'On the contrary,' he said, 'you have not controlled it. That is what has brought you here. You are here because you have failed in humility, in self-discipline. You would not make the act of submission which is the price of sanity. You preferred to be a lunatic, a minority of one. Only the disciplined mind can see reality, Winston. You believe that reality is something objective, external, existing in its own right. You also believe that the nature of reality is self-evident. When you delude yourself into thinking that you see something, you assume that everyone else sees the same thing as you. But I tell you, Winston, that reality is not external. Reality exists in the human mind, and nowhere else. Not in the individual mind, which can make mistakes, and in any case soon perishes: only in the mind of the Party, which is collective and immortal. Whatever the Party holds to be the truth, is truth. It is impossible to see reality except by looking through the eyes of the Party. That is the fact that you have got to relearn, Winston. It needs an act of self-destruction, an effort of the will. You must humble yourself before you can become sane.'

He paused for a few moments, as though to allow what he had been saying to sink in.

'Do you remember,' he went on, 'writing in your diary, "Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make four"?''

'Yes,' said Winston.

O'Brien held up his left hand, its back towards Winston, with the thumb hidden and the four fingers extended.

'How many fingers am I holding up, Winston?'

'Four.'

'And if the party says that it is not four but five -- then how many?'

'Four.'

The word ended in a gasp of pain. The needle of the dial had shot up to fifty-five. The sweat had sprung out all over Winston's body. The air tore into his lungs and issued again in deep groans which even by clenching his teeth he could not stop. O'Brien watched him, the four fingers still extended. He drew back the lever. This time the pain was only slightly eased.

'How many fingers, Winston?'

'Four.'

The needle went up to sixty.

'How many fingers, Winston?'

'Four! Four! What else can I say? Four!'

The needle must have risen again, but he did not look at it. The heavy, stern face and the four fingers filled his vision. The fingers stood up before his eyes like pillars, enormous, blurry, and seeming to vibrate, but unmistakably four.

'How many fingers, Winston?'

'Four! Stop it, stop it! How can you go on? Four! Four!'

'How many fingers, Winston?'

'Five! Five! Five!'

'No, Winston, that is no use. You are lying. You still think there are four. How many fingers, please?'

'Four! five! Four! Anything you like. Only stop it, stop the pain!'

Abruptly he was sitting up with O'Brien's arm round his shoulders. He had perhaps lost consciousness for a few seconds. The bonds that had held his body down were loosened. He felt very cold, he was shaking uncontrollably, his teeth were chattering, the tears were rolling down his cheeks. For a moment he clung to O'Brien like a baby, curiously comforted by the heavy arm round his shoulders. He had the feeling that O'Brien was his protector, that the pain was something that came from outside, from some other source, and that it was O'Brien who would save him from it.

'You are a slow learner, Winston,' said O'Brien gently.

'How can I help it?' he blubbered. 'How can I help seeing what is in front of my eyes? Two and two are four.'

'Sometimes, Winston. Sometimes they are five. Sometimes they are three. Sometimes they are all of them at once. You must try harder. It is not easy to become sane.'





