

The cardinal
dickens

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- Uvuloid!
- Uskybeak!

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And bullfollly answered volleyball. Nuvoletta in her lightdress was looking down on them, leaning over the bannistars and listening all she childishly could. She was alone. All her nubied compinions were asleeping with the squirrels. Their mivver, Mrs Moonan, was off in the Fuerst quarter scrubbing the backsteps of Number 28 fuvver, that Skard he was up in Norwood's sokapartlor, eating oceans of Voking's Blemish. Nuvoletta listened as she reflected herself, though the heavenly one! with his constellatria and his emanations, stood between and she tried all she tried to make the Mookse look up at her (but he was far to far-seeing) and to make the Gripes hear how coy she could be (though he was much too auricular about himself to heed her) but it was all mild's vapour moist. Not even her dimmed reflection, Nuvoluccia, could they take their noses off for their minds were beset with Heliogobbleus and Commodus and Enobarbarus and whatever they did as they said. She tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught her. She tossed her hair like *la princesse de la Petite Bretagne* and she rounded her mignons arms like Mrs. Cornwallis-West and she smiled over herself like the beauty of the image of the pose of the daughter of the queen of the Emperour of Irelande and she sighed after herself as were she born to bride with Tristis Tristor Tristissimus. But she might just as well have carried her daisy's worth to Florida. For the Mookse were not amused and the Gripes was painfully obliviscent. "I see," she sighed. "There are menner." The shades began to glidder along the banks, dusk unto dusk, and it was as glooming as gloaming could be in the waste of all peaceable wolds. The Mookse had a sound eyes right but he could not all hear. The Gripes had light ears left yet he could but ill see. He ceased.

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