

# The unimportant Parthalonians with the mouldy Firbolgs and the Tuatha de Danaan

googs  
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So anyhow after that to wind up that long to be chronicled get together day, the anniversary of his first holy communion, after that same barbecue beanfeast was all, over poor old hospitable King Roderick O'Conor, the paramount chief polemarch and last preelectric king of all Ireland, who was anything you say yourself between fiftyfour and fiftyfive years of age at the time after the socalled last supper he greatly gave those malknights and beerchurls in his umbrageous house of the hundred bottles, or at least he wasn't actually the then last king of all Ireland for the time being for the jolly good reason that he was still such as he was the eminent king of all Ireland himself after the last preeminent king of all Ireland, the whilom joky old top that went before him, King Art MacMurrough Kavanagh of the leather leggings, now of parts unknown, God guard his generous soul, that put a poached fowl in the poor man's pot before he took to his pallyass with the weeping eczema for better and worse until he went and died nevertheless the year the sugar was scarce and himself down to three cows that was meat and drink and dogs and washing to him, 'tis good cause we have to remember it, anyhow, wait till I tell you, what did he do poor old Roderick O'Conor Rex, the auspicious waterproof monarch of all Ireland, when he found himself all alone by himself in his grand old historic pile after all of them had all gone off with themselves as best they could, on footback in extended order a tree's length from the longest way out, down the switchbackward road, the unimportant Parthalonians with the mouldy Firbolgs and the Tuatha de Danaan googs and all the rest of the notmuchers and other slygrogging suburbanites that he didn't care the royal spit out of his ostensible mouth about, well, what do you think he did, sir, but faix he just went heeltapping through the winespilth and weevily popcorks that were kneedeep round his own right royal round rollicking toppers' table, with his old Roderick Random pullon hat at a cant on him, the body you'd pity him, the way the world is, poor he, the heart of Midleinster and the supereminent lord of them all, overwhelmed as he was with black ruin like a sponge out of water and singing all to himself through his old tears starkened by the most regal belches I've a terrible errible lot todo today todo toderribleday, well, what did he go and do at all His Most Exuberant Majesty King Roderick O'Conor but, arrah bedamnbut, he finalised by lowering his woolly throat with the wonderful midnight thirst was on him as keen as mustard and leave it if he didn't suck up sure enough like a Trojan, in some particular cases with the assistance of his venerated tongue, whatever surplus rotgut, sorra much, was left by the lazy lousers in the different bottoms of the various different replenquished drinking utensils left there behind them on the premises by the departed honourable homegoers, such as it was, no matter whether it was chateaubottled Guinness's or Phoenix brewery stout it was or John Jameson and Sons or Roob Coccola or, for the matter of that, O'Connell's famous old Dublin ale that he wanted like hell as a fallback, of several different quantities and qualities amounting in all to, I should say, considerably more than the better part of a gill or naggin of imperial dry and liquid measure.

James Joyce, Finn's Hotel, 2013 (posthume)

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