

The Doomsayer In The Mooseyard

Some years ago I came across a story called 'The Harmonic Omniarch', which served as an aide-memoire for a useful selection of twin eights. It's a little out of date now, many of what were twins then having acquired further solutions now, but it is still well worth a read, and I have now updated it to show the additions and put it on the ABSP website. I thought I'd have a go at doing something similar for some sample twin nines: this is of less practical value, of course, but still, I hope, entertaining. So may I invite you to join me in exploring the wonderful world of alphagrammatic coincidence in a little piece entitled 'The Doomsayer in the Mooseyard'?

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I stood looking out over my garden at dusk, enjoying the PAINTERLY INTERPLAY of light and shade, the TENEBROUS BOUNTREES that close of day was WREATHING in a NIGHTWEAR of shadow, the BRUSHLAND and SHRUBLAND and the GHOSTLIER REGOLITHS of the prairie beyond. I was perturbed to see so much coarse growth in my garden, IRONWEEDS and ROSINWEED, HORSEWEED and SHOREWEED, and the WICKEDEST of all, STICKWEED. My EGLANTINE had also become INELEGANT for lack of pruning – perhaps I should spend more time weeding and less time MEASURING GERANIUMS. But on the other hand I can boast a patch of the DAINTIEST DITTANIES, not often found at these ALTTITUDES and LATITUDES, some SPEARLIKE SPREKELIA with its red and white flowers, and some GARDENIAS that thrive on good DRAINAGES, producing ULTRAFINE FLAUNTIER flowers. I also grow ORIGANUMS that only an IGNORAMUS would fail to recognise, ANGELICAS that yield a useful ANALGESIC, SAPONARIA that is good for curing PARANOIAS, and several other plants that can INTRODUCE a REDUCTION of many other ailments.

Suddenly there was a movement in the shadows, and it was then I saw him, the DOOMSAYER in the MOOSEYARD, standing SATYRLIKE, STREAKILY illuminated by the light from the house. I wondered how long he had CONTINUED there UNNOTICED. I am not UNSTIRRED by the presence of INTRUDERS, being a PENSIONER with PERNIONES and a bit of SHORTARSE who suffers from ARTHROSES, though not yet, I hope, given to uttering SENESCENT SENTENCES, and I was frankly not ENAMOURED of his DEMEANOUR.

He is a strange character who has long roamed the country roundabout, INCOGNITO and defying COGNITION, NOSTALGIC for the GNOSTICAL, enjoying the ROOMINESS of the land under MOONRISES or the LIGHTNESS of our NIGHTLESS summers, a VEDUTISTA of the VASTITUDE, not DISSOLUTE yet drawn to SOLITUDES, tending if APPRAISED to DISAPPEAR. He loves nature, taking delight in the SWEETNESS of the wild rose, the WETNESSES of dew, a patch of lichens ROSETTING some GRITSTONE boulder, and the PLETHORAS of ASTROPHEL that ENGARLAND our RANGELAND. It is said that he was a notable runner and cyclist in his younger days and won DUATHLONS in the SOUTHLAND, being hard to SIDETRACK at the TRACKSIDE, though I think he must have been the DISMALEST of MEDALISTS.

I have seen him once or twice at the local market and I must say that as he BARGAINED in his GABARDINE he looked like something from the UNDESIRED UNDERSIDE of life, like the SHIFTIEST FETISHIST, having the DIRTINESS of one who DISINTERS, disreputable as some SOOTERKIN or STINKEROO, as out of place in normal human society as a BROODMARE in a BREADROOM, as a CARTHORSE in an ORCHESTRA, as a BOOGERMAN with a BOOMERANG, or as the RAGGEDEST tramp who ever STAGGERED along a road. Some indeed say that in his youth he was a DESTROYER who ROYSTERED, that he has been seen performing dark rituals involving the CREMATION of a MANTICORE on an altar of STAINABLE BASALTINE, and even sacrificing the BRAINSTEM of a TRIBESMAN while he SERENADED DEADENERS, like some ASSISTANT to SATANISTS.

But that is just the way that the ALITERATE RETALIATE against nonconformists, and others say that he should not be PORTRAYED as in any way PREDATORY and that while he can be both MADDENING and DEMANDING he is also a man of CERTITUDE and RECTITUDE, DAUNTLESS in his ADULTNESS, whose ARDENCIES have only INCREASED with time, one of the SPRITEFUL UPLIFTERS of the spirit, no ENERVATOR but a VENERATOR.

He has no fixed occupation, saying that he would rather be a MANSLAYER than join the ranks of SALARYMEN, despising their DRAGONISH HOARDINGS, their SLEECHIER LECHERIES, their SCURRYING, their CURRYINGS of favour, their preference for DOWNLOADS over WOODLANDS and WORKLOADS over the song of WOODLARKS. Not for him, he says, the LATESCENT TENTACLES of big corporations, the POTTINESS of their NEPOTISMS, encouraging SPONSORED PRODNOSES, that operates even in the OBSCUREST SUBSECTOR: rather than be a CLARTIEST CARTELIST he would do HOUSEWORK in a WORKHOUSE or roll SHIRTLESS among THRISSELS. But for all his aversion to commerce, that makes it easier to see him as a PETROLEUR than as a POULTERER, he now and again makes a little money as an OYSTERMAN supplying shellfish to the local MONASTERY. He also sells TEASPOONS that he carves out of SOAPSTONE, works as an ENAMELIST making settings for MELANITES, and carves fine ANTELOPES out of the dark-green spinel known as PLEONASTE, or from LAMINATED ALMANDITE. He also dabbles in PORTERAGE and REPORTAGE and occasionally wins some bet on a RACEHORSE in a HORSERACE, often using the CRAFTIEST TRIFECTAS. It is said that once he trained for the legal profession, but decided that the lowliest ANGLEWORM does a more useful job than many a LAWMONGER.

Sometimes it is hard to decide whether he belongs to the ranks of COMEDIANS or DEMONIACS. He has many prejudices, and can hardly be described as possessing COETERNAL TOLERANCE, being a DENOUNCER who long ago RENOUNCED all compromise, with a style more REBUTTING than BUTTERING, characterised by an UNPOLITIC PUNCTILIO. Indeed, his strong opinions sometimes get him into LEGENDARY fights where he attacks his opponent ENRAGEDLY, being famous for a straight left that is DANGEROUS even to those wearing a NOSEGUARD. He is given, for example, to DIATRIBES against TRIBADIES, having once loved a woman who turned out to be a lesbian: he had given her a silk dress of LEVANTINE and sent her many a VALENTINE, but now he has sworn to stay HEARTFREE HEREAFTER, and though remaining AMATORIAN he has never had another INAMORATA. He thinks that to be a LUNARNAUT is UNNATURAL; he is UNPARTIAL to TARPAULIN; he deplores women who seemed DISTRAITE or are in DISATTIRE, and he feels that RAILWOMEN should do something WOMANLIER.

Taking the view that ill health is all in the mind, he despises IMAGINERS of MIGRAINES, while any mention of ARTERITIS simply IRRITATES. He was long ago INITIATED into healthy eating by a DIETITIAN. He sleeps well himself and says that only the OVERTIMID would have recourse to a DORMITIVE. He rejects the CRUDITIES of DIURETICS, claiming that excessive URINATION leads to RUINATION. Indeed, he distrusts doctors generally, especially those who work with ABORTUSES, saying that they are SABOTEURS of life to take SENTIENCE from ENCEINTES.

As far as culture goes, he despises the NARCOTISM of ROMANTICS and cannot abide OPERETTAS written by some POETASTER, full of SHAMBOLIC CHOLIAMBS and ANACRUSES sung with no ASSURANCE. He is tender towards defenceless creatures like butterflies, and can often be seen like some PREADAMIC PARAMEDIC bending solicitously over some ATROPHIED APHRODITE or NONINSECT INNOCENTS like nestling birds. He sees no ABASEMENT in ENTAMEBAS, but he sheds no TEARDROPS for PREDATORS, and has a particular detestation of sharks, saying that he would not touch a PORBEAGLE with a BARGEPOLE. But prehistoric creatures interest him particularly, and he once CONSORTED with CREODONTS and collaborated with a PROSATEUR to write a treatise on the PTEROSAUR.

If he ran society, he says, it would be CRIMELESS, for he would be MERCILESS to the STRONGEST TONGSTERS, and would tolerate no drunken behaviour in the streets from BLOODSHOT HOTBLOODS. He thinks those dealing with vandalism should never have ABSTAINED from the BASTINADE. Likewise he would approve of anyone who GARROTTE GAROTTERS, and if he had his way SCELERATS would disappear in TRACELESS fashion, as would any warlords COLEADING GENOCIDAL factions, such that the world would no longer hear their LAUGHTERS as they SLAUGHTER, and we would be rid forever of the TYRANNIES of those who TYRANNISE.

An UNRESTING INSURGENT, he can frequently be heard LAMENTING the ALIGNMENT of corporate and political interests, and he is a stern antiroyalist, saying that only fools RESPECTED the SCEPTERED, that SOVEREIGN rulers are like VIROGENES in the body of the state, and that he especially despises their FAITHLESS FLASHIEST courtiers, their ADULATORS and LAUDATORS. Nor will he have any truck with the military establishment, considering ORDNANCES NONSACRED, and indeed it would be hard to imagine an UNSTABLER SUBALTERN.

He saw me looking at him and came up to my door. 'Good evening, ABHORRENT EARTHBORN', he greeted me. Should I turn him away or was it safer to be a PLACATORY PLAYACTOR and welcome him? I could have done without this UNAVERTED ADVENTURE. GATHERING my NIGHTGEAR, I drew my INVERNESS about me with a certain NERVINESS.....