

AI-Generated Graded Readers

Masaru Uchida, Gifu University

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About This Edition

This book is a simplified English adaptation created for extensive reading practice.

The text was generated using ChatGPT and prepared for intermediate English learners as part of an educational project.

Target reading level: CEFR A2-B1

This edition aims to support fluency development through accessible vocabulary, expanded narration, and improved readability while preserving the original story structure.

Source Text

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This adaptation was generated with the assistance of artificial intelligence and edited for readability and educational purposes.

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Part 1

Stately Buck Mulligan came up the narrow stone stairs of the tower, carrying a bowl filled with shaving lather. Across the bowl lay a small mirror and a razor. His yellow dressing gown moved lightly behind him in the mild morning air.

He raised the bowl like a priest lifting a sacred cup and spoke in a loud voice, half serious and half laughing.

“Introibo ad altare Dei.”

He stopped at the top of the tower and looked down into the dark stairway.

“Come up, Kinch!” he shouted. “Come up, you fearful Jesuit!”

Stephen Dedalus stood below, tired and silent. He slowly climbed the last steps and leaned his arms on the stone edge of the tower roof. His eyes were cold with sleep and irritation.

Buck Mulligan turned toward him and made several quick signs in the air, as if blessing him.

Stephen looked at him without smiling. Mulligan’s long face and pale hair reminded him of a cheerful priest performing a joke.

Buck Mulligan glanced into the mirror, then covered the bowl with his hand.

“Back to barracks!” he said sharply.

Then he spoke again in a playful preacher’s tone.

“For this, dearly beloved, is the genuine article. Body and soul and blood and bones. Silence now. A moment of deep attention.”

He paused and listened to the quiet morning.

Two loud whistles sounded in the distance across the calm air.

“Thanks, old chap,” Mulligan said. “That will do nicely.”

He stepped down from the stone edge and looked at Stephen with a pleasant smile.

“The mockery of it,” he said lightly. “Your absurd name, Stephen Dedalus. An ancient Greek name.”

He pointed at Stephen in friendly teasing and went to the stone wall of the tower. Setting the mirror on the wall, he dipped the brush into the bowl and began to spread lather across his cheeks.

“My name is absurd too,” he continued cheerfully. “Malachi Mulligan. Two dactyls. But it has a fine Greek sound, doesn’t it? Light and bright like the buck himself.”

He laughed.

“We must go to Athens someday. Will you come if I can get my aunt to give us twenty pounds?”

He laid down the brush and cried out again with delight.

“Will he come? The young Jesuit!”

Stephen watched him quietly.

“Tell me, Mulligan,” he said at last.

“Yes, my love?”

“How long will Haines stay here in the tower?”

Buck Mulligan turned his head and showed one cheek already shaved.

“God, isn’t he dreadful?” he said frankly. “A heavy Saxon. He thinks you are not a gentleman. These English! They are full of money and stomach trouble. Because he comes from Oxford.”

He shaved carefully along his chin.

“You know, Dedalus,” he went on, “you have the real Oxford manner. That is why he cannot understand you. My name for you is the best. Kinch, the knife blade.”

Stephen looked out across the sea.

“He was talking all night,” Stephen said slowly. “He was dreaming about shooting a black panther. Where is his gun?”

Buck Mulligan laughed.

“A terrible madman!” he said. “Were you frightened?”

“I was,” Stephen answered quietly. “Out here in the dark with a man I do not know, speaking about shooting animals. I am not a hero. If he stays here, I will leave.”

Mulligan frowned at the razor.

“Scutter!” he cried suddenly.

He searched his pockets quickly and came over to Stephen.

“Lend me your handkerchief,” he said. “I must wipe my razor.”

Stephen allowed him to take the crumpled cloth from his pocket. Mulligan wiped the razor carefully.

“The poet’s handkerchief,” he said with amusement. “A fine colour for Irish poetry. Snot-green.”

He climbed again onto the edge of the tower and looked out over Dublin Bay. His pale hair moved softly in the breeze.

“God,” he said quietly, “isn’t the sea beautiful? What does my friend Algy call it? A great sweet mother.”

He stretched his arm toward the water.

“The snot-green sea. The sea that makes a man’s body cold.”

Stephen came beside him and looked down at the grey water and the distant boat leaving the harbor.

“Our mighty mother,” Mulligan said.

Then suddenly he turned and looked sharply at Stephen.

“My aunt thinks you killed your mother,” he said.

Stephen’s face did not change.

“Someone killed her,” he answered.

“You could have knelt and prayed when she asked you,” Mulligan said impatiently. “Even I would have done that. But you refused.”

He began to shave again.

“There is something strange in you, Stephen.”

Stephen did not reply. He leaned his arm against the rough stone and stared out across the sea.

Pain moved slowly inside him. It was not yet the pain of love, but something close to it.

In his mind he saw again the image of his mother.

She had appeared to him once in a dream after her death. Her body was thin

beneath the loose brown cloth of the grave. There was a faint smell of wax and wood. Her breath bent toward him with silent reproach.

The memory pressed heavily on his heart.

Beside him Mulligan finished shaving and wiped the razor again.

“Ah, poor fellow,” he said kindly. “I must give you a shirt and some clean cloths. How are the trousers I lent you?”

“They fit well enough,” Stephen said.

Buck Mulligan laughed.

“They should be called second-legs,” he said. “God knows who wore them before you.”

Stephen turned his gaze away from the sea and looked at Mulligan’s smiling face.

“That fellow we met last night,” Mulligan continued, “says you have madness. General paralysis of the insane!”

He lifted the mirror and held it toward Stephen.

“Look at yourself,” he said.

Stephen bent forward and saw his face in the cracked glass. His hair stood in disorder.

“Who chose this face for me?” he thought.

Buck Mulligan laughed again and pulled the mirror away.

“The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face clearly in a mirror,” he said. “If Wilde were alive he would enjoy you.”

Stephen looked at the cracked mirror.

“It is a symbol of Irish art,” he said quietly. “The cracked looking-glass of a servant.”

Mulligan suddenly linked his arm through Stephen’s and walked with him around the tower.

“It is not fair for me to tease you so much,” he said more gently. “You have more spirit than any of us.”

Stephen felt the words strike him like a small blade.

“You fear my art,” he thought silently, “as I fear yours.”

Mulligan continued talking.

“If you and I worked together,” he said, “we could do something great for Ireland.”

Stephen freed his arm.

“Do you wish me to tell you something?” he asked quietly.

“Yes. What is it?”

“Do you remember the first day I came to your house after my mother died?”

Buck Mulligan frowned.

“I remember nothing. What happened?”

“You were making tea,” Stephen said. “Your mother asked who was in your room.”

“Yes?”

“You said, ‘It is only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead.’”

A red colour rose on Mulligan’s face.

“Did I say that?” he asked.

Stephen looked at him calmly.

“I am not thinking about the insult to my mother,” he said.

“Then what?”

“The insult to me.”

Buck Mulligan turned away with impatience.

“O, you are impossible!” he cried.

He walked quickly toward the stairs of the tower.

Stephen remained standing where he was, looking out across the quiet sea. The sunlight grew brighter and the water shone pale green.

Behind him Mulligan’s voice called down the stairs.

“Breakfast is ready, Kinch! Come down!”

Stephen closed his eyes for a moment.

“I will not sleep here tonight,” he thought.

Then he turned slowly and walked toward the staircase.

Part 2

Stephen followed Buck Mulligan down the narrow stone stairs of the tower. The heavy iron door of the living room stood half open, and morning light entered through two high windows. The air inside was warm and smoky from the fire where bacon was frying.

Buck Mulligan moved quickly around the small room in his loose yellow gown. The fire glowed red beneath the iron pan.

“We’ll be choked with smoke,” he said. “Haines, open that door!”

A tall young man rose from a hammock in the corner and walked to the doorway. This was Haines, the English visitor who had stayed in the tower the night before. He opened the door wider, letting fresh air flow inside.

Stephen placed the shaving bowl on a small cupboard and sat down at the table without speaking.

Buck Mulligan lifted the pan from the fire and placed the fried food on a plate.

“I’m melting,” he said cheerfully. “But hush now. Not another word on that subject.”

He carried the plate and a large teapot to the table.

“Wake up, Kinch,” he said. “Bread, butter, honey. Haines, come in. The food is ready.”

They sat down together.

Mulligan folded his hands dramatically and spoke in a mock prayer.

“Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts.”

Then he looked around the table.

“Where’s the sugar?” he asked. “And there’s no milk.”

Stephen rose and opened the cupboard. Inside he found a loaf of bread, a jar of honey, and butter in a small dish.

Mulligan sat down again with a small expression of annoyance.

“What sort of place is this?” he said. “I told the milk woman to come after eight.”

Stephen poured tea into the cups.

“We can drink it without milk,” he said. “There is a lemon in the cupboard.”

Mulligan waved his hand impatiently.

“Damn your Paris habits! I want proper Irish milk.”

Haines looked toward the door.

“The woman is coming now,” he said quietly.

Buck Mulligan jumped up with pleasure.

“The blessings of God on you!” he cried. “Sit down, both of you.”

He began to cut thick slices from the loaf.

“When I make tea,” he said proudly, “I make strong tea.”

Haines poured the tea carefully.

“Two lumps of sugar for each of us,” he said. “But Mulligan, you really do make it strong.”

Mulligan laughed.

“Of course,” he said. “Tea must have strength.”

He pushed plates toward them with his knife.

“Here you are. Eat.”

Just then the doorway darkened and an old woman entered the room. She carried a metal milk can in one hand.

“The milk, sir,” she said politely.

“Come in, ma’am,” Mulligan said. “Kinch, get the jug.”

Stephen reached behind him and took a jug from the cupboard.

The old woman stepped forward. Her face was thin and wrinkled from age and work.

“It’s a lovely morning, sir,” she said.

“Glory be to God.”

Mulligan looked at her quickly.

“To whom?” he asked jokingly. “Ah yes, to God of course.”

Stephen watched as she poured the thick white milk into the jug.

As she poured, his mind moved quietly through strange thoughts.

She seemed ancient, like a figure from old Irish stories. A poor wandering woman, carrying milk from farm to house, serving strangers.

Perhaps she was like Ireland itself: old, tired, and still working.

“Taste it, sir,” she said to Mulligan.

Mulligan drank a little.

“If we could live on good food like this,” he said loudly, “we would not have so many sick people in this country.”

The old woman looked at him with interest.

“Are you a medical student, sir?” she asked.

“I am,” Mulligan answered proudly.

Stephen remained silent.

The woman seemed to listen with respect to Mulligan’s voice, but she ignored Stephen. He felt the small insult quietly.

Haines spoke to the old woman, but she looked puzzled, so Stephen spoke to her.

“Do you understand what he says?”

She looked at Haines.

“Is it French you are speaking, sir?”

Haines spoke to her again in Irish. His accent was strange but careful.

Buck Mulligan laughed.

“Irish,” he said. “He thinks we should all speak Irish in Ireland.”

The old woman nodded.

“We should indeed,” she said. “And I’m ashamed that I cannot speak it myself.”

Mulligan poured milk into the tea cups.

“A wonderful language,” he said.

“How much do we owe you?” Stephen asked.

The woman began to count slowly.

“Seven mornings, a pint each, at two pence. That is one shilling and two pence. And three mornings a quart at four pence.”

She paused, thinking carefully.

“That makes two shillings and two pence, sir.”

Mulligan searched in his pockets.

“Pay up, Haines,” he said. “Look cheerful while doing it.”

At last Mulligan produced a silver coin and passed it across the table.

Stephen placed it in the woman’s hand.

“We still owe two pence,” he said.

“Time enough,” she answered gently.

She turned to leave.

Mulligan sang softly as she went out.

“Heart of my heart, were it more, more would be laid at your feet.”

When the door closed he leaned toward Stephen.

“Seriously, Dedalus,” he said. “I’m completely poor. Hurry to your school and bring back some money.”

Haines stood up.

“I must go to the national library today,” he said.

Mulligan clapped his hands together.

“First we swim!”

He looked at Stephen with a smile.

“Is this your monthly washing day, Kinch?”

Stephen spread honey slowly across a slice of bread.

“All Ireland is washed by the Gulf Stream,” he said quietly.

Haines laughed.

“I intend to collect your sayings,” he said to Stephen. “That remark about the cracked mirror of Irish art is excellent.”

Mulligan kicked Stephen lightly under the table.

“Wait until you hear his theory about Hamlet,” he said.

Haines looked interested.

“Really?”

Mulligan laughed again.

“He proves by algebra that Hamlet’s grandson is Shakespeare’s grandfather!”

Haines smiled.

“You interest me greatly,” he said to Stephen.

Stephen did not answer. He finished his tea and stood up.

Outside the bright morning waited over the sea.

Mulligan was already removing his clothes to swim.

Stephen picked up his walking stick and moved toward the door.

“I’m leaving,” he said.

Mulligan looked up.

“Give me the key to the tower,” he said.

Stephen handed it to him.

Mulligan placed it carefully on the pile of clothes.

“And two pennies,” he added cheerfully. “For a drink later.”

Stephen threw two coins beside the clothes.

Mulligan stood straight and raised his hands like a priest.

“He who steals from the poor lends to the Lord!” he said.

Then he jumped into the water.

Stephen turned away from the shore and began walking slowly up the path.

The wind moved softly over the grass.

Behind him Mulligan shouted toward the sea.

“Meet us at the pub later! Half past twelve!”

Stephen lifted his hand without turning.

“Good,” he said quietly.

He continued walking along the curved path away from the tower.

In his mind a single thought repeated itself slowly.

“I will not sleep here tonight.”

Part 3

The schoolroom was quiet except for the soft scratching of chalk and the distant sound of the sea wind outside. Stephen Dedalus stood before the class with a worn book open in his hand.

The boys sat at their desks, looking at him with uncertain attention. Some leaned forward, some stared at the window, and one boy quietly moved his fingers inside a paper bag of biscuits hidden in his satchel.

Stephen pointed to a line in the book.

“You, Cochrane,” he said. “What city sent for Pyrrhus?”

The boy looked up quickly.

“Tarentum, sir.”

“Very good,” Stephen said. “And what happened next?”

Cochrane hesitated.

“There was a battle, sir.”

“Yes,” Stephen said. “Where?”

The boy stared helplessly at the window.

Stephen watched him for a moment and then spoke quietly.

“Asculum. Two hundred and seventy-nine years before Christ.”

The class remained silent.

Stephen felt again that strange distance between himself and the boys. They listened to history as if it were a story from a dream, something far away from their lives.

In his mind he imagined the scene: a battlefield long ago, bodies lying across the ground, a general leaning on his spear.

Another victory like this, Pyrrhus had said, and we are lost.

The phrase had survived through centuries.

Stephen closed the book.

“Armstrong,” he said.

The boy with the biscuits looked up suddenly.

“Yes, sir?”

“What was the end of Pyrrhus?”

Armstrong blinked.

“The end, sir?”

Another boy raised his hand eagerly.

“Ask me, sir!”

Stephen shook his head slightly.

“Armstrong,” he repeated, “do you know what happened to him?”

Armstrong thought carefully.

“Pyrrhus... sir... Pyrrhus was a pier.”

The class burst into laughter.

Stephen felt the laughter move through the room like a cold wind. Some of the

boys laughed openly; others watched him carefully.

Armstrong looked around with a silly smile, not fully understanding his mistake.

Stephen tapped the boy's shoulder gently with the book.

"Tell me," he said calmly, "what is a pier?"

"A pier is a thing in the water, sir," Armstrong answered. "Like a bridge."

More laughter followed.

Stephen waited until the noise faded.

"Yes," he said slowly. "Kingstown pier is a bridge that never reaches the other side."

The strange answer confused the boys. Their faces grew quiet again.

"Tell us a story, sir," one boy suddenly said.

"Yes, a story!"

"A ghost story!"

Stephen opened another book.

"First we finish the lesson," he said.

A dark-haired boy named Talbot stood up and began to read from the page.

His voice moved unevenly through the lines.

"Weep no more, sad shepherds, weep no more..."

The poem continued slowly. The words echoed softly in the room.

Stephen listened, but his thoughts drifted elsewhere.

In his mind he saw again a library in Paris where he had studied philosophy at night. Lamps glowed softly above the tables. Students read quietly around him.

Aristotle's words returned to him: the movement of the possible into reality.

The poem ended.

Talbot closed the book.

"Have I finished, sir?"

"Yes," Stephen said.

The boys began packing their books eagerly.

"Hockey at ten, sir," one of them said.

"Half-day today!"

Stephen looked at them.

“Before you go,” he said, “I will give you a riddle.”

The boys grew excited again.

“Ask me, sir!”

“A hard one!”

Stephen spoke slowly.

“The cock crowed.

The sky was blue.

The bells in heaven were striking eleven.

It is time for this poor soul to go to heaven.”

He paused.

“What is it?”

The boys stared at each other.

After a moment Cochrane said:

“We give up, sir.”

Stephen smiled faintly.

“It is the fox burying his grandmother under a bush.”

The class exploded with laughter.

At that moment a stick struck the door and a loud voice called from the corridor.

“Hockey!”

The boys rushed out of the room, grabbing their sticks and bags.

Soon the room was empty except for one boy who remained standing beside Stephen’s desk.

His name was Sargent.

He was thin and awkward, with tangled hair and weak eyes behind thick glasses. A fresh stain of ink marked his cheek.

He held out his notebook nervously.

“Mr Deasy told me to write the sums again, sir,” he said.

Stephen opened the notebook.

On the page crooked numbers filled the lines.

“Do you understand them now?” Stephen asked.

Sargent shook his head.

“No, sir.”

Stephen looked at the boy carefully.

His thin neck and uncertain movements made him appear fragile, like a small animal that might easily be crushed by the world.

Yet someone had loved him once. Someone had carried him as a baby and cared for him.

His mother.

Stephen felt a sudden quiet sadness.

“Sit down,” he said.

Together they worked slowly through the problem. Stephen explained the numbers step by step.

Sargent watched closely, trying to understand.

Outside, the sound of hockey sticks striking the ball echoed across the field.

At last the sum was finished.

“Do you see now?” Stephen asked.

“Yes, sir,” Sargent said softly.

He dried the page carefully and returned to his desk.

Stephen watched him go.

For a moment he imagined his own childhood standing beside him, shy and uncertain.

Too far away now to reach.

Sargent closed his notebook.

“Thank you, sir.”

“You had better join the others,” Stephen said.

“Yes, sir.”

The boy left the room quickly.

Stephen walked into the corridor and stood in the doorway watching the boys playing on the field. Their shouts rose sharply in the bright morning light.

Behind him a voice called.

“Mr Dedalus.”

Stephen turned.

Mr Deasy, the schoolmaster, stood near the field with his white moustache trembling in the wind.

“Wait for me in my study,” he said. “I will come in a moment.”

Stephen nodded and walked back inside the school building.

He entered the study and sat quietly.

The room smelled of old leather and smoke. On the table lay a small collection of coins and shells.

Stephen looked at them without interest.

After a moment the door opened and Mr Deasy entered, brushing grass from his shoes.

He walked to the table and opened a leather wallet.

“First,” he said briskly, “our little financial settlement.”

He placed two banknotes carefully on the table.

Then he opened a small metal box.

A gold coin dropped onto the tablecloth with a clear sound.

“Three pounds,” he said. “I believe that is correct.”

Stephen gathered the money quickly and placed it in his pocket.

“Thank you, sir.”

Mr Deasy shook his head.

“No thanks. You have earned it.”

He watched Stephen closely.

“But you must learn something important about money,” he said.

Stephen waited silently.

The old man raised his finger.

“Money is power,” he said.

Part 4

Mr Deasy stood beside the table, holding his small metal money box in his hand. The light from the window fell across his white moustache and the sharp lines of his face.

“Money is power,” he repeated firmly.

Stephen said nothing. He felt the weight of the coins in his pocket and thought of the many small debts he already owed to friends.

Mr Deasy tapped the box against his thumb.

“You are young,” he continued. “You do not yet understand what money means. But when you are older you will learn. A man must always pay his way.”

Stephen looked at the shells lying in a small stone bowl on the table. They were beautiful shapes once used as money in distant places.

Dead treasure, he thought.

Mr Deasy watched him carefully.

“You do not save your money,” he said. “That is your problem.”

Stephen answered quietly.

“Mine would often be empty.”

The old man laughed with satisfaction.

“I knew you would say that! But one day you must feel pride in this.”

He lifted the small box again.

“I paid my way. I never borrowed a shilling in my life. That is the proudest thing an Englishman can say.”

Stephen remained silent.

In his mind he counted his debts.

Mulligan owed money. Curran owed money. Others as well.

The coins in his pocket would soon disappear.

Mr Deasy walked slowly across the room and stopped beneath a picture hanging on the wall. It showed a prince dressed in bright military clothing.

“You think I am an old-fashioned man,” he said. “But I have seen much in my life.”

He turned toward Stephen again.

“I remember the great famine of eighteen forty-six.”

Stephen listened quietly.

Mr Deasy continued speaking, pleased with his memories.

“History teaches us many things,” he said. “But young men forget them too

easily.”

Stephen spoke softly.

“I fear those big words,” he said, “which make us so unhappy.”

Mr Deasy frowned slightly but continued.

“Listen to me, Mr Dedalus. History moves toward one great purpose.”

Stephen looked toward the window.

Outside the boys shouted loudly on the playing field. A whistle blew sharply.

“That,” Stephen said calmly, pointing toward the window, “is God.”

Mr Deasy stared at him.

“What do you mean?”

“A shout in the street,” Stephen answered.

The old man pinched the bridge of his nose between his fingers and thought for a moment.

Then he said in a serious voice:

“All human history moves toward one great goal: the manifestation of God.”

Stephen did not argue. He had already heard such ideas many times.

Mr Deasy turned away and walked to his desk.

“That reminds me,” he said suddenly. “I want you to do me a small favor.”

He sat down before a typewriter and placed a sheet of paper into the machine.

“I have written a letter for the newspaper,” he explained. “It concerns a very important matter.”

He began typing slowly, pressing each key carefully.

Stephen sat quietly and waited.

The room was silent except for the sharp clicking of the machine.

At last Mr Deasy stopped typing and removed the page.

He walked over and handed it to Stephen.

“Read this,” he said. “It is about the disease affecting cattle. Foot-and-mouth disease.”

Stephen glanced through the paper.

The letter argued that the government should allow a treatment already used in other countries.

Mr Deasy watched him eagerly.

“There can be no two opinions about it,” he said. “Our cattle trade is very important.”

Stephen continued reading without interest.

“I want this letter printed in the newspapers,” Mr Deasy said. “You know literary people. Perhaps you could help.”

Stephen folded the page slowly.

“Very well,” he said.

Mr Deasy seemed pleased.

He began walking back and forth across the room as he spoke.

“England is in danger,” he said suddenly.

Stephen looked up.

“In danger?”

“Yes,” Mr Deasy said firmly. “In the hands of the Jews.”

His voice grew stronger as he continued.

“They control finance, the newspapers, everything. Wherever they gather they weaken a nation.”

Stephen watched him calmly.

“A merchant,” he said quietly, “is simply a man who buys cheap and sells dear. Jew or Christian.”

Mr Deasy shook his head.

“They sinned against the light,” he said. “That is why they wander the world even now.”

Stephen thought of the crowds he had once seen in Paris near the stock exchange. Men shouting prices, their hands moving quickly in the air.

All nations, all peoples, chasing money.

“Who has not?” Stephen said.

Mr Deasy looked puzzled.

“What do you mean?”

Stephen answered slowly.

“History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.”

For a moment the old man stared at him in silence.
Then he spoke again, stubbornly.
“The ways of God are not our ways.”
Stephen shrugged slightly.
From outside the boys shouted again. A whistle sounded.
“Goal!” someone cried.
Mr Deasy listened to the noise with irritation.
“Young people today,” he said.
Then he handed the letter back to Stephen.
“Take this to your friends,” he said. “See that it gets printed.”
Stephen folded the paper and placed it inside his pocket.
Mr Deasy walked him toward the door.
When they reached the porch he said again:
“Remember my words, Mr Dedalus. Money is power.”
Stephen stepped outside into the bright daylight.
The boys were still playing hockey on the field.
Their sticks struck the ball with sharp sounds.
Stephen walked slowly past them toward the road.
In his pocket the coins moved together with a small heavy sound.
Three pounds.
Already he knew the money would not last long.
He walked away from the school, the wind moving softly across the grass.
Ahead of him the road led toward the sea and the wide open sky.
The morning continued.

Part 5

Stephen Dedalus walked slowly along the narrow road toward the sea. The wind moved across the open land, carrying the smell of salt and wet sand.
Soon he reached the long stretch of beach at Sandymount.
The tide had gone out, leaving wide flats of shining sand. Pools of water

reflected the pale sky.

Stephen stepped down onto the beach and began walking along the edge of the water.

His ashplant stick trailed lightly behind him, drawing a wavering line across the sand.

“Ineluctable modality of the visible,” he murmured to himself.

The phrase rose from his memory of philosophy lectures. The world, he thought, enters the mind through the eyes.

Shapes, colors, movement.

Everything that exists becomes known through sight.

He stopped and closed his eyes.

The world did not disappear. Instead it changed.

The sound of the sea filled his ears. The waves moved slowly over the distant sandbanks. The wind brushed across his coat.

Even with closed eyes the world continued to exist.

He opened them again.

The sand stretched endlessly before him, dotted with shells, seaweed, and the thin tracks of birds.

A dog ran along the shore far away, chasing its own shadow.

Stephen continued walking.

His thoughts moved freely now, drifting from memory to memory.

He remembered Paris.

The quiet reading rooms of libraries where he had spent long nights studying philosophy. The smell of books, the dim yellow light of lamps.

Students from many countries had sat there reading silently.

Thought feeding on thought.

“The soul is in a manner all that is,” he whispered.

Aristotle’s words again.

The mind receives the forms of things, and through thought it becomes them.

Stephen picked up a shell from the sand and turned it in his fingers.

Once this had been part of a living creature.

Now it was only a shape left behind.
The same, he thought, might be said of history.
The past leaves shapes behind, empty forms.
He threw the shell back onto the sand.
His feet sank slightly with each step as he moved across the wet ground.
A group of small birds lifted suddenly from the beach and flew away.
Stephen watched them disappear toward the sea.
His thoughts turned again to his mother.
The memory came suddenly and painfully.
Her face near the end. Her eyes asking him to kneel and pray beside her bed.
He had refused.
Even now he could not say exactly why.
Pride perhaps. Or anger. Or fear.
The result was the same.
She had died while he stood beside her without prayer.
The guilt remained like a shadow.
Stephen stopped walking.
Far out in the bay a boat moved slowly across the water. Its small sail glowed
white in the sunlight.
He imagined the sailors working silently, their lives simple and direct.
Unlike his own.
His life seemed uncertain, full of thought but lacking direction.
Art, he told himself.
That must be his purpose.
To create something new.
To forge the uncreated conscience of his race.
The words sounded strong in his mind, but the reality felt distant.
For now he was only a poor teacher walking alone along a beach.
Stephen continued walking until he reached a patch of seaweed lying thick
upon the sand.
The plants were dark and slippery, twisted together in long ropes.

He stepped over them carefully.

The tide would return later and cover everything again.

The marks of his steps would disappear.

For a moment he imagined a body floating in the water nearby.

A drowned man.

The thought came from a story he had heard earlier that morning. A man had fallen from a boat and disappeared beneath the waves.

Somewhere in the sea the body might still drift slowly beneath the surface.

Waiting to rise again.

Stephen shivered slightly.

He turned his eyes toward the horizon.

The sky and sea met in a long grey line.

Beyond that line lay England, France, and the rest of Europe.

Behind him lay Dublin with its narrow streets and familiar arguments.

Stephen felt himself suspended between two worlds.

The past pulling him backward.

The future uncertain and distant.

He stopped again and wrote a word in the sand with his stick.

A name.

Then he erased it with his foot.

The wind lifted slightly, carrying the sound of distant voices from the city.

Stephen placed his hands in his pockets and began walking again.

His mind continued weaving thoughts from memory, philosophy, and imagination.

Words and images rose and fell like the waves of the sea.

Somewhere ahead, beyond the curve of the shore, the city waited.

The day was only beginning.

Part 6

Leopold Bloom stood quietly in the small kitchen of his house at number seven

Eccles Street. Morning light entered through the window and fell across the table.

He moved slowly around the room, preparing breakfast.

On the stove a pan warmed gently. Bloom lifted the lid of a pot and looked inside. The smell of kidneys cooking rose into the air.

He liked the smell. It was rich and strong.

Bloom took a plate from the cupboard and placed bread beside it. Then he walked toward the back door and opened it.

The small yard behind the house was quiet. A cat sat near the wall, watching him carefully.

“Mkgnao,” the cat said.

Bloom looked down at the animal.

“Yes, yes,” he answered calmly. “Wait a moment.”

The cat lifted its tail and stepped closer.

Bloom poured a little milk into a dish and placed it on the ground. The cat immediately began drinking.

He watched it with interest.

“They understand everything,” he thought. “More than people sometimes.”

Bloom returned to the kitchen and turned the kidney in the pan. It sizzled loudly in the heat.

Upstairs he could hear movement in the bedroom.

Molly.

His wife was still in bed.

Bloom thought about her for a moment. Her voice, her singing, her strong personality.

Then another thought entered his mind.

Boylan.

Blazes Boylan.

The man who planned to visit Molly later that day.

Bloom did not like to think about it too directly.

Instead he focused on the small tasks of breakfast.

The kidney was ready. He placed it carefully on the plate beside the bread.

Then he carried the tray upstairs.

The bedroom curtains were partly closed, leaving the room dim and warm.

Molly lay in bed with her dark hair spread across the pillow.

She opened one eye slowly as Bloom entered.

“Morning,” she said.

“Good morning,” Bloom answered gently.

He set the tray beside her.

“Breakfast.”

Molly stretched slightly under the blanket.

“What time is it?”

“After eight.”

She looked at the tray.

“Kidney again?”

“Yes.”

Molly began eating slowly.

Bloom sat down beside the bed and opened a letter that had arrived earlier that morning.

It was addressed to Molly.

The handwriting on the envelope was familiar.

Boylan.

Bloom looked at the letter for a moment before handing it to her.

“A letter for you.”

Molly took it casually and opened it.

Bloom watched her face as she read.

She did not seem embarrassed or concerned.

She simply finished reading and placed the letter on the bed.

“He’s coming this afternoon,” she said.

Bloom nodded quietly.

“I see.”

Molly continued eating.

“You might bring me a book from the library,” she said suddenly. “Something

new.”

“Yes,” Bloom said.

He stood up and walked toward the door.

“I’ll go out now.”

Molly looked at him again.

“Don’t forget the soap.”

“I won’t.”

Bloom left the room and went downstairs again.

In the kitchen he finished his own breakfast quickly.

Then he put on his hat and coat and stepped outside.

Dublin was waking.

The street already held the sounds of carts, footsteps, and voices. Shop doors opened. A newspaper boy shouted the morning headlines.

Bloom walked slowly along the pavement.

His mind moved quietly through the events of the day ahead.

A funeral in the morning.

Several errands to complete.

Letters to write.

And later, the meeting with Boylan.

Bloom preferred not to think about that part too clearly.

Instead he focused on the small details of the street.

A butcher arranging meat in his window.

A woman carrying a basket of vegetables.

A group of children running past him laughing.

The ordinary life of the city moved around him.

Bloom stopped outside a small shop and bought a newspaper.

As he walked again he opened it and glanced at the headlines.

Politics. Trade. Advertisements.

The world seemed full of small conflicts and ambitions.

Bloom folded the paper under his arm and continued walking.

He passed a post office and several small shops before reaching a quiet corner.

There he paused.

For a moment he simply watched the people moving around him.

Each person, he thought, carried a private story.

Private thoughts, private hopes, private worries.

Just like him.

Bloom turned and continued walking toward the city center.

The day stretched ahead like a long road through Dublin.

And somewhere in the city the next events of the day were already beginning.

Part 7

Leopold Bloom continued walking through the streets of Dublin with the morning newspaper folded beneath his arm. The air carried the smell of bread from a nearby bakery and the distant smoke of coal fires.

He paused in front of a butcher's shop and looked through the window.

Large cuts of meat hung from metal hooks. The butcher himself stood behind the counter, wiping his hands on a cloth.

Bloom pushed open the door and entered.

A small bell rang softly.

"Good morning," the butcher said.

"Morning," Bloom answered.

He glanced around the shop and pointed to a piece of meat on the counter.

"A pork kidney, if you please."

The butcher nodded and wrapped the kidney carefully in paper.

Bloom paid him and placed the package inside his pocket.

Outside again, he walked slowly along the pavement.

His mind moved through small practical thoughts.

Letters to write. Advertisements to arrange. A funeral to attend later that morning.

Paddy Dignam's funeral.

Poor Dignam, he thought.

Dead suddenly.

Life could end so quickly.

Bloom reached a street corner and stopped near a red pillar box. He removed a letter from his pocket and examined it for a moment.

The envelope was addressed to Martha Clifford.

He hesitated briefly before slipping it into the box.

The letter disappeared inside with a quiet metallic sound.

Bloom stood still for a moment.

Martha's letters amused him. They were innocent enough, yet full of small hidden meanings.

A harmless game, he told himself.

Nothing serious.

He turned away and continued walking.

Soon he reached a public bathhouse. A sign hung beside the entrance.

Bloom stepped inside.

The room smelled of soap and steam. Several men moved quietly about, dressing or undressing.

Bloom removed his clothes and entered the warm bath.

The water relaxed his body.

For a moment he closed his eyes.

The world outside seemed distant here.

Warm water, silence, the slow movement of thought.

He imagined the events of the afternoon again.

Boylan visiting Molly.

The idea troubled him, but he forced himself not to dwell on it.

Instead he thought of advertisements for the newspaper office.

New ways to attract customers.

Perhaps something clever with bright images or unusual phrases.

Business ideas moved easily through his mind.

After a while Bloom rose from the bath and dried himself carefully.

He dressed again and stepped back out into the street.

The city was now fully awake.

Horse carts rolled along the roads. Shopkeepers called to customers. Workers hurried toward their offices.

Bloom walked toward the city center where the newspaper office stood.

As he walked, he noticed a funeral carriage passing slowly through the street.

The black horses moved quietly, their heads bowed.

Bloom watched the carriage disappear around a corner.

Soon he would attend Dignam's funeral as well.

Death again.

It seemed present everywhere in life.

Bloom continued walking.

He passed several shops before reaching a busy street filled with offices and businesses.

At the entrance of one building he stopped and looked up.

The newspaper office.

Inside he would meet several acquaintances and discuss advertisements.

Bloom took a deep breath and entered.

The room inside was noisy and crowded. Men moved quickly between desks carrying papers and messages.

Someone shouted from across the room.

"Bloom!"

He turned and saw a familiar face smiling toward him.

The day's business had begun.

Part 8

The newspaper office was full of noise. Men walked quickly from desk to desk carrying papers, ink, and messages. Voices rose and fell in the busy room.

Leopold Bloom stood near the doorway for a moment, watching the activity.

Someone called his name again.

"Bloom!"

Bloom turned and saw a man waving from across the room. It was one of the newspaper employees, already smiling with curiosity.

“Good morning,” Bloom said as he came closer.

“Morning, Bloom. What brings you here?”

Bloom placed his hat on a nearby chair.

“Advertising,” he answered. “I have some business to arrange.”

The man nodded and returned to his work.

Bloom moved slowly through the office, greeting people politely as he passed.

Printers stood beside large machines that clattered loudly. Ink-stained papers covered the desks. A messenger boy hurried past carrying a stack of freshly printed pages.

Bloom stopped beside a desk where another man sat reading proofs.

“Any news today?” Bloom asked.

The man shrugged.

“Politics,” he said. “Always politics.”

Bloom smiled slightly.

“And advertisements,” he added.

He waited for a moment before speaking again.

“I want to arrange an advertisement for a client.”

The man glanced up.

“Leave it here. We’ll take care of it.”

Bloom placed a folded paper on the desk.

Business completed, he stepped aside and looked around the room again.

The world of newspapers moved quickly. Words turned into headlines, and headlines turned into public opinion.

Bloom found the process interesting, though he remained only a small part of it.

After a short time he left the office and stepped back into the street.

The sunlight was brighter now.

People filled the pavements.

Bloom walked slowly toward the next part of his morning.

The funeral.

Paddy Dignam's funeral would soon begin.

Bloom joined the small group of men gathering near the carriage that would take them to the cemetery.

Several acquaintances were already there, speaking quietly among themselves.

Martin Cunningham stood beside the carriage.

"Morning, Bloom," he said.

"Morning."

Bloom shook hands with him and the others.

The men spoke briefly about Dignam.

"A sad thing," someone said.

"Yes," Bloom agreed.

The carriage door opened, and the men climbed inside.

The horses began to move slowly through the streets of Dublin.

Bloom sat quietly beside the others as the carriage rolled forward.

The city passed outside the windows: shops, houses, people moving through their daily routines.

Life continued everywhere.

Inside the carriage the men spoke occasionally, but long periods of silence filled the space between their words.

Bloom looked down at his hands.

Death always brought reflection.

He thought about his own father, who had died years before.

And about his son Rudy, who had lived only a short time after birth.

The small memory of the child remained with him always.

The carriage moved slowly through the city until the streets grew quieter and the houses farther apart.

At last they reached the cemetery.

The gates opened and the carriage rolled inside.

Rows of gravestones stood across the green ground.

The men stepped down from the carriage and followed the coffin toward the

grave.

The priest spoke the final prayers.

Bloom listened quietly.

Around him the other men stood with bowed heads.

Earth fell softly onto the coffin as it was lowered into the ground.

Bloom watched the moment carefully.

The final separation.

A human life ending in silence beneath the soil.

After the ceremony the men began walking back toward the gate.

Some spoke again in low voices.

Others remained thoughtful and quiet.

Bloom walked slowly among them.

The cemetery stretched wide under the open sky.

So many graves.

So many lives already finished.

Yet outside the gates the city still moved with noise and motion.

Bloom knew he would soon return there.

Life, business, and ordinary tasks awaited him again.

He turned once more and looked back at the fresh grave before leaving the cemetery.

Then he followed the others toward the road and the continuing day.

Part 9

After leaving the cemetery, Leopold Bloom walked slowly back toward the city. The air felt fresher outside the quiet gates of the graveyard.

The other men from the funeral moved ahead of him in small groups, speaking quietly among themselves.

Bloom did not hurry. His thoughts were still resting on the grave behind him.

Death always left a strange silence in the mind.

As he walked he looked at the houses and streets returning gradually around

him. Children played beside the road. A cart rolled past carrying barrels.

Life continued everywhere.

Bloom wondered about the many people now buried in the cemetery.

Each one had once walked through the same streets, spoken with friends, eaten meals, and worried about ordinary things.

And then one day their lives had simply stopped.

The thought did not frighten him. Instead it made him curious.

What happens afterward?

Bodies returned to the earth. Grass grew over the graves.

But the memories of a person continued for a time inside the minds of others.

Bloom reached a small pub where several of the funeral guests had stopped.

He hesitated for a moment and then entered.

Inside the room was warm and full of voices. The men stood around a small table with glasses of beer.

Martin Cunningham raised his glass.

“Bloom! Come join us.”

Bloom nodded politely and stepped closer.

“Just one drink,” he said.

A glass was placed in his hand.

The men spoke about Dignam again.

“Poor fellow,” someone said.

“Gone too soon.”

Bloom listened quietly.

Another man began telling a story about funerals he had attended in the past. The others laughed lightly at certain details.

Bloom watched their faces.

People spoke of death easily when it belonged to someone else.

Yet each of them would one day lie in the same ground.

Bloom took a small sip from his glass.

The conversation moved to other subjects: politics, business, gossip about the city.

One man complained about taxes.

Another spoke about a horse race scheduled later in the week.

Bloom felt himself drifting away from the discussion.

His thoughts moved again to Molly.

Boylan would visit her later that afternoon.

Bloom imagined the moment: the knock at the door, Molly rising from the bed, the quiet conversation between them.

He tried not to picture more.

Instead he finished his drink and placed the empty glass on the table.

“I must go,” he said politely.

The others nodded.

“See you later, Bloom.”

He stepped outside into the street again.

The afternoon light had grown warmer. Shops and cafés were crowded with people.

Bloom walked slowly through the busy streets.

At a corner he stopped to look at a display of books in a shop window.

A title caught his attention.

A novel about love and adventure.

Molly liked reading such stories.

He made a small note in his mind to look for something similar at the library.

Bloom continued walking.

Soon he reached a quiet square where pigeons gathered on the ground.

He paused for a moment and watched them flutter around the feet of passersby.

Their small movements seemed calm and purposeful.

Bloom enjoyed such simple observations.

The world, he believed, revealed itself through small details.

The sound of footsteps.

The movement of birds.

The smell of food from a nearby kitchen.

These things formed the true texture of life.

He resumed walking again toward the center of the city.

Somewhere not far away the next events of the day were unfolding.

Dublin continued moving around him, full of voices, motion, and quiet hidden stories.

Part 10

Leopold Bloom left the quiet square and walked again through the crowded streets of Dublin. The afternoon had grown warm, and the pavements were busy with people moving in every direction.

A tram passed slowly along the road, ringing its bell to warn pedestrians. Shopkeepers stood in their doorways calling to customers.

Bloom walked among them, watching everything with calm attention.

A woman hurried past carrying a basket of fruit. Two boys ran across the street chasing a rolling hoop. A man argued loudly with a newspaper seller about the price of a paper.

The city felt alive with motion.

Bloom enjoyed observing these small scenes. Each person seemed to carry a private purpose.

Near the corner of the street he saw a group of men standing outside a bar.

One of them laughed loudly and slapped another on the back.

Bloom walked past them quietly.

He had no desire to join such loud conversation.

Instead he continued along the pavement until he reached a bridge crossing the river.

He stopped and leaned on the railing.

Below him the dark water moved slowly through the city.

Small boats floated near the banks. The reflections of buildings trembled across the surface of the river.

Bloom watched the water carefully.

The flow reminded him again of time itself.

Everything moving forward.
Everything passing.
He thought again of the funeral that morning.
Of Dignam lying now beneath the earth.
Of all the countless people who had lived before and disappeared.
Bloom felt no bitterness about it.
Life and death were simply parts of the same long movement.
After a moment he turned away from the bridge and resumed walking.
He soon reached another busy street where several cafés stood side by side.
The smell of coffee and bread drifted into the air.
Bloom stepped into one of the cafés.
Inside, a few customers sat quietly at small tables.
Bloom ordered a simple lunch and sat near the window.
As he ate, he watched the people passing outside.
A young couple walked together laughing. A policeman stood at the corner directing traffic. A delivery boy pushed a cart full of packages.
Ordinary life.
Bloom finished his meal slowly and paid the waiter.
When he stepped outside again, the afternoon sun had begun to sink slightly toward the west.
The day was moving forward.
Bloom checked the time on a nearby clock.
Several hours remained before evening.
He decided to walk toward the beach for a while.
The air near the sea would be cooler.
As he walked he passed through several neighborhoods of the city.
Streets became quieter. Houses stood farther apart. The noise of traffic faded behind him.
Soon the open shoreline appeared again.
Bloom stepped onto the sand and walked slowly along the edge of the water.
Waves moved gently toward the shore.

The sky above the sea was wide and pale.
Bloom felt the calm of the place settle into his thoughts.
He sat down on a rock and looked out across the bay.
In the distance a few boats moved slowly through the water.
The scene reminded him of childhood days when the world had seemed simple and full of possibility.
Bloom rested there quietly for several minutes.
Eventually he stood up again.
The city awaited his return.
With one last glance across the sea, he turned and began walking back toward Dublin.

Part 11

The afternoon sun shone softly over Dublin as Leopold Bloom walked back from the shore toward the center of the city. The streets were still busy, but the noise felt calmer than earlier in the day.

Bloom moved slowly among the pedestrians, watching the shops and buildings around him.

Soon he reached the large building of the National Library.

Inside, several scholars and writers had gathered in one of the reading rooms. Books covered the tables, and the air smelled faintly of paper and dust.

Stephen Dedalus stood among them.

He spoke quietly but with energy, explaining an idea about Shakespeare and the play *Hamlet*. Several listeners watched him with curiosity.

Bloom entered the room quietly and sat near the back.

He did not know Stephen personally, but he listened with interest.

Stephen's voice continued steadily.

"In the play," he said, "the ghost of Hamlet's father appears to demand justice. But perhaps the deeper story concerns the relationship between father and son."

One of the listeners leaned forward.

“What do you mean?”

Stephen walked slowly around the table as he spoke.

“Shakespeare wrote the play after the death of his own son,” he explained. “The grief of the father may appear inside the story itself.”

The men in the room considered this idea.

One of them laughed softly.

“You see mysteries everywhere, Dedalus.”

Stephen smiled slightly.

“Perhaps. But literature often hides truths beneath its surface.”

Bloom listened quietly from his seat.

He did not follow every detail of the discussion, yet he sensed the passion behind Stephen’s words.

The young man spoke as if ideas themselves were alive.

The conversation continued for some time.

Some men agreed with Stephen. Others disagreed.

Voices rose and fell in thoughtful debate.

Bloom eventually stood up and slipped quietly out of the room.

The library felt too serious for him. His mind preferred the simple observations of daily life.

Outside again, the city welcomed him with familiar noise.

Carriages rolled along the road. A group of children ran past shouting happily.

Bloom walked toward a nearby street where several shops stood.

He paused beside a bookshop window.

Inside he saw a novel that looked interesting. It might be something Molly would enjoy reading.

Bloom entered the shop and purchased the book.

As he stepped back outside, he checked the time again.

Evening was slowly approaching.

Soon the city would grow darker, and the lamps would be lit along the streets.

Bloom continued walking through the busy neighborhoods.

Somewhere not far away music drifted from a café. Laughter followed it.

The life of Dublin continued around him, full of voices, stories, and hidden thoughts.

The day had not yet reached its end.

More events still waited in the evening ahead.

Part 12

Evening began to fall slowly over Dublin. The light of the sun softened, and long shadows stretched across the streets.

Leopold Bloom walked toward a crowded pub where several men had gathered after work. Voices and laughter drifted out through the open door.

Bloom stepped inside.

The room was full of smoke and conversation. Men stood at the bar holding glasses of beer. Others sat around tables arguing loudly about politics and sports.

Bloom found a place near the wall and ordered a drink.

A few of the men noticed him and nodded politely.

Soon the conversation turned to Irish politics. One large man spoke loudly at the center of the room.

“Ireland must stand strong!” he said, striking the table with his fist.

Several men shouted their agreement.

Bloom listened quietly.

The speaker continued, growing more excited with each sentence.

“Our country must belong to the Irish people!”

Another man laughed.

“And what about the English?”

“Out!” the speaker shouted. “Send them back where they belong!”

The men around him cheered.

Bloom sipped his drink and watched the scene calmly.

He had heard such arguments many times before.

After a moment the loud man turned toward Bloom.

“And what do you say, Bloom?”

The room grew slightly quieter.
Bloom placed his glass on the table.
“I believe people should live peacefully,” he said.
Some of the men laughed.
“Peacefully!” one of them repeated.
Another man spoke with a sharp voice.
“That’s easy for you to say.”
Bloom remained calm.
“A nation is made of people,” he said. “Not anger.”
The loud speaker frowned.
“You talk like a philosopher.”
Someone else whispered quietly.
“He’s a Jew.”
A few men exchanged glances.
The atmosphere in the room shifted slightly.
Bloom noticed the change but did not react.
Instead he finished his drink slowly.
The loud man continued speaking about Irish heroes and battles from the past.
His voice rose and fell like a dramatic performance.
Bloom listened without joining the argument.
History again, he thought.
Always history.
After some time he stood up and placed a coin on the table.
“Good evening,” he said politely.
No one stopped him as he walked toward the door.
Outside the night air felt cooler.
The lamps along the street had begun to glow softly.
Bloom walked away from the pub, leaving the loud voices behind him.
The city at night felt different from the busy day.
The streets were darker. People moved more slowly. Music drifted from distant buildings.

Bloom walked quietly through the evening streets.
Somewhere in the distance he could hear the sound of the sea again.
The day continued moving forward toward night.

Part 13

The evening sky above Dublin had grown soft and pale as Leopold Bloom walked again toward the shore. Lamps were beginning to glow along the streets, but the sea still held the fading light of the day.

Bloom followed the path down to the beach.

The tide was moving slowly inward. Gentle waves rolled toward the sand with a quiet rhythm.

Several people were walking along the shore. A few couples sat together on the rocks. Children ran near the water, chasing each other and laughing.

Bloom sat down on a flat rock and looked out across the bay.

The wide water stretched calmly toward the horizon.

Near him, on another rock, a young woman sat watching the sea.

She wore a light dress that moved softly in the evening breeze. Her name was Gerty MacDowell.

She had been sitting there for some time, enjoying the peaceful view.

Gerty liked evenings by the sea. The light made the world feel gentle and romantic.

She watched the small boats moving in the distance and imagined the stories of the people aboard them.

Occasionally she glanced toward the path where people passed.

When she noticed Bloom sitting quietly nearby, she became aware of his presence.

Bloom, for his part, also noticed the young woman.

He did not stare directly, but his eyes returned to her from time to time.

Gerty sat with careful posture, aware that she might be observed.

The breeze lifted strands of her hair.

Bloom watched the quiet movements of the evening around them.
The sea darkened slowly as the sun sank lower.
A church bell rang faintly from the city.
Gerty turned slightly, adjusting her position on the rock.
For a moment her eyes met Bloom's.
She looked away quickly, but a faint smile touched her face.
Bloom felt a curious mixture of thoughts.
The scene seemed peaceful, almost dreamlike.
Youth, beauty, the quiet sea at evening.
Life continued with its small private moments.
Soon fireworks burst faintly in the distance, lighting the sky with brief flashes
of color.
Children shouted with excitement.
Gerty watched the lights with delight.
Bloom also watched them, the reflections shimmering across the water.
The moment passed slowly.
Eventually the fireworks ended and darkness grew deeper.
Gerty rose from the rock and began walking away along the path.
Bloom remained seated for a moment longer.
The sea now lay dark beneath the night sky.
At last he stood up and brushed the sand from his coat.
The city lights shone behind him.
Evening had become night.
Bloom turned and began walking back toward Dublin once more, the quiet
sound of waves following him along the shore.

Part 14

Night settled over Dublin as Leopold Bloom walked back toward the bright streets of the city. Lamps glowed in the windows of shops and houses. Voices and music drifted from cafés and taverns.

Bloom moved slowly along the pavement.

The evening air carried many smells: tobacco smoke, bread from bakeries, and the faint scent of the sea.

Ahead of him stood the large building of the maternity hospital.

Lights shone in several windows.

Inside, a group of young medical students had gathered while waiting for the birth of a child. Their voices filled the room with laughter and discussion.

Stephen Dedalus was among them.

He sat near a table while the students drank and talked loudly. Books and glasses covered the surface.

One student raised his glass.

“To the new child!” he shouted.

The others laughed.

Stephen smiled slightly but remained quiet.

The conversation moved quickly from subject to subject: medicine, literature, politics.

Some of the students began telling exaggerated stories about their experiences in the hospital.

Their voices grew louder as the night continued.

At last Bloom entered the room quietly.

He had come to ask about the condition of a friend’s wife who was giving birth in the hospital.

The students noticed him and welcomed him politely.

“Good evening,” Bloom said.

Stephen looked toward him with interest.

Though they had not yet spoken directly, both sensed something thoughtful in the other.

The students continued drinking and talking.

One of them began arguing loudly about literature. Another tried to imitate the style of famous writers, speaking in exaggerated phrases.

Laughter filled the room again.

Bloom listened quietly.

The behavior of the young men amused him, though he felt slightly older and more cautious than they were.

After a while several of the students suggested going out into the city to continue the night.

Stephen agreed to join them.

Bloom followed as well, curious to see where the group would go.

They left the hospital together and stepped into the cool night air.

The streets of Dublin were lively with late-night activity.

Music came from open doors. People moved through the shadows laughing and calling to each other.

The students led the way toward a district filled with bars, dance halls, and other nighttime entertainments.

Stephen walked among them, listening to their voices but lost partly in his own thoughts.

Bloom followed at a slower pace behind.

He watched the young man with quiet interest.

Something in Stephen's expression reminded him of loneliness.

The group continued deeper into the bright and noisy streets.

The night was still young, and its strange adventures had only begun.

Part 15

The streets grew louder as the group moved deeper into the night district of Dublin. Lamps shone above the doors of music halls and dance houses. Laughter and shouting echoed through the narrow streets.

Stephen Dedalus walked among the young medical students. They were cheerful and restless, their voices full of energy.

Leopold Bloom followed a short distance behind them.

The students stopped outside a building where bright light poured from the doorway. Music played inside.

One of the young men pushed the door open.

“Come in!” he said.

They entered a large room filled with smoke, music, and dancing. Women in colorful dresses moved through the crowd speaking to the men.

Bloom stepped in quietly and looked around.

This part of the city belonged to the night. The atmosphere felt strange and dreamlike.

Stephen stood near the center of the room with the other students. They ordered drinks and began talking loudly again.

The women approached them, laughing and asking playful questions.

Stephen drank quickly.

His thoughts grew more confused as the night deepened.

The music grew louder. The lights seemed brighter.

Bloom watched him with concern.

Stephen began arguing with one of the students about politics and religion. Their voices rose sharply.

Another man tried to calm them.

The room spun with movement and noise.

For Stephen the scene began to feel unreal. His imagination filled the room with strange visions.

He thought of his mother again.

For a moment he imagined seeing her pale face among the shadows.

The memory shocked him.

Stephen suddenly pushed away from the table.

His movements grew angry and wild.

One of the men laughed at him.

Stephen struck the lamp above the table with his walking stick.

The glass shattered and the room fell briefly into confusion.

Several voices shouted at once.

Bloom moved forward quickly.

“Careful,” he said quietly.

Stephen looked at him with unfocused eyes.
For a moment he seemed lost between dream and reality.
Bloom placed a steady hand on his arm.
“Come outside,” he said gently.
The two men left the noisy room and stepped into the cool night air.
The street felt calmer than the chaos inside.
Stephen leaned against a wall, breathing slowly.
Bloom waited beside him.
For a moment neither of them spoke.
At last Stephen looked at him.
“Thank you,” he said quietly.
Bloom nodded.
“It was nothing.”
The noise of the city continued around them.
Somewhere a carriage rolled past. Distant music drifted through the night air.
The strange adventures of the night were not yet finished.
But a quiet connection had begun between the two men standing there beneath the lamps of Dublin.

Part 16

The street outside the noisy hall felt calm compared with the confusion inside.
The lamps along the road cast soft circles of yellow light on the pavement.
Stephen Dedalus leaned against the wall, breathing slowly. The cool night air cleared his thoughts little by little.
Leopold Bloom stood nearby, watching him with quiet concern.
For a moment neither of them spoke.
At last Bloom said gently, “You should walk for a bit. Fresh air helps.”
Stephen nodded.
“Yes.”
They began walking together along the dim street.

The sounds of Dublin at night surrounded them: distant music, the slow movement of carts, laughter from open doorways.

Stephen felt tired now. The excitement of the earlier hours had faded.

Bloom walked beside him calmly.

“You are a student?” Bloom asked.

“A teacher,” Stephen answered. “For the moment.”

Bloom smiled slightly.

“And a writer, perhaps?”

Stephen looked at him with mild surprise.

“Perhaps.”

They walked a few steps in silence.

“I heard you speaking earlier in the library,” Bloom said. “About Shakespeare.”

Stephen’s expression softened slightly.

“It was only an idea.”

“Ideas are important,” Bloom replied.

The road curved gently toward the river. They crossed a quiet bridge where the water moved darkly beneath them.

Stephen looked down at the slow current.

“History,” he said suddenly, “is something that follows us everywhere.”

Bloom considered the words.

“Perhaps,” he said. “But people still live their lives day by day.”

Stephen nodded.

The conversation moved slowly, with pauses between their sentences.

Bloom asked small questions about Stephen’s work, his studies, and his plans.

Stephen answered quietly.

For the first time that day he felt understood by another person.

Eventually they reached a small café that remained open late into the night.

Bloom suggested they stop for something warm to drink.

Inside the café a few customers sat quietly at tables. The room smelled of coffee and tobacco.

Bloom ordered two cups of cocoa.

They sat together near the window.

Outside, the streets had grown calmer. Only a few people passed under the street lamps.

Bloom stirred his drink slowly.

“You remind me of my son,” he said after a moment.

Stephen looked up.

“Your son?”

Bloom nodded.

“He died when he was very young.”

Stephen did not speak.

Bloom continued quietly.

“I often wonder what he might have become if he had lived.”

The words carried a deep sadness, but Bloom spoke them gently.

Stephen understood the feeling.

Loss had shaped both of their lives in different ways.

After finishing their drinks they stepped outside again.

The night had grown very quiet.

Bloom looked up at the dark sky.

“You should come back to my house for a moment,” he said. “Just to rest.”

Stephen hesitated.

Then he nodded.

“Very well.”

Together they began walking through the sleeping streets of Dublin toward Eccles Street.

The lamps flickered softly above them.

A new part of the night awaited.

Part 17

Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus walked quietly through the late-night streets of Dublin. Most of the city had gone to sleep. Only a few lamps burned in

the windows of houses.

Their footsteps echoed softly on the pavement.

At last they reached Bloom's house at number seven Eccles Street.

Bloom unlocked the door and pushed it open.

"Come in," he said quietly.

Stephen stepped inside.

The house was silent. Molly Bloom was asleep upstairs.

Bloom lit a small lamp in the kitchen. The gentle light revealed the familiar objects of the room: the table, the stove, and a few cups resting near the sink.

"Sit down," Bloom said.

Stephen sat at the table while Bloom prepared a small drink.

"Cocoa," Bloom explained. "Something warm before sleep."

Stephen nodded gratefully.

Bloom placed the cup in front of him.

For a moment the two men sat in silence.

Outside the night remained still.

Bloom spoke first.

"You are welcome here anytime," he said.

Stephen looked at him carefully.

The older man's kindness felt sincere.

Bloom continued slowly.

"Life can be difficult for young men who think deeply."

Stephen smiled faintly.

"And for older men as well."

Bloom laughed quietly.

"Yes, perhaps that is true."

They spoke for some time about many subjects: literature, music, the city, and the strange events of the day.

Bloom listened with patience while Stephen explained some of his ideas about art.

Stephen, in turn, listened to Bloom's simple observations about ordinary life.

Though their thoughts were very different, the conversation flowed easily between them.

At last the hour grew very late.

Stephen rose from his chair.

“I should go,” he said.

Bloom stood as well.

“As you wish.”

They walked together to the door.

Bloom opened it and the cool air of early morning entered the house.

The sky had begun to grow pale.

Dawn was approaching.

Stephen paused at the doorway.

“Thank you,” he said quietly.

Bloom nodded.

“Take care.”

Stephen stepped outside and began walking down the empty street.

Bloom watched him for a moment before closing the door.

Inside the house he moved quietly through the kitchen and turned off the lamp.

The day had finally ended.

Bloom walked upstairs to the bedroom where Molly slept.

He lay down beside her in the quiet darkness.

Outside the first light of morning began to appear above the city.

A new day was beginning.

Part 18

Leopold Bloom lay quietly in the dark bedroom beside his wife, Molly. The house was silent except for the faint sounds of the city beginning to wake outside.

Molly was not asleep.

Her eyes were open, staring into the darkness as thoughts moved slowly through her mind.

The long day had passed, and now her memories began to drift freely.
She thought first about the afternoon.
About Blazes Boylan visiting the house.
He had arrived with his usual cheerful confidence. His voice, his laughter, the way he moved easily through the room.
Molly had known what he wanted.
And she had not refused him.
Now, lying in bed, she replayed the moments quietly in her thoughts.
Bloom beside her breathed slowly in sleep.
Molly turned slightly under the blanket.
Her thoughts moved further back into the past.
She remembered when she first met Bloom years earlier.
He had been gentle and curious, always noticing small details of the world.
Not like other men.
At the time she had liked that about him.
She remembered their early days together.
Their walks through the city. The small apartment where they had first lived.
The excitement of youth and possibility.
For a moment she smiled faintly in the darkness.
Her mind wandered again.
She thought about music.
Singing had always been one of the great pleasures of her life. The feeling of standing on a stage with the audience listening.
Applause rising from the crowd.
Her voice filling the room.
She imagined singing again someday.
The thought pleased her.
Molly shifted again in the bed.
Her memories now traveled much further back, to the warm days of her childhood in Gibraltar.
The sun had been bright there.

The sea had shone blue beneath the hills.
She remembered the smell of flowers and the sound of soldiers marching in the streets.
Her father had been proud and strong.
Life had felt simple then.
She thought of the young girl she had once been, standing on a hill overlooking the sea.
The wind had moved through her hair.
Everything had seemed possible.
Molly's thoughts circled gently through the years.
Past loves.
Past arguments.
The many small moments that had shaped her life.
Bloom stirred slightly beside her.
She listened to his breathing.
Despite everything, she knew he cared for her deeply.
That quiet devotion had never changed.
Molly looked toward the window where the first pale light of morning now touched the curtain.
A new day was beginning.
Her thoughts slowed as she remembered one particular moment from long ago.
The day Bloom had asked her to marry him.
They had been walking together beneath the open sky.
She had felt young and hopeful.
He had looked at her with that same gentle expression he still carried.
And she had answered him simply.
Yes.
The memory warmed her heart even now.
Molly closed her eyes again.
The word returned softly to her mind, repeating like the quiet rhythm of the sea.
Yes.

Yes.

Yes.