



It smells
of young
flesch, stil
sweet with
youth...

It smells
like the
flesch o'
man, rank
with sweat
...

Wat
a
stench
!

Wat
a
stench!

I wille not
grant myne
target escape
this tyme...



Wat ages
heth synce I
caught but a
single
quarry...



escusen
myn
one.

I ben
a troubadour
that hath
loste his wae.

'escusen myn,
but mayhaps
I can reste
myn weary
hed hir?

a
troubadour
you
say?



身陷迷途的獵物
是羔羊：亦或是狼？



hot patrol
translations



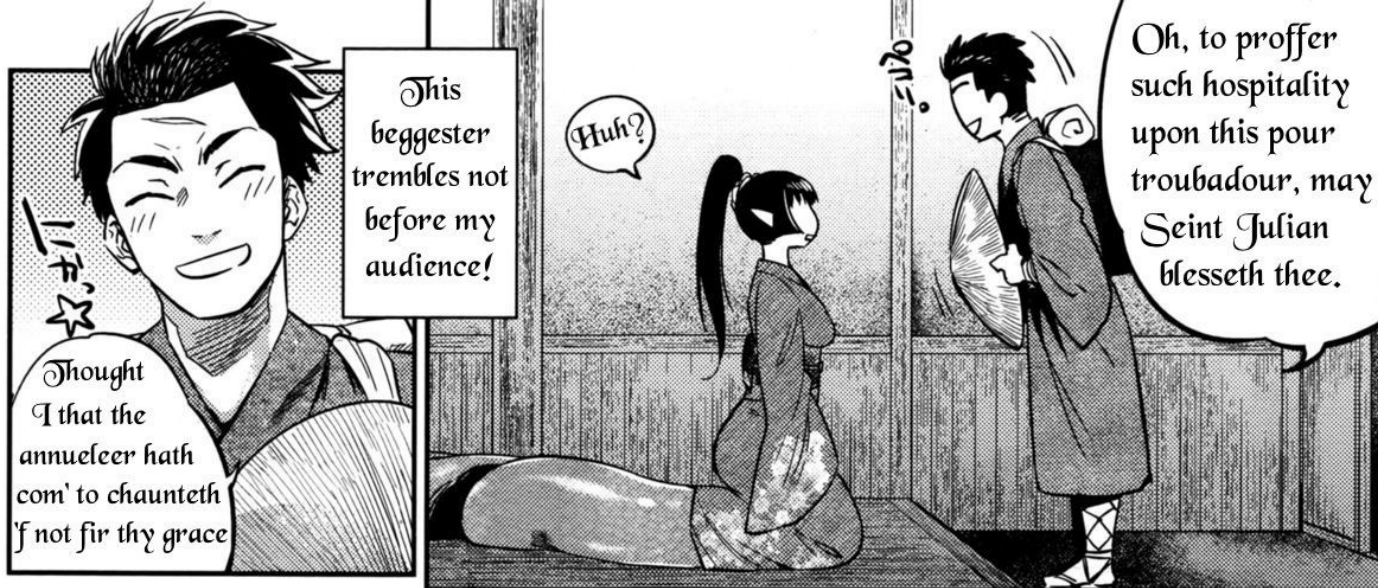
Should thee be
amenable to reste in
a pauper's hostelrye,
ragged by aeges of
shoures and wynd,
thou ar free to
make as thy
please.

I am
called
Hebihime,
a heathen
monster.

Qyte
a precarious
situation ye
find thyself in,
venturing this
far o'er the
montagnes.

aye...afore'
the mun doth
draw respite,
I'll swyftly
tear from him
his life'sbloode

Hah!
This
fool's jaw
hath
loc'ed up
in terr'r
...



This beggester trembles not before my audience!

Thought I that the annueleer hath com' to chaunteth f' not fir thy grace

Huh?

うん

Oh, to proffer such hospitality upon this pour troubadour, may Saint Julian blesseth thee.



my intention Ach, hath faile' to penetrate thy wit seem'it.

for I am a heathen monster!

Be-hold!

H-hold thy harness fast, doth thy senses fail or haveth you truly no knowledge of the being I am?



This time 'er I swore that I do the natural duty o' a heathen mal, to consume an un'ware passerby and banish myn cravings!

I must smoothe myn ruffled feathers...

Thy beautee trap't I as a bee carry'd by the swift wynd o' Zephyrus to the soot'st dayesye in the vulgar heath.

"beau-tee..."



"This time..."

Let the heaven lay witnes' to 'er such a turn, as a rat in peril transformeth to a lusty capul!

Sancta Simplicitas! May the earth quake!

Twas many
moons past that
mine fellow
monsters, born
of Satan's gaze,
seeke'd me out
t'hunt noble man.

Youth
comes but
as spice for
th' flavour
o' man.

Verily?
Thou hast yet
to sup' upon the
flesch of man,
Hebihime?

A finer
meal is yet
to be seen
on lande.

Mayhaps
I am of
curtesie an'
virtus o'er
burdened?

I
can do
naught
but flee.

'Twas
but a
babe
in arms.

Ach!

Peradv-
enture
Thou art
lost?
A lowe
myne self
to act a
knyght an'
ken th'
path

Hoh! What a
por wyght.
surely thou art
th' cobbler's
kin?

A knyght so
ferre and gay
may rend me
slayn.

But
natheless,
Victory ay
ran to an'
fro ful ofte

'Tis long
'fore
the soone
is riden
out

My
blessings
upon
thee!

My honour
be scathe, I
offrynge to thee
a fest most fayre!

Ach!

Nay!
I woulde
be follie
to cast
mine arms
aside.

A more gentil an'
parfait mayde ther
has not be'n. That
ye have nay a
bachelor foun' is
beyond mine wiste

Vile
beggester

'Tis thou
that shall pass
betwixt mine
embrouches
as the carrack
abeam two
shores

Such
finery hast
ne'er graced
theese hum-
ble lips!

oh,
you
surely
flat-
ter.

I'll don'
the monkish
robes, then
lay entrap-
ment with
my vileynye
and vixen
wife...

a Fayre
night's
rest to
thee.

Mine
entrapment
hath surely
girt his wit!
It is sprung!



Un'er this
nyghtertale
Luna, I leer
the heaven's
feast, pity the
pour swayn.

Packed
is his bowel
to the brimm,
'tis unnethes
restraining
myn voracity.



By the
Seints,
'f not myn
eyes def-
unct, he
is not 'er!



Shall't be
the 'bout
tyd fir the
mare of
sweven
visiteth'm.



Per I
granted
an inquiry,
'f not too
boor...



Almost
hath I
cough'd
up myn
rote.



Ach,
'twas
not myn
wille
to constern
such a
rebekke
delicate,



To
Deum!!
May th'
aungels
rob me
of the
shadow
that
plagueth
me!!!



What hath
a buddin'
maiden
such as thee,
Hebihime,
goth
thynges at
ain' a man's
dwale den?

Ach, nay!
hath he
penetrated
myn fog
o' decep-
tion?



I wer'
called to
th' forst
to piss'
mynself a
ryver.





Hoh.

Th' arome o' mead lays upon him as the hart fawn upon th' sod whan Aprill is come.

Mayhaps I can turn this to myne owne fortunes?



At last, allow us to ajoin as a union o' bacefor et mayden.

Aye, it has lyne synce passed that I fairly empty'd mine testes an' came in unto a mayde such as thou.

Hah! Has myne charme lastly yaf thou th' mayde's shivers? Hast thyne mayden's silk burst it's banks as the Thames, and o'er flow'd with thyne nector d'amour?

Oh!
Oh my!
Meum corpus!

Has the mead at last addid this knave's heede as the desert plays upon the turk's wyt?



E'en the fynest bard imbued with the muse make not such sweet sound to myne ear.

It has been auld lyne syne last a felloe rit thees landes

For not to lay myne honor filthie an' unkempt, I prithe to accept myne corpus an' bawdy services as but a humble favor.



這次就用美人計!!

ほい



By the
highest
Jove!

A jape
shalt thou
witnes' fir
wen as I
pileth thy
knobbles with
myn wanges.

A whale
of a flesch
stalk is this
one...

Myn wi-
ttes buds
Betrayed carole and
is myn trow ronde!
'fore this divine
taste o' a fesch
man!

?

おっ
おっ
おっ

Thy
nectar is
sweeter th'n
any ciser
I ken!

Al forms o'
men's sondry
tonges sans
faille can scr-
ibe this oral
sensation not
of this realm!

With
haste thou
gobbleth
myn sword
als sugre-
candy.

The harlot
o' Caligula
so renoun'd
boweth 'fore
this un's
crave!



Uwah!

Ach!

Withhold thyself!

Madam Hebihime!
!?



Ah, if myne memorie does not fail me, is this hole not the cavity from whence a bachelor's vigour sallies?

Shuurrp!

If you handle myne sword with such vigor --!

I'll come in unto thyne lips!



Now,
surrender
thyself to th'
deadly sin! Release
in ful' force the seed
bound so taut unto
myn beguiling
mund!

the
connoisseur
o' sins, wrapph
its tail 'round
the corpus to
guid th' shadows
to their circle o'
inferno they
deserve...

I
swaddle
thy baton
as Minos,

Ha!

Ach!
'Tis a
devel's
werk
by the
tunge!

Ha!

Ha!

Ha!

Ha!



Ruptureth
myn
pintie!

Ha!



What sort
of spel hath
ablazed myn
sense and
soul?

W-
what...?

Hath I
perhaps
been come
unto
myself?

Ach,
strengthe
escapeth myn
corpus, myn
limbs so limp
as an unbound
fagot.

Doth thy
humours
kepth
well?

Am I...

Nestled
snug unto
a master
smith's forge
do I burn
when cradled
by him...

As a
cole
heap,



What
ho! You
encroachen
upon me as
the dawn
upon
nite!

I
am but
avauncen
our fayre
lover's
daunce.

Mayhap
I have
frighten'd
you? May-
hap myne
clip fayres
too quik?

'Tis just as
I thocht - your
meiden's envelope
flouds fayrly as
that what God
layed upon Noah.
Such be t'extente
of thyne delit
'an pleasur.



Oh...

but!



Hah!!



Thyne meid's
lips woulde
implien another
storie - e'er
deeper it
beknen me
...

Ah!

Don't!



Loosen
thy muscles,
maiden, for
I shallt be
gentil.

Is't myn
trewest of
intention to
bear the
seed of this
beggester?

Nay, I
moste
feed on
him! 'Tis
a ruse!



As I seyed,
thy hoghol
is drenched
to the petal
toppe.

By Jove!
'Tis so
wett!
So sodden!

Ach,
my nervus
are ablaze.
my corpus
aken!

only the
speartip
willt pass
the agape
port.

Then I
shallt only
jest fir
a wink of
a tyme,
shallowest
of merry
making,

If that
is thyne wille,
may the Seints
watch o'er,
so be it...!

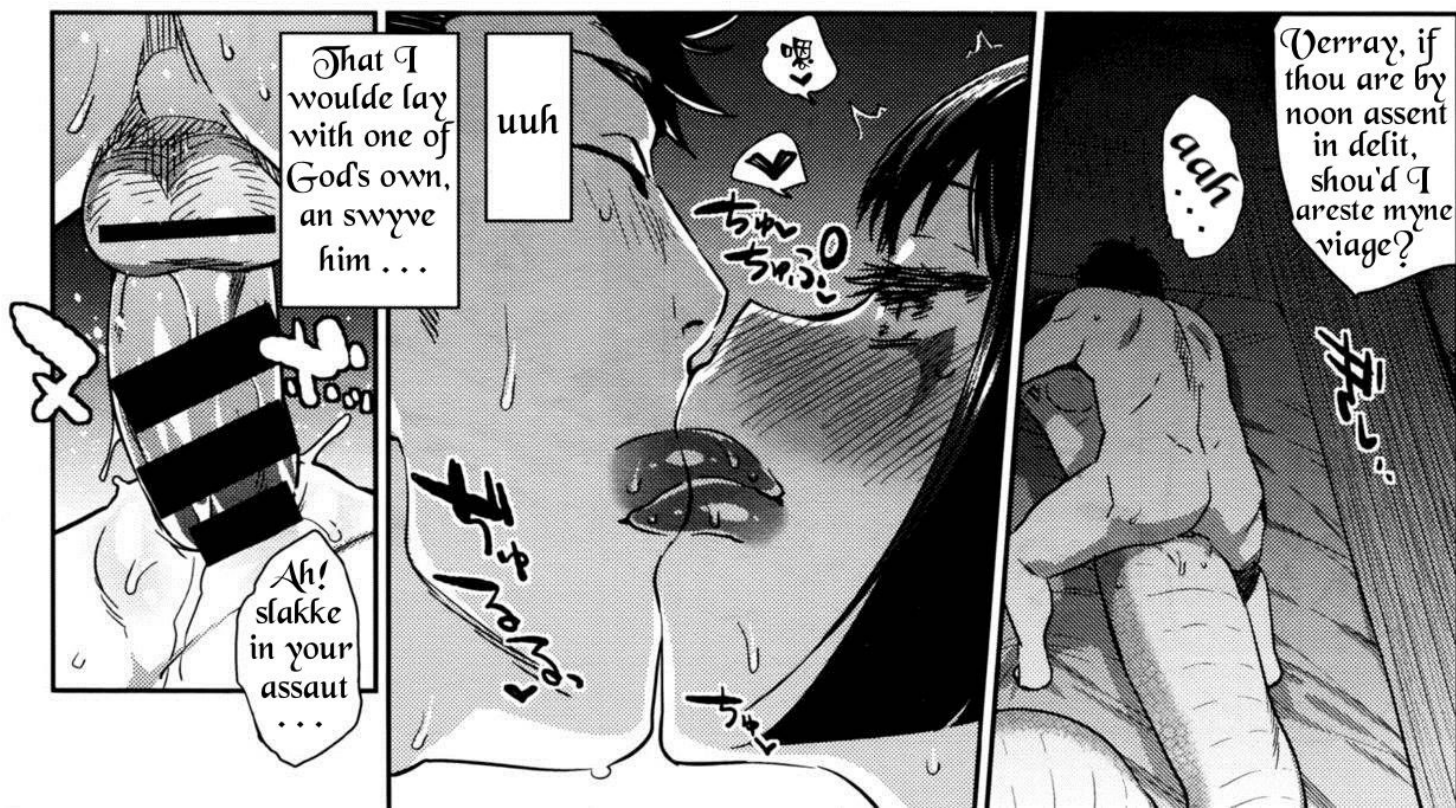


Ach!
You are
narowe
as the
Temese
in
drouth!

'Tis but
folie to
think one
coulede cease
his advance
at the tip...

I tolde
you to but
insert the
point of
thyne
pike...

I ...



That I
woulde say
with one of
God's own,
an swyve
him ...

uuh

Ah!
slakke
in your
assaut ...

Verray, if
thou are by
noon assent
in delit,
shou'd I
arestre myne
viage?

aah...



Place
thy eyes
elsewhere!
Spare
myn
pryde!

Nay!

Ach!

Hebihime!
Thy countena-
nce, 'tis so
unkemmed,
so wanton, as
a fertile beenest
that drippeth
of hony!

Myn
serpent
maiden.

Give thyself
a slack,
destresse not
thy hipe as so.

Hnn!

But to dip
myn tohe
into th'
see o' lasse's
pleasur...

The gate
giveth
ground to
the battering
ram...

But
nay...

He draweth
such lewed
mones from
myself,
'tis nigh
impossible
to holden!

Ach!
At erst
you wexe
laus! Thyne
meid's sheath
slakes its
grippe!

Heh
Heh...
I'm
fayne
...

At last!
I can enjoy
fornicacioun
not as a feend
mais as one
in God's
lyghte does.
He tretten
as his own
kind!!!

那里就是那里

From
dusk 'til
morwe your
wyf I can be!
Bed me as you
would your
bitreuthien!

Only
'till
morrow's
morn?

Ahh!
Depper!
Aah!

Eftsoone
plungen
myne
depthes
!!!





Thou art truly a strange felowe...

Wh-!

Cut thy words short, let not our mingling be only fir a nyght. Verify, an aeternity's worth, wilt thou accept me as thyn?

Kennst not thou myn heathen origine travelour?

With truthe thou herte speaketh, fool?

Wilt thou less a ryng reste round thy finger?



Neigh... th' well-bottom o' myn minde hath been given licht...



Ach...

Thy entention giveth brooke to no sins or the devel's sootespeak!

Never wilt thou giveth weg to mourdre a mann such as I!



Their eyes reflecteth the inglenooks of herte.

In myn Iorney's paths, many a heathens and beests crossed I.



Surely
I can
quell
him
...



Thenne
for
what
resoun?

By such
seeth
it is not
so ...

Sikerly,
you cannot
slee me, e'en
when yeven
ful aventure.



Knave!
Trew as
Phebus clambren
o'er th'orizonte,
myne benigne
acte is but a
facade t' make
you next
morne's
mete!
I fayrly
skof at the
idea that
I would
be
thyne
wyf!

I would take
but one swifte
dresse to
voyde this
unquiet foole,
to bireve him
of his breth an'
lay bare his
careyne ...



I cannot
leve myne
feende
comered
from
hethenesse
lay eyes
upon me in
such a
contricioun.



Pester not
thyne heede
with such
petty quibble!
Let us hasten
e'er foreward
with our
merie
romp.

A fool's
tunge
dallys
sunder!

Thy
desiren
fir me to
accept
thou-

Hei, hei,
thou less
thy breath
veyn!

Thy hipe
shan't
be ydell
un'er
me!

Not e'en
the
sterres
in the
heavens
coude
forseeth
that I
woude
be rend
so
lovestruck.

Hiere vice
grippeth
e'en tighter
than before!

Howe'er...
see that thou
maketh baer
thy seed,

then, I
shal't be
a hen under
thy arms...

Swear
on th'
Styx!

Hei!
benyson
myn
kin!

I shal't
not guiden
myn seed
anyere but
to thy
womb!

Myn
babee
hus is
being
ramm'd?!

Ach! Then
less the dyke
be unbelted 'til
no lovelixer
springeth
forth!



Hah...

I have
become
his..

And
with
this...

A
mother
I have
become...

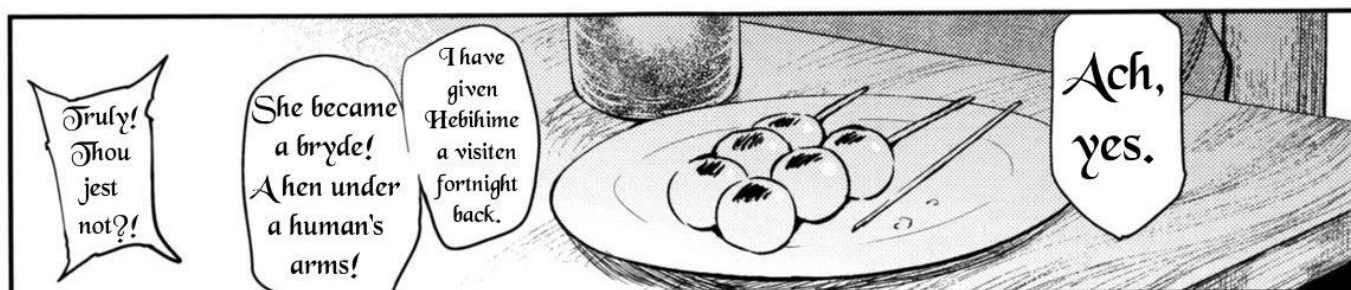


Bid
myn corpus
safe, for I
felt as
Gomorraah.

Mayhaps
we merry
another
round to
bid chance
safe?

'Tis
very much
so enough
fir
today.

On the
morrow
less us
mingle
again.



Truly!
Thou
jest
not?!

She became
a bryde!
A hen under
a human's
arms!

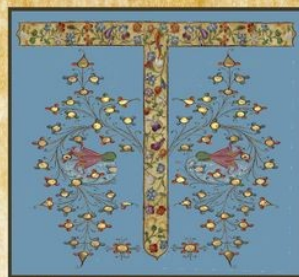
I have
given
Hebihime
a visiten
fortnight
back.

Ach,
yes.





Incipit liber primus Aristotele
numerorum



hot

Patrol Translations

Abandon all hope, all ye Chotys who cast thynne lyfe
an' gullen, selved gaze upon these ful worthy et noble
pages. Chot patrol translations is the designation o'
a fyne round of knyghts most fayr
an' ful of curtesie. Ser Buddha
Senpai et his camarade, Ser
Crazeek are two scolers,
well versed in matters
of pilosophie and lyne.



Thot patrol translations is a tl group dedicated to presenting a unique experience, to say the least, to the doujinshi readers through the mechanics of language, hoping to be a breath of fresh air in the ever-so-growing community. We are a two men team (Buddha Senpai & Crazeek) picking out doujinshis to rescribe, mainly for our own entertainment and pleasure.

Admittedly, we are not the most professional group, and can only transcribe already translated English and Korean works into a unique form of English, whether that be in the Shakespearean tongue or in the language of the enlightenment, but it is our sincerest wish that some eccentric souls out there will enjoy our labor and hopefully, brighten up their day.