



## MY VUST BIT A GUNPOWDER

Bout thirty year agoo, when I wur up a ardish bwoy, an in tha vust year a me prenticeship, a main girt steart there wur gwain ta be aul auver Englind. Var two ar dree year, we an Vrance, ad bin at war wie Rooshy, an bouth countries wur got terryable zick on't, var what wie tha girt battles, an tha terryable diseases out in thic ar Crimear, tha pick a bouth of tha harmies wur purty nigh gone. Tha Rooshians too, who wur beated purty nigh in every battle, wur martil glad ta zue var pace, an com ta terms. Zoo every biddy wur martil glad when pace wur signed, an tha war wur auver. Well, tha voke in ower leetle town, mead up their mines to av a proper jolification in honor a tha event. There wur ta be a vree dinner in tha Market Pleace, spourts an pastimes a ael zarts, two bands a music, bell ringin, an cannon virin, luminations, an virewirks at nite. Zoo tha day avore it wur ta com off, I happened ta vind out tha handle of a screw hammer, layin about amang measter's woold iron. “Lar, wat a proper cannon he'll meak,” zaays I, zo I ax'd measter vor'n an a zaays, “dwoant blow thee yead off wie un mind.”

Zoo in me dinner time, I viles a touch hawl in un, an lets un inta a girt hard block a hood, an vastens un down wie a couple a strong steaples; zo's a shudden kick, wen I let un off. Zoo I buys haaf a poun a gunpowder, an chuckled to mezelf, "Wunt I av a baing up ta marrer marnen, a vore any on ems up." I mist tell ee, as ow twur ranged var tha town voke ta vire their girt cannons at vawer a clock, ta wake tha people up; Ah, thinks I, I'll be avore em. Zoo next marnin bout dree o'clock, jist as twur getting a bit light, out a bade I bundles, an a young chap as wur me bade feller zaays, "Wur bist a gwain to, this time a tha marnin?" "O," I zaays, "thee bide still, I da want to goo down stayers var zummit, I'll be back agean strait," var if I'd tould un wat I wur up to, he'd a starmed tha house, as tha very neam a gunpowder nearly zent un inta sterricks, a wur zich a timeed young chap. Down stayers I gooes, quiet's a mouse, not var ta wake up tha totherem, gets me cannon, well rams un up ta tha muzzle wie peaper an gunpowder, an putts un on tha ground, jist under ower cottage winder, then a teaks a girt long stick, var I still wur in dout about his kickin, ties on a bit a peaper, lights it, an puts it on tha touch hawl. "O lar, O lar," my cracky wurden ther a baing, I never yeard tha like on't avore, nar neet zunce, I wur completely stunned var two ar dree minutes, an when I did come too, I zeed that every square a glass in mother's kitchen winder wur blowed to pieces, an vive or zix in tha next cottage as well. Down come thic ar timeed young chap, my bade feller, wie his yair bolt upright, an when a zeed what twer, a zet up zich a howl an went right off inta one of his sterricks. Tha wimmin voke up stayers wur shouten, and prayen a good un var they ael begun ta think tha Rooshians wur com to blow em up. Thay purty quick wur down, an in a vew minutes, tha please

wur ael alive, wie men, wimmin, and childern come to zee what wur tha matter, thinks I, I'd better scarper off, var zom on em begun ta get proper spitevul, when they zeed twur my doins. Zoo I gooes an looks about var me cannon, an tha block I'd let un into, wur shivered to a hundred pieces very nigh, tha woold screw hammer handle had a jumped back rite across tha street, an het droo a brick in a nine inch wall tha tother zide, lar a massy thinks I, what a good job I diden stan behine un when I vired, an no biddy passen at tha time, var one oance must ave bin slayed that's zartin, howzemdever it tached I a lessin, var ever zunce thic day I've never handled a gun, let aloane gun powder. It quite cured I a dabblin we it, an ta tha day a me death I shaant varget me leetle baing up wen we zelebrated "Pace wie Rooshy."