



I shudden never think in ael thease blessed wordle wur there dree bwoys as cood tackle figgety pooden like Tom Trotter's dree, begar if thay hooden ate pooden vrim marnen ta night if thay cood bit come at it, thay'd av it var brekvist, dinner ar zupper. Tom's wife used ta meak a girt big un nearly every Zundy, an I warnd if there shoud happen ta be ar a bit on't left, tha bwoys managed ta clare it off avore thay went ta wirk Monday marnen.

One Crissmiss, Tom's wife had a leetle bit a money laved her be a woold uncle; zoo she promised her bwoys thay shood av a downright good trate a figgety pooden Crismis day. Zoo a day ar two avore, there wur zich a ta do in Tom's cottage, meaken an stirrin up tha batter var tha poodens; there wur a gallin an haaf a baste vlower, poun an haaf a brade crumbs, vower poun a beef suet, zix poun a vigs, zix poun a

currands, two poun a zultannys, poun a orange peel, haaf poun a hoss spice, a dozen haigs, an a haaf a pint a brandy, twer ael put into a girt washen pan, an Tom, he's wife, and bwoys ael had a good goo in at tha stirren on it up; when twur done and mead up, there wur zeven nice girt big figgetty poodens; zoo thay wur ael tied up in cloths an bwiled var zix howers in tha girt washen copper. Now mind, zays ther mother, we shill av two var Crismis an one every Zundy atterwirds till thame gone, an be that time ael o'ee ull be about zick a figgetty pooden I specs. Zoo two on em wur duly got rid of at Crismis, an tha raste on em put in beasins ael in a row on the top shelf a tha kitchen cupboard.

Bout a vartnight atter Tom an he's wife, an ther wooldest bwoy, Jarge, wur invited down to tha schoolroom to a tay meetin as wur always gied once a year be tha Passen a tha village; Jack an Jim, tha two youngest bwoys, had ta bide a touam an mind tha house; bit it riled em mainly ta think thay wurden lowed ta goo an av a good blow out a keak an tay seem as Jarge. Zoo as thay zat roun tha vire brooden auver ther dissapointment, an looken main zulky at tha pieces a brade an cheese as wur laved var ther zuppers, ael at wonce Jack jumps up, an zays, Jim, let thee an I av one a thay there figgetty poodens hoot? Aelright, zays Jim, bit mother ull zure to vind it out s'now, an then we shill drap in var't shearp. No she wunt, zays Jack; I tell thee what I'll do, we'll av one a tha poodens

an I'll get zim bran as I do keep var me rabbits, mix it up we waater nice an stiff like, an tie it up in tha seam pooden cloth, till look jist like a rale figgetty pooden, an she wunt know no better if thee doosen tell her. Ael right, zays Jim, I'm agreed. Zoo tha crafty young scoundrels got down one a tha poodens an purty quick mead a end on un; there wurden a crum left. Jack then got he's bran box, mixed up zom on it nice an stiff we a vew wuts here an there, tied it up in tha pooden cloth, put it back in tha beasin an on top a tha shelf long we tha tother poodens as wur left; thay hid away ther pieces a brade an cheese an then tha crafty young rascals slunk off ta bade, an when ther fiather an mother come wom there thay wur snorin away like two young blowed out porkers. Tha two bwoys kept tha sacrit tight as wex, bit every Zundy atterwirds, when thay zat down ta dinner, thay wur ael in a bivver thinking tood be vound out; bit no, as luck hood av it, a real good figgetty pooden turned up every time, till come to the las on em when thay velt zartin zure ther crafty leetle plot must be voun out now, specilly as ther mother had a zed in marnen thay wur gwain to av tha last a tha Crismis poodens thic day. Zoo when tha two bwoys comed out a chirch, Jack zays ta Jim, we shall be vound out ta day thats zartin, zoo we'd better tuck in as much mate an gierden stuff as we can as fiather ull zure ta zen ess aff ta bade we a vlea in ower ears, when a vinds it out. Zoo at dinner time thay wur ael in a trimble; but that diden stop em vum avin a dowble lowance a mate and gierden stuff which even ther

fiather noticed, and zaays, What beant ee agwain ta meak no room var no pooden? Ay, I specs thame about sirfeited on't zays ther mother, jist as I thought. A coose Jack an Jim looked at one anodder bit didn speak a wurd, in a minet ar two, to ther girt zaprise ther mother brought in anodder nice girt figgetty pooden on tha platter ael hot; tha two bwoys looked ael meazement; bit meazed as they bouth wur, be drat if it stopped em vrim avin ther usual whack; two zorrins a piece, Well, well, zays ther fiather, I'm drat if thic ar two bwoys wunt zoon breed a vamin in tha lan jist zee what thay've a put inzide o'm thase yer blessed day. When dinner wur auver an tha two bwoys wur got outside, Jack zays ta Jim, Be drat if I can meak thase yer job out, tis a reglar licker. That 'tis, says Jim; I tell thee what, ower mother must a gied one away var zartin sure; lets count, two at Crissmiss, an now tis vower Zundys atter, an we've had one every Zundy thats zix, an there wur zeven mead; lets ax her? Zoo when thay gets in dooer, Jim zaays, Mother ya zed as how thic figgetty pooden we've had ta day wur tha last a tha Crismis ones, bit we've ony had zix an ther wur zeven mead if ya da mind mother. O eece me bwoys I da know; bit yer Aunt Car'line, vrim Stoke, wur auver yer a week ar two agoo, an I gied her one var ta keep up yer uncles birthday we, an I caant think ow 'tis, she added, I hant zeed nar yearnd nuthen on her zunce, I hopes thers nuthen tha matter. Jack an Jim looked at one anodder but didn speak a wurd till thay got out, when Jack zays, I'll bet thee a shillin Jim as how ower

mother gied thic bran pooden we mead to Aunt. What shill ess do now? Nuthen, zays Jim, bit bide quiet, an know nuthen mind.

Bout a vartnight atter Tom Trotter wur down at Stoke, zoo a caal'd in ta zee he's sister Car'line; an ta knaa if any thing wur tha matter as she adden a bin up ta zee em leatly; Matter, zays she, ael in reage; I thinks thers a purty deal tha matter Tom, I an my vamly wur never zard zich a nasty dirty mean trick in ael ower lives as thy wife av a played on ess, a good var nuthen thing on her; Why what is it? zays her astonished brother, I'll swear I knows nuthen about it; come tell I what 'tis you've a vill out about. Well if thee doosen know Tom, zaays she in a terrible pelt, I'll tell thee.

Las time I wur up at thy house I happened ta look in your cupboard "as the dooer wur open" and zeed zim figgetty poodens on tha shelf, an knowin that Jane is a good han in meaken on em, I zaays, Lar Jane how I shid like ta have one a thay var Bob's birthday, how tood plaze un an tha childern. Av one an welcome Car'line zaays she' zoo I brought one whoam, an tha day as Bob's birthday wur, thinken ta gie he an tha childern a bit of a trate unbeknown to em, I puts tha pooden in tha pot ta warm un up a bit, an when I come ta turn un out a tha cloth on to tha platter; of ael tha stinks an messes as ever wur, that capped tha lot; it ael vill ta pieces jist like zaa doust, an diden teak ess long ta vind out as twur nuthen bit a lot a nasty stinkin

fowsty bran, we zim black wuts stuck in here an there ta look like split vigs. A downright shabby trick now wurden it ta play on a sister-laa? Twer a wonder Bob adden a brought tha lot up ta your house an daished it droo yer winder, a wur that mad; an tha poor childern too, every one on em zet up cryen thay wur that disappointed. Well apon my zong Car'line, zaays her brother, I'm ready ta swear an be bound, as my wife knows nuthen at ael about it; she's tha rong ooman ta play zich a nasty shabby trick on anybidddy let aloone a sister-laa, an you two aelwys zich good vrens; mist be zom a my bwoys tricks; I warn'd I'll zoon vind out when I da get whoam. Zoo off went Tom in a terrible tare, an when a gets whoam, call'd he's dree bwoys together in tha kitchen, then shutten tha door, an putten his back agean un, a begun ta unbuckle tha strap as a aelwys wore roun he's waist, an zaays, Now bwoys, spake tha truth about what I'm agwain ta ax ee, cos if ya dwoant I'll lether ee we in a ninch a yer lives. Now, which on ee wur it stole one a yer mother's figgetty poodens an put one mead up a bran an wuts in he's pleace? Jarge a coose vowed his innersence, bit Jack an Jim, zeein their fiather wur in dadely earnest, busted out cryen a good un, an then blubbered out, Twur we fiather, thic night mother, you, an Jarge wur down at Passens tay meeting, we be main zorry var it an wunt never do it no mwore fiather, if you'll vargie ess thase time. Well, says Tom, I will vargie ee thase time becaas you've twould tha truth, bit jist zee what comes a yer tricks. Yers yer Aunt Car'line blamin yer poor

mother an is in a terryable way about it.

Now then, avore arn on ee avs anodder bit ar drop in thease yer house, be off down ta Stoke to yer Aunt an Uncle, goo down on yer bendeed knees an baig ther pardon.

Zoo tha two bwoys, glad ta get off athout a tannen, started vir ther Aunt's cottage an wur purty zoon down on thur marrer bwones baigen hers an uncle's pardon; and nex day Tom's wife mead anodder rale good figgetty pooden an took un down herself; zoo atter kissen an huggen one anodder like, thay cooden atter ael help busten out laffen a goodun ta think a tha bwoys' artvul trick in meaken up a Bran Figgetty Pooden in pleace a tha one they'd a stole, an ate up.