

A UNDERD ZUR

Jack Dibsill wur reckoned tha wuss bwoy in ael tha parish, whatever mischief wur a gwain on, ar a brewin, Jack wur zure ta be at tha bottom on't, an if a wurden, a wur bleamed var't ael tha zeam. His fiather used ta tan his jacket nearly every day, an declare as how he wur bad vrum tha beginny, an zo he'd continny. Bit his mother, poor zawl, did teak his peart, an zaay as a wurden za black as a wur painted, an no wuss than other bwoys. One Zundy, when Jack happened ta be in chirch, Passen Stubs gied out, as how tha Bishop wur gwain ta hold a convirmation in tha parish, an any young voke, apast tha age a fifteen, as adden bin convirmed, wur ta come up ta tha Rectory an zee un about it. When Jack got whoam, a axed his mother ael about it, an she, poor ooman, explained it to un, as baste she cood. "I shill be convirmed then," zaays Jack. An atter he'd a done wirk thic night, away a gooes down ta Rectory ta zee Passen Stubs about it. A lot mwore young voke wur there, waited their turn ta be caaled into tha study an be questioned, "Nex lad," zaays tha Rector, as a let one bwoy out, zoo in gooes Jack as bowld as a lion. "What you here Dibsill," zaays he quite amazed. "Eece zur," zed Jack. "And are you anxious to be a candidate for the most sacred rite a confirmation?" "Eece zur, I be," zed Jack. "Can you say tha Creed, tha Lord's Prayer, an tha Ten Commandments?" "O Eece, zur ael that?" "Well then my boy, how many Commandments are there?" zed tha dubious Passen. Jack looked at tha Passen, then at tha salin, then down on tha floor raather puzzled, an ael at wonce a blurtd out, "*A underd, zur.*" "A hundred," said tha astonished Rector. "Eece zur, one zart an

tother,” zaays Jack. “Dear me,” zaays tha Passen, “I really think my young friend you must wait another year before I can venture to present you to the Bishop.”

“Beant that right, zur?” zaays Jack. “Far from it, far from it my young friend,” zaays he, sheakin his yead an showin Jack tha doer. Zoo out a truded an as a wur gwain down tha passage, a met tha nex bwoy a gwain in. “Here,” a whispered, “diss knaa how many commanments ther be?” “Ten ta be zure,” zaays tha bwoy. “That wunt do,” zaays Jack, “I tried un wie a underd, an that wurden enough vor'n, a zent I a gwain, thee'st better zaay a thousand.” Poor Jack wurden left long in his iggerance, var wen a got wom, an tould his mother she putt un right, an atter that, a zet ta wirk an larned ael tha commanments, zo that at tha nex convirmation a wur passed an diden turn out zich a bad bwoy atter ael.