

THA NEW WARDROBE

Las Zummer fiather gied Moll Down “our maid of ael wirk” a weeks hallerdy var ta goo an tend her mother, who wur took main bad ael on tha zuddent. An while she wur away he brought whoam a bran new manogany wardrobe we girt long glassen dooers in tha vront on un as cood zee yerself in vrim yead ta voot. Thay hadden vixed on top a landin, back geanst tha wall. When Poll comes back vrim her hallerdy she gooes up stayers we her pail a water, vlannel, zoaup and scrubbin brush, var ta do her usual wirk.

Directly she got on top a stayers her eyes lighteed on tha new piece a vurniture we tha vull laingth a her shadder reflected in tha dooers; she wur that gallerd an vrighteed that she let vall tha pail a water, zouap, vlannel an scrubbin brush; down went tha bucket bounden, helter skelter on every stair we a terrible baing, ta tha bottom.

Fiather an Mother, who wur havin brekvist out in kitchen, jumped up vrum tha teable vrighteed out a ther wits, veelin zartin zure as how Poll mist av vill down stayers an broke her neck. Thay bouath rushed out ta zee, an ther wur tha empty bucket as had rolled along tha passidge to tha vront dooer, tha zoaup, vlannel an scrubbin brush ael about, tha stayer carpet zogged droo we wet, an Poll zitten at tha bottom looken white's a maggott an jist getting ready ta goo off inta sterricks, when she zeed her Measter an Missus.

Var God's zeak, zays fiather, “Whats tha matter?”

“Why, thic ar girt long thing” zays Poll.

“What long thing?” zays fiather.

“Why thic new vaingled cupperd thing as you've got stuck up on tha landin.”

“Well what about he” zays fiather.

“Why tha *Devils* inside on un var zartin, zays she, I zeed un we me own two blessed eyes, an tha wicked woold feller were tryen ta himiteat I, when I cotch zite on un.”

“Why ya zilly wench, zays fiather, “Tis ony a wardrobe we looken glass dooers in un, teant. An ael thee'se a zeed, wur thee own shadder, ya girt stupeed thing on thee.”

Bit nuthen hooden convince Poll, till fiather an mother bouath went up stayers an stood avore tha glassen doors therezelves. An when Poll zeed their shadders as well as her own, she zed she spoosed twerden tha *Evil One* atter ael.