

GRACIN
THA GIMBLET
and
THA PAINT
AS HOODEN DRY



When Jimmy Diddler wur growed up a tarblish big bwoy a went as zart a odd lad to Dan'l Dingers tha wheelwright, an Dan'l zed as ow he'd larn un tha trade, if za be he wur sprack, an mead he's zelf useful.

Tha vust marnin as a wur took on Dan'l took un up we'n ta varmer Grigg's barn var ta mend tha vloer. Varmer, who wur a terryable stingy feller, come out atter a bit ta zee how tha job wur gwain on; directly he's eyes lighteed on leetle Jimmy a zays "What's thic ar bwoy doin yer, Dan'l?" "Oh I want he ta wet an grace tha gimblet" zays Dan'l.

"Grace tha gimblet" zays Varmer. "What , be I to pay a bwoy ta stan about yer ael day ta do zich a pawltry job as that?"

"Thee goo on whoam bwoy, I'll tend ta thic ar job me zelf."

Zoo a pack'd Jimmy off, an Dan'l went on we's wirk, which wur borein zim gimblet holes in zim girt

hard woak plainks, jist as vast as he cood, an varmer Griggs watchin on un.

“Now then Measter” zays Daniel, as a pulled tha gimblet out a tha hard hood, “*Lick an grace* tha gimblet.” A coose tha gimblet bein main hot, directly tha pwint on un touched tha varmers lips a roared out at tha top a he's voice, that ya cood hear un ael auver tha varm, “D—m tha gimblet! have tha bwoy back agean Dan'l, if thats how these wet an grace tha gimblet, I've had quite anuff on't.

Zom time atter, Varmer went ta Dan'l's shop var two poun a white paint ta paint tha inzide a their bath we. Dan'l wurden in, bit leetle Jimmy wur, who zed as ow he cood mix it up as well as he's Measter. “Mix it up then, here's a crock ta put it in, an look shearp, I be in a hurry” zays tha Varmer.

Jimmy weighed out tha white lid, mixed it up on tha stouane we linzeed oil an turps nice an vine; bit in he's hurry vargot ta put any *dryens* in: an as a handeed it to tha varmer a zays “Better let I come an paint tha bath var ee Measter Griggs.”

“What, zays tha varmer, diss think I'm agwain ta pay thee ar thee measter var a job I can do mezelf, not likely.”

Bout dree days atterwurds varmer meets Jimmy an a zays “That ar paint these mead up tother day *wunt dry a bit*, yet tiv bin on dree days, an as wets twur when I put it on nearly.”

“Ah Varmer, I specs tha bath wur gracy,” zays

Jimmy.

“No a wurden gracy neither; var Missus scrubbed un out we zoap, zodder an warm water avore I painted un.”

“Ah then, zays Jimmy, you mist a put that ar paint on *inzide out*. You shood a let I done it varmer as I wanted to.”

“Look thee yer young shearper, zays Measter Griggs, thee jist come along we I hoot” zoo a mead na mwore ta do, bit cotched woold one a leetle Jimmy's yarms an dragged un along up ta varm an in house, upstayers to tha bath room.

“Now then, zays Varmer Griggs, thee'se zay as ow I put that ar paint on *inzide out doost?*” “Eece, I specs you have, zays Jimmy, be tha look on't.”

‘Well then, thee jist bide yer, *teak it all off an turn it tother way, hoot?* an I'll gie thee a nower an a haaf to do it in.” We that Varmer locks tha bathroom dooer an hurried down stayers.

Jimmy, zeein tha purty perdictament a wur in zet up a blubberin an bellerin a good un, an shouted out a tha top of he's voice “Let I out will ee? Let I out? Else I'll jump out a winder, ar kick tha dooer down.” Jimmy knocked up zich a shine, tha a waked up Missus Griggs, who wur avin her usual atternoon nap. Zoo she jumped out a bade an went ta Jimmy's rescue jist as he wur squeezin he's zelf droo tha bars a tha narrer winder: an Varmer Griggs down below watchen on un, an enjoyen tha vun, an axen on un if he'd done tha job

clane an tidy.

I warn Jimmy never vargot ta put *dryens* in any
paints a mixed up atterwards.