

THA CHUCKY PIG

One zummer there wur a lot a wirkmen up at tha Varm House, doin on un up, inzide an out; amangst em wur a Painter chap thay caal'd Skipps, a wur a main knowen zart of a blade an cood dance a harnpipe, zing a comick zong, ar spin a yarn we any biddy, zom zed he'd bin a clown in a travellin Zarcus. Howzemever Varmer Parvey took a girt vancy to un, an used ta av un in tha house at night to hear un zing an tell of he's yarns. A got za vond on un that a promised to gie un a leetle live Chucky Pig, when tha job a work wur done. A used ta come out nearly every day an zaay, ah I've got a nice leetle grunter var ee when tha jobs vinished Skipps. Zoo tha Zadderday marnen as tha job wur nearly vinished Skipps zaays, Varmer, I shill want thic leetle pig this atternoon as we shill vinish here be dinner time. Aelright, zaays Varmer, I shill turn un loose out in tha leetle archet an thee't have ta ketch un mind. Aelright zays Skipps. Zoo atter dinner an tha job bein vinished ael tha chaps got their traps and tools together an wur ready to start whoam. Zoo tha leetle Chucky Pig wur vetch'd an turned out inta archet we Skipps in vull chease atter un, atter a vew goos roun, he nabbed hold on un up gean a leetle apple tree. Here's a baig ta put un in, says Varmer, who wur looken on enjoyen tha chase. Zoo Skipps shot the leetle pig into un, an be drat if a diden rin out tother end, tha baig had bin cut a purpose. A coose another hot chase ael roun tha archet took pleave, bit Skipps zoon nabbed un agean, an ta hear ee painken var breath an tha leetle pig a hollerin an squealin like murder as he holded un tight in bouath his yarms, twur a zite ta zee, an a rale bit a vun. Howzemever Skipps hooden

trust un in nar nother baig; zoo a borried a hamper off a
tha dearymin an we zim string an a rope tied un in nice
an tight.

Well now thee'se a got un seaf an zoun, zaays
Varmer, ael o' ee come inta kitchen an av zim zider
avore ya da start var whoam. Here Moll, quick! a
hollerd to tha zarvent wench, bring in a couple a gallins
a zider an zim cups, an while tha chaps wur a topen on
it down, tha crafty Varmer slips out an wur jist cotched
in the hact a cutten tha rope roun tha hamper ta let tha
leetle pig out agean. Skipps rushed out an diden varget
ta gie un a bit of he's mind. Bit Varmer zed twur ony
done var a bit a vun an ta av anodder race var tha leetle
grunter. Howzemever a wur beat thic ar time an
Skipps wur zoon on he's way whoam we tha leetle
Chucky Pig seaf in tha hamper.