

VARMER PARVEY

Vrom a leetle bwoy, Varmer Parvey wur up to ael manner a vun an artvul skylarken tricks, an wur zure ta be consarned in any mischevious geam that went on in ower village. Wonce, when he's fiather had took on a new Bird Starving Bwoy, as a wur comin wom vrim vield one night, young varmer met un, an a zaays, "Here Bwoy theres a owl jist vlow inta tallet, let thee an I goon ketch un hoot?" A coose the poor igerant bwoy wur ony too plazed. Now then, zays varmer, thee teak hold a thic ar carn ziv, stan on tha step ladder, an hold un up auver tha hawl in tha vloer, wur we let down tha hay an carn, an I'll goo up in tallet an scower un about, he'll be zartin zure ta vlee down droo tha hawl, then we shill nab doosen zee. Zoo tha bwoy stood on tha step ladder, an holded up tha ziv auver tha hawl tight as grim death, an young varmer up in tallet pertenden ta scare tha owl about. Look out a zaays, here he be meakin var tha hawl: hold hard tha ziv bwoy. Eece zur zays tha bwoy I shill av un if he da vlee down here; an tha artvul feller tipped a bucket a cwoold water "which he'd a got there on purpose" right down droo tha hawl an baals out : *Hast a got un?* A coose tha poor bwoy, we he's mouth an eyes vull a water wur zoo gallerd an vrightened that a cooden speak a word and as wur wet droo as a drowned rat. Howzemever the woold varmer happened ta look in at tha time an took tha bwoy in avore tha kitchen vire, dried he's smock, gied un zim zider an drippence, an zent un won, bit I warnd thic bwoy never vargot, *Ketchen tha owl.*

Anodder bwoy come up ta varm one day, an axed ta be took on as ploughboy. Beest a good strong

bwoy zays young varmer? Eece Zur, that I be, var me zize, zays he. I'll try thee, zaays Varmer. Thee's zee thic ther haaf undered waight agean tha steable door there? Eece Zur, zaays tha bwoy. Well then, teak un up, an car un down to tha varm yard geat, an bring un back agean *athout putten on un down*, and I'll gie thee zixpince if canst do it. O, I can do that aisy anuff, zays tha hager bwoy, zoo a took hold a tha waight car'd un down to tha geat, brought un back an put un down at tha Varmers veet; there ya be Zur, zays tha bwoy we a triumphant smile on he's veace. Ah now thee's a lost zaays tha artvul Varmer; How zoo, zed tha bwoy. Why thee'se a put un down. I zed car un down an bring un back *athout putten on un down*, What else cood I do then zays tha astonished bwoy, Why thee shouldst a putten *up* on tha carn bin here an then thee'se a won, doosen zee. Howzemever here's tha zixpince var thee, an I think thee beest strong anuff zoo canst come on ta wirk Monday marnen.

Woold Phil Passens, their thatcher an drowner, wur a terryable feller ta smoke an chew, in vact a wur nevir skiercely wieout he's pipe in he's mouth ar else chewin. Young Varmer promised he'd gie un a nice keak a vorein baccy, if he'd git un a vew pouns a musherrooms a wanted ta zen ta a vren up in Lunnen. Zoo Phil got tha musherrooms an varmer gied un tha keak a baccy ael done up in nice vorrin peaper, bit twur nuthen in tha worlde bit a square a *Peat Turf* zoaked in linseed oil, hammered vlat an tha outzides rubbed auver we zim rale baccy ta meak it smill like tha rale thing, an begar Phil never voun it out till one marnen, a happened ta lave he's pipe atouam an started ta chew a bit on it.

Wonce when thay wur agwain ta vix up a new grinden stouane Phil drove in tha centre plug za nayshun hard that a split tha stouane right in two. Dall that, a zaays, whatever shill I do now. Do, zaays young varmer, "who wur lookin on," Why thee'ts better teak un down ta Zam Squatirens tha Blacksmith an av a bond put roun un, avore fiather da zee it. Zoo tha habsent minded feller put tha two haves a tha grinden stouane inta tha barrer, an wheeled em down ta tha Blacksmith; who zoon put a iren bond roun em nice an tight, an Phil wur zoon on he's way back ta varm we un, wur a wur purty quick hung up. Dally, zays he ta Young Measter, Zam'l av mead a proper good job on it ya can skiercely zee tha crack now, a capital thought a yourn Measter ta av thic ar bond put on. Young Varmer never zed nuthen bit chuckled mainly to he's zelf. Next marnen he an his fiather wur waakin about tha varm as usual, an a zays, Av Phil hung up thic ar new grinden stouane heet? O eece, zays tha zon, lets goon zee what zart of a job he've a mead on it. Zoo when thay got there, an woold Varmer cotched zite a tha grinden stouane we a iren bond round un, a put up he's two hans in astonishment an axed his zon tha meanen on it, who zed thay'd better zend var woold Phil an let un explain it hissself. Zoo they zent a bwoy ta vind un out, an in a minet ar two a come hurryen across tha yard a panten var breath. Whats tha meanen a thic ar iren bond roun tha stouane var then Phil? Hant young Measter twould ee, zays Phil; Not he, zays tha fiather. Well tha vact on't wur Measter I het in tha centre plug a leetle bit too hard an he bein a zoftish zart of a stouane ya zee, he bust right in two. Why girt Noghead, zays fiather, zoft as thic ar stouane mid be, *a yeant haaf za zoft as thy girt yead*; How beest gwain ta grind thee tools on un now, thats what I da want ta

know? Lar massy on ess zaays tha bewildered Phil, scratchen his yead an looken tha picter of amazed innersense *I raaly diden think a that Measter.*

One a tha varm bwoys come runnin up ta young Measter one marnen wie a steable bucket in he's han, what's tha matter now, zays he? *Thease yer bucket da rin out* zays tha bwoy; O do er, zaays Measter, Eece Zur a do, zaays tha bwoy. Well, rin down ta Blacksmith, an ax un var a yard a chain an a padlock as quicks thee canst goo. Zoo tha bwoy started off, wonderen what twur wanted var, when a go back we't varmer zays, bring tha bucket here. Zoo tha bwoy brought tha bucket. Now then, a zaays, put tha chain roun thic geat pwest, drid un droo tha handle a tha bucket an lock bouath ends together, tha bwoy done as a wur twould an looken up at Measter, zays, Whats that ar var then Measter? Why ya young stup, didsen zay as ow *tha bucket runs out.* Eece an zoo a do zaays tha bwoy. Well then doosen think that ull stop un zaays varmer. O, zaays tha bewildered bwoy, I means theres a hawl in tha bottom on un, O thee doost, doost, zaays varmer, well then goo an ax woold Daaber tha painter ta gie thee a bit a putty an zqueeze inta tha hawl cassen young Nogyead.

One day a zent tha seam bwoy ta Walsbury we a list a things a wanted brought back. *Mind an bring tha Bill look,* a zed as tha bwoy started ta goo. Tha bwoy brought back tha things ael right bit no Bill. Where's tha Bill? zaays Varmer. Thay adden a got narn in stock, zaays tha bwoy, bit I wur ta tell ee as ow thay'd get one an zen un be Bob Kite tha carrier ta marrer marnen. Why ya young nogyead, zaays Varmer, what didst ax var? *Why tha Billhook ta be*

zure, zays tha stounded bwoy: an zure anuff tha carrier brought up ta varm a bran new Billhook nex day.

When woold varmer died, an tha youngun had got tha varm on he's own hans a begun to get an look mwore zerious like, bit spite a that he's love a vun an playen tricks on voke never left un, his dearymin wonce mead zim cheeses as turn'd out as hard as iren inamwoast, Phil tha woold drowner, wanted a new wheel var he's barrer, zoo a twould un ta get one a tha cheeses vrim tha dearymin, teaken down ta Blacksmiths, an av a bond put roun un, seam as a did when a bust tha grinden stouane "as thay wurden vit var nuthen else," nobiddy hooden ate ar buy em thay wur jist like stouane, bit woold Phil wur a bit too vly, a wurden gwain to act tha vool tha zecond time, not if a knowd it, zoo a plodded about we tha woold rickety barrer as baste a cood.

One day jist atter dinner a wur cutten tha grass on tha laan vront a Measter's house; an as a draad tha barrer atter un louadeed we grass the rickety wheel wur hollerin an screechen wus then a stuck pig. Var God's seak, zaays Measter, looken out a tha draaen room winder, What beest a meaken thic ar hideous naise here var? Ony a leetle *Music* an *Draain* ya zee Measter, saays Phil. Drat tha feller; teak tha thing down ta Ben chopstick tha wheelwright, an av a new wheel put on thic barrer var goodness seak. Thee't drave Missus an I crazy we thic ar naise, that thee hoot.

One Zundy marnen Varmer wur out waakin be tha zide a one of he's whate vields, we he'd yead hangin down an looken terrible zerious, whan tha Squire, long we one of he's daaters happened ta come

by; an a zaays, What makes you hang down your head
this morning so for Farmer, nothings gone wrong I
hope? Look yer Squire, zays varmer, ya da zee thic ar
vield a whate there dwoant ee? Certainly I do, says
Squire, Well then if ya da notice, the yeads as is vull a
grain da hang down, tha light uns we nuthen in em
skiercely, da stick bolt upright, an be blowed about be
any wind as da come along. Now ya can unnerstan it
Squire caant ee?