

ZAL SLATTER

Wen Zal Slatter courteed Jim Bleak, ee wur under carter, an she, a maid a ael wirk up at Hill Varm. Zoo thay greed ta put up tha banns unbeknowed ta ther measter an missus. Zoo wen varmer comed out a church thic ar Zundy a gooes straight inta kitchen wur Zal wur cooken a girt laig a mutton var dinner, an a zaays, “Zal,” a zaays, “Wur that thee an Jim I yeard caal'd whoam bit now?” “I specks twur, measter,” zaays she. “Whay what in tha wordle diss thee want ta get married var? hassen a got a good wom, a good bade ta sleep on, an a good laig a mutton ta sit down ta wen bist ungry?” “O eece, measter,” zaays Zal, “I knaas ael that, bit did ee ever knaa a wench, as hooden gie up a laig a mutton var a whole man.”