

## THA COMICK

Wen Poll Down lived deary maid wie fiather, a girt big comet wur expected ta be zeed in tha heavens. We tould her about it, an axed her, if she zeed un vust, ta let ess knaw. Zoo one Zundy nite atter chirch, she com runnin in, ael out a breath, a bawlin out, “Measter, tha comick, tha comick, I've a zeed un.” “What's a zeed,” zed fiather, volleren on her ta tha vront doer, “Ther, look ee,” zaays she, pwintin up ta tha sky, “Ther ee be,” an zure enuff, ther wur tha comick, as Poll caal'd un, wie his girt long tail, blazin away a good un.