

PUTTEN THA CLOCK ON

As I twould ee in tha Starry about tha “Apeth a Cheese” leetle Jim Diddler wur tha artvulest an cunnenest bwoy in tha whole parish. A used ta do ael tha leetle odd jobs an rin in errands var ower Blacksmith's wife Missus Squatiren, an a poper good vren she wur to un too, knowen as a wur a poor vatherless bwoy.

One Zadderdy, atter she'd a gied un zim grub an a vew appence var doin a vew leetle jobs, a looked up into her veace za pityvul an a zaays, 'Tis my birthday nex Monday Misses, an I be nine year woold then. Tha good ooman know'd purty well what leetle Jimmy wur draven at, zoo she twould un he wur ta come up ta tay an she hood av a proper nice vat keak mead var ta zelebrate tha event.

Zoo when Monday come steeds agwain ta school Jimmy mouched about an got down ta Blacksmiths cottage about two a'clock in atternoon. A coose Missus Squatiren wur main zaprised ta zee un at thic time a tha day an axed un how twur a adden gone ta school. O Missus a zed, I twould Schoolmaster as how twur my birthday ta day, an that you had axed I down ta tay an spen tha atternoon long we ee, an zoo a let I off. O well, she zaays, we shaant av tay till vower a'clock, zoo goo out in gierden a bit, an pull up tha weeds amaingst the teaties an cabbiges, while I da goo up stayers an av a vew winks a sleep as I aelwys do atter dinner.

Jimmy zoon got tired a weeden, zoo when a thought she wur gone off zoun in her nap, a crapes into the house, gets up in a cheer an puts tha clock on jist a nower; a slips out, an var about ten minets gun to potter about agean amaingst tha teaties an cabbiges. A

wur gettin za martil ungary an longin ta get at thic vat keak that a cooden bide there no longer, zoo a gooes inta tha house agean, crapes up tha stayers an caals out Missus! 'Tis nearly vower a'clock. Never saays she. 'Tis, a saays, *be your clock*. Zoo she zoon comes down an looken up at tha clock zeed twur true. Lar bless ess, zaays she, how time da vlee ta be sure, zims ta I ony a vew minets agoo I went up stayers, I mist a auver slep mezelf surely. Eece that you must Missus, says tha artvul Jim. Zoo she bustles about an got the tay, an which you med be sure leetle Jimmy diden vail ta do justice to, in vact a got outside nearly haaf a tha vat keak an when he had blowed he's self out we that an dree ar vower cups a tay that a cooden meak room var no mwore. Ael on tha zuddent like, he teaks up he's cap an bolts out of tha house as vast as he's leetle laigs cood carry un, an thout even stoppen ta thank Missus Squatiren var he's good tay. Howzemever a adden bin gone skiercly a minet avore her usbin who had bin up ta varm shoein, looks in. Hel oh, Nancy! a zaays, what's up ta day then avin tay za yarly? Yarly, zaays she, tis haaf atter vower ower usual time Zam. Nonsense a zaays, tis ony haaf atter dree be my watch an he's jist right be tha Church clock var I looked at un as I come roun tha corner.

Well, well, zaays she, then thic ar artvul young scamp Jim Diddler must a put ower clock on a nower, an when a yeard you a comen bolteed off, knowin it hood be vound out, no wonder I wur za dubious about my usual atternoon nap, a crafty young baiger.

Aelthoug a coose Jim adden comitted no crime, tha Blacksmith as he's wife cooden help bein amused at Jims leetle trick ta av he's tay a nower earlier.