

HOW TA BUILD A VOWL'S HOUSE CHEP

Tim Targett wur a mean stingy feller, he hood skin a vlint var a varden. Zombiddy gied his wife zom live vovls one day, an Tim puzzled his brains ta know how ta build a house vor em athout buyen any stuff. Zo atter stalin zim hedge stakes, an cutten zim ash poles in copse, avore anybiddy wur about in marnin, a manidged ta vling together a bit of a shanty; bit a wanted zim square pieces var tha dooer vrame an winder. Zoo a used ta bring wom a piece a quartern vrum tha Squire's timber yard, nearly every night, when a thought tha coast wur clear. One nite tha voremin met un commin out wie a piece a quartern about zix veet long. "What now then, Tim?" zaays he, "wur beest gwain we thic ar piece a stuff?" "Well, tha vact on't is, measter," zaays Tim, "las nite I wur zet apon be a tramp, as jump'd out a copse var ta rob I, I manidged ta get clear on un ya zee, an zoo I thought if I shood lite we'n agean ta nite, I gie un what var wie thase yer piece a stuff, dwoant ee zee, Measter." "Ael right," zaays tha unsuspectin voremin, "look atter theezelf, Tim," bit Tim wur never zet apon be thic tramp.