

TRAVELLEN ATHOUT AR TICKET

When the new Zouth Waastern Railway wur aupend vrim Zalsbury ta Wilton there wur a main lot a Wilton bwoys as wur prentices in tha Zity, who waaked backurds an varreds nite an marnen; zometimes some on ess manidged ta muster up tha tuppence apeny ta pay var a ride in tha train, which wur konzider'd a bit of a luxury, an a girt trate in thic em there days. Tha ticket collector at Zalsbury Stayshen wur a main zour crotchety zart of a feller, an a got it into he's yead that zome a we bwoys did offen ride in athout ar a ticket an slip out wieout bein zeed. Bit twur never done as I knaas on, at laste I never tried it on. Howzemever jist var a lark, an ta get thease yer jealus minded Collectors back up a bit, Ben Binks zaays ta I one marnen, “jist loud anuff varn ta hear”, Diss knaa Jack I da offen come vrim Wilton ta Zalsbury, athout ar a ticket. The Collector hearen on it, collar'd un be tha ear, led un into tha Booken Office, and zent var tha Stayshen Measter; who axed what wur the matter. Why zur, zaays tha vussy Collector, I auveryears thease young scamp tell he's companion there, that he offen comes vrim Wilton ta Zalsbury athout ar a ticket; Is that true, zaays Stayshen Measter. Eece zur I do, zaays Ben. Well how do you manidge ta do it? zays he. Why I da waak in, zaays Ben.

A coose Stayshen Measter cooden help smilin as a let ess bouath off. Bit thic ar Ticket Collector wur down on Ben an I, as longs he lived.