

ZENT TO HER MAJESTY DIRECT

Zom varty years agoo when a Volunteer Company wur starteet in ower leetle townd, Tom Tiller, a leetle sharp, whippersnapper zart of a feller, jined. Zom vew months atter, two Zargeants wur ordered to be mead, an leetle Tommy who diden think no smaal beer of he's zelf, vully expected to av tha honner of bein made one on em.

Howzemever it turned out as a wurden. A got za terriable spitevul about it, an it upzet un zoo, that a twould tha Drill Instructor that a hooden attend drill no mwore. Zoo one day tha Captain caaled on leetle Tommy, ta know how twur a diden goo ta drill, nar attend tha parades. Oh, zaays tha leetle man draaen he's zelf up to his vull hite, about vower voot dree, I've resigned. Indeed zaays tha Captain I've not received your resignation. Oh no, zaays Tommy, *I sent it to Her Majesty direct.*