

HOW TO MEAK APETH A CHEESE

Jim Diddler wur a poor vatherless bwoy, a wur a sharp cunnin leetle chap, bit a very good un, an hood do anything ta help his poor widderd mother in her distress. One marnen last harvest, about vawer a clock, jist as thay wur gwain off leasin, a looks up into his mother's veace za pityvull, an a zaays, "mother, what av ee got var nammet ta day?" "Zim brade an drippen, an a apple crowdy," zays she. "Ant ee gor no mate, mother?" "Drat tha bwoy, wurs think I be ta get money ta buy mate we." "Neet no cheese, mother?" "Not a bit," "Neet no money," "only a blessed apeny in tha wordle," zays tha poor ooman. "Let me av un," zaays Jim, "I'll goo down shop an get apeth a cheese." "Drat tha bwoy, thay wunt get up this time in marnin var a apeth a cheese thay wunt," "I'll meak em," zaays Jim; zo a took tha quine an in a vew minutes wur baingen away at woold Lights, tha village shop keeper's door, var tha life on un. "Who's there?" zaays a voice inzide a nightcap looken out a tha bade room winder. "I." "Who's I?" "Jim Diddler." "What do ee want?" "Zim cheese," zaays Jim. "What time is it?" "Gettin on var haight," zaays tha crafty bwoy. "Dang that," zaays woold Light, "an I ought ta bin up two hours agoo pig killen." Zoo down a come an looken up at tha clock zeed twur ony jist gone vawer. "Why, ya lyen young twoad tid ony jist vawer;" "Oh, yeant it, Mister Light, well I diden know, ya zee, mother hant got nar clock, an I haant got nar watch, an I thought mist ne getting on towards haight;" "how much cheese diss want?" "Apth," zaays Jim. "Now daing my ticker," zaays tha enraged shopkeeper, "be drat if I can, ar will zarve thee; ta call a body up this time in marnen

var apeth a cheese. Get out me shop;” “Eece, do ee, Measter Light,” zaays Jim; “I caant, nar wunt,” zaays he, var I dwoant know how to meak a apeth;” “Will ee meak a penneth then?” zaays Jim, brightenen up. “Well, as I be up, an thee beest a poor vatherless bwoy, I’ll cut thee off a penneth;” “Do ee then,” zaays Jim. Zoo woold Light raches down tha cheese, cuts un off a penneth, an drows it down on tha counter a vore un. Quick as lightenen, Jim draas out his twoadstabber, cuts tha penneth a cheese in haaf, drows down tha apeny, an bolts out tha chop, baalin out “that’s tha way ta meak apeth a cheese, Mister Light; ya zee you’ve larn’d zummat be getting up yarly this marnin, good-bye, mother’s a waiten!”