

Mother and Boy Willie Go Shopping

A Series of Short Cornish Dialect Stories

About Boy Willie by Mr H. Lean, Camborne

“ ‘Ow ‘ee been sa long, Mother?” asked Feather, “I should think you have bin and baught awl that was down Lizzie Ann’s shop.”

“I abben baught much, but I’ve ‘ad some ‘ansome time, twas berter than a magic lantern shaw I ‘ad a cheer in behind some boxes te quattee down on, ‘cause I told Lizzie Ann I wadden in no hurry.”

“Fust in comes a women , stranger te these parts she was, least ways, I’d nevcer seed her ‘for. Walked up te the counter she did ans asked fer a pair of gent’s socks and a drawin pin.

“Now, says I te meself, Lizzie Ann is bound te ask w’at she wanted the drawin pin fer. Tell ee the truth I was daggin to knaw me self and so was everybody in the shop, but no, she asked the size, wrapped them up and stuck the drawin pin in the parcel..”

“The woman paid and was walkin te the door when she turned ‘round and said; ‘I suppose you would like to know why I asked for a drawing pin?’ “No said Lizzie Ann (liar) ‘it don’t concern me.’ ‘Well,’ continued the stranger, ‘you will understand when I tell you my husband has one wooden leg.’

“ ‘Hark te this,’ said Lizzie Ann, as she read a note: ‘Please send down the following by the bus as I am too busy to come up, as I am wite washin the kitchen as my mother-in-law is comin te stay, ‘ave ee got any rat poison? Thomas John down by the shute.’

“Then in walked maid Janie, zactly like ‘er mather she is, all fastened up with safety pins, and asked fer another roll of wall paper, like she ‘ad last week, with the remark that it would take moor now as Father is going to paper ‘islef.”

While Lizzie Ann was out the back, Mrs James said, "I like a nightdress long 'nuff so you cen wrap yer feet up in un, I don't 'old with 'ot water bottles, I de send James up first to warm up the bed, what else use is 'e?"

"Lizzie Ann comin' in from out the back remarked that she 'ad, 'ad some some run on peppermints day, 'er forgot the is a funeral this afternoon,

" 'Eere comes Boy Willie, now fer bit a fun. And as he walked in te the shop she asked 'en 'ow many oranges it de take te make 'alf a dozen? " 'All depends," sai Boy Willie, "if they're small ones er big ones." ('course everybody roared with laughin).

" 'Well, said Lizzie Ann, 'taake out six o' the largest you can find, and six small ones. Then count them and see what is the difference.'

"After bre' while Boy Willie picked out six large oranges and six small ones. 'Count them and see what the difference is.'

" 'You're right, eddn't no difference' – as ee put the large ones in 'is pocket. I comed in speshally fer some oranges but knew you wooden helve me pick out six of the best!' "

"I de dearly luv 'te ear 'bout boy Willie." Said Richard Henerey, "caent foll 'ee." I was down to the shop meself one day fer a bit a bacca," said Faether, "w'en ee comed in te change six pennies fer a sixpenny bit. She took one out o' the till and gove en te en, and he put the six pennies on the counter and was walkin out. When 'ee got te the door she shouted to 'en; 'Aye you bin and left yer s=change behind. Ee turned 'round, picked up the six pennies, said "Thank you," and walked out.

"Poor chap," said Lizzie Ann, "don't knaw 'nuu to last 'un overnight ee don't. E's a fool an' knaw it says I, but it's a sad case when anybody is a fool and dawn't knaw it." "Tis time fer tay," says Mawther, " 'ere's Uncle Matty comin up long."