



# Norfolk Secrets

My father left a small case which contained letters, documents and photographs which have formed the basis for this book.

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## CHAPTER 1

### Early Years

Dear ... (the name was not legible),

You know I've bin going out with his *gal* Daisy for a long time now, and I *recon thas* why I don't get invited round to his cottage for tea. My mother said he *wanna* put some pepper on *em afore* he eat *em*, then he won't get wind, and thas the same for sprouts, she say. The gal Daisy did tell that *arter a grit* plate full of artichokes Eli blew his ole *mawther right outa bed*. (Blew his wife right out of bed). She landed *ontopa* the cat, and I have to admit she's a *slumikin grit mawther* (a very large lady) to be flying around the bedroom like that. *Any-road-up* that cat *hint bin* right since. They do say down at the Dog and Pickle, *they say; Eli's ole mawther, she's a proper winter woman*.

Anyhow Eli *usta* brew a lot of Fizz beer and he grew a lot of Jerusalems, and he'd cook *em* in the copper, all by himself. She *usta mob* (scold) when *that* was time to do the washing. Well *arter* a while she got really cranky and *meddled* with his brew in *yon* end of his shed. He never found out *zackly* what she put in it, but there was a hell of an explosion and all his Fizz brew headed for heaven. And more than that, *that* blew the roof right off his shed and he had only just finished *tricolating* (improving) it. They never did find that roof. Some folk think *that* might have landed in the next village. Well that really upset old Eli so he ate more and more Jerusalems to get his own back on har. Only thing was he didn't have any Ale left, so the old boy *hedta* go down to the Dog and Pickle every night.

The last time he was in there drowning his sorrows he got onto the *Wobbly Knees Ale, an thas a strong ole brew*. Well he wobbled *outa* the pub and into the *chuch* and slumped down in a pew. The Parson came over to him and laid his hands on Eli's *hid* (head).

He *say* to Eli; You will walk. Well, Eli slurred, I *int* paralysed Parson. Then the old Parson he say; Elijah my son, I promise you tonight you will walk. And he was right. When Eli managed to stagger outside the *chuch*, someone had pinched his bike! Now let me tell you *suffun* else, course you'll never guess what Eli's got in his garden. He's got a *grit ole lumpa* stone *wots* been carved. He said he found it by the side of the road and thought it might come in handy for a gravestone. Now he's looking for the relatives of some bloke who lived to be a 120, and was called; Miles...from...London.

Now that I'm writing about grave stones *thas* reminded me. Did you hear old Jimmy Piddlefoot has died? I'm not sure what of, but I don't think that was *nuthun* serious. Anyway his wife went to put it in the paper, an she *say to the gal* in the office; I want you to put this in *yar* paper; Jimmy Piddlefoot is dead. Alright, the gal say, but *thas* a bit short you can have three more words for the same price. Oh right, *she say*, you can add; Ferret for Sale.

Fare you well, the Boy Algee.