

Last Straw

I got a frien' w'at got a li'l boy chirren not quite savan, an' up to de time he not quite savan he don' said a word. An' his ma—ma an' pa—pa dey worry, hoo manh, you KNOW. So dey took dat li'l boy chirren to de doc—taire an' he look him over an' say, "He hokay physical. Mebbe up dair (an' he hit his head), but you better brought him home an' see w'at happen."

Den one day at breakfas' dat li'l fallow say, "Ma—ma, dis toas' is burn like de devil, I ga—ron—tee." Well, his ma—ma do a handsprung r'at now, an' his pa—pa los' his spoke plumb, he so sopprise. Den his ma—ma say, "Son, how come you don' say nothin' an' den you say somet'ing after all dese year?"

An' dat li'l boy chirren say, "Up to now, averyt'ing been hokay!"