

UNKOWN DICKENS MANUSCRIPT DISCOVERED

“Yer lookin' a bit pale, Nance. And yer've got a prime black-eye there. 'As 'e bin thumpin' yew agin?”

“Yerst.”

“Why don't yer leave 'im, for Gawd's sake?”

“Oh, I dunno. I still like 'im, I s'pose. 'Cept when 'e thumps me.”

“Well, leave 'im then! Or at least, 'ave a talk wiv Fagin abaht it.”

“I fink Fagin's scared of 'im.”

“Wot did 'e thump yer for this time then?”

“Well, it's like this, see. You know 'e likes three-legged dogs. Well, 'e's started collectin' 'em.”

“Wot! 'E's stark ravin' mad!”

“Well, yeah. Sometimes, I fink 'e might be a bit wrong in 'is 'ead. 'E's got thirteen three-legged dogs nah! They don' 'alf make a lot of noise.”

“Gor blimey! 'E's barmy. Look. There's Fagin with the Artful. Fagin?”

“Vot can I do for you, my dears?”

“Nance 'ere reckons Bill Sykes 'as gone orf 'is 'ead.”

“Careful, my dear. He might hear you say that.”

“'E's started collecting three-legged dogs! 'E's got thirteen of 'em”

“Thirteen three-legged dogs? Do you know why, Nancy?”

“I fink 'e just likes 'em. Seems to like 'em more'n me, these days.”

“That is most regrettable, my dear.”

“Scuse me, Mister Fagin.”

“What is it, Artful?”

“I reckon as 'ow if Nance wants to get rid of them dogs, I could do that for 'er.”

“Is that so? And what is your interest in the matter, Artful? Such kindness is unusual in you.”

“I can flog 'is three-legged dogs darn the market. Three-legged dogs is fashionable at the momint. Weird, innit?”

“Very strange, Well, Nancy. What do you think about Artful's offer?”

“I dunno, Fagin. Bill'd go mad an' start lashin' art. I'd be the first fink 'e'd 'it.”

“Then you must leave him for a while, Nancy. You may come and stay with my Aunt Ethel for a few days.”

“There yew are, Nance! I told yew Fagin would fix it for you. Come 'ere, Artful, an' let me give yew a kiss!”

“Er, fanks very much but me muvver's waiting for 'er dinner.”