

“BILL THAY”

by Mary Tucker Magill

Yeth, I know Bill Thmith; me an' him'th right intimate. He knowth more than I do, 'cauth he'th had more exthperienth. Bill thay hith father wath a robber.

Bill thay that he'th got ten millionth of dollarth of gold buried down in hith thellar along with a lot of human boneth – people he'th killed. An' Bill thay that hith father maketh all the earth quaketh that happen any plathe in the world, an' when hith dad cometh home thometimeth, he feelth tho thorry for him, 'cauth he'th all tired to death makin' earthquaketh. It thtandth to reathen it'th hard work tearin' up the earth that way. An' Bill thay that hith dad jutht taketh biteth out of people if he don't like 'em, an' a lightnin' rod man come along one day, an' Bill thay hith dad jutht ate him right up, 'cauth he got tho mad at him.

An' Bill thay one day he wath a-flyin' a kite an' he had one of theth little dogth that jutht run along, an' Bill thay he tied the kite to the dogth tail jutht for fun, an' prethently the wind thtruck her an' she went boomin' down the thtreet about a mile with her hind legth in the air. Prethently the kite commentht going up. Thoon the dog wath thixteen mileth high, an' could thee California an' Egypt, an' Oshkosh, I think Bill thed, or it thounded like that, but I don't like to thay for thertain. Anyhow, I know he come down in Brathil an' he thwam all the way home in the Atlantic Ocean, an' when he got there, all hith legth wath eaten off by the sharkth. I wish my father would give me a dog tho I could thend it off that way, but he never giveth me anything. I never have any fun like Bill doth; Dad'th too thrickt.

Bill Thay another time he wath a-flyin' hith kite, an' he climbed up on top of the houthe to give himthelf plenty of room, an' thet up on the chimney, an' hith dad had put a keg of powder down below there to blow the thut out of the chimney, an' he thet her off jutht then, an' Bill wath blown over againtht the Baptistht Church thteeple, an' he hung on there for four dayth before they could get him off. He jutht lived by eatin' the crowth that come an' thet on him, 'cauth they thought he wath put there on purputh.

Bill thay that hith brother invented a thauthage thtuffer oneth. It wath a kind of machine that worked with a treadle. You put the machine on the hog'th back an' the hog'th foot on the treadle, an' you thtuck him with a pin an' that made the hog move the treadle, you know, an' in a minute the hog wath cut up in fine pietheth in the machine an' thtuffed an' thkinned, an' Bill thay hith brother called every hog hith own thtuffer. That mutht o' bin a curiouth kind of a machine to work. I can't jutht thee how he did it, but I know it'th tho, 'cauth Bill'th

a good boy, he ith, an' never tellth any thtorieth. He goeth to Thunday Thkool – almost every Thunday.

He'th a good boy, he ith, an' he told me about hith uncle that lived out in Authralia, that wath et by a big oythter; an' he thtayed there till he et the oythter. Then he thplit the shellth open, took one of 'em for a boat, an' he thailed along, an' he thailed along, till he come to a thea-therpent, an' jutht caught it an' thtripped it'th thkin all off, an' thold it to a fire company for a hothe to put out fireth with. He thold it for forty thousand dollarth.

An' Bill thay the Indianth took him wunth an' they cut hith thcalp off, an' thtuck him half a dothen timeth through the body, an' never hurt him a bit. He jutht made hith ethcape by the daughter of the chief takin' him out of the wigwam an' givin' him a horthe to ride. Bill thay – Bill thay – he – he—thay she wath in love with him. He thay he could show me the holeth in hith body now, but he'th afraid to take hith clothe off, fear he'd bleed to death. Nobody don't know about it. He wouldn't tell hith dad, 'cauth he'th 'fraid he'd worry about it.

Bill thay he ain't goin' to Thunday Thkool no more though; thay he't goin' to turn heathen, 'cauth hith father'th got a brath idol at home. He'th goin' to wear a blanket an' carry a tomahawk ath thoon ath the weather geth warm.

Bill thay hith dad hath dug a big hole under thith thity, an' hath got it all filled up with dynamite an' powder an' bombth an' thingth, an' he'th goin' to blow her up when he geth ready. An' Bill thay he goin' to tell me, though, tho I can get away. Bill liketh me, he doth. An' Bill thay – but there'th Bill now; do you hear him whithlin'? I exthpect he got thomethin' elthe to tell me. I muth go. Goodbye.