

# Murtt Spoke Yer

- Article sent in by Louise Tilzey-Bates, probably from the Crewkerne Advertiser, around 1999/2000. Thanks Louise.

The Constant Chronicles  
Dear Readers,

As you already know, I only moved to Crewkerne a few years ago, just after my poor old Jimmy spotted his last train and went to the great station in the sky. I'm really quite pleased to say that I have now become much more used to the way local people speak. However, when I meet a person from Merriott I find a lot of what they say totally incomprehensible. Only the other day at the Darby and Joan Club someone came up to me and started with a lot of ooh's and aah's, ee's and urr's and when she realised that I was not getting her gist she repeated herself twice as loudly. I was really quite frightened and glad that Agnes was on hand to translate.

As it turned out I needn't have worried because the person was very kindly inviting me to drop in for a cup of tea and a digestive if ever I was passing Boozer Pit.

Anyway, as a result of the incident Agnes has realised that she must be one of the very few Crewkernians still alive with a working knowledge of "MURRT" as she calls it.

In fact, she has asked me to mention that she is available to provide translation service specially for Advertiser readers at very reasonable rates, or even become the personal interpreter for an estate agent or other wealthy businessman.

Roger, the Editor of the Advertiser, did not agree with her other suggestion of printing a special edition for Merriott because it would be by no means certain that enough people would be able to read it.

Yours Truly,  
Constance Riddler (Mrs)

P.S. I probably won't be going for that cup of tea until I have had a good few language lessons from Agnes.

P.P.S. The notice on her gate reads "MURRT SPOKE YER" but I guess most of you will have spotted that already.