



## Reading a dialect

Read this extract aloud.

I'm Bell Tressdale. I'm a lad. I'm right ...

All down Blatterstone there's becks running down off the fell. It's bonny. Down all the sharp scree, dry in summer till one single drop of rain sends them running and rushing and tumbling down the falls like threads of silk. Like cobwebs. And when the wind blows across the dale these becks gape, and then rise up on themselves like the wild horses in Wastwater bottom. They rise up on their hind legs. Oh like smoke blowing, like ever so many bonfires, not water or oil, all smoking in the wind between Garsdale and the Mooncock toward Wensleydale, it's bonny.

And broadfolk come looking at all this now where once they only went to the Lake District over the west. Roaming and looking they come. Talking south. "Why'd they come?" I ask our grandad who's leased the farm house he used to live in one year dead. "There's not one for 'em here. What's one of a farm to them? Just for sitting in. Never a thing going on."

"Roaming," says my grandad. "They take 'em for roaming in after London."

From The Fells Land & Leisure Centre



What is a dialect? How does it differ from standard English?

Unless you live in the part of England where this text is set, you probably found this difficult to read aloud. Why?

Can you give the standard English words for these words: beck, fell, bonny, scree, themselves?

What do you think the following local expressions mean?

It's bonny ...

There's not one for 'em here ...