

BEARMOUTH



*In the beginnin there was the Mayker  
An he mayde all around us  
He mayde all the men an all the wimmin  
He mayde all the creetures on this, his Earf  
The Mayker loved each and evryone o us  
But then all us men an wimmin betrayd him  
They took his Trust an spatt on it  
An the Mayker was angry  
He sent us down into the dark Earf  
To atone for the sins o our forefarvers an muvvers  
An one day, tis sed, the Mayker will give us a sine  
We will all be foregiveness  
An we will rise up to the land  
An the lyte that the Mayker holds there in his parm  
Will be givern to all o us  
An all shall prosper in this life an the next  
  
Amen.*

I am lernin my lettuz  
I am lernin mi letterz  
I am lernin my lettiss

I am lernin my letterz.

I am learnin my letters.

Better, says Thomas as he blows out the lyte.

Tis hard work usin my brayne.

Thomas teeches me at lunch when the uvvers are at caban an sometimes on Maykers Day I have lessuns arfter prayers.

In the week, the men sit an diskuss things for grown ups at caban an us youngs arnt alloud in. Menstalk they say. Not for youngs.

So I sits out here wi Thomas an he teeches me my letters. They are hard. Only me an Tobe are learnin letters. The rest are too old. Tobe is more young than me but he learns fast an all.

Thomas is my best frend tho hes twyce my ayge an more. He looks arfter me, keeps an eye out. I am diffrent see. I am not one thing or the uvver. They call me YouNuck for I am not a boy nor yet a wimmin an they hold no truck for gels down here so I must by all akkounts be a YouNuck. Not one thing or the uvver. Thomas dunt lyke them calling me that tho so he calls me Newt.

En ee double yoo tee. Newt.

I lyke that.

Thomas says its an undergawnd creeture, small  
an nimball. Lyke me.

Learnin letters is hard. My eyes strayne at the end  
o lessun wi the bryteness o the candul lyte. Then tis  
back to work for all three o us.

Bearmouth is my home see. Tis calld Bearmouth cos it was near the surfiss wi its wyde open maw so us could walk strayte into the mine but then they dug down, deeper an deeper, myles an myles down, so we are toastee warm at work. So tis the wrong nayme now. Bearmouths are for shallow mines an we ent that. It should be calld Black Pit. Or center o the earf.

When I first cayme, I was a trapper see. Baysic rayte o not very much coinage but an important job shore. Lettin the air in an out, openin doors for ponys an the rest.

Now I am a trayler workin to my hagger. We are a team me an Jack. He shouts at me when I am not fast enuff. He cuts wi his mandril an I packs an moves it.

A trayler has a hole nuvver langwidge you must learn fast. When I startd, I knew nun o it but Jack teeched me. He says Im smart. He dunt kno his letters at all. But he can count. An he works fast. Very fast. Sometimes tis hard to keep up wi him. But the more we cuts, the more we earns.

I earn more being a trayler. One day Ill be a hagger too, lyke Jack.

I gets fifteem at the moment. Hagggers gets more lyke sixtee wuld you believe.

I can do my job blindfold pretty much.

Which is a good thin cos it sayves on canduls.

Canduls are spensive.

I spends fyve on canduls evry week. Fyve on food an matchiss, two on hot water an the rest. Which leeves three wot I sends to Ma.

I ent seen Ma an the rest since I cayme here. Maykers Day ent long enuff to get there an back arfter prayers an the lyke. An I only has that one day a week.

It taykes most harf a day to get back up there, to the surfiss. An it costs. Thirtee each way cos o the lift sharft. So I stays here. Tis cheeper in the dark. I ent seen daylyte since I was fore. Not shore how long ago that were in all trooth but it feels a long time since.

Bein a trayler is tuff but it helps me learn my letters. See, when I pushes the basket to an fro from tram to main road, up the inklyne, in the heat an the dust an dark, I goes over the letters in my head.



When we finishes today, there is a new boy in  
Gambles bunk. He lays there all day an cry cries in  
the corner til Jack slaps him an tells him to shuddup  
an keep choired so we could get some sleep.

Gamble died last week. Blown up silly bugger an  
then Harrison got it an all from the vapours tryin to  
rescue him. Arfterdamp can kill they say. An it did  
for Harrison.

Two emptee beds.

Now just one.

The new boy looks so spinky clene see. Lyke a  
newborn foal.

His eyes are massiv. He looks frytend too.  
Petryfyed.

He ent sed a word.

On first shift, the new lad shivers by the doors from tram to main road. Trappin. Nicholson is teechin him wot to do but hes twyce the ryte ayge an more, an he ent goin to be sayvin much coinage if hes usin up canduls at a rayte o nots.

Neether the new lad nor Nicholson are in the mood for talkin. Tis black as nyte but I can hear the new lad holdin his tears in.

When I sees him layter, at end time arfter shifts, they hav slit his nose. The ryte nostril. Lyke they always do. See if yore man enuff to work. A sharp peece o stone see, zip, strayte up. If you cryes, they beats you.

We all got the scar. Tis how you kno yore a Bearmouth boy.

Hes one o us now. Whevver he wants it or not.

Thomas says the new boy is calld Devlin.

I ent herd him talk as yet but Thomas is good at gettin stuff out o folk. He listerns. Waytes til folk have summat to say an then listerns to them. He says he could o bin a learned man an I believe him. Hes the most learned man I ever met.

Devlin.

Devil In.

We ent bin spectin anyone new down here speshully not a young lad. I ent shore about him. We should be cayreful. Maybe his nayme is a warnin. He is handsum enuff. Devil in disguys. He myte lead us to temptayshun. I pray xtra hard to the Mayker to sayve us.

To keep vigil over us.

An to keep speshul watch on Devlin. Mayker protekt me.

He dunt cry no more tho Devlin. Not now. Hes bin here most o a week an he dos have a steely look now. Eyes as black as the coal we digs out. Hard an tuff lyke Jack says you got to be.

I think o wot he says to me earlier. Devlin.  
Whisperin, lyke a spyder tippy toein along a wall.

It only taykes one person to start it, he says,  
voyce ticklin my ears. Just one.

Wot? Start wot? I whispers back as I pushes my  
load past the trap hes holdin open for me.

A revolushun, he says. Just one, he says. Think  
on that.

I hear his smyle in the darkness. I feels him shut  
the door behind me an the breeze blows ryte down  
my neck an maykes me shudder.

I asks Thomas at letters what (double yoo haytch  
ay tee, he says) revolushun meens, he tells me ryte  
off to keep my voyce down. He says I durnt say  
such things out loud. Not even think em. Not even  
whisper.

Layters he says to me what it ment. Rebellion.  
Disobeyin. I think about the Mayker. He sees  
evrythin. He knos evrythin. If the Mayker sees  
rebellion, he will skwash it lyke an ant. Lyke Jack did  
that baby mouse in my bed that time. Skwish skwash  
flat. Tis the Maykers will. Tis always the Maykers  
will. I prays xtra hard to be sayved.

Mayker protekt me. Mayker protekt us all. Amen.