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Contact:

Email: [landesbibliothek\(at\)ooe.gv.at](mailto:landesbibliothek(at)ooe.gv.at)

Telephone: +43(732) 7720-53100

ana Leutn eahne Füaß gſtatts Deine Loaſt va-
wendn muafzt."

„Wird ſchan recht wern, wird ſchan recht wern,”
ſagt da Schuasta. Da Bursch will ſeine altn Schuah
wieder anlögn, doh da Toni tribliert in Baurn fo
lang, bis a den arma Kerl a paar übatragne
Hatscha ſchenkt. Fleiſch und Moſt kimmt ah her,
daß a fi ſtörka kann af d' Roas, nu, und in da
Zeit hat a nix vasamt, weil ſ' af an fölchan eh
ninderscht wartn, den d' Behan auſſchaun.

An anasmal wieda ſiſt a in Holz hīdan, da
Schuasta, af an Bamſtock. D' Ölboġn af d' Knie
gſtemmt, d' Händ habn in Kopf, a fo ſiſt a da
und ſinniert. Kimmt a Summafrischla daher und
fragt 'n, wögn was a fo trauri is.

„O Gott,” moant da Toni, „das kann i Eahna
gar nöt fagn!”

„Iſt es fo was Schlimmes?”

„Recht ſchlimm.”

„Könnte ich Ihnen helfen?”

„Was fan S' denn?”

„Ich bin Privatmann.”

„Da is 's nix,” ſagt da Schuasta und beutelt in
Kopf. Mir kann netta a Schneida helfn und wann
kona kimmt, muafz i da ſiȝn bleibn, bis 's finſta
wird. Wiffen S',“ ſagt a nacha ghoamnisvoll, „i'
han mar in Dickat mei Hoſn z'riffn.“

„Wie kamen Sie denn dahinein?”

„Van Christbamſuachn.”

„Jetzt, vor Pſingften?”