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„Ja, was is 's denn, Du liadaligs Trumm? Rimmst denn gar nôt vür?“ schreit d' Bäurin ba da Stalltür eina.

„Heiligs End!“ firrt 's Mentsch und fällt vo lauta Schrocka mit'n Schammal um — in Kleddling eini. Und olls wögn den Franzn, der eh ah um koa Hoar bössa is wie dö anan Lackeln. Schaun mar umi, was der macht. Er is eh glei ban Nachban drentn, als Roßknecht. So, san schan da. Jegas, was is denn das für a Gschroa! Ahn, da Baur schreit mit'n Franzn. „Du Mistlump! Um siebne in da Früah liegt der Kerl nu in Bött! D' Roß nu koa Fuada und koans puht, Höllsakra, za frühars Zeitn hat ma so an liadalign Lumpn ban Ohrwaschl ausn Bött griffn — i hätt guate Lust — a so a Lump — d' Roß koa Fuada — koans puht — und schan hechste Zeit zun Einspanna. Umleuschn dö ganz Nacht, das kinnan s', ja, das kinnan s', d' Arbat kunnt ma si selm toa. Ban Tag gehn s' rinnaugat und kniawoach umanand und mit olln Himmelsakra muaf mar s' nüacht macha. Fraoh bin i, daß da Fasching an End hat.“ Drauf fliagt d' Stalltür zua und da Baur humpelt über d' Gred<sup>2</sup> ins Haus zruck und brummelt: „So a Lump — Mistlump!“ —

Wie 's denn öppa ban Pöhhjaglschuafsta zuageht, der is ja ah gestan ban Feuerwehrball gwön. Jegal, i siahg 'n eh schan umspringa af da Schuahbruck.

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<sup>2</sup> Gehplatz um den Hofraum.