

SAM : Have you thought ?
 PICKWICK : I have !
 SAM : Wages ?
 PICKWICK : Twelve pounds a year.
 SAM : Clothes ?
 PICKWICK : Two suits.
 SAM : Work ?
 PICKWICK : To attend
 upon me, and travel
 about with me and
 these gentlemen here.
 SAM : Take the bill
 down. I'm let to a
 single gentleman, and
 the terms is agreed
 upon.
 PICKWICK : You accept
 the situation ?
 SAM : Cert'nly. If the
 clothes fit me 'alf as
 well as the place,
 they'll do.
 PICKWICK : Can you
 come this evening ?
 SAM : I'll get into the
 clothes this minute, if
 they're 'ere.
 PICKWICK : Call at eight
 this evening, and if
 the enquiries are sat-
 isfactory, the clothes
 shall be provided.



SAM WELLER

(Mr. Pickwick and his friends confer toget cr).

SAM : Werry 'good, sir. *(Aside)* I don't know vether I'm
 meant to be a footman, or a groom, or a gamekeeper, or a
 seedsman, or a sort of compo of every one on 'em, but
 there'll be change of air, plenty to see and little to do,
 and that suits my complaint uncommon. So, long life to
 the Pickvicks, says I!

END OF PROLOGUE.