

Time down here is a diffrent thing see. Lyke on the uvver side you sees seasons chaynge, leeves grow bold an grene an fayde to gold an red, then drop off an kurl up an disappeer into sno. But Bearmouth is black. Black an warm an dark an wet an full o coal. All days all weeks all year. Forever an ever. Amen.

But tis our home see, tis our coal an our darkness an our wetness. An we is all a team. A small team what is part o a bigger team, an a bigger team an the hole mine runs lyke clokkwork wi all o us lyke little cogs. If the trapper dunt open an close his doors, the mine myte suffokayte or blow up from arfterdamp or any such things. An tis the eesiest job in the world but one o the most important. An you have to keep yore ears out all the time see. Rocks fall down so big an sharp they can cut a mans foot clene off his leg. I sees that once. Never wants to see it again an never since lyked goin down that part o the mine. Was known for falls it was an when you see a mans foot parted from him in the time it taykes to breeth in an out, you never wants to see it again an

never wants to be in that sayme playce again. Not ever.

Jack has startd to coff. We all dred it down here. The coff. Hack hack hack, he goes at nyte. An the uvvers get cross. Weve all had it one time or anuvver but this is a bad un. He coffd up bits o black the uvver day at mess. Could see it in the parms o his hands lyke black slime.

There was an axident today. Two levels up. We all herd the xplosion. Felt the rumbles rippall long the walls an throo our feet. Felt the rattles in our bones, in our rib cayges.