

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aJ0nFQgRApY>

Ronne Barker – Mispronunciation Sketch

(Transcription by commenter “Share your English” to the above clip, with some edits.)

"Good evening. I'm squeaking to you tonight, once again, as the chairman for the Loyal Society for the Promention of Pismronunciation, a society formed to help people who can't say their worms correctly. I myself often use the wrong worms, and that is why I was erected charming of the society.

Firstly, let me put you in the puncture regarding our mumblers. Now, peach and every plum of them have a dickyfelty in conversing with the people they meet in everyday loaf. Their murk waits at the fig tree or the orifice, or even in their own holes—min and wooves, sather and fun, brother and thistle— unable to commainicute. Now this can be an enormous bandy chap to our tremblers at all thyme, especially at bismuth thyme, because bismuth is a season of grease on earth, and pig-swill to all men, when the family all get together to eat, drunk and be messy, gather round the fireside, cracking nits, smelling torahs and singing old pongs and barrels. How many of our rumblers lose out on these skinful pastimes. A very close fringe of mine, for instance, once went carol slinging with the local church queer. But instead of slinging "Good King Wenslas' arse stuck out," —and his feet were steaming— he sang "Go rest your belly, gentlemen, Let nothing rude display," which of course caused havoth amonk the queer and deeply uphended the nicker's white-f. (That is just one instance of what my tremblers have to stiffer with a lipped upper-stuck.) What we need—what we need now is money to build clubs and calamity centres, where people don't have to bover with the write worms; places where they can greet each other with a cheery "Good afternuts, how nice to squeeze you..." a place where they can play a game of ping-tennis or table-pong, scribble, or newts and crutches. Many famous people are patrons of the society er priddlytricians like Widdley Whitelawn, Sir Geoffrey Whoo and Mr Dennis Holy. Also famous TV nose-bleeders like Reggie Boozencorps, Angela Ripen and Anna Floored... and of course Mrs Hairy Whitemouse. Not to be confused with Mrs Woodlouse, the hob-dangler. Among the aristocracy there is Lord Longfelt. There is the Duchess of Bedbug and Lord Monteboo Goolly.

But patronage is not enough; remember the worms of Willi'n' Shakes-piece, our great national po-face: "A horse, a house, my kingdom for a hearse." And of course eventually he got all three. What we need is printed matter. Any sort of printer mutter, no mitter what sort. Send your magazines, nose-papers, dicts and booktionaries. Do it now! Bungle it up in pustules and post it to one of our mini branches dotted all over the Bottish Isles. Minchester, Hirminbang, Loverpill, and as far north as the Firth of Filth. We're also busy setting up outposts in foreign pants too—all over the glob. In fact, we have just opened a branch in Siam. And now, in confusion, I would like you to join me in singing the Siamese notional anthem to the tune of "God Save the Queer".

(Posts phonetic Lyrics:) Oh what an arse I am! ... Oh what an arse I am! ... I am a tit Oh what a fool am I... Oh what a fool am I... Oh what a nut I am ... Oh what a nit.