'wot didʒu 'du: wiə de 'nju:ʃpeipa² | 'ju 'hævn 'θreun it e:wei | 'hæv³ ju 'nju:ʃpeipa² | 'wot 'nju:ʃpeipa² | de 'nju:ʃpeipa² ar wea 'ri:diŋ | 'witʃ wən dʒu⁴ ˈθɪŋk | 'əu | its on de 'teb:ib in de 'kʧuŋ | 'iznt it | 'ˈdæɛf⁵ 'jɛstədəz 'nju:ʃpeipa | 'ar 'dænt want te 'ri:diŋ 'ˈdæet⁷ | 'du:³ | 'ou 'drə | aiv 'dʒu⁶-⁷ | ju:z | de 'nju:ʃpeipa² te 'ræp ap di ˈædz from de 'fae | hev ju 'θreum mai 'nju:ʃpeipa² 'əwər ə'gen | 'jo: ˈɔ:lvərəz 'du:niŋ 'ˈdæet⁵ | 'lu:k | arm 'nɔt 'ɔ:lvərəz 'du:niŋ it | aiv 'dazı ə 'wʌn:z ɔ: 'twæis | 'ˈdæets⁶ o:l | 'wʌn ɔ: 'twæis⁶ | ju 'drət it on 'ˈʃændər | 'ˈdrɪntʃu⁹ | en 'wən deɪ lɔis 'wɪk | 'drət aI | 'wel | 'ˈdæets⁵ 'əunli 'twæis⁸ | 'jes | bæt te'deɪ 'mɛts te 'θri: | 'tæmz | 'ˈdænt it¹⁰ | 'jes | ar se'seəz it 'dazı | 'sɔrɪ | bægi 'stil 'kɔːr'n¹¹-¹² 'klɛim ət am 'ɔ:lvərəz 'du:niŋ it⁸ | 'kæn³ ʃu | əu 'ɔ: ˈræt¹⁰ | ju ˈɔ:lvərəz 'hæər¹³-¹⁴ te bi 'ræt | 'ˈdæntʃu⁹ | ar 'mi:n | ju 'θreun aʊp maɪ 'nju:ʃpeipa² jɛt ə'gen | andʒu⁹ 'stil ˈhæf¹³-¹⁴ te 'hæv¹ de 'la:s wəd | its 'ræli ə'nɔtɪŋ | 'kæm 'bən | ar 'díd seɪ ar wəz 'sɔrɪ | wot 'əl dʒu⁴ 'womp¹² mi te 'du: | aI 'ɡeə aut æə¹⁴ 'ɡətʃu ə'nəndə wən | 'ˈjæt³ ar 'nəu | 'dæntʃu¹¹-¹² 'bəʊə | ar 'ɡeə mar'self | ar wəz 'əektʃuəli ˈθɪŋkɪŋ əbaʊk 'ɡeən ər 'wɔ:k 'eniwer | 'wel | 'dəs ju:'a:¹⁵ 'dən | ju kʊɡ 'get əm 'bred æm¹⁴ 'mɪlk tu: | 'nəu | ar 'drət seɪ ar wəz 'plænɪŋ te 'du: | de 'wɪ:kli 'jɔpniŋ | 'drət ar | fə 'ɡudnəz 'sɛk | 'jɔr in ə 'fɔul 'mʊd: | 'wɔts ə de 'mætə wəd ju | hev ju 'gʊt ə 'tu:θiŋ o: | 'sæməŋ | 'mɛtbi 'rɛbɪz | 'veri 'fəni | dʒes¹¹ bikɔz ar 'dɪs'laɪk hævnəi mai 'plænɛn æv 'spendɪŋ ə 'kwæt 'ˈʃændər əf'tənu:n dɪstrə:bd | it 'tæmz aut əm 'bæd 'tɛmpæd | əu ar 'beg jo: 'po:dn ər in'teɾæptɪŋ jo: 'rest | ar 'wʊmb¹¹-¹⁶ 'mænθ hævnəi əm 'tæm te ri'laɪks tu: | bæt it seɪ ə 'hæpniz əv bi:n 'du:niŋ ˈθɪŋz o:l de 'tæm | lək 'kli:nɪŋ de 'fæpləis | mai 'fɛnən 'pɔ:z tæm ər ə wink'end | iə bɪts 'du:niŋ ə ˈboːθuːmz 'eniwer | 'wɪtʃ iz 'wot at 'drə bɪfo: | ˈlæntʃ | jo: 'nok ˈɡeən ər 'stɔːt ən 'ˈdæet⁵ ə'gen | aiv 'hæ:d it 'sevrəl 'θæʊnd 'tæmz bɪfo: | ju 'hæv¹⁵ | 'wɛl 'mɛtbi ər ˈdʊd stɔːp ə ˈpʊtɪŋ it in 'rætɪŋ ən | 'slɪp it in'sælʊʒ | 'prɛfəs 'pɛɪpə | 'ˈdæet⁵ wʊd ˈmeik ju 'næutɪs it | əm¹⁴ 'bɑt də 'weɪ ə 'nɛks tæm ju: | kʊ 'swiːp o: 'fæpleɪs  jo: 'sɛlf | ˈdæet⁵ wɪl 'jʊ:li 'stɒp mi frəm 'θreun jo: 'nju:ʃpeipa² aut ə'gen əu 'lɔd | 'wær əd at 'eɪv 'mɛntʃi it |
| arv 'hæd' səm 'terbil' 'ko: dʒə:niz im mət 'təm | bet² ai 'fink de 'veri 'wɛ:zəs³
waz wəz in *'æθənənz | wib bəkt⁴² ə 'holədei ən ə 'smo: l'atən nəq² 'fə:r
əwər frəm *'æθənənz | en 'hæd¹ te 'kætf ə 'feri te 'gə³ əə ən əf³ 'ko:s de'
plein wəz 'lɛnt⁶ | en wi 'lændəd ə əi ə 'eəpə:t⁶ | abaup² 'θri: kə:ətəz² av en 'əə
bifo: de 'feri wəz 'dju: te 'liːv | 'foːßerəli⁶ wi 'faʊnd ə 'tæksi dərəvə hu 'spraʊk
ə 'bit² av *'mɪŋli⁵ | av 'mæntıdʒ te 'mərk im əndə'staːn wot⁸ av 'pəhməm
waz⁸ | en wəz de 'mɪdli əv de 'dei | ənd 'ɔːl de te 'rɑʊdz ḳən ə de 'stɪ² we 'dzəm
'solید | de dərəvə 'dɪŋk⁹ lef³ 'bɪs put² im 'əf | hi dərəv 'mɛst⁴⁴ av de 'weɪ
tə de 'pə:t² ən de 'pərvənt⁶ | maɪ 'wəst and 'əə | 'sæt² ən de 'bæk wəd ə de
'hænz səʊər ər 'air | wəl hi 'nærali məs³ triːz əm pə'dɛstrienz | 'evə 'təm i
'kəm tu ə 'træfik latt⁵ | hi 'sɪmpli 'dɹævə ənte² ə de 'pərvənt⁶ | en 'ʃɔ³
'ʃiːd | 'lənt² i wəz 'levə wəd de 'frənt² av de 'kju: | wen de 'lərɪ tʃeɪndʒ te
'grɪn | hi 'kæt² in 'frənt² av de 'ɪz:s³ 'vɜːk⁵ | en 'dɹævə ən | wi 'ɡəːd te de 'feri
wəd əbəup² 'færɪ 'mɛntis te 'speə | en 'sæə⁵ əə ə'təkɪŋ | 'fæməli¹⁰ de 'ʃɪps
'huːtə² 'səʊnəd | te 'sɪŋəl əə wi wər ə'bəuŋ te 'sɛl | 'ɔ: ə de *'ɡrɪk
'pəsəndəz a'raʊnd əs 'kros³ əm'səlv | av 'mətəd² a 'pree fər ə 'sɛlf
'dʒə:nı | ai 'stɾənli əd'verəz ju te 'duː¹ de 'səim | əf 'əəvə ju 'tɛt ə 'tæksi frəm
*'æθənənz 'eəpə:t⁶ |
7. wen ai Ñéjk av mai 'jiez' et ju:nî'vâ:sti | 'wan av Ñe 'Ðinz' ai ri'gret | iz Ñe 'fækt
det ai di'd 'not terk 'sam' 'adâ'zûks' 'sirê'asli | end4 ai 'eunli di'd 'haf 'wâ:k Ñe
'skreip 'bät | 'samhau | Ñe ai'w5 'ôl kân'traiav6 Ñe 'kâm bâek 'hô:tînîli | 'sins ar
av5 'endê' Ña 'ni:dir' Ñe 'nêu abaut Ñêm fe mai 'wâ:k | 'wot Ñe 'lot Ñe 'weîstê'd'
ôpa'tju:nìtiz1 | Ñe 'tâ'm | fe 'wot'êve 'ri:zan | ai 'kudant 'si: eni 'in'teràst in
bêm | Ña 'lot Ñe 'wot'av Ñe 'aun 'fô:lt | fe 'spêndin' mai 'tâ'm in 'lû:ô Ñe'psju:ts3 | 'sât5 Ñe
'pleiin' 'kô:dz1 'wî:ô 'maï 'kla:smêrts3 | 'ô: 'gëunì Ñe 'bâ kæfe'tarê:å | fe 'lön
'tjæts3' end4 'nju:merås 'kofiz1 | Ñe ai 'mest 'ô:lseu point 'aut Ñe 'ôt Ñe
'fe 'lektû'rêz1 'fô:lt | 'nau ai am 'gô:uin' 'steunz' in mai 'aun 'glo:shaus | 'bêt Ñe
'hæz9' te bi 'sed | Ñe 'wot Ñe 'kô:s | 'wit'f went 'tëutëli 'ëve'ëv mai 'heid | end4 Ñe
'dêr | ai 'deûnt10 'naû 'hau ai 'pô:st11 'it | Ñe 'lektû're Ñe 'wot Ñe 'veri 'nais 'mân | 'ô
bit 'jai | end4 'wî:ô Ñe 'më'nòtenës 'vôis 'kwolti | 'wit'f 'ment Ñe 'jë 'wër12 'ïlzë
'sënt te 'sli:p | Ñe 'weîst 'wöz13 Ñe Ñe 'nju: 'tû: 'mû:z1 | Ñe: 'râ:ô: | hi14 Ñidant
'naû 'hau te 'pit' Ñêz1 'leu 'nûf Ñe 'stju:'dents3 te 'fôleu | hi14 'fainëli 'gërv ap
'ti:tûn | end4 'bîl'këm Ñe 'fûltûm 'ri:ss:tô: | 'wit'f ai 'Înix iz 'wot Ñe 'wût Ñe 'aut
'ô:13 | 'aim 'nô tràîn te 'fîft 'ô: Ñe 'blëm Ñe Ñe 'kô:zê15 Ñe 'weîstê'd7 | 'lær ña
'sed | Ñe 'wot Ñe 'sllseu 'dju: Ñe mai 'in'têrstôs3 'li:nîng 'tâwö:dz 'ô: 'ô 'bô 'bîz' | 'stil1
'seû:elàzi'niz iz 'ô: 'nô:ô 'skîl Ñe 'ôt Ñe 'hæz9' te bi 'lî:nt | end4 'iz Ñi:p:û:ten Ñe jo: 'fît'jë
'ô:deûnt16 ju 'Înix |
meni 'kantriz ev intra'dju:st 'dzueriz | dis iz 'dan in an a'tempt te 'brin 'dzastis 'kleuse tu 'c:odinari 'pi:pi | seu bet wi 'lo: telik 'por:t in di 'apelikat ev de 'lo: | in 'satj 'kantriz | 'dzueraz a 'raendemli se'lektid fram di 'ilektoral 'sensas | end hu'verer iz 'tjeuzi haez2 di obli'gefi tu 'aekt az e 'dzuerar | in eni 'keis bet gauz 'ap fe 'trael3 in de 'leukj 'kots | dis iz 'neun ez 'dzueri 'sa:vis | 'fittin 'pa:siz ar e'pointid | frem hu:mu 'twelv wil hae2 te telik 'pa:t in e 'trael3 | de difens ku ri'dzekt ap te ' gri: 'kaendidats on 'diferent4 'grundz | satj az bi:in 'predjudist egenst de diferent5 | wans juv bi:in 'tjeuzi | deez 'li:t 'tjo:ns ev bi:in 'o:ib te get 'laut ev it | 'dzueri sa:vis iz ko:spida6 de 'ratt | bet 'o:isau a 'djuti | an obli'gefi | wai ju:nd 'enibodi 'wont tu a'vord it | 'wel | meni 'pi:pi wud bi 'onad te bi 'a:skt te fo:m 'pa:t ev e 'dzueri | bet 'o:ez hae2 'stron reze'vefiz | not 'evribodi fi:iz 'keipeb ev 'bearei de reponsa'biteti bet it in'volvz | at 'ri:si:ti wojst e teliviz 'preugrum | in witf 'vearias 'pi:pi hu aed bi:in 'dzueraz | 'teuld ev dee tk'spieriensiz | 'o: ev deem aed 'traid ms:de 'keisiz | de woz e 'laxi hu aed bi:in 'brejtid | 'ji: enhe7 'feemli | bar 'frendz ev di e'kju:zd | de pel'li:is kud 'eunli sa'djest bet ji koi 'nain nam 'nain | if 'enidj ju:nd 'haepi | a'nlado maen woz seu 'devesterred bar de 'heul 'fri: | bet in 'stil hae2 'traz in iz 'airz wen in 'to:kt ebaun it | fe 'hi:m8 | it 'woziz9 'eunli de 'ba:pil10 ev 'heugin in 'die'said wede 'samwan woz 'gilli ci: 'not it woz de 'heul 'trael11 | 'lisnim10 tu 'ci:fi:di:teilz ebaun de 'viktimz 'de8 | 'lukh at de 'feuteugra:fs | de 'wepe12 | de 'fish dek e'kros ez 'ha:dist on de 'dzueraz | woz de 'aekt bet dei we 'not e'laud te 'to:k tu 'enibodi | ebaun 'wot woz 'heugin10 evri 'dei in 'ko:t | dee 'feemli 'lairvz aed bi:in dis'raptid | bikoz dei war 'anebi te sei 'war dei we 'fi:li: 'leu ci: ar'set | and 'beefo: 'neuwjan kud 'help deem keup wi:df it | at se'peuz 'bi:iz we tu e 'sat:si: ik'stent tk'sepe11 | 'keisiz | 'meust pi:pi 'eunli a'tend 'mama 'trael3 | 'birz laik 'beft | fo:'dzeri ci: 'ba:glori | 'stil | deer iz 'ci:weiz de 'tjo:ns bet 'wan ev es wi: get 'ko:id fer e 'keapit12 'keis |
10.

| it iz a 'wardli held bii:lif | ðet wen'tevo tu: *'ingliʃ 'pi:p| 'mi:t | ðei wil 'sto:t 'tɔ:kɪŋ abaut ðe 'weðe | ai æm 'nɔt 'jɔ: | 'ðæt' iz ñ'ta:li| 'tru: | ðet ñi ñi 'si: ðe 'ri:ziŋ ðar ði *'ingliʃ ðud ði 'seu 'interesst in ði's 'salbogikt | ðe 'wɔn ðʊŋ | *'ingliʃ se'saet| iz 'wɔn wɪtʃ | ðe'laik sem 'ʌðez | 'dæzət | 'izili 'tɔləreit 'tɔut 'sailans' | 'i:vɪŋ bi'tɪ:wɪŋ 'streindʒæʒ | ði 'i:k'serŋt| ðe 'ɔ:s iz | ñv 'kəʊs | ñen ði *'ingliʃ ær ðə 'trenz | ði æ ə'lnədæ ñeðəuzd 'tɔpɪk | 'tren ðæ ðæ 'neɪz| 'kærəkər | ðet ði *'ingliʃ 'neve 'spɪk ðə wɔn ðə'naðer on ə 'tren | æ'pə:t frəm ði's | ðæ 'weðə meikz ðə 'nɔis 'nu:tri6 | 'tɔpɪk ðæ konvə'seɪʒ frə ðə 'fju: 'mɪnts | ñæn 'kænənt 'blaim 'enibodi ðə ðæ 'weðə | ðeu 'tɔ:kɪŋ ðe'baʊt ði iz ña'laikli ði 'kəz | ðæn ði 'fɪ:lɪŋ | ju 'kæn7 | æ ə'kə:s 'blaim ðe 'weðə 'fo:kærɔ:stɛz | ðæ 'gɛtɪŋ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðə'ri:dɪk'zəŋ ðrɔn | ði ði *'ingliʃ 'fri:kwɛntli5 | 'dju: | ði 'ʌðez ði's ñeðə ðæ ðæ 'weðər in *'ingland6 | ði iz ðæt ðæt ðæt ðæt ðæt ðæt iz ñ3:tɪli 'wɔ:ð | ðæ 'tɔ:kɪŋ ðe'baʊt | 'ðɪŋz | 'tʃaɪnd7 ðæn 'reɪpɪdɪli 'hɪə | ju kək 'spraɪərɪəns ˈði:ði: | ə}'mo: | 'difərənt | 'tæps ðæ 'weðər in ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ðæ ð
null
mai 'frend en1 'ai | 'beuθ hæv2 'veri ena'dezetk 'dagz3 | seu 'fa:st biν in de
'ma:nı̊ŋ | wi 'lak te 'teık ðam fer4 | 'wɔ:k | te 'bə:n ap e ltel 'bit ev ðeer4
'enadzi | en' ki:p 'fi:t ae'selvz3-3 et de 'se:im 'tam | wi a 'lki te hæv2 e 'pa:k
nie'bai | ju:gelı̊ neun az de *'hi:l | it iz 'rieli 'tu; 'hi:l3 | 'wan 'əpɛn and
'roki | wi:d 'waid pleziz6 'kaved | in 'braeken en1 'go:s | ðer4 iz e 'sistem
ev 'pa:0s | ðet ev1 bi:n 'ss:fist10 wi:d 'tæ:mæk | seu ðet wi ken 'ki:p ae5
'fu:z3 'draz | i:ven on 'veri 'reini 'deiz3 | wi 'dount11 ju:jueli 'si: ma:tị 'waidlær
'ba:dz3 | 'ski:wærlz3 end1 e 'ræbı̊t 't:u; | bet arm 'teuld ðet et de 'les di:stæ:bd
'taimz ev ʒ:li 'ma:nı̊ŋ | 'let i:vını̊ gi1 'narr taim | 'baedzæz3 | 'fo:ksiz2 | 'hedʒho:gz3 | 'lizadz3 | 'c:li in'dʒo: bi 'hı̊l | 'a:dı̊n te de 'fın fe de 'dogz3 | biikoæ
'ðer4 er 'interes'tın 'sints3 te pik 'ap | end1 'treılz2 te 'folεu | de 'sekend 'hı̊l
hez2 e 'konı̊fe 'wud | wi:d e 'sfot 'fɔt:3 ev 'pını̊ ni:delz3 | en1 e di:stı̊jues
'wud | wee 'tfldren di:lait te 'sattı̊ fa 'ho:s 'tjesnats5 | wi:tj e 'nun az
'køŋkez3 | in ði2 'l:o:tem | fe de 'rest ev e | ðer4 e 'bju:ttæf 'vju:z3 tu13 in'dʒo:1
| te de 'sauθ end1 'west | ju ken si: de *'da:blın 'mauntenz2 | 'i:tfjzi 'zenı̊ hez2
its di:lait5 | ðe 'grı̊:n ev 'sprı̊n | wi:d de 'witl 'blækθo:n 'blı̊sem | iz 'fı̊eolud
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A group of people were sitting having a drink in a bar and one man was boasting about how tough he was. After a while, everyone else got fed up with listening to this, so someone said, ‘All right. You say you’re so tough, but I bet you can’t spend the night alone on the top of the mountain without a coat or anything to keep you warm.’ The man took on the bet and the next night he climbed the mountain alone. He found a sheltered spot and sat down. He had brought a book with him and he lit a candle so that he was able to read. He spent the coldest, most miserable night of his life. In the morning, he staggered down the mountain half-dead and went to find his friends and to claim his winnings. ‘Are you sure you didn’t have a coat?’ they asked him. ‘I was dressed just as I am now,’ he said. ‘And you didn’t light a fire? Not even a candle?’ ‘Oh, yes. I had a candle, but only in order to read my book.’ ‘The bet’s off,’ they said and went away laughing. The man was very annoyed, but he didn’t say anything. A few weeks later, he invited them all to dinner at his house. They all arrived on time and sat waiting for the meal to be served. An hour went by, two hours, but still no food appeared. Finally, they began to lose patience and asked the man what he was playing at. ‘All right,’ he said. ‘Let’s go into the kitchen and see if the food’s ready.’ They all followed him into the other room where they saw a huge pot of water on a stand and underneath was a single lighted candle. The man put his finger into the water. ‘No. It’s not ready yet. I can’t understand it. The candle’s been there since yesterday.’ His friends laughed and took him out for an expensive meal at the nearest restaurant.
I haven’t got a car of my own, but sometimes I borrow one from a friend and drive to see my brother and sister-in-law, who live about 60 miles from London. I have done the journey in all kinds of weather, but the worst time I ever had was on a very foggy day in the middle of November. When I started the drive, the weather was a bit misty, but I didn’t think it was bad enough to postpone my trip, or to go by train, which, although it was possible at that time, wasn’t very easy or convenient. Anyway, I got about 20 miles outside London and the mist started getting thicker and thicker. I was getting more and more nervous, because I am not a very confident driver at the best of times. I suppose I don’t get enough practice. I really hate fog, even when I’m not driving, but when you’re behind the wheel of a car, it seems ten times worse, doesn’t it? I had to drive extremely slowly and the journey took me almost an hour longer than it normally does. Finally, I got to the place where I had to turn off the main road into the small country lane which leads to the village where my brother lives. At least I thought I had got to the right lane. After about a mile, I passed a house which I could just make out in the fog, but which I didn’t recognise at all. I didn’t fancy turning round and going back to the main road, because I thought it would be dangerous getting back into the flow of traffic in such poor visibility. I decided to press on and see if I came to any signposts which would put me back on the right track. That was my silliest mistake. The next hour was like a nightmare. I got deeper into the countryside and the fog got even thicker. At one point, I lost the road altogether and found myself driving across a field through a herd of rather surprised cows. Once I missed by inches going into a rather deep ditch. Finally, I came to a signpost with the name of my brother’s village on it. It was ten miles back in the direction I had just come. The next time I visit my brother in November, I shall listen very carefully to the weather forecast before I set out. Better still, I shall get him to visit me.
My father was a sailor, and I was born far away from home, in the south. Since my father had to travel often to that part of the country, my family went to live there, and that was where I was born. When I was just six months old, we all came back north to the town where my parents had their house. There I grew up and had a very happy childhood. Life was simple and safe. I used to meet other children in the street to play after school. I remember one day when my brother got very angry because I had lost in a game of marbles and he had to go and win them all back. Things carried on peacefully until the war. I was only seven when our town was bombed and we were left with the clothes we were standing in, nothing else. I was very upset about losing a very pretty doll I had and a tartan dress with matching velvet jacket. My mother had had them made for me to wear after my first communion. That was the nineteenth of April, at the convent nearby. It was a beautiful day and very special because it made me feel very important. After the war we went to live in a university town in the west, whilst my brother studied law. They were really hard times. We all had to make do with whatever was available. I remember how cold it was in the winter. My mother made me a coat out of a blanket. She dyed it blue, but the stripes going across still showed. When father came to visit, he brought us wonderful things that were not to be found anywhere at home: salted butter, tinned meat from Argentina, chocolate and coffee. It made us feel privileged. I’ll never forget how upset I was when I found out about Father Christmas. It happened one afternoon. My mother and brother went out shopping and took a long time to come back. When they arrived, I heard the creaking from the lid of a big wicker trunk we had in a cupboard. I waited until they weren’t looking and then went very carefully to the cupboard and lifted the lid a little bit and there

they were, the toys. I thought ‘If I get these toys as presents tomorrow, I’ll know who Father Christmas is’. And so it was. The following morning I opened the presents I had seen the day before. When my brother finished his studies, we moved to a city not far from our old home. My parents wanted to go back to their part of the country, but since they had to start from scratch, they chose a city so that we had more opportunities to study and find jobs. I went to secondary school and then trained to be a teacher. I worked at a primary school for nine years, teaching small children how to read and write. It amuses me nowadays when I find that some of those young pupils of mine have become important people or highly qualified professionals. It also fills me with pride, even if my contribution to their careers was only a minor one. Like everyone, I have had good and bad times in my life. My marriage has been a very happy one and we had three great children. Many years have gone by, but I feel fortunate because I have a family who loves me and takes care of me, and two granddaughters. I love spending time with them and watching them grow up. Last Christmas I saw the wonder in their eyes when they came into the room and saw their presents. Their flushed faces and innocence brought a lot of memories back. I hope they don’t hear the sound of a creaking lid for a long time yet.
4.

Overhearing conversations on trains can be amusing, sometimes even alarming. Some years ago I used to travel on the London Underground to get to work. Quite often I used to spend the journey marking students’ work, especially phonetic transcriptions of English. One morning in summer a group of tourists got into the carriage where I was sitting. It was an Italian family who were going into the centre of the city to see the sights. One of them sat next to me. After a few minutes he said to his family, in Italian of course, that he didn’t know what I was doing. Apparently, I seemed to be reading things in a very peculiar language. I said nothing, but just carried on with my work. The odd thing is that exactly the same thing happened the next morning. This time the man said, ‘It’s him! He’s doing it again! I wonder what that funny lettering is.’ They all collected around me, peering over my shoulder. I couldn’t resist the challenge. When I got off the train, I said in Italian, ‘I hope you all have a pleasant day.’ I wish I had had a camera to take a picture of the expressions on their faces. Another time, I was really puzzled by an exchange I overheard. Two men sitting opposite me were talking. One of them I could understand perfectly. He was talking about a police raid. The trouble was I couldn’t make out a word of what the other was answering. It was after about ten minutes that I finally realised the reason. He wasn’t speaking in English at all, but in Welsh. Why they chose to have a conversation in two different languages at the same time I don’t know.
5.

- What did you do with the newspaper? You haven't thrown it away, have you?
- Newspaper? What newspaper?
- The newspaper I was reading. Which one do you think?
- Oh, it's on the table in the kitchen, isn't it?
- That's yesterday's newspaper. I don't want to read that, do I?
- Oh, dear. I've just used a newspaper to wrap up the ashes from the fire.
- Have you thrown my newspaper away again? You're always doing that.
- Look. I'm not always doing it. I've done it once or twice. That's all.
- Once or twice? You did it on Sunday, didn't you? And one day last week.
- Did I? Well, that's only twice.
- Yes, but today makes it three times, doesn't it?
- Yes. I suppose it does. Sorry. But you still can't claim that I'm always doing it, can you?
- Oh, all right. You always have to be right, don't you? I mean. You throw out my newspaper yet again and you still have to have the last word. It's really annoying.
- Come on! I did say I was sorry. What else do you want me to do? I'll go out and get you another one. shall I?
- No. Don't bother. I'll go myself. I was actually thinking about going for a walk anyway.
- Well, there you are then. You could get some bread and milk too.
- Now I didn't say I was planning to do the weekly shopping, did I?
- For goodness' sake! You're in a foul mood. What's the matter with you? Have you got toothache or something. Maybe rabies?
- Very funny. Just because I dislike having my plans for spending a quiet Sunday afternoon disturbed, it turns out I'm bad-tempered.
- Oh. I beg your pardon for interrupting your rest. I wouldn't mind having some time to relax too, but it so happens I've been doing things all the time. like cleaning the fireplace - my favourite pastime for a weekend. It beats doing the bathrooms anyway, which is what I did before lunch.
- You're not going to start on that again. I've heard it several thousand times before.
- You have? Well, maybe I should start putting it in writing then. Slip it inside your precious paper. That would make you notice it. And by the way, next time you can sweep the fireplace yourself. That will surely stop me from throwing your newspaper out again.
- Oh, lord! Why did I ever mention it?
I've had some terrible car journeys in my time, but I think the very worst one was in Athens. We'd booked a holiday on a small island not far away from Athens and had to catch a ferry to get there. Well, of course the plane was late and we landed at the airport about three-quarters of an hour before the ferry was due to leave. Fortunately we found a taxi driver who spoke a bit of English and managed to make him understand what our problem was. It was the middle of the day and all the roads in the city were jammed solid. The driver didn't let this put him off. He drove most of the way to the port on the pavement. My wife and I sat in the back with our hands over our eyes, while he narrowly missed trees and pedestrians. Every time he came to a traffic light he simply drove onto the pavement and shot forward until he was level with the front of the queue. When the light changed to green, he cut in front of the first vehicle and drove on. We got to the ferry with about five minutes to spare and sat there shaking. Finally, the ship's hooter sounded to signal that we were about to sail. All the Greek passengers around us crossed themselves and muttered a prayer for a safe journey. I strongly advise you to do the same if ever you take a taxi from Athens airport.
7.
When I think of my years at university, one of the things I regret is the fact that I did not take some subjects seriously and I only did enough work to scrape by. Somehow they have all contrived to come back hauntingly, since I have ended up needing to know about them for my work. What a lot of wasted opportunities! At the time, for whatever reason, I couldn't see any interest in them. A lot of it was my own fault for spending my time in other pursuits, such as playing cards with my classmates, or going to the cafeteria for long chats and numerous coffees, but I must also point out that it often was the lecturer's fault. Now I am throwing stones in my own glasshouse, but it has to be said. There was this course which went totally over my head and to this day I don't know how I passed it. The lecturer was a very nice man, a bit shy and with a monotonous voice quality, which meant that you were easily sent to sleep. But the worst was that he knew too much, or rather he didn't know how to pitch things low enough for students to follow. He finally gave up teaching and became a full-time researcher, which I think is what he was cut out for. I'm not trying to shift all the blame for the courses I wasted. Like I said, it was also due to my interests leaning towards other things. Still, socialising is another skill that has to be learnt, and is important for your future, don't you think?

8.
My exams are over and I have some breathing space now for a few months, before I have to start thinking about revising again. I was very insecure about my ability to study again when the course began. I felt as though my brain had been atrophied for all those years since I left college. And to make the matter even worse, most of the students in my class were much younger than me. However, I'm happy to report that I did very well, so now I'm more at ease and can relax and really enjoy the lessons. My class is made up of a very diverse group of people, coming from a variety of countries, cultures, religions and economic backgrounds. It is interesting to discover all the various reasons that brought all these students to this particular area of the world and I have learnt a lot more in this place than a new language by listening to their sometimes harrowing stories. Many of them are refugees and were faced with the dilemma of leaving it all behind or risking prison or worse. It is once more evident to me how easily things come to a western European and how very much we take for granted things like fair law and justice. Over a few months all of us in the class have become a close-knit group, since we share a common problem that crosses all barriers. We are all struggling to understand the same new culture and settle into the same new country. And everyone has funny things to relate about the lack of progress we sometimes find. There is no one who understands better about the difficulties we face than a fellow foreigner in the same boat. It doesn't matter if they come from the other end of the world. We are all far away from home and missing those we left behind, so we console, cajole and encourage each other along frequently.
Many countries have introduced juries. This is done in an attempt to bring justice closer to ordinary people, so that we all take part in the application of the law. In such countries jurors are randomly selected from the electoral census and whoever is chosen has the obligation to act as a juror in any case that goes up for trial in the local courts. This is known as jury service. Fifteen persons are appointed, from whom twelve will have to take part in a trial. The defence can reject up to three candidates on different grounds, such as being prejudiced against the defendant. Once you’ve been chosen, there’s little chance of being able to get out of it. Jury service is considered a right but also a duty, an obligation. Why should anybody want to avoid it? Well, many people would be honoured to be asked to form part of a jury, but others have strong reservations. Not everybody feels capable of bearing the responsibility that it involves. I recently watched a television programme in which various people who had been jurors told of their experiences. All of them had tried murder cases. There was a lady who had been threatened, she and her family, by friends of the accused. The police could only suggest that she call 999 if anything should happen. Another man was so devastated by the whole thing that he still had tears in his eyes when he talked about it. For him, it wasn’t only the burden of having to decide whether someone was guilty or not, it was the whole trial — listening to awful details about the victim’s death, looking at the photographs, the weapons. The thing that came across as hardest on the jurors was the fact that they were not allowed to talk to anybody about what was happening every day in court. Their family lives had been disrupted, because they were unable to say why they were feeling low or upset, and therefore no one could help them cope with it. I suppose these were to a certain extent exceptional cases. Most people only attend minor trials, things like theft, forgery or burglary. Still there is always the chance that one of us will get called for a capital case.
It is a widely held belief that whenever two English people meet, they will start talking about the weather. I am not sure that is entirely true but I can see the reason why the English should be so interested in this subject. For one thing, English society is one which, unlike some others, doesn't easily tolerate total silence, even between strangers. The exception to this is, of course, when the English are on trains. It is another supposed typical trait of the national character that the English never speak to one another on a train. Apart from this, the weather makes a nice neutral topic of conversation for a few minutes. One cannot blame anybody for the weather, so talking about it is unlikely to cause any ill feeling. You can, of course, blame the weather forecasters for getting their predictions wrong and the English frequently do this. The other thing about the weather in England is that it is certainly worth talking about. Things change so rapidly here. You can experience three or more different types of weather in a single day. Quite recently I left home early in the morning and drove to the station in terrible fog and frost. By the middle of the morning it was sunny and warm, but I came home in the evening and had to drive through an awful storm with wind, rain, thunder and lightning. Given this uncertainty, it is hardly surprising that we comment on the weather so often. I find it difficult to envisage what it is like living in a completely predictable climate. It must be so boring to wake up every day and know for certain what the temperature is going to be within a few degrees and whether there will be any rain or not. It is hard to imagine two people who live in an oasis on the edge of a desert saying things like 'it's turned out nice again, hasn't it?', but for the English such a remark has some meaning.

I've just been told a tragic story. A friend of mine's recently been on a trip abroad. He was doing some lectures at a couple of universities in South America. I think he went to Chile, Argentina and Brazil. He had a wonderful time. Apparently, while he was there, he had quite a lot of free time for sightseeing and he bought masses of souvenirs to bring back with him. He and his wife are very keen collectors of pottery and paintings and rugs and things like that. He was a bit concerned while he was over there that some of this stuff would get damaged, because some of the trips he did were in really rough country and the transport you have to use is often quite primitive. He told me that once he had to do a 40-mile journey sitting on the roof of a bus. Anyway, he managed to get back to England with everything in one piece. He landed back at Heathrow airport at some really uncivilised hour and decided to get a taxi back home, rather than struggle with all this stuff on public transport. He had all his clothes in one case and all these beautiful things he'd bought in another. The taxi dropped him at his front door and he got out with his suitcases and put them down while he paid the taxi driver. The taxi then started off, but for some reason in reverse, ran over his suitcase and ruined everything he'd bought.
I haven’t got a car of my own, but sometimes I borrow one from a friend and drive to see my brother and sister-in-law, who live about 60 miles from London. I have done the journey in all kinds of weather, but the worst time I ever had was on a very foggy day in the middle of November. When I started the drive, the weather was a bit misty, but I didn’t think it was bad enough to postpone my trip, or to go by train, which, although it was possible at that time, wasn’t very easy or convenient. Anyway, I got about 20 miles outside London and the mist started getting thicker and thicker. I was getting more and more nervous, because I am not a very confident driver at the best of times. I suppose I don’t get enough practice. I really hate fog, even when I’m not driving, but when you’re behind the wheel of a car, it seems ten times worse, doesn’t it? I had to drive extremely slowly and the journey took me almost an hour longer than it normally does. Finally, I got to the place where I had to turn off the main road into the small country lane which leads to the village where my brother lives. At least I thought I had got to the right lane. After about a mile, I passed a house which I could just make out in the fog, but which I didn’t recognise at all. I didn’t fancy turning round and going back to the main road, because I thought it would be dangerous getting back into the flow of traffic in such poor visibility. I decided to press on and see if I came to any signposts which would put me back on the right track. That was my silliest mistake. The next hour was like a nightmare. I got deeper into the countryside and the fog got even thicker. At one point, I lost the road altogether and found myself driving across a field through a herd of rather surprised cows. Once I missed by inches going into a rather deep ditch. Finally, I came to a signpost with the name of my brother’s village on it. It was ten miles back in the direction I had just come. The next time I visit my brother in November, I shall listen very carefully to the weather forecast before I set out. Better still, I shall get him to visit me.
My friend and I both have very energetic dogs, so first thing in the morning we like to take them for a walk to burn up a little bit of their energy and keep fit ourselves at the same time. We are lucky to have a park nearby, usually known as The Hill. It is really two hills, one open and rocky with wild places covered in bracken and gorse. There is a system of paths that have been surfaced with tarmac so that we can keep our shoes dry, even on very rainy days. We don’t usually see much wildlife: birds, squirrels and a rabbit or two, but I’m told that at the less disturbed times of early morning, late evening and night time, badgers, foxes, hedgehogs, lizards, all enjoy the hill, adding to the fun for the dogs, because there are interesting scents to pick up, and trails to follow. The second hill has a conifer wood, with a soft floor of pine needles and a deciduous wood, where children delight to search for horse chestnuts, which are known as conkers, in the autumn. For the rest of us, there are beautiful views to enjoy. To the south and west you can see the Dublin mountains. Each season has its delights: the green of spring with the white blackthorn blossom, is followed by the hawthorn and alder blossom, heavy with scent which attracts the bees. The gorse blooms in spasms from spring on, but puts on its real show of gold in late summer, to complement the purple of the heather and gradually the bracken turns its lovely red brown colour. Even in winter, the mountains look lovely, sometimes misty, other times powdered with snowfalls that we miss, as we are near the sea. The snow is not often deep, but it outlines the farms, hedges and fields and also the rocky outcrops and seams. If we turn to face east, we can see the sea, always with a lace of white foam on the distant beach. In fine weather, there are little fishing boats and men hauling up lobster and crab pots. Tankers and cargo ships sail up to dock upriver in Dublin port, and the ferry from Wales can be seen making for one of the two harbours nearby. Below us, there are beautiful houses skirting the coastline. Most of them are quite old, but they look splendid, since they belong to people who are very well-off, a few famous artists amongst them, and who can afford to keep them in excellent condition. To the north you can see the city with early sunshine glinting on cars as people make their way to work. Across the bay is the north side equivalent to our hill. It’s a favourite place to go on outings. If it’s not raining, we like to take a picnic basket with us and spend the afternoon there, sipping tea or coffee and eating a few sandwiches and cakes whilst we watch the gulls dipping into the sea. The train speeds by below us towards the city and the other side of the bay. At last I turn downhill, invigorated but reluctant to leave, although I’m looking forward to tea and toast before starting on housework and shopping.
The man who was arrested was known as Harold Fox and it was assumed that the name Lord Charles had been an alias to hide his true identity. An announcement was made in the newspapers and 15 women came forward to admit that they too had been victims of such a crime. It appeared that Mr Fox had used a selection of names and that all of his characters had similar histories. Despite Mr Fox's adamantly denial of the offence, an identity parade was arranged and eight of the victims positively identified him as the person who had tricked them out of their possessions. Throughout the whole trial, Mr Fox maintained his innocence, claiming that he was able to prove that he was not the person who had committed those crimes, regardless of which, he was found guilty on several counts of dishonesty. Distraught and in disbelief, Mr Fox was taken to the cells where he continued to claim that there was a miscarriage of justice and that his innocence could be proven. He wrote to the Home Office, the prison governor and the chief of police for the entire 14 years of his sentence but to no avail. Eventually, he was released from gaol and re-entered the world, an older and much weaker man. Nevertheless, he persevered in his mission to clear his name and made every effort to contact the authorities. Again no one listened. Several months after his release from prison, he was approached by a young woman he had never seen before. She began accusing him of having taken her jewellery. He was arrested immediately and this time he was sentenced to 20 years. As the days turned into weeks and the weeks into months, Mr Fox gradually gave up his fight and began to accept that it was God's will that he should suffer for what he hadn't done. Then, out of the blue, it was reported in a newspaper that a man had been arrested for stealing jewellery from young women. This man had admitted to assuming the name of Lord Charles and others, thus proving that Mr Fox had been innocent all the time. Research into the case shortly after showed that Mr Fox had been in Peru at the time of the original offences and could not, by any stretch of the imagination, have been responsible for the crimes he had been punished for. Mr Fox received some compensation for the miscarriage of justice, but perhaps more importantly, a court of appeal was established in Great Britain for the first time.
I never imagined that I would move away from the tiny little village where I grew up to settle down in such a big city as London. It’s only now that I understand why my family were not so keen on the idea of us leaving. Now I have two young kids, Linda and Paul, and a husband to care about, I realise the disadvantages a child has in a city. Looking back to the days when I was a small girl, I remember above all how independent we all were and how much freedom we had. We used to go to school on our own, ride bicycles, play hide-and-seek in the park, hopscotch in the street, swim in the stream and ride on the swing which we used to make from a tree in the woods. We would literally play for hours, having great fun. It would be almost dark before I got home, yet I never saw either my mother or my father concerned about it, since they knew we were all safe and we would come home when we felt hungry. I would like my children to have plenty of fun too and do outdoor activities, but it’s impossible for a child here in the city to have the kind of freedom I enjoyed. They certainly cannot go out on their own. Cars are a danger I’m very aware of, not to mention motorbikes. The rush hour is particularly bad, with everyone speeding and driving like maniacs. Then there is the violence. It’s not even safe for an adult to walk around without the fear of getting mugged or assaulted. Anyway, I try to take my son and daughter out to play as much as I can. On summer evenings we go to the park and take picnics with us. There is an adventure area in the park where a lot of children get together and play, but they don’t have the opportunity of doing very many things on their own, nor of running around, or cycling all over the place as we did. Sometimes I wonder whether, after all, I should have moved away. I just hope the kids don’t feel they are actually missing out. Maybe, as they say, you don’t miss what you have never experienced.