

Phonetics and Phonology
Spring 2007

Exercise II part 1

Transcribe the following passage in the space provided below (pay special attention to weak forms).

Then check it with the key at the bottom of the page.

I have lived in London for ten years now. It seems such a long time, when I actually stop and think about it. Ten years! More than a third of my life. When I think of home however, Sheldon always comes to mind – a tiny village in the heart of the Blackdown Hills, hidden in the depths of Devon. I love going home at this time of year. Spring is maturing like an adolescent girl; the leaves unfurling, modestly extending their fresh, green growth. The fields reverberate with the hesitant bleating of newborn lambs and the hedges and trees are filled with the expectant rustle of new life in creation.

| aɪ əv¹ 'lɪvd² ɪn *'lʌndən fə 'ten 'jɪəz³ naʊ | ɪt 'si:mz³ sʌtʃ ə 'lɒŋ 'taɪm wen aɪ
'æktʃʊəli 'stɒp ənd⁴ 'θɪŋk ə'baʊt ɪt | 'ten 'jɪəz³ | 'mɔ: ðən ə 'θɜ:d əv maɪ 'laɪf |
wen aɪ 'θɪŋk əv 'həʊm | haʊ'evə | *'ʃeldən 'ɔ:lweɪz 'kʌmz³ tə 'maɪnd | ə 'taɪni
'vɪlɪdʒ ɪn ðə 'hɑ:t əv ðə *'blækdaʊn 'hɪlz³ | 'hɪdən ɪn ðə 'depθs⁵ əv *'devən |
aɪ 'lʌv ɡəʊɪŋ 'həʊm ət 'ðɪs taɪm əv 'jɪə | 'sprɪŋ ɪz mə'tʃʊərɪŋ laɪk ən
'ædəlesənt 'gɜ:l | ðə 'li:vz³ ʌn'fɜ:lɪŋ | 'mɒdəstli ɪk'stendɪŋ ðəə 'fref ɡri:n
'grəʊθ | ðə 'fi:ldz³ rɪ'vɜ:bərəɪt wɪð ðə 'hezɪtənt 'bli:tɪŋ əv 'nju:bɔ:n 'læmz³ |
ənd⁴ ðə 'hedʒɪz⁶ ənd⁴ 'tri:z³ | ə 'fɪld² wɪð ðɪ⁷ ɪk'spektənt 'rʌsəl əv 'nju: 'laɪf ɪn
kri'eɪʃən]

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Exercise II part 2

Transcribe the following passage in the space provided below (pay special attention to weak forms).

Then check it with the key at the bottom of the page.

London, however, remains oblivious to the fertility of spring. We are buried in ourselves. There are delays on the Northern Line again. A signal failure at some station makes all trains late. The *Big Issue* vendor at the underground ticket office shouts in your face. The crowds push and shove in the direction of the supermarket, mouths watering in anticipation of their evening meal. I take a walk down the road to post a letter.

*'lʌndən haʊ'evə ri'meɪnz³ ə'blɪvɪəs tə ðə fɜ:'tɪləti əv 'sprɪŋ | wɪ ə
'berɪd² ɪn æ⁸'selvz³ | ðə⁹ ə dɪ'leɪz³ ɒn ðə 'nɔ:ðən laɪn ə'gen | ə 'sɪgnəl
'feɪljər⁹⁻¹⁰ ət sʌm¹¹ 'steɪʃən | meɪks⁵ 'ɔ:l treɪnz³ 'leɪt | ðə *'bɪg *'ɪʃu:¹²
'vɛndər⁹ ət ðɪ⁷ 'lʌndəgraʊnd 'tɪkɪt 'ɒfɪs | 'ʃaʊts⁵ ɪn jɔ: 'feɪs | ðə 'kraʊdz³ 'pʊʃ
ənd⁴ 'ʃʌv ɪn ðə daɪ'rekʃən əv ðə 'su:pəmə:kt | 'maʊðz³ 'wɔ:tərɪŋ ɪn æntɪsɪ
'peɪʃən əv ðeər⁹ 'i:vnrɪŋ 'mi:l | aɪ 'teɪk ə 'wɔ:k daʊn ðə 'rəʊd tə 'pəʊst ə 'leɪtə |

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Exercise II part 3

Transcribe the following passage in the space provided below (pay special attention to weak forms).

Then check it with the key at the bottom of the page.

London kills me. Red buses shuddering past me, belching thick smoke which clings to the back of my throat. In this city, you learn to walk fast, avoid all eye-contact and maintain the air of someone on an errand. It's called self-preservation. If you slow down, or catch a stranger's eye, then who knows what might happen? It is safer to remain within the bubble of anonymity. I want to go home – my home – where I can sit under the eucalyptus tree in the dusk and watch the horizon darken as the sun sets and the bats start their nightly hunt for juicy insects.

*'lʌndən 'kɪlz³ mi | 'red 'bʌsɪz⁶ 'ʃʌdərɪŋ 'pɑ:st mi | 'belʃɪŋ 'θɪk 'sməʊk | wɪtʃ
'klɪŋz³ tə ðə 'bæk əv maɪ 'θrəʊt | ɪn 'ðɪs 'sɪti | ju 'lɜ:n tə 'wɔ:k 'fɑ:st | ə'vɔɪd
ɔ:l 'aɪ kɒntækt | ənd⁴ meɪn'teɪn ðɪ⁷ 'eər⁹ əv 'sʌmwʌn ɒn ən 'erənd | ɪts⁵
'kɔ:ld² 'self prezə'veɪʃən | ɪf ju 'sləʊ 'daʊn | ɔ: 'kæʃ ə 'streɪndʒəz³ 'aɪ | ðen
hu:¹³ 'nəʊz³ wɒt maɪt 'hæpən | ɪt ɪz 'seɪfə tə rɪ'meɪn wɪð'ɪn ðə 'bʌbəl əv
æne'nɪməti | aɪ 'wɒnt tə ɡəʊ 'həʊm | 'maɪ 'həʊm | weər⁹ aɪ kən 'sɪt ʌndə ðə
ju:kəl'ɪptəs 'tri: ɪn ðə 'dʌsk | ən⁴ 'wɒtʃ ðə hə'reɪzən 'dɑ:kən əz ðə 'sʌn 'sets⁵ |
ənd⁴ ðə 'bæts⁵ stɑ:t ðeə 'naɪtli 'hʌnt fə 'dʒu:si 'ɪnseks⁵ |