

DRIVE AS FAST AS YOU CAN

I shook hands with him, I suppose, and got myself off the premises in the usual manner. I must have behaved quite normally, because nobody in the outer office stared. It was only when I was out in the street that I began to run. I was suddenly in a tremendous hurry. A taxi passed; I was inside it before the driver had had time to slow down.

‘Drive as fast as you can,’ I told him. We skidded in and out of the traffic; it had been raining and the roadway was slimy with mud. The lamps were already on; it was getting dark. I lit a cigarette and threw it away after a couple of puffs. My hands were trembling, otherwise I was completely calm, not angry, not even disgusted – nothing. All I want, I thought, is to get this over – now.

(from *Mr Norris Changes Trains* by Christopher Isherwood, 1935)

Transcribe your text here:

This is the key:

ai 'ʃʊk 'hændz wið him ai sə'pəʊz | ən 'gɒt maɪ'self 'ɒf ðə 'preməsɪz ɪn ðə 'ju:zʊəl¹ 'mæne ||
 ai məst hæv bə'heɪvd 'kwɑɪt 'nɔ:məli | bə'kɒz² 'nəʊbədi ɪn ði 'aʊtə r 'ɒfɪs 'steɪd | ɪt wəz 'əʊnli
 wen ai wəz 'aʊt ɪn ðə 'stri:t | ðət ai bə'gæn tə 'rʌn || ai wəz 'sʌdnli ɪn ə trə'mendəs 'hʌri || ə
 'tæksi 'pɑ:st || ai wəz ɪn'saɪd ɪt | bə'fɔ: ðə 'draɪvə r əd 'hæd 'taɪm tə 'sləʊ 'daʊn || 'draɪv əz 'fɑ:st
 əz ju 'kæn ai 'təʊld ɪm || wi 'skɪdɪd 'ɪn ən 'aʊt əv ðə 'træfɪk || ɪt həd bi:n 'reɪnɪŋ | ən ðə 'rəʊdweɪ
 wəz 'slɑɪmi wið 'mʌd || ðə 'læmps wə r ɔ:l'redi 'ɒn | ɪt wəz 'getɪŋ 'da:k || ai 'lɪt ə sɪgə'ret | ən
 'θru: ɪt ə'weɪ 'ɑ:ftə r ə 'kʌpɪ əv 'pʌfs || maɪ 'hændz wə 'treɪblɪŋ || 'ʌðəwaɪz ai wəz kəm'pli:tli
 'kɑ:m || 'nɒt 'æŋgri | 'nɒt 'i:vŋ dɪs'gʌstɪd || 'nʌθɪŋ || 'ɔ:l ai 'wɒnt ai 'θɔ:t | ɪz tə 'get ðɪs 'əʊvə ||
 'naʊ ||