

OLD SINGAPORE

On my first visit the old Singapore had not been entirely obliterated or moved into high-rise shopping precincts. A little of Chinatown remained. The food stalls in parking lots and on street corners, where you could dine lavishly for a dollar on savoury Malaysian omelettes and spiced mutton soup, were still there. At Fatty's in Albert Street the almost circular owner used to lay his tables in the middle of the road and serve delectable Cantonese cooking. When the traffic got busy, your table might be seized from under you and carried inside the restaurant to prevent a collision between the sweet and sour fish and a battered pick-up truck.

(from *Murderers and Other Friends* by John Mortimer, 1994)

Transcribe your text here:

This is the key:

ɒn maɪ 'fɜːst 'vɪzɪt | ði 'əʊld sɪŋə'pɔː 'hædŋt bi:n ɪn'taɪəli ə'blɪtəreɪtɪd | ɔː 'muːvd ɪntə 'haɪ 'raɪz
 'ʃɒpɪŋ prɪ:sɪŋkts | ə 'lɪtl̩ əv 'tʃaɪnətəʊn rə'memnd | ðə 'fuːd stɔːlz ɪn 'pɑːkɪŋ lɒts | ən ɒn stri:t
 'kɔːnəz | wɛː ju kʊd 'dɑːm 'lævɪʃli fə r ə 'dɒlə r ɒn 'sɜːvəri mə'leɪzɪən¹ 'ɒmlɛts | ən 'spaɪst mʌtɪ
 'suːp | wə 'stɪl 'ðeː | ət 'fætɪz | ɪn 'ælbət stri:t | ði 'ɔːlməʊst 'sɜːkjələ r 'əʊnə | 'juːstə 'leɪ hɪz
 'teɪblz ɪn ðə 'mɪdl̩ əv ðə 'rəʊd | ən 'sɜːv də'lektəbl̩ 'kæntə'niːz 'kʊkɪŋ || wen ðə 'træfɪk 'gʊt 'bɪzi |
 ʃɔː 'teɪbl̩ maɪt bi 'siːzd frəm 'ʌndə ju | ən 'kæɪɪd ɪn'saɪd ðə 'restərɒnt² | tə prə'vent ə kə'ɪrɪŋ
 bə'twiːn ðə 'swɪ:t ən saʊə 'fɪʃ | ən ə 'bætəd 'pɪk ʌp trʌk |