

Transcribe the following words into its phonetic correspondance according to IPA

Break	Low	Sleep
Weak	Shoe	Clash
Sew	Foe	Glue
Few	Through	Small
Horse	Comb	School
Hose	Tomb	Style
Dose	Bomb	Salt
Lose	Doll	Challenge
Goose	Roll	Tune
Choose	Home	Sweet
Say	Some	Smoke
Paid	Pay	Pure
Said	Shred	Dance
Blood	Good	Plum
Food	Mould	Snow
Beard	Could	Snake
Heard	Done	Twin
Cord	Gone	Guilt
Word	Lone	Flat
Cow	Pray	One

Transcribe the following sentences into phonetic symbols.

- a) We play in the field, we don't pray in it.
- b) It's a crime to cut roses
- c) Where are the cimbers? – I have no clue
- d) They had to flee to remain free
- e) The clown wore a paper crown
- f) Please, try not to wear my trousers
- g) He threw several plates on the floor
- h) The problem is that I don't trust Greg
- i) Those fragrant flowers are for Grace
- j) The sprinter got a splinter in his foot
- k) It was a splendid day for the students
- l) He sprang down sprawled on the floor and sprained his ankle
- m) There was a stupid add on the screen
- n) The workers were on strike last spring
- o) He is at present, watching three small spoons on the floor
- p) I bought some pretty rings and gave them to my pretty Grace
- q) A professional player was standing at the long queue
- r) Ring the bell twice or the driver won't stop
- s) Sheila didn't get a chance of a simple dance, not even once

***Text I***

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

***Text II***

Patrick never did homework. "Too boring," he said. He played baseball and basketball and Nintendo instead. His teachers told him, "Patrick! Do your homework or you won't learn a thing." And it's true, sometimes he did feel like a ding-a-ling.

But what could he do? He hated homework.

Then on St. Patrick's Day his cat was playing with a little doll and he grabbed it away. To his surprise it wasn't a doll at all, but a man of the tiniest size. He had a little wool shirt with old fashioned britches and a high tall hat much like a witch's. He yelled, "Save me! Don't give me back to that cat. I'll grant you a wish, I promise you that."

Patrick couldn't believe how lucky he was! Here was the answer to all of his problems. So he said, "Only if you do all my homework 'til the end of the semester, that's 35 days. If you do a good enough job, I could even get A's."

From *Who did Patrick's Homework?* By Carol Moore

***Text III***

Mr. Coyote was getting very old and had to be more careful for his own safety. He had been walking for hours and hours through a beautiful valley when he came upon a large tree. Mr. Coyote was very tired and wanted to rest but he also needed to be safe. He kindly asked the tree, "Please open up so I can rest safely in your care".

The tree opened up so that Mr. Coyote could go inside to rest, then it closed to keep him safe. Mr. Coyote slept for hours. When he woke up he could not remember what he had said to make the tree open. He said, "Let me out Mr. Tree", but nothing happened. He said, "Please let me out now!" and again nothing happened. The tree didn't even creak. Mr. Coyote knocked on the tree, but it would not open up. Mr. Tree was upset with Mr. Coyote for not having said please the first time he spoke to the tree! It let him rest a little longer.

From *Mr Coyote Meets Mr Snail* by Storie-Jean Agapith

***Text IV***

So I was out at lunch yesterday, and Julia Roberts was sitting at the next table, and maybe that's why I've got all these stupid Pretty Woman quotes in my head. Well, paraphrases, I guess. Remember that bit where she says to Richard Gere something like "You've changed me, and you can't change me back"? Well that's like you guys and me. I started this project in inky isolation, to pull myself out of a tailspin of secretarial ennui. How was I to know that you were all out there? I am in a place that a year ago I could not have imagined. Because of all of you, because you kept coming back, my life has changed. I credit Julia Child's spirit and example with the inspiration to start this crazy thing, but for finishing it, I can only credit all of you. And it's great. But it also means I've come to a place where I've got to let go of this, and of you, to some extent, for a little while.

From *The Julie/Julia Project Blog*

***Text V***

The Taj Mahal attracts from 2 to 4 million visitors annually, with more than 200,000 from overseas. Most tourists visit in the cooler months of October, November, and February. Polluting traffic is not allowed near the complex and tourists must either walk from car parks or catch an electric bus. The Khawasspuras (northern courtyards) are currently being restored for use as a new visitor centre. The small town to the south of the Taj, known as Taj Ganji or Mumtazabad, originally was constructed with caravanserais, bazaars and markets to serve the needs of visitors and workmen. Lists of recommended travel destinations often feature the Taj Mahal, which also appears in several listings of seven wonders of the modern world, including the recently announced New Seven Wonders of the World, a recent poll with 100 million votes.

<http://tajmahal.nuvvo.com/lesson/6001-seven-wonders-of-the-world-taj-mahal>

***Text VI***

One day, overnight, the world turned violet. Just about everything turned violet from the sky and ocean and mountains to the trees and animals and people and from the tallest skyscrapers to the tiniest ant. People sat around looking at one another wondering if they were dreaming. But nobody woke up and things stayed violet, all except for a single Blue Jay who hadn't changed color and stayed the brightest blue.

People were shocked. Some were afraid and some were amazed and a few thought it funny, because along with everyone else, the President was very violet. Whole families were violet as were teachers, movie stars, doctors, nurses, gas station attendants, the Queen of England, the President of Mozambique, taxi-drivers, everybody. They went from place to place in their violet cars and buses and rode violet bikes and sat on violet furniture and ate violet food. Even Hershey's candy bars had turned all violet as had Skittles and M&M's. Girls generally thought this yucky, but some boys thought it was pretty neat.

From *It Could Happen...* by Carol Moore

***Text VII***

As the toaster began serving my bagel on to a plate, I realised the project was in fact ready for testing. I retrieved the duck and the cat - which I had bought for this purpose - from their containers, and set about calibrating the machine in their direction. Once ready, I leant against the table, holding the bagel I was too excited to eat, and initiated the transfer sequence. As expected, the machine whirred and hummed into action, my nerves tingling at its synthetic sounds.

The machine hushed, extraction and injection nozzles poised, scrutinizing its targets. The cat, though, was suddenly gripped by terrible alarm. The brute leapt into the air, flinging itself onto the machine. I watched in horror as the nozzles swung towards me; and, with a terrible, psychedelic whirl of colours, felt my mind wrenched from its sockets.

From *Professor Panini* by Matthew Grigg

***Text VIII***

I just read this in a newspaper: "After long months of futile attempts and several expeditions, a group of Argentine scientists has succeeded in capturing an Ushuaia rabbit, thought to be extinct for over a century. The scientists, headed by Dr. Adrián Bertoni, caught the rabbit in one of the many forests that surround the Patagonian city" As I prefer specifics to generalities, and precision to transience, I would have said "in such and such a forest located in such a spot in relation to the capital of Tierra del Fuego." But we can't expect blood from a turnip or any intelligence whatsoever from journalists. Dr. "Adrián Bertoni" is yours truly, and of course they had to misspell my name. My exact name is Andrés Bertoldi, and I am, in fact, a doctor of natural sciences, specializing in Zoology and Extinct, or Endangered, Species

From *The Ushuaia Rabbit* by Fernando Sorrentino

***Text IX***

This is a bicycle about my life. I'm sorry, did I say bicycle? I meant to say "story", but sometimes I get my words mixed up. Anyway, as I was saying, this is story about my life. It's called "My Life Bicycle".

I am now 104 years old, but when I was born I was zero. I was just a baby in those days, and I couldn't walk, talk or fold maps. Now I can walk and talk, but I'm still learning how to fold maps.

I'm old now, but when I was young I wasn't old at all.

During my first year, I did a lot of crying and a lot of unpleasant things in my nappies. By the way, nappies are called diapers in America and something else in Norway, Belgium, Italy and Bolivia.

Exactly 12 months after birth, I had my first birthday. And 52 weeks after that, I had my second. My third came 365 days later, my fourth 8,760 hours later, my fifth 525,600 minutes later and my sixth 31.536 million seconds later

From *My Life Story* by Gordon Dioxide

**Text X**

Waking Up to a Cup of English Breakfast Tea

While the Americans (and other nationalities of the world) may relish waking up to the aroma of coffee, there is no doubt that the British prefer sipping a hot cup of tea in the morning (and mayhap other parts of the day). I love coffee, I am not denying that, but there are times when I simply need tea as my drink for the day. One of my favorites is the English Breakfast Tea, which I can drink at any time of the day. What is this tea anyway?

The English Breakfast Tea is usually a blend of different black teas. The blend may consist of teas coming from areas such as India, Sri Lanka, Kenya, Malawi and China. The fact is that the English Breakfast Tea was first invented in Edinburgh, Scotland by a man named Drysdale, a well known tea master. His idea was to market the blend under the label Breakfast. The rest is history.

This kind of tea is a perfect accompaniment to the traditional English breakfast and goes well with milk and sugar. If you want a more technical description of this tea, here is \*Mr. Breakfast's take:

*"It is a robust, full-bodied beverage with light floral undertones (sometimes referred to as "coppery"). When blended with milk, it produces a comforting aroma eerily similar to warm toast and honey. And as we know, the olfactory receptors in our noses are responsible for 80% of what we perceive as flavor."*

Indeed, English breakfast tea can give you a warm fuzzy feeling just as you brush away the cobwebs of sleep in the early morning. Why not have a cup today?

*Posted on Feb 28, 2011 by Jodie in English Cuisine, English Culture  
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