

## **EXTRA TRANSCRIPTION PASSAGES (ORTHOGRAPHIC)**

### **Transcription Passage A**

#### **ONE VIEW OF PHYSICS**

Eddington's famous story of the two tables formed the introduction to one of his popular books on modern physics. On the one hand, he pointed out, we have the table with which we are all familiar – the solid, weighty thing that impinges on all our senses. On the other hand, however, we have the table as physics sees it – myriads of molecules flying about in space, each in turn made up of electrons and protons, cruising around planetary orbits and leaving much the greater part of the table as empty space.

(from *Rebel with a Cause* by Hans Eysenck, 1990)

### **Transcription Passage B**

#### **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)

### **Transcription Passage C**

#### **AN INSISTENT JUDGE**

Tim Cassel's father was an elegant barrister and judge who tended to speak in Victorian upper-class Cockney,<sup>1</sup> saying things like, 'Me poor old eyes ain't strong

enough to read the document you gave me.’ He was once trying a burglar who had handcuffed a householder before robbing him. Judge Cassel insisted on demonstrating the way these handcuffs worked by putting them on his own wrists, and he brushed aside the prosecuting counsel’s frequent attempts to dissuade him. When he was helplessly manacled, the judge allowed the prosecutor to explain that the police had never recovered the key to the handcuffs. Tim’s father had to be led off the bench and the local ironmonger was sent for.

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

<sup>1</sup> The two forms *me* (for *my*) and *ain’t* (for *aren’t/isn’t*) are characteristic not only of Cockney but also of upper-class Victorian English.

### **Transcription Passage D**

#### **SYDNEY SIGNING SESSION**

Language, they say, is the badge of nationality, and above all else it is the language of Sydney that binds this fissile society into a unity. It is many years since the writer Monica Dickens, at a Sydney signing session, inscribed a volume to Emma Chissett,<sup>1</sup> misunderstanding a lady who wanted to know the price of the book, but fundamentally the vernacular has not changed.

‘Emma Chissett?’ I make a point of asking now, when I want to buy something, and the shop assistants never give me a second glance, taking me to be a genuine Australian,<sup>2</sup> and frequently confiding in me their grievances about the train service from Parramatta.

(from *Among the Cities* by Jan Morris, 1985)

<sup>1</sup> What the Australian woman actually said was, ‘How much is it?’ There are many versions of this (probably apocryphal) story with many authors in the central role.

<sup>2</sup> A suburb of Sydney.

**Transcription Passage E**  
**THE GENERATION GAP**

A five-year-old girl went out for the first time in her grandparents' new car. As the law demands, they told her to sit in one of the rear seats and emphasised how important it was to wear a safety belt. Her grandfather explained carefully exactly how the seat belt worked.

'You just slip it around you, Katie, and then you simply click on the little bit of red plastic in the middle.' The child looked puzzled. The old man repeated the instruction once again, this time more slowly, but to no avail.

'Heavens, Dorothy! She can't understand something as simple as this. Have we got a moron in the family?', he whispered in stentorian tones.

'Don't fuss. Let me handle this,' said his wife. 'Now, what's the matter, darling?' Whereupon Katie blurted out, 'Grandma, what does Grandpa mean? Single click, or double click?'

**Transcription Passage F**  
**ANOTHER VIEW OF PHYSICS**

Physics started with reality as our senses perceived it, but it has gone well beyond that stage and introduced concepts completely alien to the layman. Nevertheless, popular physics has got much to be said for it. We become acquainted with it as we grow up, and we certainly become adept at adjusting our behaviour to its laws. The footballer curling his shot into the corner of the net; the tennis player serving accurately at a speed of a hundred miles an hour into the corner of the service court; the high-jumper clearing a bar at a great height – these are all making use of an acquired knowledge of the laws of physics, including those applying to gravitational forces, without any knowledge whatsoever of experimental physics. The man in the street knows a great deal of practical physics, without having any knowledge of scientific principles.

(from *Rebel with a Cause* by Hans Eysenck, 1990)

## **Transcription Passage G**

### **THE RUNAWAY**

There was no moon that warm July evening. Jack crawled alongside the lake for about a hundred yards, then doubled back, and crept across to where a canoe had been moored ready for his getaway. Jumping in, he rowed off as energetically as he could. After a few minutes, he stopped for a moment and listened. The chimes from the church clock came faintly but clearly across the calm water – it was one o'clock. Less than a quarter of an hour later, he arrived at the island and made straight for where he knew the old hut to be, finding it without any difficulty. To celebrate his good fortune, Jack ate one of the remaining sandwiches, and drank half a bottle of beer. 'With any luck,' he thought, 'no-one will ever think of looking for me here.'

## **Transcription Passage H**

### **LOOKING AFTER YOUR HEALTH**

I have to confess that when a doctor asked me if I found myself out of breath when taking exercise, I had to say, 'How would I know? I've never taken any.' Exercise has become, in my lifetime, the modern form of prayer. When religious belief faltered, and faith in immortality and an afterlife free of any kind of physical disability faded, it became essential to prolong a healthy life on earth by all available means. Gyms, saunas and swimming pools took the place of churches and chapels. A little sports bag was slung over the shoulder instead of hymn books and missals as the faithful passed to their devotions, and the father confessor was replaced by the personal trainer. Voices once raised in hymns are now united in the muted drone of the yoga class and the muttered counting of swimming-pool lengths.

(from *Where's there's a Will*, by John Mortimer, 2003)

## **Transcription Passage I**

### **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 )

### **Transcription Passage J**

#### **DECEPTIVE ADVERTISING**

I wonder how many people are aware of the different ways in which advertisers manipulate programme makers and presenters. One fairly innocuous example is the give-away competition. A radio or television station will tell you that it is giving away wonderful prizes in a competition over the next few days or weeks. You might, perhaps, think that the station has paid for those prizes. Quite the opposite: the company whose product it is will have paid handsomely for the privilege of giving them away. But the deal is that their product will be mentioned a specific number of times during the contract period, and a precise form of words will be used by the presenters at each stage. If that is not deceptive advertising I would like to know what is, but without the revenue from that sort of scam some radio stations would be struggling to make ends meet.

(from *Devil's Advocate* by John Humphrys, 2000)

**Note that some of the passages have been slightly adapted.**