

Ontario 11 – Transcription – Woman, 19, Fergus, Ontario

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wʌt̩ hɪəz ə 'stoʊ.i fə jɪu 'sɛə.ɪə 'pɛə.ɪi wʌz ə 'vɛ.dəˌnɛə.ɪi
Well, here's a story for you: Sarah Perry was a veterinary

nɜːs hu hæz bɪn 'wɜː.kɪŋ ɪn ðə dɪ'zɜːdɪd 'dɪs.trɪkt ʌv ðə
nurse who had been working in the deserted district of the

'tɛə.ɪəˌtɔː.ɪ fə ə lɔŋ taɪm sou ʃɪ wəz vɛə 'hæ.pɪ tə stɑːt̩ ə
territory for a long time, so she was very happy to start a

nɪu dʒɔːb æt sə'pɜːb 'pɹaɪ.vɪt̩ 'pɹækt̩.tɪs ɪn nɔːθ skweə nɪə
new job at a superb private practice in north square near

duk stɪt̩^h 'tʰaʊ.ə ði 'ɛə.ɪi.ə wəz mʌtʃ 'nɪə.ə fɔː hɜː ənd
Duke Street Tower. The area was much nearer for her and

mɔː tu hɜː 'lɛɪ.kɪŋ 'ɪvən sɔː ən ðə fɜːst̩ 'mɔː.nɪŋ ʃɪ fɛlt̩
more to her liking. Even so, on the first morning, she felt

stɪst̩^h ʃɪ eɪt ə boʊl̩ əf 'pɔː.ɪdʒ tʃɛkt̩^h hɜː'sɪlf ɪn ðə
stressed. She ate a bowl of porridge, checked herself in the

mɪrəː ənd̩ wɔʃt̩ hɜː feɪs ɪnə hɜː.ɪi ðɛn ʃɪ pʊt̩ ən ə
mirror and washed her face in a hurry. Then she put on a

pleɪŋ 'jɛ.lou drɛs ɛn ə flɪs 'dʒæ.kɪt̩ pɪkt̩ ʌp hɜː kɪt̩^h ɛn
plain yellow dress and a fleece jacket, picked up her kit and

'hɛ.dɪd fə wɜːk
headed for work.

wɛn ʃɪ gət̩ 'ðɛə ðə wəz ə 'wʊ.mɪn wɪθ ə guːs
When she got there, there was a woman with a goose

'wei.rɪŋ fɔː hɜː ðə 'wʊ.mɪn geɪv 'seə(.ɪə) ən ʌ'fɪ.ʃəl lɛ.də frəm
waiting for her. The woman gave Sarah an official letter from

ðə vɛtʰ ðə 'lɛ.rə ɪm'plaɪd θət ðɪ 'æ.nɪ.məl kʊd bɪ ('sɜː.fɪŋ) 'sɒ.fɪŋ
the vet. The letter implied that the animal could be (surfing) suffering

frəm ə rɛə fɔːm əv fuː ən məʊθ dɪ'zɪz wɪtʃ wɒz
from a rare form of foot and mouth disease, which was

sə'praɪ.zɪŋ bɪ'kɒz 'nɔː.məlɪ ju wʊd 'oʊn.lɪ ɛk'spektʰ tə si ɪ
surprising, because normally you would only expect to see it

ɪn ə dɒg ə gəʊt 'seə.ɪə wɒz ,sɛn.tə'mɛn.təl sɒ θɪs meɪd hɜː
in a dog or a goat. Sarah was sentimental, so this made her

frɪt 'veɪ.ɪ 'sɔː.ɪ fɜː ðə 'bi:u.rɪ.fʊl bɜːd bɪ'fɔː lɒŋ ðæt? 'ɪ.tʃɪ gəʊs
feel very sorry for the beautiful bird. Before long, that itchy goose

bɪ'gæn tə strʌr ə'ʒaʊnd ðɪ 'ɑː.fɪs lɪk ə 'lu.nə.tɪkʰ wɪtʃ meɪd
began to strut around the office like a lunatic, which made

ən ʌn'sɛ.nə.tɪ.ɪ mɛs ðə 'guː.sɪz 'oʊ.nə 'meə.ɪ 'hɛə.ɪ.sən keɪp
an unsanitary mess. The goose's owner, Mary Harrison, kept

'kɑː.ɪŋ 'kɑː.mɒ 'kɑː.mɒ wɪtʃ 'seə.ɪə θɒt wəz ən ɒd
calling, "Comma, Comma," which Sarah thought was an odd

tʃɔɪs fɜː ə neɪm 'kɑː.mə wəz strɒŋ ən huːdʒ sɒʊt wʊd
choice for a name. Comma was strong and huge, so it would

teɪk səm fɔːs tə træp hɜː bʊ? 'seə.ə hæd ə 'dɪ.fər.ən ɪdɪ.ə
take some force to trap her, but Sarah had a different idea.

fɜːʃ ʃɪ traɪd 'dʒɛnt? .lɪ 'strɔʊ.kɪŋ ðə 'guː.sɪz 'loʊ.ə bæɪk wɪθ
First she tried gently stroking the goose's lower back with

ə pɑːm ðɛn 'sɪŋ.ɪŋ ə tʰʊn fɔː hɜː 'faɪ.nə.lɪ ʃɪ

her palm, then singing a tune for her. Finally, she

əd'mɪ.nɪ.stəd 'i.θə hæ 'ɛ.fəts wɜː nɒt 'fjuː.taiəl̩ in noʊ taɪm
administered ether. Her efforts were not futile. In no time,

ðə gʊs bi'gæn tə taɪ.ə sou 'seə.ə wʌz 'eɪ.bəl̩ tə haʊld̩ 'ɑː.tu
the goose began to tire, so Sarah was able to hold onto

'kɑː.mə əŋ ɡɪv̩.ə rə'læk.sɪŋ bæθ
Comma and give her a relaxing bath.

wʌns 'seə.ə hæd 'mɪæ.nɪdʒd tu beɪð ðə gʊs ʃə wʌɪpt̩ ə
Once Sarah had managed to bathe the goose, she wiped her

ɒf wɪθ̩.ə kləθ ən leɪd ə ʌn ðə ɹaɪt̩ said ðen 'seə.ə
off with a cloth and laid her on the right side. Then Sarah

kən'fɜːmd ðə vɛts 'daɪ.əɡ'nɔː.sɪs 'ɑː.məʊst ə'mɪ.diət̩.li ʃɪ
confirmed the vet's diagnosis. Almost immediately, she

ɹɪ'mɛm.bərd ən ə'fɛk̩.tɪv 'tɹɪt̩.mənt̩ ðət̩ ɹə.'kwærəd hæ tu
remembered an effective treatment that required her to

'mɛ.ʒə əʊt̩ ə laɪ əv 'mɛ.dɪ.ʃɪn 'seə.ə wɔːnd ðət̩ ðɪs kɔːs
measure out a lot of medicine. Sarah warned that this course

əv 'tɹɪt̩.mənt̩ mʌɪt bɪ ək'spɛn.sɪv i.ðə faɪv̩.ə sɪks taɪms ðə
of treatment might be expensive—either five or six times the

kɔːst əv 'pɛ.nɪ.sɪ.lən aɪ kænt̩ ə'mæ.dʒɪn 'peɪ.jɪŋ sou mʌtʃ bət 'mɪ.sɪs
cost of penicillin. I can't imagine paying so much, but Mrs.

'hɛə.ɹɪ.sən wəz̩ ə 'mɪl.jə.nɛə ˈlɔːə θɔːr ɪt̩ wəz̩ ə fɛə pɹaɪs fɔː
Harrison—was a millionaire lawyer—thought it was a fair price for

ə kɪə
a cure.

wɪd ɔːl pleɪ ət ðə pɑːk ənd ɔːl əv ʌə 'peərənts ruːls wəz
We'd all play at the park, and all of our parents rules were,

wɛn ɪt ɡets dɑːk ju hæf tə kʌm hoʊm ənd sʌʊ maɪ 'feɪvərɪt
when it gets dark, you have to come home, and so my favourite

'mɛm.ri ɪz ɪt 'stɑːdɪŋ tə ɡet dɑːk ɛnd wɪ wʊd bi dəs'kʌ.sɪŋ
memory is it starting to get dark, and we would be discussing

'we.ðə ɪts taɪm tə ɡet 'ɪ.ɪ ən lɪk pæk ʊp ʌə tɔɪz ən ɡoʊ
whether it's time to get ready and like pack up our toys, and go

hoʊm ə nɒt ʰ ən soʊ θɜːd bi laɪk 'mɪ.nɪ 'ɑː.ɡɪʊ.məntz ə'beʊt we.ðə
home or not. And so there'd be like mini arguments about whether

ɪts dɑːk ənd ɪf ðə 'stɪt.laɪts kʌm ʊn dəs ðæt mɪn ɪts dɑːk
it's dark and if the streetlights come on, does that mean it's dark?

ənd wɪ hæd ðɪs 'mɪ.nɪ lɪ.dɪ dɪs'ɡʊ.ʃəns ənd ðən ə'ven.tʃə.lɪ
And we had these mini little discussions, and then eventually

ðə 'peərənts wʊd stɑːt kʌ.mɪŋ ɛʊt kʌz ðən wəd bi 'tɑ.kɪŋ
the parents would start coming out, 'cause then we'd be talking

fɜː'ɪ.və ən ðən ə'ven.tʃə.lɪ stɑːt pleɪɪŋ ə'ɡen ɛnd ðen ɪd
forever, and then eventually start playing again, and then it

ɪz dɑːk ənd ðən wɪv fə'ɡɒt ðæd ɪts dɑːk ənd ðæts maɪ 'mɛm.ri
is dark, and then we've forgotten that it's dark. And that's my memory.

ɪts ə trə'dɪ.ʃən ðæt maɪ mɒm ʌn ɪ ɡoʊ tu ðɪ 'rɒk.dən wɜːld
It's a tradition that my mom and I go to the Rockden World

fɛə 'ou.və ðə 'θæŋks.gɪ.vən ʃi'wi.kənd ænd əts pɪ.tə mʌtʃ wʌn
Fair over the Thanksgiving Weekend. And it's pretty much one

ʌ ðɪ 'oun.li θɪŋz aɪ θɪŋkədʒɪs wʌn ʌ ðɪ 'oun.li 'spɛ.ʃəl 'hɔ:ʃɪ.deɪ
of the only things... I think it is one of the only special holiday

θɪŋz ðæt wɪ 'ri.li 'ri.li 'en.dʒɔɪ ænd ʃʌktʃu.li meɪk taɪm fɔ:
things that we really really enjoy, and actually make time for.

ænd wɪ get 'kæn.di 'æ.pəʃls en 'sʌm.taɪmz ðeəz ə 'spɛ.ʃəl seɪl
And we get candy apples, and sometimes there's a special sale

ə 'sʌm.θɪŋ sʌwə wɛt get mɔ: θən wʌn ɪtʃ end ʌm, wɛt wɜ:
or something, so we'll get more than one each. And, um, while we're

'i.tən ʃæt wɪ wɔ:k ə'raʊnd wɛt wɜ: ɪn ðə 'kæn.di 'æ.pəl tent
eating that, we walk around while we're... in the candy apple tent,

ðeɪ hæv ðɪz ɹoʊz ə'pɒn ɹoʊz əv bɜ:dz ən ðæt bə 'z.nə.θɪŋ
they have these rows upon rows of birds, and they'll be anything

fɹəm 'pɪ.dʒɪnz tu ʌm 'veə.i əg'zɑ:dɪk θɪŋz ən ðən 'ɑ:l.sou dʒəst fæm
from pigeons to um, very exotic things, and then also just farm,

jə nou ɹɜ:ɡʌ.lə bɜ:dz end wɪ ɪt ə 'kæn.di 'æ.pəʃlz wɛt
you know, regular birds, and we eat our candy apples while

wɜ: 'wɑ:kən ʌp ən daʊn ən wɪ pə'tend tə θɪŋk wɛt
we're walking up and down, and we pretend to think what

ðə 'seɪ.jɪŋ tʌ ɪtʃ ʌ.ðə ən wen ɪf wʌnz laɪk aɪm 'stɑ:viŋ
they're saying to each other, and when, if one's like "I'm starving"

æz ɪt's 'skɪi.mən ɔ:t ə ðə 'ɹu.stəz ju nou əts 'ri.li

as it's screaming out, or the rooster's, you know. It's really

'ɪn.tə.ɪəs.tɪŋ ənd 'sʌm.taɪmz əts aɪ faɪndʒət kwaɪt sæd 'ak.ʃʌ.li sou maɪ
interesting, and sometimes it's... I find it quite sad, actually, so my

mʌm traɪz tə 'hʌ.i hʌ hə ək'spɪə.ɪəns bə'kʌz ʃə lʌvzɪt
mom tries to hurry her, her experience, because she loves it

weɪ mʌðə ðəŋ aɪ du sou ðæ? wɪ kən ge? ɛʊtʹ bɪ'kʌz aɪ dʌntʹ 'ɪ.li
way more than I do, so that we can get out, because I don't really

laɪk 'si.ɪŋ ðæt keɪgd 'æ.nɪ.məʊz ɛndʒ: jæ ðen wɪ kən'tɪ.nɪʊ
like seeing that: caged animals. And, uh, yeah, then we continue

ɔn tə ʌ.ðə 'æ.nə.məʊz lɜɪk ðɪs jɪə wɪ sɔ hɔəs 'ɪæ.sɪs wəl nɒt
on to other animals, like this year we saw horse races, well, not

'ɪæ.sɪs mʌðə laɪk 'kɒm.pə.tɪ.ʃənz aɪ geɪs ən ðen ðəz ðə
races, more like competitions, I guess, and then there's the

'dɜ:bi ætʹ ðɪ ɛnd weə wɪ goʊ bæk tə ðə kɑə geʊə 'blæŋ.kəts ən
derby at the end, where we go back to the car, get our blankets, and

ðən goʊ bæk ənd wɒtʃ ənd tʃɪə ənd hæv 'pi.pəlʒʊk bə'kʌz
then go back, and watch, and cheer, and have people look because

wɜ: sou ək'saɪ.dəd ənd ɪt ðə ɪstəv ðə fuʊd sʌtʃəs bɪə nʌts
we're so excited, and eat the rest of the food, such as beer nuts,

ən dʒə'dʒʊbz ɔə beɪk pə'teɪ.dəz ən səʊə kɪ:m jæ:
and ju-jubes, or baked potatoes and sour cream. Yeah.