

Swampy Cree Transcription

Norway House 02

Transcription by Eric Armstrong

wɛl hiɹz ə 'stɔɹ.ɪ fɔɹ jʊ || 'sɛɹ.ə 'pɛɹ.i wɔs ə ,vɛtɪ'nɛi.ən 'nɛs | ʊ
Well, here's a story for you: Sarah Perry was a vet'rinarian **NURSE** who
hæd bɪn 'debi wɔkɪn ar ən ɔld zʊ | ɪn ə dɪ'sɛ rɪd 'dɪstɪɪk əv ðə 'tɛɪ,tɔɹ i ||
had been daily* workin' at an old zoo in a deserted district of the territory,
su ʃi wɔz 'vɛɪ 'hæpɪ tʊ stɑɹd ə nju dʒɔb' ær ə sʊ'pɛɹ pɹaɪvɪt | pɹæktɪs
so she was very **happy** to start a **new** job at a superb private practice
ɪn nɔɹθ skwɛɹ niɹ də dʊk stɪt tawɹ || ðæd ɛɪ.ə wɔs mʌtʃ niɹ.ə
in **NORTH SQUARE NEAR** the Duke Street Tower. That area was much nearer
fɔɹ hæ | ən mɔɹ tə hæ 'lɛɪkɪŋ || 'ɪvən sɔ | ɔn hæ 'fɛ st 'mɔɹ ŋɪŋ | ʃi 'fɛl
for her and more to her liking. Even so, on her first morning, she fel'
stɪɛst' || ʃi er ə bɔt əf pɔɹɹɪtʃ | 'tʃɛkt hæ'sɛlf ɪn ə 'mɪɹ.ə | ən
stressed. She ate a bowl of porridge, checked herself in the mirror and
'wɔft ə 'feɪs ɪn ə 'hɛɪ || 'ðɛ ʃi 'pʊr ɔn ə 'p'hleɪn 'jɛloʊ dɹɛs | ŋ a
washed her **FACE** in a hurry. Then she put on a plain yellow **DRESS** and a
flɪs 'dʒæktɪ | 'pɪktɪp' əp' ə 'kɪɹ an 'hɛdɪd fɹ 'wɔk. ||
FLEECE jacket, picked up her **KIT** and headed for work.

wɛn ʃi 'gɑt dɛɹ | 'dɛɹ wɔs ə 'wʊmən wɪθ ə 'gʊʃ 'weɪrɪŋ fɹ ,hɹ ||
When she got there, there was a woman with a **GOOSE** waiting for her.
də 'wʊmən geɪv 'sɛɹ ən ə 'fɪʃəl 'lɛɹə fɹɛm də vɛt' || də 'lɛɹə ɪm'plɑɪd
The woman gave Sarah an official **letter** from the vet. The letter implied

ðæt di 'aɪnɪ,mət 'kʊd bi 'sɛfɪŋ fɹɛm ə 'ɹɛɹ 'fɔɹm əf 'fʊt an 'meʊð
that the animal could be suffering from a rare form of **FOOT** and **MOUTH**

assimilation on /d/

dɪs'ɪz | wɪtʃ wɒs su'praɪzɪŋ | bi'keɪs 'nɔːməliʃ | ju wʊd 'ɔːli eks'pekt tə
disease, which was surprising, because normally you would only expect to

'si ɪr ɪn ə 'dɒkʰ ^{o→u} bɔː ə 'gʊtʰ || 'seɪə wɒs ,sɛntɪ'mɛntl | ^{o→u} sʊ 'ðɪs mɛtʰ hɜ fɪl
see it in a dog or a **GOAT**. Sarah was sentimental, so this made her feel
'soʊɪ fɜ d̥ə 'bjʊɪfɪl, 'bɛtʰ ||
sorry for the beautiful bird.

bi'fɔː lɔŋ | dæt 'ɪtʃɪ 'gʊs | bi'gæn tʊ ^{Cdn Raising} stɹet ə'jaʊn i 'afɪs læɪk ə
Before long, that itchy goose began to **STRUT** around the office like a

'lʊnətɪkʰ | wɪtʃ 'meɪd ən ,en'sanɪ,tɛʃ.ɪ 'mɛs || də gʊs'z ʊnɜ 'mɛɪ.ɪ
lunatic, which made an unsanitary mess. The goose's owner, Mary

'heɪɪsɪn kɛp 'kɔlɪŋ ^{geminate} 'kɔ.mə | 'kɔm.mə | wɪtʃ 'seɪə θɔt wɒs ən
Harrison, kept calling, "**Comma**, Comma," which Sarah **THOUGHT** was an

ɒd ^{ˈtʃɔɪs} fɜ ə neɪm || 'kɔm.mə wɒs 'stɹɔŋ ən hju'tʃ | soʊ ɪt || wʊd 'teɪk
odd **CHOICE** for a name. Comma was strong and huge, so it would take

sem ^{fɔːs} tə tɹæp hɜ | bɛd 'seɪə 'hæd ə 'dɪfərənt aɪ'di.ə 'fɛstʰ ʃɪ 'tɹaɪd
some **FORCE** to **TRAP** her, but Sarah had a different idea. First she tried

'dʒɛntʰli 'stɹʊkɪn d̥ə 'gʊsəs lɔ.ʃ 'bæk wɪθ ɜ 'pɑm | d̥ə en 'sɪŋɪŋ ə
gently stroking the goose's lower back with her **PALM**, then singing a

'tʊn tʊ hɜ || 'faɪnəli | ʃɪ əd'mɪnɪstəd 'iθɜ ||
tune to her. Finally, she administered ether.

hɜ 'ɛfɜs wɜ nɔtʰ 'fju'taɪ.l̩ || ɪn nɔ tʰaɪm | d̥ə gʊs bi'gæn tə taɪ.ɜ | sʊ 'seɪ.ə
Her efforts were not futile. In no time, the goose began to tire, so Sarah

wɒs 'ebl̩ tʊ hɔld 'ɒntʊ 'kɔmə æn 'gɪv ɜ ə ɪ'læksɪŋ 'bɑθ || wɛns
was able to hold onto Comma and give her a relaxing **BATH**. Once

'sɛʒ.ə had 'manɪʒt̩ t̩ə 'beθ ðə 'gʊs | ʃi 'waɪpt hɜ ɒf wɪθ ə 'kloʊθ
Sarah had managed to bathe the goose, she wiped her off with a CLOTH

ən 'let hɜ ɒn hɜ 'lɛɪt̩ 'seɪd̩ || ðɛn 'sɛʒ.ə kŋ'fɛmɔ̃ ðə vɛts ,daɪ.ɪg'nɒsɪs ||
and laid her on her right side. Then Sarah confirmed the vet's diagnosis.

'alməʊst̩ i'mɪdɪətli | ʃi ɹɪ'membəd ən ɪ'fɛktɪf 'tʃi:tm̩nt̩ ðæd
Almost immediately, she remembered an effective treatment that

ɹɪ'kwɑɪəd hɜ tʊ 'mɛʒə aʊt ə 'lɒd̩ əf 'mɛdɪsɪn || 'sɛɹə 'wɔ:nt̩ ðæt ðɪs
required her to measure out a LOT of medicine. Sarah warned that this

kʊs̩ əf 'tʃi:tm̩nt̩ məɪt̩ bi ɪk'spɛnsɪf || 'aɪðə faɪf ɜ sɪks taɪms̩ ðə
course of treatment might be expensive—either five or six times the

kɒst̩ | əv ,pɛnɪ'sɪlɪn || əɪ kɑnt̩ ɪ'mædʒɪn 'pe.ɪŋ so mʌt̩ | bɛt̩ 'mɪsɪs 'hɛrɪsən | ə
cost of penicillin. I can't imagine paying so much, but Mrs. Harrison—a

'mɪljənɛɹ̩ 'lɔɪə || θɒt̩ ɪt̩ wɛs ə 'fɛə 'praɪs̩ fɜ ə 'kjʊə ||
millionaire lawyer—THOUGHT it was a fair PRICE for a CURE.

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LEXICAL SETS, in blue boxes, were created by John Wells to represent the various groups of words that share the same vowel.