

The Phonemic Alphabet

Consonants

/ p / people top /pi:p/ /tɒp/	/ b / big snob /bɪg/ /snɒb/	/ m / me games /mi:/ /geɪmz/
/ t / tea letter /ti:/ /letə/	/ d / do read /du:/ /ri:d/	/ n / none run /nʌn/ /rʌn/
/ k / car active /kɑ:/ /æktɪv/	/ g / go dog /gəʊ/ /dɒg/	/ ŋ / sing angry /sɪŋ/ /æŋɡri/
/ tʃ / church /tʃɜ:tʃ/	/ dʒ / joke enjoy /dʒəʊk/ /ɪndʒɔɪ/	/ r / red far away /red/ /fɑ:r əweɪ/
/ f / fun rough /fʌn/ /rʌf/	/ v / vote live /vəʊt/ /lɪv/	/ l / lunch all /lʌntʃ/ /ɔ:l/
/ θ / think teeth /θɪŋk/ /ti:θ/	/ ð / these with /ði:z/ /wɪð/	/ j / yes music /jes/ /mju:zɪk/
/ s / sun mess /sʌn/ /mes/	/ z / zoo visit /zu:/ /vɪzɪt/	/ w / watch quick /wɒtʃ/ /kwɪk/
/ ʃ / shoe cash /ʃu:/ /kæʃ/	/ ʒ / television /telɪvɪʒn/	

/ h / hat who /hæt/ /hu:/

Vowels & diphthongs

# 1 / i: / meet sea /mi:t/ /si:/	# 7 / ɔ: / caught door /kɔ:t/ /dɔ:/	/ eɪ / play great /pleɪ/ /ɡreɪt/
# 2 / ɪ / bit itch /bɪt/ /ɪtʃ/	# 8 / ʊ / book /bʊk/	/ aɪ / I try /aɪ/ /traɪ/
# 3 / e / bet ate /bet/ /et/	# 9 / u: / who doing /hu:/ /du:ɪŋ/	/ ɔɪ / enjoy choice /ɪndʒɔɪ/ /tʃɔɪs/
# 4 / æ / act cat /ækt/ /kæt/	# 10 / ʌ / fun uncle /fʌn/ /ʌŋkl/	/ ɪə / here weird /hɪə/ /wɪəd/
# 5 / ɑ: / hard aunt /hɑ:d/ /ɑ:nt/	# 11 / ɜ: / turn blur /tɜ:n/ /blɜ:/	/ eə / care chairs /keə/ /tʃeəz/
# 6 / ɒ / what on /wɒt/ /ɒn/	# 12 / ə / about woman /əbaʊt/ /wʊmən/	/ ʊə / cruel pure /kruəl/ /pjʊə/
		/ əʊ / go old /gəʊ/ /əʊld/
		/ aʊ / about out /əbaʊt/ /aʊt/

SET READING – Ashby, P. (2000) *Speech Sounds* Chapter 1 and 2. Great Britain: Routledge.

Luv Song - poetic form

Activity 1

Read the poem.

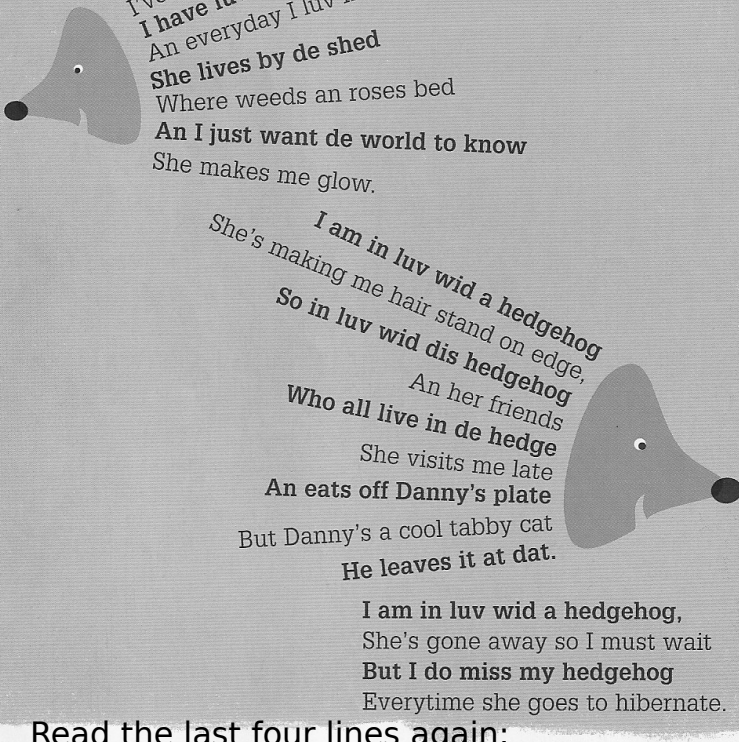
How is the poem set out on the page to link with the meaning?

Luv Song

*I am in luv wid a hedgehog
I've never felt dis way before
I have luv fe dis hedgehog
An everyday I luv her more an more,
She lives by de shed
Where weeds an roses bed
An I just want de world to know
She makes me glow.*

*I am in luv wid a hedgehog
She's making me hair stand on edge,
So in luv wid dis hedgehog
An her friends
Who all live in de hedge
She visits me late
An eats off Danny's plate
But Danny's a cool tabby cat
He leaves it at dat.*

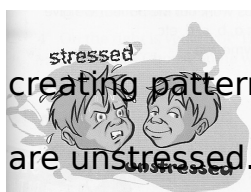
*I am in luv wid a hedgehog,
She's gone away so I must wait
But I do miss my hedgehog
Everytime she goes to hibernate.*



Read the last four lines again:

- How are they similar to the other two stanzas?
- How are they different?
- Why do you think Zephaniah chose to write the poem in this way?

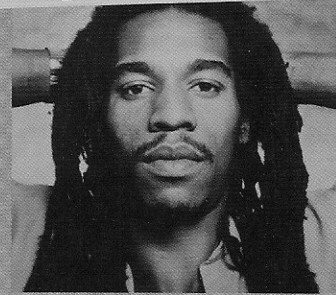
Activity 2



creating patterns of stressed and unstressed. This

In poetry, syllables help to create rhythm by beats. Some syllables are stressed and some affects the way we say the words.

Biography

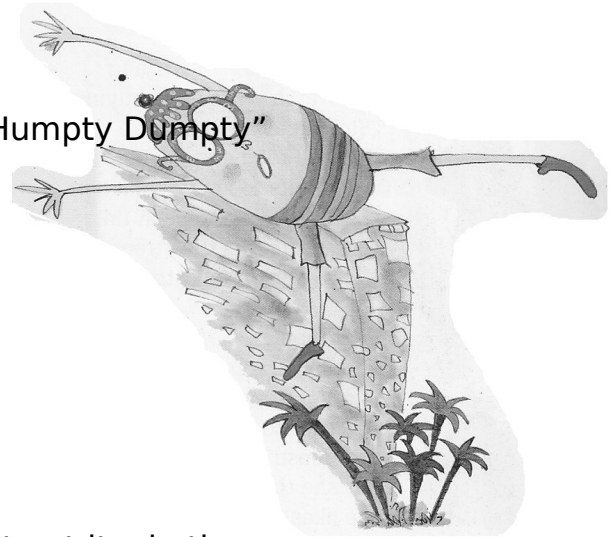


Benjamin Zephaniah (1958–)

Benjamin Zephaniah was born in Handsworth, Birmingham and started creating his own poetry because he didn't like the poetry he was reading. His poems are about things that are important to him.

1. Take down the dictation of the poem “Humpty Dumpty”

hʌmti dʌmti sæt ɒn ə wɔ:l
hʌmti dʌmti hæd ə greɪt fə:l
ɔ:l ðə kiŋz hɔ:sɪz ən ɔ:l ðə kiŋz men
kʊdnt pʊt hʌmti təgeðər əgen



2. Read “Humpty Dumpty” aloud and beat out its rhythm.
3. What do you notice about the number of beats in each line?
4. Transcribe the last four lines of “Luv Song” again and count the syllables in each line.

aɪ əm ɪn lʌv wɪð ə hedʒhɒg
ʃɪz gɒn əweɪ səʊ aɪ mæs wɛrt
bət aɪ du: mɪs maɪ hedʒhɒg
evrɪtaɪm ʃɪ gəʊz tə haɪbənɛɪt

5. Find the beats. What’s the effect of the pattern?

Activity 3

Zephaniah often uses dialect in his poems so we can hear the sound and rhythm of his speech.

1. Which words in “Luv Song” are clear cases of Caribbean dialect?

Love the with my for that and

2. Read the poem aloud, substituting Standard English words for the dialect ones. How does it sound? Which version do you prefer?
3. Why do you think Zephaniah writes using Caribbean dialect?

Small Boy

He picked up a pebble
and threw it in the sea...

and another, and another.
He couldn't stop.

He wasn't trying to fill the sea.
He wasn't trying to empty the
beach.

He was just throwing away,
nothing else but.

Like a kitten playing
he was practising for the future

when there'll be so many things
he'll want to throw away

if only his fingers will unclench
and let them go.



Norman MacCraig

smɔ:l bɔɪ

hi pɪkt ʌp ə pebl

ən θru: ɪn ðə si:

ənd ənlðə / ənd ənlðə

hi kʊdnt stɒp

hi wɒznt traɪŋ tə fɪl ðə si:

hi wɒznt traɪŋ tu ɛmti ðə bi:tʃ

hi wəz dʒʌst θrəʊɪŋ əweɪ

nʌθɪŋ els bʌt

laɪk ə kɪtn pləɪŋ

hi wəz prækʰtɪsɪŋ fə ðə fju:tʃə

wen ðəl bi: səʊ meni θɪŋz

hɪl wɒnt tə θrəʊ əweɪ

ɪf əʊnli hɪz fɪŋgəz wɪl ʌŋklentʃ

ən let ðəm gəʊ

Activity 1

1. Listen to the poem and take it down in phonetic script.

Activity 2

2. Practise reading aloud the poem.
3. Record yourself reading the poem.
4. Compare your version with the original track.
5. Swap recordings with a partner.

Activity 3

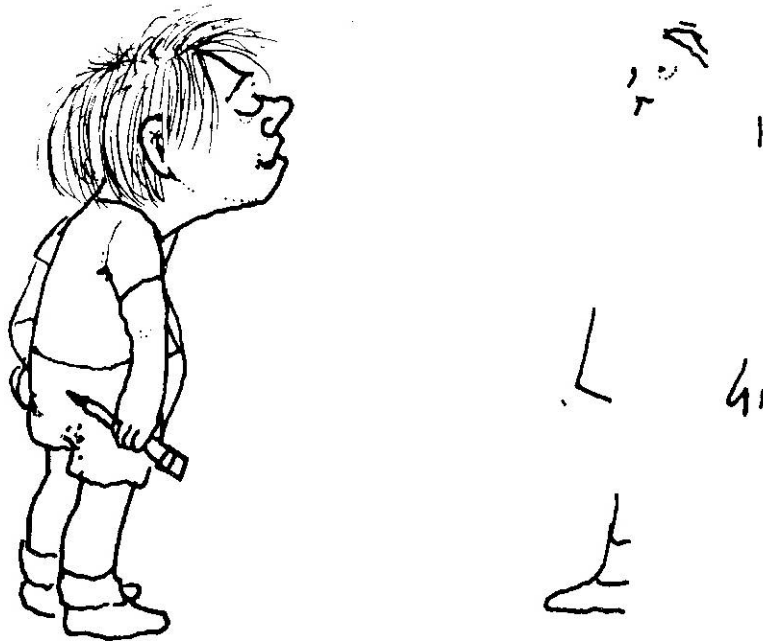
6. Find 3 words in the poem with “silent letters” (pebble - couldn’t - empty)
7. Find instances of:
 - (a) linking V to V/ C to V
 - (b) syllabicity (x 5)
 - (c) dentalization (x5)
 - (d) contrastive strong form (but)
8. Go through the poem and underline the stressed syllables.
9. Record yourself reading the poem a second time.
10. In pairs, analyze both students’ first and second version.

Activity 4

11. Discuss: letting things go

MAGICAL ERASER

She wouldn't believe
This pencil has
A magical eraser.
She said I was a silly moo,
She said I was a liar too,
She dared me prove that it was true,
And so what could I do—
I erased her!



Boys will be Boys

Look at little Peter, isn't he a terror
Shooting all the neighbours with his cowboy gun?
Screaming like a jet plane, always throwing something
I just can't control him. Trouble? He is the one.

Ahh, but boys will be boys,
It's a fact of human nature,
And girls will grow up to be mothers.

Look at little Janie, doesn't she look pretty
Playing with her dolly, proper little mum?
Never being dirty, never being noisy,
Don't touch your sister, Peter, now look what you've done!!

Ahh, but boys will be boys,
It's a fact of human nature,
And girls will grow up to be mothers.

Now what's come over Janie? Janie's turning nasty!
Left hook to the body, right hook to the
nau ði: wɜ:lɪd hæz gɒn tɒpsi tɜ:vi / dʒeɪni wɒnts eɪ fʊtbɔ:l
ænd pi:tə dʒʌst si:mz hæpi pʊʃɪŋ præmz ələŋ /
ɪt meɪks ju: fi:l səʊ gɪlti / kɪdz ɑ: sʌtʃ eɪ wʌri /
dɒktə dɒktə tel mi / weə dɪd wi: gəʊ rɒŋ /
bɪkɒz bɔɪz mʌst bi: bɔɪz / ɪt ɪz eɪ fækt ɒv hju:mən neɪtʃə /
ænd gɜ:lz mʌst grəʊ ʌp tu: bi: mʌðəz //eye!

Vicious little hussy! Now, Peter's started bawling!
What a bloody cissy! Who said you could cry?!

Because boys must be boys,
It's a fact of human nature,
And girls must grow up to be mothers.

naʊ ði: wɜ:lɪd hæz ɡɒn tɒpsi tɜ:vi / dʒeɪni wɒnts eɪ futbɔ:l
ænd pi:tə dʒʌst si:mz hæpi pʊʃɪŋ præmz əbɒŋ /
ɪt meɪks ju: fi:l səʊ ɡɪlti / kɪdz ɑ: slʌʃ eɪ wʌri /
dɒktə dɒktə tel mi / weə dɪd wi: ɡəʊ rɒŋ /
bɪkɒz bɔɪz mʌst bi: bɔɪz / ɪt ɪz eɪ fækt ɒv hju:mən neɪtʃə /
ænd ɡɜ:lz mʌst ɡrəʊ ʌp tu: bi: mʌðəz //