

### Text 8.3: 19<sup>th</sup> century London English: Charles Dickens. "Samuel Weller Makes a Pilgrimage to Dorking and Beholds his Mother-in-law" (1837)

"What's a moral pocket-ankercher?" said Sam; "I *never see* one o' the articles o' furniter."

"Those which combine amusement with instruction, my young friend," replied Mr. Stiggins, "blending select tales with wood-cuts."

[Eventually, Sam's father shows up:]

"What, Sammy!" exclaimed the father. 5

"What, old Nobs!" ejaculated the son. And they shook hands heartily. ...

"It cert'nly seems a queer start to send out pocket-'ankerchers to people *as* don't know the use *on* 'em," observed Sam.

"They *'re* always *a-doin'* some gammon of that sort, Sammy," replied his father. "T'other Sunday I *was* walkin' up the road, *wen* who should I see, a-standin' at a chapel door, with a blue soup-plate in her hand, but your mother- **10** in-law" I *werily* believe there was change for a couple o' *suw'rins* in it, then, Sammy, all in ha'pence; ... What d'ye think it was all for?"

"For another tea-drinkin', perhaps," said Sam.

"Not a bit on it," replied the father; "for the shepherd's water-rate, Sammy."

"The shepherd's water-rate!" said Sam. 15

"Ay," replied Mr. Weller, "there was three quarters owin', and the shepherd hadn't paid a *farden*, not he – perhaps it might be on account that the water *warn't* o' much use to him, for it's wery little o' that tap he drinks, Sammy, wery; he knows a trick worth a good half-dozen of that, he does. Hows'ever, it warn't paid, and so they *cuts* the water off. ... Upon this, the women *calls* a meetin' sings a hymn, wotes your mother-in-law into the chair, wolunteers a collection next Sunday, and hands it all over to the shepherd. And if he *ain't* got enough out on **20**

'em, Sammy, to make him free of the water company for life," said Mr. Weller, in conclusion, "I'm one Dutchman, and you're another, and that's all about it." ...

"The worst o' *these here* shepherds is, my boy, that they reg'larly turns the heads of all the young ladies, about here. Lord bless their little hearts, they thinks it's all right, and *don't* know *no* better; but they're the wictims o' gammon, *Samivel*, they're the wictims of gammon."

**25**

(Charles Dickens. *The Pickwick Papers*. 3<sup>rd</sup> ed. London: Collins, 1953 [1837], chap. 27, 373-377)

#### Pronunciation:

*'ankercher*: aitch-dropping

*furniter*: yod-dropping; no palatalization

*wos*: D-raising before fricatives

*wen*: aitch-dropping; /hw/ to /w/

*werily*: /v/ to /w/ (stereotypical Cockney)

*suw'rins*: eye dialect ([link](#)) for *sovereign*

*farden*: /d/ for /ð/; but no /v/!

*Samivel*: /w/ to /v/ (stereotypical)

#### Grammar:

*never*: general negator (8.3.2.2)

*see*: leveled for *saw*

*as*: non-standard relative pronoun

*on*: non-standard for *of*

*'re a-doin'*: older progressive (< *on/at doing*)

*warn't*: singular *were*; pre-NURSE merger (of /ɑ:/ and /ɜ:/) ([link](#))

*they cuts*: 3<sup>rd</sup> person plural pronoun + verb with {s}

*the women calls*: 3<sup>rd</sup> person plur. noun subject + verb with {s}

*ain't*: generalized negative of *be* and *have* (present tense)

*these here*: emphatic deictic form

*don't know no*: double negative

### Text 8.4: Lincoln's Gettysburg Address (excerpt) in the New Spelling (1972)

*But in a larjer sens, we kanot dedikaet – we kanot konsekraet – we kanot haloe – dbis ground. Dbe braev men, living and ded, huu strugld heer, hav konsekraeted it far abuv our puur pouer to ad or detrakt.*

(P. MacCarthy (1972) "Criteria for a New Orthography for English," In: *Talking of Speaking: Papers in Applied Phonetics*. Oxford: OUP, 71)

Conventional spelling:

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. the brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

**Text 8.5: Text in one suggested spelling for Scots (2010)**

The **Scots Leid Associe** (kent in Inglis as the **Scots Language Society**) is a bodie that warks for the furdal [support, furthering] o the Scots leid in "leiterature, drama, the media, education an ilka day uiss [everyday use]." It wis foundit in 1972, an haes about 350 memmers the nou.

The SLA sets furth a bi-annual journal, '*Lallans*, that's nou a 144-page magazine wi prose, musardrie [poetry], reviews, news etc. aw in Scots. It's furthest [supported, furthered] wi help by the Scottish Arts Council. *Lallans* is postit free tae memmers o the SLA, an it is estimate that it haes a readership o about a thousan, syne [since] copies is also postit tae libraries an siclike.

(at: [http://sco.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scots\\_Leid\\_Associe](http://sco.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scots_Leid_Associe))

**Text 8.6: Southwest (Devon, Somerset): R.D. Blackmore. *Lorna Doone* (1869)**

"*Us* may **tich** of her now, I **rackon**," said Betty in her most jealous way: "Annie, **tak** her by the head, and I'll tak her by the **toesen**. No **taime** to stand here like **girt gawks**. Don'ee tak on **zo**, missus. There be vainer **vish** in the **zea** – Lor, but **her be a booty!**" (R.D. Blackmore. *Lorna Doone*. 1869, chap. 44)

**Text 8.7: Northern English (Yorkshire ) B. Hines. *Kes* (1968)**

"Where's **tha** been, Casper?" Billy just smiled and mingled, and moved alongside Tibbut.  
 "Seen our Jud?"  
 "Hey up, where's **tha** been? They've been looking all over for **thee**." ...  
 "What for? I haven't done **owt**."  
 "Youth Employment. **Tha** should have gone for **thi** interview last lesson."  
 "Seen our Jud? ... Did he say **owt**?"  
 "Just asked where **tha wa'** that's all. What **did tha** run away for when **tha** saw him?" ...  
 What's up, is he after **thi** for **summat**?" (Barry Hines. *Kes*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1969, 134)

**Text 8.8: Lowland Scots: Robert Burns. "Address to a Haggis" (1786)**

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,	Fair dappled your honest, happy face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!	Great chieftain of the pudding race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,	Above them all you take your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:	Paunch, tripe, or intestines:
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace	Well are you worthy of all grace
As lang's my arm	As long as my arm.

(from: R.Burns. *Poems and Songs*)

This text contains a number of relevant points. First of all, there are a number of unfamiliar words and spellings. These have been glossed below. In their morphology and syntax they are closely related to Northern English with which they once formed the single kingdom of Bernicia and later Northumbria. As elsewhere, inflectional morphology in Scots was gradually leveled even though perhaps more older forms survived in some of the rural dialects of Scotland than elsewhere.

<b>Glossary</b>	<i>fa'</i> "dappled"	<i>a'</i> "all"	<i>thairm</i> "intestine, gut"
	<i>sonsie</i> "comely"	<i>ye</i> "you"	<i>weel</i> "well"
	<i>o'</i> "of"	<i>tak</i> "take"	<i>wordy</i> "worthy"
	<i>aboon</i> "over, above"	<i>paunch</i> "paunch"	<i>lang's</i> "long as"

**Text 8.9: Scots Leid: Aboot William Loughton Lorimer (2009)****The Translate**

Lorimer haed aye been interestit in the Scots leid (syne he wis a bairn o nine year auld he haed written down Scots wirts an eedions) an his kennin o the strauchles o minority leids that he got frae his readins o the neutral press durin the Weir led him tae feel that something needit daein tae rescue the Scots leid. He becam convinced, that gin Scots wis tae be ruised up frae the laich status that it haed fawen tae, it needit twa main

things first: I) a guid modren 5 dictionar an II) a guid modren translate o The New Testament that maist weel-read fowk an mony ithers wad be fameeliar wi. Sometime aboot September 1945, he decidit tae yoke tae on pittin *The New Testament* ower intil Scots. Bein an unco dab-haund wi leids, he read throu mony translates o *New Testament* beuks ...

His first drauchts wis begoued in 1957, an bi early 1961 he stairtit wark on *The Gospels* that teuk him twa year an three month tae feenish the first drauchts o. The last o the first drauchts (that seems tae hae been *Hebrews*) wis 10

feenish on the 10t o October 1965. It haed sae faur taen him aicht year tae pit the hail *New Testament* ower intil Scots. (at: [http://sco.wikipedia.org/wiki/William\\_Laughton\\_Lorimer](http://sco.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Laughton_Lorimer))

### Glossary

<i>aye</i> (1) /ei/ "always"	<i>kenning</i> (2) "recognition"	<i>yoke tae</i> (7) "begin work"	<i>begoued</i> (9) /gigud/ "begun"
<i>leid</i> (1) /lid/ "language"	<i>strauchle</i> (2) /stra:xl/ "struggle"	<i>pit</i> (7) "put, i.e. translate"	<i>aicht</i> (11) /ext, eɛt/ eight(h)
<i>syne</i> (1) /sain/ "since"	<i>gin</i> (4) "if"	<i>unco</i> (8) /'ʌŋkə/ "very"	
<i>bairn</i> (1) "child"	<i>laich</i> (5) /lex/ "low"	<i>draucht</i> (9) /dra:xt/ "draft"	

### Text 8.10: IrE vernacular correspondence (19<sup>th</sup> century)

But Dear Joseph when you do write [emphatic] you mite say some thing to William as some like to be mentioned by Name for he is very Kind to Mary Ann. But your Bother in Law does think [habitual] that as you have no Brothers or Sisters in Ireland but Mary Ann and him.

(Fritz, C. (2006) "Resilient or yielding? Features of Irish

English syntax and aspect in early

*Diachronic*, Australia," In: T. Nevalainen, J. Klemola, and M. Laitinen (eds.) *Types of Variation. Dialectal and Typological Interfaces*. Amsterdam: John Benjamins, 295)

### Text 8.11: Chinese-English code-switching (1998)

Mother: *Nay sik mut-ye a?* ("What do you want to eat?")  
 Child: JUST APPLES:  
 Mother: JUST JUST APPLES? *Dimgai m sik YOGHURT a?* ("Why not have some yoghurt?")  
 of two (Wei, L. (1998) "Banana Split? Variations in language choice and code-switching patterns groups of British-born Chinese in Tyneside," In: R. Jacobson (ed.) *Codeswitching Worldwide*. Berlin: Mouton de Gruyter, 155)

### Text 8.12: Dickens *Bleak House* (chapter 26, "Sharpshooters") (1853) (+ Exercise)

"The country," says Mr. George, plying his knife and fork; "why, I suppose you never clapped your eyes on the country, Phil?"

"I **see** the marshes once," says Phil, contentedly eating his breakfast.

"What marshes?"

"*The* marshes, commander," returns Phil.

5

"Where are they?"

"I don't know where they are," says Phil; "but I see 'em, gov'ner. They **was** flat. And misty."

Governor and Commander are interchangeable terms with Phil, expressive of the same respect and deference, and applicable to nobody but Mr. George.

"I was born in the country, Phil."

10

"**Was** you indeed, commander?"

"Yes. And bred there."

Phil elevates his one eyebrow, and, after respectfully staring at his master to express interest, swallows a great gulp of coffee, still staring at him.

“There’s not a bird’s not that I don’t know,” says Mr. George. “Not many an English leaf or berry  
15

that I couldn’t name. Not many a tree that I couldn’t climb yet, if I was put to it. I was a real country boy once. My good mother lived in the country.”

“She must have been a fine old lady, gov’ner,” Phil observes.

“Ayl and not so old either, five-and-thirty years ago,” says Mr. George. “But I’ll wager that at ninety she would be near as upright as me, and near as broad across the shoulders.”

20

“Did she die at ninety, gov’ner?” inquires Phil.

“No. Bosh! Let her rest in peace, God bless her!” says the trooper. “What set me on about country boys, and run-aways, and good-for-nothings? You, to be sure! So you never clapped your eyes upon the country – marshes and dreams excepted. Eh?”

Phil shakes his head.

25

“Do you want to see it?”

N-no, I don’t know as I do, particular,” says Phil.

“The town’s enough for you, eh?”

“Why you see, commander,” says Phil, “I ain’t acquainted with anythink else, and I doubt if I ain’t a getting too old to take to novelties.”

30

“How old *are* you Phil?” asks the trooper, pausing as he conveys his smoking saucer to her lips.

“I’m something with a eight in it,” says Phil. “It can’t be eighty. Nor yet eighteen. It’s betwixt ‘em, somewheres.”

Mr. George, slowly putting down his saucer without tasting the contents, is laughingly beginning “Why, what the deuce, Phil,” – when he stops, seeing that Phil is counting on his dirty fingers.

“I was just eight,” says Phil, “agreeable to the parish calculation, when I went with the tinker. I was  
35

sent on a errand, and I see him a sittin’ under a old buildin’ with a fire all to himself wery comfortable, and he says, “Would you like to come along a me, my man?” I says ‘Yes,’ and him and me and the fire goes home to Clerkenwell together. That was April Fool Day. I was able to count up to ten; and when April Fool Day come round again, I says to myself, ‘Now, old chap, you’re one and a eight in it.’ April Fool Day after that I says, ‘Now, old chap, you’re two and a eight in it.’ In the course of time, I come to ten and a eight in it; two tens and a eight in it. 40

When it got so high, it got the upper hand of me; but this is how I always know there’s a eight in it.”

“Ah!” says Mr. George, resuming his breakfast. “And where’s the tinker?”

“Drink put him in the hospital, gov’ner, and the hospital put him – in a glass-case, I *have* heard,” Phil replies mysteriously.

“By that means you got promotion? Took the business, Phil?”

45

“Yes, commander, I took the business. Such as it was. It wasn’t much of a beat – round Saffron Hill, Hatton Garden, Clerkenwell, Smiffeld, and there – poor neighbourhood, where they uses up the kettles till they’re past mending. Most of the tramping thinkers used to come and lodge at our place. . . . But they didn’t come to me. I warn’t like him. He could sing ‘em a good song. I couldn’t! He could play ‘em a tune on any sort of pot you please, so as it was iron or block tin. I never could do nothing with a pot, but mend it or bile it – never had a note 50

of music in me. Besides, I was too ill-looking, and their wives complained of me.”

“They were mighty particular. You would pass muster in a crowd, Phil!” says the trooper with a pleasant smile.

“No, gov’ner,” returns Phil, shaking his head. “No, I shouldn’t. I was passable enough when I went with the tinker, . . . : but what with blowing the fire with my mouth when I was young, and spiling my

complexion, and singeing my hair off, and swallowing the smoke; and what with being nat'rallyunfort'nate in the way of **55** running against hot metal, and marking myself by sich means; ... and what with being blowed out of winder, case filling at the firework business; I am ugly enough to be make a show on." ...

"It was after the case-filling blow-up, when I first see you, commander. You remember?"

"I remember, Phil. ..." ...

"When you stops, you know," cries Phil, ..., "and says to me, 'What, comrade! You have been in the **60** wars! I didn't say much to you, commander, then for I was took by surprise, that a person so strong and healthy and bold as you was, should stop to speak to such a limping bog of bones as I was. But you says to me, says you, delivering it out of your chest as hearty as possible, so that it was like a glass of something hot, 'What accident have you met with? You have been badly hurt. What's amiss, old boy? Cheer up, and tell us about it!'

Cheer up! I was cheered already. I says as much to you, you says more to me, I says more to you, and **65** you says more to me, and here I am, commander! Here I am, commander!" cries Phil, who has started from his chair and unaccountably begun to sidle away. ...

(from: C. Dickens. *Bleak House*. London:

Odahams, n.D. [1853], 326-328)

### Text 8.13: Billy Kay "Cairtes in the Scots Leid" (present-day) (+ Exercise)

Scotland hes aye been a multilingual kintrae, fae the foundin o the natioun whan French, Flemish, Gaelic an Scots wes spoken in the early burghs richt tae the present day wi the Celtic leid Gaelic an the Germanic leids English an Scots yet tae the for. O thir thrie leids, Scots is by faur the maist negleckit an hauden down in offeicial terms, yet ironically is spoken in ae dialect or anither by the feck o the fowk. Wi gey pickle status, it is maistly uised in informal, familiar situations.

Whiles I compare it tae an undergrund activity preed by consentin adults in the privacy o their ain hames! Despite this restrictit uis o the leid for a lang time, it hes aye been the medium o a great literary tradeition at the makars o the praisent day is eident tae continue. Thir cairtes is pairt o a process tae normalise Scots, tak it frae the private tae the public domain an gie fowk a sense o whit it wes and whit it will be again - a leid o mense an virr that will aye express the smeddum o the Scots fowk an their ties tae the land an its culture. In daein this we ar takin pairt in a process that is dingin down barriers an biggin brigs aw ower Europe, whaur aince suppressit leids an natiouns ar reassertin theirsels. They ar threapin for their veice tae be heard in a Europe o a Hunder Flags an a hunder tongues, a Europe whaur linguistic diversity is regairdit wi pleasure raither than wi suspeicion. For the relationship atween Scots an English hes monie parallels in a when European kintraes; Friesian an Dutch in the Laigh Kintras, Occitan an French in France, Catalan an Spanish, or Galician an Spanish in Spain. Aw thay leids cam frae similar ruits, but gaed their ain gait through elangin separate political entities. In maist cases it wes anely whan they got thirlit tae political union wi mair pouerfu neebours at their mither tongues stairtit tae erode in competeitioun wi the standard language o the centrist states they belangit. The naiture o fowk's identity houeever is sic that aw thae leids hes tholit the straits agin thaim an bidit on in a mair restrictit uis as the ilka-day language o the fowk. In monie cases this strang fowk-feelin wi the leids gart thaim that spoke thaim aw the mair determinit tae haud on tae whit they hed. No sae lang syne at wes restrictit tae bodies jalousin at the erosion hed tae stop there wi thaim. Nou the same fowk is gaen muckle faurer an threapin at the rebiggin o the leid maun stairt here wi thaim. They hae decidit at ye ar either pairt o the problem, or pairt o the solution, an ar determinit tae be pairt o the solution for their mither tongue.

That is whit thir cairtes is about - heizin up the vernacular o the fowk tae its richtfu place in our national life, an culturallly reclaimin our land through seein our place names whaur they belang - on our national map. Tae the feck o the fowk that stey there, Jeddart hes never been Jedburgh, Glesca gey rarely Glasgow, Aiberdeen nae aften Aberdeen. Yet it wes the anglicised form that aye appearit. Nou for the first time - I am gey shuir no for the last time - it is the Scots form gien precedence ower the English. The leid, the touns an the land bund thrang thegither on the cairtes as they aye hae been on the guid Scots tongue o the fowk. Hugh MacDiarmid, the faither o the Scots literary renaissance earlier in the century, scrievit thir words;

For we hae faith in Scotland's hidden poo'ers

The present's theirs, but a' the past an future's oors.

We are evident to see the present for Scots and Scotland by which the folk at her spoken language can be seen in this light as a formal lead for a formal purpose. This is then a challenge to our present, a dedication to our past and a declaration of our faith in the future of Scots as a living European lead of the 21st century.

(from: B. Kay "Cairtes in the Scots Leid" at: <http://www.scottishcorpus.ac.uk/corpus/search/document.php?documentid=778>)

### Text 9.1: Guyanese CE: Basilect (1987) (+ Exercise)

*dis bina wan maan. well ii a piil kookno - wan kookno - wi wan dol kotlaas. wel dis bina mongkii*  
 There was a man. Well, he was peeling coconuts - a coconut - with a dull machete. Well, there was this monkey.  
*hii ga wan shaap reezaa. an ii se at ou - hii a paas a rood an dis - ii se at ou, "ongk!!"*  
 He had a sharp razor. And he said [how] - he was going by on the road and this - he said [how], "Uncle,  
*yu waan dis reezo fu piil yu kooknot?" wel di man glaad, bikaaʒ hii noo dat ou hii kooknot na*  
 you want this razor to peel your coconut?" Well the man was glad because he knew that/how his coconut was not  
*- bee kotlish na sharp. Wel ii - wen di mongkii len om, wen ii don piil am ...*  
 - his machete was not sharp. Well he - when the monkey lent him, when he was finished peeling it ...

(Rickford

1987: 130)

A note on the transcription of this and the following text: <i>= /i:/, <oo> = /ou/; <o> = /ə/; <O> = /ɒ/; <ou> = /ʌu/; <oh> = /ɔ:/; <aa> = /ɑ:/; <uu> = /u:/

### Text 9.2: Guyanese CE: High mesolect (1987)

*wid ingglis, rait? ai fong maiself spenin tuu moch ov di taim on mai esee,*  
 With English, right? I found myself spending too much of the time on my essay.  
*ai jos push mai esee Ondoniit n it kom - wen ai wuz finish, den ai went*  
 I just pushed my essay underneath and it came - when I was finished, then I went  
*bak tu mai esee. in di mat, ai defnaitlii kudn finish. noobOdii finish di peepo.*  
 back to my essay. In the math [exam], I definitely couldn't finish. Nobody finished the paper.  
*Hee geev os haaf n ouvo ekschro, n wii kudn finish.*  
 He gave us half an hour extra, and we couldn't finish.

(Rickford 1987: 170)

### Text 9.3: Jamaican Creole. "William Saves His Sweetheart" (1960)

*nou, a uol taim anansi-in stori, we gwaij at nou. nou wants der waz, a uol wič liedi liv, had wan son,*  
 Now, a old-time Anancying story we going at now. Now once there was a old witch-lady live, had one son,  
 We're now going to tell a traditional Anancy story. Once upon a time there was an old witch, who had a son  
*niem av wiljəm. wiljəm wór ingjé, tu a jój liedi, fráa a néks uol wič sékšən hú waz hár mádar in láa.*  
 name of William. William were engage to a young lady from a next old witch's section who was her mother-in-law.  
 whose name was William. He was engaged to a girl whose stepmother was from a different witches' clutch.  
*nou dát gjól fada, had dát gjól wid iz fós wajf. an áfra di wajf disis, hii iz mári a néks wúman,*  
 Now that girl's father had that girl with his first wife. And after the wife decease, he is marry a next woman  
 Now that girl's father had had her with his first wife. And after that wife died, he married another woman  
*wič is a uol wič an dát wúman bier túu dáatez bisáidz.*  
 which is a old witch. And that woman bear two daughters besides.  
 Who was an old witch. And that women bore him two more daughters.

(Hall 1966: 154)

### Text 9.4: "Masalai Wokim Tripela Ailan" (1982)

English grammatical structures (in bold; see grammatical comments following the text).

*Stori i go olsem. Bipo bipo tru i gat wanpela masalai man. Em i draipela bun tru.*  
 The story goes like this. Really long, long ago, there was a demon. He had really huge bones.  
*Nem bilong em Koran Rainge. Em i lusim bus na kamdaun long ples ol i kolim Ais. ...*

His name was Koran Rainge. He left the forest and came down to the place everyone calls Ais.

*Solvara i save pulimapim dispela riva. Tasol long taim bilong ren,*  
The sea could fill up this river. But when it rained,

*bikpela tait bilong bus i kamdann na wara i kol, i olsem ais. ...*  
a big flood [tide] from the forest came down and the water was cold like ice.

*Orait. Masalai Koran Rainge i laik pilai liklik na em i kisim tamiok ston bilong em*  
Well, Masalai Koran Rainge wanted to play a little, so he took [catch] his stone axe [tomahawk]

*na i katim wanpela longpela ailan i go tripela hap. ...*  
and cut a long island into three parts [half].

*Masalai i subim ol i go ausait longwe liklik long nambis, na i luk olsem wanpela riva i kamap.*  
The masalai shoved them outside a long way a little into the sea, and they looked like a river starts.

*Tasol i no riva, i solvara tasol. Na tude ol bikpela sip i save kam insait long dispela rot tasol.*  
But it was not a river, it was just the sea [saltwater]. And today, the big ships can come inside this way [road].

*Bihain long Masalai Koran Rainge i katim Ailan Aviglo pinis, ...* Selseme Martina (i bin raitim)  
After Masalai Koran Rainge had cut Aviglo Island, ... Selseme Martina (wrote this)

(Wantok 418, May 22, 1982, p. 19)

#### Grammatical markers:

<i>i</i>	before predicates (except 1st and 2nd person singular; passim)
<i>-im</i>	marker of transitive verbs ( <i>Em i lusim bus</i> "he left the bush")
<i>em</i>	3 <sup>rd</sup> person pronoun "he, his, him" (see preceding; also <i>nem bilong em</i> "his name"; also feminine)
<i>i gat</i>	existential <i>there is/are</i> ( <i>i gat wanpela masalai man</i> "there was a man-demon")
<i>pinis</i>	past marker (after the predicate; <i>i katim Ailan pinis</i> "had cut the island")
<i>bin</i>	past marker (pre-verbal: <i>i bin raitim</i> "wrote (this)")
<i>save</i>	modal of ability ( <i>i save pulimapim</i> "could fill (it) up")
<i>laik</i>	"want to" ( <i>i laik pilai liklik</i> "wanted to play a little")
<i>-pela</i>	marker of monosyllabic attributive adjectives ( <i>bikpela</i> "big")
<i>wanpela</i>	singular article ( <i>wanpela masalai man</i> "a demon")
no marker	adverb ( <i>tru</i> "really")
<i>ol</i>	plural marker ( <i>ol bikpela sip</i> "the big ships")

**Texts 9.5 – 9.7:** All four texts are from J.R. Rickford. *Dimensions of a Creole Continuum. History, Texts, and Linguistic Analysis of Guyanese Creole*. Stanford: Stanford UP, pp. 87f, 152f, 153ff, 155f.

#### Text 9.5: Guyanese CE: From Letter XX, Demerara, Feb. 11, 1797

I give you the following conversation, literally as it passed; from which you will be able to form a more correct judgment of the sentiments which dictated the replies.

Would you not like to go to England?

No! Backra country no dood! In Neger country they no flog 'em, and dat better dan Backra country.

Should you not wish to be free?

O yes! O yes!

And if you were free, where would you live, and what would you do?

Live wid dem dat buy me free.

Well! and would you not go with them to England?

No! me 'fraid to go where 'em all Backra. Me love for see Neger here and dere; me 'fraid for see all Backra.

#### Text 9.6: Guyanese CE: Getting cramp working in the cane fields (1987)

Reefer: swet plenti. yu ge kramp. yu badi na a muuv. somtaim yu ge mosl bong. sometaim yu sii k mi de ya nou, mi ge mosl bong, mi lef sim i so.

Friend: ii ge haard.

Reefer: dis kyaa kom out. dis na a kom out.

Friend: yu gadu naint it.

Reefer: dis lef sim i so ou ii de if mi ge mosl bong. somain mi de a wok, an mi fut lef in dis puzizhan. ii ge mosl bong, wid big ting swel out ya so.

Friend: ii ge – ii get o mann –

Reefer: aal di veen kom an tai tageda, an kom fat so! sodaim – sodaim if hii a mi pardno, ii a wok, sotai ii kom, ii gu rob, ii gu rob, ii gu rob, ii gu chrai pul, ii gu pul, ii gu pul, yu noo? pul an rob an pul. no le mi tel yu wo yuu ga to duu – wo gat di mosl bong. yu stomik Or yoor livo waan bos out, wid peen, yu noo, wails hii gu duu dis kain o tings.

Friend: somi yu vamit out aal yu fuud wo yu iit – wen yu iit – wen yu ii – wej aal do – stoori hapn wid yu.

Reefer: wen yu ge kramp, yu ga fu lee dong op – o lee – lee dong o di keen – ai – a – in di fiil. yes! ... Wel das wai wen yu waan da tablit yu gatu ron gu gu sarch fu di maan. or yu ge won kot, yu gatu ron gu n luk fu di maan. yu noó, if yu get ful taim piipl, di – di badi huu gu du di wok gu kom rong in di fiil. bika da a hii wok – ii na go notn els fu du!

### Text 9.7: Guyanese CE: Out-of-season pay for sugar workers (1987)

Reefer: yu sii, waan di beesik ting in C ripoort, i – ii moos hart-rendin, yu noo, fu noo dat – am – misa jostis C se dat a woka in di shigo indoschri, a non – outs grainin piiryad, ii mos orn twenti daalo fu sevnti-faiv posent a di wok dat wa ii wok. an i mos orn tweni fai daala fu nainti posent, yu noo? a maan, bei iiself, kann liv pon twenti daala a wiik. wat about o man wid ii waif an chilrin? hou den kan mek out wid twenti an twenti an twenti fai daala?

John R: ai miself kyaan duu it. yuu kaan gu in dii – stoor an bai notn!

Reefer: an yu sii, di esteet – wi yuustu kwalifai fu sevnto-faiv posen tu get a bak pee, an eeti eet pasent fu get o prodokshan boonas. nou hii bring am nainti pasent – in odo wordz, hii bring moo sleevevri pan awi. awi a chrai fu get wee from sleevevri, hii ad mo pan abi. ii ad nainti pasent bifoo yu intaintl a twenti-faiv daala a wiik wok. an ii ad seventi faiv posent befoor yu intaitl a twenti daala as wiik wok.

John R: wo – nainti posent o wo?

Reefer: nainti pasent a di amongt a deez aveelobl.

Friend: a di dee!

John R: oo, o sii wo yu miin.

Reefer: den yu o ge tweni-fai daala wenevo di esteet na a fain wok fu yu. an sevnti-faiv posent a di deez aveelobl yu gatu wok biifoo yu get twenti daala – a wiik – wenevo di esteet na a fain wok fu yu. o woko – waan maan bei iisef kaant liv pon twenti daalo nou. wot about a man wid, lawii se foor chilren, an ii waif? wo dem gu du wid twenti daala monii? dem ga wan – dem ga fu tek am n wach am so. yu sii? an wii na ga noo ada riisoors, yu noo, ar noo ada ingkom, eedo dan di shigo indoschri.

### Text 9.8: Guyanese CE: A police incident at a rum shop (1987)

Reefer: waan maan a tek out waan o ii kozn from di romshap swiit. an chrii – tuu puliismaan wid a aadineri konstobl, yu noo – a kom in di shap. an mi si dong rai de, mi witnis da wid me ai wo gaad gi mi. di tuu puliisman kom in, su di bai a hool ii knzn an a kya am. wel di bai – dis maan na waan fu gu, yu noo hou, di jentlma – dii kozn wo swiit na waan fu gu, so ii a ool a – so di puliismaan kom, an a hool di bai – a maan – ya su. wel di maan na ton bak fu gu in di bar? i hool di maan ya so. wel di maan a se, "luus mi!" yu noo ou? wel di man no noo dat i wan puliismaan hool ii a ii bak.

John R: ye, ii jos – ii swiit.

Reefer: so afta di maan a pul ou di – di puliismaan grabgl di maan ya, an ii giyam waan chok bak so, yu noo hou? an di maan a – yu noo, di maan swiit, ii akshulii o faal dong. so ii ada kozn gu tu di puliisman se, 'man wo yo chok di maan fa?' di puliismaan hool ii – di ada bai – joosii – nen nee teer dong, teer op di maan hool shot. yu noo, lil ting kuda don –

John R: ye-es.



Reefer: yu noo, an ii – de mek am big; teer op di bai hool shot, bos op aal dis ting ya – in di presen – mi wit – mi sidong de an mi witnis da.

John R: wee da? B?

Reefer: noo. rait a di romshap de. wi gat o ... o romshap de.

Friend: da – de na don! di kech dem a rood, den kerii in dem.

Reefer: an di puliismaan, wen di poor piipl dem gu we, di puliismaan dem kech di maan dem a rood, an kyar dem gu lak dem op.

### Text 9.9: The New Testament in Jamaican Creole (Patois) (1998)

Jus di oda day some highty tighty edicated people translate di Bible into patois. Mi understan if dem trying to increase the numba of di yardies who get fi read di Holy book. Nevadeless, all a de reverence mus gaan, cause when we ready fi chat de patois it just sound RAW. So jus imagine yuh go a church and de pason start fi read St. John 3:16 and all yuh hear is sommen like dis...

“Is jus cause God did love de whole a wi why him sen him ONE Son fi come dead fi wi, so dat all a de people dem who believe seh Him real woan dead but wi live fieva.”

(“Di Bible in patois,” Leslee Dennis (Aug 30, 1998) at: <http://www.jamaicans.com/culture/jatimes/bible.shtml>)

### Text 10.1: W. Bradford on contact with Native Americans (1621)

But about the 16. of March a certain Indian came bouldly amongst them, and spoke to them in broken English, which they could well understand, but marveled at it. At length they understood by discourse with him, that he was not of these parts, but belonged to the eastrene parts, wher some English-ships came to fhish, with whom he was acquainted, and could name sundrie of them by their names, amongst whom he had got his language.

(W. Bradford (1912 [1620-1651]) *The History of Plymouth Plantation*. 2 vols. W.C. Ford (ed.)

Boston: Massachusetts Historical Society, Book XIII)

### Text 10.2: Early ModE Puritan legal text (1647) (+ Exercise)

It being one chiefe piect [project] of y<sup>t</sup> ould deluder, Satan, to keepe men from the knowledge of y<sup>e</sup> Scriptures, as in form<sup>r</sup> times by keeping y<sup>m</sup> in an unknowne tongue ... It is therefore ord<sup>r</sup>ed, y<sup>t</sup> ev<sup>r</sup>y township in this iurisdiction, aft<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Lord hath increased y<sup>m</sup> to y<sup>e</sup> number of 50 household<sup>rs</sup>, shall then forthwi<sup>th</sup> appoint one w<sup>th</sup>in their towne to teach all such children as shall resort to him to write & reade ... & it is furth<sup>r</sup> ordered, y<sup>t</sup> where any towne shall increase to y<sup>e</sup> numb<sup>r</sup> of 100 families or household<sup>rs</sup>, they shall set up a gra<sup>m</sup>er schoole, y<sup>e</sup> m<sup>r</sup> thereof being able to instruct youth so farr as they may be fited for y<sup>e</sup> university ... .

(from: P.R. Lucas (1984) *American Odyssey, 1607-1789*. Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, 117f)

### Text 10.3: Non-standard General English: R. Lardner “Three without, Doubled” (1917) (+ Exercise)

It was a Friday evenin’ about three weeks ago when I come home and found the Wife quaverin’ with excitement.

“Who do you think called up?” she ast me.

“I got no idear,” I says.

“Guess!” says she.

So I had to guess.

“Josephus Daniels,” I says. “Or Henry Ford. Or maybe it was that guy with the scar on his lip that you thought was smilin’ at you the other day.”

“You couldn’t never guess,” she says. ... “It was Mrs. Messenger that’s husband owns this buildin’ and the one at the corner, where they live at.”

10

“Haven’t you paid the rent” I says.

“Do you think a woman like Mrs. Messenger would be buttin’ into her husband’s business?” says the Missus.

“I don’t know what kind of a woman Mrs. Messenger is,” I says. “But if I owned these here apartments and somebody fell behind in their rent, I wouldn’t be surprised to see the

15

owner’s wife goin’ right over to their flat and takin’ it out o’ their trousers pocket.”

“Well,” says the Wife, “we don’t owe them no rent and that wasn’t what she called up about. It wasn’t no business call.”

“Well,” she says, “I was just gettin’ through with the lunch dishes and the phone rang.”

“I bet you wondered who it was,” says I.

20

“I thought it was Mrs. Hatch or somebody,” says the Wife. “So I run to the phone and it was Mrs. Messenger. So the first thing she says was to explain who she was – just like I didn’t know. And the next thing she ast was did I play bridge.”

“And what did you tell her?” says I.

“What do you think I’d tell her?” says the Missus. “I told her yes.”

25

“Wasn’t you triflin’ a little with the truth?” I ast her.

“Certainly not!” she says. “Haven’t I played twice over to Hatches? So then she ast me if my husband played bridge, too. And I told her yes, he did.”

“What was the idear?” I says. “You know I didn’t never play it in my life.” ...

Well, anyway, I told her you did,” says the Missus. “Don’t you see they wasn’t nothing’ else I could tell her, because if I told her you didn’t, that would of ended it.”

30

“Ended what?” I says.

“We wouldn’t of been ast to the party,” says the Missus.

“Who told you they was goin’ to be a party?” I says.

“I don’t have to be told everything,” says the Missus. “I got brains enough to know that Mrs. Messenger ain’t callin’ me up and astin’ me do we play bridge just because she’s got a headache or feels lonesome or somethin’. But it ain’t only one party after all, and that’s the best part of it. She ast us if we’d care to join the club.”

35

“What club?” says I.

“Mrs. Messenger’s club, the San Susie Club,” says the Missus. ...

40

“How did these pillows o’ Society happen to light on to us?” I ast her.

“Well,” she says, “it seems like the Baileys, who belonged to the club, went to California last week to spend the winter. And they had to have a couple to take their place. And Mrs. Messenger says they wouldn’t take nobody that didn’t live in our block, and her husband looked over the list and we was the ones they picked out.”

45

“Probably,” I says, “that’s because we was the only eligibles that can go out nights on account o’ not havin’ no children.”

“The Pearsons ain’t ast,” she says, “and they ain’t got no children.

(from: R. Lardner. *Gullible’s Travells, Etc.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1965 [1917], 115-118)

Text 10.4: Frontier speech: “The Boast” (c. 1830)

I was ridin along the Mississippi in my wagon, when I came acrost a feller floating down stream, settin in the starn of his boat fast asleep. Well, I hadn’t had a fight for ten days; felt as tho’ I should have to kiver myself up in a salt barrel, to keep so wolffy about the shoulders. So says I, hallo stranger, if

you don't mind your boat will run off and leave you. So he looked up at me slantindicular, and I looked down on him slantindicular. He took out a chor of tobacco, and says he, I don't vallee you tantamount to that; and the varmant clapped his wings and crowed. I ris up, shuch my mane, crooked my neck, and nickered like a horse. He run his boat plump head foremost ashore. I stopped my wagon, and set my triggers. Mister, says he, I can whip my weight in wild cats, and ride straight thro' a crab apple orchard on a flash of lightning - clear meat axe disposition - the best man, if f I an't, I wish I may be tetotaciously exfluncuated. So we come together; he was a pretty severe colt, but no part of a priming for me. I put it to him mighty droll - in ten minutes he yelled enough, and swore I was a ripstaver! Says I, an't I the yallow flower of the forest? And I'm all brimstone but the head, and that's aquafortis! Says he, stranger, you're a beauty, and if I only know'd your name, I'd vote for you next election. Says I, my name is Nimrod Wildfire - half horse, half alligator, and a touch of the airthquake - that's got the prettiest sister, fattest horse, and ugliest dog in the district, and can out run, out jump, throw down, drag out and whip any man in all Kentuck!

(from: W. Blair, (1960 [1931]) *Native American Humor*. N.Y.: Chandler, 281)

Text 10.5: Immigrant English (Yiddish): A. Cahan. *Yekl* (1898)

... there was a knock at the door.

“**Coom** in!” Gitl hastened to say somewhat coquettishly, flourishing her proficiency in American manners, as she raised her head from the pot in her hands.

“Coom in!” repeated Joey.

The door flew open, and in came Mamie, preceded by a cloud of cologne odors. She was apparently dressed for some occasion of state, for she was powdered and straight-laced and resplendent in a waist of blazing red, gaudily trimmed, and with puff sleeves, each wider than the vast expanse of white straw, surmounted with a whole forest of ostrich feathers, which adorned her head. One of her gloved hands held the huge hoop-shaped yellowish handle of a blue parasol.

“**Good-evenin'**, Jake!” she said, with ostentatious vivacity.

“Good-evenin', Mamie!” Jake returned, jumping to his feet and violently reddening, as if suddenly pricked. “**Mish** Fein, my **vife**, **Mish** Fein!”

Miss Fein made a stately bow, primly biting her lip as she did so. Gitl, with the pot in her hands, stood staring sheepishly, at a loss what to do.

“Say ‘I’m **glyad** to **meech** you,’” Jake urged her, confusedly.

The English phrase was more than Gitl could venture to echo.

She is still *green*,” Jake apologized for her, in Yiddish.

“*Never min'*, she will soon **oysgreen** herself,” Mamie remarked, with patronizing affability. ...

“You mush vant your twenty-**fife** dollars,” he [Jake] presently nerved himself up to say in English, breaking an awkward pause.

“**I should cough!**” Mamie rejoined.

“In a couple o’ veeksh, Mamie, as sure as my name is Jake.”

“In a couple o’ veeks! **No, sirree! I mus'** have my money at **oncet**. I don’ know vere you will get it, **dough**. Vy, a married man!” – with a chuckle. “You got a – lot o’ **t’ings** to pay for. You took de **foinitsha** by a custom peddler, **ain’ it?** But what a – do *I* care? I vant my money. I voiked hard enough for it.”

“Don’ **shpeak** English. She’ll t’ink I don’ **knu** vot ve shpeakin’,” he besought her ...

“Vot d’I care vot she t’inks? She’s your wife, ain’t it? Vell, she mus’ know ev’ryt’ing. dot’s right! A husban’ **dass’n’t** hide **not’ink** from his vife!” – with another chuckle and another look of deadly sarcasm at Gitl “I can say de same in Jewish [Yiddish] – ”

“**Shurr-r up**, Mamie!” he interrupted her, gaspingly.

(A. Cahan (1970 [1898]) *Yekl*. N.Y.: Dover, chap. 5)

**Text 10.6: 19<sup>th</sup> Century AAVE and Creole English: J.C. Harris. “Why the Alligator’s Back Is Rough” (1881)**

The night after the violent flirtation between Daddy Jack and Tildy, the latter ... took the child by the

hand, and together they went to Uncle Remus's cabin. The old man was making a door-mat of shucks and grass and white-oak splits, and Daddy Jack was dozing in the corner.	
<p>“W'at I tell you, Brer Jack?” said Uncle Remus, as Tildy came in. “Dat gal atter you, mon!”</p> <p>“Fer de Lord sake, Unk' Remus, don't start dat ole nigger. I done promise Miss Sally dat I won't kill 'im, en I like ter be good ez my word; but ef he come foolin' longer me I'm des nat'ally gwine ter onj'int 'im. Now you year me say de word.”</p>	<p>“What did I tell you, Brother Jack?” ... “That girl is after you, man!”</p> <p>“For the Lord's sake, Uncle Remus, don't start that old nigger [talking]. I have promised Miss Sally that I won't kill him, and I like to be as good as my word; but if he comes fooling around me I'm just naturally going to unjoint him. Now you hear me say the word.”</p>
... After a while the little boy grew restless, and presently he said: “Daddy Jack, you know you promised to tell me a story to-night.”	
<p>“He wukkin' wid it now, honey,” said Uncle Remus, soothingly. “Brer Jack,” he continued, “wa'n't dey sump'n' n'er 'bout ole man Yalligater?”</p> <p>“Hi!” exclaimed Daddy Jack, arousing himself, “'e 'bout B'er 'Gater fer true. Oona no bin see da' B'er 'Gater?” ...</p> <p>“Dem all sem,” continued Daddy Jack.</p> <p>“Big mout', pop-eye, walk on 'e belly; ...</p> <p>“One tam Dog is bin run B'er Rabbit, tel 'e do git tire; da' Dog is bin run 'im tel him ent mos' hab no bre't' in 'e body; 'e hide 'ese'f by de crik side.</p> <p>...</p> <p>“‘Eh-eh! B'er 'Gater, I hab bin come 'pon trouble. Dog, 'e do run un-a run me. ... I proud fer yeddy Dog bark, et 'e is bin fetch-a me trouble lak dem.’”</p> <p style="text-align: right;">(Harris 1881: 141f)</p>	<p>“He' working on it now, honey. ... Brother Jack, wasn't there something or other about Old Man Alligator?”</p> <p>“Hi! ... It's about Brother Alligator, for sure. Have you all seen that Brother Alligator?”</p> <p>“They're all the same,”... .</p> <p>“[He has] a big mouth, pop-eyes, walks on his belly; ...</p> <p>“One time Dog was running Brother Rabbit till he was getting tired; then Dog was running him till he almost didn't have any breath in his body; he hid himself by the creek-side. ...</p> <p>“‘Oh-oh, Brother Alligator, I have met with trouble. Dog's been running and running me. ... I am happy to hear Dog bark, he's been making me trouble like that.’”</p>

Among the more noticeable features of AAVE we find the following (not an exhaustive list):

### 19<sup>th</sup> century Southern AAVE (“Tildy, Uncle Remus”)    19<sup>th</sup> century AACE (Daddy Jack)

#### Pronunciation:

- elision of intervocalic /ð/ (Brer “brother”; n'er “nother”)    elision of /ɾ/ and /ð/ (B'er)
- /d/ for /ð/ (dat)    /d/ for /ð/ (dem)
- /j/ before initial vowels (year “hear”; yalligator)    /j/ before initial vowel + enclitic -y (yeddy “hear”)
- non-rhoticity (wukkin')
- [a] for /aɪ/ (tam “time”; lak “like”)
- loss of final consonant (ole “old”)    loss of final consonant (tire “tired”)
- loss of initial unstressed syllable (“Tildy” “Matilde”)    loss of initial unstressed syllable (“bout”, ‘Gater)

- *gwine*, “going”; *onj'int* “un-joint” /b/ or /β/ for /v/ (*bab*)
- unpalatalized (**link**) *nat'ally* and *des /des/* and */nætəli/* -

**Grammar:**

- zero copula (**link**), i.e. no use of the linking verb *be* zero copula (*Dem all sem*)  
(*Dat gal atter you, mon!*; *He wukekin' wid it now, honey*) infinitive marker *fer* (*I proud fer yeddy*)
- progressive marker deletion (= zero copula) (*He wukekin' wid it now*) progressive marker *do* ('*e do git* “he was getting”) or *is* (*is bin run B'er Rabbit*)
- no ending, but juxtaposition to mark the possessive 3<sup>rd</sup> person singular pronoun '*e* “he, she, it” (all cases)  
(*Lord sake*) ('*e 'bout B'er 'Gater fer true*; '*e belly*, '*e babk*, '*e tail*)
- 3<sup>rd</sup> person plural *dem* “they” (*Dem all sem*)
- 2<sup>nd</sup> person plural pronoun *oona*
- perfective marker (**link**) *done* (*I done promise Miss Sally*) remote tense marker (**link**) *bin* (*Oona no bin see ...*)
- no 3<sup>rd</sup> person sg. pres. tense {-s} (*ef he come*) pre-verbal negation *no* (*Oona no bin see...*)  
past tense negative marker plus double negation (*ent mos' hab no bre't*)

**Text 10.7: 20<sup>th</sup> Century AAVE: A. Walker. *The Color Purple* (1982)**

I was in town sitting on the wagon while Mr. --- was in the dry good store. I seen my baby girl. I knowed it was her. She look just like me and my daddy. Like more us then us is ourself. She be tagging long hind a lady and they be dress just alike. They pass the wagon and I speak. The lady speak pleasant. My little girl she look up and sort of frown. She fretting over something. She got my eyes just like they is today. Like everything I seen, she seen, and she pondering it.

(A. Walker (1982) *The Color Purple*. N.Y.: Pocket Books, 14)

**Text 10.7b: 21<sup>st</sup> Century AAVE: R. Skloot. *The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks*. (2010)**

Deborah's Voice

When people ask – and seems like people always be askin to where I can't never get away from it – I say, Yeah, that's right, my mother name was Henrietta Lacks, she died in 1951, John Hopkins took her cells and them cells are still livin today, still multiplyin, still growin and spreadin if you don't keep em frozen. Science calls her HeLa and she's all over the world in medical facilities, in all the computers and the Internet everywhere.

When I go to the doctor for my checkups I always say my mother was HeLa. They get all excited, tell me stuff like how her cells helped make my blood pressure medicines and antidepressin pills and how all this important stuff in science happen csauses of her. but they don't never explain more than just sayin, Yeah, your mother was on the moon, she been in nuclear bombs and made that polio vaccine. I really don't know how she did all that, but I guess I'm glad she did, cause that mean she helpin lots of people. I think she would like that. but I always have thought it was strange, if our mother cells done so much for medicine, hjow come her family can't affpord to see no doctoers? Don't make no sense. People got rich off my mother without us even knowin about them takin her cells, now we don't get a dome. I used to get so mad about that to where it made me sick and I had to take pills. but I don't got it in me no more to fight. I just want to know who my mother was.

(from. R. Skloot (2010) *The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks*. New York: Crown, p. 11)

**Text 10.8: English-Spanish Code-Switching: G. Lee *China Boy* (1994)**

I told Tío Hector Pueblo what I was doing... . Hector had said that he was going to teach me “street,” ...

“**I ready**, Tío,” I said. I flexed my right arm, showing him my new, developing bicep.

“Say, *soy listo*. **Dat mean, I ready**,” he said. “**Dat's** a mighty fine muscle, my **fren**,” he added, nodding his head and pursing his lips in stern approval.

“*Soy listo*, Tío,” I said. “**Teach me secret kick?**”

Instead, he taught me how to walk.

“*Joven*,” he said, “you *walkando como un armadillo dat* go from **four leg** to **two leg**.” ...

“*Joven*, you gotta show some *prestigio*. You gotta roll **yo’** shoulder *back*. Now, put up **yo’** head, *tu cabeza*. **Lif** up high. Keep **yo’** back **mo’** straight. **Don** forget **yo’** shoulder. ... *Jesus Cristo*, **wha’s** wrong **wif yo’** body, *chico?* Now, you try, take step same time - ” ...  
 “*Cho’* anger, *niño!* **Enojado!** **You pissed!** All **dese** kids pound you, **you angry!** Even if **yo’ li’l** body all **shrivel’** up an bent, no **matta!** Mean mug, **dat’s** good. Now, you practice **yo’** anger face.” ...  
 “I **wan** rearn [Chinese interference: /r/ for /l/] secret kick,” I said,... .  
 “*Niño*, **firs’** you need a face. *Tu cara bonita*, it **look** so empty. **Dat** piss kids off, **dey tink** dey got no **effec’** on you.  
 “**Yo’** *caru*, *she* start more **fight den no** secret kick can finish, you get my meaning,” he said.  
 I thought he was talking about cars in his shop [Tío Hector runs a car repair shop].  
 “*Cara bonita*. Han’some face. **Yo’** han’some face, *niño*. *Hombre!* **You so much work!** I gotta teach *walkando*, **yo’** face, gotta teach **yo’** secret kick, gotta teach you *Español*, *también!*  
 “*Escucheme*, *joven*. You get big, someday, you **member** Hector Pueblo, *hokay?*” He smiled and rubbed my hair.  
 When I started taking formal Spanish language classes in junior high, I persisted in the belief that *walkando* was the correct idiomatic gerund for the infinitive *andar*, to walk.  
 “*Señor Losada*,” I said. “*Yo aprendí Español cuando era un joven, y la palabra correcta es ‘walkando.’*”

(G. Lee (1994) *China Boy*. N.Y.: Plume, 180ff.)

### Text 10.9: J. Winthrop. “A Trial for Adultery” (1644)

At this court of assistants, one James Britton, a man ill affected both to our church discipline and civil government, and one Mary Latham, a proper young woman about 18 years of age, whose father was a godly man and had brought her up well, were condemned to die for adultery, upon a law formerly made and published in print. It was thus occasioned and discovered. This woman, being rejected by a young man whom she had an affection unto, vowe she would marry the next that came to her, and accordingly, against her friends’ minds, she mated with an ancient man who had neither honesty nor ability, and one whom she had no affection unto. Whereupon, soon after **she was** married, divers young men solicited her chastity, and drawing her into bad company, and giving her wine and other fits, easily prevailed with her, and among others this Britton. but God smiting him with a deadly palsy and fearful horror of conscience withal, he could not keep secret, but discovered this, and other the like with other women, and was forced to acknowledge the justice of God in that having often called others fools, &c. for confessing against themselves, he was now forced to do the like. The woman delt now in Plymouth patent, and one of the magistrates, there, hearing she was detected, &c. sent her to us. Upon her examination, she confessed he did attempt the fact, but did not commit it, and witness was produced that testified (which they both confessed) that in the evening of a day of humiliation through the country for England, &c. a company met at Britton’s and there continued drinking sack, &c. till late in the night, and then Britton and the woman were seen upon the ground together a little from the house. It was reported also that she did frequently abuse her husband, setting a knife to his breast and threatening to kill him, calling him old rogue and cuckold, and said she would make him wear horns as big as a bull. And yet some of the magistrates thought the evidence not sufficient against her, because there were not two direct witnesses; but the jury cast her, and then she confessed the fact, and accused twelve others, whereof two were married men. Five of these were apprehended and committed (the rest were gone), but denying it, and there being no other witness against them than the testimony of a condemned person, there could be no proceeding against them. The women proved very penitent, and had deep apprehension of the foulness of her sin, and at length attained to hope of pardon by the blood of Christ, and was willing to die in satisfaction to justice. The man also was very much cast down for his sins, but was loth to die, and petitioned the general court for his life, but they would not grant it, though some of the magistrates spake much for it, and questioned the letter, whether adultery was death by God’s law now. This Britton had been a professor in England, but coming hither he opposed our church government, &c. and grew dissolute, losing both power and profession of godliness.

They were both executed, they both died very penitently, especially the woman, who had some comfortable hope of pardon of her sin, and gave good exhortation to all young maids to be obedient to their parents, and to take heed of evil company, &c.

(from Foerster, Grabo, Nye, Carlisle, Falk (eds.) (1979) *American Poetry and Prose*. vol. 1, 5<sup>th</sup> ed. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, pp. 40f.

### Text 10.10: W. Byrd. “A Letter to Mrs. Taylor” (1735)

Virginia, the 10<sup>th</sup> of Octob<sup>r</sup> 1735

If my Dear cousin Taylor be not a little Indulgent, She will be apt to think me a troublesome Correspondent this year. It's now the fourth time I have broke in upon her meditation, which is pretty fair for one who lives quite out of the Latitude of news, nor can pick up one dash of Scandal to season a letter withall. This a mighty misfortune for an Epistolizer not to live near some great city like London or Paris, where people play the fool in a well bred way, & furnish their neighborutrs with discourse. In such Places storys rowle about like Snow balls, and gather variety of pretty circumstances in their way, till at last they tell very well, & serve as a good entertainment for a country Cousen.

But alas what can we poor Hermits do who know of no Intrigues, but such as are carryd on by the Amorous Turtles, or some such innocent Lovers? ... Therefore without a little invention, it would not be possible for one of us anchorites to carry on a tolerable correspondence, but like French Historians, where we don't meet swith pretty incidents, we must e'en make them, and lard a little truth with a great deal of Fiction.

Perhaps you will think the story I am going to tell you of this poetical Sort. We have here an Italian Bona Roba, whose whole study is to make her Person Charming, which to be sure will sound very Strangely in the Ears of our English Lady. Those who undertand Physognomy suspect this Dear Creature has been a Venetian Cortezan, because her whole mein & every motion prove she has been traird up in the art of pleasing. She does not only practice Graces at her glass, but by her skill in opticks, has instructed her Eyes to reflect their Rays in a very mischievous manner. In a word she knows how to make the most of every part that composes her Lovely Frame, as you will see by the harmless adventure that follows.

You must know the two little Hillocks in her Bosome have lost a pretty deal of their natural firmness & elasticity, this is reacond a disadvantage in a fine Neck, but she has an invention to brace them up again to a maiden Protuberancy. She has a Silver Pipe made so exceedingly small at the end, that 'twill enter the narrow orifice of the nipple. At the other end of the Tube her Fille de Chambre blows with all her might til the Breast swells & struts like any blown Bladder. This is no sooner performed, but a composition of Wax Rosin and Spanish brown is nimblely applyd to hinder the imprisond wind from escaping. Thus she preserves all the Charms of the Horizontal chest, without the German artifice of bolstering it up with a dozen of Napkins, that if any of the monsters with eight legs and no eyelids [lice] should presume to stray that way, she may fairly crack them upon it.

But as no human Skil is ever so perfect as to be secure from misadventure, so you will be sorry for what befel this Gentlewoman one day at a Ball. It happened that she had deckt herself with all her artificial ornaments, but the warmth of the weather, joind with the agility of her motion, occasiond so copious a perspiration that it softend and dissolvd the cement smeared upon her Mammels. By this accident the doors being set upon, the wind unluckily rusht forth, as fast as it well coud do, thro' so narrow a channel & produced a sound that was a little unseemly, and that too not in separate notes, but with a long winded Blast, which a genius to musick might have modulated into a Tune. It is not easy to tell you, whether the Company was more diverted, or the Signora more confounded at this accident: but so much is certain, that we were all Surprized at the unusual length of the noise, and the quarter from whence it Sallyd out. We vertuosos took her immediately for one of those Belly-speaketrs whose gift it is to make a voice seem to rise out of any part of the Body. The religious part of the company, which consisted chiefly of old women, concluded her to be a Demonaique, in the power of some evil spirit, who chose to play his Gambols in so fair an Habitation. While we were taken up in debating upon this uncommon event, the unfortunate Person slunk away thro' the crowd, & has never appeared out of her Doors since.

(from: Current, Garraty, Weinberg (eds.) (1978) *Words That Made American History*. vol. 1, 3<sup>rd</sup> ed. Boston: Little, Brown, pp. 11-13)

### Text 10.11: B. Franklin. "Advice to a Young Man" (1745)

Philadelphia, 25 June, 1745.

To My Dear Friend: I know of no Medicine fit to diminish the violent natural Inclinations you mention; and if I did, I think I should not communicaste it to you. Marriage is the proper r4emedy. It is the most natural state of Man, and ther4efore the State in which you are most likely to find solid Happiness. Your reaons against entering into it at present appear to me to be not well founded. The Circumstantial Advantages you have in View by postponing it, are not only uncertain, but they are small in comparison with that of the Thing itself, the being married and settled. It is the Man and Woman united that makes the fcomplete

human Being. Separate, she wants his force of Body and Strength of Reason; he her Softness, Sensibility and acute Discernment. Together they are more likely to succeed in the World. A single Man has not nearly the Value he would have in the State of Union. He is an incomplete Animal. He resembles the odd Half of a pair of Scissors.

If you get a prudent, healthy Wife, your Industry in your Profession, with her good Economy, will be a Fortune sufficient.

But if you will not take this Counsel, and persist in thinking a Commerce with the Sex inevitable, then I repeat my former Advice that in all your Amours you should prefer old Women to young ones. You call this a Paradox, and demand my reasons. They are these:

1. Because they have more Knowledge of the World, and their minds are better stored with Observations, their Conversation is more improving and more lastingly agreeable.
  2. Because when Women cease to be handsome, they study to be good. To maintain their Influence over Men, they supply the Diminution of Beauty by an Augmentation of Utility. They learn to do a thousand Services, small and great; and are the most tender and useful of all Friends when you are sick. Thus they continue amiable. And hence there is hardly such a thing to be found as an old Woman who is not a good Woman.
  3. Because there is no Hazard of Children, which irregularly produced may be attended with much Inconvenience.
  4. Because through more Experience they are more prudent and discreet in conducting an Intrigue to prevent Suspicion. The Commerce with them is therefore safer with regard to your reputation. And with regard to theirs, if the Affair should happen to be known, considerate People might be rather inclined to excuse an old Woman, who would kindly take care of a young Man, form his manners by her good Counsels, and prevent his ruining his Health and Fortune among mercenary Prostitutes.
  5. Because in every Animal that walks upright, the Deficiency of the Fluids that fill the Muscles appears first in the highest Part. The Face first grows lank and wrinkled, then the neck, then the Breast and Arms, the lower Parts continuing to the last as plump as ever; so that covering all above with a Basket, and regarding only what is below the Girdle, it is impossible of two Women to know an old one from a young one. And as in the Dark all Cats are grey, the Pleasure of Corporal Enjoyment with an old Woman is at least equal and frequently superior; every Knack being by Practice capable of Improvement.
  6. Because the sin is less. The debauching a Virgin may be her Ruin, and make her for Life unhappy.
  7. Because the Comunion is less. The giving made a young girl miserable may give you frequent bitter Reflections; none of which can attend making an old Woman happy.
- 8<sup>th</sup>, and lastly. They are so grateful!

Thus much for my Paradox. But still I advise you to marry immediately; being sincerely,

*Your affectionate Friend,*  
BENJAMIN

FRANKLIN

(from: B. Franklin (1959 [1771ff]) *Autobiography*. L. Ziff (ed.) N.Y.: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 182f)

### Text 10.12: A. and J. Adams. Two Letters (1776)

#### Letter from Abigail Adams to John Adams, March 31, 1776

I long to hear that you have declared an independency – and by the way in the new Code of Laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make I desire you would Remember the Ladies, and be more generous and favourable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the Husbands. Remember all Men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the Ladies we are determined to foment a Rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any Laws in which we have no voice, or Representation.

That your Sex are Naturally Tyrannical is a Truth so thoroughly established as to admit of no dispute, but such of you as wish to be happy willingly give up the harsh title of Master for the more tender and endearing one of Friend. Why then, not put it out of the power of the vicious and the Lawless to use us with cruelty and indignity with impunity. Men of Sense in all Ages abhor those customs which treat us only as the vassals of your Sex. Regard us then as Beings placed by providence under your protection and in imitation of the Supreme Being make use of that power only for our happiness.

#### Letter from John Adams to Abigail Adams, April 14, 1776



... As to your extraordinary Code of Laws, I cannot but laugh. We have been told that our Struggle has loosened the bands of Government every where. That Children and Apprentices were disobedient – that schools and Colledges were grown turbulent – that Indians slighted their Guardians and Negroes grew insolent to their Masters. But your Letter was the first Intimation that another Tribe more numerous and powerfull than all the rest were grown discontented. – This is rather too coarse a Compliment but you are so saucy, I wont blot it out.

Depend upon it, We know better than to repeal our Masculine systems. Altho they are in full force, you know they are little more than Theory. We dare not exert our Power in its full Latitude. We are obliged to go fair, and softly, and in Practice you know We are the subjects. We have only the Name of Masters, and rather than give up this, which would compleatly subject Us to the Despotism of the Peticoat, I hope General Washington, and all our brave Heroes would fight. I am sure every Monarchy, Aristocracy, Oligarchy, or Ochlocracy. – A fine Story indeed. I begin to think the Ministry as deep as they are wicked. After stirring up Tories, Landjobbers, Trimmers, Bigots, Canadians, Indians, Negroes, Hanoverians, Hessians, Russians, Irish Roman Catholicks, Scotch Renegadoes, at last they have stimulatzed the [ ] to demand new Priviledges and threaten to rebell.

(from: P. Lauter (ed.) (1994) *The Heath Anthology of American Literature*, vol. 1, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed.  
Lexington, MA: D.C. Heath, 876, 877)

**Text 10.13: H.B. Stowe. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (chap. 8, "The Quaker Settlement") (1850) (+ Exercise)**

This, indeed was a home, - a *home*, - a word that George had never yet known a meaning for; and a belief in God, and trust in his providence, began to encircle his heart, as with a golden cloud of protection and confidence, dark, misanthropic, pining, atheistic doubts, and fierce despair, melted away before the light of a living Gospel, breathed in living faces, preached by a thousand unconscious acts of love and good-will, which, like the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, shall never lose their reward.

5

"Father, what if thee should get found out again?" said Simeon second, as he buttered his cake.

"I should pay my fine," said Simeon, quietly.

"But what if they put thee in prison?"

"Could n't thee and mother manage the farm?" said Simeon, smiling. 10

"Mother can do almost everything," said the boy. "But is n't it a shame to make such laws?"

"Thee must n't speak evil of thy rulers, Simeon," said his father, gravely. "The Lord only gives us our worldly goods that we may do justice and mercy; if our rulers require a price of us for it, we must deliver it up."

"Well, I hate those old slave-holders!" said the boy, who felt as unchristian as became any modern reformer. 15

"I am surprised at thee, son," said Simeon; "thy mother never taught thee so. I would do even the same for the slave-holder as for the slave, if the Lord brought him to my door in affliction."

(from: H.B. Stowe. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. N.Y.: Signet Classic, 1966 [1851-52], 156f.)

**Text 10.14: G.W. Harris. "Parson John Bullen's Lizards" (from *Sut Lovingood's Yarns*) (1867)**

AIT (\$8) DOLLARS REWARD.  
'TENSUN BELEVERS AND KONSTABLES!  
KETCH 'IM!

This kash wil be pade in korn, ur uther projuce, tu be kolected at ur about nex camp-meetin, *ur thararter*, by eny wun what ketches him, fur the karkus ove a sartin wun SUT LOVINGOOD, dead ur alive, ur ailin, an' safely giv over tu the purtectin care ove Parson John Bullin, ur lef' well tied, at Squire Mackjunkins, fur the raisin of the devil pussonely, an' permiskusly discumfurtin the wimen very powerful, an' skeerin ove folks generly a heap, an' bustin up a promisin, big warm meetin, an' a makin the wickid larf, an' wus, an' wus, insultin ove the passun orful.

Test, JEHU WETHERO.  
Sined by me,

## JOHN BULLIN, the passun.

I found written copies of the above highly intelligible and vindictive proclamation, stuck up on every blacksmith shop, doggery, and store door, in the Frog Mountain Range. Its blood-thirsty spirit, its style, and above all, its chirography, interested me to the extent of taking one down from a tree for preservation.

In a few days I found Sut in a good crowd in front of Capehart's Doggery, and as he seemed to be about in good tune, I read it to him.

"Yas, George, that ar dockymint am in dead yearnist sartin. Them hard shells over thar dus want me the wus kine, powerful bad. *But*, I spect ait dollars won't fetch me, nither wud ait hundred, bekase thar's none ove 'em fas' enuf tu ketch me, nither is thar hosses by the livin jingo! Say, George, much talk 'bout this fuss up whar you're been?" For the sake of a joke I said yes, a great deal.

"Jis' es I 'spected, durn 'em, all git drunk, an' skeer thar fool sefs ni ontu deth, an' then lay hit ontu me, a poor innersent youf, an' es soun' a belever es they is. Lite, lite, ole feller an' let that roan ove yourn blow a litil, an' I'll 'splain this cussed misfortnit affar: hit hes ruined my karakter es a pius\_pusson in the s'ciety roun' yere, an' is a spreadin faster nur meazils. When ever yu hear eny on 'em a spreadin hit, gin hit the dam lie squar, will yu? I haint dun nuffin tu one ove 'em. Hits true, I did sorter frustrate a few lizzards a littil, but they haint members, es

I knows on.

"You see, las' year I went tu the big meetin at Rattlesnake Springs, an' wer a sittin in a nice shady place convarsin wif a frien' ove mine, intu the huckil berry thickit, jis' duin nuffin tu nobody an' makin no fuss, when, the fust thing I remembers, I woke up frum a trance what

I hed been knocked inter by a four year old hickory-stick, hilt in the paw ove ole Passun Bullin, durn his alligator hide; an' he wer standin a striddil ove me, a foamin at the mouf, a-chompin his teeth – gesterin wif the hickory club – an' a-preachin tu me so you cud a-hearn him a mile, about a sartin sin gineraly, an' my wickedness pussanely; an' mensunin the name ove my frien' loud enuf tu be hearn tu the meetin 'ous. My poor innersent frien' wer dun gone an' I wer glad ove hit, fur I tho't he ment tu kill me rite whar I lay, an' I didn't want her tu see me die."

**Text 10.15: Sen. Beveridge to the US Senate (1900) (+ Exercise)**

On January 9, 1900, Senator Albert Beveridge, newly elected senator from Indiana, held his maiden speech in defense of the proposition: "Resolved . . . that the Philippines Islands are territory belonging to the United States; that it is the intention of the United States to retain them as such and to establish and maintain such governmental control throughout the archipelago as the situation may demand." His arguments centered around the ideology of the supremacy of the white race and the mission of bringing civilization and Christianity to the peoples of the Philippines, who had long suffered under Spanish colonial despotism and their own native indolence. Within this fatal formula there is also an appeal to the English language.

- (1) Mr. President, I address the Senate at this time because Senators and Members of the House on both sides have asked that I give to Congress and the country my observations in the Philippines and the far East, and the conclusions which those observations compel; . . .
- (2) Mr. President, the times call for candor. The Philippines are ours forever, "territory belonging to the United States," as the Constitution calls them. And just beyond the Philippines are China's illimitable markets. We will not retreat from either. We will not repudiate our duty in the archipelago. We will not abandon our opportunity in the Orient. We will not renounce our part in the mission of our race, trustee, under God, of the civilization of the world. And we will move forward to our work, not howling out regrets like slaves whipped to their burdens, but with gratitude for a task worthy of our strength, and thanksgiving to Almighty God that He has marked us as His chosen people, henceforth to lead in the regeneration of the world.
- (3) . . . Our largest trade henceforth must be with Asia. The Pacific is our ocean. More and more Europe will manufacture the most it needs, secure from its colonies the most it consumes. Where shall we turn for consumers of our surplus? Geography answers the question. China is our natural customer. She is nearer to us than to England, Germany, or Russia, the commercial powers of the present and the future. They have moved nearer to China by securing permanent bases on her borders. The Philippines give us a base at the door of all the East. . . .
- (4) Rice and coffee, sugar and cocoanuts, hemp and tobacco, and many products of the temperate as well as the tropic zone grow in various sections of the archipelago. . . . The wood of the

Philippines can supply the furniture of the world for a century to come. At Cebu ... Mountains of coal.

- (5) ... They are a barbarous race, modified by three centuries of contact with a decadent race. The Filipino [has been] put through a process of three hundred years of superstition in religion, dishonesty in dealing, disorder in habits of industry, and cruelty, caprice, and corruption in government. It is barely possible that 1,000 men in all the archipelago are capable of self-government in the Anglo-Saxon sense.
- (6) ... They will quit work without notice and amuse themselves until the money they have earned is spent. They are like children playing at men's work. No one need fear their competition with our labor. No reward could beguile, no force compel, these children of indolence to leave their trifling lives for the fierce and fervid industry of high-wrought America.
- (7) ... Mr. President, this question is deeper than any question of party politics; deeper than any question of the isolated policy of our country even; deeper even than any question of constitutional power. It is elemental. It is racial. God has not been preparing the English-speaking and Teutonic peoples for a thousand years for nothing but vain and idle self-contemplation and self-admiration. No! He has made us the master organizers of the world to establish system where chaos reigns. He has given us the spirit of progress to overwhelm the forces of reaction throughout the earth. He has made us adepts in government that we may administer government among savage and senile peoples. Were it not for such a force as this the world would relapse into barbarism and night. And of all our race He has marked the American people as His chosen nation to finally lead in the regeneration of the world. This is the divine mission of America, and it holds for us all the profit, all the glory, all the happiness possible to man. We are trustees of the world's progress, guardians of its righteous peace. ...

Source: Current, R.N., J.A. Garraty, J. Weinberg (eds.) *Words that Made American History. Since the Civil War*. 3<sup>rd</sup> ed. Boston: Little, Brown, 217-226.

**Text 10.16: English-Spanish code-switching: "Oscar as a young boy," from J. Díaz. *The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao* (2007) (+ Exercise)**

Those were more innocent days, so their relationship amounted to standing close to each other at the bus stop, some undercover hand-holding, and twice kissing on the cheeks very seriously, first Maritza, then Olga, while they were hidden from the street by some bushes. (Look at that macho, his mother's friends said. Que hombre.)

The threesome only lasted a single beautiful week. One day after school Maritza cornered Oscar behind the swing set and laid down the law, It's either her or *me!* Oscar held Maritza's hand and talked seriously and at great length about his love for her and reminded her that they had agreed to *share*, but Maritza wasn't having any of it. She had three older sisters, knew everything she needed to know about the possibilities of *sharing*. Don't talk to me no more unless you get rid of her! Maritza, with her chocolate skin and narrow eyes, already expressing the Ogún energy that she would chop at everybody with for the rest of her life. Oscar went home morose to his pre-Korean-sweatshop-era cartoons – to *Herculoids* and *Space Ghost*. What's wrong with you? his mother asked. She was getting ready to go to her second job, the eczema on her hands looking like a messy meal that had set. When Oscar whimpered, Girls, Moms de León nearly exploded. Tú ta llorando por una muchacha? She hauled Oscar to his feet by his ear.

Mami, stop it, his sister cried, stop it!

She threw him to the floor. Dale un galletazo, she panted, then see if the little puta respects you.

from: Junot Díaz *The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao*. N.Y.: Riverhead, 2007, 14.

**Text 11.1: Non-standard General AusE: P. Carey. *True History of the Kelly Gang*. (2002, representing pre-1880s AusE)**

On the back veranda Harry **were** holding out my elastic sided boots. When last I saw **them** boots they **was** muddied and sodden but the old **wombat** [AusE "small, bear-like marsupial"; meant offensively] had been to work on them and that surprised me *mightily* for he had a great aversion to menial labour. If this **were** meant to be apology or payment he did not say but he had scraped and oiled and dubbined them until they **was** soft as a lady's purse.

5

Here said he tossing them to me I *reckon* you **forget** these when you **run** away. ...

There was nothing for me to do but sit down to pull the boots on. My feet must **of\*** grown for now they pinched my toes.

Comfy?

Yes Harry.

You can try them out **with** bringing round my horse.

10

I **were** pledged **not** to take his orders **no** more but fair is fair I did require his assistance in the matter of Bill Frost so I went to the **paddock** [AusE “field (usually fenced in)"] hunting down his poor old switchtailed mare ...

Where’s your own nag he said when I **come** back. Jesus lad the light **is wasting**.

I **didn’t say** goodbye **yet**. (P. Carey. *True History of the Kelly Gang*, N.Y.: Vintage, 2002, p. 113)

\* *Of* for *’ve* (=have) is a purely non-standard spelling phenomenon.

### Text 11.2: Loan words in SAfE: A. Brink. *Praying Mantis*. (2005, representing 18<sup>th</sup> century SAfE)

But it is when it comes to hunting that **Heitsi-Eibib** [the hunter-god of the Khoikhoi ] really takes him [Cupido] in charge. It begins with small buck – **oribi** [Afrikaans < Khoikhoi “a small antelope”], **grysbok** [< Afrikaans “a gray antelope”], **sumi** [< Swahili “a very small antelope”], **steenbok** [< Afrikaans “a small antelope”] (never a hare, as this repulsive creature with its split lip is the messenger of death). These he catches in ingenious traps. Then follow larger antelopes: **springbok** [< Afrikaans “gazelle”], **blesbok** [< Afrikaans “an antelope with ‘blazed’ marking”], **hartebeest** [< Afrikaans “a large antelope”]. Heitsi-Eibib helps him carry those home, so that there will be food for him and his people. ...

One day, ... , he comes upon a lion in the **veld** [< Afrikaans “open land with grass, bushes, thin wooding”] beyond the tract of red earth mottled with anthills where there is a patch of dry bush. ... That afternoon, as he follows a stray goat, a **meerkat** [see above] suddenly appears before him. Nothing strange about that. Except that the meerkat begins to speak.

(A. Brink. *Praying Mantis*. Ondon: Secker & Warburg, 2005, pp. 25f)

### Text 11.3: Cape Flats SAfE (1996)

Now **me and E. speaks** English. And when we went **one day to a workshop** – and uh, most of the teachers there were Afrikaans – and we were there; they were looking at us like that you know [demonstrates look]. And I asked E., “**Why’s this people** staring at us?” She said, “No, I don’t know.” And I asked them, “Look here, excuse me, is there a problem? **You want** to know something?” They said, “**No, it’s** nothing wrong.” Then **this one woman** told me, she said “Yes, because if you speak English then we think **you so high and mighty**”. But it wasn’t **that way**, **5** because we don’t **keep us** like that, you know. But it just shows you. So I took it always **that way**, that’s in people’s **mind**, you know.

(Malan 1996: 125)

Among the features which are non-standard are the following:

- conjoined subject *me and E.* for StE *E. and I* (l. 1)
- non-standard concord: plural subject accompanied by a singular verb *speaks* (1); *why’s* (3)
- non-standard word order: adverb of time before place: ... *went one day to a workshop* (1)
- singular demonstrative followed by a plural noun: *this people* (3)
- SAfE pragmatic feature: introductory *no* “well” (3)
- deletion of initial unstressed *do* (a general feature of colloquial English): *You want to know something?* (4)
- expletive *it* rather than standard *there*: *it’s nothing wrong* (4)
- non-specific determiner: *this one woman* “one of the women” (4)
- zero copula: *you so high and mighty* (5)
- *that way* “like that” (5, 6)
- *keep* for *behave* + *us* for *ourselves* (6)
- singular *mind* for the more standard distributional plural *minds* (7)

### Text 11.4: New Zealand English: K. Hulme. *The Bone People* (1983)

On Wednesday, Joe rang at midday.

“Hello, guess who’s got the afternoon off?”

“You, by the sound of it.” ...

“E ka pai ... well, I thought you might like a drink at the pub. Not like last time,” he says hastily, “hell, was I ever sorry about that ... I was almost glad Himi was hurt, because it meant I didn’t have to stay **5**”

round too long.”

“I’m an ogre?” she asks incredulously.

“O no,” he sounds shocked. “What I meant was that I had behaved badly, and you knew it, and I knew it, and I knew you knew it.”

“Well, to say something very original, that morning I knew you know I know you know, you know. 10  
So to speak.”

He giggles.

“You do have a knack of saying things *so* unequivocally.”

“Shuddup. I’ll see you down at the Duke in about an hour?”

“Beaudy.” ...

15

And this afternoon is flowing along nicely on small talk and beer. Two in a row, great! she thinks. Then Piri comes over.

“Giddy,” she says, grinning happily.

“Giddy,” he replies, with a grin for her ...

“Get up. I want to talk to you.”

20

Joe puts his schooner down slowly. “Why? I’m drinking with Kerewin. What’s so important that you think you can interrupt us?”

“You know bloody well what. Excuse us, Kere.”

“Okay,” she says with surprise. (K. Hulme (1986 [1983]) *The Bone People*, London: Picador, 131ff.)

### Text 12.1: SAE-Zulu Code-Switching (1994)

A I-*Admin* iyazi ukuthi i-*power* yama-*students* ikwi-*mass-action*. (The Administration knows that student power lies in mass action...) *And if they discredit mass action they will have conquered.*

B Yinye into abangayazi ukuthi *we cannot let them get away with this*. (There is one thing they don’t know that...)

C Into ecasulayo ukuthi kube iqenjana elincane eli-*protestayo*. (The annoying thing is that it turns out to be a small group that is involved in the protest action). (Herbert 1994: 3)

### Text 12.2: East African English: N. Thiong'o. *Weep Not, Child* (1964)

When a teacher came into the class, he greeted them in English.

*Teacher* Good morning children.

*Class* (standing up, singing the answer) Good morning Sir.

One day a European woman came to the school. As she was expected the school had been cleaned up and put in good order. The children had been told and shown how to behave. ... When she entered, the whole class stood up at attention. Some had already opened their mouths to answer the expected greeting.

“Good afternoon, children.”

“Good morning, Sir.”

Lucia [their African teacher] felt like crying. Had she not taught them the correct thing over and over again? She had been let down. The visitor was explaining that since it was after lunch, after twelve o’clock, they should talk of “afternoon”, and since she was a woman they should call her “Madam”.

“All right?”

“Yes Sir!”

“Madam!” shouted Lucia almost hysterically. She could have killed someone.

“Yes Madam.”

“Good afternoon.”

“Good afternoon, Madam.” But some still clung to ‘sir’. It had come to be part of their way of greeting. Even when one pupil greeted another “Sir” accompanied the answer.”

(Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o. *Weep not, child*, Oxford: Heinemann Educational, chapter 4, pp. 46-47)

### Text 12.3: Igbo Girls Like Money a Lot (2005) (+ Exercise)

georgee (m) « on: June 14, 2006, 11:27 AM »

wt due respect 2 d ibo guys/babes in d house, wuld really love 2 knw y ibo girls r over -money conscious, though all najja babes like money, but ibo girls own just 2 much, no wonder yoruba guys dey run away frm them, they r just 2 demanding, frm their parents ryt 2 thier daughter, i pity them sha, this is naw age,no guys will allow himself 2 b troubled by one yeye ibo girl all 4 one kind unrealistic love,wen there r so many babes out there,

wt less demand, ibo chicks its better y'all change, b4 u start running 2 christ embassy @ age 40 ,cos of husband

**Damsal (f)** « #1 on: June 14, 2006, 11:57 AM »

Well i've heard that the money makers in Nigeria are ibo's, and so i do not find it surprising that the women should also be interested in finance the only thing i find wrong. Is taking money from guys for goodness sake women you call yourself independent how about trying to be just that everyonce in a while 🤔

**dominobaby (f)** « #2 on: June 14, 2006, 12:04 PM »

Georgee, i bet u are aware of the word 'some'? Dnt start some tribal war here.

**Big Shishi (m)** « #3 on: June 14, 2006, 12:33 PM »

i think ibo gurls is sexy, kedu ka odi ? all my fine ibo thoroughbreds

...

**diddy4 (m)** « #19 on: June 14, 2006, 05:46 PM »

you better watch ya mouth girl and put a comma when u talking cuzz eerone aint d same. not all igbo girls like money afterall most of them are proud independent women that don't need no ones cash.

@edygirl

go easy on him abeg, i am crying with laughter her abeg. u will kill him if u continue. d fool must be broke and he came here to see if he will get a cheap girl.

if you don't have anything to offer to a girl, don't bother going to her cuzz all girls have needs and it must be met whether u like it or not. if u don't like it, leave them alone. kapish

...

**2fine4u (f)** « #21 on: June 14, 2006, 05:58 PM »

Igbo girls are hardworking, smart, successful and independent so ain't nuffin wrong in them lookin for a hardworkin, successful man. if u ain't gats the money, they aint gon want u cos u below their level of achievement. so bruh, if u heartbroken by one Igbo girl wey chop ya money it's cos ya lame backside is dumb and puhleeze don't take it out on other Igbo girls. we too cute and sophisticated to be messing with broke backside n199as like u. and we ain't gold diggers cos we gats our own gold.

(from: Igbo Girls Like Money a Lot)

#### Text 12.4: Hong Kong English (2004)

Q The Alliance has raised a lot of money from the citizens through its activities all these years. What is the financial picture now? What if **all the money are spent (1)**? Will the Alliance accept foreign sponsorship?

A As of April, we still have three million Hong Kong dollars in the bank. ... However, as Hong Kong **is going through (2)** an economic down turn **recently**, we shall have to see. ... **Last year we have raised (3)** more than two million Hong Kong dollars. ... All our past resources **are (4)** based on the money donated to us directly from the citizens. ...

Q **Last May**, a debate **has been (3)** successfully **motioned (5)** in the Legco to call **for (6)** Beijing for rectification of the June 4<sup>th</sup> massacre. ...

(Joseph, J.E. (2004) *Language and Identity. National, Ethnic, Religious*. Houndmills: Palgrave, 141)

#### Text 12.5: Philippine Mix-Mix English (1982)

*Maniwala ka kaya, pare, kung sabihin ko sa iyo that a mere whisper can cause death. It may even create chaos.*

*Tipong heavy and intro ko, pero it happened one night dito sa destitute place namin. Ganito iyon, listen carefully. ...*

[Can you believe it, friend, if I were to tell you that a mere whisper can cause death. It may even create chaos.

[It looks like my introduction is heavy [too serious], but it happened one night here at our destitute place. It was like this, listen carefully.] (qtd from Gonzalez 1982: 213)

#### Text 12.6: Expression of gratitude in IndE (1982)

I consider it to be my primordial obligation to humbly offer my deepest sense of gratitude to my most revered Guruji and untiring and illustrious guide Professor [...] for the magnitude of his benevolence and eternal guidance. (Mehrotra 1982: 165)

#### Text 12.7: IndE newspaper business section (1984)

Urad and moong fell sharply in the grain market here today on stockists offerings. Rice, jowar and arhar also followed suit, but barley forged ahead. (Kachru 1984: 362)

### Text 12.8: Pakistani English newspaper report (1991)

He said that Gujrat police recovered five maunds of charas, one kg heroin, 131 bottles of liquor, two maunds of lehan [raw materials for making liquor] and raided four distilleries from where five drunkards were arrested" (*The News*, Lahore 16 August 1991, L 20/1 qtd in *ibid.*: 184)

*chattank* = 5 *tola*

*pao* = 4 *chattank*

*seer* = 4 *pao* (933.12 grams)

*dhari* = 5 *seer*

*maund* = 37.3242 kg = 40 *seer* for drugs, flour, wheat, red chilies, cotton

### Text 13.1: Local color writing: M. Twain. *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1885)

THEY asked us considerable many questions; wanted to know what we covered up the raft that way for, and laid by in the daytime instead of running -- was Jim a runaway nigger? Says I:

"Goodness sakes! would a runaway nigger run *south*?"

No, they allowed he wouldn't. I had to account for things some way, so I says:

"My folks was living in Pike County, in Missouri, where I was born, and they all died off but me and pa and my brother Ike. Pa, he 'lowed he'd break up and go down and live with Uncle Ben, who's got a little one-horse place on the river, forty-four mile below Orleans. Pa was pretty poor, and had some debts; so when he'd squared up there warn't nothing left but sixteen dollars and our nigger, Jim. That warn't enough to take us fourteen hundred mile, deck passage nor no other way. Well, when the river rose pa had a streak of luck one day; he ketched this piece of a raft; so we reckoned we'd go down to Orleans on it. Pa's luck didn't hold out; a steamboat run over the forrard corner of the raft one night, and we all went overboard and dove under the wheel; Jim and me come up all right, but pa was drunk, and Ike was only four years old, so they never come up no more. Well, for the next day or two we had considerable trouble, because people was always coming out in skiffs and trying to take Jim away from me, saying they believed he was a runaway nigger. We don't run day-times no more now; nights they don't bother us."

(M. Twain (1885) *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*; chap. 20)

### Text 13.2: English-Māori code-switching (1983)

The following text comes from a New Zealand novel and revolves around the complex relationships between Joe, Kerewin, and Joe's son Simon.

Joe was very still; so softly, that it was almost on a level with his breathing, "That's the way I feel most of the time." More loudly, My father's father was English so I'm not yer 100% pure. But I'm Maori. And that's the way I feel too, the way you said, that the Maoritanga [Maori culture, Maoriness] has got lost in the way we live."

He shook his head and sighed.

"God, that's funny. I never said that to anyone before, not to Piri or Marama or Wherahiko, or Ben. Not even to my wife."

"She was Maori too?"

"Tuhoe." [a North Island Māori tribe]

"Yeah."

He drank the rest of his cocoa at one swallow.

"Ho well." He slides his hands under Simon and gently lifts him and stands in a graceful exact movement straight to his feet. The child doesn't stir.

"Kerewin..."

"Yes?"

"I don't know how to say thank you except this way." He says very formally, "Ka whakapai au kia koe mo tau atawhai." [Thanks very much for your kindness]

Kerewin smiles. "Ka pai, e hoa." [That's okay, mate.] (K. Hulme (1986) *The Bone People*, London: Picador, 62)

### Text 13.3: Text-message poem (present-day)

*txtin iz messin  
mi headn'me englis,  
try2rite essays,*

*gran not plsed w/ letters shes getn,  
swears I wrote better  
b4 comin2uni.*

*they all come out txtis.*

*&she's african*

(Crystal 2007: 14)

### Text 13.4: J. Billings "Amerikans" (1868)

Amerikans love caustic things; they would prefer turpentine tew colone-water, if they had tew drink either. So with their relish of humor; they must hav it on the half-shell with cayenne.

An Englishman wants hiz fun smothered deep in mint sauce, and he iz willin tew wait till next day before he tastes it.

If you tickle or convince an Amerikan yu hav got tew do it quick.

An Amerikan luvz tew laff, but he don't luv tew make a bizzness ov it; he works, eats, and haw-haws on a canter.

I guess the English hav more wit, and the Amerikans more humor.

We havn't had time, yet, tew bile down our humor and git the wit out ov it.

The English are better punsters, but I konsider punning a sort of literary prostitushun in which future happynesz is swopped oph for the plezzure ov the moment. (qtd. in: Blair 1937, 1960: 427)



**Text 13.5: Excerpt from an American insurance policy (1944)**

If the Policy does not contain the provisions relating to Owner and Beneficiary as specified on the reverse hereof, the Company is hereby directed to modify the Policy by including such provisions therein, superseding any existing Policy provisions relating to be effective as of the date this is signed upon its recordation at the Home Office of the Company.

**Text 13.6: The passive in ESP (1999)**

In an experimental facility without breeding animals the health status **can be restored** if healthy animals **are issued** into a clean **fumigated** or **disinfected** room, and the **infected** room **is** gradually **emptied** as experiments **are terminated**. It is essential during the period that the clean and **infected** rooms are both in use that a strict barrier **is maintained** between them. Once the room **has been emptied** it **can be** thoroughly **cleaned** and **disinfected** or **fumigated**.

(Biber et al. 1999: 938)

**Text 13.7: Military jargon (1964)**

*Enemy sit.* Aggressor forces in div strength holding MLR Hill 820 complex gc AT 940713-951716 w/fwd elements est. bn strength junction at gc AT 948715 (See Annex A, COMPHIBPAC intell. summary period ending 25 June) ... *Mission:* BLT 1/7 seize, hold and defend obj. A gc 948715 ... *Execution:* BLT 1/7 land LZ X-RAY AT 946710 at H-Hour 310600 ... A co. GSF estab. LZ security LZ X-Ray H minus 10 ... B co. advance axis BLUE H plus 5 estab. blocking pos. vic gs AT 948710 ... A, C, D cos. maneuver element commence advance axis BROWN H plus 10 ... Bn tacnet freq 52.9 ... shackle code HAZTRCEGBD ... div. tacair dir. air spt callsign PLAYBOY ... Mark friendly pos w/air panels or green smoke. Mark tgt. w/WP."

(P. Caputo (1996 [1964]) *A Rumor of War*. N.Y.: Henry

Holt, 15)

**Text 13.8: Foreigner English from an ESL scholar in 2009 showing innovative use of vocabulary**

"It has been concluded that the structure is transferred from the indigenous languages ... , and rhymes with other syntactic processes in the variety, ... ." (Mbangwana /Sala 2009: 183)

**Text 13.9: A story in Basic English (1932)**

One day last *May* there was a rat in a hole. It was a good rat which took care of its little ones and kept them out of the way of men, dogs, and poison. About sundown a farmer who was walking that way put his foot into the hole and had a bad fall. "Oh," was his thought, when he got on his legs again, "a rat for my dog, Caesar!" Naturally the rat had the same idea and kept very quiet. After an hour or two, Caesar got tired of waiting, and the farmer put his spade over the top of the hole, so that the rat was shut up till the morning when there might be some sport. But the farmer's daughter, May, had seen him from her window. "What a shame," said May, "Poor rat! there is no sport in letting cruel dogs loose on good mothers! I will take the spade away. There – *the rat may go*." Then she took the spade to her father: "See! your spade was out there in the field, and I went to get it for you. Here it is." "You foolish girl," was his answer, "I put that spade over a rat-hole till the morning and now – *the rat may go*." (Ogden 1932: 26-28)

**Text 13.10 (four ModE texts) (+ Exercise)****Text 13.10a**

"What. Am I. After. *Saying* to you?"

Poke. Poke, *Poke*. [the father with his index finger to his son]

Sometimes I wonder why there wasn't murder in that kitchen.

But Daddy didn't even bother pushing Liam any more. The Gardai had rung the house and the shame of it was so total, there was nothing left to be said.

When I think of it now – such carry-on. Liam, in the kitchen, lifting his hair to show the dried patch of blood, and a streak of red from cheek to neck, where he had caught his face on the handle of the cell door. I remember it is vivid technicolour: his hair very black, and the streak very red, and eyes an undiluted blue. They just “knocked him fround a bit”, he said, gave him ‘a bit of a thump’. ...

Soon after the Gardai took him in and our father got him out again, he threw the breadknife across the kitchen at my mother, who was probably just trying to say something nice, and the whole family piled into him, and kicked him around the back garden.

“Ya fuckin eejit.”

“You missed, you think.”

And there was great satisfaction to it, as I recall. Like a scab that needed to be picked. *He had it coming to him.*

But still I wondered, for a long time, what the cops had lifted him for. I thought about it a lot. It might have been for a broken window, or nicking drink in the office, or just the look in his eye.

A. Enright. *The Gathering*, N.Y.: Black Cat, 2007, 166, 169f.

### Text 13.10b

Amaka helped Papa-Nnukwu get into the front seat, and then she got in the middle with us.

“Papa-Nnukwu, good afternoon sir,” Jaja and I greeted. [Papa-Nnukwu is Jaja’s and the narrator’s grandfather]

“Kabbili, Jaja, I see you again before you go back to the city? *Ehye*, it is a sign that I am going soon to meet the ancestors.”

“*Nna anyi*, are you not tired of predicting your death?” Aunty Ifeoma said, starting the engine. “Let us hear something new!” She called him *nna anyi*, our father. I wondered if Papa used to call him that and what Papa would call him now if they spoke to each other.

“He likes to talk about dying soon,” Amaka said, in amused English. “He thinks that will get us to do things for him.”

“Dying soon indeed. He’ll be here when we are as old as he is now,” Obiora said, in equally amused English.

“What are those children saying, *gbo*, Ifeoma?” Papa-Nnukwu asked. “Are they conspiring to share my gold and many lands? Will they not wait for me to go first?”

“If you had gold and lands, we would have killed you ourselves years ago,” Aunty Ifeoma said.

My cousins laughed, and Amaka [a cousin] glanced at Jaja and me, perhaps wondering why we did not laugh, too. I wanted to smile, but we were driving past our house just then, and the sight of the looming black gates and white walls stiffened my lips.

“This is what our people say to the High God, the *Chukwu*,” Papa-Nnukwu said. “Give me both wealth and a child, but if I must choose one, give me a child because when my child grows, so will my wealth.” Papa-Nnukwu stopped, turned to look back toward our house. “*Nekenem*, look at me. My son owns that house that can fit in every man in Abba [his village], and yet many times I have nothing to put on my plate. I should not have let him follow those missionaries.”

“*Nna anyi*,” Aunty Ifeoma said. “It was not the missionaries. Did I not go to the missionary school, too?”

“But you are a woman. You do not count.”

“Eh? So I don’t count? Has Eugene [her brother and Jaja’s and the narrator’s father] ever asked you about your aching leg? If I do not count, then I will stop asking if you rose well in the morning.”

Papa-Nnukwu chuckled. “Then my spirit will haunt you when I join the ancestors.”

“It will haunt Eugene first.”

“I joke with you, *nna m*. Where would I be today if my *chi* had not given me a daughter?”

from: C.N. Adichie. *Purple Hibiscus*, London: Harper Perennial, 82f.

### Text 13.10c

People in the building came and went at all hours, and looking down from his window Wesley could see figures moving along Macleay Street, stopping now and then to talk. Where he came from, in the country, there was no movement after dark – nothing. By eight fifteen, everybody was asleep and loudly snoring. In the city, people couldn’t sleep; and they talked more. Always someone, somewhere. Much of the talk was in the realm of small courtesies, although a man could often be seen arguing on the footpath to convince another to his line of thinking.

As for his own talkability, the endless paddocks and the creaking tin roofs had passed through him and left behind a teeth-sucking way of speaking / smiling. It suggested some sort of face-in-shadow reserve; but soon enough he joined in giving the standard nod and “Good Morning!” to people in the building. ...  
 ... Bottle shops, money-changers, the fluorescent optimism of the all-night newsagent. Strip joints – “nite spots”, they’re advertised as – had a door opening onto stairs gboing up to nowhere, to darkness and poinding repetitious music, a spruiker or two on the footpath pointing up the stairs.

from: M. Bail *The Pages*. London: Harvill Secker, 2008, 43f.

### Text 13.10d

She who could not eat with her hands; could not squat down on the ground on her haunches to wait for a bus; who had never been to a temple but for architectural interest; never chewed a *paan* and had not tried most sweets in the *mitthaisbap*, for they made her retch; she who left a Bollywood film so exhausted from emotional wear and tear that she walked home like a sick person and lay in pieces on the sofa; she who thought it vulgar to put oil in your hair and used paper to clean her bottom; felt happier with so-called English vegetables, snap peas, French beans, spring onions, and feared – *feared* – *loki*, *tinda*, *kithal*, *kaddu*, *patrel*, and the local *saag* in the market.

Eating together they had always felt embarassed – he unsettled by her finickiness and her curbed enjoyment, and she, revolted by his energy and his fingers working the dal, his slurps and smacks. The judge [“her” grandfather] ate even his chapattis, his puris and *parathas*, with knife and fork. Insisted that Sai [“her” boyfriend], in his presence, do the same.

from: K. Desai. *The Inheritance of Loss*. N.Y.: Grove, 2006, 193f.

### Text 13.11: Txtng (+ Exercise)

GD CTRL-S r gr8sh Qun.  
 Long liv r nobl Qun.  
 Gd CTRL-S th. Qun!  
 ALT-S hr vktr ES,  
 Hp E & glr ES,  
 Lng 2 rain ovR S;  
 Gd CTRL-S th. Qun!