

“Well, here's¹ a story for you: Sarah Perry was a veterinary
nurse who had been working daily at an old zoo in a deserted
 district of the territory, so she was very happy² to *start* a new job at
 a superb private² practice in *North Square* near the Duke Street
 Tower. That area was much *nearer* for her and more to her liking³.
 Even so, on her first morning, she felt stressed. She ate a bowl of
 porridge, checked herself in the mirror and washed her *face* in a
 hurry. Then she put on a plain yellow dress and a *fleece* jacket,
 picked up her *kit* and headed for work. When she got there, there
 was a woman with a *goose* waiting for her. The woman gave

¹ Unlike some other Deep South speakers, this subject's speech is entirely rhotic. Vowels +/r/ are heavily so.

² Notice that it is only in PRICE words in which *voiced* consonants follows the vowel, that the vowels are reduced.

³ The subject is meticulous with his -ing endings in his reading, but less so in his unscripted speech.

Sarah an official letter from the vet. The letter implied that the
 animal could be suffering from a rare form of *foot* and *mouth*
 disease, which was surprising, because normally you would only
 expect to see it in a dog or a *goat*. Sarah was sentimental, so this
 made her feel sorry for the beautiful bird. Before long, that itchy
 goose began to *strut* around the office like a lunatic, which made
 an unsanitary mess. The goose's owner, Mary Harrison, kept
 calling, "Comma, Comma," which Sarah *thought* was an odd
choice for a name. Comma was strong and huge, so it would take
 some *force* to *trap* her, but Sarah had a different idea. First, she
 tried gently stroking the goose's lower back with her *palm*, then
 singing a tune to her. Finally, she administered ether. Her efforts
 were not futile. In no time, the goose began to tire, so Sarah was
 able to hold onto Comma and give her a relaxing *bath*. Once
 Sarah had managed to bathe the goose, she wiped her off with a
cloth and laid her on her right side. Then Sarah confirmed the

vet's diagnosis. Almost immediately, she remembered an effective
 treatment that required her to measure out a *lot* of medicine. Sarah
 warned that this course of treatment might be expensive—either
 four or five times the cost of penicillin. I can't imagine paying so
 much, but Mrs. Harrison—a millionaire's lawyer—thought it was a
 fair *price* for a *cure*.”

I was born in Savannah, Georgia and I was raised in a little small
 town about twelve miles west of Savannah called Bloomingdale.

As an adolescent adult I moved back into Savannah and got my
 own apartment and I've been living here most of my life. I have
 been in the hospitality industry for about fifteen years I um got out
 of it for about three and a half years and went into construction

management where I traveled pretty extensively and it was good.

Money was real good... just became I high stress job, got away
 from it. Savannah has always been a city that did not, as long as we

knew what one another was doing and who they were doing –
 didn't really matter, but as soon as the rest of the world started
 looking in on us it made a big difference you know and there are a
 lot of umm so to speak blue bloods here in this city that umm are
 very private and they think that the book shone a umm
 unflattering light on us because they, they felt like you know it just
 it showed a bunch of freaks and fairies so to speak and I just, I
 didn't really look at it like that. I think it showed the colorful side
 of Savannah because Savannah has always been, umm I refer to
 Savannah as the sinner sister city because of, I think I mentioned
 that to you yesterday. And umm there was a time when Savannah
 was nothing but brothels and bars was the big trade here and now
 of course it's tourism and umm you know when it's like at that time, and
 of course you know Savannah has cleaned up a lot, which is good.
 But umm, it was just, it was a very, even though it was a big city it

was a very neighborly city. And the big thing I can remember
 living here when I was in my early twenties and the big thing on
 Sunday afternoons was you started out with a bottle of cheap wine
 and you garden-party-hopped. You just went from garden-party to
 garden-party and it didn't matter whether it was somebody like me
 that was having one or somebody like umm Alvin Kneely (sp?) or
 the umm the Levi's (sp?) or someone like that. You walk by their
 garden gate was open you got invited in and that era's gone and I
 hate to see *that*. I think the book changed a lot of that. I mean now
 you can't have everybody that walks the streets you can't invite
 them into your house and stuff for obvious reasons, but there's
 umm I think it's been a good influence on Savannah but also
 anytime you progress you lose something right so... I dunno. Um,
 it's been good but there's there's some losses that I hate hated to
 see happen too.

Phonetically notated by Paul Meier, February 11, 2008