

## **EXTREA PASSAGES FOR TRANSCRIPTION**

### **Transcription X1**

Can you see that old lump of plastic attached to the wall by a wire? That is your landline. Pick it up. There are probably five or six recent messages lying there unanswered since the last time you used the phone a few weeks back. Do it now – give someone a pleasant surprise!

### **Transcription X2**

Not so long ago, the landline was the communications hub of the home – the sole link to the outside world. It was the first thing you checked when you got back from holiday – the object you fought over with your family. But like the answering machine, and the fax, it is rapidly becoming obsolete and just an unnecessary extra to your broadband.

### **Transcription X3**

If I am reluctant to dial out on my landline, then I positively detest answering it when it rings. At least, if I am making the call, then I am pretty sure I wish to speak to the person on the other end. But when someone phones us at home, I can almost guarantee the opposite is true. Let me explain why.

### **Transcription X4**

Firstly, there is a very good chance that the caller wants to speak to someone else. Then there's a strong possibility that it is a 'cold call' offering me a service I truly don't need. And if by any chance it really is intended for me, it is almost certainly from a person I do not want anything to do with whatsoever. Why do I say that? Well, because anyone I actually do want to talk to rings me on my mobile.

### **Transcription X5**

Even my mother – one of the few remaining people in the world who regard mobile phones with deep suspicion – has learnt to call me on my mobile. Although it did take several years of my ignoring her landline calls for her to get the message! So, from now on, that old telephone can simply ring and ring. There isn't anybody this end who is going to accept the call!

### **Transcription X6**

I love my new bike, even though it gave me the most awful experience a few weeks ago. In fact, I am still feeling the effects, and I have still got the scars. Honestly, I just don't know quite how it happened, but let us say that I ought to have been a bit more cautious, and a little less carefree. It was late on Sunday evening, and my wife Sarah discovered that she had run out of bread, eggs and milk. So she asked me to go along to the supermarket to replenish the larder. 'Great,' I said, 'I can use my new bicycle.' The trip down was fine, but coming back was truly disastrous.

## **Transcription X7**

We cyclists are a competitive lot and well used to trying to outdo each other on speeds achieved and distances travelled. We buy expensive bikes and spend a fortune on sports clothing. But one-upmanship about crashes, and showing off one's injuries – surely that is going a bit far? Anyway, there I was, spinning through the air. The handlebars were far below me, and another metre below them was the hard road surface. As I spun round, the seconds went by horribly slowly, as is often the case to when you realise you are going to end up in an ambulance. So I had enough time to contemplate how I had got there.

## **Transcription X8**

It was my fault, as usual, but this time the circumstances were even more humiliating than ever before. Previous broken fingers and bruised ribs have come from being a daredevil – taking corners too fast, or plunging through soft greenery to find a big tree waiting on the other side. Stupid, yes – but with a hint of bravado too. Shopping bag injuries just do not have the same aura. My wife had told me not to dangle the bag from the handlebars: 'It will get stuck in the spokes'. My eight-year-old daughter warned: 'Do be careful, Daddy'. I laughed a care-free guffaw and cycled ahead, pedalling hard for a turn of speed.

## **Transcription X9**

The science of exactly what happens when four crusty rolls, ten eggs and a carton of milk get stuck between the spokes of your front wheel is probably quite interesting, if that is your thing. But the result was a short action-packed fall off my bike and on to the concrete, which was just as hard as it

looked. The accident and emergency ward at the local hospital was something of a social experience. On Saturday you would find drunks and stab wounds, but on Sunday you get the sports injuries – middle-aged football dads and joggers with sprained ankles. I swapped my experiences with those of my fellow sufferers.

## **Transcription X10**

When it came to my turn to say what had happened, I felt strangely reticent. ‘Attacked by groceries’? I felt that might prompt too many mystified questions. I was interviewed by a kindly nurse, who wanted to know all sorts of personal details, but since this was Britain and we still have a free National Health Service, no-one asked me whether I was insured or how I was going to pay. I was passed on to a grumpy radiologist and a friendly doctor. ‘It was a pothole’, I lied with a shameless shrug. ‘Well, you have not got any fractures, but you are very badly bruised’, she said. I thought, ‘OK, but not as badly as my ego’.