

Audio script with flash language words

We recommend you listen to the whole audio recording first, then during the second playback, stop at the indicated places for students to complete the Story Map or play one audio recording and then the other.

The flash language words are underlined.

Yeah, I'm Ann. What of it? You want to know about my life? Me? There's not much to tell. Me name's Ann Martin, born in England in 1769. When I was 17 years old, working as a servant, I committed a crime. I pinched some clout from a swell with me friend Amelia Levy, she ended up me chum didn't she? I was going to sell those silk handkerchiefs and buy something. Well, I was bush'd, wasn't I? I had no bunce, no money. Lots of us were living in Bushy Park, we was poor! I got caught and then I was done, wasn't I, that beak sent me out here for seven years!

STOP

I came out on the ship the *Lady Penrhyn* in 1788. It took eight months to get here on that leather-lane ship. I don't want to be here. It's not like England, is it? I want to go back to what I know, me old life. What you lookin' at? The flesh-bag's got holes and the skirt's ripped on the side here, you can see me pins! I tell ya, I'd love to have some new duds in me mittens, oh and new hopper-dockers on me feet and a new kelp to keep the blaring sun off me!

STOP

For about two years, we was banded - we was runnin' out of grub, so some of us was shipped over to Norfolk Island for a few years. Can you believe this? I was farmin' with two other men, I think one of 'em was a wind. We had one sow between us, and it had a litter of eight piglets! Got some blunt when we sold 'em! Then I came back 'ere.

STOP

What do I do each day? What you want to know that for? Every day we get up to listen to Chaplain Johnson mang at 6 o'clock in the mornin', the mornin'!, so we don't get hot in the sun. We's outside cos we ain't got no kirk. We know its 6 o'clock 'cos at a quarter before six the church call is beat out by the drummer! I collect me rations in the mornin'. Yeah, I might travel the passage boat from Sydney Cove to Parramatta. I ain't gonna walk there, am I? I hear the drum beat for the men to start workin' and you hear it again at 1 o'clock for 'em to start workin' again. Well I ain't got no skills to work, have I? And I don't wanna do no-one's washin'!

STOP

I might walk around the town, might help me friend sweep her floor, might just catch up with me friends and have a chat. They call me a bit of a whiddler! Don't stop talkin' do I? I

can spin a fine yarn. It has got me into a bit of trouble. Well, I was yarnin', playin' broads, drinkin', gossipin', stayed up late, just a bit of frisk... Not supposed to, am I! Got into trouble, had to make pegs for a whole month – the pegs for keepin' tiles on the roof of them fancy 'ouses 'round here, you know, like the Guvna's crib.

STOP

Well another time, made a big scene one night, noisy, shoutin', carryin'-on, a right ol' night-time disturbance! Problem was I had done it twice before, hadn't I? Well this time I got the lash, 25 of 'em! It was supposed to be 30. Lucky me, eh? Mollishers get flogged! Oooh, and it hurt.

STOP

Oh, I had a baby, Sarah, she was a lovely little toddler but she's not livin' with me no more. She'd be nine years old by now and gettin' some learnin' and livin' at the Female Orphan School – you don't have to be an orphan to go. I couldn't look after her, could I? At night we'd sleep in any ken, whoever would have us. We'd just snooze on a dab on the floor. When Sarah was little we had our own cross-crib at The Rocks with two rooms, and with sticks! Oooh, I remember I was stung at that place too! The nibbler bolted after knapping me things but I got all the stolen stuff back. Sarah's better off at the Orphan School. I don't want her to ding her life, like I have mine. I once hoped to do it up before I croak but I ain't done nothin' with my life.