**A STREET IN LONDON**

We’re in Oxford Circus, half-way along Oxford Street, one of the busiest streets in the West End of London, and that street over there is Regent Street, famous all over the world for its splendid shops. Near one of the street corners you can see the entrance to the subway leading to the Underground Railway, or “Tube” as we call it. On both sides of the street there are shops, banks and restaurants. In the roadway there’s a constant stream of cars, taxis, buses and lorries. In some parts of London there are trolleybuses and trams as well. The noise is deafening, but one soon gets used to it. The pavements are crowded with people, and it’s dangerous to attempt to cross the road until the traffic is stopped, either by a policeman on point duty or by the red traffic lights. In any case, before crossing the road, take care to look to your right, and when you reach the middle of the road, look to your left. At night, the streets are lit by electricity, or in some districts, by gas. You can see the lamp-posts and standards on the pavements, and on the “islands” in the middle of the road. The main streets are flooded with light from the brilliant shopwindows and the illuminated signs and advertisements, so that after dark everything looks as bright as in broad daylight.

**ə striːt ɪn ˈlʌndən**

wɪər ɪn ˈɒksfəd ˈsɜːkəs, hɑːf -weɪ əˈlɒŋ ˈɒksfəd striːt, wʌn ɒv ðə ˈbɪzɪɪst striːts ɪn ðə wɛst ɛnd ɒv ˈlʌndən, ænd ðæt striːt ˈəʊvə ðeər ɪz ˈriːʤᵊnt striːt, ˈfeɪməs ɔːl ˈəʊvə ðə wɜːld fɔːr ɪts ˈsplɛndɪd ʃɒps. nɪə wʌn ɒv ðə striːt ˈkɔːnəz juː kæn siː ðiː ˈɛntrəns tuː ðə ˈsʌbweɪ ˈliːdɪŋ tuː ði ˈʌndəɡraʊnd ˈreɪlweɪ, ɔː “ʧuːb” æz wiː kɔːl ɪt. ɒn bəʊθ saɪdz ɒv ðə striːt ðeər ɑː ʃɒps, bæŋks ænd restaurænts. ɪn ðə ˈrəʊdweɪ ðeəz ə ˈkɒnstᵊnt striːm ɒv kɑːz, ˈtæksɪs, ˈbʌsɪz ænd ˈlɒriz. ɪn sʌm pɑːts ɒv ˈlʌndən ðeər ɑː ˈtrɒlibʌs es ænd træmz æz ɛl. ðə nɔɪz ɪz ˈdɛfnɪŋ, bʌt wʌn suːn ɡɛts juːzd tuː ɪt. ðə ˈpeɪvmənts ɑː ˈkraʊdɪd wɪð ˈpiːpᵊl, ænd ɪts dængerous tuː əˈtɛmpt tuː krɒs ðə rəʊd ənˈtɪl ðə ˈtræfɪk ɪz stɒpt, ˈaɪðə baɪ ə pəˈliːsmən ɒn pɔɪnt ˈdjuːti ɔː baɪ ðə rɛd ˈtræfɪk laɪts. ɪn ˈɛni keɪs, bɪˈfɔː ˈkrɒsɪŋ ðə rəʊd, teɪk keə tuː lʊk tuː jɔː raɪt, ænd wɛn juː riːʧ ðə ˈmɪdᵊl ɒv ðə rəʊd, lʊk tuː jɔː lɛft. æt naɪt, ðə striːts ɑː lɪt baɪ ˌɛlɪkˈtrɪsəti, ɔːr ɪn sʌm ˈdɪstrɪkts, baɪ ɡæs. juː kæn siː ðə læmppəʊsts ænd ˈstændədz ɒn ðə peɪvments, ænd ɒn ðiː “ˈaɪləndz” ɪn ðə ˈmɪdᵊl ɒv ðə rəʊd. ðə meɪn striːts ɑː ˈflʌdɪd wɪð laɪt frɒm ðə ˈbrɪljənt ʃɒp ˈwɪndəʊz ænd ði ɪˈljuːmɪneɪtɪd saɪnz ænd ədˈvɜːtɪsmənts, səʊ ðæt ˈɑːftə dɑːk ˈɛvriθɪŋ lʊks æz braɪt æz ɪn brɔːd ˈdeɪlaɪt.