



DIALOGUE 22. I'd rather be a mother than a father

([ð] then, breathe)

FATHER: Where are the others?

MOTHER: They've gone bathing. Heather and her brother called for them.

FATHER: Heather Feather?

MOTHER: No, the other Heather - Heather Mather. I told them to stay together, and not to go further than Northern Cove.

FATHER: Why didn't you go with them?

MOTHER: I'd rather get on with the ironing without them.

FATHER: In this weather? There's a southerly breeze. One can hardly breathe indoors.

MOTHER: Go and have a bathe, then.

FATHER: Another bathe? I can't be bothered. I'll go with you, though.

MOTHER: But all these clothes . . . who'd be a mother!

FATHER: I'd rather be a mother than a father! All those hungry mouths!