

AN EXERCISE ON ENGLISH PHONETICS.

By S.G.

I'm not sure if I told you this story before, but it is so appealing that I would like to repeat it.

All along **the Pacific Ocean** there is a collar of beautiful islands enchanted by nature and magic. **It's a pleasure** just looking at the at a certain distance from the deck of a ship. **On occasions,** they are shaken from roots to top by violent storms and when they subside, the shores appear covered with mysteries that the sea discloses.

One day, **as usual** after one of those storms, the ocean brought to one of those islands some litter and it brought Micky Morgan. Half dead, half alive; sick of having drunk too much salty water, he remained three day lying on the shore, unable to move or think. He was **from Chicago** and since he was a child, he had been called by te ea. As a boy, like a mass beyond understanding that still demands to be **measured.** As a man, like a great adventure that keeps on demanding to be fulfilled. An now he was there, lying under the sun, wearing a **beige jacket** and a **t-shirt,** dreaming about his life and feeling more awake than never before.

He saw his love again, brushing her hair with the silve **hairbrush** that glittered with every movement. He dreamt with **washing machines,** **telvisions** and picnic days for **leisure times.**

On his last sunset, he was ready and happy. Life had been **specially good** to him and now, by the time of his death, the sea had given him its last gift. He was going to become the **hidden treasure** of a lovely island in the Pacific. **I wish I could** tell where it is, but it must be found, not tracked.