

English Homework: Register.

Introduction:

For my “Register” piece of homework, I have been asked to create a formal/informal argument.

For my formal argument, I’ve decided to base it on fox hunting. My ‘argument’, will be more of a debate. But, I will persist in using formal language through out. I will have an opposing argument, which will constantly try to diminish the other opposing argument. This will remain in a formal manner through-out!

For my informal argument, I’ve decided to base it on the smoking. I will try to keep a constant flow of informal language. This argument will be based on a friend smoking, and an opposing friend will try to talk them into stop smoking.

As you may have noticed, both of these topics have been frequently in the newspapers recently.

Formal Register:

As summer was coming to an **abrupt** close, the distant, ice-cold wind travelled **abruptly** over the neglected **heath**. A drowsy silence lay over the large, houses of the enclosed street. The cars, which were yet so **strident**, were soundless once more. The cars which had a dusty golden **silhouette** stood in their once abandoned home, upon the lawns that were once silently glimmering in an emerald green. Shadows were restlessly awakening from their dormant **situate**, creeping blissfully, upon the **heath**.

The noise on the street was deafening, despite the **perceptible** silence. A high-pitched **vitriolic** squeal erupted from a near by place, causing all to awaken once more. The squeal, was yet so peaceful, it was also **undeniably** so. Yet, it was so **venomous**, as if it had been awakening; from a pro-longed **slumber**.

A voice unexpectedly came from a near by house, a soothing voice, a voice with reason, with passion. This was only too met, by one not so **soothing**, but on the **contra irritating**, and without reason.

... The man said in an almost, **undeniable lucid** tone... ‘The whole debate on foxhunting is for many people, the issue of cruelty. Hunt supporters say hunting is kinder than the **alternatives**. Opponents say hunting is cruel and unnecessary.’ **Gestured** the man in a very **irritated** voice, as though he had repeated this upon many occasions. It was as though, he **possessed** a voice of reason. The man spoke as if he alone could speak for those who could not.

‘B... bu... but...’ The other man retorted in an **exasperated** tone. As though **judgment**, had already been passed upon him, as though he had already been judged, on the very thing which, enables him to boil with passion... The ‘sport’ of “Fox-Hunting”.

A silently deadly glare burned within the other mans eyes, as if he was silently **condemning** the man to **eternal damnation**. Rapidly, the wind howled with an unforgivable anger. It has fortunately passed, as soon as it arrived. And it was gone once more...

‘No, I don’t want to hear it. I’ve heard it all before, you’ve always claimed fox-hunting shouldn’t be banned. **Alas**, you still fail to recognize how **inhumane** it is, to kill a fox’. Said the other man; in a slightly **exasperated** voice.

‘Oh, be quiet. He said. ‘You always take that route; you just try to claim the honorable position here, without even explaining why it should be banned.’

‘Oh – well – I guess you’re right. I suppose...’ He retorted cowardly...

Silence fell upon the room. There was noise no more, not even a single tap. Alas, it was as though he had no more retorts. No more reports to justify why this **despicable** act should be banned...

... Then suddenly...

‘I would like to make it quite clear that we cannot proceed on banning fox hunting because it’s **unnecessary**. A lot of people who want the ban argue that it is **unnecessary** so it should be banned’. The man said in a **monotonous** tone, **alas**, this statement was **arid**, and didn’t consist of any **justification**. Silence fell once more... ‘You claim that it’s wrong, yes? You claim that it’s, ‘**immoral**’. Yet, you haven’t attempted to try this sport. So much for your **philosophy**... “To try everything once”. I can clearly see how your ‘**philosophy**’, has played a big part in your **pedantic** views.’

The man got up, almost **instantaneously** to the echoing of this very **profound** sentence. He walked, silently. To one end of the room, then back. Gathering his thoughts, his views. He thought to himself “My views are **undeniably** not **pedantic**, I have very clear, and non-**obscure** views. Unlike his...”

Informal Register:

My informal register work, will be done in a script way. I will have two characters; one will be called Scott, the other Mathew. Scott, will be the non-smoker, thus making him the opposing argument. While Mathew is the smoker.

Scott: Why the **hell** did you take up smoking, you **idiot**?

Mathew: What?! Since when as it been up to you to decide what I do? It's my **damn** life... I'll do what I **bloody damn** well want to do. Keep out of my business...

Scott: Clam down, you **fool**. Well, you're my friend, and I'll **damn** well get involved in your "business", as you like to call it.

Mathew: **Whatever**...

Scott: You'll only end up having cancer, it's not worth it. Do you think it makes you look '**cool**'? You know, smoking that is.

Mathew: Cancer beats the **bloody** alternative... who in their right mind would want to grow old? **Idiot**...

Scott: Growing old is a part of life, you know. As they say "Ignorant is bliss". You want to die, do you? You'll never see your **cowing** grandchildren grow up. The alternative to that is cancer, so I disagree with your comment. Who the **hell** would want cancer... the murderer without a conscious. You still haven't answered my question, do you think it's '**cool**'? Does it make you look '**big**', '**n**' hard, in front of your mates?

Mathew: Do you think I give a **crap**? I couldn't give a **damn** whether it made me look "**cool**", "**hard**", or **whatever**! Why don't you **bugger off**?

Scott: **Whatever** man... you're an **idiot**. A fool, you know they talk about you, right? Everyone's saying you smell '**n**' stuff like that... See, smoking does that. But, I suppose you "don't give a **damn**"?

Mathew: Yeah, that's right. Glad we got that **stupid crap** out of the way.

Scott: Your answer to everything isn't it, "Yeah, that's right"? Why don't you **bugger off**? I don't want to have someone smoking around me, do I?

Mathew: Well, why you still here then? I don't want you here, **bugger off**.

Scott: Why don't you just quit? It's not good for you...