

Dictation Contest (PRJr, 初級) No. 1043

Hi, everyone! Welcome back to PR junior.

This is the last part of 'A New Uniform'. Let's begin.

Kim was surprised because there were many kinds of uniforms at the store.

"Can I get this green and brown uniform?" Kim asked.

"No," her mother said, "the colors of your school uniform are blue and gold."

They bought one uniform for summer and one for winter. Kim is excited to wear her new uniform to school next week.

And that's all. Good bye!

Dictation Contest (PR 1, 中級) No. 1043

Hey, everyone! Welcome back to the PR one dictation challenge!

The American diet changed greatly between 1850 and 1950. If you had lived in 1850, you would have eaten meals that were neither tasty nor balanced. The daily diet of most Americans included potatoes, bread, milk, and salted beef or salted pork. (Salted beef and salted pork are meats preserved in salt.)

During most of the year, there was no way to keep dairy products fresh. So, you got used to drinking sour milk and eating spoiled butter. Foods that spoiled could not be shipped far, so you could only eat fruits and vegetables that were grown near where you lived. This is not a problem anymore because we live in modern times, but is still interesting to learn about!

Thank you!

Dictation Contest (PR2 上級) No. 1043

Hello!

Sylvia Plath was one of my favorite poets in high school. Her talent of expressing abstract conceptions with words was truly fascinating for 17 year-old Allison. Since I turned 22 this month, here is a poem about aging—"Mirror" by Sylvia Plath.

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.
Whatever I see I swallow immediately
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.
I am not cruel, only truthful,
The eye of a little god, four-cornered.
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.
It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long
I think it is part of my heart. But it flickers.
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,
Searching my reaches for what she really is.
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.
I am important to her. She comes and goes.
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman
Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

Did you understand the meaning of the poem? This reflected Plath's fears of aging and death, and how the mirror reminds her of her own mortality, a harsh objective truth that she despises. That's all for today—see you!