

Dictation Contest (PRJr, 初級) No. 148

Hello, everyone!

Welcome to PR Junior dictation. Today, I will do part three of *Mouse Soup*.

The mouse was upset. He did not know what to do. The buzzing of the bees was very loud. The mouse walked on. He came to a muddy swamp. “Bees,” said the mouse. “I have a nest like yours. It is my home. If you want to stay on my head, you will have to come with me.” “Oh, yes,” said the bees.

Hmm, I wonder what will happen next! You’ll have to wait and see! I’ll see you in the next video. Bye!

Dictation Contest (PR1, 中級) No. 148

Hi, everyone!

Welcome to PR1 dictation. Today I will be continuing reading *Jack and the Beanstalk*. Let’s see what will happen next:

They became very poor and as time went on, the only thing that they had left was the cow. Jack’s mother was not sure how they would live or how they would have money for food. She was very upset. One day, she went to Jack crying. She got angry at him for the first time in her life. “You terrible boy! You terrible, terrible boy! Because of you, we have nothing left. We have no money for food. The only thing we have left is our cow. Now I must sell our cow, too, because we have to eat.” Jack asked if he could sell the cow. She wanted to sell it herself, but finally she agreed to let Jack sell it.

Okay, that is it for today. Let’s see what happens in the next video.

Bye, guys!

Dictation Contest (PR2 上級) No. 148

Hey, guys! How are you doing?

Hope you're all still being sensible and careful.

I want to read another little extract from this supposedly non-canonical but apparently quite highly-regarded Star Wars novel today. So, take a listen and see what you can understand.

THOOM! THOOM! THOOM! If not for the sound, she would have driven past it. White-on-white under the climbing suns, the squarish hut with its pourstone dome neatly blended with the Jundland Wastes. Only when Annileen banked the X-31 along the desert floor did she see the glint from the vaporator out back. The hut squatted low on a southwestern bluff – likely, she figured, situated over a cave. *Another Last-Ditch Lodge*. The term was fully pejorative, referring to frontier dwellings built on the theory – never proven – that the uplands of the wastes yielded more condensation at night. These were places for grubbers on their last chance and would-be wizards who just knew they had magical combinations of vaporator settings no one had ever thought of before. The whole thing was ludicrous to Annileen. Assuming anyone hit it lucky, what investor in his right mind would build an industrial farm out here? Crazy.

Alright, guys, so there you are. Maybe not the most exciting of extracts, but as some of you may want to read this for yourselves, I don't want to give away too much of the action prematurely.

Alright, guys, well, until next time – and as always – study hard, stay safe, and I'll see you soon.