

Dictation Contest (PRJr, 初級) No. 542

Hello, everyone! Welcome back to PR Junior.

This is part seven of the story about the Litter King. Let's begin!

A strange-looking craft flew past.

"What's that?" asked Charlie. "It looks like a flying bus."

"It's a plane," said Lora's dad. "I suppose it's like a bus with wings."

"I'd love to fly in one," said Bill.

"I wouldn't," said Charlie. "It doesn't look safe."

That is all for today. See you next time!

Dictation Contest (PR 1, 中級) No. 542

Hi! Welcome back to PR1.

Let's listen to the story of the flying machine.

Ali was at the airport with his mom and dad. They had been to America for a holiday. Now it was time to fly home. Ali's dad was nervous.

"I don't like flying," he said. "I hate talking off."

"I don't hate it," said Ali. "I love it."

On the flight there was a surprise for Ali. The steward asked him if he wanted to see the controls. Ali was excited. He had always wanted to see the flight deck of an airplane.

"Oh brilliant!" he said. "Yes, please!"

The steward took Ali and his dad through the airplane, "These planes are huge," said Ali.

"They hold about four hundred people," said the steward.

"That's a lot of people in one plane," said Ali.

That's it for today. Come back for the next video for (the) part two. See you later!

Dictation Contest (PR2 上級) No. 542

Hello! Welcome back to PR2!

Today's movie is about the story of a war hero. Let's begin.

My uncle was a hero. Like all men in my mother's family, he was a doctor – first a family doctor and later a specialist. During World War II, he acted well in a dangerous situation, for which he received a medal.

The story went like this: my uncle was one of a group of doctors following the fighting men. Acting on false information, the soldiers moved forward, believing the hill top on which they were advancing had been cleared of the enemy. As they began to climb the hill, the hidden enemy began to shoot, and within seconds the field was covered with wounded and dying men. The enemy continued to cover the area with gunfire. No one could stand up. It was more than twelve hours before airplane bombs could damage the enemy position. My uncle, crawling on his stomach with supplies tied to his back, cared for the wounded, took messages sometimes written on the back of worn photographs, and said prayers with dying men during all that time. When other American soldiers came and the enemy was forced back, it was clear that he had saved dozens of lives.

Alright, that's all for today. Let's continue in the next movie. Bye-bye!