

Dictation Contest (PRJr, 初級) No. 547

Hello, everyone! Welcome back to PR Junior.

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

They walked through a forest. Freddie ran in and out of the trees. Suddenly he cried.

"Oh no!" said Charlie. "Look at Freddie. I think he hurt himself."

Freddie couldn't walk properly. He started to limp. His paw was bleeding.

That is all for today. See you next time!

Dictation Contest (PR 1, 中級) No. 547

Hello, everyone! Welcome back to PR 1.

Today, I have a news article about the ban on palm oil exports from Indonesia. Take a listen:

Indonesia is the biggest producer of palm oil in the world, and it provides half of the world's supply. Indonesians use palm oil for cooking, but due to a worldwide increase of food prices, palm oil is becoming more expensive. The country decided to ban the export of palm oil, and experts said that this action would likely increase global prices. Indonesia's president said that he wanted to make sure that people in his own country had enough food.

Have you ever seen palm oil being sold in Japan? That's all for today. Bye-bye!

Dictation Contest (PR2 上級) No. 547

Hello! Welcome back to PR2!

Today's movie is the second part of the story of the war hero. Let's get started.

He was given a medal and his picture was on the front page of our home town newspaper. I was about seven at the time, and with a real hero in my family, I instantly became the talk of the second grade. Best of all, he was allowed to have a rest and was coming to visit us. I was filled with excitement.

Secretly, I was surprised by these events. My uncle was short, balding, and wore glasses. I thought perhaps he would look a little different after becoming a hero. But he didn't. Always a shy man, he seemed uncomfortable with all the fuss and uneasy as neighbor after neighbor came by to shake his hand. Finally, I found my moment. I told him how brave I thought he was, and that I was sure he was never afraid of anything. Smiling, he told me that he had been more frightened than ever before in his life. Deeply disappointed, I said, "But why did they give you a medal then?"

He explained to me that being brave does not mean being unafraid. It often means being afraid and doing it anyway.

Alright, this is all for today. See you next time. Bye-bye!