

Dictation Contest (PRJr, 初級) No. 852

Hello, everyone! Welcome back to PR Junior.
Today I am going to tell you a story about two goats.

One day a goat was crossing a bridge. Just at the middle of the bridge he met another goat.
There was no room to pass.

"Go back," said one goat to the other. "There is no room for both of us."

"Why should I go back?" said the other goat.

That's all for today. See you next time!

Dictation Contest (PR 1, 中級) No. 852

Hello, everyone! Welcome back to PR1!

Today, you are going to listen to a text about Emily and her magical book. Let's begin!

Emily loved to read. She read novels and poems. She loved the beautiful descriptions and phrases. She loved reading work from poets and novelists. She didn't like video games or technology. She was on the basketball team, but she didn't like sports. Her parents made her play basketball. In fact, Emily's parents made her do many things. But she didn't want to do those things. She just wanted to sit and read all day.

One day, a small book came in the mail. It was for Emily. The book looked very special. It was printed on sheets of gold. Emily began to read.

That was all for today. Bye-bye!

Dictation Contest (PR2 上級) No. 852

Hello, everyone, and welcome to PR2.

This is Part 2 of the story on Gavin Pretor-Pinney. Let's begin.

One thing that Pretor-Pinney noticed was that the paintings he encountered in Rome were crowded with clouds. They were everywhere, he told me recently, "these soft clouds, like the sofas of the saints." But outside, when Pretor-Pinney looked up, the real Roman sky was usually cloudless. He wasn't accustomed to such endless, blue emptiness. He was an Englishman; he was accustomed to clouds. He remembered, as a child, being charmed by them and deciding that people must climb long ladders to harvest cotton from them. Now, in Rome, he couldn't stop thinking about clouds. "I found myself lost in them," he told me. Clouds. They were a strange obsession, perhaps even a silly one, but he didn't resist it. He went with it, as he often does, despite not having a specific goal or even a general direction in mind; he likes to see where things go. When Pretor-Pinney returned to London, he talked about clouds constantly. He walked around admiring them, learned their scientific names, like "stratocumulus," and the weather conditions that shape them and argued with friends who complained they were gloomy or dull. He was realizing, as he later put it, that "clouds are not something to complain about. They are, in fact, the most dynamic and poetic aspect of nature."

Okay, that's it for now. Bye!