

**Dictation: Passage #1 – Prof. Palmieri**

**Ray Bradbury. “The Veldt”**

"George, I wish you'd look at the nursery."

"What's wrong with it?"

"I don't know."

"Well, then."

"I just want you to look at it, is all, or call a psychologist in to look at it."

"What would a psychologist want with a nursery?"

"You know very well what he'd want." His wife paused in the middle of the kitchen and watched the stove busy humming to itself, making supper for four.

"It's just that the nursery is different now than it was."

"All right, let's have a look."

They walked down the hall of their soundproofed Happy life Home, which had cost them thirty thousand dollars installed, this house which clothed and fed and rocked them to sleep and played and sang and was good to them.

*rei brædbri / ðə velt /*

/dʒɔ:dʒ/ aɪ wɪʃ juːd lʊk ət ðə nɜ:srɪ/

/wɒts rɒŋ wɪð ɪt/

/aɪ dəʊnt nəʊ/

/wel/ ðen/

/aɪ dʒʌst wɒntʃu tə lʊk ət ɪt/ ɔ: kɔ:l ə saɪkɒlədʒɪst ɪn tə lʊk ət ɪt/

/wɒt wʊd ə saɪkɒlədʒɪst wɒnt wɪð ə nɜ:srɪ/

/ju nəʊ veri wel wɒt hɪd wɒnt/ hɪz waɪf pɔ:zd ɪn ðə mɪdl əv ðə kɪtʃən/ ən wɒtʃt ðə s  
təʊv bɪzi ɦlɪmɪŋ tu ɪtself/ meɪkɪŋ slɪpə feɪ fɔ:/

/ɪts dʒʌst ðət ðə nɜ:srɪ ɪz dɪfrənt nəʊ ðən ɪt wɒz/

/ɔ:l raɪt/ lets hæʋ ə lʊk/

/ðeɪ wɔ:kt daʊn ðə ɦɔ:l əv ðeə saʊndpru:f hæpi laɪf həʊm/ wɪtʃ həd kɒst ðəm θɜ:ti  
θaʊzənd dɒləz ɪnstɔ:ld/ ðɪs haʊs wɪtʃ kləʊðɪd/ ən fed ðəm/ ən rɒkt ðəm tə sli:p/ ən  
pleɪd ən sæŋ/ ən wəz gud tə ðəm/