

PRACTICE DICTATION 3

taken from "Red Dress" by Alice Munro

My mother was making me a dress. All through the month of November I would come from school and find her in the kitchen, surrounded by cut-up red velvet and scraps of tissue-paper pattern. She worked at an old treadle machine pushed up against the window to get the light, and also to let her look out, past the stubble fields and bare vegetable garden, to see who went by on the road. There was seldom anybody to see.

The red velvet material was hard to work with, it pulled, and the style my mother had chosen was not easy either. She was not really a good sewer.

| maɪ mʌðə wəz 'meɪkɪŋ mi ə dres / ɔ:l θru: ðə mʌnθ əv
nəʊvembə aɪ wʊd klʌm frəm sku:l ən(d) faɪnd hɜr ɪn ðə
kɪtʃən səraʊndɪd baɪ kʌt ʌp red velvɪt ən(d) skræps əv
'tɪʃu: ,peɪpə 'pætn̩ / 'ʃi 'wɜ:kət ət ən əʊld 'tredl̩ məʃi:n pʊʃt ʌp
əɡenst ðə wɪndəʊ tə 'get ðə laɪt | ən(d) 'ɔ:lsəʊ tə 'let hɜ 'lʊk
'aʊt pɑ:st ðə 'stʌbl̩ fi:ldz ənd 'vedʒɪtəbl̩ 'gɑ:dŋ tə 'si: 'hu:
'went 'baɪ 'ɒn ðə rəʊd/
| ðə 'red 'velvɪt mə'tɪəriəl wəz hɑ:d tə 'wɜ:k wɪð |'ɪt pʊld
ən(d) ðə stɑɪl maɪ 'mʌðə həd 'tʃəʊzən wəz nɒt 'i:zi 'aɪðə / 'ʃi
wəz nɒt 'ri:li ə ɡʊ 'sju:ə |