

Read-So-Well

Selected Stories with Narration

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Good Essay 1: Butterfly Kisses



 GE1.mp3

Some time ago, a friend of mine punished his 3-year old daughter for wasting a roll of gold wrapping paper. Money was tight, and he became infuriated when the child tried to decorate a box to put under the tree.

Nevertheless, the little girl brought the gift to her father on Christmas morning and said, “This is for you Daddy.” He was embarrassed by his earlier overreaction, but his anger flared again when he found the box was empty. He yelled at her, “Don’t you know that when you give someone a present there is supposed to be something inside of it?” The little girl looked up at him with tears and said, “Oh, Daddy, it’s not empty. I blew kisses into the box, all for you, Daddy.”

The father was crushed; he put his arms around his little girl and he begged for her forgiveness. My friend told me that he kept that gold box by his bed for years. Whenever he felt discouraged, he would take out an imaginary kiss and remember the love of the child who had put it there. In a very real sense, each of us, as parents, has been given a gold container filled with unconditional love and kisses from our children. There is no more precious possession anyone could hold. (Author Unknown)

評価ポイント

- ① なめらかさ
- ② 発音の正確さ
- ③ 声の大きさ
- ④ 聞きやすい速度
- ⑤ 気持ちの込め方

音読回数チェック

- 1 回目
- 2 回目
- 3 回目
- 4 回目
- 5 回目

Chunking Analysis

 CA1.mp3

ゆっくり目のチャンク

ここでは、それぞれのチャンクをゆったり読んでいます。音声が続いて、口慣らしをしましょう。

Some time ago,
a friend of mine
punished his 3-year old daughter for
wasting a roll of gold wrapping
paper.

Money was tight,
and he became infuriated
when the child tried to decorate a
box
to put under the tree.

Nevertheless,
the little girl brought the gift to her
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on Christmas morning
and said,
“This is for you Daddy.”
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He yelled at her,
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The little girl looked up at him with
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“Oh, Daddy, it’s not empty.
I blew kisses into the box,
all for you, Daddy.”
The father was crushed;
he put his arms around his little girl
and he begged for her forgiveness.
My friend told me
that he kept that gold box
by his bed for years.
Whenever he felt discouraged,
he would take out an imaginary
kiss and remember the love of the
child who had put it there.
In a very real sense,
each of us, as parents,
has been given a gold container
filled with unconditional love and
kisses from our children.
There is no more precious
possession anyone could hold.

 CA1.1.mp3

早目のチャンク

ここでは、それぞれのチャンクを読む速度が早目になっています。音を聞きながら、意味を確認する
うにしましょう。

Story-1: Salty Coffee

 S1.mp3



He met her at a party. She was so outstanding, many guys chasing after her, while he was average looking, shy and awkward.

At the end of the party, he finally summoned some courage to invite the girl to have coffee with him. She was surprised, but out of politeness, she accepted his invitation to go on a date. They both sat in a nice coffee shop, he was too nervous to say anything, she felt uncomfortable, waiting for coffee. With him being so shy and awkward around her, it seemed like the conversation between them would never start.

The coffee was brought and suddenly, he asked the waiter. “Would you please get me some salt? I’d like to put it in my coffee!” Everyone at the cafe stared at him with a strange look! His face turned red, but still, he put the salt in his coffee and drank it. She asked him curiously, “Why this unusual habit?” He took a couple of sips and replied, “When I was a little boy, I lived near the sea. I liked playing in the sea, I could feel the taste of the sea, just like the taste of the salty coffee. Now every time I have the salty coffee, I always think of my childhood, think of my hometown, I miss my hometown so much, I miss my parents who are still living there.” While saying that, tears filled his eyes.

She was deeply touched. That’s his true feeling, from the bottom of his heart. A man who can tell out his homesickness, he must be a man who loves home, cares about home, has realized his responsibility for his family ... She then started talking about her childhood, her faraway hometown, and her family.

That was a really nice talk, also a beautiful beginning of their love story. They continued to date. She found that actually, he was a man who met all her demands: he had tolerance, was kind hearted, warm, careful. He was such a good man and had it not been for the salt in the coffee, she'd never have really known him!

The rest of the story was just like any other beautiful love story: they finally got married, and they lived a very happy married life. And sure! Every time she made coffee for him, she put some salt in the coffee, just the way he liked it! After 40 years of marital bliss, he died after a short illness.

One day, she found a letter he had left for her which said:

“My dearest, please forgive me, forgive my whole life’s lie. This was the only lie I told you—the salty coffee. Remember the first time we dated? I was so nervous at that time. Actually, I wanted some sugar, but I said salt. It was hard for me to change so I just went ahead. I never thought that could be the start of our conversation! I wanted to tell you the truth many times in my life, but I was too afraid to do that, as I promised not to lie to you for anything... Now I’m dying, so I tell you the truth, I don’t like the salty coffee, what a strange bad taste... But I have had the salty coffee for my whole life! Having you with me is my biggest happiness for my whole life. If I can live for the second time, I still want to know you and have you for my whole life, even though I have to drink the salty coffee again.

Please forgive me, darling, for lying to you first in that coffee shop and then

not telling you the truth every time you made coffee for me! I am not lying now when I say, I couldn't have that coffee any other way! – still madly in love with you”

Tears fell down her cheek as she finished reading the letter.

If anybody asks her: “How did that salted coffee taste?” “It's sweet.” She always replied.

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