

## Introduction and Menus

To begin in English press 1.

Para empezar en español, por favor oprima el numero dos. [To Begin in Spanish Press2]

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We at Cochlear want to maximize your sound processor listening experience. We look forward to hearing your telephone success stories after using this program.

To get started please chose from the following three options:

For today's Word list, Press 1

For today's passage, Press 2

To repeat these options, Press 3

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## Word List

### Voice: Female 2

Welcome to today's word list.

Random 6 {Pause}

Crate

Short

Taught

Rain

Rate

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## Conclusion

That completes today's wordlist. Call back tomorrow and listen to a new wordlist.

To read what you have listened to please go to [www.cochlearcommunity.com/rehab](http://www.cochlearcommunity.com/rehab)

To go back to the main menu press 1

To repeat this passage press 2.

## Passage

### Voice: Female 2

King Grisly-Beard

Chapter 3 of 5

Written By William and Jacob Grimm

At last they came to a small cottage. 'What a paltry place!' said she; 'to whom does that little dirty hole belong?' Then the fiddler said, 'That is your and my house, where we are to live.' 'Where are your servants?' cried she. 'What do we want with servants?' said he; 'you must do for yourself whatever is to be done. Now make the fire, and put on water and cook my supper, for I am very tired.' But the princess knew nothing of making fires and cooking, and the fiddler was forced to help her. When they had eaten a very scanty meal they went to bed; but the fiddler called her up very early in the morning to clean the house.

Thus they lived for two days: and when they had eaten up all there was in the cottage, the man said, 'Wife, we can't go on thus, spending money and earning nothing. You must learn to weave baskets.' Then he went out and cut willows, and brought them home, and she began to weave; but it made her fingers very sore. 'I see this work won't do,' said he: 'try and spin; perhaps you will do that better.' So she sat down and tried to spin; but the threads cut her tender fingers till the blood ran. 'See now,' said the fiddler, 'you are good for nothing; you can do no work: what a bargain I have got! However, I'll try and set up a trade in pots and pans, and you shall stand in the market and sell them.' 'Alas!' sighed she, 'if any of my father's court should pass by and see me standing in the market, how they will laugh at me!'

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## Conclusion

That completes today's passage. Call back tomorrow and listen to a new passage.

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