

檔 號：

保存年限：

## 文藻學校財團法人文藻外語大學 函

機關地址：807679高雄市三民區民族一路  
900號

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受文者：國立臺南護理專科學校

發文日期：中華民國111年2月22日

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速別：普通件

密等及解密條件或保密期限：

附件：如說明所示(附件一 1115300007-1.pdf、附件二 1115300007-2.pdf、附件三  
1115300007-3.pdf、附件四 1115300007-4.pdf)

主旨：檢送2022文藻盃全國大專組英語競賽辦法，敬邀貴校同學參加，請查照。

說明：

一、敬請於111年4月29日報名截止日前至本校英國語文系網頁完成網路報名程序(詳如附件)，逾期恕不受理。

二、附檔說明如下：

(一)2022文藻盃全國大專組英語即席演講比賽辦法。

(二)2022文藻盃全國大專組英詩團體朗誦比賽辦法。

(三)2022文藻盃指定詩題。

(四)影音授權同意書。

三、如有疑問，敬請來電(07)342-6031分機5305、電子信箱：  
wenzaocup@gmail.com。

正本：各公私立大專校院

副本：本校英國語文系



國立臺南護理專科學校



1110001234 111/02/22

## 2022 文藻盃全國大專組英語即席演講比賽辦法

### 2022 Wenzao Cup National English Impromptu Speech Contest for Collegiate Students

一、主辦學校：文藻外語大學英國語文系

二、宗旨：增進大專院校學生學習英語之興趣及英語演說能力，促進校際觀摩與交流。

三、時間：111 年 5 月 28 日（星期六）13:30 至 17:00

四、地點：文藻外語大學求真樓 Q001 教室（高雄市三民區民族一路 900 號）

五、比賽方式：比賽當天現場抽題，並以英語即席演講。

六、參賽資格：

1. 具有中華民國國籍，目前就讀於國內各大學院校或五專四、五年級在學學生。
2. 參賽上限為 25 人，依報名之先後為準，額滿為止。請各校自行舉辦初賽並遴選推派一人參賽，各校限派一人。主辦學校得派兩人。

七、報名方式：

1. 請於 111 年 4 月 29 日（星期五）前，透過本系網址 <https://forms.gle/Ztfj9pakXTizVAmw8> 進行網路報名。
2. 網路報名完成後，請同時填妥本辦法之報名表、符合參賽資格證明及影音授權同意書（詳見以下附件），並加蓋校方推薦核准印信，掃描已加蓋校印之電子檔，寄至 [wenzaocup@gmail.com](mailto:wenzaocup@gmail.com)。請確認（1）寄送已用印之報名表電子檔以及（2）網路報名，始為完成報名手續。
3. 若參賽者超過 25 人之上限，則依網路報名時間之先後決定參賽資格。
4. 請於 111 年 5 月 6 日（星期五）至本校英國語文系網站，查詢是否報名成功。各校須自行負責查詢確認報名是否完成；未自行查詢確認報名是否完成，以致因未完成報名程序而喪失參賽資格者，須自行負責，不得異議。若有任何疑問，請致電洽詢助理，電話：(07) 342-6031 轉 5305。



#### 八、比賽細則：

1. 出場順序：參賽者應於比賽日當天下午 **12:30 起**於本校文園二樓簽到處準時辦理報到，並**出示學生證與身分證**，以便工作人員查驗是否與報名身份相符(不符者，恕無法參賽)。主辦學校於 **13:00** 抽出參賽者(包含尚未完成報到之參賽者)之參賽順序。參賽者於上台前十分鐘未完成報到者，視為棄權。
2. 進行方式：
  - (1) 參賽者於上台前十分鐘抽題，隨後進入準備室準備。(限使用由主辦學校提供之字典及工具書)
  - (2) 參賽者依號次發表三分鐘之英語即席演說。
  - (3) 選出優勝者四名，比賽結果於當天公佈並進行頒獎。
3. 評分標準：
  - (1) A. Content & Organization 40%  
B. Language 40%  
C. Gesture, Posture, & Eye Contact 20%
  - (2) 參賽者發表三分鐘之演說，未滿二分三十秒(含)者，每少三十秒扣總成績一分；超過三分鐘者，每多三十秒(含)扣總成績一分(未滿三十秒以三十秒計)，以此類推。
4. 計時方式：演講者開始講話，便開始計時，二分三十秒時舉黃牌提示，滿三分鐘舉紅牌，同時按鈴警示。

#### 九、注意事項：

1. 參賽者不得穿著校服或有校徽、校名之服裝，並不得於上台時報出校名。
2. 參賽者應配戴號次牌於左胸前，以茲識別。
3. 講稿、字典及其他物品於比賽時不得攜帶上台，亦不得手繕小抄或有任何導致比賽不公之情事。
4. **違反注意事項第 1、2、3 項者，主辦學校得取消其比賽資格，不予計分。**
5. 囿於場地空間有限及防疫需求，每位參賽者僅得由一位指導老師或親友陪同參賽。參賽者與陪同參賽者入場後禁止喧嘩、飲食、拍照或攝影。參賽者與陪同參賽者務必嚴格遵守衛生福利部疾病管制署頒佈之防疫相關規定。未遵守規定者得予請出場外，不得參賽或觀賽。



6. 參賽者與陪同參賽者於比賽過程不得拍照或攝影，以免避免影響比賽的進行。比賽後兩個月內，由主辦學校統一寄發影片給各參賽學校。
7. 主辦學校不提供參賽者餐飲、交通或其他補助。

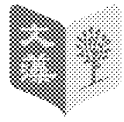
十、獎勵方式：

- 第一名 獎金 2,500 元、獎狀乙紙
- 第二名 獎金 2,000 元、獎狀乙紙
- 第三名 獎金 1,500 元、獎狀乙紙
- 第四名 獎金 1,000 元、獎狀乙紙

※ 同分者以內容與結構(Content & Organization)之成績決定得獎者。

- 十一、本辦法如有增刪或因疫情嚴峻而取消比賽，均將於本系網頁公告周知。





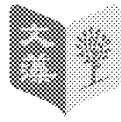
2022 文藻盃全國大專組英語即席演講比賽報名表

2022 Wenzao Cup  
National English Impromptu Speech Contest for Collegiate Students

Registration Form (Please provide correct information)

學校名稱 (全名)	中文	
	英文	
科系/年級	<input type="checkbox"/> 大學部( <input type="checkbox"/> 二技 <input type="checkbox"/> 四技)_____科系_____年級	
	<input type="checkbox"/> 專科部( <input type="checkbox"/> 二專 <input type="checkbox"/> 五專)_____科系_____年級	
學校地址	□□□	
參賽者資料	姓	名
	Last Name	First Name
參賽者聯絡方式	E-mail	
	手機	
為製作參賽證明，請黏貼參賽者學生證正面影本與身分證正面影本		
指導老師/負責人 (請務必提供，以確保 參賽資格)	姓	名
	First Name	Last Name
	E-mail	
	手機	





## DECLARATION

\*我願意遵守文藻外語大學英國語文系所舉辦之 2022 文藻盃全國大專組英語即席演講比賽之參賽規則及評審結果，並履行優勝者之權利及義務。

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

-----1/2-----

### RECOMMENDATION BY SCHOOL

I recommend \_\_\_\_\_ to participate in 2022 Wenzao Cup National English Impromptu Speech Contest for Collegiate Students.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_ Position \_\_\_\_\_

### REMARKS:

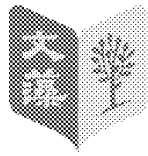
Please pay detailed attention to the contest rules and the registration form. All correspondence regarding this contest should be sent to [wenzaocup@gmail.com](mailto:wenzaocup@gmail.com) by April 29, 2022.

請詳讀比賽報名辦法，填寫報名表時，若資料未填寫齊全則視同報名不成功。填妥報名表後請 e-mail 至

[wenzaocup@gmail.com](mailto:wenzaocup@gmail.com)，111 年 4 月 29 日截止報名。若有任何問題，請洽電話 (07)342-6031 轉 5305 英國語文系助理。

Official School Seal  
學校官印或系科戳章





## 2022 文藻盃全國大專組英詩團體朗誦比賽辦法

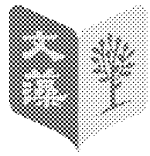
### 2022 Wenzao Cup National English Poetry Reading Contest for Collegiate Students

- 一、主辦學校：文藻外語大學英國語文系
- 二、宗旨：展現英詩音韻之美，並提升大專院校學生學習文學之興趣。
- 三、時間：111 年 5 月 29 日 (星期日) 13:30 至 17:00
- 四、地點：文藻外語大學(高雄市三民區民族一路 900 號)求真樓 Q001 教室。
- 五、比賽方式：各參賽隊伍應自 7 首比賽指定詩題中，選取一首為比賽詩題，當場朗誦。比賽指定詩題請至附件查詢。
- 六、參賽資格：
  1. 具有中華民國國籍，目前就讀於國內各大學院校或五專四、五年級在學學生。
  2. 總參賽隊伍以 25 隊為上限，依報名順序先後為準，額滿為止。每校推薦一隊參賽。主辦學校得派兩隊。



- 七、報名方式：
  1. 請於 111 年 4 月 29 日 (星期五) 前，透過本系網址 <https://forms.gle/Yhxjyt2Nn1vAFVCR8> 進行網路報名。
  2. 網路報名完成後，請同時填妥本辦法之報名表、符合參賽資格證明及影音授權同意書(詳見以下附件)，並加蓋校方推薦核准印信，掃描已加蓋校印之電子檔，寄至 [wenzaocup@gmail.com](mailto:wenzaocup@gmail.com)。請確認 (1) 寄送已用印之報名表電子檔以及 (2) 網路報名，始為完成報名手續。
  3. 若參賽隊伍超過限額，主辦學校將依網路報名時間先後決定參賽資格。
  4. 報名截止後，請於 111 年 5 月 6 日(星期五) 至本校英國語文系網站，查詢是否完成報名。各參賽隊伍須自行負責查詢確認報名是否完成；未自行查詢確認報名是否完成，以致因未完成報名程序而喪失參賽資格者，須自行負責，不得異議。若有任何疑問，請致電洽詢英國語文系助理，電話：(07) 342-6031 轉 5305。





#### 八、比賽細則：

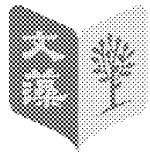
1. 出場順序：參賽隊伍應於比賽日當天下午 **12:30 起**於文園二樓簽到處準時辦理報到，並**出示學生證與身分證**，以便工作人員查驗是否與報名身份相符(不符者，恕無法參賽)。主辦學校於 **13:10**抽出參賽隊伍(包含尚未完成報到參賽隊伍)之出場順序。參賽隊伍於上台前十分鐘未完成報到者，視為棄權。
2. 進行方式：
  - (1) 團體朗誦，每組 2~4 人。
  - (2) 參賽隊伍可選擇帶稿上台或全程背誦(均無額外加分)。
  - (3) 參賽隊伍限由比賽指定詩題中，任選其一朗誦。可複誦詩句，但不可增加詩句以外的內容。限時 7 分鐘，且不得少於 3 分鐘，參賽隊伍開口朗誦即開始計時。
  - (4) 為使英詩朗誦聚焦於語言與詩作自身之美感，參賽隊伍人員於台上朗誦詩作時，不得攜帶任何道具、樂器及背景音樂上台，違者以不計分處理。
  - (5) 評審將選出三隊優勝隊伍，比賽結果於當天公佈並進行頒獎。
3. 評分標準：
  - (1) 評分項目：
    - A. Interpretation & Delivery 40%
    - B. Pronunciation & Intonation 40%
    - C. Team work 20%
  - (2) 朗誦時間以七分鐘為上限，三分鐘為下限，參賽隊伍開口朗誦即開始計時。未滿三分鐘者，每少三十秒扣總成績一分；超過七分鐘，每多三十秒(含)扣總成績一分(未滿三十秒以三十秒計)，以此類推。
  - (3) 比賽當日各參賽隊伍之人數須與報名時一致，不可任意更動，若有不同，則當場取消比賽資格。
  - (4) 非舞台上之參賽學生，不得於比賽進行中協助參賽學生之演出(如手勢、暗示等)，違者取消該隊比賽資格，不予計分。
  - (5) 計時方式：參賽隊伍開始朗誦，現場工作人員即開始計時，六分三十秒時舉黃牌提示，滿七分鐘時舉紅牌，同時按鈴警示。



#### 九、注意事項：

1. 參賽隊伍不得穿著校服，亦不得於台上報出校名。
2. 參賽隊伍應配戴號次牌於左胸前，以茲識別。
3. 違反注意事項第 1、2 項者，主辦學校得取消其比賽資格。





文藻外語大學  
WENZAO URSULINE  
UNIVERSITY OF LANGUAGES

4. 囿於場地空間有限與防疫需求，每對參賽隊伍得由一位指導老師或親友陪同參賽。參賽者與陪同參賽者進入比賽會場後禁止喧嘩、飲食、拍照或攝影。參賽者與陪同參賽者務必嚴格遵守衛生福利部疾病管制署頒佈之防疫相關規定。未遵守規定者主辦學校得予請出場外，不得參賽或觀賽。
5. 參賽者與陪同參賽者於比賽過程不得拍照或攝影，以免影響比賽。主辦學校將於賽後兩個月內，統一寄發比賽之影片至各參賽隊伍之學校。
6. 主辦學校不提供參賽者餐飲、交通或其他補助。

十、獎勵方式：

第一名 獎金 5,000 元、獎狀乙紙

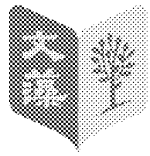
第二名 獎金 4,000 元、獎狀乙紙

第三名 獎金 3,000 元、獎狀乙紙

※ 總分同分者以 Interpretation & Delivery 之成績決定得獎者。

十一、本辦法內容如有增刪或因疫情嚴峻取消比賽，均將於本系網頁公告周知。





文藻外語大學  
WENZAO URSULINE  
UNIVERSITY OF LANGUAGES

2022 文藻盃全國大專組英詩團體朗誦比賽報名表

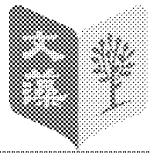
2022 Wenzao Cup

National English Poetry Reading Contest for Collegiate Students

Registration Form

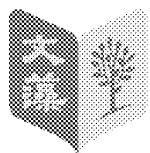
學校名稱	中文
	英文
科系/年級	<input type="checkbox"/> 大學部( <input type="checkbox"/> 二技 <input type="checkbox"/> 四技)_____科系_____年級_____位
	<input type="checkbox"/> 專科部( <input type="checkbox"/> 二專 <input type="checkbox"/> 五專)_____科系_____年級_____位
學校地址	□□□

為製作參賽證明，請黏貼參賽者學生證與身分證正面影本。




<b>參賽者資料</b>	姓	名
	Last Name	First Name
	電話	E-mail
	姓	名
	Last Name	First Name
	電話	E-mail
	姓	名
	Last Name	First Name
	電話	E-mail
	姓	名
	Last Name	First Name
	電話	E-mail



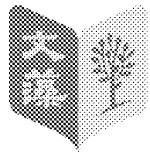
大藻外語大學  
WENZAO URSULINE  
UNIVERSITY OF LANGUAGES

指導老師 /負責人 (請務必提供可 連絡之方式，以 確保參賽資格)	姓	名
	Last Name	First Name
	電話	E-mail



**\*以上表格請務必提供正確資料 (Please provide correct information for the above registration form.)**





DECLARATION

\*我願意遵守文藻外語大學英國語文系所舉辦之 2022 文藻盃全國大專組英詩團體朗誦比賽之參賽規則及評審結果，並履行優勝者之權利及義務。



Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_



REMARKS:

Please pay detailed attention to the contest rules and the registration form. All correspondence regarding this contest should be sent to [wenzaocup@gmail.com](mailto:wenzaocup@gmail.com) by April 29, 2022.

請詳讀比賽報名辦法，填寫報名表時，若資料未填寫齊全則視同報名不成功。填妥報名表後請 e-mail 至 [wenzaocup@gmail.com](mailto:wenzaocup@gmail.com)，111 年 4 月 29 日截止報名。若有任何問題，請洽電話 (07)342-6031 轉 5305 英國語文系助理。



Official School Seal  
學校官印或系科戳章

**Spirits of the Dead**  
**BY EDGAR ALLAN POE**

I.

Thy soul shall find itself alone  
'Mid dark thoughts of the gray tombstone—  
Not one, of all the crowd, to pry  
Into thine hour of secrecy.



II.

Be silent in that solitude,  
Which is not loneliness—for then  
The spirits of the dead who stood  
In life before thee are again  
In death around thee—and their will  
Shall overshadow thee: be still.

III.

The night, tho' clear, shall frown—  
And the stars shall look not down  
From their high thrones in the heaven,  
With light like Hope to mortals given—  
But their red orbs, without beam,  
To thy weariness shall seem  
As a burning and a fever  
Which would cling to thee for ever.

IV.

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish,  
Now are visions ne'er to vanish;  
From thy spirit shall they pass  
No more—like dew-drop from the grass.



V.

The breeze—the breath of God—is still—  
And the mist upon the hill,  
Shadowy—shadowy—yet unbroken,  
Is a symbol and a token—  
How it hangs upon the trees,  
A mystery of mysteries!

(Retrieved from <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/48632/spirits-of-the-dead>)



**Disabled**  
**BY WILFRED OWEN**

He sat in a wheeled chair, waiting for dark,  
And shivered in his ghastly suit of grey,  
Legless, sewn short at elbow. Through the park  
Voices of boys rang saddening like a hymn,  
Voices of play and pleasure after day,  
Till gathering sleep had mothered them from him.

\* \* \* \* \*

About this time Town used to swing so gay  
When glow-lamps budded in the light-blue trees,  
And girls glanced lovelier as the air grew dim,—  
In the old times, before he threw away his knees.  
Now he will never feel again how slim  
Girls' waists are, or how warm their subtle hands,  
All of them touch him like some queer disease.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was an artist silly for his face,  
For it was younger than his youth, last year.  
Now, he is old; his back will never brace;  
He's lost his colour very far from here,  
Poured it down shell-holes till the veins ran dry,  
And half his lifetime lapsed in the hot race  
And leap of purple spurted from his thigh.

\* \* \* \* \*

One time he liked a blood-smear down his leg,  
After the matches carried shoulder-high.  
It was after football, when he'd drunk a peg,  
He thought he'd better join. He wonders why.  
Someone had said he'd look a god in kilts.  
That's why; and maybe, too, to please his Meg,





Aye, that was it, to please the giddy jilts,  
He asked to join. He didn't have to beg;  
Smiling they wrote his lie: aged nineteen years.  
Germans he scarcely thought of, all their guilt,  
And Austria's, did not move him. And no fears  
Of Fear came yet. He thought of jewelled hilts  
For daggers in plaid socks; of smart salutes;  
And care of arms; and leave; and pay arrears;  
Esprit de corps; and hints for young recruits.  
And soon, he was drafted out with drums and cheers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some cheered him home, but not as crowds cheer Goal.  
Only a solemn man who brought him fruits  
*Thanked* him; and then inquired about his soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, he will spend a few sick years in institutes,  
And do what things the rules consider wise,  
And take whatever pity they may dole.  
Tonight he noticed how the women's eyes  
Passed from him to the strong men that were whole.  
How cold and late it is! Why don't they come  
And put him into bed? Why don't they come?

(Retrieve from <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/57285/disabled>)

**Cage Bird**  
**BY MAYA ANGELOU**

A free bird leaps  
on the back of the wind  
and floats downstream  
till the current ends  
and dips his wing  
in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks  
down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through  
his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and  
his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.



The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze  
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees  
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn  
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams  
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.



The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

(From *The Complete Collected Poems of Maya Angelou*. Random House, 1994.)



## Full-Length Portrait of the Moon BY ALICE OSWALD

She could be any woman at all,  
caught off-guard on-guard.  
With her hands stroking or strangling and maybe  
with her intentions half-interred.  
But she is as she is. Her gaze is always  
filing away at its cord.  
And what she's really after  
is you to love her.

She forgets who she is.  
She could be so small  
she almost has no smell.  
She feels like anyone at all.  
When you walk up to her,  
she keeps quite still,  
but what she answers to  
is never loud enough to know.

Eaten away by outwardness,  
her eyes are empty.  
They could be watching you  
or not. They work indifferently,  
like lit-up glass and if you ask  
why she won't speak, why should she?  
When what she really wants  
is silence.

You know what women are like:  
Kay, Moira, Sandra.  
They move through a dark room,  
peering round under  
the hoods of their names.  
Alcestis, Clytemnestra.  
She could be either of those.  
She scarcely knows.



She goes on thinking something  
just over your shoulder.  
This could be the last night  
before you lose her.  
But what's the use  
of saying one thing or another.  
When what she's really after  
is you to love her.

(Retrieved from

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poetrymagazine/poems/49192/full-length-portrait-of-the-moon>)



**Writing In The Afterlife**  
**BY BILLY COLLINS**

I imagined the atmosphere would be clear,  
shot with pristine light,  
not this sulphurous haze,  
the air ionized as before a thunderstorm.

Many have pictured a river here,  
but no one mentioned all the boats,  
their benches crowded with naked passengers,  
each bent over a writing tablet.



I knew I would not always be a child  
with a model train and a model tunnel,  
and I knew I would not live forever,  
jumping all day through the hoop of myself.

I had heard about the journey to the other side  
and the clink of the final coin  
in the leather purse of the man holding the oar,  
but how could anyone have guessed

that as soon as we arrived  
we would be asked to describe this place  
and to include as much detail as possible—  
not just the water, he insists,

rather the oily, fathomless, rat-happy water,  
not simply the shackles, but the rusty,  
iron, ankle-shredding shackles—  
and that our next assignment would be

to jot down, off the tops of our heads,  
our thoughts and feelings about being dead,  
not really an assignment,  
the man rotating the oar keeps telling us—



think of it more as an exercise, he groans,  
think of writing as a process,  
a never-ending, infernal process,  
and now the boats have become jammed together,

bow against stern, stern locked to bow,  
and not a thing is moving, only our diligent pens.

(Retrieved from <https://allpoetry.com/Billy-Collins>)



**Rich in Vitamin C**  
**BY J. H. PRYNNE**

Under her brow the snowy wing-case  
delivers truly the surprise  
of days which slide under sunlight  
past loose glass in the door  
into the reflection of honour spread  
through the incomplete, the trusted. So  
darkly the stain skips as a livery  
of your pause like an apple pip,  
the baltic loved one who sleeps.

Or as syrup in a cloud, down below in  
the cup, you excuse each folded  
cry of the finch's wit, this flush  
scattered over our slant of the  
day rocked in water, you say  
this much. A waver of attention at  
the surface, shews the arch there and  
the purpose we really cut;  
an ounce down by the water, which

in cross-fire from injustice too large  
to hold he lets slither  
from starry fingers  
noting the herbal jolt of cordite  
and its echo: is this our screen, on some  
street we hardly guessed could mark  
an idea bred to idiocy by the clear  
sight-lines ahead. You come in  
by the same door, you carry

what cannot be left for its own  
sweet shimmer of reason, its false blood;  
the same tint I hear with the pulse it touches  
and will not melt. Such shading  
of the rose to its stock tips the bolt





from the sky, rising in its effect of what  
motto we call peace talks. And yes the  
quiet turn of your page is the day  
tilting so, faded in the light.

(Retrieved from <http://jacketmagazine.com/06/pryn-kins.html>)



**Corpse Song**  
**BY MARGARET ATWOOD**

I enter your night  
like a darkened boat, a smuggler

These lanterns, my eyes  
and heart are out

I bring you something  
you do not want:

news of the country  
I am trapped in,

news of your future:  
soon you will have no voice

(I resent your skin, I resent  
your lungs, your glib assumptions



Therefore sing now  
while you have the choice

(My body turned against me  
too soon, it was not a tragedy

(I did not become  
a tree or a constellation

(I became a winter coat the children  
thought they saw on the street corner

(I became this illusion,  
this trick of ventriloquism

this blind noun, this bandage  
crumpled at your dream's edge





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