

Transcripts of 5 Minute Narration Using Apple Voice Memo to dictate to Word and Google Docs

Microsoft Word	Google Voice Typing
<p>I'm gonna talk about a boat that my family owned when I was a kid so I grew up in northern Vancouver Island and it was a small town less than 3000 people and there was lots of outdoor stuff to do but not a lot of the things to do that you might expect in Sioux City and early on when we moved there my parents wanted to get a boat so they could go fishing and we could go exploring all the islands in Johnstone Strait and in the different archipelagos around there the fishing was great at the time and we would catch salmon with Jake for cod and sometimes we just go exploring and there were these islands that had blackberries growing on them so we'd pick blackberries and you know I often find Garter snakes and terrify my mom and sometimes there be black bears on the island and we have to run away from them and I remember one time we must have just got the boat might dad needed to pee so we had at least two fishing lines and we were trolling which means you're going at a slow speed dragging lines behind you in hopes that official bite and then when one bites you put the boat in neutral and play the fish breed it so the boat was about 18 feet long it was made of fiberglass that had this hard top to it and welcome back area and there were five of us including my two brothers Mike me and my mom and dad on the way that pee off the boat was to go along this little Gunnell on the side of it inching your way along it's very narrow probably only four inches wide and then you would get to the bow and then well get P off the bow and then calm water it was fine but in choppy water it could be a little dodgy my dad in his sneakers with no life jacket on was inching his way along and somehow it he must have hit a wet spot or something he slipped and as he fell he grabbed for this rail little metal rail that went along the gunwale but unfortunately it was very ornamental as opposed to functional and it ripped right out so into the ocean it went with him and of course is where trolling at about a walking speed we very soon left him behind well I'm all of maybe 8 years old my brother is 8 my</p>	<p>I'm going to talk about a boat that my family owned when I was a kid so I grew up in Northern Vancouver Island and it was a small town less than 3,000 people and there was lots of outdoor stuff to do but not a lot of the things to do that you might expect in Sioux City End early on when we moved there my parents wanted to get a boat so they can go fishing and we can go exploring all the islands and Johnstone Strait and in that different archipelagos around there the fishing was great at the time and we would catch salmon we would take for COD and sometimes we just go exploring and there were these islands that it black. Growing on them so we could eat blackberries and I'm off to find garter snakes and terrify my mom and sometimes RV black bears on the island and we have to run away from them and I remember one time when we must have just got my dad needed to pee so we had at least two fishing lines and we were trolling which means you're going at a slow speed dragging line find you an official bite and then when one bites you put the boat in neutral and play the fish so about 18 ft long it was made of fiberglass have this hard talk to it and open back area and there were five of us including my two brothers make me and my mom and dad in the way that he off the boat was to go along this little gun on the side of it and Shine Your Way along as very narrow are the only 4 in wide and then you would get to the bow and then well get pee off about and in calm water was fine but in choppy water and could be a little dodgy apply dad in his sneakers with no life jacket on was inching its way along and somehow he must have had a wet spot or something he slipped and as he fell in ground for this rail little metal rail that went long the gunnel but unfortunately it was very ornamental as opposed to functional a rip right out into the ocean it went with him and of course is were trolling at about a walking speed we very soon left him behind while I'm Oliver maybe 8 years old my brothers and my mom doesn't know how to drive the boat and within about 10 or 15 seconds of this shocking event fish pit on the line</p>

oldest brother is Chad and my mom doesn't know how to drive the boat and within about 10 or 15 seconds of this shocking event a fish bit on the line so all of a sudden her healing in a fish and my dad shouting for us to turn the boat around and the water is colder than you could imagine it is some of the coldest water on these coasts probably averaged 5 degrees so he's freezing cold then we showed it back at them that we had fashion he said forget the fish and so we eventually figured out how to turn the boat around and troll pactum figured out how to put it in neutral I think my oldest brother Michael must have done it and we hauled him together back into the boat and he have climbed and we have pulled and I just remember him being so cold that he couldn't even speak and of course we talked about it many many times and all he can do is shutter so there were no clothes for him to change into and what we did have was a backpack that my brother brought and Michael being the resourceful Boy Scout type always had his little backpack with survival gear which included a change of clothes so my dad managed to get out of his wet clothes and he had to wear a pair of not a pair a hoodie or a sweatshirt upside down as the arms became the legs and and we didn't do a lot of fishing after that day well in that afternoon and I just remember being freaky cold and some friends came along when we radioed them on their boat and remember them tying his jeans to the power their boat and driving around with the jeans tide onto this line on the bow and flapping in the wind in an effort to dry his pants off on that memorable day

all of a sudden her healing and efficient my dad shouting for us to turn the boat around and the water is colder than you could imagine it is some of the coldest water on these coasts probably average to 5 degrees so he's freezing cold so did back at them that we have fresh and so we eventually figured out how to turn the boat around and troll pack to him figured out how to put it in neutral I think my oldest brother Michael must have done it and we hauled him together back into the boat and he have climbed and we have pulled and I just remember him being so cold that he couldn't even speak and of course we talked about it many many times and all he could do is shutter so there were no clothes for him to change into and but we did have was a backpack that my brother brought and Michael being the resourceful Boy Scout type always had his little backpack the survival gear which included a change of clothes so my dad managed to get out of his wet clothes and he had to wear a pair of how to pair up a hoodie or a sweatshirt upside down as the arms became the legs and we didn't do a lot of fishing after that day while I'm in that afternoon and I just remember being freaky cold and some friends came along when we radioed them on there but I remember them tying his jeans to the bow of the boat and driving around with the jeans tied onto this line on the bow and flapping in the Wind in an effort to try his pants off on that memorable day