

114 學年度 新竹市富禮國中 語文競賽 (英語朗讀)  
第一篇

## The Memory Box

Sue sat down on the floor and she had looked all over. It wasn't there.

"Oh, Gram," wailed Sue. "I can't find it!"

"What can't you find?" said Gram.

"We have to bring something historical to school tomorrow,"

said Sue. "We've got a little Statue of Liberty," said Sue. "I was sure it was up here!"

Gram helped Sue looked for a while. Then Gram said softly, "Oh my."

"Did you find it?" asked Sue.

"No, dear," said Gram. "I found something else. It's my memory box."

It was a pale blue cardboard box tied up with string.

"Oh, I started keeping some things when I was about your age," said Gram. "They don't mean anything to anyone but me."

"Let's see," said Sue. She wondered what Gram would have chosen to keep!

The first thing Sue noticed was a couple of coins.

"Tokens," Gram picked one up. "During World War II, there was a shortage of some things, like gasoline. Everyone got tokens. If you ran out of tokens, you couldn't buy gas."

Gram smiled and picked up a ticket stub. "I kept this after I saw a favorite movie."

Sue looked at the stub. "Twelve cents! That's all it cost to go to a movie? Did you go to the movies every day?" asked Sue.

"Oh, no, just on Saturdays. Well, we'd better keep looking for that statue." She started to put the lid back on the box.

"The statue would have been okay, but this is better. It's your personal history, Gram. Would it be all right if I took it to school?"

"If you think it will work for your homework." Gram seemed pleased.

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第二篇

## As Good as New

When Tim Long's father died, Tim inherited a great deal of money. For a long time, he did not know what to spend it on, then one day he saw an advertisement for brains.

The advertisement said, "Get a better brain and lead a more successful life."

The advertisement had been put in the newspaper by a doctor. Tim went to see him.

"Please explain your advertisement to me," he said.

"Very well," the doctor answered. "Have you heard of heart transplants?"

"Yes," Tim said. "A heart transplant is when you take a heart from one person and put it into the body of another."

"That is correct," the doctor said. "Well, I do brain transplants. Now...." He pointed to a price list, "we have several brains in stock. You can have a sanitation worker's brain for \$5,000."

Tim shook his head.

"What about a university professor's brain? You can have one of those for \$20,000," the doctor said.

This was interesting, Tim thought, but he wanted more information. "Is that the most expensive brain?" he asked.

"No. You can have a judge's brain for \$50,000," the doctor told him.

"That sounds very interesting," Tim said. "And is that the most expensive brain?"

The doctor shook his head. "Oh no," he said. "The most expensive brain is a politician's. That will cost you \$100,000."

Tim was surprised. "Why is a politician's brain so expensive?" he asked.

"Because it's never been used," the doctor said. "It's as good as new."

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### 第三篇

#### **Why the Evergreen Trees Keep Their Leaves in Winter**

One day, a long, long time ago, it was very cold; winter was coming. And all the birds flew away to the warm south, to wait for the spring. But one little bird had a broken wing and could not fly. He did not know what to do. He looked all round, to see if there was any place where he could keep warm. And he saw the trees of the great forest.

“Perhaps the trees will keep me warm through the winter,” he said. So, he went to the edge of the forest, hopping and fluttering with his broken wing. The first tree he came to was a slim silver birch. “Beautiful birch-tree,” he said, “will you let me live in your warm branches until the springtime comes?”

“Dear me!” said the birch-tree, “what a thing to ask! I have to take care of my own leaves through the winter; that is enough for me. Go away.”

The little bird hopped and fluttered with his broken wing until he came to the next tree. It was a great, big oak-tree.

“O big oak-tree,” said the little bird, “will you let me live in your warm branches until the springtime comes?”

“Dear me,” said the oak-tree, “what a thing to ask! If you stay in my branches all winter you will be eating my acorns. Go away.”

So, the little bird hopped and fluttered with his broken wing till he came to the willow-tree by the edge of the brook.

“O beautiful willow-tree,” said the little bird, “will you let me live in your warm branches until the springtime comes?”

“No, indeed,” said the willow-tree; “I never speak to strangers. Go away.” The poor little bird did not know where to go; but he hopped and fluttered along with his broken wing. Presently the spruce-tree saw him, and said, “Where are you going, little bird?”

“I do not know,” said the bird; “the trees will not let me live with them, and my wing is broken so that I cannot fly.

“You may live on one of my branches,” said the spruce; “here is the warmest one of all.”

“But may I stay all winter?”

“Yes,” said the spruce; “I shall like to have you.”

The pine-tree stood beside the spruce, and when he saw the little bird hopping and fluttering with his broken wing, he said, “My branches are not very warm, but I can keep the wind off because I am big and strong.”

So, the little bird fluttered up into the warm branch of the spruce, and the pine-tree kept the wind off his house; then the juniper-tree saw what was going on, and said that she would give the little bird his dinner all the winter, from her branches. Juniper berries are very good for little birds. The little bird was very comfortable in his warm nest sheltered from the wind, with juniper berries to eat.

The trees at the edge of the forest remarked upon it to each other: “I wouldn’t take care of a strange bird,” said the birch.