

新竹縣 109 學年度國小組英語文競賽朗讀比賽題目

1. Bruce and the Spider

There was once a king of Scotland whose name was Robert Bruce. He needed to be both brave and wise because the times in which he lived were wild and rude. The King of England was at war with him and had led a great army into Scotland to drive him out of the land.

Battle after battle had been fought. Six times Bruce had led his brave little army against his foes and six times his men had been beaten and driven into flight. At last his army was scattered, and he was forced to hide in the woods and in lonely places among the mountains.

One rainy day, Bruce lay on the ground under a crude shed listening to the patter of the drops on the roof above him. He was tired and unhappy. He was ready to give up all hope. It seemed to him that there was no use for him to try to do anything more.

As he lay thinking, he saw a spider over his head making ready to weave her web. He watched her as she toiled slowly and with great care. Six times she tried to throw her frail thread from one beam to another, and six times it fell short.

“Poor thing,” said Bruce: “you, too, know what it is to fail.”

But the spider did not lose hope with the sixth failure. With still more care, she made ready to try for the seventh time. Bruce almost forgot his own troubles as he watched her swing herself out upon the slender line. Would she fail again? No! The thread was carried safely to the beam and fastened there.

“I, too, will try a seventh time!” cried Bruce.

He arose and called his men together. He told them of his plans and sent them out with messages of cheer to his disheartened people. Soon there was an army of brave Scots around him. Another battle was fought, and the King of England retreated to his own country.

After that day, no one by the name of Bruce would ever hurt a spider. The lesson which the little creature had taught the king never was forgotten.

How a Kite Changed the World

Rain pours from the sky in sheets, thunder crashes all around, and the flash from lightning shines on one brave man battling the storm. Who could this brave man be? None other than our very own Benjamin Franklin.

Benjamin Franklin believed that thunderclouds carried electricity and that lightning was a large flash of electricity. He wondered if electricity could be useful and if it could, how? On that famous night, Benjamin held a kite with a metal rod on top of it. He believed the rod would catch lightning. He tied a metal key to the string of the kite. If the theory was right, the electricity would travel to the key. After a long while, Benjamin was tired and wanted to give up. Suddenly, he noticed that some loose bits of kite string were standing very straight. It was working! He touched the key with the back of his hand and felt a shock. Electricity had passed from the cloud to the kite to the key.

This was not the end of Benjamin's tests of electricity. He turned his house into a laboratory by putting lightning bells in place. The bells rang when lightning was nearby. From his experiments with the lightning bells, Benjamin hoped to show that placing a lightning rod on the roof of a building might save it from damage.

At first, many people were interested in Benjamin's discoveries. But they didn't stay interested for a long time. To most people, watching his tests was like watching a show. With time, people began to pay more attention to ideas about electricity and how it may benefit their lives. Today, every time when we turn on a light, we know that Benjamin's ideas about electricity were right.

Ray and His Kite

Ray was a silly boy. You will think so too when you have read this story. Ray liked to play with the boys at school well enough; but he liked to be alone under the shade of a tree reading fairy tales or daydreaming better. There was one activity that he liked as well as his companions; that was flying a kite.

One day when flying his kite, he said to himself, "I wonder if anybody ever tried to fly a kite at night. It seems to me it would be nice. But then, if it is dark, the kite cannot be seen. What if I should fasten a light to it, though? That would make it show. I'll try it tonight."

As soon as it was dark, without saying a word to anybody, he took his kite and lantern and went to a large, open lot a distance from his home. "Well," thought he, "this is strange. How lonely and still it seems without any other boys around! I am going to fly my kite anyway." So he tied the lantern, which was made of tin punched full of small holes, to the tail of his kite. Then he pitched the kite, and, after several attempts, succeeded in making it rise.

Up it went, higher and higher, as Ray let out the string. When the string was all unwound, he tied it to a fence, and then he stood and gazed at his kite as it floated high up in the air.

While Ray was enjoying his kite, some people who were out on the street in the village saw a strange light in the sky. They gathered in groups to watch it. Now it was still for a few seconds; then it seemed to be jumping up and down; then it made long sweeps back and forth through the air.

"What can it be?" asked one person. "How strange," said another. "It cannot be a comet because comets have tails," said a third. "Perhaps it's a big firefly," said another. At last some of the men decided to find out what this strange light was—whether it was a hobgoblin dancing in the air, or something dropping from the sky. So off they went to get as close to it as they could.

While this was taking place, Ray, who had gotten tired of standing and was sitting on a fence behind a tree could see the men approach, but they did not see him. When they were directly under the light, and saw what it was, they looked at each other and said while laughing, "This is some boy's trick, and it has fooled us nicely. Let us keep the secret and have our share of the joke." Then they laughed again and went back to the village.

Ray packed up his kite and went on home. To this very day it seemed the men had kept their secret and the village still talked about the night with the strange light.

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4.

Sennin the Hermit

In the far-away land of Japan, there was a little village that lay at the foot of a high mountain.

Every day the children went to play on the grassy bank near a pond at one end of the village. They threw stones into the water. They fished and sailed their toy boats. They picked the wild flowers that grew in the fields nearby. They carried with them rice to eat, and, from morning until evening, they played near the pond.

One day, while they were playing, the children were surprised to see an old man with a long, white beard walking toward them. He came from the direction of the mountain.

The children stopped their games to watch the old man. He came into their midst and, patting them gently upon their heads made them his friends.

The children continued their play because they knew that the old man was kind.

The man watched the children, and when it was time for them to go home, he said, "Come to the flat rock on the side of the mountain tomorrow and I will show you some wonderful games."

Then he climbed up the mountain once more and disappeared. The following morning, the children went to the flat rock. They found the old man waiting for them.

"Now, my dear children," he said, "I am going to amuse you. Look here!"

He picked up some dry sticks. He blew at the ends of the sticks, and at once they became sprays of beautiful cherry, plum and peach blossoms. He passed a branch of each of the flowers to the girls.

Then he took a stone and threw it into the air. The stone turned into a dove!

Another stone became an eagle, another a nightingale, or any bird a child chose to name.

“Now,” said the old man, “I will show you some animals that I am sure will make you laugh.”

The children clapped their hands.

He recited some verses and a company of monkeys came leaping upon the rock. The monkeys jumped about, grinning at the same time and performing funny tricks.

The children clapped their hands again.

Then the old man bowed to them and said, “Children, I can play no more games today. It is time for you to go back to the village. Farewell.”

The old man turned to go. He went up the mountain in the direction of a cave. The children tried to follow him, but in spite of his age, he was more nimble than they. They ran far enough, however, to see him enter the cave.

When they reached the entrance, the old man had disappeared and was never seen again.

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5. How the Desert Tortoise Got Its Shell

Desert Tortoise was a small green animal without a shell. He had to hide himself from the heat of his enemy, the Desert Sun.

One day, he picked up a dandelion as his lunch. A Desert Bee swooped in.” What are you doing with the flower?” he buzzed. The tortoise replied,” the Desert Sun has been chasing me all day and I am tired and hungry. This is my lunch. ”

“When someone bothers me, I will use my stinger to sting them.” boasted Desert Bee.

“If you give me the flower, I will give you my sting.” Desert Tortoise was excited and quickly agreed to the trade.

The next day, when the Desert Tortoise waved the sting to the sky, Desert Cactus demanded,” What are you doing with the sting?”

“I will use the sting to fight the Desert Sun, but I don’t know if it will work.” muttered the tortoise.

“Of course it won’t work”, laughed Desert Cactus. “The best way to fight the Desert Sun is with some cactus juice. If you give me the sting, I will give you some juice.” replied Desert Cactus. The tortoise happily agreed.

” What are you doing with the juice?” asked Desert River. “I will fight the sun with the juice,” said Dessert Tortoise. “I have a much better idea,” Desert River said. “I am dry now, but if you pour your juice into my riverbed, it will turn into water. You will be safe from Desert Sun with me.”

The thought of soaking in a river sounded very good to Desert Tortoise. He did as Desert River asked and then jumped into the water. He sunk down to the bottom and cooled himself with wet river mud. The mud began to dry and cracked into a shell that covered the tortoise’s body.

Finally, Desert Tortoise awoke to find himself in a place where he could always hide from the sun! To this very day, the desert tortoise can be found safe inside his shell forever.

改寫自 Reading street / Pearson

Susie and Rover

“Mama,” said Susie Dean one summer’s morning, “may I go to the woods and pick berries?”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Dean, “but you must take Rover with you.” Susie brought her little basket, and her mother packed a nice lunch for her. She tied down the cover and fastened a tin cup to it. The little girl called Rover—a great Newfoundland dog—and gave him a tin pail to carry. “If I bring it home full, mama,” she said, “will you make some berry cakes?”

Away she skipped, singing as she went down the lane and across the pasture. When she got to the woods, she put her lunch basket down beside a tree and began to pick berries. Rover ran about, chasing a squirrel and a rabbit, but never straying far from Susie.

The tin pail was not a very small one. By the time it was two thirds full, Susie began to feel hungry and thought she would eat her lunch. Rover came and took his place at her side as soon as she began to eat. Did she give him some of the lunch? No, she was in a selfish mood and did no such thing.

“There, Rover, run away! There’s a good dog,” she said, but Rover stayed near her, watching her steadily with his clear brown eyes. The meat he wanted so much was soon eaten up, and all he got of the nice lunch was a small crust of gingerbread that Susie threw away.

After lunch, Susie played for a while by the brook. She threw sticks into the water, and Rover swam in and brought them back. Then she began to pick berries again. She enjoyed the afternoon as much as she did the morning. The sunshine was as bright, the berries were as sweet and plentiful and she was neither tired nor hungry.

Good, faithful Rover was hungry and she had not given him even one piece of meat. She tried to forget how selfish she had been, but she could not do so, and quite early she started for home.

When she was nearly out of the woods, a rustling in the underbrush attracted her attention. "I wonder if that is a bird or a squirrel," she said to herself. "If I can catch it, how glad I will be!" She tried to make her way quietly through the underbrush, but she was terrified when she saw a large snake coiled up before her prepared for a spring! She was frightened so much that she could not move, but brave Rover saw the snake, and, springing forward, scared it away. When the faithful dog came and rubbed his head against her hand, Susie put her arms around his neck, and burst into tears. "O Rover," she cried, "you dear, good dog! How sorry I am that I was so selfish!"

Rover understood the tone of her voice, although he did not understand her words, and ran about happily, barking all the time. You can be sure that he had a big supper that evening. Susie never forgot the lesson of that day. She soon learned to be on her guard against a selfish spirit and became a happier and more lovable little girl.

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