大道國中 114 學年度英語朗讀比賽七年級篇目 1

The Ice Cream Touch

Tommy loved ice cream. He ate ice cream every day. He couldn't bear to live without ice cream. One day, Tommy met a vanilla ice cream-colored rabbit in the woods. "I have magic power. I can give you one wish," said the rabbit. "Really? May I?" Tommy was surprised. "Yes," said the rabbit. "I wish everything I touch would be ice cream," Tommy said. "Good. This is a magic pill. After you eat it, your wish will come true," said the rabbit.

The next morning, Tommy took the pill. He wondered what would happen next. He touched his red pillow. It became ice cream. He took a bite and found it was delicious! Tommy was very excited. He touched all the things in his room. Now he had an ice cream bed, an ice cream quilt, and an ice cream desk. "The magic is real!" he shouted. He touched his white pants and red shirts. They became ice cream!

Now Tommy was a little upset. He couldn't get dressed. He started to cry. Guess what? They were ice cream tears. Then Tommy heard a sound. It was Mimi, his pure white little cat. Mimi was Tommy's best friend. Tommy cuddled his cat. "Oh, no!" His best friend also became ice cream. At that moment, the vanilla ice cream-colored rabbit showed up. The rabbit looked at all the ice cream and asked, "What happened? You look so sad," Tommy cried louder. "Please help me. I don't want any ice cream! I just want my cat back!" "Well, OK," said the rabbit, "Now I will give you another wish. Touch things with your right hand and they will return to their original form." Tommy stopped crying. He touched Mimi with his right hand. Mimi was pure white again and leaned against him. Tommy was so happy! Then he touched all his things. Very soon, there was no more ice cream. Now Tommy still loved ice cream. He still ate ice cream every day, but he made a wish in his heart: "I wish I never see that vanilla ice cream-colored rabbit ever again!"

The Clever Crow

Once upon a time there lived a crow. She had built her nest on a tree. At the root of the same tree, a snake had built its home.Whenever the crow laid eggs, the snake would eat them up. The crow felt helpless. “That evil snake. I must do something. Let me go and talk to him," thought the crow.

The next morning, the crow went to the snake and said politely, “Please spare my eggs, dear friend. Let us live like good neighbors and not disturb each other."

“Huh! You cannot expect me to go hungry. Eggs are what I eat," replied the snake, in a nasty tone.

The crow felt angry and she thought, “I must teach that snake a lesson."

The very next day, the crow was flying over the King’s palace. She saw the Princess wearing an expensive necklace. Suddenly a thought flashed in her mind and she swooped down, picked up the necklace in her beak and flew off to her nest.

When the Princess saw the crow flying off with her necklace, she screamed, “Somebody help, the crow has taken my necklace."

Soon the palace guards were running around in search of the necklace. Within a short time the guards found the crow. She still sat with the necklace hanging from her beak.

The clever crow thought, “Now is the time to act." And she dropped the necklace, which fell right into the snake’s pit of house.When the snake heard the noise, it came out of its pit of house. The palace guards saw the snake. “A snake! Kill it!" they shouted. With big sticks, they beat the snake and killed it.

Then the guards took the necklace and went back to the princess. The crow was happy, “Now my eggs will be safe," she thought and led a happy and peaceful life.

The Old Lady and Her Dog

Mrs. Gibson was 82 years old. Her son owned an airline company. One day, she went to the airport to take a plane from Australia to the USA. She brought a flight bag and a pet basket with her little pet dog called “Spotty” inside. The flight that day was very crowded. Mrs. Ginson sat down on a window seat and put her dog basket down on the seat next to her.

A flight attendant said to her, “ I am very sorry, madam, but this flight is fully booked. I am afraid to take your dog to the back of the plane for the journey." The old lady didn’ t argue and gave the basket to the flight attendant.

After an hour in the air, the flight attendant checked on the little dog. She was horrified to see that the dog was dead at the bottom of the basket. She told the pilot and the pilot told the airport in New York. The company director was furious because Mrs. Gibson was the airline owner’s mother. In the end, they decided to buy a different dog to replace the dead one. The flight attendant took a photo of the dog with her cellphone and sent it to New York to show what it looked like. When the plane landed, Mrs. Gibson got off the plane and the flight attendant brought her the basket with a new dog in it.

Mrs. Gibson looked very quickly into the basket and immediately said, “That’s not my dog. Where’s my dog? What did you do with my little Spotty?”

The flight attendant told Mrs. Gibson, “ Yes, of course, it’s your dog. It has the same spots, the same size—it’s the same dog.”

“No,” said Mrs. Gibson, I know it isn’t.”

“But how do you know? You didn’t look at it for very long.”

“I know,” said Mrs. Gibson, “Because my dog was dead when I put it in the basket.”