

112 學年度

**新竹縣英語朗讀比賽講稿
國中組**

新竹縣英語教學資源中心

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Enemy Pie

It was a perfect summer until Jeremy Ross moved in right next door to my best friend Stanley. I did not like Jeremy. He had a party and I wasn't even invited. But my best friend Stanley was.

I never had an enemy until Jeremy moved into the neighborhood. Dad told me that when he was my age, he had enemies, too. But he knew a way to get rid of them.

Dad pulled a worn-out scrap of paper from a recipe book.

"Enemy Pie," he said, satisfied.

You may be wondering what exactly is in Enemy Pie. Dad said the recipe was so secret, he couldn't even tell me. I begged him to tell me something—anything.

"I will tell you this, Tom," he said to me. "Enemy Pie is the fastest known way to get rid of enemies."

This got me thinking. What kinds of disgusting things would I put into Enemy Pie? I brought Dad earthworms and rocks, but he gave them right back.

I went outside to play. All the while, I listened to the sounds of my dad in the kitchen. This could be a great summer after all.

I tried to imagine how horrible Enemy Pie must smell. But I smelled something really good. As far as I could tell, it was coming from our kitchen. I was confused.

I went inside to ask Dad what was wrong. Enemy Pie shouldn't smell this good. But Dad was smart. "If it smelled bad, your enemy would never eat it," he said. I could tell he'd made this pie before.

The oven buzzer rang. Dad put on oven mitts and pulled out the pie. It looked good enough to eat! I was beginning to understand.

But still, I wasn't sure how this Enemy Pie worked. What exactly did it do to enemies? Maybe it made their hair fall out, or their breath stinky. I asked Dad, but he was no help.

While the pie cooled, Dad filled me in on my job.

He whispered. "In order for it to work, you need to spend a day with your enemy. Even worse, you have to be nice to him. It's not easy. But that's the only way that Enemy Pie can work. Are you sure you want to do this?"

Of course I was.

All I had to do was spend one day with Jeremy, then he'd be out of my life. I rode my bike to his house and knocked on the door.

When Jeremy opened the door, he seemed surprised.

"Can you come out and play?" I asked.

He looked confused. “I’ll go ask my mom,” he said. He came back with his shoes in his hand.

We rode bikes for a while, then ate lunch. After lunch, we went over to my house.

It was strange, but I was having fun with my enemy. I couldn’t tell Dad that, since he had worked so hard to make the pie.

We played games until my dad called us for dinner.

Dad had made my favorite food. It was Jeremy’s favorite, too! Maybe Jeremy wasn’t so bad after all. I was beginning to think that maybe we should forget about Enemy Pie.

“Dad”, I said, “It sure is nice having a new friend.” I was trying to tell him that Jeremy was no longer my enemy. But Dad only smiled and nodded. I think he thought I was just pretending.

But after dinner, Dad brought out the pie. He dished up three plates and passed one to me and one to Jeremy.

“Wow!” Jeremy said, looking at the pie.

I panicked. I didn’t want Jeremy to eat Enemy Pie! He was my friend!

“Don’t eat it!” I cried. “It’s bad!”

Jeremy’s fork stopped before reaching his mouth. He looked at me funny. I felt relieved. I had saved his life.

“If it’s so bad,” Jeremy asked, “then why has your dad already eaten half of it?”

Sure enough, Dad was eating Enemy Pie.

“Good stuff,” Dad mumbled. I sat there watching them eat. Neither one of them was losing any hair! It seemed safe, so I took a tiny taste. It was delicious!

After dessert, Jeremy invited me to come over to his house the next morning.

As for Enemy Pie, I still don’t know how to make it. I still wonder if enemies really do hate it or if their hair falls out or their breath turns bad. But I don’t know if I’ll ever get an answer, because I just lost my best enemy.

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編號 2

Puss in Boots

“A cat!? That’s all my father left me? A cat?” thought the youngest of the three brothers. “He gave my eldest brother a mill and my other brother a donkey. But I deserve a cat, I guess.” He was miserable. What an odd decision his father had made before he died. “My brothers can work together with the mill and the donkey. They can earn honest money and make a good living out of it. But what about me? I can’t even eat the cat...” he wept. The cat jumped upon his shoulder, coughed as if he wanted to say something, and then he actually spoke with a human voice.

“Master, excuse me for interrupting your thoughts, but you seem worried and since I belong to you now, I would like to make an oath to make you happy and rich,” the cat said. “I can somehow understand what you’re saying,” said the miller’s son, after coming to terms with the fact that the cat his father had left him could talk. “But how on earth could you possibly help me?” he asked.

“Please, my lord, try not to think too hard, but quickly find me a pair of boots and a bag of some sort. These are the only two things I will ever ask from you. In return I will arrange it so that you will marry the young princess of the kingdom.”

The boy didn’t quite believe this promise. But he had no other choice, and soon he handed the cat a small pair of boots and a bag. The cat jumped into the boots, pulled them up and in one elegant move threw the bag over his

shoulder. He went into the woods. There he laid the bag on the ground and covered it with leaves. Soon a young rabbit stepped right onto the bag. The cat didn't wait. He drew the laces and went straight to the palace. The king's guards didn't even bother to stop him - they were so shocked when they saw a cat in boots! The visitor entered the throne room. "This is a gift from my noble and handsome master - Marquis Carabas!" the cat said, and took out the frightened rabbit. "Thank the Marquis and tell him I really like it!" the King answered. The young princess, who was sitting next to her father, suddenly cheered up.

A week passed and the cat took his bag again. This time he left the bag open in the middle of a cornfield and left handful of grains to lure birds. In an instant two ducks ran to it and again he drew the laces. The king was again very pleased with the gift. This continued for a few months and every time the cat would bring a different animal to His Majesty. One day the cunning cat decided to put the next part of his plan into action, because he knew for sure that at noon the king's coach would pass by the river close to their house. The cat took his master to the river and said to him in a low voice, "I know I told you that I would never ask anything else from you, but I am now asking you to trust me one more time and take off your clothes.

"What? Now? There is no chance I'll do that", the cat's master said. "Please? You must trust me nothing bad will happen." Marquis Carabas took his clothes off and went into the river. As he did so, the clatter of horses' hooves broke the silence and the cat started shouting, "Help! Help!

Marquis Carabas was robbed and left with no clothes!” The coach pulled over and the King’s head stuck out of the window.

“Good day, your majesty! I am glad to finally present you my master - the Marquis himself,” the cat said and pointed towards the man in the water. “Unfortunately, thieves took my lord’s clothes and horse and he is in this delicate situation now.” The king immediately ordered a new set of clothes to be given to the Marquis and welcomed him to join their royal river drive. Stepping into the coach, Marquis Carabas set his eyes onto the princess. She blushed at once, because he was very handsome indeed, just as the cat had once described him.

The cat itself was busy. He was running ahead as fast as he could until he reached some countrymen who were working in a meadow. “Hello, good people! The King is coming your way and if he asks you whose meadow this is, you should tell him it belongs to Marquis Carabas. If you don’t say that, you will be turned into minced meat.” The King asked the workers whose meadow it was. They hurried to answer that it belonged to Marquis Carabas. Still running ahead the cat came upon some reapers and said again: “Hello, good people! The King is coming your way and if he asks you whose cornfield it is, you should tell him it belongs to Marquis Carabas. If you don’t say that, you will be turned into minced meat”. The king stopped again. “Who does the land you’re working on belong to?” the king asked hoping to receive the same answer as before. The people confirmed it belonged to Marquis Carabas. The king looked pleased and the princess was fascinated.

At last the cat arrived at a castle, ruled by an ogre. “Who are you and what are you doing in my castle”, the ogre asked in a fearsome voice. “I came to tell you that the King is coming this way and if he asks whose the castle is, you should tell him that...”, But the cat couldn’t finish his words, because the ogre was growling. “Who do you think you are ordering me what to say?” he said and all of a sudden he turned into a lion. The cat turned to himself and laughed at the lion. “Ha, that was fun, but I have already heard of this trick of yours. It’s easy to turn into something your size but try to fit into a small animal’s body, like a squirrel, or ... a mouse. It’s impossible!” said the cat distrustfully. “Impossible?! Impossible?! Watch this!” the ogre answered.

The next moment a little mouse was squeaking at the cat’s feet. The cat had been waiting for that and at once pounced on the mouse and killed it. Meanwhile the king arrived at the castle. His curiosity made him want to visit it. At the gates he was met by the cat. “Welcome to the castle of Marquis Carabas!” The King entered the castle followed by his daughter and the Marquis.

The King was charmed by what he saw and told the Marquis that he would be glad if his daughter married such a fine young man. The Marquis thanked the King for the honor and knelt before the princess. They married and lived happily ever after. And the cat became a noble lord, who even started wearing gloves and who chased mice only for fun.

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Sometimes the Subway Is Like a Zoo

Roberta waited for the subway doors to open. It was hot, and she was tired. The train was crowded. She was ready to leave. As the conductor applied the brakes and the wheels squealed to a stop, Roberta noticed that the man to her left was also getting ready to leave. Just before the doors opened, they both leaned forward to exit at the same time. But the train was so crowded that there was room for only one person at a time to step out onto the platform.

The bell went *ding* and the doors slid open. “I’m not in such a rush that I have to race people,” Roberta thought to herself. “Everyone on the subway is always so pushy. And I don’t like pushy people. I’ll be one of the very few nice, polite subway riders.” So she paused to let the man leave first.

But the man didn’t move. He didn’t take a step. He didn’t leave. It seemed he was being polite, too! They both stood there for a second, leaning without walking. Roberta looked over to him. Usually, when two people are both being polite, they look at each other, and one of them makes a hand gesture, as if to say, “No, *you* go, I insist.”

That wasn’t happening. The man wasn’t looking over at her at all. How strange. But he wasn’t a strange man. In fact, he looked like a polite man. He had a well-groomed mustache, and he was wearing a long-sleeved button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up and a tie with

little ice-skating penguins on it. *How cute*, thought Roberta, *I love penguins*.

An image came to Roberta's mind of the penguins she had seen at the zoo. Roberta didn't like the zoo similar to the reason she didn't like the subway: the zoo animals can't leave. The penguins couldn't leave the zoo, and Roberta couldn't leave the subway.

Then she remembered—she *could* leave the subway! If this man wanted to keep being polite, that was fine; she was going out to get herself some fresh air. She lifted a foot—the very important first step to taking a step—but before she could put it back down, the man started to leave! All of a sudden! Now that Roberta wanted to leave, he did also!

That wasn't it, though. Roberta watched the man stagger and stumble. He fell to the ground as he moved toward the door. He hadn't tripped. He had just collapsed. He fell on the metal armrest of the bench. Then he was on his knees, with his head in his arms. He was unconscious.

He hadn't been ignoring her. He wasn't even being polite. Or rude. Maybe he was sick, or overheated, or hadn't had enough to drink that day. Maybe he had a medical condition.

People rushed over to help him. The man woke up and then looked around with wide open eyes, like he didn't know where he was, or who he was. Someone gave him water. They sat him down. Roberta wanted to help, but this was her stop, and there were so many people around him already. It looked like it was going to be okay, she hoped.

Roberta stepped onto the outdoor platform. The breeze on her skin was the best thing she had felt all day. The sun was getting lower in the sky, and soon it would be cool. In an hour or two the heat would die down, and she would be out on her stoop with her friends. The last thing she saw as the train pulled away was the man lifting his head and opening his eyes.

文章出處：<https://www.readworks.org/article/Sometimes-the-Subway-Is-Like-a-Zoo/158c819d-2c6a-4236-9d60-f4b243e043bf#!articleTab:content/>

The Bremen Town Musicians

Once upon a time there was a donkey, who lived on a farm with his master. One day he got fed up with working on the farm and decided to leave his master. He set off for the nearby town of Bremen. On his way the donkey met a dog, who had also left his home and master. “Will you come with me to Bremen?” asked the donkey. “Let’s become musicians in the town orchestra. You can play the drums and I will play the cello.” The dog agreed and they continued on their way together.

A bit further on they met a cat and invited him to go with them to Bremen and join the town orchestra as a violinist. The cat meowed in agreement and the three animals hurried on to Bremen. As they were passing by a castle, the three saw a cockerel, crossing as loudly as he could, so they asked him why he was singing so loudly. “They are going to cook me and eat me tomorrow,” he said, “so I’m saying goodbye to life.” But the donkey said, “Don’t be silly! Come with us! You have a lovely voice and you could become a singer in the Bremen orchestra. That is where we are going.” The cockerel, who really didn’t want to be cooked, jumped on the donkey’s back and the four continued on their way.

The sun had started to go down and the four friends were looking for shelter for the night. They came across a house which was being burgled. The donkey looked through the window and saw a table, which had been

generously laid with food and drinks. Since the four friends were very hungry, they decided to drive the burglars away.

The dog climbed on the donkey's back, the cat stood on the dog's head and the rooster perched on the cat's back. They started their concert on three: "Heee-haw!" brayed the donkey, "Woof-woof!" barked the dog, "Meooooowww!" said the cat and "Cock-a-doodle doo!" crowed the cockerel.

At all the noise the burglars started shouting in fear, "Help! Ghosts are coming to get us!" The men ran out of the door as fast as they could. They wanted to leave the house that very second, thinking that the house was haunted by millions of terrifying ghosts.

The four friends made sure that the burglars had run a long way away and then went into the house. They sat down for dinner, ate, drank and were merry. Full from the delicious meal, they looked for a place to sleep and turned off the lights. The dog curled up behind the door, the cat snuggled in by the fireplace, the rooster perched on the back of a chair and the donkey settled in on one of the kitchen nooks. They soon fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile, the burglars gathered and the ringleader decided to send one of them to check whether the ghosts were still in the house as it was dark. The man who was sent approached the house quietly, shaking with fear. He reached the door and stood to listen.

Since there was no noise, he went into the kitchen. He wanted to light a fire. So, thinking the cat's glowing eyes were burning coals, he held a candle next to them, hoping it would catch light. The cat jumped on his face and started scratching him. In panic, he stepped back, stepping on the dog, who bit the man's leg fiercely. The man couldn't see anything and began to run around in the dark in a blind panic. He was kicked by the donkey. Then the cockerel crowed and started flying around. The burglar ran to the ringleader and said "It's not just ghosts! Now there are witches in the house! Some of them scratch, others bite, others kick... It would be better for us if we moved somewhere else." When the rest of the burglars heard him, they left the place as fast as they could. So the house was left to the four good friends, who gave up their decision to become musicians and instead lived in the house for the rest of their days.

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The Tin Soldier

“Tin soldiers!” exclaimed a little boy, who had just been given his birthday present. He opened the box. Twenty-five tin soldiers were lying as still as the lead they were made of. The boy clapped his hands together in glee and started arranging the tin brothers on the table. Twenty-four of the soldiers looked exactly the same, but the last one, the twenty-fifth, was missing a leg, because there hadn’t been enough lead to finish it. This last soldier stood just like his brothers all day and all night long. The only difference was that he only had one leg.

Night came and the tin soldier could finally take a look at the other toys. They were carefully organized and each had its own place. His eyes fell on to a paper ballerina, who was also standing on one leg. The other was elegantly stretched up nearly to her head. The tin soldier couldn’t see the second leg and thought she was just like him with only one leg. He fell in love with the little dancer, whose top was covered with tiny stones, which flickered magically in the moonlight.

“Hey, you there! You on the left!” yelled a green-haired troll from across the room. The tin soldier couldn’t understand who he was addressing, but the troll spoke again, “Take your eyes off the ballerina right now! Haven’t you seen a ballerina before? Don’t you even think of getting any closer to her by tomorrow when the boy plays with us.” But the tin soldier didn’t pay any attention to what the troll was saying.

The next day the boy started playing with the toys and for a moment the tin soldier was so close to the ballerina that he thought he would have the chance to introduce himself. But the next moment the boy put him on the window to guard it, as it happened to be one of the main gates of the city. No one knows whether it was the wind or the troll who pushed the tin soldier out of the window, but what he knew was that he had fallen onto the street from the third floor and he couldn't move or ask for help. "A soldier in a uniform cannot ask for help," he thought.

Not long after, the tin soldier saw two boys. The boys also saw him and decided that a soldier like him couldn't be left upside down in the street. They made him a paper boat and set him sailing in the gutter. The boat sailed past streets and houses that the tin soldier had never seen. Then it was sucked into the storm drains with the tin soldier clinging on inside it. Just as he thought that nothing worse could happen to him, a huge rat appeared.

"Pay me a toll to get through!" the rat shouted at him, but the water was faster than the rat, and the soldier whizzed past. He sailed on, but his ship disintegrated in the water. The tin soldier kept on travelling without his boat. Later he would realize that he didn't need it anyway, because the water from the channel flowed into a river. At the same time, a fish was quietly swimming down the river, minding his own business. He noticed the tin soldier and gulped him up at once. This was when the tin soldier started losing his hope of ever seeing the ballerina again.

Luckily it was the season for fishing and fishermen were waiting around every bend. One of them caught the fish which had the tin soldier in its tummy and went to the market to sell it. When they opened the belly of the fish, the tin soldier found himself in the house he had fallen out of! After he was carefully washed, he once again stood happily on the table top in front of the ballerina.

Unfortunately, his happiness lasted no longer than a few seconds. The boy was angry at the tin soldier because he thought that the soldier had deserted his post and so he took the tin soldier and sent him right into the fire. Just as the soldier had started to feel the heat from the fire, fresh air rushed into the room and the ballerina was blown into the fire with him.

The tin soldier man was happy to see her again, even though it was a short glance. After that, only her sequins were left to shimmer. The tin soldier followed her and melted in the heat, looking at the glittering sequins. The next morning the maid took the ashes out of the stove and found a small tin heart in the ashes.

文章出處: englishworksheets.com

Winter's Embrace

Once in a small town nestled between snow-covered hills, lived a curious boy named Tim. Winter had draped the town in a blanket of white, and everyone was doing their best to stay warm. However, a mysterious figure known as "The Coal Thief" had been causing a stir, sneaking around and stealing precious coal from people's yards.

Tim, always eager for adventure, decided to investigate. Late one chilly evening, he bundled up in layers of warm clothing and set out to catch The Coal Thief in the act. As Tim roamed the quiet streets, he noticed a flicker of movement near Mr. Johnson's house, the town's oldest resident.

Hiding behind a snow-covered bush, Tim observed a small creature with big, expressive eyes carefully taking pieces of coal from Mr. Johnson's pile. It wasn't a thief; it was a shivering, little raccoon trying to keep warm. Tim's heart softened as he realized the furry culprit was just seeking a bit of heat for itself and its family.

Determined to help, Tim gathered some extra coal and built a cozy shelter for the raccoon near Mr. Johnson's yard. The next morning, the townsfolk discovered Tim's thoughtful act and learned about the misunderstood Coal Thief. Instead of anger, a wave of empathy and kindness swept through the town.

Tim's act of compassion not only warmed the hearts of the townspeople but also inspired everyone to look out for one another during the cold winter months. The town, once divided by suspicion, now thrived on the warmth of shared understanding and community spirit.

And so, in that snowy town, The Coal Thief transformed from a mysterious troublemaker into a symbol of unity and compassion, all thanks to a young boy named Tim and his act of kindness.

The townspeople, inspired by Tim's compassion, organized a community effort to help those struggling in the harsh winter. They started a "Warm Hearts" initiative, where neighbors shared firewood, blankets, and winter essentials with those in need. The little raccoon, now affectionately named "Cinder," became the town's mascot for unity and understanding. Tim's act of kindness rippled through the community, fostering connections and turning the town into a haven of warmth and support. As winter continued, the town's spirit flourished, proving that sometimes the true heart of a community lies in the simple acts of compassion that bind its residents together.

With each passing day, the townspeople discovered the joy of lending a helping hand and the beauty of coming together in times of need. The Winter Festival, conceived from Tim's generous spirit, became an annual celebration cherished by all. Cinder, the once-feared Coal Thief, joined the festivities, a living testament to the transformative power of empathy. The town that was once overshadowed by suspicion had evolved into a

close-knit community where kindness prevailed, creating a legacy that warmed hearts for generations to come.

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