

111 學年度英語朗讀比賽 附件一

- 一年級組文章（二選一）

The Hospital Window

A young man and an old man shared a hospital room. The young man was recovering well from eye surgery, but the old man was still quite ill. The two men talked for hours every day, and they became good friends.

Every morning, a nurse would bring them breakfast and open the window of the room. The young man always turned away from the window sadly because he couldn't see anything. The old man realized this, so he would try to describe all the things outside the window to his friend.

"It's a lovely day today. Young couples are walking arm in arm around the lake. Some ducks and swans are swimming on the water. The kids are playing with their model boats. They're jumping up and down with joy. You'll get to see those beautiful things very soon," the old man encouraged him.

Days and weeks passed. Finally, the young man was able to remove his bandage and see the world again. Before the nurse wheeled him out of the room, he turned around and said to the old man, "I will be right back. Let's enjoy the view together!" The old man gave him a smile.

When the young man returned, he was shocked because the old man was not there. He passed away during his nap. The young man walked over to the old man's bed and looked out the window. Surprisingly, he saw nothing but a wall. "The old man couldn't even see this wall," the nurse said. "He was blind." Tears fell from the young man's eyes. "Thank you," he whispered.

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A Dog's Life

My name is Lucky, but I haven't always been lucky. When I was born, I had four brothers and sisters. They were all quickly sold, but not me. Unfortunately, I was lame in one leg. My owner couldn't sell me, so he abandoned me on the street. I was just a few weeks old, and life was very harsh. Other stray dogs and cats bullied me. I survived because I learned to defend myself and ate everything I could find. Like all the others, though, I feared the dog catchers. An old dog told me, "If you see them, run away fast."

One day, I couldn't run fast enough, and I got taken to a dog shelter. I was so terrified that I trembled with fear. Life on the streets was bad, but life in the shelter was a nightmare. Dogs were kept in small cages and given little food and water. Many of them suffered from skin diseases and other health problems. The shelter killed strays that nobody came for soon. My life would quickly be over in there. I couldn't stop thinking about it.

Just before I was due to die, my luck changed for the better. Lottie, who was a young girl, came to the shelter. She didn't care about my disability. She adopted me and gave me my current name. Now, I have a warm and caring home. Lottie feeds me, washes me, and remembers to take me for a walk every day. Although I can still remember the horror of my life as a stray, I am so happy to be with her.