

臺中市 104 學年度國民小學英語朗讀比賽--篇目文章

1. Harry The Dirty Dog —By Gene Zion

Harry was a white dog with black spots who liked everything, except... getting a bath. So, one day, when he heard the water running in the tub, he took the scrubbing brush...and buried it in the backyard. Then he ran away from home. He played where they were fixing the street and got dirty. He played at the railroad and got even dirtier. He played tag with other dogs and kept getting dirtier. He slid down a coal chute and got the dirtiest of all. In fact, he changed from a white dog with black spots to black dog with white spots.

Although there were many other things to do, Harry began to wonder if his family thought that he had really run away. He felt tired and hungry too, so without stopping on the way he ran back home. When Harry got to his house, he crawled through the fence and sat at the back door. One of the family looked out and said, "There's a strange dog in the backyard...By the way, has anyone seen Harry?"

When Harry heard this, he tried very hard to show them he was Harry. He started to do all his old, clever tricks. He flip-flopped and he flop-flipped. He rolled over and played dead. He danced and he sang. He did these tricks over and over again, but everyone shook their heads and said, "Oh no, it couldn't be Harry."

Harry gave up and walked slowly toward the gate, but suddenly he stopped. He ran to a corner of the garden and started to dig furiously. He'd found the scrubbing brush! Carrying it in his mouth, he ran into the house.

Up the stairs he dashed, with the family following close behind. He jumped into the bathtub and sat up begging, with the scrubbing brush in his mouth, a trick he certainly had never done before. "This little doggy wants a bath!" cried the little girl, and her father said, "Why don't you and your brother give him one?" Harry's bath was the soapiest one he'd ever had. It worked like magic.

As soon as the children started to scrub, they began shouting, "Mommy! Daddy! Look, look! Come quick! It's Harry! It's... It's Harry!" Harry wagged his tail and was very, very happy. His family combed and brushed him lovingly, and he became once again a white dog with black spots.

It was wonderful to be home. After dinner, Harry fell asleep in his favorite place, happily dreaming of how much fun it had been getting dirty. He slept so soundly, he didn't even feel the scrubbing brush he'd hidden under his pillow.

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2. Little Pea—By Amy Rosenthal

This is the story of Little Pea, Mama Pea, and Papa Pea. Little Pea was a happy little guy. He liked to do a lot of things. He liked rolling down hills and he liked hanging out with his pea pals. He liked it when Papa Pea would fling him off a spoon high into the air, and Little Pea would scream, “Again! Again!”

At bed time Little Pea liked snuggling and hearing stories with Mama Pea. But there was one thing that Little Pea did not like. He didn’t like candy. They ate candy for dinner every night.

Monday: Red Candy.

Tuesday: Orange Candy.

Wednesday: Yellow Candy.

Thursday: Purple and pink polka-dotted Candy.

Friday: Striped Candy.

Saturday: Swirly Candy.

Sunday: Rainbow Candy.

Little Pea hated all of it. “If you want to grow up to be a big, strong pea, you have to eat your candy,” Papa Pea would say. “If you finish your five pieces of candy then you can have dessert,” Momma Pea said. “Five pieces?” he whined. “Five pieces,” they chimed.

“One. Yuck.”

“Two. Blech.”

“Three. Plck.”

“Four. Pleh.”

“Five pieces of candy! Now can I have dessert?” “Yes! Now you can have dessert,” said Mama Pea and Papa Pea. Little Pea couldn’t wait to see what it was. “Spinach!” squealed Little Pea.

“My favorite!” Little Pea licked his dessert plate clean. And they lived hap-pea-ly ever after.

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3. I Have to Go—By Robert Munsch

One day Andrew's mother and father were taking him to see his grandma and grandpa. Before they put him in the car his mother said, "Andrew, do you have to go pee?" Andrew said, "No, no, no, no." His father said, very slowly and clearly, "Andrew, do you have to go pee?" "No!" said Andrew. "I have decided never to go pee again."

So they put Andrew into the car, fastened his seatbelt and gave him lots of books, and lots of toys, and lots of crayons, and drove down the road-VAROOOMMM. They had been driving for just one minute when Andrew yelled, "I HAVE TO GO PEE!"

"YIKES," said the father.

"OH NO," said the mother.

Then the father said, "Now Andrew, wait just five minutes. In five minutes we will come to a gas station where you can go pee." Andrew said, "I have to go pee RIGHT NOW!" So the mother stopped the car---SCREEEECH. Andrew jumped out of the car and peed behind a bush.

When they got to Grandma's and Grandpa's house, Andrew wanted to go out to play. It was snowing, and he needed a snowsuit. Before Andrew put on the snowsuit, the mother, the father, the grandma and the grandpa all said, "ANDREW! DO YOU HAVE TO GO PEE?"

Andrew said, "No, no, no."

So they help Andrew to put on his snowsuit. It has five zippers, 10 buckles and 17 snaps. It took them half an hour to get the snowsuit on. Andrew walked out into the backyard, threw one snowball and yelled, "I HAVE TO GO PEE."

They all ran outside, got Andrew out of the snowsuit and carried him to the bathroom. When Andrew came back down they had a nice long dinner. Then it was time for Andrew to go to bed.

Before they put Andrew into bed, the mother, the father, the grandma and the grandpa all said, "ANDREW! DO YOU HAVE TO GO PEE?" Andrew said, "No, no, no, no." So they all gave him a kiss.

"Just wait," said the mother, "he's going to yell and say he has to go pee." "Oh," said the father, "he does it every night. It's driving me crazy." The grandmother said, "I never had these problems with my children."

They waited for 5 minutes, 10 minutes, 15 minutes, 20 minutes. The father said, "I think he is asleep." Then the mother said, "Yes, I think he is asleep." Then the grandmother said, "He is definitely asleep since he didn't yell and say he had to go pee."

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4. Yelly Kelly—By Nancy Sweetland

All boys have to yell sometimes. Anybody knows that. Like if you get stung by a bee, or you hit your thumb with a hammer or some meanie tries to take your sack of marbles.

But Kelly yelled all the time, not just for important things. He yelled when he could only find one shoe. He yelled when the cereal he liked best was gone. And he yelled when his mother washed his face.

Sometimes he yelled “Mom!” Sometimes he yelled “HELP!” But mostly he just yelled NOISE. “Kelly,” said his mother, “someday you are going to yell TOO MUCH.” But he didn’t care. Yelling was fun and it made him feel good.

One day nothing went right for Kelly. First, he fell out of bed. That made him mad, and he yelled. When he got dressed, his shirt got all tangled up, and he got his arm caught in the neck hole, along with his neck. What did he do? He yelled.

His tennis shoe had a knot in the string, too, and he yelled about that. It wasn’t a hard knot. He could have fixed it himself, but mother did it. “Kelly,” she said. “I’ll help you. Just don’t yell.”

At the breakfast table, Kelly’s father said, “Good morning, Kelly.” His big brother said, “Good morning, Yelly Kelly.” His baby sister, who couldn’t talk at all, hunched up her shoulders and pulled down her neck like a turtle, and giggled.

This made Kelly very mad, more mad than knots in his shoestring, and he yelled at everybody, “Leave me alone!” and he ran outside.

“I think,” said father, “today is the day to teach Kelly a lesson about all this noise. No matter what, don’t answer when he yells.” “That’s a good idea.” said mother. Baby sister just pulled down her neck like a turtle and giggled.

Just then there was a terrible yell from the backyard. Mother looked at father. Father shook his head. “Remember what I said.” Kelly’s yelling grew louder.

“Help! HELP!” Kelly had gone over the fence to catch a butterfly, and instead of climbing back over, he tried to crawl through a hole under the fence. There he was, his legs outside and his head and arms inside, and there he was stuck and nobody came to help Kelly.

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5. Go Back To Bed—By Ginger Guy

“Sleep tight,” said Daddy. “Sweet dreams,” Mama said. But Edwin Dupree frowned and pleaded instead. “Can’t I stay up? Just a little bit more?”

“No, Edwin,” said Mama, closing the door. Edwin tossed and turned and thrashed about.

“There’s something going on, and I’m missing out.” Just then something rumbled. Edwin sat up in bed. “I can’t fall asleep. I’m too hungry,” he said. His nose twitched, he sniffed “What’s that smell? What’s cooking downstairs? Something sweet, I can tell.”

So Edwin crept down, so silent, so slow, tiptoeing softly - and wouldn’t you know? Strawberry cream puffs, tart, and pies, cakes and cookies and chocolate surprise! “This cake tastes delicious. This pudding’s just right! Let’s eat sugar cookies and stay up all night!”

“Go back to bed, Edwin. Lie quiet, lie still. You’ll sleep better now that you’ve eaten your fill.” Dragging his feet, Edwin trudged back to bed. “I’d much rather eat. I’m not tired,” he said.

Under the covers, he lay wide awake. “I can’t wait till morning. How long will it take?” He pulled off his blanket and sat up in bed. “I can’t fall asleep. It’s too stuffy,” he said.

From somewhere downstairs came a cool, gentle breeze. “I’m roasting up here. I’d much rather freeze.” So Edwin crept down, so silent, so slow, tiptoeing softly - and wouldn’t you know? An igloo, a walrus, mountains of snow.

Bobsledding penguins lined up in a row! “Look!” Edwin shouted. “The living room’s white! Let’s build a big snowman and stay up all night!”

“Go back to bed, Edwin! It would be best to open the window so that you can rest.” Sliding his feet, Edwin slipped back to bed.