

桃園市106年英語比賽國小朗讀文章

第一篇

Nest Rescue

Dumbo was out with his friend Timothy Mouse when he saw smoke coming out of a cottage window. “Goodness me!” he cried. “It must be on fire!”

He rushed to the window and saw an old lady kneeling by the fire. Smoke was billowing out of the chimney. “Drat it!” muttered the old lady. “Why won’t this fire burn? My sticks are nice and dry but there’s no draft.”

Timothy **Mouse** hopped in through the window, scuttled across the floor and stared up the chimney. There was no daylight to be seen at the top—and a piece of twig fell down and hit him on the nose!

Timothy scuttled back to his friend, Dumbo. “I think there’s something on the chimney,” he said, rubbing his nose. “Something twiggy.”

“Twiggy...” mused Dumbo. “Aha!” With Timothy on his back, he flew up to the rooftop and found a large, untidy nest piled on top of the chimney, with a bird sitting on it.

“Help!” squawked the bird, scared at the sight of Dumbo.

“You do need help,” said Dumbo. “Your nest has a fire under it!”

“What?” shrieked the bird. “Oh, no! My eggs will be fried!”

“Slide your nest on to my back,” said Dumbo.

“Timothy will help you. Then we’ll carry your eggs to a safe place.”

The mother bird flew beside Dumbo, and they put the nest in a hollow tree where she settled down gratefully.

The old lady was grateful too, because with the nest gone, her fire burned beautifully!

Story a Day for every day of the Year
Walt Disney Productions

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第二篇

Frocks and Flowers

One day, Princess Aurora was out for a walk with two of her fairy godmothers, Flora and Fauna. Merryweather, her other godmother, had gone shopping.

Aurora, Flora and Fauna sat down to rest on some springy grass where lots of bluebells grew. Aurora picked one of the blue flowers and gazed at it. “What a beautiful color!” she said. “As blue as a summer sky. And such a pretty shape, too, curving out at the edge. I wish I could wear a bluebell as a dress!”

“Do you really?” asked Flora.

“Really and truly?” added Fauna.

Aurora nodded. “Really and truly,” she said. And—zing! There she was, in a bluebell dress with real petals. “Oh, darling godmothers!” she cried. “Thank you so much!”

She danced all the way home in her bluebell dress—but by the time they arrived her petals were beginning to wilt, and the lovely azure blue was fading to blotchy gray.

When Merryweather came back from shopping, Princess Aurora was in tears. Merryweather knew why. “Don’t cry, my dear,” she said. “Look what I’ve bought you.” And from out of her basket she drew a length of azure blue fabric, as light as bluebell petals and as strong as spider silk.

“I’ll make you a dress,” she said. And—ping! Aurora was wearing a new and lovelier bluebell dress.

“That’s better,” said Merryweather. “Only plants can wear flowers.”

“Yes,” agreed Aurora. “But how did you know I wanted a bluebell dress?”

Merryweather smiled. “Magic, of course,” she said.

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第三篇

The Painters

Daisy Duck's nieces, April, May and June, were very naughty one day. They found Auntie Daisy's make-up bag open on the dressing table and picked up her stick of mascara.

"I know how Auntie Daisy does her eyelashes," said April.

"And eye shadow," said May.

"Like this!" said June.

And in no time those naughty girls were busy painting their eyelashes black and their eyelids blue and their cheeks pink. They stuck on curly false eyelashes and found lots of lipstick in different shades of pink, and tried on all Daisy's wigs. They had a lovely time, but they used far too much of everything and they looked frightful!

Suddenly they heard the front door bang. "Auntie Daisy's come home!" they gasped. "Oh, dear!"

Daisy Duck went straight upstairs to take off her hat, and caught her nieces red-handed—or, rather, red-faced!

"You naughty girls!" she scolded—but she had to laugh at their rainbow colored faces!

"Go and scrub it off," she told them. They found the make-up very hard to get off, and when they came back, pink and shining, Daisy said, "If you like painting, I've got the very job for you. The spare room needs

decorating. You'll find paint and brushes in there. Off you go!"

April, May and June found the big paint brushes very heavy, but at last they finished the room.

"Whew!" gasped April.

"Done at last," sighed May.

But June giggled. "At least," she pointed out, "we won't have to scrub this paint off!"

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