



天道教育

TIANDAO EDU

国际教育高端领先品牌

SAT

阅读真文章

- 一线名师八年教学经验最新成果
- SAT 阅读原著重现, 经典重温续读
- 把握原著写作风格, 能力稳步提高

王一冰 编著

中国人民大学出版社





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王一冰 编著

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选择 SAT，开启美国留学

SAT 俗称“美国高考”，主要考查考生们在中学阶段所学的阅读和写作知识，测验考生是否具备学以致用能力，而这些在大学学习中是至关重要的。因此，SAT 成绩被很多美国大学作为录取参考。SAT 的测试内容包括阅读、数学和写作（包括作文和语法）三项。

为什么 SAT 在留学美国过程中有着如此重要的作用？因为其结构科学，内容丰富。

我们先从整个结构来分析。整个 SAT 考试结构如下：

- (1) 批判性阅读 (Critical Reading)：共 70 分钟，由两个 25 分钟区和一个 20 分钟区组成；
- (2) 数学 (Mathematics)：共 70 分钟，由两个 25 分钟区和一个 20 分钟区组成；
- (3) 写作 (Writing)：由 25 分钟的作文 (Essay) 和 25+10 分钟的语法选择题组成。

每次考试时，各个区的科目顺序会有所调整，而且为了使平均分保持稳定，每次考试都会在第 2 区到第七区之间插入一个科目不定的 25 分钟加试，这个区的题目不计分。

通过这样的测评形式，SAT 成绩相对来说就会准确可靠。

这种测试形式可以实现以下效果。

效果 1：分区测试可以让测试内容更为丰富，可以通过多角度观察考生的实际能力，使得测试结果更能反映考生的实际水平。

效果 2：加试部分使得考试的变数增加了，减少了一些偶然因素的影响。在做完整套题目之前，由于不可在不同区间跳跃，所以谁也不知道哪个区是加试题目，这样，即使遇到了加试题目，考生也必须尽全力完成。

因为需要考生掌握必要的知识，所以整个 SAT 的测试涉及面非常广，并且将语言学习与基础知识相结合。如果要在 SAT 考试中取得好成绩，考生必须具备一定能力。

SAT 考查的能力包括：(1) 高质量的词汇掌握；(2) 扎实的语法功底；(3) 广博的阅读面；(4) 在此基础上延伸的各项能力。

所以本套书从 SAT 的词汇、语法和写作入手，在语法和写作部分强调词汇量的广度和深度，强调语法的实用性，强调对基本写作素材的掌握，由此满足上述四项能力要求。

祝愿各位考生在 SAT 考试中取得满意的成绩！

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12 岁
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前言

SAT 在 2016 年就要改革了，目前在准备 SAT 的同学们似乎对于这次改革并不太在意，因为 2016 年的时候目前的同学们应该已经进入了自己心仪的大学，但是对于我们从事 SAT 培训的老师来讲，眼光一定要放长远些。所以，如何在 2016 年的时候仍然能够有效地帮助同学们去提高，就需要我们去思考。如果在改革前，那些所谓的“考试做题技巧”还能派上点用场的话，改革之后就一定要本着提高阅读能力为目的来准备 SAT 阅读了。

综观目前 SAT 培训市场，阅读方面书籍主要还是以模拟题或者是真题解析为主，完全为了提高阅读能力的书籍很少。而一些书籍虽然也选取了很多文章，旨在帮助同学们通过读文章来提高阅读能力，但是因为文章选得不是很合适，或者跟 SAT 阅读选取文章差别较大，导致很多同学有没有要读的动力。

编写本书的初衷，就是解决文章的可信度问题。既给大家提供可阅读的文章，又保证大家所读的文章都是直接或者间接取自 SAT 阅读同源文章。读者除了通过读这些文章提高阅读能力之外，也可以了解到 SAT 常考文章作者的写作风格和特点。

本书按照小说、人文、社会科学、自然科学分类，和 SAT 文章体裁、主题一致，读者可以根据自己的具体情况，选择阅读和练习自己最薄弱的部分。

每篇文章之后均有对该文章作者或者该文章中出现的人物的背景介绍，还有对于所节选部分的整体结构分析，读者可以在读完文章之后自己先分析结构，之后对照后面结构分析部分的内容，看一看自己的理解有什么不同。结构分析之后还有对所选文章重要单词和长难句的解读。

在此，特别感谢天道公司高层领导的大力支持和各位同事的辛苦付出。我们组织多位有经验的 SAT 阅读老师，根据我们在日常教学过程中对于学生情况的把握，对真题中所涉及的文章进行分析，历时半年多时间，精心选出这 50 余篇文章。本书得以顺利完成，要感谢天道教育高层领导石凌佳和李芷熙的大力支持，教学总监常志诚的悉心指导，以及天道教育的范金迪、王一凯、郭慧、陈明珠、谢向东、向淼等同事的辛勤工作，是他们的辛苦努力使本书能够及时与读者见面。

希望广大读者能够好好利用此书，在培养自己阅读习惯的同时提高自己的阅读成绩。

王一冰

2014 年 6 月于北京

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第 1 章

SAT

小说类

Reading

本文选自 SAT 官方指南第四套题中的短篇小说《喜福会》，所选文章与 SAT 的选文类似，都反映了母女两代人之间的代沟与文化冲突。

THE JOY LUCK CLUB (节选)

My mother never talked about her life in China, but my father said he saved her from a terrible life there, some tragedy she could not speak about. My father proudly named her in her immigration papers: Betty St. Clair, crossing out her given name of Gu Ying-ying. And then he put down the wrong birth year, 1916 instead of 1914. So, with the sweep of a pen, my mother lost her name and became a Dragon instead of a Tiger.

In this picture you can see why my mother looks displaced. She is clutching a large clam-shaped bag, as though someone might steal this from her as well if she is less watchful. She has on an ankle-length Chinese dress with modest vents at the side. And on top she is wearing a Westernized suit jacket, awkwardly stylish on my mother's small body, with its padded shoulders, wide lapels, and oversize cloth buttons. This was my mother's wedding dress, a gift from my father. In this outfit she looks as if she were neither coming from nor going to someplace. Her chin is bent down and you can see the precise part in her hair, a neat white line drawn from above her left brow then over the black horizon of her head.

And even though her head is bowed, humble in defeat, her eyes are staring up past the camera, wide open.

"Why does she look scared?" I asked my father.

And my father explained: It was only because he said "Cheese," and my mother was struggling to keep her eyes open until the flash went off, ten seconds later.

My mother often looked this way, waiting for something to happen, wearing this scared look. Only later she lost the struggle to keep her eyes open.

"Don't look at her," said my mother as we walked through Chinatown in Oakland. She had grabbed my hand and pulled me close to her body. And of course I looked. I saw a woman sitting on the sidewalk, leaning against a building. She was old and young at the same time, with dull eyes as though she had not slept for many years. And her feet and her hands—the tips were as black as if she had dipped them in India ink. But I knew they were rotted.

"What did she do to herself?" I whispered to my mother.

"She met a bad man," said my mother. "She had a baby she didn't want."

And I knew that was not true. I knew my mother made up anything to warn me, to help me avoid some unknown danger. My mother saw danger in everything, even in other Chinese people. Where we lived and shopped, everyone spoke Cantonese or English. My mother was from Wushi, near Shanghai. So she spoke

Mandarin and a little bit of English. My father, who spoke only a few canned Chinese expressions, insisted my mother learn English. So with him, she spoke in moods and gestures, looks and silences, and sometimes a combination of English punctuated by hesitations and Chinese frustration: “Shwo buchulai”—Words cannot come out. So my father would put words in her mouth.

“I think Mom is trying to say she’s tired,” he would whisper when my mother became moody.

“I think she’s saying we’re the best darn family in the country!” he’d exclaim when she had cooked a wonderfully fragrant meal.

But with me, when we were alone, my mother would speak in Chinese, saying things my father could not possibly imagine. I could understand the words perfectly, but not the meanings. One thought led to another without connection.

“You must not walk in any direction but to school and back home,” warned my mother when she decided I was old enough to walk by myself.

“Why?” I asked.

“You can’t understand these things,” she said.

“Why not?”

“Because I haven’t put it in your mind yet.”

“Why not?”

“Aii-ya! Such questions! Because it is too terrible to consider. A man can grab you off the streets, sell you to someone else, make you have a baby. Then you’ll kill the baby. And when they find this baby in a garbage can, then what can be done? You’ll go to jail, die there.”

I knew this was not a true answer. But I also made up lies to prevent bad things from happening in the future. I often lied when I had to translate for her, the endless forms, instructions, notices from school, telephone calls. “Shemma yisz?”—What meaning?—she asked me when a man at a grocery store yelled at her for opening up jars to smell the insides. I was so embarrassed. I told her that Chinese people were not allowed to shop there. When the school sent a notice home about a polio vaccination, I told her the time and place, and added that all students were now required to use metal lunch boxes, since they had discovered old paper bags can carry polio germs.

“We’re moving up in the world,” my father proudly announced, this being the occasion of his promotion to sales supervisor of a clothing manufacturer. “Your mother is thrilled.”

* 作者简介

Amy Tan (谭恩美), 生于 1952 年, 美国作家, 其作品主要探讨母女关系。她的代表作《喜福会》

已经被翻译成 35 种语言。1993 年，这部小说被改编、拍摄成商业电影。谭恩美的畅销小说还包括《灶神之妻》(*The Kitchen God's Wife*)、《百种神秘感觉》(*The Hundred Secret Senses*)、《接骨师的女儿》(*The Bonesetter's Daughter*)、《沉没之鱼》(*Saving Fish from Drowning*) 等。

* 文章解读

文章分两部分，第一部分讲述了作者通过母亲的照片和与父亲的对话揭示母亲来到美国前的悲惨经历，他的父亲救了她的母亲。第二部分则是讲母亲在美国时的不适应，对很多事物都充满怀疑，即使是对中国人，也极度不信任，时刻警告女儿种种禁忌。文化的差异也使女儿很不理解母亲的话。生活在异国他乡的母亲则因为语言不通而生活不便。女儿为此接连编造了一些谎言，以避免麻烦。文章反映了时代差异、语言文化不同所造成的母女在沟通上的障碍，母亲是美国华裔第一代移民的典型代表。

* 词汇

displaced [dis'pleɪst]

v. 使背井离乡

If a person or group of people is displaced, they are forced to move away from the area where they live.

outfit ['aʊt,fit]

n. 全套服装

An outfit is a set of clothes.

本文与 SAT 官方指南第十套题中的小说选自同一本书——查尔斯·狄更斯 (Charles Dickens) 的《远大前程》(*Great Expectations*)。选文讲述的是主人公小时候的一次经历，以对话为主，对话中的用词习惯与书面语有所不同，符合所塑造的不同人物的特征。

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (节选)

‘Hold your noise!’ cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. ‘Keep still, you little devil, or I’ll cut your throat!’

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

‘Oh! Don’t cut my throat, sir,’ I pleaded in terror. ‘Pray don’t do it, sir.’

‘Tell us your name!’ said the man. ‘Quick!’

‘Pip, sir.’

‘Once more,’ said the man, staring at me. ‘Give it mouth!’

‘Pip. Pip, sir.’

‘Show us where you live,’ said the man. ‘Point out the place!’

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet—when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

‘You young dog,’ said the man, licking his lips, ‘what fat cheeks you ha’ got.’

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

‘Darn me if I couldn’t eat em,’ said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, ‘and if I han’t half a mind to it!’

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn’t, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

‘Now lookee here!’ said the man. ‘Where’s your mother?’

‘There, sir!’ said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

‘There, sir!’ I timidly explained. ‘Also Georgiana. That’s my mother.’

‘Oh!’ said he, coming back. ‘And is that your father alonger your mother?’

‘Yes, sir,’ said I; ‘him too; late of this parish.’

‘Ha!’ he muttered then, considering. ‘Who live with—supposing you’re kindly let to live, which I han’t made up my mind about?’

‘My sister, sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.’

‘Blacksmith, eh?’ said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

‘Now lookee here,’ he said, ‘the question being whether you’re to be let to live. You know what a file is?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘And you know what wittles is?’

‘Yes, sir.’

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

‘You get me a file.’ He tilted me again. ‘And you get me wittles.’ He tilted me again. ‘You bring ’em both to me.’ He tilted me again. ‘Or I’ll have your heart and liver out.’ He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, ‘If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn’t be sick, and perhaps I could attend more.’

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then, he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

‘You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted and ate. Now, I ain’t alone, as you may think I am. There’s a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am Angle. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that young

man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keeping that young man from harming of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it wery hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?’

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

‘Say Lord strike you dead if you don’t!’ said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

‘Now,’ he pursued, ‘you remember what you’ve undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!’

‘Goo-good night, sir,’ I faltered.

‘Much of that!’ said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. ‘I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!’

At the same time, he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as if to hold himself together—and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

* 作者简介

查尔斯·约翰·赫芬姆·狄更斯(1812—1870)，英国作家及社会批评家。他创造了许多令世人难以忘记的虚构人物，是公认的维多利亚时期最伟大的小说家。终其一生，狄更斯的作品让他享受了前所未有的名声。20 世纪，他的文学天才受到评论家和学者的广泛认可，至今，他的小说和短篇故事仍广为流传。

狄更斯出生于英国朴茨茅斯，父亲由于债务缠身惹来牢狱之灾，狄更斯不得不辍学并进入工厂打工。虽然他没有受什么正规教育，但是年少时的一贫如洗成为他成功的动力。整个职业生涯中，狄更斯坚持为一份周报担任了 20 年的编辑工作，完成了 15 部长篇小说，五部中篇小说，数以百计的短篇小说和非小说体裁的文章，同时他还完成了大量的讲座和表演工作；他还是一名不知疲倦的书信作者，一生为儿童权利、教育以及其他社会改革积极奔走。

1836 年《匹克威克外传》系列出版物的出版让他顿时名声大噪。短短几年间，他就成为国际文坛的名人，擅长幽默，以讽刺以及对社会和人性深刻洞察力而闻名。他的小说大多数都是每月或每周连载，这开创了叙事小说系列出版的先河，而这也成为了维多利亚时期小说出版的主要模式。连载的模式让狄更斯能够评估读者的心声，他还经常根据读者的反馈修改故事情节和人物的发展。例如当狄更斯夫人的医生对《大卫·科波菲尔》中的 Miss Mowcher 表达无能的方式感到悲痛时，狄更斯便为人物添加了积极的色彩。他的故事情节设计精心而且针砭时弊。无数识字不多的穷人们也会省吃俭用，只为一览狄更斯每月连载的故事，狄更斯因此培养和造就了一大批新读者。

狄更斯被视为维多利亚时代的文坛巨匠。其 1843 年出版的中篇小说《圣诞颂歌》是有史以来最具影响力的作品之一，目前仍然很受欢迎，在不同的艺术创作中都得到模仿；1859 年出版的以伦敦和巴黎为背景的《双城记》则是有史以来最为畅销的小说之一。

他的创作才能也得到了同时代很多作家的赞誉，包括列夫·托尔斯泰、乔治·奥威尔和 G. K. 切斯特顿 (G. K. Chesterton) 在内的许多作家，都赞赏其作品的现实主义、喜剧形式和文体风格，以及独特的人物刻画和社会批判。但另一方面，奥斯卡·王尔德、亨利·詹姆斯和弗吉尼亚·伍尔夫则批评其作品缺乏对人物内心的描写，写作手法不够严谨，作品充斥着煽情描述。

* 文章解读

本文选自《远大前程》的第一章，主要讲述了主人公皮普 (Pip) 小时候在一片墓地中被一个逃犯恐吓的情节。这个逃犯威胁皮普回家帮他拿锉和食物，还是个小孩的皮肤吓得只好乖乖照做。

从文中对话的用词可以看出，逃犯说话带有口音，并且有很多俚语表达，符合该人物的身份特征。这也体现了作者的文字功底，能够把小说中的人物描写得惟妙惟肖。

* 词汇

smother ['smʌðə]

v. 完全覆盖

Things that smother something cover it completely.

flint [flɪnt]

n. 燧石

Flint is a very hard greyish-black stone that was used in former times for making tools.

nettle ['netl:]

n. 荨麻

Nettles are wild plants which have leaves covered with fine hairs that sting you when you touch them.

briar ['braɪə]

n. 野蔷薇

A briar is a wild rose with long, prickly stems.

ravenously ['rævənəsli]

adv. 贪婪地；渴望地；大嚼地

In the manner of someone who is very hungry.

giddy ['gɪdi]

adj. 眩晕的