

New Reading
Skill Builder

循序渐进美国英语

BOOK TWO, PART THREE

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Wolves Are Like That



Key Words: wolves,
Alaska, leader,
trigger, snarled,
shoot, aim



“I’ve hunted long enough,” Jim said to himself. “I’d better get back to camp.” He knew about winter in Alaska. When the sun starts to set, you head for home.

Jim turned. He went up over the hill and headed north. Just then he saw it! There 30 feet in front of him—a wolf!

There was only one thing Jim wanted to do—run! But he wouldn’t let himself. He thought of what his father often said.

“When you see one wolf, look for others. And don’t show them that you are afraid.”

Jim looked around. There were wolves on the hill to his left. There were wolves in the woods on his right. They were waiting for their leader to move. They kept their shining black eyes on Jim.

The boy did not lift his gun. But his finger rested on the trigger. He was ready to fire at the first wolf. But he was afraid to. “Sure, one shot will kill him,” Jim thought. “But the others will be on me. I can’t get them all.”

Jim was scared. His heart beat like a drum. But he must not show the wolves that he was afraid. “Go slow,” he said to himself. “But keep going.”

Closer and closer Jim came to the wolf. Then, at the last minute, the wolf turned. He moved out of the way as Jim went by.

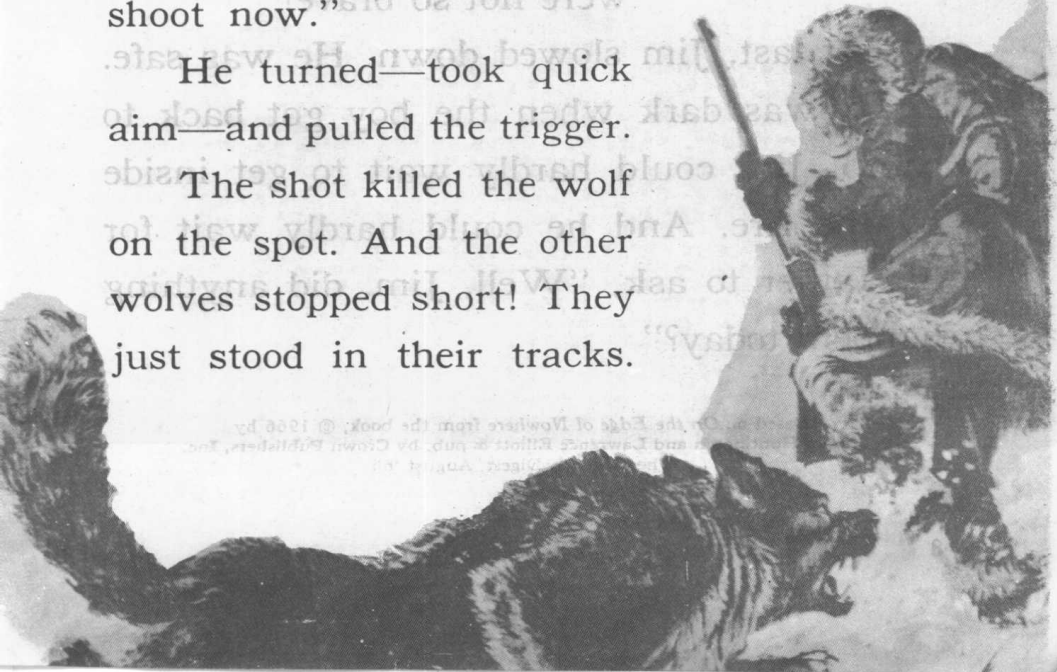
Jim walked on about 10 feet. Then the wolf began to follow. The boy looked back. The other wolves were moving too.

Now that he was in back of Jim, the wolf was full of fight. He snarled at Jim. He came closer. He snapped at the boy's legs. A puppy does this when he is playing. But the wolf wasn't playing!

"This is it!" Jim said to himself. "I'll go down when he hits me. Then they'll all close in. I'll have to shoot now."

He turned—took quick aim—and pulled the trigger.

The shot killed the wolf on the spot. And the other wolves stopped short! They just stood in their tracks.






“Now!” Jim thought.
He started to run. He ran
as fast as he could. His legs
felt like rubber. But he kept
running.

He looked back once.
He could see the wolves.
They were standing around
the body of their leader.
Without their leader, they
were not so brave!

At last, Jim slowed down. He was safe.

It was dark when the boy got back to
camp. Jim could hardly wait to get inside
by the fire. And he could hardly wait for
his father to ask, “Well, Jim, did anything
happen today?”

Based on *On the Edge of Nowhere* from the book, © 1966 by
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The Reader's Digest, August '66



Key Words: special,
aunt, mushrooms,
explore, elf, puddle,
birdbath, poem

Hurray! It's Raining!

I LOVE the rain! Rain is wonderful! It brings special things to see and hear.

When I was little, I never went outside when it rained. My mother never let me. I would look out my window and watch the rain come down. Sometimes children in shiny raincoats would march by. How I wished I could be outside, too!

One summer I went to visit my Aunt Alice. There was a big woods behind her house. I could hardly wait to explore it.

On the first morning I woke up very early. Then I heard it. Rain was beating on the roof and tapping at the windows.

“Oh, no! It’s raining. And I’ll have to stay inside!” I said to Aunt Alice.

“Stay IN! Why?” said my aunt. “Rain is fun, Betty. Come on—I’ll show you.”

Aunt Alice and I took off our shoes and ran outside. The woods looked like a wonderland. Tiny drops of water covered the leaves and grass.

“Look, Aunt Alice! Mushrooms!” I cried. “They look like tiny umbrellas.”

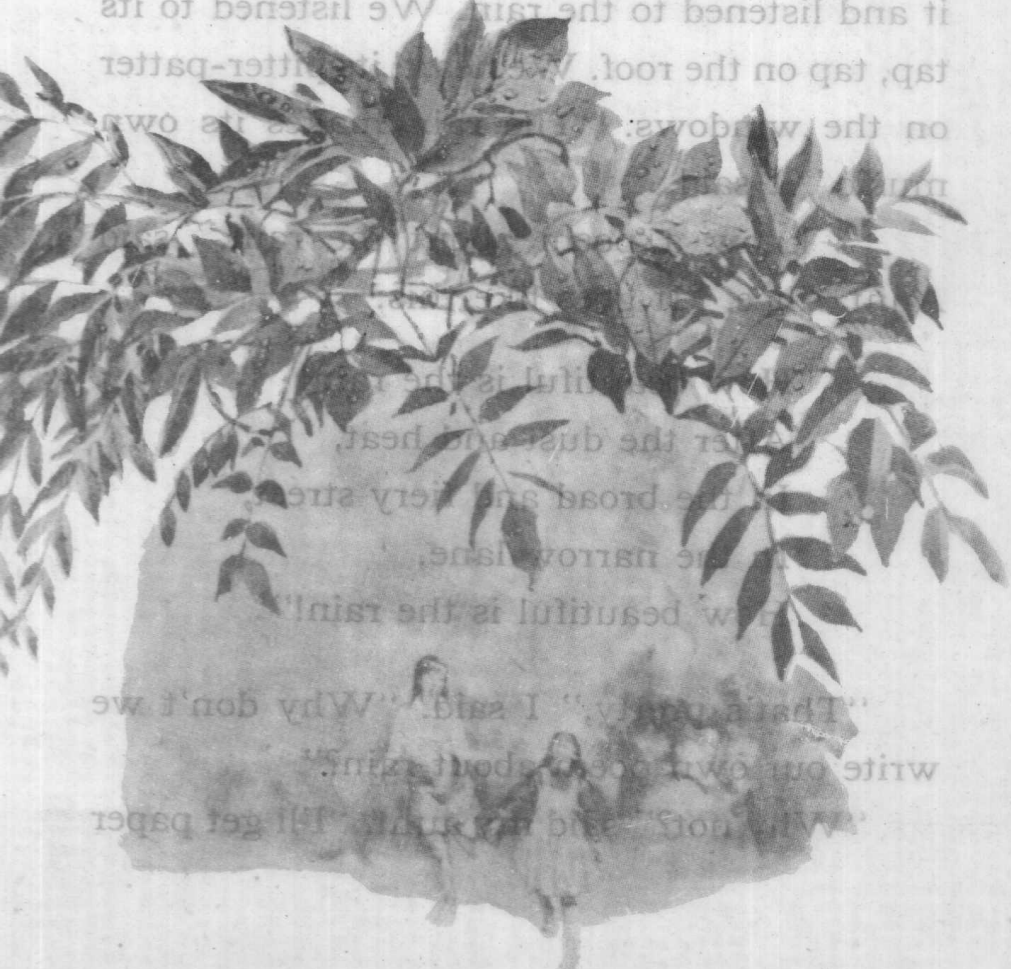
“Just big enough for an elf,” she said.

We started back to the house. All at once Aunt Alice stopped. She pointed. “Look over

there under that big tree," she said.

Three robins were splashing in a big puddle. "When it rains, every puddle becomes a birdbath," Aunt Alice said.

The sound of singing and splashing filled



the air. "Just listen," I said. "The birds have a special rain song."

When we got back to the house, Aunt Alice made some hot chocolate. We drank it and listened to the rain. We listened to its tap, tap on the roof. We heard its pitter-patter on the windows. "The rain makes its own music," I said.

"I know a poem about the rain," said Aunt Alice. "It goes like this:

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!"

"That's pretty," I said. "Why don't we write our own poem about rain?"

"Why not?" said my aunt. "I'll get paper

and a pencil. We'll begin right away!"

We worked on our poem all morning. The rain helped us. It kept falling. At last we were done. Here is our poem:

Come outside, it's raining!
The sky's a pearly gray.
The air is filled with raindrops.
The drops are falling down.

Ten thousand little raindrops
Help the thirsty trees.
And add a bit of beauty
By shining on the leaves.

The grass and leaves are greener.
The world seems fresh and new.
Let's take off shoes and stockings
And go splashing all around!

The lines quoted on page 12 are from "Rain in Summer"
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THINK—THEN TALK

1. Is “Hurray! It’s Raining!” a good title for this story? Why?
2. What special things did Betty and Aunt Alice see and hear because of the rain?
3. How do you feel about the rain?

YES OR NO—WHAT DOES THE STORY SAY?

Read each sentence below. Write Yes if the sentence is true. Write No if it is not true.

- 1. Betty was happy about visiting Aunt Alice.
- 2. Aunt Alice thought rain was fun.
- 3. Aunt Alice and Betty put on raincoats and boots for their walk in the rain.
- 4. Betty thought the mushrooms looked like tiny hats.
- 5. Some birds took a bath in a puddle.
- 6. Betty wrote the poem all by herself.

Best Score: 6

My Score: