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**Model Compositions by Students  
of Tsinghua University**

**清华大学学生优秀英语  
作文选评(1)**

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## 编者的话

一篇优秀的作文通常应体现下面几个特点:创新的想法、清晰的思路、正确的文法、符合逻辑的构思及结构、精确丰富的词汇、流畅与自然的文笔。基于这些原则,本书编者从清华大学大量的学生习作中精选出作文 50 余篇以飨读者。

全书内容丰富多彩,书中作品语言简明有力,生动流畅,不落俗套。所选作文均出自于清华大学学生之手,真实反映了他们的思想及其周围的现实问题。文章作者从亲身感受出发,描述自己的经历、对周围事物的看法与认识,读起来倍感亲切。

按照文体及内容的不同,编者将所选的文章分为记叙、说明、议论、随感及清华生活五个部分。每个单元由两个部分构成:1)学生习作;2)教师点评。每篇作文后的教师点评主要从文章内容、结构及写作特点等方面给予学生指导。作文中的基本语法与用词错误均用下划线标明,并在其后用括号标出正确表达法。读者通过对比学习,能够掌握并巩固英语语法、词汇知识。

参与编写此书的作者是范红、张为民、刘宁、王戈辉。审校学生作文的美籍教师有 Carrie Cooper 小姐, Andrew Leon 先生以及 Lester Ness 博士。Lester Ness 博士统一审定了全书的最后一稿。清华大学外语系的广大教师对此书的编写给予了大量的支持,在此我们表示热忱的谢意。

本书对愿意提高英文书面表达的各类读者有较大的帮助,对参加大学英语四六级考试、PETS 考试、研究生入学考试及托福考试的学生提高写作能力也会大有益处。由于时间仓促,本书疏漏之处在所难免,欢迎读者批评指正。



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# 第一部分

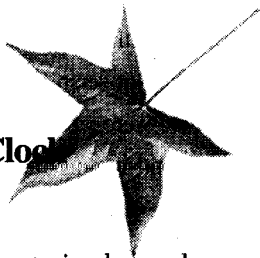
## 记叙



姓名: 丁元

系别: 电子系

## A Mechanical Clock



It was a hot summer afternoon. I was staying home alone and could hardly find anything to do. Like other six-year-old children, I was curious about everything. After wandering around the rooms several times, my eyes fixed on a mechanical clock on the desk. I had observed it working day and night for a long time, but why and how it worked always seemed a mystery to me. Having considered the situation for some time, I decided to gain insight into it.

The first I wanted to do was to dismantle it and have a closer look. I had confidence that I could restore it before my parents returned and I thought the job was easy: first I knew the basic principles of the clock — you tighten the spring, and it works; and secondly, I could use a screwdriver perfectly.

Before long, the desk was littered with all bits of metal, which had once formed a clock. I was quite satisfied with myself and had a sense of self-accomplishment. I had successfully made (*took*) every piece apart and I finally learned that those little hands on the clock's face was (*were*) driven by the gears attached to it.

But when it came time for my parents to return, my confidence was suddenly gone. I was finding (*found*) myself faced with the insurmountable task of reassembling the clock. After some time of te-

dious work, I was not surprised to find that the clock firmly refused to work, with some curiously shaped pieces of metal lying there, which did not seem to fit anywhere. Just at that time the footsteps of my father were at the door. I then quickly hid the metal pieces, wishing and hoping that the dead clock would not be noticed.

However, my hope was scattered after dinner, when my father called me to the desk.

“Have you done anything to this clock today?”

I dared not to tell my father the truth, as I believed that his motto was “a good son is taught with a club”. I buried my head low. “No,” I murmured.

“Raise your head,” father said.

I realized that it was useless trying to hide my nervousness. “I just wanted to know how it worked, so I dismantled it.”

“And you failed to restore it?” he added.

“I was left with these.” I gave him the rest (*remaining*) pieces of metal. For a moment I did not know what to do, standing there like a criminal waiting for condemnation.

I felt my father was looking at me. “Are all the pieces here?” he asked.

“Yes.”

Father took out a sheet of paper, with which he carefully wrapped up the bits of metals. Then he took up the paper parcel and put them into one of the desk drawers. “I won’t punish you this time,” he said, “I know you can’t restore it today, so I will keep these things. You should restore it one day when you are able to.”

The clock has stayed in the drawer ever since then. Six years later, when I was about to go to junior high school, one afternoon, I happened to find it in the drawer, together with the bits of pieces wrapped with white paper. I found a screwdriver and finally made it all right again after an afternoon's work.

This little mechanical clock still stands on my desk today, clicking each second. In fact, what my father had preserved after all these years, were (*was*) not only a clock, but also a child's curious heart.



简 评

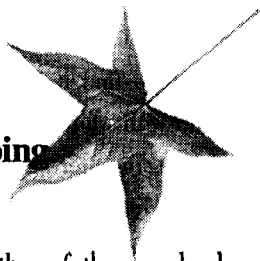
本文用生动的语言讲述了几时的一件事,用词准确,如 tighten the spring, the desk was littered with all bits of metal, insurmountable task of reassembling the clock, tedious, the clock refused to work 等等,为文章增色不少。

作者对父子对话那一部分的描写很传神,“我” buried my head low, murmured... 个因做错事而害怕家长责备的孩子的神态真实地表现出来。

姓名: 齐 玲

系别: 化工系

## It's Worth Doing



It was August already, but the weather of the grassland was still very cool. My parents and I, with some other people, walked (*were walking*) along the path in the grass, appreciating the beautiful setting sun, when a huge balloon floating in the air suddenly came into sight.

Walking nearer, we could see that it was a kind of entertainment. A tourist paid some money and then he can sit in the chair beneath the balloon, and be lifted up into the sky for some time. The idea of floating in the air and facing the great green ground took all my heart. I wanted to have a try, but I must (*had to*) wait, for there were still several people before me.

Wait, wait, the big monster up and down. Suddenly, the weather changed. There came a ferocious wind and the sky got darker. The man in charge of the balloon said, "That's all for today." What? But I had to go back home the next day! I was so worried, unwilling to miss this chance, but how... I turned to Father. He looked at the sky, then looked at me. "You really want to do that, don't you?" Father asked me in a very gentle voice. I nodded. He thought for a few seconds, then said to the man in charge, "Sir, just one more time, OK? We'll be back home tomorrow." "But you

know that'll be very dangerous!" The man shouted. "Yes, I know. But you see, we can finish it before the wind does any harm." Father said firmly. Then we all looked at the cashier, eyes full of pleas. "So, OK, come on, but be quick!" The man finally agreed. I immediately ran over to him.

They had expected (*planned*) to raise the balloon little by little, but the wind was too hard. The balloon was blown in a certain direction and rising sharply at the same time. I just heard the air whistling past my body and the whole grassland came into view. The world was quiet and magic. I stretched my arms, enjoying the cool feeling of air running through my fingers and the golden red gleam of the setting sun. This was a completely fresh space for me.

Immediately, I looked down to find the people under me were turbulent. They held the belt which tied the balloon to the ground and wanted to pull me back. But I seemed out of control. They used all their strength but the balloon just slid side to side at an altitude and the people were dragged side to side, too. Some passers-by joined them. I could hear the noise from under. The strong wind played me just as played (*as if I were*) a fallen leaf. . . .

A long time passed. In the end, my feet touched the ground again. I ran to my parents. Looking at me, Father said, "I'm afraid now. I should have been afraid before that. You maybe don't know just now how nervous we were. We thought that if the rope was not strong enough we would lose you." "Yes, that's it (*right*). But Pa, you don't know what I saw above was so wonderful that I'll never forget it." "That's good enough," Father smiled, "You had a

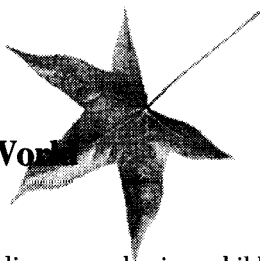
hazardous trip and if you think it's worth doing that, then it is all right."

简 评

生活之精彩不是每一个人都能感悟得到,无限风光在险峰嘛。若想欣赏生命的精彩和极致,就不得不付出甚至于甘冒危险。本文作者正是通过一件在强风来临之际乘气球欣赏壮丽落日的情节表明了这一观点。值得注意的是第四段中描写气球在迅速腾升时作者所见所感很精彩,“I just heard the air whistling past my body and the whole grassland came into view. The world was quiet and magic. I stretched my arms, enjoying the cool feeling of air running through my fingers and the golden red gleam of the setting sun.”。此外作者对一些词汇和短语的运用也很恰当,如 come into sight, ferocious, pleas, out of control 等。



姓名:刘 铭  
系别:经管学院



## Make a Better World

We've been taught to be kind and polite to people since childhood. In recent years, our life grew (*has grown*) better and better under the opening policy of the government. However, whether you have noticed it or not, politeness is now getting farther away from us and relationship (*relationships*) between people are getting more and more nonchalant. Wherever I went, whenever I did something wrong carelessly to strangers in public places and said "sorry" to them, smiling, it was always silence that responded (*met*) me and it always made me disappointed. But one day, things were different.

I had been waiting for the bus for a long time that day, and when it finally came, it proved to be very crowded. I was trying hard to push my way through the people on the bus, when I stepped on someone's foot. Turning around, I found it was a benevolent old man with white hair. As usual, I said "sorry" to him, not expecting the answer. But to my surprise, he said "Not at all", word by word, slowly and seriously. I was deeply moved. I was silent on the bus at that time, so the response was unusually clear. I even felt that everybody was moved and looking at us...

It was such a small event, but I'll certainly remember it forever. The whole of society calls for kindness and love. Don't let dis-

putes and quarrels, which we often see now, appear in public places any more. If we all cared more for each other, we can (*could*) surely construct a beautiful and lovely world.

简 评

本文是一篇“小中见大”有感而发的文章。在第一段,作者把快速的经济发展和冷漠的人际关系形成对比;在第二、三段,作者叙议结合,强调在经济发达的今天我们需要爱、善良和礼貌。此外作者对一些词汇和短语的运用也很精确熟练,如 push my way through, step on one's foot, call for 等。但文章不足之处是内容略显平淡单薄。



姓名:唐 耘

系别:热能系

## No Rain in Beijing



I woke up in the morning when a beam of sunlight went through the windows and reached my face.

There came a new fine day.

It wasn't at all fine to me, however. As a matter of fact, I was a little disappointed at the bright, bright sky, which showed no sign for (*of*) rain.

Born and bred in the south, I am so impressed by the rain that it becomes part of my life. But I didn't realize that until I came and lived here.

On the very first day of my arrival in Tsinghua, a friend of mine, seeing the umbrella in my care, said to me, "You needn't have taken that. There is no rain in Beijing."

"Oh really? That will save a lot of trouble, right?"

He smiled and said, "No, just the opposite, it will make you upset."

Afterwards, I found out he was right. A few months passed and there wasn't a drop of rain. I came to know something was lost in my life.

I listened to the weather forecast almost every night, with the hope to get a promise of rain. But most of the times. I waited in