

<<高考英语>>

图书基本信息

书名：<<高考英语>>

13位ISBN编号：9787504165411

10位ISBN编号：7504165417

出版时间：2012-6

出版时间：教育科学出版社

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页数：344

字数：1120000

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内容概要

朋友，我正看着你呢，你也正看着我。

我不是一幅色彩缤纷、线条优美的画卷，也许不能让你感受生活的美妙、世界的神奇；
我不是一曲余音绕梁、三日不绝的仙乐，也许不能让你领悟高山的淳朴、流水的真挚。

我只是一行行前人的足迹，引领你登上书山的峰顶；
我只是一句句殷切的叮咛，提醒你拾起遗漏的点滴。

啊，朋友！

其实，我是一页页在久久期待，期待着能与你晤谈的文字。

我给予你的，是需要你辛勤劳作的土地。

我爱你，我对所有的学子充满敬意：你最辛苦，因此你也最美丽。

我爱你，你的勤奋、刻苦、拼搏、进取，将成为我永久的记忆。

我想对你说，拥抱明天，需要你学会做人、学会学习、学会生存，也需要你付出百倍努力，学会考试！

我想对你说，考试就意味着竞争，考试就意味着较量，考试就意味着选拔，考试就意味着优胜劣汰。

考试需要有健康的体魄和挺拔的心理，考试更需要有坚韧的毅力和顽强的斗志。

我想对你说，我可能有点丑陋，只是一本毫无表情的普普通通的书，但我的字里行间，流淌着无数老师的良苦，蕴蓄着无数专家学者的睿智。

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书籍目录

- 第一部分 单项填空
- 第二部分 完形填空
- 第三部分 阅读理解
- 第四部分 任务型阅读
- 第五部分 书面表达
- 答案全解全析

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章节摘录

版权页： 插图： Passage 2 (2012江苏苏北四市三模) He looked like a pirate. With his handkerchief tied in a knot behind his little nine-year-old head, he looked like a pirate, a sad pirate. The first time little David came to our camp, he was hairless and worn out from medical treatments. He was also very angry. Paul Newman's camp counselors (指导老师) were hoping to fill David's days with fun and laughter. But David stayed inside himself, wanting to be alone, or in a corner of the cabin. At this camp for children with life-threatening illnesses, we had seen some pretty tough children worn out by cancer recover full of energy despite their illness. But we saw little progress in David no matter what we tried with him. Five days into the eight-day session saw a quiet, sad little pirate. Then something happened on that fifth night. Something at camp that we would call "huge". It was cabin night. That's the time when campers and counselors spend time together in each individual cabin instead of an all-camp activity. Campers love cabin nights because there's always a bedtime snack. On the cabin table that night were bags of potato chips. David slowly walked over to the table, leaving his corner to join the rest of us. He took one of the bags of the potato chips and started smashing (弄碎) it with his little fists, as all the other campers looked on in disbelief, I wondered what the cabin counselor would do. The college-age volunteer counselor positioned a bag of chips on the table in front of himself, and he, too, started smashing it with his fist. The campers went crazy as everyone ran to the table to get in on the fun of smashing potato chips with their fists. Somehow everyone knew, everyone sensed, that anger within him was now being released. For the last couple days of the session, David was a different kid. He was a little nine-year-old boy again, trying to fill the hours of each remaining day at camp with as much fun as could be possible. Several days after the session, David came back again. This time, there wasn't anything he wouldn't try to fit in to his day. He surely was having a great time at camp. David asked me if I needed an altar (祭坛) boy when I celebrated Mass in the woods. Sure enough, he was my altar boy. I remembered how carefully he listened to me when I talked about death. I said it's only a doorway. You walk through the door and there's the Lord God and behind God a whole line of people waiting to hug you.

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