**铜仁学院书写技能考核试题库（英语专业）**

**一、毛笔（考核时间30min,30字）**

1、《送孟浩然之广陵》 唐·李白

故人西辞黄鹤楼，烟花三月下扬州。孤帆远影碧空尽，唯见长江天际流。

2、《出塞》 唐·王昌龄

秦时明月汉时关，万里长征人未还。但使龙城飞将在，不教胡马度阴山。

3、《浪淘沙》 唐·刘禹锡

九曲黄河万里沙，浪淘风簸自天涯。如今直上银河去，同到牵牛织女家。

4、《题金陵渡》 唐·张祜

金陵津渡小山楼，一宿行人自可愁。潮落夜江斜月里，两三星火是瓜州。

5、《枫桥夜泊》 唐·张继

月落乌啼霜满天，江枫渔火对愁眠。姑苏城外寒山寺，夜半钟声到客船。

6、《山行》 唐·杜牧

远上寒山石径斜，白云生处有人家。停车坐爱枫林晚，霜叶红于二月花。

7、《清明》 唐·杜牧

清明时节雨纷纷，路上行人欲断魂。借问酒家何处有，牧童遥指杏花村。

8、《小池》 宋·杨万里

泉眼无声惜细流，树阴照水爱晴柔。小荷才露尖尖角，早有蜻蜓立上头。

9、《送元二使安西》 唐·王维

渭城朝雨浥轻尘，客舍青青柳色新。劝君更尽一杯酒，西出阳关无故人。

10、《寒食》 唐·韩翃

春城无处不飞花，寒食东风御柳斜。日暮汉宫传蜡烛，轻烟散入五侯家。

11、《凉州词》 唐·王之焕

黄河远上白云间，一片孤城万仞山。羌笛何须怨杨柳，春风不度玉门关。

12、《夜雨寄北》 唐·李商隐

君问归期未有期，巴山夜雨涨秋池。何当共剪西窗烛，却话巴山夜雨时。

13、《芙蓉楼送辛渐》 唐·王昌龄

寒雨连江夜入吴，平明送客楚山孤。洛阳亲友如相问，一片冰心在玉壶。

14、《乌衣巷》 唐·刘禹锡

朱雀桥边野草花，乌衣巷口夕阳斜。旧时王谢堂前燕，飞入寻常百姓家。

15、《元日》 宋·王安石

爆竹声中一岁除，春风送暖入屠苏。千门万户曈曈日，总把新桃换旧符。

16、《早春》 唐·韩愈

天街小雨润如酥，草色遥看近却无。最是一年春好处，绝胜烟柳满皇都。

17、《早发白帝城》 唐·李白

朝辞白帝彩云间，千里江陵一日还。两岸猿声啼不住，轻舟已过万重山。

18、《滁州西涧》 唐·韦应物

独怜幽草涧边生，上有黄鹂深树鸣。春潮带雨晚来急，野渡无人舟自横。

19、《望天门山》 唐·李白

天门中断楚江开，碧水东流至此回。两岸青山相对出，孤帆一片日边来。

20、《春日》 宋·朱熹

胜日寻芳泗水滨，无边光景一时新。等闲识得东风面，万紫千红总是春。

**二、硬笔（考核时间20min,英语名篇一篇，每篇300字左右）**

1. **The Charm**

By the time they at last came to speech they were alone in one of the rooms-remarkable for a fine portrait over the chimney place-out of which their friends had passed, and the charm of it was that even before they had spoken they had practically arranged with each other to stay behind to talk, The charm, happily, was in other things too-partly in there being scarce a spot at Weathered without something to stay behind for. It was in the way the autumn day looked into the hilt windows as it waned; the way the red light, breaking at the close from under a low somber sky, reached out in a long shaft and played over old wainscots, old tapestry, old gold, old color. It was most of all perhaps in the way she came to him as if ,since she had been turned on to deal with the simpler sort, he might, should he choose to keep the whole thing down, just take her mild attention for a part of her general business. As soon as he heard her voice, however, the gap was filled up and the missing link supplied, the slight irony he divined in her attitude lost its advantage. He almost jumped at it to get there before her. "I met you years and years ago in Rome. I remember all about it." She confessed to disappointment---she had been so sure he didn't; and to prove how well he did he began to pour forth the particular recollections that popped up as he called for them. Her face and her voice, all at his service now, worked the miracle---the impression operating like the torch of a lamplighter who touches into flame, one by one, a long row of gas jets.

1. **Under the Power of Nature**

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung up pressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher . I knew not how it was---but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic , sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible, I looked upon the scene before me---upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant eye-like windows, upon a few randy sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees---with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the afterdream of the reveler upon opium; the bitter lapse into everyday life ,the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, an unredeemed torture into ought of the sublime. What was it I paused to think what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forded to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there are combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth.

1. **The Power Is Unlimited**

Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth-namely power, or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society, of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the simplicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of heaven---the frailty, for instance, which appeals to forbearance, the simplicity which is most alien from the worldly---are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed. A purpose of the same nature is answered by the higher literature, viz., the literature of power. What do you learn from Paradise Lost? Nothing at all .What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe is power---that is ,exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upward, a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. All the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth; whereas the very first step in power is a flight---is an ascending movement into another element where earth is forgotten.

1. **Change Makes Life Beautiful**

To regard all things and principles of things as inconstant modes or fashions has more and more become the tendency of modern thought. Let us begin with that which is without-our physical life. Fix upon it in one of its more exquisite intervals, the moment，for instance, of delicious recoil from the flood of water in summer heat. What is the whole physical life in that moment but a combination of natural elements to which science gives their names? But these elements, phosphorus and lime and delicate fibers, are present not in the human body alone : we detect them in places most remote from it. Our physical life is a perpetual motion of them ---the passage of the blood, the wasting and repairing of the lenses of the eye , the modification of the tissues of the brain under every ray of light and sound---processes which science reduces to simpler and more elementary forces. Like the elements of which we are composed, the action of these forces extends beyond us: it rusts iron and ripens corn.Far out on every side of us those elements are broadcast, driven in many currents; and birth and gesture and death and the springing of violets from the grave are but a few out of ten thousand resultant combinations. That clear, perpetual outline of face and limb is but an image of ours, under which we group thema design in a web, the actual threads of which pass out beyond it . This at least of flame---like our life has, that it is but the concurrence, renewed from moment to moment, of forces parting sooner or later on their ways.

1. **Suit Is Best**

The proper force of words lies not in the words themselves, but in their application. A word may be a fine sounding word, of an unusual length, and very imposing from its learning and novelty, and yet in the connection in which it is introduced may be quite pointless and irrelevant, It is not pomp or pretension, but the adaptation of the expression to the idea, that clenches a writer's meaning: as it is not the size or glossiness of the materials, but their being fitted each to its place, that gives strength to the arch; or as the pegs and nails are as necessary to the support of the building as the larger timbers, and more so than the mere showy, unsubstantial ornaments. I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of bandboxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them. A person who dews not deliberately dimples of all his thoughts alike in cumbrous draperies and flimsy disguises may strike out twenty varieties of familiar everyday language, each coming somewhat nearer to the feeling he wants to convey, and at last not hit upon that particular and only one which may be said to be identical with the exact impression in his mind. This would seem to show that Mr. Cobalt is hardly right in saying that the first word that occurs is always the best. It may be a very good one ; and yet a better may present itself on reflection or from time to time . It may be suggested naturally, however, and spontaneously, from a fresh and lively conception of the subject .

1. **About Reading Books**

by Virginia Woolf

It is simple enough to say that since books have classes- fiction, biography, poetry---we should separate them and take from each what is right that each should give us. Yet few people ask from books what books can give us. Most commonly we come to books with blurred and divided minds, asking of fiction that it shall be true, of poetry that it shall be false, of biography that it shall be flattering, of history that it shall enforce our own prejudices. If we could banish all such preconceptions when we read, that would be an admirable beginning. Do not dictate to your author; try to become him. Be his fellow-worker and accomplice. If you hang back, and reserve, and criticize at first, you are preventing yourself from getting the fullest possible value from what you read. But if you open your mind as widely as possible, then signs and hints of almost imperceptible fineness, from the twist, and turn of the first sentences, will bring you into the presence of a human being unlike any other. Steep yourself in this, acquaint yourself with this, and soon you will find that your author is giving you, or attempting to give you, something far more definite. The thirty-two chapters of a novel---if we consider how to read a novel first---are an attempt to make something as formed and controlled as a building: but words are more impalpable than bricks, reading is a longer and more complicated process than seeing. Perhaps the quickest way to understand the elements of what a novelist is doing is not to read, but to write, to make your own experiment with the dangers and difficulties of words. Recall, then, some event that has left a distinct impression on you---how at the corner of the street, perhaps, you passed two people talking, A tree shook, an electric light danced, the tone of the talk was comic, but also tragic, a whole vision, an entire conception, seemed contained in that moment.

1. **A Little Girl**

From Alyson by Theodore Watts-Duncan

Sitting on a grassy, beneath one of the windows of the church, was a little girl. With her head bent back, she was gazing up at the sky and singing, while one of her little hands was pointing to a tiny cloud that hovered like a golden feather above her head. The sun, which had suddenly become very bright, shining on her glossy hair, gave it a metallic luster, and it was difficult to say what was the color, dark bronze or black. So completely absorbed was she in watching the cloud to which her strange song or incantation seemed addressed, that she did not observe me when I rose and went towards her. Over her head, high up in the blue, a lark that was soaring towards the same gauzy cloud was singing, as if in rivalry. As I slowly approached the child, I could see by her forehead, which in the sunshine seemed like a globe of pearl, and especially by her complexion, that she was uncommonly lovely. Her eyes, which at one moment seemed blue-gray, at another violet, were shaded by long black lashes, curving backward in a most peculiar way, and these matched in hue her eyebrows, and the tresses that were tossed about her tender throat and were quivering in the sunlight. All this I did not take in at once; for at first I could see nothing but those quivering, glittering, changeful eyes turned up into my face. Gradually the other features, especially the sensitive full-lipped mouth, grew upon me as I stood silently gazing. Here seemed to me a more perfect beauty than had ever come to me in my overset dreams of beauty. Yet it was not her beauty so much as the look she gave me that fascinated me, melted me.

1. **A Curious Decision**

Anonymous

A poor chimney-sweeper, who had not enough money to buy a meal, stopped one hot summer day at noon before an eating-house, and remained regaling his nose with the smell of the victuals. The master of the shop told him several times to go away, but the sweep could not leave the savory smell, though unable to purchase the taste of the food. At last the cook came out of the shop, and taking hold of the sweep, declared that, as he had been feeding upon the smell of his victuals, he should not go away without paying half the price of a dinner. The poor fellow said that he neither could nor would pay, and that he would ask the first person who should pass, whether it was not an unreasonable and unjust demand.

The case was referred to a policeman, who happened to pass at that moment. He said to the sweep: "As you have been feasting one of your senses with the odor of this man's meat, it is but just you should make him some recompense; therefore you shall, in your turn, regale one of his senses, which seems to be more insatiable than your appetite. How much money have you?"

"I have but two pence in all the world, sir, and I must buy me some bread."

"Never mind," answered the officer, "take your two pence between your hands; now rattle them loudly."

The sweep did so, and the officer, turning to the cook, said, “Now, sir, I think he has paid you: the smell of your victuals regaled his nostrils; the sound of his money has tickled your ears."

This decision gave more satisfaction to the bystanders than to the cook, but it was the only payment he could obtain.

1. **Oliver Goldsmith**

By Washington Irving

There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical, yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing and softly tinted style, ---all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions of writers of loftier pretension and more resounding names are suffered to molder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men.

An acquaintance with the private biography of Goldsmith lets us into the secret of his gifted pages. We there discover them to little more than transcripts of his own heart and picturing of his fortunes. There he shows himself the same kind, artless, good-humored, excursive, sensible, whimsical, intelligent being that he appears in his writings.

Scarcely an adventure or character is given in his works, that may not be traced to his own party-colored story. Many of his most ludicrous scenes and ridiculous incidents have been drawn from his own blunders and mischances, and he seems really to have been buffeted into almost every maxim imparted by him for the instruction of his reader.

1. **A Summer Day**

By Charles Dickens

One day thirty years ago Marseilles lay in the burning sun. A blazing sun upon a fierce August day was no greater rarity in southern France than at any other time before or since. Everything in Marseilles and about Marseilles had stared at the fervid sun, and been stared at in return, until a staring habit had become universal there. Strangers were stared out of countenance by staring white houses, staring white streets, staring tracts of arid road, staring hills from which verdure was burnt away. The only things to be seen not fixedly staring and glaring were the vines drooping under their loads of grapes. These did occasionally wind a little, as the hot air barely moved their faint leaves.

The universal stare made the eyes ache. Towards the distant blue of the Italian coast, indeed, it was a little relieved by light clouds of mist slowly rising from the evaporation of the sea, but it softened nowhere else. Far away the dusty vines overhanging wayside cottages, and the monotonous wayside avenues of parched treks without shade, dropped beneath the stare of earth and sky. So did the horses with drowsy bells, in long files of carts, creeping slowly towards the interior; so did their recumbent drivers, when they were awake, which rarely happened; so did the exhausted laborers in the fields. Everything that lived or grew was oppressed by the glare; except the lizard, passing swiftly over rough stone walls, and cicada, chirping its dry hot chirp, like a rattle. The very dust was scorched brown, and something quivered in the atmosphere as if the air itself were panting.

Blinds, shutters, curtains, awnings, were all closed and drawn to deep out the stare. Grant it but a chink or a keyhole, and it shot in like a white-hot arrow.

1. **A Wet Sunday in A Country Inn**

by Washington Irving

A wet Sunday in a country inn! Whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travelers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a halfdozing cow, chewing her cud, and standing patiently be rained on, with wreaths of vapor rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral headset of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in patens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hardened ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

1. **Crossing The Rubicon**

From Thirty More Famous Stories Retold by James Baldwin

The march to Italy was begun. The soldiers were even more enthusiastic than Caesar himself. They climbed mountains, waded rivers, endured fatigue, faced all kinds of danger for the sake of their great leader.

At last they came to a little river called the Rubicon. It was the boundary line of Caesar's Province of Gaul; on the other side of it was Italy. Caesar paused a moment on the bank. He knew that to cross it would be to declare war against Pompey and the Roman Senate; it would involve all Rome in a fearful strife, the end of which no man could foresee.

But he did not hesitate long. He gave the word, and rode boldly across the shallow stream.

"We have crossed the Rubicon," he cried as he reached the farther shore. "There is now no turning back." Soon the news was carried to Rome: "Caesar has crossed the Rubicon;" and there was great dismay among those who had plotted to destroy him. Pompey's soldiers deserted him and hastened to join themselves to Caesar's army.The Rome senators and their friends made ready to flee from the city.

"Caesar has crossed the Rubicon !" was shouted along the roads and byways leading to Rome; and the country people turned out to meet and hail with joy the conquering hero.

The word was carried a second time to the city: "Caesar has crossed the Rubicon," and the wild flight began. Senators and public officers left everything behind and hurried away to seek safety with Pompey. On foot, on horseback, in litters, in carriages, they fled for their lives —all because Caesar had crossed the Rubicon. Pompey was unable to protect them. He hurried to the seacoast, and, with all who were able to accompany him, sailed away to Greece.

Gasser was the master of Rome.

1. **Andrew's Rulds to Be Rich**

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make on great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and of another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence made more lasting acquisitions than Valero, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sowed. He abounds in several frugal maxims, among which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men ; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a pointing the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

1. **Two Women**

In externals, they were two unobtrusive women; a per-fectly secluded life gave them retiring manners and habits. In Emily's nature the extremes of vigor and simplicity seemed to meet. Under an unsophisticated culture, inartifical tastes, and an unpretending outside, lay a secrecy power and fire that might have inflamed the brain and kindled the veins of a hero; but she had no worldly wisdom: her powers were unaccepted to the practical business of life : she would fail to defend her most manifest rights, to consult her most legitimate advantage. An interpreter ought always to have stood between her and the world. Her will was not very flexible, and it generally opposed her interest. Her temper was magnanimous, but warm and sudden; her spirit altogether unbending.

Anne's character was milder and more subdued; she wanted the power, the fire ,the originality of her sister, but was well endowed with quite virtues of her own. Long suffering, self-denying, reflective, and intelligent, a constitutional reserve and taciturnity placed and kept her in the shade, and covered her mind, and especially her feelings, with a sort of nun-like evil, which was rarely lifted. Neither Emily nor Anne was learned; they had no thought of filling their pitchers at the well-spring of other minds; they always wrote form the impulse of nature, the dictates of intuition, and from such stores of observation as their limited experience had enabled them to amass. I may sum up all by saying, that for strangers they were nothing, for superficial observers less than nothing; but for those who had known them all their lives in the intimacy of close relationship, they were genuinely good and truly great.

1. **Three Physical States**

Most people would describe water as a colourless liquid. They would know that in very cold conditions it becomes a solid called ice, and that when heated on a fire it becomes a vapor called steam. But water, they would say, is a liquid.

We have learned that water consists of molecules composed of two atoms of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen, which we describe by the formula H2O.But this is equally true of the solid called ice and the gas called steam. Chemically there is no difference between the gas, the liquid, and the solid, all of which are made up of molecules with the formula H2O.And this is true of other chemical substances; most of them can exist as gases or as liquids or as solids. We may normally think of iron as a solid, but if we heat it in a furnace it will melt and become a liquid, and at very high temperatures it will become a gas. We normally think of air as a mixture of gases, but at very low temperatures it becomes a liquid, and at lower temperatures still it becomes a white solid.

Nothing very permanent occurs when a gas changes into a liquid or a solid. Everyone knows that ice, which has been made by freezing water, can be melted again by being warmed; and that steam can be condensed on a cold surface to become liquid water. In fact it is only because water is such a familiar substance that different name are used for the solid, liquid, and gas. For other substances we have to describe these different states directly. Thus for air we talk about liquid air and solid air. We could also talk about gaseous air, but, since this is the normal thing, we usually just describe it as air.

1. **Plastic Technology**

Into the ward were carried men with broken faces, with jaw bones that felt

like “sand under your fingers”. Sepsis and bleeding caused numerous deaths. Many of these men could not utter a word, and lay wrapped in yards and yards of bandage. Some could not sleep. Many could not eat, and feeding was a slow business. Mirrors were absolutely forbidden in the ward. Gillies managed to keep up the spirits of these broken people, telling them he would soon have them looking as good as new, and promising he would give them“new”faces.

Late in the sixteenth century we have one of the greatest names in the history of plastic work: Gaspare Tagliacozzi, professor at the university of Bologna. He described the arm-flap graft for nose and ear, which meant that the repair was done by cutting an area of skin out of the arm and using it to cover the damaged nose or ear. “We restore, repair, and make whole those parts of the face which Nature has given, but which Fortune has taken away, not so much that they may delight the eye, but that they may raise up the spirit and help the mind of the sufferer,” wrote Tagliacozzi.

During the first World War explosives of a power hardly dreamed of before were being used. The wounds they caused were more serious than surgeons had ever had to face; they created tremendous opportunities, and tremendous problems. As an artist, Gillies saw the plastic surgeon as a sculptor. His materials, instead of being wood or stone, were living skin, bone fat and muscle. He employed them to remake people. The term“reconstructive surgery”,therefore, describes well what he was trying to do.

1. **About Temperature on Earth**

For the last fifty years, the globe has been warming up. It is true that the average temperature rise is only about two degrees, but that has been enough to start the glaciers receding in many parts of the world.

A rise of one degree per generation is a large increase. Nature seldom moves as swiftly as this. We may have been helping her. Carbon dioxide(CO2) in the air is mostly responsible for the “greenhouse effect”；it is a gas produced by all our countless fires, furnaces and internal combustion engines.

The end of the short-lived age of fossil fuels is already in sight；soon---in one or two centuries at the most---we will have wasted all the world's resources of oil and coal. This no longer means disaster, for atomic energy has arrived in time to save our civilization from dying through lack of power .We are moving into a brighter and cleaner age, as the smoke of millions of fires and furnaces and automobiles ceases to darken the sky. But for that very reason, it may also be a colder age.

This suggests that it may be easier to affect the climate---the long pattern of temperature and moisture--- than to control the behaviour of the weather, which is a local and short phenomenon. The climate of Earth is determined to no small extent by the immense quantities of ice locked up at the poles, and that ice remains perpetually frozen, in spite of the twenty-four-hour-long summer days, because the Sun's heat is reflected off the blinding white wastes, and has no chance of being absorbed. If that ice could once be removed, it would never reform on the same scale. The darker, exposed soil would collect and keep so much of the Sun's warmth now lost to us, that the general Earth temperature would be at a higher level.

1. **Comets**

No account of the solar system would be complete without mention of comets, for these are just as much members of the sun's family as are the major and minor planets. Quite a large number of comets are discovered every century, but most of them are extremely faint objects, far below the limits of the unaided eye. Comets usually arouse public interest when they are large and bright enough to attract attention and receive mention in the newspapers. But objects of this type are usually few and far between especially so far during the present century. You probably saw the two in 1946, and may be old enough to recall seeing the 1910 appearance of Halley's Comet. I have met quite a lot of people who saw Halley's Comet. Their memory wasn't very good when it came to recalling other things, but they remembered the comet.

If you are fortunate enough to see a comet, don't give it just a casual glance and then vanish indoors. Notice just where it is in relation to the stars and try to plot its path by making nightly observations. At the same time try to judge the brightness of its nucleus (brightest part),and see how far you can trace its tail. Usually the longer you stay in the dark (so allowing the eyes to get adapted to the darkness),the further you should be able to trace the tail. Notice that quite faint stars can be seen through the tail；it must therefore be thinner than the finest cloud. A series of observations like these should show that the comet's tail points away from the sun, and that it usually grows in size and brightness as the comet gets closer to the sun. If it is on its way to the sun, you may even have a chance of seeing it on its return journey.

1. **The Effect of Light Speed**

Raising our eyes from the earth to observe the heavenly objects, we find a really considerable space of time occupied by light in carrying to us information about those distant bodies. From the moon light takes little more than a second and a quarter in reaching us; so that we obtain sufficiently early information of the condition of our satellite. But light occupies more than eight minutes in reaching us from the sun; a longer or shorter interval in travelling to us from Mercury, Venus, and Mars, according to the position of these planets; from about thirty- five to fifty minutes in reaching us from Jupiter; about an hour and twenty minutes on the average in speeding across the great gap which separates us from Saturn; while we receive information from Uranus and Neptune only after intervals twice and three times as great as that which light takes to come from the ringed planet, Saturn.

Thus, if we could at any moment see the whole range of the solar system as distinctly as we see Jupiter or Mars, the scene would not show the real appearance of the solar system at that, or any other definite, instant. The information brought by light about the various members of the solar system belongs to different times. If man had powers of vision which enabled him to watch what is taking place on the different planets of the solar system, it is clear that events of the greatest importance might have happened while yet he remained quite unconscious of their occurrence. Or, to look at it the other way, if an observer on Neptune could see all that is taking place on the earth, he might remain for hours unconscious of an event important enough to affect a whole continent.

1. **Engine And Plane**

Steam engines were the first to be tried in aero-planes, but they were too heavy to be of any real use. One such machine, made in 1773, consisted of a large number of wings one above the other and was driven by a steam engine. It is said to have risen for a moment off the ground. Another rose, but fell and was damaged. It was not until the petrol engine, which is very light for the power it develops, was fitted to a machine that any real success was obtained.

On December 16,1902,Orville Wright, an American, flew safely in a heavier-than-air machine for twelve seconds, He and his brother Wilbur had made a lot of experiments and had taken immense trouble to study the art of flying in gliders before they attempted to fly their aeroplane. Orville came down safely after the first short flight, and on the same day the experiment was repeated three times. The longest of these flights covered a distance of 741feet and lasted 49 seconds. The machine which was used had an engine developing only sixteen horse-power but the aeroplane reached a speed of 24 miles an hour. The two brothers continued their experiments after their first success, and in 1907 Wilbur gave some exhibitions of flying in France which astonished all who saw them.

The Wright brothers laid the foundation of modern flying. Soon others followed in their footsteps. Louis Bleriot, a Frenchman, flew across the English Channel from Calais to Dover in 1909. Prizes were offered for flights from one place to another. Competition increased. The aeroplane improved more and more as its behavior became better understood. More powerful engines were developed. In 1919 sir John Alcovk and Sir Arthur Brown made the first flight across the Atlantic Ocean, and in the same year an aeroplane flew from England to Australia. The age of air travel had arrived.

1. **粉笔字(考核时间10min，抄写5句英文谚语，30字左右)**

**\*题中的中文只是作为赏析，不需要抄写中文\***

1.Absence makes the heart grow fonder。

小别胜新婚；离别更增思念之情。

2.Action speak louder than words。

行动胜于言辞；事实胜于雄辩；坐而言不如起而行。

3.Advice when most needed is least heeded。

忠言于最需要时，最不被重视；忠言逆耳。

4.Affection is blind reason。

爱情是盲目的理性。

5.After a storm comes a calm。

暴风雨后的宁静；否极泰来；雨过天晴。

6.After dinner sit a while, after supper walk a mile。

饭后坐一下，晚饭后运动。

7.After night comes the day。

黑夜过后，白昼将至；否极泰来。

8.All good things come to an end。

好景不常；天下没有不散的筵席。

9.All rivers run into the sea。

条条江河通大海；条条大道通罗马；殊途同归。

10.All things come to those who wait。

懂得忍耐的人是最大的赢家；忍为上策。

11.Art is long, life is short。

生也有涯，而知无涯；人生短暂，而学问无穷。

12.As you sow, so will you reap。

种瓜得瓜，种豆得豆。

13.Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home。

在家千日好，出门事事难。

14.Beauty is in the eye of the beholder。

情人眼里出西施。

15.The best of friends must part。

天下无不散的筵席。

16.Better late than never。

亡羊补牢，尤为晚矣。

17.Better the devil you know than the devil you don't know。

明枪易躲，暗箭难防。

18.A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush。

一鸟在手，胜于二鸟在林；把握现在，不要空想未来。

19.A brave man smiles in the face of adversity。

勇者面对逆境也微笑；勇者不惧。

20.The chain is no stronger than its weakest link。

整个链条的强韧与否，要看最弱的那一环。

21.Constant dripping wears away the stone。

滴水穿石；铁杵磨成针。

22.The course of true love never did run smooth。

真爱无坦途，好事多磨。

23.A crooked stick throws a crooked shadow。

上梁不正下梁歪；曲杖生曲影。

24.The darkest hour comes before dawn。

黎明之前，是最黑暗的时刻。

25.Do in Rome as the Romans do。

在罗马，就照着罗马人的习俗去做；入乡随俗。

26.Don't bite off more than you can chew。

贪多嚼不烂；不要自不量力。

27.Don't burn the candle at both ends。

蜡烛不要两头烧；不可过分透支体力。

28.Don't cast your pearls before swine。

不要在猪面前丢珍珠；不要对牛弹琴。

29.Don't cross a bridge till you come to it。

船到桥头自然直；勿杞人忧天。

30.Don't cut off your nose to spite your face。

不要割下自己的鼻子来和脸过不去；不要和自己过不去。

31.Don't have too many irons in the fire。

不要把太多的铁放到火炉里；不要同时做太多事；不要操之过急。

32.Don't make a mountain out of a molehill。

勿将鼹鼠丘看作大山；不要小题大做。

33.Don't measure other people's corn by your own bushel。

别用自己的斗去量别人的谷；勿以己度人。

34.Don't meet trouble halfway。

勿杞人忧天；勿自寻烦恼。

35.Don't paint the lily。

不要给百合花涂上颜色。

36.Don't put all your eggs in one basket。

不要把所有的蛋放在一个篮子里；勿孤注一掷。

37.Don't put the cart before the horse。

不要把马车放在马前；勿本末倒置。

38.Don't ride the high horse。

不要骑高马；不要摆架子。

39.Don't set fire to your house to keep yourself warm。

不要焚屋取暖。

40.Don't tell tales out of school。

不要泄露秘密。

41.Don't wash your dirty linen in public。

家丑不可外扬。

42.Drunkenness reveals what soberness conceals。

酒醉时会说出清醒时不想说的话；酒后吐真言。

43.Dry bread at home is better than roast meat abroad。

在家吃干面包，好过在外吃烤肉；在家千日好，出门事事难。

44.The early bird catches the worm。

早起的鸟儿有虫吃；捷足先登。

45.Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise。

早睡早起使人健康、富有又聪明。

46.Eaiser said than done。

说时容易做时难；知易行难。

47.East or west, home is best。

东奔西跑，不如家里最好；金窝、银窝，不如自己的草窝。

48.Eat to live and not live to eat。

吃饭是为了活着，活着不是为了吃饭。

49.The end justifies the means。

为达目的，不择手段。

50.Even Homer sometimes nods。

即使荷马也会打瞌睡；智者千虑，必有一失。

51.Every ass likes to hear himself bray。

每头驴子都爱听自己嘶叫；马不知脸长。

52.Every man has his faults。

每个人都有缺点；人非圣贤，孰能无过。

53.Every man is his own worst enemy。

每个人是自己最大的敌人。

54.Every why has a wherefore。

事出必有因。

55.Everybody's business is nobody's business。

众人之事无人管；三个和尚没水喝。

56.Everything comes to him who waits。

等待的人终必得到。

57.Evil tidings spread quickly。

好事不出门，坏事传千里。

58.Expectation is better than realization。

期待比实现更美好。

59.Experience is the best teacher。

经验即良师。

60.The eye is bigger than the belly。

眼大肚子小。

61.A fair face may hide a foul heart。

笑里藏刀，包藏祸心。

62.False with one can be false with two。

撒了一次谎，必有第二次。

63.A fault confessed is half redressed。

承认错，就等于改正了一半；知过能改，善莫大焉。

64.First impressions are most lasting。

初次印象最持久；先入为主。

65.Fools rush in where angels fear to tread。

无知者无畏；无知的人，天不怕，地不怕。

66.Forewarmed is forearmed。

预先获得警告，既是预先有了准备；凡事预则立。

67.Fortune helps him that's willing to help himself。

天助自助者。

68.A friend in need is a friend indeed。

患难见真情；患难之交才是真朋友。

69.A friend to all is a friend to none。

对谁都友好的人，等于对谁都不友好。

70.Gather ye rosebuds while ye may。

有花堪折直需折。

71.Give a thief enough rope and he'll hang himself。

多行不义必自毙。

72.Give credit where credit is due。

有功则赏。

73.Give him an inch and he'll take an ell。

得寸进尺。

74.A good beginning makes a good ending。

有善始必有善终。

75.Good company makes short miles。

良伴同行路途短。

76.A good name is sooner lost than won。

好名声得之难，失之易。

77.Great minds think alike。

英雄所见略同。

78.Handsome is as handsome does。

行为漂亮才是美；心美貌亦美。

79.Haste makes waste。

欲速则不达。

80.He laughs best who laughs last。

笑到最后的人笑的最甜；别高兴得太早。

81.He that fights and runs away may live to fight another day。

逃跑的人未来可以再战；留得青山在，不怕没柴烧。

82.He that gains time gains all things。

能争取时间，便能获得一切。

83.He who begins many things, finishes but few。

虎头蛇尾。

84.Health is better than wealth。

健康胜于财富。

85.His bark is worse than his bite。

叫得凶，但咬得不重；雷声大，雨点小。

86.Honesty is the best policy。

诚实为上策。

87.Hope springs eternal in the human breast。

希望永远在人的心中滋生。

88.A house divided against itself cannot stand。

有内讧的家不能存在；家和万事兴。

89.It is as well to know which way the wind blows。

最好知道风吹往哪个方向；识时务者为俊杰。

90.It is best to be on the safe side。

小心谨慎为上策。

91.It is better to be alone than iin bad company。

交恶友不如无友。

92.It is better to do well than to say well。

说得好不如做得好。

93.It is not how long but how well we live。

人生在于活得漂亮，而非活得长久。

94.It is the unexpected that always happens。

意外常常发生。

95.The journey of a thousand miles starts with one step。

千里之行，始于足下；万丈高楼平地起。

96.Jump once but look twice。

三思而后行。

97.Keep something for a rainy day。

未雨绸缪，有备无患。

98.Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open。

少说话，多观察。

99.Kill not the goose that lays the golden eggs。

勿杀生金蛋的鹅；勿杀鸡取卵。

100.The laborer is worthy of his hire。

一分辛劳，一分收获。