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Hemingways story is about an incident that happens between a father and his son. The small boys misunderstanding of the difference in measuring temperature on a Fahrenheit and a Celsius Scale causes him to believe that he is dying of a high fever. However , the father doesnt realize it until very late that day..... A Days Wait Ernest Hemingway He came into the room to shut the windows while we were still in bed and I saw he looked ill. He was shivering , his face was white , and he walked slowly as though it ached to move.

"Whats the matter , Schatz ? " "Ive got a headache." "You better go back to bed." "No. Im all right." "You go to bed. Ill be you when Im dressed." But when I came downstairs he was dressed , sitting by the fire , looking a very sick and miserable boy of nine years. When I put my hand on his forehead I knew he had a fever. "You go up to bed , " I said , "Youre sick." "Im all right , " he said. When the doctor came he took the boys temperature. "Whats is it ? " I asked him. "One hundred and two." Downstairs , the doctor left three different medicines in different colored capsules with instruction for giving them. One was to bring down the fever , another a purgative , the third to overcome an acid condition. The germs of influenza can only exist in an acid condition , he explained. He seemed to know all about influenza and said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a

light epidemic of flu and there was no danger if you avoided pneumonia. Back in the room I wrote the boys temperature down and made a note of the time to give the various capsules. "Do you want me to read to you ? " "All right. If you want to , " said the boy. His face was very white and there were dark areas under his eyes. He lay still in the bed and seemed very detached from what was going on. I read aloud from Howard Pyles Book of pirates ; but I could see he was not following what I was reading. "How do you feel , Schatz ? " I asked him. "Just the same , so far , " he said. I sat at the foot of the bed and read to myself while I waited for it to be time to give another capsule. It would have been natural for him to go to sleep , but when I looked up he was looking at the foot of the bed , looking very strangely. "Why dont you try to sleep ? Ill make you up for the medicine." "Id rather stay awake." After a while he said to me , "You dont have to stay in here with me , Papa , if it bothers you." "It doesnt bother me." "No , I mean you dont have to stay if its going to bother you." I thought perhaps he was a little lightheaded and after giving him the prescribed capsules at eleven oclock I went out for a while. It was a bright , cold day , the ground covered with a sleet that had frozen so that it seemed as if all the bare trees , the bushes , the cut brush and all the grass and the bare ground had been varnished with ice , I took the young Irish setter for a walk up the road and along a frozen creek , but it was difficult to stand or walk on the glassy surface and the red dog slipped and slithered and I fell twice , hard , once 0dropping my gun and having it slide away over the ice. We flushed a covey of quail under a high clay bank with

overhanging brush and I killed two as they went out of sight over the top of the bank. Some of the covey lit in trees , but most of them scattered into brush piles and it was necessary to jump on the ice-coated mounds of brush several times before they would flush. Coming out while you were poised unsteadily on the icy , springy brush they made difficult shooting and I killed two , missed five , and started back pleased to have found a covey close to the house and happy there were so many left to find on another day. 100Test
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