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miserable and merry Christmas ? How could it be ? A Miserable , Merry Christmas Christmas was coming. I wanted a pony. To make sure that my parents understood , I declared that I wanted noting else. "Nothing but a pony ? " my father asked. "Nothing , " I said. "Not even a pair of high boots ? " That was hard. I did want boots , but I stuck to the pony. "No , not even boots." "Nor candy ? There ought to be something to fill your stocking with , and Santa Claus cant put a pony into a stocking , " That was true , and he couldnt lead a pony down the chimney either . But no. "All I want is a pony , " I said. "If I cant have a pony , give me nothing , nothing." On Christmas Eve I hung up my stocking along with my sisters. The next morning my sisters and I woke up at six. Then we raced downstairs to the fireplace. And there they were , the gifts , all sorts of wonderful things , mixed-up piles of presents. Only my stocking was empty ; it hung limp ; not a thing in it ; and under and around it nothing. My sisters had knelt down , each by her pile of gifts ; they were crying with delight , till they looked up and saw me standing there looking so miserable. They came over to me and felt my stocking : nothing. I dont remember whether I cried at that moment , but my sisters did. They ran with me back to my bed , and there we all cried till I became indignant. That helped some. I got up , dressed , and driving my sisters away , I went out alone into

the stable , and there , all by myself , I wept. My mother came out to me and she tried to comfort me. But I wanted no comfort. She left me and went on into the house with sharp words for my father. My sisters came to me , and I was rude. I ran away from them. I went around to the front of the house , sat down on the steps , and , the crying over , I ached. I was wronged , I was hurt. And my father must have been hurt , too , a little. I saw him looking out of the window. He was watching me or something for an hour or two , drawing back the curtain so little lest I catch him , but I saw his face , and I think I can see now the anxiety upon on it , the worried impatience. After an hour or two , I caught sight of a man riding a pony down the street , a pony and a brand-new saddle ; the most beautiful saddle I ever saw , and it was a boys saddle. And the pony ! As he drew near , I saw that the pony was really a small horse , with a black mane and tail , and one white foot and a white star on his forehead. For such a horse as that I would have given anything. But the man came along , reading the numbers on the houses , and , as my hopes my impossible hopes rose , he looked at our door and passed by , he and the pony , and the saddle. Too much , I fell upon the steps and broke into tears. Suddenly I heard a voice. "Say , kid , " it said , "do you know a boy named Lennie Steffens ? " I looked up. It was the man on the pony , back again. "Yes , " I spluttered through my tears. "Thats me." "Well , " he said , "then this is your horse. Ive been looking all over for you and your house. Why dont you put your number where it can be seen ? " "Get down , " I said , running out to him. I wanted to ride. He

went on saying something about "ought to have got here at seven o'clock , but" I hardly heard , I could scarcely wait. I was so happy , so thrilled. I rode off up the street. Such a beautiful pony. And mine ! After a while I turned and trotted back to the stable. There was the family , father , mother , sisters , all working for me , all happy. They had been putting in place the tools of my new business : currycomb , brush , pitchfork everything , and there was hay in the loft. But that Christmas , which my father had planned so carefully , was it the best or the worst I ever knew ? He often asked me that ; I never could answer as a boy. I think now that it was both. It covered the whole distance from broken-hearted misery to bursting happiness too fast , A grown-up could hardly have stood it. 100Test 下载频道开通 , 各类考试题目直接下载。详细请访问 www.100test.com