



## The Hobby

The class teacher thought that hobbies were very important for every child. She encouraged all her pupils to have one, and sometimes arranged for their parents to come and see the work they had done as a result.

One Friday morning the teacher told the class that those of them who had a hobby could have a holiday that afternoon to get the things they had made as parts of their hobbies ready for their parents to see the following afternoon.

So on Friday afternoon, while those of the pupils who had nothing to show did their usual lessons, the lucky ones who had made something were allowed to go home, on condition that they returned before five o'clock to bring what they were going to show, and to arrange it.

When the afternoon lessons began, the teacher was surprised to see that Tommy was not there. He was the laziest boy in the class, and the teacher found it difficult to believe that he had a hobby. However, at a quarter to five, Tommy arrived with a beautiful collection of butterflies in glass cases. After his teacher had admired them and helped him to arrange them on a table in the classroom, she was surprised to see Tommy pick them up again and begin to leave.

'What are you doing, Tommy?' she asked. 'Those things must remain here until tomorrow afternoon. That's when the parents are coming to see them.'

'I know they are coming then,' answered Tommy, 'and I will bring them back tomorrow; but my big brother doesn't want them to be out of our house at night in case they are stolen.'

'But what has it got to do with your big brother?' asked the teacher. 'Aren't the butterflies yours?'

'No,' answered Tommy. 'They belong to him.'

'But Tommy, you are supposed to show your own hobby here, not somebody else's!' said the teacher.

'I know that,' answered Tommy. 'My hobby is watching my brother collecting butterflies.'

## 7年級英文演說 題目二

### The Story of Stone Soup

Once upon a time, somewhere in post-war Eastern Europe, there was a great famine in which people jealously hoarded whatever food they could find, hiding it even from their friends and neighbors. One day a wandering soldier came into a village and began asking questions as if he planned to stay for the night.

"There's not a bite to eat in the whole province," he was told. "Better keep moving on."

"Oh, I have everything I need," he said. "In fact, I was thinking of making some stone soup to share with all of you." He pulled an iron cauldron from his wagon, filled it with water, and built a fire under it. Then, with great ceremony, he drew an ordinary-looking stone from a velvet bag and dropped it into the water.

By now, hearing the rumor of food, most of the villagers had come to the square or watched from their windows. As the soldier sniffed the "broth" and licked his lips in anticipation, hunger began to overcome their skepticism.

"Ahh," the soldier said to himself rather loudly, "I do like a tasty stone soup. Of course, stone soup with cabbage -- that's hard to beat."

Soon a villager approached hesitantly, holding a cabbage he'd retrieved from its hiding place, and added it to the pot. "Capital!" cried the soldier. "You know, I once had stone soup with cabbage and a bit of salt beef as well, and it was fit for a king."

The village butcher managed to find some salt beef . . . and so it went, through potatoes, onions, carrots, mushrooms, and so on, until there was indeed a delicious meal for all. The villagers offered the soldier a great deal of money for the magic stone, but he refused to sell and traveled on the next day. The moral is that by working together, with everyone contributing what they can, a greater good is achieved.

## 7年級英文演說 題目三、

### **The princess and the pea**

There is a prince. He is very handsome, and lives in a very comfortable castle. What's more, he is loved by his family and people. Everything seems great to him. However, he is very sad, too. Why? He wants to find a princess, a real princess. Although there are many princesses in his kingdom, he still can't find a real one after a long time. Because of this, he becomes sadder and always pulls a long face.

One night, there is a storm. The thunder is very loud. The lightning is very bright. It's a stormy night. Then there is a knock on the door. The two big doors open. Outside, there is a wet princess. "Oh, my! I am so wet." The princess says, "I am tired, too. May I rest in the castle tonight?" The prince and the queen hear her voice and appear. "Wow! She is beautiful!" The prince says to the queen. "That's true, but is she a real princess?" The queen asks. "Hmm, I don't know." The prince replies.

The princess continued, "I am so sleepy. Do you know that? I am a real princess, so I can only sleep on a very comfortable bed. Please prepare a soft, smooth, and comfortable bed for me." The queen listens to the princess. Then she has a good idea. "Don't worry, son." She says. "We will discover if she is a real princess!" She takes out a small pea, a very small

pea. The queen puts the pea on the bed. Then she has her maids put ten "soft" mattresses down. Then they put nine "very soft" mattresses down. What's more, they put eight feather mattresses down. Finally, they put seven soft blankets down. "OK, dear," the queen tells the princess. "Time for bed."

The night passes. At breakfast, the princess still looks very tired. "Did you have a sweet dream, dear?" The queen asked the princess. "No. I didn't sleep well. I even couldn't fall asleep. I am very tired now." The princess replies. "What a terrible night! There seems to be a big rock in my bed! Oh! My back hurts! Ouch!" The queen is very happy. Only a real princess has a such a delicate sense of feeling and can feel the pea. The queen knows this. "You are a real princess!" the prince shouts happily. So the prince and the princess are married. They are very happy. And where is the pea? It might be in your bed.