读后续写-----写好每段段首接续句

**新阵地续写：**

第二节（满分 25 分）

阅读下面材料，根据其内容和所给段落开头语续写两段，使之构成一篇完整的短文。

My day started just like all the other days for the past 15 years where I get up, make some coffee, shower, get dressed, and leave for the train station at precisely 7:35 A.M. to arrive at work by 8:30. While on the train, I would always choose a seat away from the crowd so I could read the newspaper in peace and quiet.

At work, I am always burdened with questions from co-workers, suppliers, telephone calls, and then those dreaded meetings, so the last thing I need is some stranger to sit beside me and start small talk.

I don’t know why, but for some reason, when I got on the train today, it was unusually full. With hesitation, I sat down in the only seat available beside a middle-aged man who had his head down and seemed to be lost in his thoughts. I was glad that he didn’t notice when I sat next to him as he just continued to look down towards the floor.

Shortly after the train left for my 30-minute ride downtown, I found myself wondering what this man was thinking about. What could be so important that he didn’t even see me sitting next to him? I tried to forget about it and started to read my paper. However, for some strange reason, this “inner voice” kept prompting me to talk to this man. I tried to ignore the “voice” as there was no way I was starting a conversation with a complete stranger.

As you probably guessed, I eventually broke down and came up with an excuse to ask him a question. When he raised his head and turned his eyes toward me, I could see that he must have been really upset as he had red eyes and still had some tears rolling down the side of his face, despite his feeble attempt to wipe them away. I can’t describe the sadness I felt seeing someone in so much pain.

We talked for about 20 minutes, and in the end, he seemed to be doing better. As we were leaving the train, he thanked me heartily for being an “angel” by taking the time to talk. I never did find out what was making his heart so heavy with pain, but I was glad I listened to the “voice” that day.

注意：

1.续写词数应为 150 左右；

2.请按如下格式在答题卡的相应位置作答。

Paragraph1: *Several weeks later, Ifound an envelope on my desk with the word “Angel” written on it.*

Paragraph2: *Deeply touched yet still shaken, Isat there holding the letter,feeling lucky that Ifollowed my inner voice.*

**名校协作体**

阅读下面材料，根据其内容和所给段落开头语续写两段，使之构成一篇完整的短文。

Right after I had my first son, I found myself with a surplus of baby formula (奶粉) I couldn't use due to his stomach issues. Not wanting it to go to waste, I tuned to a website for giving away items for free. Shortly afterward a young woman from my small town reached out, expressing her desperate need for the formula. She explained that her husband had just passed away in an accident, leaving her in a difficult situation, Feeling a tug at my heart. I immediately promised to save all the formula for her.

However, three days passed, and I heard nothing, I tried to connect her but failed, My husband suggested it might be a cruel joke or maybe some sort of sick tricks. Unwilling to believe it, I decided to give it one last try.

This time I got through. In the telephone. I could hear the tiredness and strain in her voice as she mentioned she'd just managed to pay her phone bill and had to wait until she could find a way to get closer to town. It was clear she was struggling. Trying to keep my tone neutral，I offered to send the formula to her house. After an awkward silence，she agreed and provided her address.

Once I hung up,I felt compelled to do more than just provide the formula. We checked her address and discovered she lived in a desolate part of town. Her cottage was situated in the middle of the desert, far removed from any public transportation. Realizing how tough her situation must be, I went through my pantry (食品储藏室), fridge and freezer, gathering anything we could spare. In total, we filled three bags and a laundry hamper with food and essentials.

When we arrived at her home the next day, she welcomed us inside, her face devoid(没有) of emotion. The sight that greeted me was heartbreaking: her living space was almost empty, with only a single couch and a bare kitchen. Even when we unloaded the items, she still seemed almost numb, as if life had drained all the color from her. Without a word, she simply nodded, turned away, and mechanically began making a bottle for her son, her movements slow and detached.

*Paragraph 1: On the way back home, I couldn't shake her from my mind.*

*Paragraph 2: Several weeks later; the woman came to me.*

**宁波十校**

I never imagined that a single piece of paper could change my entire perspective on life. I was a librarian, a job that had defined my existence for over two decades. My days were spent among the quiet rows of books. I knew every corner of the library, every title on the shelves, and yet, I felt as if my own life was missing a chapter.

It was a typical Tuesday morning. I was sorting through a box of old donations, preparing to catalog some rare books, when I found a small, yellowed envelope between the pages of an ancient journal. It had no address, no stamp, and no indication of its origin. Curious, I carefully opened it. The handwriting was elegant but faded, the ink barely visible against the paper. The letter read,

*“Dear Stranger,*

*If you are reading this, know that you are not alone. Life has a way of making us feel isolated, as if our stories are insignificant. But every life matters. Every story is important. I hope the letter finds someone who needs to hear these words.*

*You are stronger than you think. You have the power to change your world, one small act at a time. Don’t be afraid to take risks, to follow your dreams, and to embrace the unknown. The greatest journeys begin with a single step.*

*With hope, A Friend”*

I read the letter over and over, feeling a strange mix of emotions. The words resonated deeply within me, as if they were written specifically for me. I had always been content with my life, but lately, I felt a growing sense of restlessness. The library was my sanctuary(庇护所), but it had also become my prison. I had lost sight of my own dreams, my own story.

That evening, as I closed the library, I couldn’t shake the feeling that the letter was a sign. I had always been cautious, preferring the safety of routine to the uncertainty of change. But the letter reminded me that life was meant to be lived, not just observed.

*Paragraph 1: The next morning, I walked into the library director’s office, saying with resolution, “I have an idea.”*

*Paragraph 2: Weeks later, the moveable library program started, bringing libraries to different communities.*