**20231116台州一模-Green Thumb学案**

**一、文本呈现**

**Green Thumb**

All I did was show my little sister how to grow plants. Dig a hole. Put in a seed. Cover it with dirt. Water it. Wait. “See, Laynie,” I explained, “a whole plant will grow from this tiny seed. All we have to do is water it.”

Laynie had her own watering can so she could “help” me in the garden. One day, after everything was watered, she ran to the fence and started sprinkling water on another spot. I walked over and saw a fresh patch of dirt near the fence.

“Did you plant something there?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said. “I’m growing a pencil. My purple pencil got too small, so I planted it.” “What? But, Laynie -”

I should have explained things right then, but I just muttered, “Uh ... I never grew one before.”

Later I got what seemed like a great idea. I dug up Laynie’s pencil and “planted” a brand-new purple pencil. Laynie was really excited when she saw it. “My pencil grew!” she shouted.

A few days later, Laynie was watering on the same spot. Two days later, new crayons sticking their pointy little heads out, thanks to me. Laynie jumped up and down and yelled, “They look like flowers!” She “picked” them and ran into the house.

Next, Laynie grew an adult bear doll from a tiny one, a soup spoon from a teaspoon, and a hand mirror from a piece of glass. When she claimed that she had grown these things, I just kept my mouth shut! Actually, it was fun trying to think of what should grow from Laynie’s seeds. And it was cool to see her get excited.

One day I saw her patting down some dirt near the fence again, so I knew she’d just planted something. My heart dropped to my feet when she asked, “How long does it take to grow a goldfish, Brad?” I couldn’t speak.

“Not long, I bet!” said Laynie. She knelt down to whisper “Grow, Molly. Grow!” before she skipped back to the house.

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。

I sat down with my back to the fence and thought for a long time.

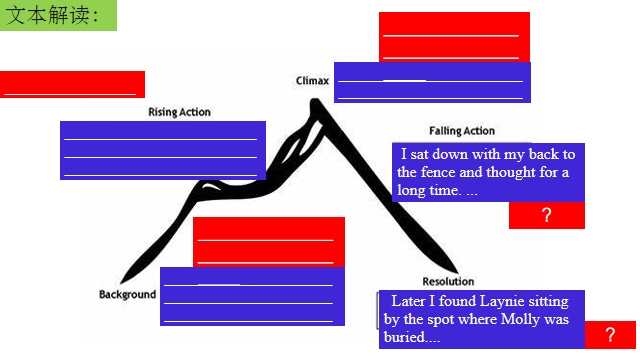
Later I found Laynie sitting by the spot where Molly was buried.

**二、标题理解：**

How do you understand the title “Green Thumb”?

**三、文本理解：**

While showing my little sister Laynie how to grow plants, I told her that plants grew from tiny\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and we only needed to water them. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (misinterpret) what I meant, she planted a small purple pencil in the dirt, hoping to harvest a brand new pencil. In order not to let her \_\_\_\_\_\_, I dug up her pencil and r\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ it with a new one pretending that the pencil did grow, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ made her excited and drove her to plant more stuffs. The list grew longer and longer \_\_\_\_\_\_ one day when she began to grow a goldfish. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_(alarm) by her crazy idea, I decided that I must do something to stop her act \_\_\_\_\_ it was too late. I thought...



**五、情节构建：Q - A**

**I sat down with my back to the fence and thought for a long time.**

Q1: After thinking for a long time, what decision did I make or what idea did I come up with？

Q2: Learning the truth, how did Laynie react?

Q3: How should the plot transform to the second part？

**Later I found Laynie sitting by the spot where Molly was buried.**

Q1: What did I do to comfort Laynie？

Q2: Did Laynie finally learn what growing plants was about?

Q3: How can the story end? And in the way that corresponds with the title？

1. **reflection：**

How do you understand the title: Green Thumb?

**七、参考范文：99+104**

I sat down with my back to the fence and thought for a long time. Sighing, I decided then there was only one right thing to do. I got up, took some things from the shed, and went inside. When I displayed the short pencil, the crayons, the teaspoon ... on the table, Laynie was dumbfounded. Then I explained how I’d dug up and replaced all of her things. “No!” she screamed, red-faced. With big shove, she knocked everything off the table. “Laynie,” I swallowed hard and added, “Molly isn’t going to grow either.” At this, she burst into tears and ran off. Pierced to the heart with guilt, I felt like a worm.

Later I found Laynie sitting by the spot where Molly was buried. I sat down beside her gently held her in my embrace and apologized. Laynie turned her face away. I went on, “See, you can grow things from seeds - not from pencils or ... dead things. OK?” “Just seeds?” she asked, face still tear-stained. I nodded. She looked at me for a minute as if thinking about something. Later that day, after we had a funeral for Molly, I saw Laynie patting down some dirt on Molly’s grave. My heart tightened. “I’m growing some forget-me-nots, so Molly won’t forget me,” she said. This time, I thought “the green thumb” would have a real harvest.

**八、原文本阅读：《英语沙龙》（原版阅读）2023-5**

All I did was show my little sister how to grow plants. Dig a hole. Put in a seed. Cover it with dirt. Water it. Wait.

“See, Laynie,” I explained, “a whole plant will grow from this tiny seed. All we have to do is water it.”

Could anybody misunderstand something so simple?

You wouldn’t think so.

Laynie had her own watering can so she could “help” me in the garden. One day, after everything was watered, she said, “We forgot something, Brad.” She ran to the fence and started sprinkling water on another spot. I walked over and saw a fresh patch of dirt near the fence.

“Did you plant something there?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said. “I’m growing a pencil.”

“What?”

She stopped sprinkling. “My purple pencil got too small, so I planted it, the way you said.”

“But, Laynie—”

“How long does it take to grow a new pencil?”

I should have explained things right then, but I just muttered, “Uh . . . I never grew one before.”

Later I got what seemed like a great idea. I dug up Laynie’s pencil and “planted” a brand-new purple pencil. I fixed it with the eraser sticking up.

Laynie was really excited when she saw it. “My pencil grew!” she shouted. She drew pictures with it all afternoon.

Well, that’s that, I thought.

A few days later, Laynie was watering the same spot. “How long does it take to grow crayons?” she asked.

“We-e-ell—”

“I can’t wait!” she squealed, giggling. She squatted down and whispered, “Grow. Come on, grow.”

Two days later, new crayons sprouted their pointy little heads, thanks to me. Laynie jumped up and down and yelled, “They look like flowers!” She “picked” them and ran into the house.

Next Laynie grew pinking shears from nail scissors, a soup ladle from a teaspoon, and a hand mirror from a piece of foil. Grandma thought Laynie was cute when she claimed that she had grown these things. I just kept my mouth shut!

Actually, it was fun trying to think of what should grow from Laynie’s “seeds.” And it was cool to see her get excited.

One day I saw her patting down some dirt, so I knew she’d just planted something. “What is it this time?” I asked.

“It’s Molly.”

I gasped. Molly was Laynie’s goldfish!

“She jumped out of her bowl again,” Laynie said. “Grandma said we didn’t find her in time.” Then Laynie picked up her little watering can and started sprinkling that spot. My heart dropped to my feet when she asked, “How long does it take to grow a goldfish, Brad?”

I couldn’t speak.

“Not long, I bet!” said Laynie. She knelt down to whisper “Grow, Molly. Grow!” before she skipped back to the house.

I sat down with my back to the fence and asked myself, Now what? Think you can grow a new goldfish, Mr. Green Thumb?

I thought for a long time. Maybe, if my timing was right, I could put a live fish on the spot just before Laynie came along. Or I could sneak a new fish into Molly’s bowl and just say that it grew.

I sighed. I knew there was only one right thing to do. I got up, took some things from the shed, and went inside.

When I laid the short pencil, crayon stubs, teaspoon, foil, and nail scissors on the table, Laynie looked confused. “Is that my pencil?” she asked.

“We have to talk,” I said. Then I explained how I’d dug up and replaced all of her things.

“My pencil did too grow!” she shouted. “And so did my flower crayons! And . . . everything!”

“No, they didn’t,” I said. “I dug—”

“No!” she screamed, red-faced. With a big shove, she knocked everything off the table.

She didn’t fool me. She was upset. And the worst part hadn’t come yet.

“Laynie,” I said softly. “Molly isn’t going to grow either.”

She burst into tears and ran off. I felt like a worm.

Later I found her sitting by the spot where Molly was buried. I sat down, too, and said, “I did something wrong, and I’m really sorry.”

Laynie turned her face away. I went on. “See, you can grow things from seeds — not from pencils or foil or . . . dead things. OK?”

“Just seeds?” she asked.

“Just seeds,” I said. “I’m sorry, Laynie.”

She looked at me for a minute. Then she said, “Oh, all right.”

We had a funeral for Molly. Then we planted some forget-me-not seeds on the grave. Laynie watered them every morning.

One day I saw Laynie carrying her watering can to the corner of the yard. I swallowed hard and called, “Laynie, what are you doing?”

“I’m growing something for you,” she said, sprinkling a new patch of dirt.

“From seeds?” Please, please, please, I thought.

“Of course!” She passed me on her way to the house and proudly announced, “I’m growing basketballs!”

When she was gone, I dug up the spot with my bare hands. I wasn’t sure what I’d find.

The “basketball seeds” were small and light, and they smelled like . . . oranges! When I finally stopped laughing, I replanted them. Then I headed for the house to explain gardening to Laynie—

one . . .

    more . . .

        time.