**2023届高三六校第四次联考**

**英 语 答 案**

**第二部分 阅读（共两节，满分50分）**

第一节 （共15小题；每小题2.5分，满分37.5分）

1-3 CDC 4-7 BDAD 8-11 CADC 12-15 ABAD

第二节 (共5小题；每小题2.5分，满分12.5分)

16-20 FDACG

第三部分 语言运用（共两节，满分30分）

第一节（共15小题；每小题1分，满分15分）

21--25 BCACD 26-30 CADBD 31-35 ACDBA

第二节（共10小题；每小题1.5分，满分15分）

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41. Starting 42. as 43. how 44. successfully 45. citizens

**第四部分 写作（共两节，满分40分）**

第一节（满分15分）

*Possible version 1:*

Dear Charlie,

My past winter vacation was filled with so many memorable experiences that I'm thrilled to share with you what’s unforgettable to me.

To better serve my community in winter vacation, I seized the opportunity to participate in a volunteer service to run a book drive for kids in low-income families. The top priority for us is to reach out to more potential donors and promote the drive in multiple ways, including local newspapers, social media accounts, etc. With joint efforts, we proudly accomplished the tough task and gained a deeper insight into the community we live in. What impressed me most, throughout the whole activity, was commitment of volunteers, enthusiasm of donors and the happy smiling faces of those kids who got their beloved books. Most importantly, the kids are now guided by, so to speak, a lighthouse that illuminates their way, helping them navigate in the sea of life.

I would appreciate it if you enjoy my vacation story. I also look forward to your memorable moments.

Kind regards.
Yours,

Li Hua

*Possible version 2:*

Dear Charlie,

Knowing from your last email that you are interested in my winter holiday, I’m writing to share with you some details of it.

With great excitement and enthusiasm, my family embarked on a self-drive tour back to my hometown and thus had a chance to explore my hometown from a different angle. Upon arrival, what came into sight was a brand-new village with neatly-arranged houses and a crystal-clear stream running through it, which has been transformed into a favored destination for agritourism. It was the vast fields, distinctive rural home-stay and excellent ecological environment that kept me spellbound and helped relieve my pressure from study. Besides, since the Chinese Lunar New Year fell in the winter holiday, I was able to reunite with my friends and visit the elder, enjoying varieties of celebrations together.

It goes without saying that not only did this trip offer me a chance to gain a deeper insight into my hometown, but it was also an unforgettable memory of relaxation and celebration. How about your winter holiday? I look forward to your memorable moments.

Kind regards.
Yours,

Li Hua

*Possible version 3:*

I’m glad to receive your email asking about my winter holiday and I’m eager to share it with you.

As a tradition, we had a family reunion to celebrate the Spring Festival, visiting relatives and exchanging best wishes, which was a real comfort and relaxation after a busy year. In addition to finishing my studies for most of the time, I exercised regularly to strengthen my body and refresh my mind. Most importantly, I worked as a volunteer in a local library at weekends, where I helped to arrange books and read for some primary school students, thus becoming more patient and responsible.

The winter holiday was a little busy, but for me it was meaningful and memorable as well. How about yours? Look forward to your reply.

第二节 （满分25分）

*Possible version 1:*

***I bravely walked to where the others in my group sat.*** Encouraged by their big smiles, I sat down and led the project. According to personal interests and what they were good at, I assigned them with different columns of the newspaper. Halfway through it, I felt myself enjoying the company of these three people. Gradually, I learned that Mauro had few friends because he was struggling with the English language; Juliette wore long skirts or dresses every day because of her religion; Rachel had a burning desire to be a fashion designer so she had a whole barrel of unique ideas. Finally, with our cooperation, our assignment was successfully finished.

***In the end, Mrs. B gave us an A on that assignment.*** Sheannounced to the whole class that the newspaper designed by our group was elaborately laid out and carefully edited, with rich cultural knowledge. Our joy and happiness were beyond description. After that semester ended, I always received a friendly hello from my group. Many years later, I didn’t recall anything about the newspaper, but I did feel fortunate to be given the opportunity to see in myself a potential that inspired my actions. It is Mrs B’s insight, vision, and thoughtfulness that bring out the potential in four of her students. She is the one who truly deserves the grade A.

*Possible version 2:*

***I bravely walked to where the others in my group sat.*** Resilient student as I was, I knew that in all my academic years, this seminar got to be the hardest nut to crack. Even so, I felt relieved when I saw them beaming with delight at me. The very natural and heart-warming smiles could hardly be ignored. Following a few greetings, we plunged right into the task at hand. Some were brainstorming a string of brilliant ideas while others were investigating cultures on the Internet in an energy-draining yet worthwhile manner. Teaming up with one another, everyone shared their passion and wisdom individually and collectively.

***In the end, Mrs B gave us an A on that assignment.*** It was thrilling to see our painstaking efforts finally paid off. We hugged tightly, sheer excitement radiating from our lightened cheeks. This cheerful episode lingered long after the project was completed, serving as a sweet reminder of my new friends. Additionally, the whole ordeal磨难also set me reflecting on how conceited I had been to allow unreasonable grievances to dominate me in the first place. Thanks to Mrs. B, I've learned to appreciate others’ inner strengths as well as enlightening minds. As such, I believe grade A should ultimately belong to Mrs. B, a real mentor with a keen understanding of what education is meant for.

**读后续写原文欣赏**

**An A for Mrs. B**

I was sitting next to Missy in my ninth-grade world history class when Mrs. Bartlett announced a new project. In groups, we were to create a newspaper around the culture we were studying.

On a piece of paper, we wrote the names of three friends we wanted in our group. After collecting all the requests, Mrs. B. informed us that she would take into consideration the names we chose and would let us know the results the next day. I had no doubt I would get the group of my choice. There were only a handful of sociably decent people in the class, and Missy was one of them. I knew we had chosen each other.

The next day, I anxiously awaited the class. After the bell rang, Missy and I stopped talking as Mrs. B called for our attention. She started to call out names. When she reached group three, Missy’s name was called. So I’m in group three, I thought. The second, third and fourth members of the group were called. My name was not included. There had to be some mistake!

Then I heard it. The last group: “Mauro, Juliette, Rachel, Karina.” I could feel the tears well in my eyes. How could I face being in that group—the boy who barely spoke English, the one girl who was always covered by skirts that went down to her ankles, and the other girl who wore weird clothes. Oh, how badly I wanted to be with my friends.

I fought back tears as I walked up to Mrs. B. She looked at me and knew what I was there for. I was determined to convince her I should be in the “good” group. “Why. . . ?” I started.

She gently placed a hand on my shoulder. “I know what you want, Karina,” she said, “but your group needs you. I need you to help them get a passing grade on this assignment. Only you can help them.”

I was stunned. I was humbled. I was amazed. She had seen something in me I hadn’t seen.

“Will you help them?” she asked.

I stood straighter. “Yes,” I replied. I couldn’t believe it came out of my mouth, but it did. I had committed.

As I bravely walked to where the others in my group sat, I could hear the laughter from my friends. I sat down and we started. Different newspaper columns were assigned according to interests. We did research. Halfway through the week, I felt myself enjoying the company of these three misfits. There was no need for pretending—I grew sincerely interested in learning something about them.

Mauro, I found out, was struggling with the English language and his lack of friends. Juliette was also alone, because people didn’t understand that she was only allowed to wear long skirts or dresses because of her religion. Rachel, who had requested to do the fashion column, wanted to be a fashion designer. She had a whole barrel of unique ideas. What a walk in another person’s shoes did for me! They weren’t misfits, just people that no one cared enough about to try to understand—except Mrs. B. Her insight, vision and thoughtfulness brought out the potential in four of her students.

I don’t recall what the newspaper’s headline was or even the culture we wrote about, but I did learn something that week. I was given a chance to see other people in a new light. I was given the opportunity to see in myself a potential that inspired my actions in later years. I learned that who we are is more important than what we are or seem to be.

After that semester ended, I always received a friendly hello from my group. And I was always genuinely happy to see them.

Mrs. B gave us an A on that assignment. We should have handed it right back, for she was the one who truly deserved it.