**指向提升思维品质的读后续写的提升练习**

1.2025年11月湖衢丽三地市联考（写作练习）

When Devon's sister, Lil, went off to college, Devon's stomach felt all twisty. Then Mom said that Kapil, a high-school student from India, would be staying in their house and living in Lil's room, for they were the host family. The piece of news made Devon's stomach feel worse, as he missed his sister so much. "What if I can't understand him?" Devon asked. "He speaks English well," Mom said.

On Kapil's first day, he exchanged some small talk with Devon before disappearing into his new room. Lil's room, Devon reminded himself. As days went on, Kapil started spending more time in the rest of the house. He was in the kitchen a lot, whose cooking always filled the air with steam and spice that made Devon's eyes water. "Smells wonderful!" Mom exclaimed. When Lil called a few days later, Devon told her about Kapil's cooking, "Lucky! I love Indian food!" Lil said. "But it seems too spicy for me," replied Devon.

One day, Mom had to work late. "Kapil will stay with you until I get home," she explained. Devon's stomach twisted. Lil had always stayed with him when Mom had to work late.

When Devon got home from school, Kapil greeted him at the door. "Would you like à snack?" Kapil asked. Devon shrugged. Lil and he used to cook together after school, which they called "making messes." Kapil opened the refrigerator. "How about a yogurt?" "I had one at breakfast," responded Devon in a cold voice. Kapil opened a cupboard and smiled. "Wait here." He returned with a package. "I 'lI cook an Indian snack," he announced. Kapil pulled out a round, thin cracker the size of a small Frisbee, poured oil into a pan and fried the cracker. Then the kitchen was filled with spicy smells. After a while, Kapil handed Devon a plate with the sizzling pancake on it. “Papadum(印度薄饼),” he said. “Made from bean flour.”

*Para1: Devon's stomach twisted again.*

*Para2: Looking at the empty plate, Devon said to Kapil, "Let's make messes!"*

2.**2021年6月浙江高考“我的假日薪水”（原文中画出关键词，形成语义链，并打四句话草稿-1.第一段开头；2.第一段结尾；3.第二段开头；第二段结尾）**

My dad, George, only had an eighth grade education. A quiet man, he didn’t understand my world of school activities. From age 14, he worked. And his dad, Albert, took the money my dad earned and used it to pay family expenses.

I didn’t really understand his world either： He was a livestock trucker, and I thought that I would surpass（超过）anything he had accomplished by the time I walked across the stage at high school graduation.

Summers in the mid-70s were spent at home shooting baskets, hitting a baseball, or throwing a football, preparing for my future as a quarterback on a football team. In poor weather, I read about sports or practiced my trombone（长号）.

The summer before my eighth grade I was one of a group of boys that a neighboring farmer hired to work in his field. He explained our basic task, the tractor fired up and we were off, riding down the field looking for weeds to spray with chemicals. After a short way, the farmer stopped and pointed at a weed which we missed. Then we began again. This happened over and over, but we soon learned to identify different grasses like cockleburs, lamb’s-quarters, foxtails, and the king of weeds, the pretty purple thistle. It was tiring work, but I looked forward to the pay, even though I wasn’t sure how much it would amount to.

At home, my dad said, "A job’s a big step to growing up. I’m glad you will be contributing to the household." My dad’s words made me realize that my earnings might not be mine to do with as I wished.

My labors lasted about two weeks, and the farmer said there might be more work, but I wasn’t interested. I decided it was not fair that I had to contribute my money. （314 words）

*Paragraph 1:*

*When I brought my paycheck home — it was $119 — my dad wanted to talk to me.*

*Paragraph 2:*

*I was surprised that my dad allowed me to use the money as I wished.*

**3.2023年6月 新高考1卷“写作比赛”（原文中画出关键词，形成语义链，并打四句话草稿-1.第一段开头；2.第一段结尾；3.第二段开头；第二段结尾）**

When I was in middle school, my social studies teacher asked me to enter a writing contest, I said no without thinking. I did not love writing. My family came from Brazil, so English was only my second language. Writing was so difficult and painful for me that my teacher had allowed me to present my paper on the sinking of the Titanic by acting out a play, where I played all the parts. No one laughed harder than he did.

So, why did he suddenly force me to do something at which I was sure to fail? His reply: “Because I love your stories. If you’re willing to apply yourself, I think you have a good shot at this.” Encouraged by his words, I agreed to give it a try.

I chose Paul Revere’s horse as my subject. Paul Revere was a silversmith (银匠) in Boston who rode a horse at night on April 18, 1775 to Lexington to warn people that British soldiers were coming. My story would come straight from the horse’s mouth. Not a brilliant idea, but funny, and unlikely to be anyone else’s choice.

What did the horse think, as sped through the night? Did he get tired? Have doubts? Did he want to quit? I sympathized immediately. I got tired. I had doubts. I wanted to quit. But, like Revere’s horse, I kept going. I worked hard. I checked my spelling. I asked my older sister to correct my grammar. I checked out a half-dozen books on Paul Revere from the library. I even read a few of them.

When I handed in the essay to my teacher, he read it, laughed out loud and said, “Great. Now, write it again.” I wrote it again, and again and again. When I finally finished it, the thought of winning had given way to the enjoyment of writing. If I didn’t win, I wouldn’t care.

Para. 1

*A few weeks later, when I almost forgot the contest, there came the news.*

Para. 2

*I went to my teacher’ office after the award presentation.*

**4.2024年11月浙江杭州一模（原文中画出关键词，形成语义链，并打四句话草稿-1.第一段开头；2.第一段结尾；3.第二段开头；第二段结尾）**

Mary was the art teacher for primary school students. On this particular day, she was guiding them through the process of drawing a scenic landscape. Akila yawned (打哈欠), clearly disinterested — drawing wasn’t her thing. A small group of students gathered around Tina, laughing at her unusual drawing: a sun sporting sunglasses and trees topped with ice cream cones.

Mary instructed Tina firmly but with unease, “Draw it the way I showed you.” As the lesson continued, doubt crept into Mary’s mind. Had the joy of creativity been overshadowed by the pressure to fit in? She scanned the room, observing her students’ faces — some concentrated, others uncertain. Akila’s disinterest was clear, and Tina’s imaginative drawing had been met with ridicule instead of praise.

After class, Mary sat down with Tina, her tone softening. “Why did you draw the sun with sunglasses and the trees with ice creams?” she asked gently.

Tina’s eyes sparkled with a touch of rebellion (叛逆). “I love ice cream, and I thought the sun would look cool with sunglasses. Why do we always have to draw like everyone else?”

Mary paused, her thoughts racing. Tina’s drawings weren’t just curious —— they were a window into a world where imagination ruled, where rules could be bent into delightful chaos. Was she, by enforcing a rigid style, killing that very creativity?

The next morning, Mary walked into the classroom with a renewed sense of purpose. She placed a large sheet of paper in front of the class and announced a new project: they would create a collective (集体的) artwork titled “Our Dream World” with no rules. They were free to use colors, shapes, and patterns however they wished.

At first, the students hesitated, unsure of this newfound freedom. Akila leaned back, skeptical of what seemed like another pointless exercise. But Tina, her creativity no longer restricted, eagerly grabbed her crayons and began to draw with abandon. Then, Maya joined in. And then Michael…

Para. 1

*As the students worked, Mary observed them with curiosity.*

Para. 2

*Mary stood back and surveyed the creation.*

**5.2024年11月稽阳联考（原文中画出关键词，形成语义链，并打四句话草稿-1.第一段开头；2.第一段结尾；3.第二段开头；第二段结尾）**

The cat was out of the bag. I was caught on the spot.

The security guard grabbed my arm. “Come with me,” he barked, leading me back inside thediscount store and into the office. Then he pointed to a lime-green chair. “Sit down!”

I sat. He glared at me. “You can give it to me or I can take it, your choice. What will it be?” I pulled the package of hair ribbons out of the pocket of my jeans, handed it to him and begged, “You’re not going to call my dad, are you?”

“I’m calling the police. They will call your father.”

My head dropped onto my hands and I sobbed, “No, please! Can’t you just let me go? I can pay you. I have money in my pocket. I’m only fourteen years old. Please, I won’t ever shoplift again!”

“Save your tears. They won’t work on me. I’m sick of you bad kids stealing, just for the thrill of it.”

I sat there, trembling uncontrollably. The previous excitement brought by stealing lipstick, teen magazine and all that stuff... now gave way to immense fear and shame.

The police arrived, and the policemen walked me to their black-and-white car and opened the backdoor. I got in, and they drove me through the middle of our small town. I slouched down into the seat so no one could see me as l looked out the window at the evening sky. Then I saw the steeple(尖塔) of my family’s church, and the guilt pierced me like a dagger. “How could I have been so stupid? I’ve broken my father’s heart...and God’s,” thought I.

We arrived at the station, and a round woman with a square face asked me questions until I ran out of answers. She pointed to the door of a large open cell and said, “Sit. Wait.” I walked in, and my footsteps made an echo that bounced off the bars. The tears started again as I sat down on a hard bench and heard her dial the telephone and say, “I have your daughter in a cell at the police station. No, she’s not hurt. She was caught shoplifting. Can you come and get her? Okay. You’re welcome, good-bye.” She yelled, “Hey kid, your father’s on his way.”

Para. 1

*About one hundred years later, I heard his voice say my name.*

Para. 2

*After we arrived home, Dad finally asked me, "Why?"*