重点高中试卷带答案和解析 Are you familiar with the name Oliver Wendell Holmes? The name's master once attended a meeting in which he was the shortest man among the big heads. "Doctor Holmes," joked a friend. "I should think you would feel rather small among us big fellows." "Actually I do," smiled Holmes. "I feel like a dime (一角硬币) among a lot of pennies(便士).' I ever believed only such a person like Holmes could think that way. But I was proven wrong. Yesterday I watched a huge flight of geese winging their way south through one of those beautiful sunsets that colored the entire sky for a few moments. I saw them as I rested against the lion statue in front of the Chicago Art Institute, where I was watching the Christmas shoppers hurry along Michigan Avenue. When I looked sideways, I noticed that a bag lady, standing a few feet away, had also been watching the geese with great attention. Sensing someone was looking at her, she cast a sideways look. Our eyes met and we smiled silently acknowledging (承认) the fact that we had shared an amazing sight, a symbol of the secret of the struggle to survive. I overheard the lady talking to herself as she walked away. Her words, "Life treats me kindly", nearly made my jaw drop. Was the lady, this homeless street beggar, being kidding or even mindless? No. I believed the sight of the geese had reminded her of, however priefly, the difficult and unpleasant reality of her own struggle. I realized later that moments such as this one provided her with great comfort and encouragement it was the way she survived the hardness of the street. Her smile was real. The sight of the geese was her Christmas present. It was proof (证明) that hard work mattered. It was all she needed. I envy her. [1] Why does the author mention Holmes in Paragraph 1? A.To show his admiration and respect for Holmes B.To introduce the topic linked to his experience C.To arouse famous people's empathy and attention D.To show self-esteemed (自尊的) Holmes was [2] What amazed the author most the day he watched the geeses A.The bag lady's comments on her life. B.The secret of the peace of the geese. C.People's fondness for Christmas gifts. D.The beautiful sunset and the colorful sky. [3] What does the author envy the bag lady? A.Her unusual experiences as a street beggar. B.Her great pride in what she worked hard at, C.Her friendly ways of getting on with strangers. D.Her positive attitude towards her own struggle. A bunch of brilliant yellow flowers was dedicated to my mother. She was amazed at its shape and something strange but eventually lost passion. It didn't matter a lot that the stems felt sticky or that both my parents cursed (世界) the presence of these flowers in the lawn. I thought they were gorgeous! And there were a ocean of them! We spent hours picking the flowers and then popping the blossoms off with a snap of our fingers. But the supply of dandelions (蒲公 英) never ran out. My father or brothers would cut off all the heads with the lay mnower (割草机) at least once a week, but that didn't stop these hardy wonders. And for those flowers that escaped the honor of being hand-delivered to my mother or the miserable destiny to be killed by the lawnmower, there was another level of existence. The soft roundness of a dandellon gone to seed caused endless laughter of delight as we unconsciously (无意识地) spread this flower across the yard. As I worked in my garden last week pulling unwanted weeds (野草) out of the space that would become a haven (避风港) for tomatoes, corn, peas and sunflowers, I again marveled at the flower that some call a weed. And I thought, I hope I had the staying power of a dandelion. If only I could stretch my roots so deep and straight that something tugging on my stem couldn't separate me completely from the source that feeds me life. If only I could come back to face the world with a bright, sunshiny face after someone has run me over with a lawnmower or worse, purposely attacked me in an attempt to destroy me. If only I could spread love and encouragement as freely and fully as this flower spreads seeds The lawns at my parents' home are now beautiful green blankets. The only patches of color come from well-placed, well-controlled flowerbeds. Chemicals have managed to kill what human interference couldn't I hope you and I can be different. I hope that we can stretch our roots deep enough that the strongest poison can't reach our souls. Those that we can overcome the poisons of anger, fear, hate, criticism and competitiveness. 11 The author's parents probably viewed the dandelions in the lawn as A.supplies of seeds B.beautiful wonders Cunwanted weeds D.inspiring colors [2] What does the author mean by "another level of existence" in paragraph 3? A. The flowers were meant as a joyful gift to her mother. B.The flowers developed into a stronger species because of frequent mowing. C. The flowers were tough enough to spread new lives themselves. D.The flowers that some called a weed were difficult to recover. [3] What can we learn from the article? A. The author's family enjoyed the dandelions as much as she did. B. The author purposefully replaced some dandelions with crops. C. The dandelions were finally successfully removed from the lawn. D.The author felt sorry but encouraged by the destiny of the dandelions. [4] Through the article, the author mainly wants to

D.express the regret that few people could figure out the beauty of the dandelion

A.share the inspirations she acquired from the plain dandelions B. arouse public awareness to pay close attention to the beauty in life C.show the importance of considering things from diverse angles