桃園市楊梅國中 107 學年英語比賽朗讀文章

**The Meaning of Gifts: Stories from Turkey**

Peter got back into bed, and his grandmother went back to the kitchen.

Peter’s father was dead. He died before Peter was born. Now his grandfather was dead too, so Peter had nobody to call ‘father’. His mother worked as a cleaner in the government offices in the town. It was not a good job and the family did not have much money.

During that day, Peter was sometimes in bed, and sometimes at the window. When his grandmother came into the room, Peter got back into bed. When she left, he ran back to the window.

Across the street there was a toy shop, and Peter watched it from his window. Today was New Year’s Day and there were bright lights in the toy shop window. What wonderful toys there were – animals and cars, big and small, in all colours! But the most wonderful thing was a black horse. Oh, Peter wanted that horse so much! When you pulled the reins, there were lights in the horse’s eyes. Three of its feet were white, and it had a long brown mane.

Peter stood at the window, thinking, imagining. ‘Now I’m riding that black horse,’ he said to himself. ‘I’m not ill. There’s nothing wrong with me – of course there isn’t. When I’m riding the black horse, I don’t get cold, I’m not ill, and there are no red spots on my face.’

Then he heard his grandmother at the door, and he ran back to bed.

When his grandmother came in, she said, ‘That’s a good boy, Peter! Stay in bed, and you can have something nice for dinner tonight. Now, I’ve still got a lot of work to do in the kitchen. Remember – don’t get out of bed.’ She went out and closed the door.

It was now dark and all the lights of the toy shop window shone brightly across the street.