

2015 年 5 月 SAT 考情分析 (亚洲区)

总体情况：

本次香港的 SAT 考试重复了北美 2013 年 11 月和 2014 年 12 月的老题。

从考试的实际情况来看，在香港亚博馆参加考试的学生，和去年 10 月 25 日在亚博馆考试的学生一样，遇到了内容顺序完全一致的试卷，即在 2-9 这 8 个 Section 中，阅读，语法，数学出现的顺序一致。大家都在第五和第六两个 Section 中遇到了连续的两个语法部分。

下面说说考试的内容

写作：

本次考试的题目是： Does having too many choices a problem?

相信考生们面对这道作文题应该不会觉得太过于棘手。这样价值取向选择性的问题符合 SAT Essay 的传统考察风格。老师上课讲解过的很多经典例子都直接能用的上。要想得到高分，关键还是在于例子和观点的结合紧密程度。

填空：

这里回忆一些考试中题目的正确选项：

Despised abhor, contempt

Rebellion

Tension

Serene

Slanted biased

Tenacious

Eradicated

Chastened embarrass, castigate

Contrite

Popular

Resistant

Cogent compelling

Spurious not genuine

Humdrum

Exuberant

Categorized

Dubious uncertain

Wearisome

Comprehensive

Enthralled

Virtuosity

语法：

本次的两个连续的语法 Section 都略有难度。个别平时基础较好的学生也表示时间有些紧张。部分同学还出现了 IP 题没有做完的现象。大家感觉有难度的还是句子挑错题（IE 部分）。选的比较纠结。

IS/IE 部分出现的考点有：

1. 固定搭配：be denied of sth.
2. 非常多的主谓一致
3. 虚拟语气（2 题）
4. 定语从句关系代词 which 和关系副词 where 的区分
5. 逗号带来的 Run-on sentence 问题
6. 倒装
7. 比较对象一致
8. 名次单复数
9. 代词（that/those 单复数）

IP 题方面:

Section5 讲的是人们会根据食物看上去的感觉去定义它的味道。

Section6 讲的是冯如，就是给中国知道第一架飞机的人。

在考前的模考中，我们就安排孩子练习过连续两个语法部分的卷子。为的就是考验孩子们的抗压能力和临场应变能力。语法部分本身考点规律性强，难度波动不大，但也容易在备考过程中被孩子们忽略。没有做完全部的题目在很大程度上是和孩子缺乏做题节奏有关。在 IE 部分“看不出问题，但又不敢选 E”的心理障碍也是语法思维“不到火候”的一种表现。在接下来的一个月时间，针对 6 月份的考试，孩子们还是要在刷题的同时总结规律，调整好语法部分做题的节奏。一般而言，在 6.5 分钟内完成前面 11 个 IS 题，用 7.5 分钟的时间完成中间的 18 个 IE 题，用 7 分钟的时间完成最后的 IP 题。还有 1 分钟算是机动或是填涂答题卡的时间。

阅读：

短篇阅读：the leaning of history

短篇阅读：consumers' complaint

短对比：Louis Armstrong

长篇阅读：Omnivore

长对比阅读：about Hollywood blockbuster

中篇阅读：an outline of green chemistry

中篇阅读：Alice's Birthday（小说题材，原文如下）

It was going to be a beautiful day.

Alice climbed onto her bedroom windowsill and sat down, wrapping her arms around her legs. Early morning mist hovered in mysterious levels over the lawn below. In the tree branches that inclined near her window, the low sun ignited little white signal fires that flashed at Alice from the velvety spaces between the leaves. It was dark still beneath the ragged hems of the firs at the side of the house, and a cool, musty smell rose from under the old rhododendron bushes, but across the front lawn, downy stripes of sunlight began to unfurl between the long shadows of the trees. Beyond the lawn, and then farther out beyond the low border of the stone wall, fields revealed in the growing light raced away to the wooded horizon.

On her windowsill, Alice waited, watching. The full energy of the day, like a parade assembling its drums and cymbals and marching players, lay just out of sight, gathering strength at the edge of the world. Any moment now, the day's brimming cup would spill over the far treetops and flood the hour with light.

Today, the twenty-ninth day of May, was Alice's tenth birthday. When she was younger, her

brothers had told her that the annual Memorial Day parade in Grange, the creeping procession of fire engines and floats and flag bearers that Alice watched with shining eyes from atop her father's shoulders, was held in celebration of her birthday, as if she were a princess whose subjects collected for her pleasure. Now she could not remember what it had felt like to believe this fiction, though she was assured she had believed it. She could only remember the uncomfortable dawning of her doubt: the gravity of the white-haired soldiers formed into a trembling V whose size diminished each year; her correct linking of the word memorial with the word memory—this, she puzzled, was not language for a birthday celebration; and her adding up of the other signs, too. No one saluted her as they went past. No one came to one knee before her. No one said happy birthday.

She could not remember what it had felt like to believe in Santa Claus, either. That faith, too, had slipped away from her with casually troubling ease. Like discovering a hole in her pocket through which a precious trinket had dropped and been lost, she could not pinpoint when the miracle had left her.

Out of loyalty, each spring the family still attended the Memorial Day parade, shabbily reinforced over the years by opportunistic floats from other jurisdictions: a pickup full of people in Star Trek costumes, a van from the television station in Brattleboro, a Frito-Lay truck from which employees in matching black polo shirts tossed bags of chips, a woman in her pink Mary Kay car trailing ribbons like a honeymoon vehicle.

But now there was a birthday party, too.

Already someone—one of the boys, probably—had carried the rush-seated dining room chairs outside for the party and arranged them haphazardly on the front lawn beneath Alice's windowsill; one had toppled over onto its side into the wet grass.