

# 关于爱英语作文10篇（英语关于爱的作文）

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## 关于爱英语作文10篇

无论是在学校还是在社会中，大家都写过作文吧，作文是从内部言语向外部言语的过渡，即从经过压缩的简要的、自己能明白的语言，向开展的、具有规范语法结构的、能为他人所理解的外部语言形式的转化。那么你知道一篇好的作文该怎么写吗？下面是小编为大家收集的爱英语作文10篇，欢迎大家分享。

### 爱英语作文 篇1

Each of us has a big beautiful garden in our heart. If we are willing to allow others to grow happiness here, and to keep this happiness to ourselves, then the garden of our hearts will never be deserted. Don't let your heart be taken prisoner of wealth, and forget kindness, wealth is not what you possess, if you want to be happy and happy, you have to have a loving heart. Share your wealth properly with others, love can make hell a paradise, love can keep the garden beautiful forever. Kindness is the law that makes you happy. Only love can open your mind, be warm and friendly, and be helpful. Teach roses to your hands. Sow love, reap happiness.

### 爱英语作文 篇2

Love,

When you come with the burning lamp of pain in your hands,

I can see your face,

And know you as bliss.

The first time when I heard these verses, I was 17 years old, in full blossom as everyone assumed. Not knowing much about love, I instinctively regarded love as something seemingly beautiful but hard to chew in essence.

I ' m correct, to some extent. All the years I spent alone prove both disheartening and fruitless, disheartening because the ideal one never came down to the earth to cease my endless waiting; fruitless because I ended up in dating with a wrong person, leaving all the verses nonsense. To make matters worse, as they criticized me, I

broke up with the guy in only 15 days, which conversely seemed to me a nice thing. Thank God I am free again.

I wrote poems myself as a way to approach love and the unknown world. No tiny little dust in the air will escape my eyes, no voice of the blooming will slip away from my ears, and love is all pervading, all pervading except in my world.

I can't resist the temptations of enjoy my life alone in reading, mind wandering, walking on the fallen leaves deep in thought, listening to music by some unknown artists, and of course, writing. I can't help trembling at the thought of being deprived of the freedom by someone outside my world. I hate to find myself wearing the coat from some strange guys with the angel wings still in the gesture to fly. I want to fly, not with the borrowed wings, but mine.

He will arrive at last, with his wings above my sky.

In 8 days I will have my 20th birthday, smiling shinningly in my autumn, murmuring the verses I changed myself,

Love,

When you come with the burning lamp of pain in your hands,

I can see your face

### 爱英语作文 篇3

i get love from parents, teachers and classmates. but the best one is parents' love. my parents look after me as well as they can. they often wash cloths for me and have a talk with me.

they also help me with my lessons. but there are lots of rules at my home. my parents ask me to listen carefully in class and not to waste time. they all care about me.

i love my parents, i love my family!

### 爱英语作文 篇4

Who gives me birth? Who brings me up? Who dedicates his/her whole life to me? My parents.

是谁给了我生命?是谁把我养大?是谁把他/她的一生都献给了儿女是我的父母。

Who gives me food? Who gives me clothes? Who gives me care? My parents.

是谁让我衣食无忧?是谁无微不至的照顾我?是我的父母。

My parents, they don't want to get any reward from me. Not only my parents, all the parents in the world don't charge anything from their children. They give us everything they can.

我的父母，他们不求从我们这得到什么。这并不单单是我的父母，天下父母皆如此。他们尽己所能得把他们能给的一切都给我们。

They spend their whole life loving me, so I love my parents, too. Since I was given birth, I have started to love them even if I didn't realize it.

他们用自己的一生来爱我们，因为他们给了我生命，所以我也爱我的父母。尽管我自己还没意识到这些，可是我自己已经开始深深的爱着他们了。

It will be the time for my birthday soon. I want to say to my parents: I love you Mom and Dad.

马上就是我的生日了，我想对我的父母说：爸爸妈妈，我爱你们！

### 爱英语作文 篇5

The greatest and noblest love in the world is maternal love. I've been bathing in the sunshine of my mother's love since I was born. However, my mother's love for me seems different.

世界上最伟大和最高尚的爱是母爱。我从出生起就沐浴在母爱的阳光下。然而，我母亲对我的爱似乎不同。

I remember when I was a child, my family went out for a walk, and they saw other children of the same age withdraw from their mother's arms. They were very envious, because my mother always encouraged me to walk with my own feet. At that time, I thought my mother was too unreasonable, and even asked my father, "did I come from my mother?". However, now I find that when there are many girls in my class who are bothered by the 800 meter endurance run, I can easily reach the standard. Because of my mother's unique education, I am better at self-care and self-reliance than girls of my age. This also made me understand the profound meaning of Lu Xun's saying that "the road is the way people come out".

我记得小时候，我的家人出去散步，他们看到其他同龄的孩子从母亲怀里缩了出来。他们很羡慕我，因为我妈妈总是鼓励我用我自己的脚走路。当时，我觉得妈妈太不讲理了，甚至问爸爸：“我是从妈妈那里来的吗？”。然而，现在我发现当班上有很多女生为800米耐力跑而烦恼时，我很容易达到标准。因为母亲独特的教育，我比同龄人更善于自理自立。这也让我明白了鲁迅“路是人出来的路”这句话的深刻含义。

A little older, I like to pester my mother to tell stories. But my mother asked me to tell her a story or retell her story in exchange for every story I heard. Now it seems that my oral expression ability is strong and my composition is easy to write, which is related to coax!

年纪大一点，我喜欢缠着妈妈讲故事。但是我妈妈让我给她讲个故事或者复述她的故事来交换我听到的每一个故事。现在看来，我的口语表达能力很强，作文也很容易写，这与哄有关！

But mother's love has something in common with others. When I am ill, my mother will accompany me and take care of me until I recover. When I encountered setbacks in my study and life, my mother encouraged me, gave me courage and confidence. "Fall down and get up!" This is what my mother often said to me, and this sentence accompanied me through more than ten spring, summer, autumn and winter. It gives me

strength and promotes my progress. For this reason, I sincerely thank my mother for her love.

但母爱与其他人有共同之处。当我生病的时候，妈妈会陪着我照顾我直到我康复。当我在学习和生活中遇到挫折时，母亲鼓励我，给了我勇气和信心。”跌倒起来！”这是妈妈经常对我说的话，这句话陪伴着我走过了十多个春夏秋冬。它给我力量，促进我的进步。为此，我衷心感谢母亲的爱。

Time passed by us without mercy, unconsciously I have passed 16 years. In every inch of time, I know my mother didn't worry about me. Her silver thread and fishtail pattern proved all this. Everyone can get a great maternal love. Although I don't know how great it is, I dare to say that what I mean by maternal love is what I think is the greatest maternal love - the maternal love that gives me care, encouragement, confidence and strength!

时光无情地流逝，不知不觉地我已经走过了16年。在每一寸时间里，我知道我妈妈并不担心我。她的银线和鱼尾纹证明了这一切。每个人都能得到伟大的母爱。虽然我不知道这有多伟大，但我敢说，我所说的母爱是我认为最伟大的母爱——母爱给了我关爱、鼓励、信心和力量！

#### 爱英语作文 篇6

i have a friend who is falling in love. she honestly claims the sky is bluer. mozart moves her to tears. she has lost 15 pounds and looks like a cover girl.

"i ' m young again! " she shouts euberantly.

as my friend raves on about her new love, i ' ve taken a good look at my old one. my husband of almost 20 years, scott, has gained 15 pounds. once a marathon runner, he now runs only down hospital halls. his hairline is receding and his body shows the signs of long working hours and too many candy bars. yet he can still give me a certain look across a restaurant table and i want to ask for the check and head home.

when my friend asked me " what will make this love last? " i ran through all the obvious reasons: commitment, shared interests, unselfishness, physical attraction, communication. yet there ' s more. we still have fun. spontaneous good times. yesterday, after slipping the rubber band off the rolled up newspaper, scott flipped it playfully at me: this led to an all-out war. last saturday at the grocery, we split the list and raced each other to see who could make it to the checkout first. even washing dishes can be a blast. we enjoy simply being together. and there are surprises. one time i came home to find a note on the front door that led me to another note, then another, until i reached the walk-in closet. i opened the door to find scott holding a " pot of gold " (my cooking kettle) and the " treasure " of a gift package. sometimes i leave him notes on the mirror and little presents under his pillow. there is understanding. i understand why he must play basketball with the guys. and he understands why, once a year, i must get away from the house, the kids -and even him -to meet my sisters for a few days of nonstop talking and laughing.

there is sharing. not only do we share household worries and parental burdens - we also share ideas. scott came home from a convention last month and presented me with a thick historical novel. though he prefers thrillers and science fiction, he had read the novel on the plane. he touched my heart when he eplained it was because he wanted to be able to echange ideas about the book after i ' d read it.

there is forgiveness. when i ' m embarrassingly loud and crazy at parties, scott forgives me. when he confessed losing some of our savings in the stock market, i gave him a hug and said, " it ' s okay. it ' s only money. " there is sensitivity. last week he walked through the door with that look that tells me it ' s been a tough day. after he spent some time with the kids, i asked him what happened. he told me about a 60-year-old woman who ' d had a stroke. he wept as he recalled the woman ' s husband standing beside her bed, caressing her hand. how was he going to tell this husband of 40 years that his wife would probably never recover? i shed a few tears myself. because of the medical crisis. because there were still people who have been married 40 years. because my husband is still moved and concerned after years of hospital rooms and dying patients.

there is faith. last tuesday a friend came over and confessed her fear that her husband is losing his courageous battle with cancer. on wednesday i went to lunch with a friend who is struggling to reshape her life after divorce. on thursday a neighbor called to talk about the frightening effects of alzheimer ' s disease on her father-in-law ' s personality. on friday a childhood friend called long-distance to tell me her father had died. i hung up the phone and thought, this is too much heartache for one week. through my tears, as i went out to run some errands, i noticed the boisterous orange blossoms of the gladiolus outside my window. i heard the delighted laughter of my son and his friend as they played. i caught sight of a wedding party emerging from a neighbor ' s house. the bride, dressed in satin and lace, tossed her bouquet to her cheering friends. that night, i told my husband about these events. we helped each other acknowledge the cycles of life and that the joys counter the sorrows. it was enough to keep us going. finally, there is knowing. i know scott will throw his laundry just shy of the hamper every night; he ' ll be late to most appointments and eat the last chocolate in the box. he knows that i sleep with a pillow over my head; i ' ll lock us out of the house at a regular basis, and i will also eat the last chocolate. i guess our love lasts because it is comfortable. no, the sky is not bluer: it ' s just a familiar hue. we don ' t feel particularly young: we ' ve experienced too much that has contributed to our growth and wisdom, taking its toll on our bodies, and created our memories.

i hope we ' ve got what it takes to make our love last. as a bride, i had scott ' s wedding band engraved with robert browning ' s line " grow old along with me! " we ' re following those instructions.

" if anything is real, the heart will make it plain. "

## 爱英语作文 篇7

### 感谢父母的爱 Be Grateful to Our Parents

Last week our music teacher taught us a song, named Indebted Heart. Through it I know that we should live with a thankful heart. At that time, I think of my parents. I think they are the first people I should thank. It ' s them who give me life. It ' s them who give me home. It ' s them who bring me up. It ' s them who look after me. It ' s them who teach me knowledge and live happily. I should thank my parents giving me so much. Maybe I should think how to pay back the love my parents give me. But now I think the best way to be appreciated of my parents is to study well and then being a useful person to the society when I grow up.

上周我们的音乐老师教了我们一首歌，叫感恩的心。通过这首歌我知道我们应该怀着一颗感恩的心去生活。在那时，我想起了我的父母。我认为他们是最应该感谢的人。是他们给了我生命。是他们给我一个家。是他们抚养我长大。是他们在照顾我。是他们教给我知识，给了我幸福快乐的生活。我要感谢我的父母给了我这么多。也许我应该考虑如何回报父母给我的一切。但现在我

觉得感谢我父母的最好的方法就是好好学习，长大后做一个对社会有用的人。

## 爱英语作文 篇8

### The Best Kind of Love

i ' m young again! " she shouts euberantly.as my friend raves on about her new love, i ' ve taken a good look at my old one. my husband of almost 20 years, scott, has gained 15 pounds. once a marathon runner, he now runs only down hospital halls. his hairline is receding and his body shows the signs of long working hours and too many candy bars. yet he can still give me a certain look across a restaurant table and i want to ask for the check and head home.

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neighbor's house. the bride, dressed in satin and lace, tossed her bouquet to her cheering friends. that night, i told my husband about these events. we helped each other acknowledge the cycles of life and that the joys counter the sorrows. it was enough to keep us going. finally, there is knowing. i know scott will throw his laundry just shy of the hamper every night; he'll be late to most appointments and eat the last chocolate in the box. he knows that i sleep with a pillow over my head; i'll lock us out of the house at a regular basis, and i will also eat the last chocolate.

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"if anything is real, the heart will make it plain."

### 爱英语作文 篇9

Occasionally, without warning, the drunken wreckage of my father would wash up on our doorstep, late at night, stammering, laughing, reeking of booze. Bang! Bang! Bang! Beating on the door, pleading to my mother to open it.

有时候，在毫无预兆的情况下，父亲会半夜醉醺醺地出现在我们家门口，结结巴巴地讲着酒话，时而大笑几声，满嘴酒气。砰！砰！砰！大力敲着门，恳求母亲为他开门。

He was on his way home from drinking, gambling, or some combination thereof, squandering money that we could have used and wasting time that we desperately needed.

他要么刚刚喝完酒回来，或赌了几把，要么两者皆有。他挥霍着我们本可以用于日常开销的血汗钱，还浪费了我们迫切需要的时间——和父亲在一起的时间。

It was the late-1970s. My parents were separated. My mother was now raising a gaggle of boys on her own. She was a newly minted schoolteacher. He was a juke-joint musician-turned-construction worker.

那是20世纪70年代末。我的父母离婚了。那时，母亲独自一人抚养着我们几个儿子。她是一位新上任的老师。父亲原本是一名乡间酒馆的驻场乐师，后来成了建筑工人。

He spouted off about what he planned to do for us, buy for us. In fact, he had no intention of doing anything. The one man who was supposed to be genetically programmed to love us, in fact, lacked the understanding of what it truly meant to love a child—or to hurt one.

他喋喋不休地说自己计划为我们做什么、买什么。事实上，他根本不打算做任何事情。一个在血缘关系上本应该爱我们的人，实际上并不懂得对孩子而言什么才是真正的爱，也不知道什么是伤害。

To him, this was a harmless game that kept us excited and begging. In fact, it was a cruel, corrosive deception that subtly and unfairly shifted the onus of his lack of emotional and financial investment from him to us. I

lost faith in his words and in him. I wanted to stop caring, but I couldn't.

对他来说，这是一种并无恶意的游戏，它让我们时而兴奋，时而觉得像在乞讨。但这实际上是一种侵蚀性的残酷欺骗，它巧妙却又不公平地将他对我们缺乏感情和物质投入这一责任转移到我们身上。我不相信他的话，对他完全不信任。我想不去在乎他，但我做不到。

Maybe it was his own complicated relationship to his father and his father's family that rendered him cold. Maybe it was the pain and guilt associated with a life of misfortune. Who knows. Whatever it was, it stole him from us, and particularly from me.

也许是他与自己的父亲及其复杂的家庭关系，使他变得冷酷。也许是他生活的不幸所造成的痛苦和内疚使然。谁知道呢。不管是什么，反正它把他从我们这里偷走了，特别是从我这里。

While my brothers talked ad nauseam about breaking and fixing things, I spent many of my evenings reading and wondering. My favorite books were a set of encyclopedias given by my uncle. They allowed me to explore the world beyond my world, to travel without leaving, to dream dreams greater than my life would otherwise have supported.

当我的兄弟们没完没了地谈论怎样拆解破坏再重修东西时，我却在许许多多多个晚上潜心阅读和思考。我最喜欢的书是我叔叔给的一套百科全书。这些书让我探索超越我成长天地以外的大世界，足不出户随心旅行，做那些远非我生活所能承载的美梦。

But losing myself in my own mind also meant that I was completely lost to my father.

但沉醉在自我意识里，也意味着在父亲眼中我变得完全陌生了。

He could relate to my brothers' tactile approaches to the world but not to my cerebral one. Not understanding me, he simply ignored me—not just emotionally, but physically as well. Never once did he hug me, never once a pat on the back or a hand on the shoulder or a tousling of the hair.

他能明白我兄弟们那种打打闹闹闯世界的方式，却从不懂我心田开智慧的那一套。他不理解我，就干脆无视我——不仅情感关怀欠奉，对我根本视若无睹。他从来没有拥抱过我，从没拍过我的后背，也不会搭我的肩膀或拨弄一下我的头发。

My best memories of him were from his episodic attempts at engagement.

他留给我的最美好回忆是他时不时地尝试和我们接触。

During the longest of these episodes, once every month or two, he would come pick us up and drive us down the interstate to Trucker's Paradise, a seedy, smoke-filled, truck stop with gas pumps, a convenience store, a small dining area and a game room through a door in the back.

这些插曲中持续时间最长的是，每隔一两个月，他会来接我们，沿着州际公路驱车把我们带到卡车司机乐园。这是一个破烂、烟雾缭绕的载货汽车停车场，有加油站、一家便利店、一个小小的用餐区，还有穿过背后一扇门即可到达的一间游戏室。



My dad gave each of us a handful of quarters, and we played until they were gone. He sat up front in the dining area, drinking coffee and being particular about the restaurant ' s measly offerings.

父亲给我们每个人一把硬币，我们一直玩到输光硬币才停下来。他就坐在用餐区前面，一边喝咖啡，一边挑剔着餐厅里食物的份量太少。

I loved these days. To me, Trucker ' s Paradise was paradise. The quarters and the games were fun but easily forgotten. It was the presence of my father that was most treasured. But, of course, these trips were short-lived. And so it was. Every so often he would make some sort of effort, but every time it wouldn ' t last.

我喜欢那些日子。对我来说，卡车司机乐园的确是一个天堂。硬币和游戏充满了乐趣，只是容易被遗忘。最宝贵的是父亲能来。但是，当然了，好景不长。事实的确如此。时而，他会努力挤出时间，但每次都不会持续很长时间。

It wasn ' t until I was much older that I would find something that I would be able to cling to as evidence of my father ' s love.

直到年龄渐长，我才找到一些可以体现其父爱的证据。

When the Commodore 64 personal computer debuted, I convinced myself that I had to have it even though its price was out of my mother ' s range. So I decided to earn the money myself. I mowed every yard I could find that summer for a few dollars each, yet it still wasn ' t enough. So my dad agreed to help me raise the rest of the money by driving me to one of the watermelon farms south of town, loading up his truck with wholesale melons and driving me around to sell them.

当Commodore 64型个人电脑上市时，我下定决心要买一台，即使它的价格超出了我母亲的支付能力。于是我决定自己赚钱。那年夏天，我给能找到的每一个庭院割草，每家赚几美元，但钱还是不够。于是父亲答应帮我去筹集剩下的钱。他驱车带我去镇上南面的一家西瓜农场，把批发买来的西瓜装上卡车，带着我去附近的地方把西瓜卖出去。

He came for me before daybreak. We made small talk, but it didn ' t matter. The fact that he was talking to me was all that mattered. I was a teenager by then, but this was the first time that I had ever spent time alone with him. He laughed and repeatedly introduced me as " my boy, " a phrase he relayed with a palpable sense of pride. It was one of the best days of my life.

天亮前，他来接我。我们闲聊了一会儿，但这不是重点。重要的是他和我聊天。那时我已是一个青少年，但那却是我第一次与他独处。他笑着，并多次在向别人介绍“这是我的儿子，”这样四个字，被他用一种明显的自豪语气传达着。那是我生命中最美好的时光。

Although he had never told me that he loved me, I would cling to that day as the greatest evidence of that fact. He had never intended me any wrong. He just didn ' t know how to love me right. He wasn ' t a mean man.

虽然他从未说过他爱我，但我会认定，那天是他爱我这一事实成立的最大证据。他从未想过对我造成任何伤害。他只是不知道用什么方式来爱我。他并不是一个坏心肠的人。

So I took these random episodes and clung to them like a thing most precious, squirreling them away for the long stretches of coldness when a warm memory would prove most useful.

所以我拾起这些偶然出现的片段，并坚持认为它们是最珍贵的东西。我将它们珍藏着，在冷漠的记忆长河中，这些温暖的片段最为窝心。

It just goes to show that no matter how estranged the father, no matter how deep the damage, no matter how shattered the bond, there is still time, still space, still a need for even the smallest bit of evidence of a father's love.

我的经历只是表明：不管父亲曾经与你如何疏远，无论他对你造成了多深的伤害，无论你们之间的纽带是如何破裂的，你仍有时间、有空间，并且有必要去找寻哪怕是能证明父爱的最小的证据。

“ My boy. ”

（正如）“ 我的儿子。 ”

A Parable of a Child

一个孩子的寓言

by Steve Goodier

父母说：“我有一个孩子，他/她将来会成为一名……”

孩子说：“我是你们的孩子，我将来会成为一名……”

省略号的内容由你决定！教育与经验之间是有区别的。教育就是从阅读文字所得到的，而经验是从不阅读而得到的。看一个故事，你就会明白“伟大的学习来自于教育和经验的结合”。

一名青年教师梦见天使出现在他面前，对他说：“你将会有一个孩子，他/她将来会成为一名世界领袖。你得让她意识到自己的智慧，增长自信心，开发她果断不失细腻，虚心而又坚韧的性格特质，你会如何为她做准备呢？”

梦醒时，青年教师一身冷汗。他从没经历过这种事情。照梦中所说的，他现在或将来的学生之中的任何一个人都有可能成为他梦中听到的那个人物。他准备好了要去帮助他们实现每一个志向吗？他默默想：“既然知道了某一个学生会成为那个人物，那么我的教学方式该怎么改变一下呢？”一步一步地，他已经开始暗自筹划了。

这名学生不仅需要有经历，而且需要有人指导。他的教学方式改变了。对他而言，每一个走过他教室的年轻人都有可能成为未来的‘世界领袖’。他看这些学生时，不是看他们曾经是什么样子，而是看他们将来可能成为什么样子。他以一种平和的心态期盼学生发挥最大的潜力。他在教育学生时，仿佛世界的未来完全掌握在他的教导中。

多年以后，他所认识的一名女子成为举世瞩目的人物。这时他才悟出，她就是那晚梦中天使所说

的那个女孩。只是，她不是他的学生，而是他的女儿。在女儿一生所遇到的老师之中，他是最棒的。

我听过这样一句话：“孩子是我们给自己无法预见的某个时间、某个地点所发送出去的活信息。”可这并不仅仅是一则有关一个无名教师的寓言，而是有关你我的寓言——不论我们是为人父母，还是为人师表。而这个故事——我们的故事，其实是这样开始的：

“你将有一个孩子，他/她将来会成为一名……”你来填完这个句子吧，如果不填“世界领袖”，那么“绝世好爸”也行；再要不“优秀教师”？“妙手神医”？“不按常理出牌的问题克星”？“鼓舞人心的艺术家”？或是“慷慨无私的慈善家”？

你会在何地、如何遇见这个孩子，那是一个谜。可是，你要相信，一个孩子的将来很有可能就取决于你给他/她所造成的影响；也要相信，孩子会出人头地的。对你来说，任何孩子都是不平凡的，你也因此脱胎换骨。

A young school teacher had a dream that an angel appeared to him and said, “You will be given a child who will grow up to become a world leader. How will you prepare her so that she will realize her intelligence, grow in confidence, develop both her assertiveness and sensitivity, be open-minded, yet strong in character?”

The young teacher awoke in a cold sweat. It had never occurred to him before——any ONE of his present or future students could be the person described in his dream. Was he preparing them to rise to ANY POSITION to which they may aspire? He thought, “How might my teaching change if I KNEW that one of my students were this person?” He gradually began to formulate a plan in his mind.

This student would need experience as well as instruction. His teaching changed. Every young person who walked through his classroom became, for him, a future world leader. He saw each one, not as they were, but as they could be. He expected the best from his students, yet tempered it with compassion. He taught each one as if the future of the world depended on his instruction.

After many years, a woman he knew rose to a position of world prominence. He realized that she must surely have been the girl described in his dream. Only she was not one of his students, but rather his daughter. For of all the various teachers in her life, her father was the best.

I’ve heard it said that “Children are living messages we send to a time and place we will never see.” But this isn’t simply a parable about an unnamed school teacher. It is a parable about you and me——whether or not we are parents or even teachers. And the story, OUR story, actually begins like this:

“You will be given a child who will grow up to become…” You finish the sentence. If not a world leader, then a superb father? An excellent teacher? A gifted healer? An innovative problem solver? An inspiring artist? A generous philanthropist?

Where and how you will encounter this child is a mystery. But believe that one child’s future may depend upon influence only you can provide, and something remarkable will happen. For no young person will ever be ordinary to you again. And you will never be the same.

爱英语作文 篇10

A little boy invited his mother to attend his elementary school ' s first teacher-parent conference. To the little boy s dismay, she said she would go. This would be the first time that his classmates and teacher met his mother and he was embarrassed by her appearance. Although she was a beautiful woman, there was a severe scar that covered nearly the entire center side of her face. The boy never wanted to talk about why or how she got the scar.

At the conference, the people were impressed by the kindness and natural beauty of his mother despite the scar, but the little boy was still embarrassed and hid himself from everyone. He did, however, get within earshot of a conversation between his mother and his teacher, and heard them speaking.

How did you get the scar on your face? the teacher asked. The mother replied, When my son was a baby, he was in a room that caught on fire. Everyone was too afraid to go in because the fire was out of control, so I went in. As I was running toward his crib, I saw a beam coming down and I placed myself over him trying to protect him. I was knocked unconscious but fortunately, a fireman came in and saved both of us. She touched the burned side of her face. This scar will be permanent, but to this day, I have never regretted doing what I did.

At this point, the little boy came out running towards his mother with tears in his eyes. He hugged her and felt an overwhelming sense of the sacrifice that his mother had made for him. He held her hand tightly for the rest of the day.

有个小男孩邀请他的母亲去参加学校举办的第一次家长会，令他沮丧的是，妈妈竟然答应去。同学们和老师将是第一次见到妈妈，但是，妈妈相貌令他感到难堪。虽然母亲非常漂亮，但她整个右脸几乎被一块严重的伤疤覆盖了。小男孩从来不曾想问母亲伤疤的来历。

家长会上，小男孩妈妈善良和蔼以及天生丽质给人们留下了深刻的印象，没有人在意她脸上的那块伤疤。但是，小男孩却感到局促不安，他藏起来不与人打照面。尽管如此，他还是能听到妈妈和老师的谈话，能听见他们谈话的内容。

“您脸上的伤疤是怎么来的？”老师问道。

小男孩的妈妈答道：“儿子很小的时候，他的房间突然着火了，大家都不敢进去，因为火势失控了。我进去了。就在我跑向他的婴儿床时，我看到一根房梁就要倒下来，我扑到他的床上，想护住他。房梁把我砸晕了。幸运的是，消防员冲了进来，救了我们。”她摸着脸上的伤疤，说：“这块伤疤会永远留在脸上，但是直到今天，我从没为我做的事后悔过。”

听到这里，小男孩走了出来，满含热泪奔向妈妈，拥抱着她。母亲为自己作出的牺牲让他内心激动无比。那天后来，小男孩紧抓妈妈的手不曾松过。

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