

二. 英文作文

As the plane departed from the ground, all I could see is smoke leaking out both of its lungs, just like it was coughing. My world was covered up with thick, black smoke, making me hard to breathe. There he goes, my father, who left ^{for} business, and wouldn't come back in the later ten years. From that moment on, I felt lonely without him beside me. The room we read novels together, the vinyls we've listened to, and every scenery we've seen together has ^{all} become sharp knives that ^{would} cut through my memories, leaving an empty me, without a soul, weeping alone in these sorrows.

One day, as I walked pass a wooden shelf, I accidentally knocked down a box. "Bang!" The box cracked open, and woke up my injured heart. It was a box filled with oil-paintings and brushes, which was

背面可繼續作答

left by my father before he left. I observed the painting tools, every of them was just the same as they ~~were~~ ^{were} in my memories, just as if my father and I ^{were} sitting beside the window drawing paintings just a second ago. I decided to start painting again. I turned my sorrow into various colors, and drew all my memories with my father into the paintings. I slowly began to forget my loneliness while I paint, and all I can feel is the beautiful memories we've made together. Painting has become my medicine, to heal and cure my missing piece. Whenever I feel alone again, I would pick up my brushes, and begin a journey into the world of paintings. Every technique and skill I use was learnt from my father, then I'd use them to create my own wonderland, where my father was always there by my side. Painting makes me never forget the kindness I see in his eyes, like warm metallic silver, melting, and surrounding me like I was never alone, because once I am in the world of painting, I can paint down whatever I want, whatever I miss, ^{and} whatever I love, which is my father.