**父爱无声**

--- 金丽衢联考2025-3

It was never a question whether or not my mother loved me—it was a given, the cornerstone of my life that shaped everything about who I was.

However, I’m not sure about my father’s love. There are photographs of us laughing together, with me in diapers when I was a baby. I’ve watched recordings of my older sister and me lining up in turns for my father to hold and toss us into the air—all three of us shrieking(尖叫) with delight.

Did I love him then?

I feel I must have loved him because the film says so—the infant child is laughing, and she is embracing the man beside her. When I turn off the tape to search my own childhood for proof of my father’s love, and proof that we shared something like love, there is one impressive memory I can name.

At some point during my first year of school, I peed(尿湿了) my pants in class. I was sent to the school nurse for a change of clothes, and for the rest of the day, I wore a pair of over-large, bright orange sweat pants. I remember exactly how the teacher looked at me and exactly what the other students said, but they were the least of my worries.

I was in terror at the thought of showing up at home with different pants.

All afternoon I planned how I would enter the house very quietly and run to my room before my father even noticed I was there. During the entire bus ride home I rehearsed(默默练习) again and again the plan I had in mind that would allow me to escape my father’s wrath(盛怒) and his triangle eyes.

Triangle eyes. This was the name my sister Shira and I used to use whenever my father’s eyes would tense up into two hard triangles, with the calm of his face having fled away in a flash of anger. Their appearance was sudden and unpredictable, ignited by a poor exam score from Shira, or when I burnt the bread in the toaster. He’d point out the door and yell, “Get out!”

Who knew what peeing pants in class would get you?

注意：1. 续写词数应为150左右；

2. 请按如下格式在答题纸的相应位置作答。

Para 1: So I carefully planned to avoid his notice, but the plan backfired.

Para2: Everything he did told me that HE LOVED ME.

一、设计理念：

1. 本文人物：

Major character：I

minor character: my father

2. 原文故事简介：我对父爱产生疑问，通过回忆小时候一年级时学校里发生尿裤子的囧事来探讨父爱。

3. 本文续写思路：

①结合所给的两个段首句：（注意引导学生猜测backfire的意义。）推知第一段内容为： 放学–--偷偷回家—被父亲发现---交代事情来龙去脉—父亲安慰。考生要兼顾作者作为一个小孩，在学校里尿裤子的心理感受-尴尬难堪以及委屈。

②结合第二段首句，推知第二段应该描写父亲的日常细节来体现父爱。考生可以多写一些父亲日常生活中为我做的小事， 如修理我骑坏了的自行车，辅导我学习，烧我最喜欢吃的饭菜，雨天来学校接我放学回家等。通过具体事例来证明父爱无声，但与母爱一样深沉。优秀考生可以结合父爱与母爱的不同进行文本的创作，并以此证明父爱造就了现在的我。

③ 本文的主题语境是**人与社会之亲情类，描述了深沉的父爱。**

二、教学过程

Step1: Analyze characters

Main roles: I

Minor role: my father

Step2: Analyze the plot of the story

1. Father knew my embarrassing incident;
2. Father comforted me and I realized his deep love hidden in what he did for me in daily life.

Step4: Design plots for each paragraph

Para 1: So I carefully planned to avoid his notice, but the plan backfired.

Link1: How did the plan fail?

Body: How did I explain the embarrassing accident? What did my father do?

Link2: How did I feel?

Para2: Everything he did told me that HE LOVED ME.

Link3: What was the difference between father’s love and mother’s?

Body: What things did my father do for me? What did I think of my father?

Ending: ① How did I interpret my father’s love compared to my mother’s love?

 ② How did my father’s love influence my growth?

**Version1 （被发现后没有生气+ 父爱母爱的对比）**

Para 1: *So I carefully planned to avoid his notice, but the plan backfired.* I tiptoed into the house, my heart racing wildly. But out of the blue, my father’s familiar stern voice boomed, “ What happened? ” I froze. What terrified me was that the rehearsed lie was completely on the tip of my tongue. His eyes lingering on the garish orange sweatpants pooled around my ankles, it all clicked to him. Lowering my head, I stammered in a trembling voice, confessing the accident and the resulting embarrassment, tears streaming down my cheeks. Wiping away my tears gently with his calloused hands, he consoled me softly, “ Accident/ Shit happens.” “ Take a shower and tomorrow,” he added after thinking twice, “we’ll pack extra clothes in your bag.” No wrath, no triangle eyes, no shouting—just steady hands fixing what he could do for me. (129)

Para 2: *Everything he did told me that HE LOVED ME*. Time going by, I came to realize that my father’s love was different from my mother’s—it was less obvious, but no less powerful. He did what he could in silence for me, like staying up into the night to fix my broken bike or waking up early to scrape the frost off my bike seat. Mom’s love was the sun, warm and intense. His was the moon—cool, distant, but guiding, like a beacon of light directing me when I lost my way. The bond between my father and me never changed, whether in the infancy photographs or in the childhood recordings. My father’s love, not expressed in words but through gestures, was also a given, a cornerstone of my life, shaping me into the person I am today. (129)

***Ending 2: The affectionate phrase “ I love you” from my stern father might be rarely heard by me, but his intense love was never absent from my life, enabling me to brave challenges in my life.***

***Possible Version 2* （被发现后生气+对父爱的理解）**

Para 1: *So I carefully planned to avoid his notice, but the plan backfired.*  After getting off the school bus, I struggled to the doorway in the over-large, bright orange sweat pants, sighing that the unlucky day finally passed. Opening the door as gently as possible, I crept towards my room, hoping to escape my father’s notice. However, the rustle of the pants betrayed me. My father poked his head out of the kitchen, his gaze dropping onto the unfamiliar fabric. For a heartbeat, his eyes softened—almost like concern—before narrowing into those dreaded triangles. “What happened?” he asked impatiently. I froze, the rehearsed lie dissolving on my tongue. Before I could explain, he barked, “Get changed. Now.” I fled away, my cheeks burning with shame. As I tugged off the sweatpants, he passed me clean trousers he had washed and dried, wearing a concerned look.

Para 2: *Everything he did told me that HE LOVED ME!* After I got changed, my father looked into my eyes, saying firmly, “Accident happens and it’s not a big deal. So don’t worry your little head about it.” Wrapped in his bear hug, I gained incredible courage from my father to face it. My father did love me! I remembered how he’d stayed up late helping me rehearse multiplication tables, how he’d silently placed a bandage on my knee when I had a terrible fall and how he spent hours in preparing my favorite food. Memories of the time spent with my father in infancy, childhood and adolescence crowding into my mind, it dawned on me that the man in the videos, the one who laughed until his face reddened, was always there on my side, with love disguised in his triangle eyes / with love hidden beneath his stern look.