

# A36

## 高雄女中 102 學年度英文作文比賽

(請由此開始書寫)

✓ ①  
78

Here's a little fact about me: I hate owing people things. For as long as I can remember, I've had the most loving parents in the world — they sang me lullabies and told bedtime stories before I went to sleep, they took me out on vacations to have some quality time, they spent tons of dollars to let me attend good schools and were always there for me. As a little kid, that was all I knew, my parents loved me unconditionally and I took the love without hesitation, living my own happy little life. You could say that I took the love for granted.

As I grew up, I started learning and seeing things. Things that were not pleasant nor jolly. I learned that there were people who wouldn't like me no matter what I did and that you don't always get what you want. At the same time, I started to notice that my parents weren't all angelic and almighty. They'd come home late, sighing as they talk about troubles at work and throw their tired bodies ~~the~~ sofa for a little break, and then manage to get up and do more housework. Seeing that, not only did I feel sorry but ~~also~~ guilty. You can say that was when I started to not take their love for granted.

The guilt was powerful. Little by little, I took as much housework as possible into my own responsibility. I hate owing because

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things to my parents, and I hate seeing them sacrifice their time and exhaust their bodies to do everything for me. At first, I helped them once in a while, a little bit of sweeping the floor and a little bit of tidying the living room when I finished homework. I felt the guilt go away, replaced by satisfaction and happiness, because, with my help, my parents weren't so tired as before. So, the more satisfaction I gained, the more housework I did. At the end, I took over almost all the chores at home. I could proudly say that not only did I NOT take their love for granted, but also could I give something back to my parents.

However, as I took over the work, the work took over me as well. I hardly had time to study or sleep, and my health conditions went straight down the hill. It was too much. Thankfully, my parents noticed that something was terribly wrong. While I did all the housework for good intentions, I drained myself and neglected most everything else, and also the fact that parents don't do everything for me because they have to, it's because they want to. My parents helped me get back to the track that I should be — school —, and told me not to worry so much about them because they could take care of themselves.

For the guilt of taking love from my parents for granted ~~and the dislike of owing~~, I went overboard and not only hurt myself but also my parents, my family. For my dislike of owing, I pushed away the love wanted to give me and force-fed them my own, and even developed self-hatred for not being grateful enough.

But that's not how love works. There are often times that we feel the need to pay back as much as our loved ones gave us, and think, that we're "too selfish and always are

## 高雄女中 102 學年度英文作文比賽

(請由此開始書寫)

taking the love for granted. But it isn't the fact. While we must not take love for granted, we also need to be aware that people give us love because they love us, they want to do it. We don't have to feel guilty to be loved, we enjoy it and appreciate it, and give the love back willingly and unconditionally. That's love.

(請翻頁繼續書寫)



## 高雄女中 102 學年度英文作文比賽

(請由此開始書寫)

✓ (3)  
85  
Fluent. colloquial

I have to say that I'm the most fortunate child in the world, because everyday when I open my eyes in the morning, I see breakfast on the dining table. Then Mom will drive me to school and pick me up at five. When I get home, there are always dinner there waiting for me, all I have to do is sit down and enjoy the delicious food, I don't even have to do the dishes. Besides, I will never have to worry about not having clean clothes to wear because Mom handles all the chores for me. When I'm sick, Mom is always by my side. I knew Mom loves me and I did take her love for granted. I used to consider those jobs as the things Mom "should" do for me. However, since a trip to Canada, I started to realize that I was totally wrong.

When I was nine, Mom sent me to Victoria, Canada for a month. I took part in a camp there. I was always hungry and dirty because no one there would prepare breakfast and dinner for me. Needless to say, no one would do the laundry for me, too. I had to beg my friends for food every night and wear the same dirty clothes every day. What's worse, I got sick during the second week of the trip. I felt so lousy and felt like going home. I started to miss the hand which would give me warm and encourage me. I missed the voice singing songs by my ears. I hoped Mom was

(請翻頁繼續書寫)

by my side, singing songs and holding my hands. Unfortunately, I was in Canada. I called my mom and complained about how hard life was ~~like~~ without her. Mom told me that she used to be like me because Grandma did everything for her, but when she became a mother, she suddenly realized how much grandma had done for her since she moved out and had to take care of herself and her family. Mom hoped that I could learn something from the trip, that is, to notice my own job and to cherish the work Mom had done.

Since the trip, I have learned a lot of things which can't be found in our text books. One of the things I learned is that no one has the responsibility to do everything for me. I am a child, but that's not the proper excuse to require adults to sacrifice their time just to take care of their kids. I feel shameful of taking Mom's love for granted. One night, while I was chatting with my mom, I found that <sup>the</sup> wrinkles on her face was getting more and more. She sacrificed her time and gave me all her love. She had no time to do the make-ups, which are said to be the most important things in women's lives. I felt so guilty because I am the one who makes her lose her beauty and time to do her favorite things. Since then, I don't take her love for granted because there's no reason for her to help me so much. I started to do the dishes by myself and help her with the chores. Sometimes, I also tell her that I appreciate her love to let her know that I cherish what she's done for me.

# A27

## 高雄女中 102 學年度英文作文比賽

(請由此開始書寫)

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No one can doubt the importance of family, since most of the time it is our family that support us. Especially our parents, the warriors defending our family's castle, play quite important roles through our life for their education and influence on us. As a result, most people are convinced that we should never take our parents' love for granted. In my opinion, I do agree that we should always appreciate our parents' love and concern; nevertheless, I refer to parents' care as sort of a responsibility as well.

There was a piece of stunning news which intrigued the society then. The news was about a lady refusing to take care of his father. She told the judge at the court that her father did not look after her in her childhood; therefore, she considered that if parents do not take responsibility for their children; they can not own the right to rely on their children. The judge agreed with the lady and allowed her not to take care of her father ever after. According to legislations around the globe, most

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claim parents' responsibility to nurture their children and children's responsibility to care their parents as they become elder and elder. One reason is that before having a baby, the couple should have thought twice for certain decision and evaluate whether it will be affordable for them. Even if they find out that they overestimated their ability, their kid is innocent to have be brought to the complex world, so the parents still need to be responsible for their kid. On the other hand, since the parents once bring up the child, he or she should gradually become one to take care of others, and their parents, the elderly, will turn to be those taken care of. This notion, parents' love and care is a responsibility, does exist and appear in our laws.

On another aspect, I do not take my parents' love merely as what they are forced by law to express. Instead, I believe my siblings and my arrival to the world surely add color to my family's life; hence, my parents sincerely care about us and this is the main reason why they take care of us.

In my memory, I was often absent in class. Not because I rejected to attend school but I frequently got ill. Mom used to be a teacher and was highly respected for her teaching skills. She was even asked to receive an promotion. Everything seemed to go so

## 高雄女中 102 學年度英文作文比賽

(請由此開始書寫)

smoothly, but to my father's surprise, she gave up the precious opportunity. She told my father that my sister was going to study in primary school, and I were not a healthy kid. She could barely tolerate herself to pursue her personal career instead of paying more attention to her darlings' childhood that would never repeat. Therefore, she quit her profession and has been a housewife. As I grow older and more mature <sup>since then</sup> mentally, I realize that, my mother, such an ambitious woman, is to sacrifice how brave herself only for her children, the ones asked <sup>for concern</sup> in her stomach and soon in her arms. As for my father, bearing in mind that his lovely wife and children are always at home waiting for him, usually return home right after work. If not, I will grin from ear to ear because I know that my father is waiting outside the gate, and it is time for fun outdoors! Even though Dad is not a romantic man, for he never purchase brands or souvenirs on our trip or prepare a surprise on festivals or our birthdays, I do know that he keeps his children and his wife somewhere deep in

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his heart. For this reason, he expresses love by spending more time to create value memory with his dear daughter.

Through my parents' behavior and decisions, I understand that without legislations, they will still let me shelter under them. As I have become more mature physically and mentally, I can better take care of myself or even my family. I do housework with my older sister every week and teach our younger brother schoolwork whenever we are free. Both of us know that what we have done may represent our responsibility laws forcing us to take, but it more indicates the natural love we hope our parents feel.

To sum up, I am convinced that perhaps we can take both parents' and children's love for granted, but maybe love means something more.

## 高雄女中 102 學年度英文作文比賽

(請由此開始書寫)

90

Certainly, I take parents' love for granted. While the relationship between friends, even bosom friends, may be invaded or be cut overnight, parents' love is what never fade in our life. I always believe that it is parents' love that nourishes my childhood, and supports my life. Take my parents for example.

I don't live in a rich family, and my house is simple, definitely not a luxurious mansion. However, my parents' love enlarge the true happiness in my life. When I was at the age of ten, obstacles got in my way, which made me passive and hopeless. First of all, all studies and no play made me a dull girl. I was no longer happy as before. In lack of confidence, I wasn't brave enough to face the reality, wishing to hide myself in a corner. Furthermore, <sup>the idea of</sup> committing suicide even ever hit my mind, as a way to end this disappointing life. Fortunately, every cloud has a silver lining. My parents gave me a big hand. They told me to smell the fragrant flowers, see the golden paddies, and hear breeze murmuring. Since then, I has participated in a variety of extra curriculum activities, which transformed me from zero to hero. Another day, I had a serious sick. My parents' <sup>love</sup> was like melody that I could even imagine myself staying in a wonderland. Their company really warmed me, which was a cradle for me to enjoy the tranquility. Besides, when I was twelve, I encountered complicated relationship with my friends. Being like a "dictator", who never listened to others' opinions, I was isolated. Hardly did my friends share their feelings with me. For them, I was such a "sophisticated" person. Thankfully, my beloved parents stood on my side and offered sincere suggestions. I realized how vital it was

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to embrace all kinds of values in the society. Once again, my parents' love was like a cradle for me to grow up and become mature.

Recalling the nostalgia and recollection in the process of growing up, and the tough times I have gone through, even the challenges I have tided over, it is my parents' love that support me, forever. It was like a superstar, shining in my daily life. Whenever I bursted into tears, it became my mentor; whenever I got lost, it was the driver that took me home; whenever I was in a desert, it was the rain that rescued me.

Being such a lucky kid, I profoundly think that everyone should experience the wonderful days with parents' love. Having parents' love transforms the whole society from A to A+. In other words, it is also my responsibility to allow my kids to enjoy the satisfying childhood, maintaining the "granted" parents' love for generations. Therefore, I firmly take parents' love for granted. That is, every kid "should" have the opportunity to enjoy parents' love.

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Nowadays, there are so many people, including adolescents and adults take their parents' love for granted. This is the reason why several social news reporting children even adults asking money from their parents and performing bad manners in front of their parents without respect. They think it doesn't matter. They think their parents will not be hurt. Nevertheless, I firmly disagree with their thoughts. I do not take my parents' love for granted, and my opinions are as follows.

First, my parents love me so much. Probably it is just due to their status as my parents, but there are still so many children live a life without their parents' love and care. Of course I should be grateful to this treatment, feel fortunate, and try hard to be a good daughter, showing my love and respect to them. There are so many orphans in the world, craving for parents' love, and sometimes starving to death. How lucky I am to eat the food my mom prepared for me, and how precious it is to enjoy the moments getting along with my mom and dad! I should never take the love for granted.

Second, I would like to take my mom for example. My mother takes me to school and takes me home from school from Monday to Friday. She also delivers lunch frequently. She could just leave me alone, tell me to be independent and let me deal with the lunch problem and the way to go to school, but she doesn't because she loves me. She loves me, so she cares

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about me, worrying that whether I will be too exhausted because of the heavy bookbag, and worrying that the lunch I choose from school isn't nutrient enough. Why should I take it for granted? My mom could just spend the time chatting with friends or getting enough sleep, but she sacrifices the time to come to school. Sometimes her wrists hurt, owing to the long time riding motorcycle. I've told her that I would have solutions, but she insisted that it was okay. My home is kind of far away from school, so riding motorcycle to school three times a day is tiring. I am really thankful for my mom and her selfless love!

Third, in my view, it is definitely not easy for every parent to earn money. Parents spend money on children for their learning courses, including subjects and talents with an expectation and love. Parents hope their children can lead a good life in the future. However, some students take it for granted and do not learn by heart. In my opinion, this is very awful since that under economic depression, bringing home a bacon has been a burden to so many parents. We should appreciate the opportunity to learn and seize it, proving our parents that it is worthwhile.

In conclusion, I do not take my parents' love for granted for sure. Love is invisible, but it's a nutrition to our mind and to our life, especially our parents' love. If we lack it, our mind and life might not be so perfect. Furthermore, because parents' love is so precious and important, I think anyone should respect their parents and prove their love towards their parents as well, such as being polite and considerate or saying "I love you." to Mom and Dad everyday (I myself is keeping doing it.) I will always have an appreciated heart, reminding myself that my parents' love is precious. I do not deserve it; I am just fortunate to own it.

# A31

## 高雄女中 102 學年度英文作文比賽

(請由此開始書寫)

80

Some say, teenagers always put friendship in the first, school work the second and parents the last. But that's definitely not what I think. From the moment we were born, parents provide us with shelter, daily-needs, love and all kinds of things that would make us grow healthily. They give us all they can give just because we are their sons and daughters, they want the best for us, and what do most of us do in repay of their great love?

As a teenager, I quarrel with my mother very often, just like the other juveniles. I know that she's simply showing her care with me, but at the teenage stage, I crave for independence and freedom, so most of the times, I act like a jerk, similar to the mean girls we see in movies when I had a fight with my mother. It only occurred yesterday, I was checking facebook on the phone before bedtime while I heard my mom complaining again. I just couldn't stand her nagging because I think it is okay to check facebook only once a day, at least I'm better than the others! She declared that if I don't stop wasting time on facebook, she'll have it closed down immediately. "How unfair is that!", I murmured to myself. Then here comes the worst part, completely losing my mind because of anger, I shouted at her, "You always make a big deal out of nothing, I cannot take it anymore!", with these harsh words, I shut the door behind me, feeling the rage rush through me like a savage beast.

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You must think the argument is utterly ridiculous. Because I'm the one who's making a big deal out of nothing, right? That's exactly how I thought after the rage calm down, I felt so guilty for doing this cruel thing to my dearest mother. Deep inside, I know that my mom complains about my checking facebook is because she's worried about my eyesight, which <sup>already</sup> is getting worse due to all the schoolwork I had to study. We all know that smartphones are not that smart to your eyes, out of concern, my mother would of course complain about this.

I thought to myself, why do I have to act like that even if deep in my heart I knew that my mom did this out of care and love? A lot of times, I take my mother's love for granted. Even more evil, I despise it. We should be grateful that we were raised in a family full of happiness, but sometimes we take the things we already have for granted, but it is actually a really terrible idea. All things have to go one day eventually, in that case, we should precious what we have when they are still by our side. So even if that day really does come, we wouldn't have to be repentful because of our foolishness.

I still have to mend the relationship between me and my mother, but truly and clearly, I know that I will surely put my parents in the first when I have to make a choice. I will not take my parents love for granted, I will not despise it and throw it away; Instead, I will keep their love safe inside my heart, protecting and cherishing it because it's the most valuable treasure in the whole wide world.

# A34

## 高雄女中 102 學年度英文作文比賽

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Nowadays, lots of kids just take their parents' love for granted. However, I don't think this is right. There are more and more children often shout at their parents when they don't give them what they want. Furthermore, even adolescents think that it's their parents' responsibility to treat them well. They never think about what their parents have done for them.

When I was a little kid, I sometimes took my parents' love for granted. I thought it was their job to cook for me and take care of me. Although they took good care of me, I still got mad when they forgot to do something accidentally. Actually, I knew that it maybe wasn't their fault to forget about me. They may be too tired. But I just couldn't help turning into a bad mood when it happened. Nevertheless, the more I grew, the more "thanks" I said. Since I entered junior high school, my mother became a lot busier because my younger brother was still in elementary school. She had to put an eye on me while dealing with my brother's problem. She had to cook for us, take us to school and bring us to cram schools. She seldom complained about it, though, but I could feel that she was tired. Therefore, I started telling my mom how I loved her and how grateful I was. I was pretty delighted when my mom thanked me for the first time. It dawned on me that it wasn't her

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responsibility to give me such a good life. She could just give me some money to use and rest at home.

Now, I'm in senior high school. I have a better temper now, and I seldom get mad when my parents' forget about me. I admit that I did take parents' love for granted before, but now I don't. I figure out how busy they are and they madly want to rest, so I will help them do the chores as long as they're tired. To sum up, it's parents' job to keep you alive, but it isn't their responsibility to give you such a wonderful life. Therefore, when your parents are losing their temper, don't be mad at them. Instead, you should try to help them and be thankful for everything you've got. And don't take ~~parents'~~ ~~or~~ parent's love for granted as well.