

范文：第一次独自回家

今天放学，我一个人回家。这件事我想了两个星期，今天终于做了。早上我跟妈妈说：今天我
我自己回吧。妈妈看了我一会儿，说：好，那你路上别跑。

走到路口，我停下了。平时这个路口都有妈妈等着，她举着我的书包站在树荫底下。今天树
底下没有人。绿灯亮了，我往前走了两步，又退回来。旁边一个一年级的小孩都自己过去了，他
手里还举着一根棒棒糖。我心想，我都四年级了。绿灯快完了，我小跑着过了马路，心怦怦跳。
跳就跳吧，反正已经过来了。

走到小区门口那段路，人很少。后面有脚步声，跟我一样快。我走快，它也快；我放慢，它
也慢。手心开始出汗，我把书包带子攥紧。我想起奶奶说的，别回头，回头就露怯。我就盯着前
面保安亭的灯。脚步声在我后面停下了，一个叔叔问我：小朋友，翠湖苑是不是往这边走？我声
音很小：不是，要往前走到红绿灯再左转。叔叔说了声谢谢，往反方向走了。我看着他走远，才
发现自己一直攥着书包带。原来他不是跟着我的，他只是问路。

进了小区，绕到单元门口，门口那盏声控灯坏了很久，物业一直没修。我跺了一脚，灯没亮，我
就摸着黑上楼。钥匙插进锁眼，插了两次才插进去，手还有点抖。门开了，我喊了一声妈，把门
关好，背靠着门站了一会儿。书包放下，手心的汗把带子都润湿了。妈妈从厨房出来问：自己回
来的？我说嗯。她没再说什么，可是我觉得今天的西红柿炒蛋比平时好吃。

晚上我躺在被窝里想，其实也没有多可怕。路口跑过去了，路也问完了，门也开了。害怕这
个东西，你不动的时候它最大，你往前走一步，它就小一步。明天我还自己走。

Model Essay: Walking Home Alone for the First Time

After school today, I walked home alone. I had thought about it for two weeks,
and today I finally did it.

At the crossing, I stopped. Mom usually waits here, but today she is working
overtime. The light turned green. I took two steps, then stepped back. Even a first-
grader beside me crossed alone. I thought, I am in fourth grade already. The green
light was running out, so I jogged across, my heart pounding. Let it pound. I had
already made it.

On the stretch near the gate of our compound, there were few people. Footsteps
came from behind, keeping the same pace as me. I sped up, they sped up; I slowed
down, they slowed down. My palms began to sweat, and I gripped my bag strap. The
footsteps stopped behind me, and a man asked: little one, is Cuihu Court this way? My
voice came out small: No, go straight to the traffic light and turn left. He said
thanks and walked the other way. Only when he was far off did I notice I had been
gripping my bag strap the whole time. So he had not been following me.

At my door, I went around to the entrance of our building. The motion-sensor

light at the entrance had been broken for a long time, and property management never fixed it. I stomped once; the light stayed off, so I felt my way upstairs. The key went into the lock, and I tried twice before it went in; my hand still shook a little. The door opened. I called Mom, shut the door, and stood with my back against it for a while. I put the bag down; the sweat on my palms had soaked the strap. Mom came out of the kitchen and asked: you walked home yourself? I said yes. She said nothing more, but today's tomato and scrambled eggs tasted better than usual.

At night, under the blanket, I thought: it was not that scary after all. I crossed the street, answered the question, and opened the door. Fear is biggest when you stand still. Take one step forward, and it shrinks one step. Tomorrow I will walk home alone again.