

范文：读《难忘的一天》有感，平凡日子裡的光

读《难忘的一天》，我记住的不是作者写的大风大雨，而是一个小得多的细节：那天早上妈妈赶不上送他上学，就把煮好的鸡蛋剥了壳，放进他书包侧袋，纸条上写着放学再吃，还热着。作者说，他在教室里闻到鸡蛋味的时候，忽然觉得自己没有被丢下。

这个细节让我停了一下。文章写的明明是难忘的一天，可让作者难忘的，不是那天发生了什么大事，而是有人在他不知道的时候替他做了一件小事。

我想起四年级下学期的一个早晨。那天出门时天还晴，第二节课间却下起了雨。我站在校门口发愁，因为我家离学校走路要二十分钟。门卫喊我说门口有人送伞。我跑过去，是爷爷。他把伞塞给我，说了句中午别乱跑，就转身走了。他的拖鞋是湿的，我后来才想起来，他腿脚不好，雨天从不穿拖鞋出门。平时出门他都要换那双黑布鞋，鞋带系两圈才走。他为了赶在我第二节课间出来前到，大概是听见雨声就出发了，连鞋都没换。

那天回家我把伞晾在门后，什么也没说。伞在门后滴了一晚上，水渍在门槛上洇出一小片深色。爷爷在阳台修他的收音机，也没提送伞的事。这件事我差点忘了。读到书包里的剥壳鸡蛋，我又想起来了，想起来还有一件更小的：那把伞我后来用了三年，伞骨断了一根，我也没扔。

我的感悟是：难忘的一天，常常不是出去玩、得奖、过生日那种日子。真正留在心里的，是平凡日子里被人悄悄惦记的瞬间。鸡蛋、湿拖鞋、断了一根骨头的伞，它们自己不会发光，但想起来的时候，那天就亮了。文章里的作者闻到了鸡蛋味，我摸到那根断伞骨，我们都没有说什么，可都知道自己没有一个人。

后来我给自己留了个习惯：遇到这样的瞬间，当天在日记里记两三行。不用写感想，记下东西就行，鸡蛋、拖鞋、伞。过几年再翻，那些行字自己会亮。

Model Essay: Reading 'An Unforgettable Day' — The Light in an Ordinary Day

Reading 'An Unforgettable Day', what I remember is not the great wind and rain the author described, but a far smaller detail: that morning his mother could not see him off to school, so she peeled the boiled eggs she had cooked and put them in the side pocket of his schoolbag, with a note saying eat them after school, still warm. The author says that when he smelled the eggs in the classroom, he suddenly felt he had not been left behind.

This detail made me pause. The article is titled an unforgettable day, yet what made the day unforgettable was not any big event, but someone doing a small thing for him without his knowing.

I remembered a morning in the second half of fourth grade. The sky was clear when I left home, but rain came down during the break after the second period. I stood

worrying at the school gate, because walking home takes twenty minutes. The guard called out that someone had brought me an umbrella. I ran over. It was my grandfather. He pushed the umbrella into my hands, said don't wander off at noon, and turned around to leave. His slippers were wet. Only later did I recall that his legs are bad and he never wears slippers out in the rain. To reach the school before my break after the second period, he must have set out the moment he heard the rain, without even changing his shoes.

That evening I hung the umbrella behind the door and said nothing; Grandfather was on the balcony fixing his radio and never mentioned the umbrella either. I nearly forgot the whole thing. Reading about the peeled eggs in the schoolbag, I remembered it again, and with it something even smaller: I used that umbrella for three years, and even when one of its ribs broke, I did not throw it away.

My realization: an unforgettable day is often not the day of outings, prizes, or birthday parties. What truly stays is the moment in an ordinary day when someone quietly has you in mind. The eggs, the wet slippers, the umbrella with one broken rib, none of them shine by themselves, but when they come back to mind, the whole day lights up. The author in the article smelled the eggs; I can feel that broken umbrella rib. Neither of us said anything, yet both of us knew we were not alone.

Since then I keep a habit: when such a moment happens, I write two or three lines in my diary that day. No reflections needed, just the objects: eggs, slippers, umbrella. Years later, flipping back, those lines will light up on their own.