

我学会了游泳读后感400字范文：那只在背后悄悄松开的手

读《我学会了游泳》，最让我停下来的是文中父亲下水的那一幕。作者小时候怕水，抱着池边哭，怎么也不肯松手。父亲没有骂她，也没有讲道理，只是脱了鞋走进水池，用大手托住她的腰，说：别怕，我托着你。作者闭着眼睛在水里吐泡泡，泡泡吐了一串又一串，等她再睁开眼，发现自己已经自己往前游了三米。父亲的手不知道什么时候松开了，他站在池边，笑着给她鼓掌。

这一段我读了好几遍，最打动我的是悄悄松开那一下。父亲托了那么多天，一直托到作者真的能游了才松手，而且松得没有声音，作者一点都没被吓到。成长好像也是这样：托着你的那只手会在你不知不觉的时候松开，等你发现的时候，你已经游出去一段了。父亲之所以松得没有声音，是因为他等的不是胆量，是力气——作者自己能浮起来了，手才该走。

我想起自己学游泳的那个月。我也怕水，第一节课我抱着池边哭，教练没有催我，让我扶着池边练蹬腿，他的手一直垫在我腿下面。第一周，那只手始终在；第二周有一天，蹬着蹬着我觉着身子变轻了，像自己浮起来了。教练在旁边喊：自己游到对面去。我憋着气游了五米，抬头的时候，教练已经站在对面等我。原来他的手早就松开了，我自己一点都不知道。那天上岸，我的手指被水泡得发白，心里却特别高兴，回家路上跟妈妈说：我自己游到对面了。

文中的作者被父亲托着，我被教练托着。这篇读后感教会我的不是游泳的动作，而是一句让我安心的话：怕水不要紧，怕什么都不要紧。开头总有人托着你，他们会在刚刚好的时候悄悄松手。你要做的就是腿接着蹬下去，总有一天你会发现，自己已经能游了。

A 400-Word Reading Response: The Hand That Let Go Without a Sound

Reading 'I Learned to Swim', the scene that made me stop is the moment the father steps into the pool. As a little girl the author clung to the pool edge, crying, refusing to let go. Her father neither scolded her nor lectured her. He simply took off his shoes, walked into the water, held her waist with his big hand and said: don't be afraid, I've got you. She shut her eyes and blew bubbles under water, one string after another, and when she opened them again she found she had swum three meters on her own. The father's hand had let go at some point without a sound, and he stood at the edge, smiling and clapping for her.

I read this part several times. What moves me most is the silent letting go. The father supported her for days, and only released when she could truly swim - and he released so quietly that she was never frightened. Growing up seems to work the same way: the hand holding you up lets go while you are not paying attention, and by the time you notice, you have already swum some distance. The father let go silently because what he was waiting for was not courage but strength - the hand should leave only once she could float by herself.

It reminds me of the month I learned to swim. I was afraid of water too. In the first lesson I hugged the pool edge and cried. The coach did not rush me. He had me practise kicking while holding the edge, and his hand stayed under my legs the whole time. Through the first week that hand was always there. One day in the second week, kick by kick, my body felt lighter, as if it were floating by itself. The coach called out: swim to the other side on your own. I held my breath and swam five meters, and when I lifted my head he was already waiting on the far side. His hand had let go long before, and I had not known it at all. That day after getting out, my fingers were pruned white from the water, yet my heart was light, and on the way home I told my mother: I swam to the other side all by myself.

The author in the article was held up by her father; I was held up by my coach. What this article taught me is not a swimming stroke but a reassuring sentence: being afraid of water is not a disaster, and being afraid of anything is not a disaster. Someone will hold you up at the start, and they will let go quietly at exactly the right moment. All you have to do is keep kicking, and one day you will find that you can already swim.