Reading for Thanksgiving Thanksgiving to

study for Thanksgiving Grandma

for Thanksgiving reading

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If someone asked me, why do you and the school? I would really tell him: for Thanksgiving and reading!

will have to face some people born poor, and some people born is "Princess" "The Emperor", I was the former. Because of poverty, I entered primary school and the parents separated on both north and south, working parents and was never seen my back, let me and her grandmother live in remote mountain villages north. At that time because there is no money, could not afford electricity, kerosene lamps grandmother gave me my starting point to study, in which I and my grandmother often before sunrise and sundown, no need to lash.

since I went to school, the grandmother to do this at home when the bride's new house was built in lights on every night a light of hope, such as beans. Grandma said that we have not had since ancient times and old Zhang literacy, she let me be the first scholar Chang. Since then, Gudeng Cold Night North Wind, cold hands and feet broken heart does not regret. To save writing this, I do not ball-point pen to write, because rubbing a pencil to write the word also can write. A coat to wear from first grade to fourth grade, straight through the broadening can no longer make up a long before had to squeeze some money in buying a living. Elementary school was supplemented with the bags up, has been back to the first two days. Can not afford gloves, earmuffs, shoes, socks, a winter survive and be able to freeze the parts of the body long frostbite, pains and itching ... ... But it is this difficult living environment that I understand from the heart the grandmother the true meaning of the words: "Now suffer fear, as long as you study hard, will not do like me, tough times ahead of farmers." To my grandmother did not like tough times ahead, I am hungry to learn by Russia; to repay Mom and Dad a little from time to time send the cost of living. I am learning to overcome difficulties; for Thanksgiving to me remove the village primary school fees, my examination results must be maintained for each first place.

second year when parents out because the survival difficult, impossible when they would not give me send tuition back, helpless in my life sustenance left in tears of happiness and dreams of middle school, followed by the same uncle too poor to desperation go out for work, learning to do business. In the short working day, I met many, like a lot, understand a lot. I would like to be for my uncle now, although food and clothing, but he can not for my life, to survive have to rely on their own, have to be read. Thus, in a conversation with the parents, I strongly urge reading. In this way the parents agreed to let me go alone to their employees in Xishuangbanna. In this remote and beautiful border, parents living in a difficult squeeze from tuition, let me step into the long-hoped-gate, heard although it is different from the home accents invigorating reading voice.