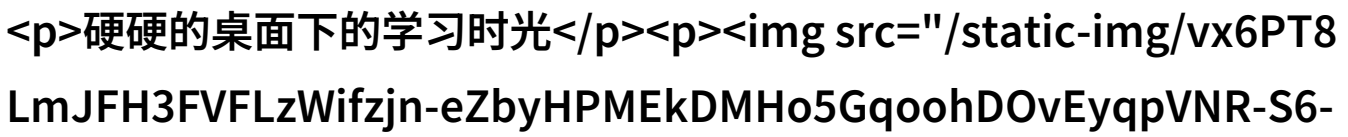
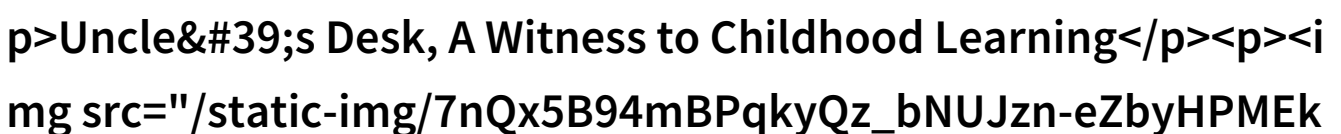


家庭记忆-硬硬的桌面下的学习时光

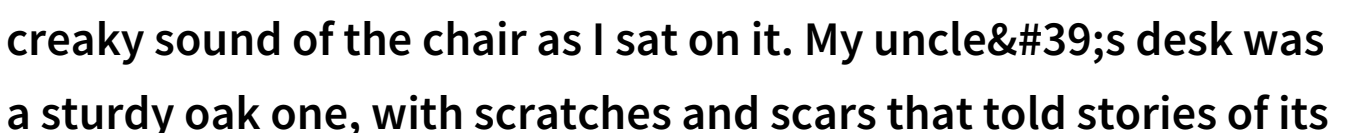
硬硬的桌面下的学习时光

记得小时候，每当放学后，我的作业总是躺在叔叔那张古老却坚固的木质书桌上。坐在叔叔的硬硬的上面写作业，是我童年的一段美好回忆，也是我成长过程中不可或缺的一部分。

Uncle's Desk, A Witness to Childhood Learning

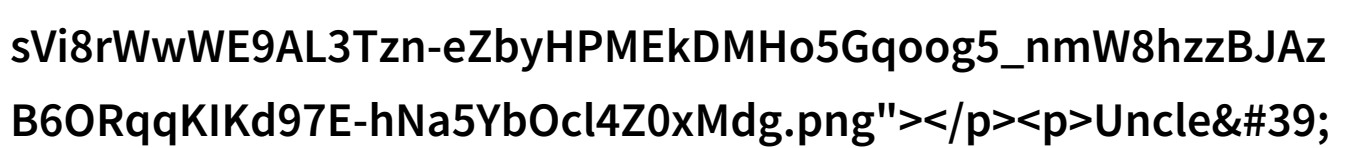
I remember the smell of wood polish and the creaky sound of the chair as I sat on it. My uncle's desk was a sturdy oak one, with scratches and scars that told stories of its own. It was where I spent many afternoons doing my homework, under the watchful eye of my uncle.

As a child, I found solace in those quiet moments at my uncle's desk. The wooden surface provided a sense of comfort and stability that helped me focus on my studies. My uncle would often sit next to me, guiding me through tricky math problems or offering words of encouragement when I felt discouraged.

One particular memory stands out in my mind. It was during the final year of high school when we were preparing for our national exams. The pressure was immense, but sitting at Uncle's desk made everything feel more manageable. He would remind me to take breaks and not stress too much about each question.

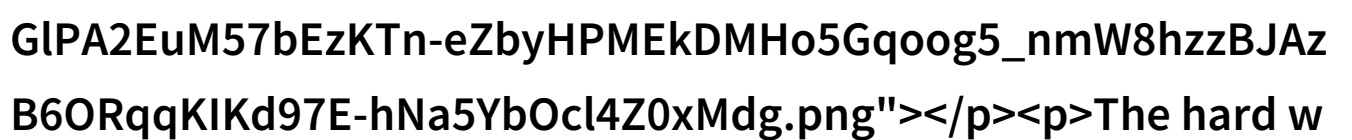
Another time, I recall struggling with a particularly difficult English essay topic. Uncle suggested breaking it down into sma

ller sections and focusing on one point at a time. His advice proved invaluable as I eventually managed to complete the essay within the given timeframe.



Uncle's hard wooden desk may have been simple in design but it held an immense amount of value for me during those formative years. As we grew older and moved away from home for college or work, his house became less frequently visited but whenever we did go back; sitting at that familiar table brought back memories both happy and nostalgic.

Today when visiting him again after so long; he still sits behind that same old wooden desk; though now surrounded by newer generations who also find comfort in its presence while they do their homework or read books under his watchful eyes.



The hard wooden surface has seen countless hours pass by filled with laughter tears joy sadness learning growth - all these emotions etched onto its crevices like fine lines on an aged face telling stories beyond just words alone - testament to what once seemed ordinary becoming extraordinary over time - all thanks to 'sitting

' there doing 'homework';