

第007篇 [“雪”的感受]

命題大意：因雪的感受而寫成一篇文章。

寫作大意：略述雪的感受，引發若干年前雪夜驚險回憶。

ASSIGNMENT 4/24/2002

[Write about SNOW--How it feels, tastes, and looks -What it means to you-Recall a time when you were surrounded by snow, Fact or Fiction.]

WRITING: 5/1/2002

Besides the feeling of white, cold and ground shrouding, SNOW gives implication of quiet, serenity, stillness and cleanness. Snow tastes like ice cream without sweetness. It looks like cotton but can never keep warm but chilly. SNOW is well known to most people in the world. But I dare say there are still a lot of people never see and contact snow in their lives. I was born in the central China, where, as a boy, I experienced seeing and playing with mild snow up to about six inches thick on ground. I had never seen any real snow since I moved to Taiwan in 1949 and to Los Angeles in 1986. In the year 1953, when I was sent to the United States for a six months schooling in Dayton Ohio however, I did experienced a heavy snowing season and incidentally an almost deadly situation surrounded by snow. I never forgot the frightening occasion during the time in a weekend flight from the Wright Patterson airfield to an air base near WestPoint. The C-47 airplane which carried our group of 7 riders almost sent us to be buried in the snow when the flight was lost in a night of heavy snowing. The plane was piloted by two of our classmates who were USAir Force flying officers concurrently in need of "proficiency flight" once a certain period of time, kindly invited us the five allied student classmates, one Italian, one Greek, and three Chinese officers from Taiwan for a week end entertainment flight. Normally such a flight takes only about one hour or so, but that time it took more than two hours, while the plane was still circling above

the same area.

Suddenly one of the pilots came out from the cockpit shouting, "Take a parachute, and get ready jump out the plane... The signal doesn't work to turn on the runway lights. Gas runs out! Hurry up!" My God. I had no parachute training! In such a heavy snow storm I thought I would be killed by hanging up on a tree, power lines, or frozen to death. We quickly learned the process of parachute jumping, including counting one, two, three after leaving the airplane door, then pull the string handle to open the chute.

Just before opening the locked door to jump one of the pilots told us to follow one by one, The other pilot came out of the cockpit shouting "stop, stop, signal working now."

Thank God. We all were saved. The plane landed safely guided by the runway lights. We accomplished the rest of the trip joyfully, and returned to the school on the following Sunday afternoon.

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COMMENTS: You are making progress . Seymour. There are less mistakes in this assignment.