



**Forum: Writing Correction (ä®œ"è±æ-ä½œæ-t,èªå,³å±æ-,ä¿ä»¶)**

**Topic: Please Help Me**

**Subject: Re: Please Help Me**

Posted by: glotynn

Posted on: 2007/4/17 17:34:47

Hi Aspirant,

Your essay was so well written that I could only give some negligible suggestions. The last two paragraphs are perfect except the wrong spelling of *hermetic* (instead of "hermitic").

As to the other passage you just posted, it looks great and doesn't seem to need a correction.

Please don't call me a scholar as I'm far from one. I'm merely an ordinary merchant doing international trade business. What I could do on your essay was to pick typos or minor errors. I have to say that your writing skill is even above mine indeed. Keep up the good work, and no school can afford the loss of crossing you out.

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**Suggested Revisions**

<< PART TWO >>

I guess I never would have remembered how quiet I used to be if I had never unearthed them, for **allowing** them to evoke those precious childhood memories **of mine**. Life really is fascinating. Who would have thought **ever think** that **how** my reticent childhood alter ego would emerge from that tiny cocoon, and mature into a confident, loquacious young adult? Indeed, that metamorphosis would never have occurred if I had not attended junior and senior high schools. Some unknown, and **as** I suspect, instinctive force warmed me up towards socializing. In my first few months in junior high school, I made small talks and formed friendships with an alacrity that defied my hitherto hermetic tendencies. Perhaps it was a natural response to a new environment. In any case, as I plowed through the vicissitudes of junior and senior high schools, I kept my readiness to bond with my peers and as such, made many friends who braved the challenges of schooling together with me. While I treasure these priceless friendships till this day, I have, on the other hand, taken my extroversion for granted since a long time ago. I am glad that the keys brought me momentarily back to those morbid days of living in virtual if not actual solitude, for I want to remind myself never to return to that kind of life.

As I continued to hold those keys in my hand on that sultry warm afternoon, more fond recollections surfaced. I recalled the contents of the drawers with relish, chuckling at some of the oddities, like my collections of lollipop wrappers and peanut shells. Maybe my hermetic lifestyle did affect my sanity after all! Weird collections notwithstanding, those very drawers also contained items that held great meaning for me as a child. The most important of these were my diary and scrapbooks, which I devoted to enshrining my childhood dreams and passions. I vividly remember that after I watched the

gadget-laden Back to the Future, I developed an insatiable interest for **in** science and invention, and dreamt of becoming a scientist or inventor myself. Subsequently I began flooding my diary with entries addressed to the likes of Thomas Edison, Albert Einstein, and of course, Dr. Emmet Brown from the film. Concurrently, I scoured scientific journals for interesting articles to paste in my scrapbook, discovering a tremendous amount in the process. In retrospect, this was **served** to lay the foundation for my enthusiasm towards science in my early years of schooling. Ironically, much of that ardor for science was gradually replaced by a deepening passion for economics, through a process so subtle that I never took notice of it. Indeed, I would have forgotten my previous interest in science, had those rusty keys not brought Dr. Emmet Brown back to me.

Keys would be keys. Rusty as they were, the ones that I re-stumbled upon on that afternoon opened the door to my past, and urged me to ponder about my future.

May God bless them.