My School Winters: Expository Essay

A school brings you closer to me, and the two schools separate you and me. There is more than a simple encounter between us, we know each other, but more is different. I miss you, my southern girl, my leaves.

See you at first, you speak a mandarin. You said, how is it so cold here? Everyone laughs, only I reply to you, this is the beginning of winter, you feel cold. At that time, you have put on a down jacket, with a scarf, but still screaming cold. You said that you are from the South, and the coldest is just that. I have known you like this, a southern girl who is afraid of cold.

After all, it was winter, the cold wind was blowing north, and the once vibrant green leaves finally could not support, dried up, drifting in the air or buried in the soil. The leaves on the campus are still missing. I ask you, which will not fall? You point to yourself with gloves, like a fat penguin, saying, 'This piece of this piece!'

In the fourth year, because of your reading problems, you returned to your hometown - the place where the warmth is like July. On the day we left, we stood under the tree with leaves, and the trees were so green that we couldn't identify the leaves you tied. Leaves and leaves, you are like a leaf on a million trees, so ordinary, but in my later life, I can't find a piece similar to yours.

Last July, I received a letter without a signature. I like it very much, but it is a bit colder than in the South. Also, I miss him very much. I don't know if I still remember it. Leaves and leaves, how can I not recognize you, I saw everything when I saw your handwriting. Fortunately, you always remember this friendship, you still need me.

Leaves, thank you for telling me that although it is winter, there are leaves that will not fade. May your world be forever in July, and may you be green on the branches of July.

I need you so much, and I am eager to be required by you. In the closed heart, struggle, jealousy, fear of being abandoned.

There is a 'leaf' in your name, so you are called leaves. Leaves, because you are particularly cold, I always love to point to the dead yellow leaves of the tree. Your face was reddened by the cold winter, and the mouth was warm to the hand, but did not forget to reveal a big smile, lined with red, like a very happy: 'I am the leaves that will not fall in the winter.' You always respond to me like this.

To make the bare branches on campus have a leaf that can't fall, you took a fake leaf, climbed the branch and climbed the treetop, and flexibly tied the fake leaves to the branches and stood under the tree. At a glance, you can see the only green in the winter. You smiled and said that there is a leaf that will never fade. Indeed, in the three winters, we were together, there was a green leaf shaking in the branches and swaying in my heart.

We went to the distance in this way, but my heart was filled with the purest love for this

friendship. Doing homework occasionally stops the pen, quietly thinking: Do the students call you leaves? Are you no longer worried about the cold? I don't know because we didn't contact them. I think, have you forgotten me, I am not as important in your life as of July. I also need you to do the same, I need you to repeat the homework every night, you need to remind me to do the value of the day, need your friendship.

Based on your address, we started to contact. The once empty is smoothed out by your words, and all the loneliness disappears with your appearance. I learned that you don't worry about being cold, the classmates there call you leaves, you haven't forgotten me. Between words, you are still so confident and n