

< 一次審查用課題英文 >

Mrs. Brown was a teacher. Her house was not far from her school, and she always walked there in the morning.

All the students in the school were very young. Mrs. Brown walked to school on a very cold and windy morning in November, and the cold wind went into her eyes, and big tears began running out of them.

She reached the school, opened the door and went into the hall. It was nice and warm there, and Mrs. Brown was happy.

But then a small boy looked at her for a few seconds, put his arm around her and said kindly, “Don’t cry, miss. School isn’t very bad.”