

高雄市 113 學年度國民中學英語文競賽【英語朗讀文章第一篇】

Fading Sparks

The night sky was alive with flashes of color and bursts of sound. People gathered by the riverbank, their faces turned upward as the fireworks bloomed above. In the distance, some sleepy birds chirped nervously between the bangs and crackles, and the occasional hoot of an owl punctuated the silence between explosions.

Cynthia stood at the edge, her heart racing with every burst of light, the excitement of the moment bubbling inside her. Next to her, an older man with a weathered face and tired eyes watched the display, his hands resting on a cane.

“Isn’t it amazing?” Cynthia said with enthusiasm.

The man nodded, his thick accent coloring his words. “Yes, very... amazing. But in my country, fireworks are... different. Quieter. Not so loud.” He chuckled softly. “Here, everything is... big.”

Cynthia looked at him, curious now. “Where are you from?”

“Far away. A place you would not know.” He paused, then added, “I miss it sometimes. But... life moves on, yes?”

An owl let out a low whoo as a loud boom echoed in the air, and Cynthia turned back to the sky, the colors fading into the night. The fireworks were ending, leaving only the sounds of crickets and rustling leaves.

The man sighed, leaning heavier on his cane. “Surprises in life, they’re like this. Bright, loud... but gone too fast.”

Cynthia nodded, feeling a strange weight settle in her chest. “Yeah... I guess it does.”

As the final firework fizzled out, the two stood in silence for a moment longer, the night settling into a quiet rhythm of chirps and whoos. Cynthia turned to the man. “Will you come next year?”

The man smiled, a slow, wistful smile. “Maybe. If life lets me.”

Cynthia looked up at the now-empty sky, realizing that some moments were meant to fade.