

英文寫作分析報告

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第1部分：文章內容統整：

本文敘述作者目睹同學受霸凌卻因缺乏勇氣而袖手旁觀，事後深感後悔的經歷。作者原本認為霸凌離自己很遠，直到親眼目睹並聽到受霸凌同學的哭泣聲，才意識到自身行為的錯誤，並將此經驗化為日後挺身而出幫助弱勢的動力。文章重點在於作者對自身懦弱行為的反思，以及由此產生的自我鞭策。

第2部分：內容分析：

【敘事方式說明】：本文採用第一人稱敘事，以時間順序記述作者目睹霸凌事件的經過、事後反思以及經驗教訓。作者以細膩的筆觸描寫自身心理掙扎和後悔的情緒，使讀者產生共鳴。

【佳句統整】：

* "The faint sound of his cries has been forever etched into my mind, making it the most vivid and regrettable sound in my memory." (他哭泣的微弱聲音永遠刻在我的腦海裡，成為我記憶中最鮮明也最令人後悔的聲音。) 此句運用強烈的意象，突顯作者內心的自責與悔恨。

* "And given that I was one of the few people that actually treated him normally, what I ended up doing at that time felt like an act of betrayal to him." (而我實際上是少數幾個正常對待他的人之一，當時我的所作所為感覺像是對他的背叛。) 此句展現作者深刻的自我批判，並凸顯其對受霸凌同學的愧疚之情。

第3部分：文章優、缺點：

【優點】：

- **敘事流暢，情感真摯**：文章以清晰的時間線敘述事件，情感表達真誠自然，容易引起讀者共鳴。
- **細節描寫到位**：作者對事件細節的描寫，例如受霸凌同學的哭泣聲、作者內心的掙扎等，都非常生動，增加了文章的可讀性和感染力。
- **反思深刻，具有教育意義**：文章並非單純描述事件，更重要的是作者對自身行為的深刻反思，以及由此得到的教訓，具有一定的教育意義。

【缺點】：

- **缺乏對霸凌者描寫**：文章著重於作者自身感受，對霸凌者的行為和動機缺乏描述，使得霸凌事件的整體畫面略顯單薄。
- **結尾略顯倉促**：結尾部分對作者日後如何改變自身行為的描述不夠詳細，略顯倉促。

【整體回饋】：

本文是一篇情感真摯、反思深刻的個人經驗分享，作者以自身經歷警示讀者要勇於挺身而出，幫助弱勢。雖然文章在某些細節方面可以更完善，但整體而言，文章的立意良好，文字優美，具備一定的感染力。

第4部分：文法與用詞錯誤：

1. 原文：**During one afternoon**, when I was just minding my own business...

改進方式：One afternoon, when I was just minding my own business... 或 One afternoon, while I was minding my own business... "During one afternoon"略顯冗餘，可簡化。

第5部分：文法、單字替換：

1. 原文：**seldom had I heard** about him afterwards.

建議替換內容：I rarely heard about him afterwards. 或 I seldom heard from him afterwards.

簡要說明建議原因：原句為倒裝句，雖然文法正確，但語氣略顯正式和生硬，改為常見的句式更自然流暢。此外，"heard from him"比"heard about him"更能表達作者與這位同學聯繫稀少的事實。

2. 原文：constantly disruptive

建議替換內容：constantly causing disruptions 或 repeatedly disruptive

簡要說明建議原因：原文略顯冗餘，可用更精簡的詞彙表達。

範例文章參考

The chipped paint on the classroom wall seemed to mock me. It was a faded, insignificant detail, yet it mirrored the way I'd faded into the background that afternoon. I watched, paralyzed, as Liam, quiet Liam with his perpetually ink-stained fingers, became the target. The usual culprits – Mark, Kevin, and their entourage – were at it again, their taunts a low hum of cruelty that vibrated in the air. My gut screamed at me to intervene, but my tongue felt glued to the roof of my mouth. The fear, cold and sharp, silenced me.

Later, during the composition exam, a soft, ragged sob sliced through the rustling of papers. It was Liam. His shoulders trembled, a tiny tremor beneath his hunched posture. He was trying to conceal his distress, his face buried in his paper, but the choked sound betrayed him. He was alone, utterly alone, in his pain.

A week later, Liam was gone. Transferred, they said. The silence that followed his departure was deafening. But worse than the silence was the echo of his stifled sobs, a persistent, gnawing regret that clings to me still. That sound, more than any other, defines my cowardice. It was a betrayal, not just of Liam, but of myself. I knew him. I treated him with respect. And yet, I allowed him to suffer. I allowed him to be erased.

The chipped paint remains. A stark reminder. But now, when I see someone being targeted, I don't fade into the background. I hear Liam's sobs, not as a haunting memory, but as a clarion call. It's the sound that finally gave me the courage I lacked that day, the courage to intervene, to stand up, to ensure that no one else suffers in silence. The faint cries became a lesson, not a regret.