I am immersed in a highly harmonious family atmosphere. Although my mother can be extremely nagging occasionally, my parents seldom fight. Once, when the Spring Festival was approaching, my mother nagged my father about putting up New Year couplets. Perhaps it was because so many things were piling up on my Dad that his mental defenses collapsed. Then an extraordinary exchange of words broke out, and the noise of the quarrel was heard through the air, and I realized the gravity of the matter, and rushed to the room where they were quarrelling and heard my mother say, "What are you going to do, are you going to hit me?" Hearing these words, my father's anger exploded. He pushed my mother tough. I rushed to keep my mother tightly, wanted to stop the war. In my appearance, the quarrel stopped, my father slammed the door and left the house. My mother in my arms appeared very shocked and sad. I kept patting my mom on the back lightly and whispering in her ear "That's okay, mom. It will be fine."

Over the next few days, Mom and Dad started the cold war, communicating with their eyes and facial expressions instead of talking. If anything really needed to be said in person, I became an airfone. Nevertheless, they are also showing each other that they are somewhat guilty and sorry. My father always said to me, "Take this blanket to your mother so she doesn't catch a cold." My mother also commonly said to me,"Make a cup of tea for your father. He works really tough." In this way, the two of them gradually reconciled, to restore the past warm family atmosphere. Seeing my parents fighting and raging like children, what I feel is not pain or bitterness, but warmth, because I can clearly feel that they cherish each other's true feelings and deep love between them, I think this quarrel was really the very touchstone of their relationship.