

【2】次の文章を読んで後の設間に答えなさい。

It was a chilly morning. I said to my parents, my little brother Jack and Snoop, our family dog, ( 1 ) I was going to leave the house in an hour. It wasn't a normal departure from my home—because I would not be coming back anytime soon. I was leaving for my new place.

“Are you sure you have everything you need?” asked my mom.

“I'll figure it out,” I answered.

“Make sure you have self-defense goods. You could be living just next to a dangerous man,” said Dad.

“Or a dangerous person,” I corrected his ( 2 ) bias.

“Whoever, you have to watch out, because—”

“Because I am a girl, unable to stand up for myself?”

“I'm not saying (3) that. We are just worried about you living alone.”

“Thank you for saying that,” I said like a teenage boy who doesn't like to be protected.

I thought I was ready for living alone and that I was stronger than the ordinary girl her parents should worry about. I would not forget to ( 4a ) my entire room clean, ( 4b ) the laundry and ( 4c ) out the garbage every week. And I knew I should send pictures of my room and my dishes—just to show my mom how tidy and how healthy my life is. That was what (5) my older brother once told me, just before he departed. He had always wanted to be independent, and that was the reason why he left our home five years ago.

Now it was time for my departure. Everyone including Snoop gathered around the entrance.

Mom said, “Be nice and kind to your neighbors.”

“Why wouldn't I? ( 6a ).”

“Check the weather forecast before you put your laundry out.”

“Of course. ( 6b ), you know.”

“Eat good things for your health.” I nodded.

“Get in touch once in a while.”

I hesitated, but I managed to say, “I'll try.”

“And just remember you have a place to return to when things look too tough.”

I tried to reply, but suddenly, I felt tear coming down from my eyes. I felt my heart being filled with a sudden anxiety: Can I really live on my own? Can I really take care of myself? (7) I realized I had no idea. Things suddenly *did* look tough now.

As my mom saw me nervous, she put her arm around my neck.

“I am not like him,” came out of my lips.

“It's just that some people are better at (8) putting on a brave front when they feel worried. In fact, Jim still calls me and Dad when he has something to say. It's not very comfortable to listen to him. He always says things like his boss is mean to him, his job is boring, and (9) how ( 9a ) was better ( 9b ) than ( 9c ). But it helps him a lot and we are glad about that. He even sends us pictures of his daily dishes sometimes.”

I laughed. He didn't want to feel lonely, too!