

# 秋日果园里的欢声笑语

秋天的校园格外热闹，而最热闹的地方一定是果园。树叶在头顶沙沙作响，阳光透过叶隙洒在地上，让每一步都像踏在金色的光点上。我们班今天要进行秋季观察活动，同学们一早就在操场集合，个个兴奋得像要去远游一样。

刚进入果园，大家的注意力就被两边的果树吸引住了。石榴树上挂满红彤彤的果实，柿子树上则是一串串金黄的柿子。阳光照在果子上，像给它们镀了一层亮光。小组活动开始后，同学们三三两两分散在果园里，有的拍照，有的写生，还有的直接蹲在树下盯着果子出神。

我的小组负责观察石榴树。我们绕着树仔细看，每个人都在努力找“最特别”的石榴。好不容易发现一个裂得最开的石榴，里面的籽像宝石一样闪亮，大家立刻围上前，争着拍照。忽然，一阵风吹下来，树枝轻轻摇晃，一颗熟透的石榴掉在地上，发出闷闷的声音。小组的几个人看着彼此大笑，仿佛发现了什么意外的礼物。

另一边，观察柿子树的小组也很热闹。有同学模仿柿子掉落的声音，用 *exaggerated* 的动作逗得大家捧腹；还有人认真地数着枝头的果子，一边数一边感叹树今年一定特别努力。同学们的笑声在果园里此起彼伏，与秋风混在一起，形成一种轻快的节奏。

快到总结环节时，老师让我们静下心来，记录今天观察到的细节。突然安静下来的果园反而让人更能感受到秋天的气息——微凉的风、淡淡的果香、树枝轻轻的晃动，仿佛都有自己的语言。我写下：“秋天让果园变得成熟，也让我们在热闹中学会认真观察。”

走出果园时，我们一个个都像带着收获离开的旅人。有人带走了照片，有人带走了落叶，而我带走的是一种宁静又快乐的心情——原来，在校园里就能遇到这么美的秋天。

## Laughter in the Autumn Orchard

The campus becomes unusually lively in autumn, and the liveliest spot is undoubtedly the orchard. The leaves rustle overhead, and sunlight filters through the branches, scattering golden patches across the path. Today, our class was scheduled for an autumn observation activity, and everyone gathered early, excited as though we were going on a field trip.

As soon as we entered the orchard, all eyes were drawn to the fruit trees on both sides. Pomegranate trees were heavy with red fruit, while persimmon trees carried clusters of golden orbs. Sunlight made them glimmer as though coated with a thin layer of light. Once our group activity began, students spread out—some taking photos, some sketching, and others simply crouching under trees, staring at the fruits with fascination.

My group's task was to observe the pomegranate trees. We walked around them carefully, each person searching for the “most unique” pomegranate. When we finally discovered one with a wide crack revealing sparkling seeds, everyone rushed over to

admire it. Just then, a gust of wind shook the branches, and a ripe pomegranate fell to the ground with a thud. We exchanged glances and burst into laughter, as if we had stumbled upon a special surprise.

The group observing the persimmon trees was just as lively. Some classmates imitated the sound of persimmons falling with exaggerated gestures, making everyone laugh, while others counted the fruits one by one, marveling at how hard the tree must have worked this year. The orchard echoed with our voices, blending with the autumn breeze into a cheerful rhythm.

Near the end, our teacher asked us to quiet down and record the details we had observed. The sudden calm made the orchard feel even more autumn-like—the cool breeze, faint fruit scent, and gentle sway of branches all seemed to speak their own language. I wrote, “Autumn makes the orchard mature and teaches us to observe carefully amid laughter.”

When we left the orchard, we felt like travelers carrying treasures. Some took photos, others picked up fallen leaves, but I carried away a peaceful and joyful feeling—realizing that autumn beauty exists right here on campus.