

石榴红了的校园果园

秋风来得轻柔，却把校园果园悄悄染上了明亮的颜色。最先吸引人的，是果园东侧那几株石榴树。远远看去，树上的果子像一个个小红灯笼，在阳光下闪着光，让人忍不住想靠近。我们跟着老师走进果园，开始了这一次秋季观察活动。

走到石榴树下时，我被眼前的景象惊住了。裂开的石榴像微笑的嘴角，露出晶莹的籽粒。阳光照在石榴籽上，仿佛一粒粒小宝石。老师指着其中一个石榴说，这些籽就是石榴树一整年的心血，是春天发芽、夏天生长、秋天成熟的结果。同学们围在一起听得认真，不时发出赞叹。

同桌小林忍不住伸手碰了碰树枝，一颗熟透的石榴忽然掉下来，砰的一声落在草地上，砸得大家哈哈大笑。我捡起石榴，它的皮像被太阳烤得微热，手心立刻染上淡淡的果香。老师告诉我们，大自然的馈赠不仅让人愉悦，也让人懂得耐心和努力的重要。

继续往前走，我们看到一群麻雀在枝头跳来跳去，好像也来庆祝丰收。果园里叶子的颜色从深绿变成金黄，在风里发出沙沙声。我突然想起，校园里的每个季节都值得期待，但秋天有一种成熟之后的安静力量，像在告诉我们：努力总有结果，只需要等待。

活动结束前，老师让我们各自挑一个场景仔细观察，并写下来。站在石榴树下，我闻到果香，听见风声，看见阳光在枝叶间闪烁，也感受到了自然最真实的变化。我在笔记本上写下：“秋天的果园，不只是收获果实，也是收获心情与成长。”

回程的路上，我回头望了一眼果园，石榴树在风里微微摇晃，像是向我们挥手告别。那一刻，我觉得秋天真的把校园变得更温暖了。

The Pomegranate-Red Orchard on Campus

The autumn breeze came gently, yet it quietly painted the campus orchard with bright colors. The first thing that caught everyone's attention was the row of pomegranate trees on the east side. From afar, the fruits looked like small red lanterns, shining under the sunlight. Following our teacher, we stepped into the orchard for an autumn observation activity.

Standing under the pomegranate trees, I was amazed by the sight. The cracked pomegranates looked like smiling lips, revealing crystal-like seeds. When the sunlight touched them, they gleamed like tiny gems. Our teacher pointed at one of the fruits and said that each seed was the result of the tree's efforts throughout the year—from sprouting in spring to growing in summer and ripening in autumn. We listened closely, occasionally letting out murmurs of admiration.

My deskmate, Lin, couldn't resist touching a branch. Suddenly, a ripe pomegranate fell to the ground with a thud, causing everyone to burst into laughter.

I picked it up and felt its warm skin, slightly heated by the sun, and a faint fragrance lingered on my palm. The teacher told us that nature's gifts not only bring joy but also teach patience and perseverance.

Further ahead, we saw sparrows hopping among the branches as if celebrating the harvest. The leaves in the orchard had changed from deep green to golden yellow, rustling softly in the wind. I realized that every season on campus is worth looking forward to, but autumn carries a kind of calm strength that comes with maturity, reminding us that effort will eventually bear fruit.

Before the activity ended, the teacher asked us to choose a scene to observe carefully and write about it. Standing beneath the pomegranate tree, I could smell the fruit, hear the wind, and watch sunlight flicker between the leaves. I wrote in my notebook, "The orchard in autumn brings not only the harvest of fruits but also of thoughts and growth."

As we walked back, I turned and glanced at the orchard. The pomegranate trees swayed gently as if waving goodbye. In that moment, I felt that autumn had truly made the campus warmer.

柿子黄透的那一瞬间

校园果园里最引人注目的，莫过于那几棵高大的柿子树。每到秋天，它们就像突然变魔术一样，把树上点满金黄的果子，亮得让人移不开眼。今年的秋天格外晴朗，我们班在一个微凉的上午前往果园进行观察活动，而柿子树正好迎来最美的时刻。

刚走近果园，就能看到金黄色的柿子在枝头轻轻晃动。远看像一盏盏小灯，近看则圆润饱满，仿佛轻轻一碰就会掉下来。老师带着我们站在柿子树下，让我们先用最简单的方式观察——抬头，静静看一分钟。仰着头的那一瞬间，我突然意识到秋天其实并不寂静，它藏着一种蓄满力量的沉稳。

同学们开始讨论柿子为什么会在秋天成熟，有人说是因为日照，有人认为是温度变化，还有人说与树木内部的“节奏”有关。老师笑着说，大自然有自己的时间表，每一种果实都有它成熟的季节。听着老师的解释，我们不禁点头，仿佛柿子树也在用闪光的果实告诉我们：成长，需要时间。

观察过程中，我们发现部分柿子因为风大已经掉落在地上，橙色的果肉被压扁，粘在枯叶上。有人觉得可惜，但老师却说，这也是果园的一种“循环”。fallen 柿子会慢慢融入土壤，为来年的树木提供养分。秋天的果园里有丰收，也有消散，可这正是自然最真实的样子。

快结束时，老师挑选了一个熟透的柿子让我们传阅。传到我手里时，我能感受到它的重量——不轻，却带着柔软。柿子皮在阳光下闪着油亮的光，捧着它，我忽然想到：每一个果实的

成熟，都是树木经历日晒风吹后的回报，就像我们努力学习，也会有开花结果的一天。

站在果园里，我突然觉得秋风有点不一样，它不再只是凉，而是一种让人安心的力量。柿子黄透的那一瞬间，我看到了季节的温柔提醒——只要坚持，总能等到属于自己的成熟时刻。

The Moment When the Persimmons Turn Golden

In the campus orchard, nothing stands out more than the tall persimmon trees. Every autumn, they seem to perform magic, filling their branches with golden fruits that shine so brightly it's hard to look away. This year, the skies were unusually clear, and on a cool morning, our class visited the orchard for an observation activity—just in time for the persimmons' most beautiful moment.

As we approached the orchard, the golden persimmons swayed gently on the branches. From afar, they looked like tiny lanterns; up close, they were round and full, as if they might fall with the slightest touch. Our teacher asked us to stand under the tree and simply look up for a full minute. In that moment of stillness, I realized that autumn isn't quiet at all—it holds a steady power that comes from maturity.

We began discussing why persimmons ripen in autumn. Some said it was sunlight, others thought it was temperature changes, and some believed it was the internal rhythm of the tree. The teacher smiled and said that nature has its own schedule, and every fruit has its season. Hearing this, we all nodded. It felt as if the persimmon tree was telling us through its glowing fruit: growth takes time.

While observing, we noticed some persimmons had fallen due to strong winds, their orange flesh flattened against dry leaves. Some classmates felt it was a pity, but the teacher explained that this too was part of the orchard's cycle. Fallen persimmons would eventually return to the soil and nourish future growth. In an autumn orchard, there is harvest and decay, yet this is nature's truest form.

Before leaving, the teacher selected a ripe persimmon for us to pass around. When it reached me, I immediately felt its weight—not heavy, but soft. Its skin glistened in the sunlight, and holding it made me think of how every fruit is the result of a tree's effort through wind and sun. Just like us, who will eventually bear our own fruits through hard work.

Standing there, the autumn breeze felt different—less cold, and more reassuring. When the persimmons turned fully golden, I sensed the gentle reminder of the season: if you persist, your moment of ripening will come.

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.

果香里的秋天启示

如果说春天是校园最温柔的季节，那么秋天一定是最有力量的季节。果园里随处可见的红与黄，就是秋天写给我们的信，而我们这群学生正好成为阅读它的人。今天的果园观察活动，让我第一次真正感受到“收获”不仅属于果树，也属于每一个认真生活的人。

走进果园，石榴树最先映入眼帘。它们像一群守在路边的火把，把秋天点得更加明亮。再往里走，就是整排的柿子树，柿子垂得很低，仿佛只要稍微跳一下就能摘到。同学们看得眼睛发亮，不时发出惊叹声。

老师站在两棵树之间，开始给我们讲果树的成长过程。从发芽到开花，从挂果到成熟，每一个阶段都是一场挑战。老师说，果树和人一样，都是在风吹雨打中慢慢长大的。那一刻，我突然觉得脚边的落叶也变得有意义起来——它们是果树努力后的见证。

观察过程中，老师让我们用嗅觉、触觉甚至听觉去感受果园。我闭上眼，闻到果香混着泥土的气息，听见风吹树叶的声音，还有同学们轻轻的脚步声。所有感觉混在一起，让人觉得秋天是一种能被听见、被触摸的存在。

老师还带我们做了一项小小的劳动体验——清理果树下的落叶。刚开始大家还在抱怨累，可慢慢地我们发现，越清越能看到树根的形状，也能找到散落的果实。小林捡到一个裂开的石榴，

他说这可能是树想让我们看到它“努力的结果”。听到这句话，大家都笑了，但心里似乎都有些触动。

劳动结束后，我站在柿子树下，看着黄澄澄的果子在风里微微晃动。我突然明白，秋天之所以让人喜欢，是因为它让我们看到努力之后的成果，也让我们学会珍惜眼前的每一份收获。

回教室的路上，我摸着手里那片捡来的金黄叶子，感觉它比以往任何时候都轻，却装着满满的秋天。

Autumn's Inspiration in the Orchard

If spring is the gentlest season on campus, then autumn is surely the most powerful. The reds and yellows scattered throughout the orchard are like letters from autumn, and we, the students, are their readers. Today's orchard observation allowed me to understand that harvest belongs not only to the trees, but to anyone who lives attentively.

Entering the orchard, the pomegranate trees stood out first. They were like torches lighting up the path. Further inside were rows of persimmon trees, their fruits hanging so low it seemed possible to pick them with a jump. My classmates' eyes lit up, and exclamations of surprise echoed constantly.

Our teacher stood between the two types of trees and explained their growth—sprouting, blooming, bearing fruit, and finally ripening. Each stage requires perseverance. She said that fruit trees, like people, grow through wind and rain. At that moment, even the fallen leaves around my feet felt meaningful—they were proof of the trees' efforts.

During the observation, the teacher encouraged us to use all our senses. I closed my eyes and smelled the mix of fruit fragrance and soil, heard the wind brushing the leaves, and the light footsteps of my classmates. All these sensations blended together, making autumn feel like something that could be touched and heard.

We also participated in a small labor activity—clearing fallen leaves under the trees. At first, everyone complained, but gradually we noticed the shapes of the exposed roots and even found hidden fruits. Lin found a cracked pomegranate and joked that the tree wanted us to see its “achievement.” We laughed, but the words touched us.

After finishing the work, I stood under a persimmon tree, watching the golden fruits sway gently in the wind. I realized that autumn is loved because it shows us the results of effort and teaches us to cherish every harvest.

On the way back to the classroom, I held a golden leaf I picked up. It felt especially light, as if carrying all the autumn I had experienced today.

在果园里读懂秋天

秋天带来的，不仅是颜色的变化，还有味道与思考的沉淀。校园果园在这个季节显得格外安静，却又藏着丰富的故事，仿佛只等我们走进去，用眼睛与心去阅读。今天的观察活动，让我第一次真正感到，原来果园也是一间无声却深刻的课堂。

一踏进果园，我就被石榴树吸引。枝头的石榴裂开着，像难掩心事的孩子，把红得发亮的籽粒全都露出来。老师告诉我们，这样的裂开不是坏事，而是成熟到一定程度后的自然结果，是秋天最醒目的信号。我伸手轻轻触碰果壳，能感受到它坚硬外皮下隐隐的柔软。

柿子树则是另一番景象。它们不像石榴那样热烈，而是稳稳地挂着一粒粒金色的果子。风吹过时，柿子像小小的灯摆动着光，让人觉得温暖。老师让我们围成一圈，仔细看柿子的颜色、形状和大小。我发现每一颗柿子的颜色都不同，有的偏橙、有的偏黄，像是秋天在树上调色。

观察途中，老师问我们：“你们觉得果树为什么要经历四季？”同学们给出各种答案，但老师最后说，季节是果树成长的老师，而我們也需要经历不同的“季节”才能成长。这句话让我特别有感触，仿佛果园的一切都突然有了象征意义。

我们还进行了一段安静观察。五分钟里不能说话，只能看、听、闻。我听到的不是寂静，而是细碎却丰富的声音——风的呼吸、叶片的摩擦、果子轻轻碰撞的声音。那一刻，我觉得自己像是果园的一部分，与树木一起呼吸。

最后，我们在果园的空地上做小结。有人说秋天是温柔的，有人说秋天很强大，还有人说秋天让人安心。我写下：“秋天让果园成熟，也让我们更懂得自己。”

走出果园时，我回头望了一眼，那些红与黄在阳光里闪着光。我突然觉得，今天不只是一次观察，而是一场心灵的收获。

Understanding Autumn in the Orchard

Autumn brings not only colors but also a settling of flavors and thoughts. In this season, the campus orchard seems especially calm yet full of stories, as if waiting for us to step in and read it with our eyes and hearts. Today's observation made me realize that the orchard is a quiet yet profound classroom.

As soon as I entered, the pomegranate trees caught my attention. Their fruits had cracked open, revealing bright red seeds like secrets being shared. Our teacher told

us that the cracking was not a flaw but a sign of complete ripeness—one of the most striking symbols of autumn. When I touched the shell, I could feel the contrast between its hardness and the softness inside.

The persimmon trees carried a different atmosphere. Unlike the fiery pomegranates, they hung quietly with their golden fruits. When the wind blew, they swayed like small lanterns, giving off a warm feeling. Our teacher asked us to observe their colors and shapes. I noticed that no two persimmons were the same—some more orange, some more yellow—as if autumn were painting directly on the tree.

During the activity, the teacher asked, “Why do fruit trees need four seasons?” We gave various answers, but she explained that the seasons are the trees’ teachers, and we too must go through our own seasons to grow. That idea struck me deeply, and suddenly everything in the orchard seemed symbolic.

We then had five minutes of silent observation. In that silence, I heard the orchard speak—the breathing of the wind, the rustling of leaves, the soft tapping of fruits. For a moment, I felt like part of the orchard, sharing its rhythm.

In the end, we sat in an open space to reflect. Some said autumn felt gentle, others said strong, and some felt reassured by it. I wrote, “Autumn ripens the orchard and helps us understand ourselves better.”

As I walked out and looked back, the red and yellow fruits shimmered in the sunlight. I realized today was more than an observation—it was a harvest of the heart.