

校园里的金色秋天

清晨的校园，空气中弥漫着一丝凉意。操场上的梧桐叶已经染上了金黄色，随风轻轻飘落，铺满了整条小径。远处的教学楼在阳光下闪着温暖的光，仿佛每一面墙都在诉说秋天的故事。我沿着熟悉的小路慢慢走着，脚下的落叶发出沙沙的声响，那声音像是在为这个季节奏响轻柔的序曲。

走进校园的花坛，菊花竞相开放，红的、黄的、紫的，每一朵都像是在尽情展示自己的美丽。我停下脚步，深吸一口清新的空气，感受着秋风拂过脸颊的凉爽，同时也感受到内心的宁静。秋天的校园，总是带给人一种特别的安稳感，让人想慢下来，好好欣赏身边的一切。

中午时分，阳光洒在教室的窗台上，桌面上的影子随着光线的变化缓缓移动。我翻开笔记本，写下这段属于秋天的心情。回想过去的学期，有欢笑也有疲惫，而这金色的季节，仿佛给了我一个暂停的机会，让我整理思绪，感受生活中简单的美好。

放学后，我在操场上漫步，看着同学们在落叶间奔跑、嬉笑。秋风带着微凉，却不刺骨，每一次呼吸都让人感到清新。离开校园时，我回头望了一眼，那些被阳光染金的梧桐叶在风中轻轻摇曳，仿佛在向我告别。我在心里默默记下这份温暖的秋意，它将成为记忆中最柔软的部分，让我在日后的日记里反复回味。

Golden Autumn in the Campus

The campus in the early morning carries a hint of chill in the air. The phoenix tree leaves on the playground have turned golden, gently falling with the wind, covering the path. In the distance, the teaching buildings glimmer warmly under the sunlight, as if every wall is telling a story of autumn. I walk slowly along the familiar path, the fallen leaves underfoot rustling softly, like a gentle prelude to this season.

Entering the campus flower beds, chrysanthemums bloom in competition, red, yellow, and purple, each displaying its beauty freely. I pause and take a deep breath of the fresh air, feeling the cool autumn breeze brush my cheeks, and a sense of tranquility fills my heart. The autumn campus always brings a special sense of calm, making one want to slow down and appreciate everything around.

At noon, sunlight streams through the classroom window, casting shadows on the desk that slowly shift with the light. I open my notebook and write down these autumn feelings. Reflecting on the past semester, with its laughter and fatigue, this golden season seems to give me a pause, a moment to sort my thoughts and enjoy the simple beauty of life.

After school, I stroll across the playground, watching classmates running and laughing among the falling leaves. The autumn breeze is slightly cool but not biting,

each breath refreshing. As I leave the campus, I glance back, seeing the sunlit golden leaves swaying gently in the wind, as if bidding me farewell. I silently note this warm autumn feeling in my heart; it will become the softest part of my memories, one I will revisit in future diary entries.