

雨里的那把蓝伞

亲爱的老师们、同学们：大家好！今天我演讲的题目是《雨里的那把蓝伞》。

同学们，你们喜欢下雨吗？老实说，以前的我不喜欢。下雨天，操场不能跑了，体育课改成室内，鞋袜湿漉漉地黏在脚上，难受极了。可是三年级那个暴雨的傍晚，改变了我对雨天的记忆。从那以后，每当雨点敲窗户，我总会想起校门口那个慢慢挪过来的身影。

那天放学，天空忽然暗下来，雨像倒水一样砸下来。同学们一个一个被接走了，爸爸妈妈举着伞，把伞歪在自己孩子头上。我站在门厅里，心里发慌：奶奶说过今天她来接我，可她年纪大了，左腿走路一瘸一拐的，这么大的雨，她会不会来？

就在我打算冲进雨里跑向公交站的时候，我看见了。奶奶打着一把蓝色的大伞，另一只手拄着另一把旧伞当拐杖，一步一步从马路对面挪过来。雨水顺着她的白发往下流，她的裤脚全湿了，贴在腿上。可她一见到我，就笑了，脸上的皱纹全挤在一起，像一朵开大了的菊花。她把那把干爽的好伞塞进我手里，说：来，打这把，这把不漏。后来我才知道，她手里那把当拐杖的旧伞，伞面破了一个洞，是专门挑出来拿在手里的——好的那把，留给我。

那天她把我送回家，自己一路淋着那个破洞漏下的雨。第二天，她就病倒了，发烧，咳嗽，躺在床上还念叨：没淋着娃就好。我站在她床边，眼泪一下子涌出来。同学们，那种感动，不是电影里大哭大闹的感动，是心里忽然被什么东西烫了一下的感动。我第一次明白，有人爱我，爱到连一把伞都要挑不漏的那把给我。

从那以后，每个雨天我都不再抱怨。我看着校门口一个个举伞的身影：举着伞的爸爸，举着伞的妈妈，举着伞的爷爷、奶奶。你们发现了吗？那些伞，总是歪歪地斜在孩子这边，撑伞人的半边肩膀都是深的颜色。雨在他们的肩膀上，晴天在我们的头顶上。

所以今天，我想对在座的每一位同学说：珍惜他们吧。珍惜每一个在雨里等你的人。他们不会说漂亮的话，他们只会说，伞拿好，别淋着。可是同学们，这世上还有谁，愿意把不漏的那把伞塞给你，自己顶着破洞的那一把？

珍惜不是等多大了再说的大事。珍惜就在今天：今晚回家，对他们说一句谢谢；下雨天，提醒他们带伞；等他们老了，换我们为他们撑伞。我已经在做了。去年冬天，奶奶来接我，我把伞举到她头顶，把伞往她那边斜。她愣了一下，然后笑得像个小女孩。

同学们，让温暖的回忆伴我们成长。愿我们记住每一把斜过来的伞，记住每一个雨里的身影，更愿我们有一天，成为那个在雨里为别人撑伞的人。

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

The Blue Umbrella in the Rain

Dear teachers and fellow students: good morning! Today my speech is titled The

Blue Umbrella in the Rain.

Classmates, do you like rainy days? To be honest, I used not to. On rainy days we cannot run on the playground, PE class moves indoors, and wet socks stick to our feet, which feels awful. But one stormy evening in third grade changed my memory of rain. Ever since then, whenever raindrops tap the window, I see that slow figure moving toward the school gate.

That day, the sky suddenly went dark as school let out, and the rain poured down as if someone had tipped over a bucket. One by one, classmates were taken home, mothers and fathers holding umbrellas tilted over their children. I stood in the entry hall, my heart in a panic: my grandmother had said she would come for me today, but she is old, and her left leg limps. In rain this heavy, would she come?

Just as I decided to run through the rain to the bus stop, I saw her. My grandmother held a big blue umbrella, and in her other hand she used an old umbrella as a walking stick, moving one step at a time across the road. Rainwater ran down her white hair, and her trouser cuffs were soaked through, clinging to her legs. But the moment she saw me, she smiled, all her wrinkles squeezed together like a flower in full bloom. She pressed the dry, good umbrella into my hand and said: take this one, this one does not leak. Only later did I learn that the old umbrella she used as a stick had a hole in its canopy. She had chosen it on purpose to hold in her hand. The good one was saved for me.

That day she walked me home, letting the rain leak through the hole onto herself the whole way. By the next day she was sick, with a fever and a cough, and even lying in bed she kept saying: as long as the child stayed dry. I stood beside her bed, and the tears came all at once. Classmates, that kind of moved feeling is not the big crying kind you see in movies. It is the feeling of your heart being suddenly warmed by something burning. For the first time I understood that someone loved me enough to give me even the umbrella that does not leak.

Since then, I have never complained about rainy days. I watch the figures holding umbrellas at the school gate: fathers, mothers, grandfathers, grandmothers. Have you noticed? Those umbrellas always lean crookedly toward the child, and the shoulder of the person holding it is dark with rain. The rain falls on their shoulders; the clear sky stays over ours.

So today I want to say to every student here: cherish them. Cherish everyone who waits for you in the rain. They never say beautiful words. They only say: hold the umbrella tight, do not get wet. But classmates, who else in this world would press the leak-proof umbrella into your hands and keep the one with the hole for themselves?

Cherishing is not a great thing to postpone until we grow up. It is here today: tonight when you go home, say thank you to them; on rainy days, remind them to take an umbrella; when they are old, it will be our turn to hold the umbrella over them. I have already started. Last winter, when my grandmother came for me, I lifted the umbrella over her head and tilted it toward her side. She froze for a second, then smiled like a little girl.

Classmates, let warm memories grow up with us. May we remember every umbrella that leaned our way, every figure in the rain, and may we one day become the person who holds an umbrella for someone else in the rain.

That concludes my speech. Thank you all!

记住那个淋湿的背影

老师们、同学们：大家好！我演讲的题目是《记住那个淋湿的背影》。

开会之前，我想先问大家一个问题：你见过爸爸妈妈淋湿的样子吗？先别急着回答，听我讲一个雨天的故事。

四年级下学期的一个下午，最后一节课的铃刚响，乌云就把太阳吞掉了。雨点噼里啪啦砸在窗户上，像有几百个人在外面敲门。我站在校门口傻眼了——我忘了看天气预报，没带伞，也没带雨衣。更糟的是，爸爸今天出差，妈妈上夜班到六点，谁来接我？

雨越下越大，水在台阶下面汇成小河。我正准备把书包顶在头上往外冲，忽然听见有人喊我的小名。是爸爸！他骑着那辆旧电动车，停在马路边，雨衣上还在滴水——不，那不是滴水，是他整个人都湿了，雨衣只披了个上半身，两条裤腿从膝盖往下全是深的。他从车筐里掏出一件叠好的小黄雨衣，跑过来塞给我，边跑边说：快穿上，车上刚找到的。我问他怎么回来了，他抹了一把脸上的雨水，说：看你书包侧兜空着，想着你肯定没带雨具，请假回来的。说完这句话，他摆摆手，转身走了。他走的时候没打伞——伞留在我书包侧兜里了，是他顺手塞进去的，我都没发现。

我穿着那件小黄雨衣站在校门口，看着他的背影越走越远。他的后背，衬衫湿透了，贴在背上，一块深一块浅。电动车骑过去，身后甩出一道水线。不知道为什么，我的鼻子突然酸得厉害。同学们，我那时候还说不清楚那种感觉，现在我能说清楚了：原来大人也会冒着一身雨，只为给你送一件雨衣；原来他们被雨淋了不喊，转过身去，让你只看见他们走远的背影。

那天晚上爸爸打了三个喷嚏，却跟我说他是着凉专业户，不要紧。可是同学们，哪有大人天生爱着凉？他们只是把淋雨这件事，看得比我们轻，把他们自己，看得比我们靠后。

所以今天，我站在这里，想大声地问一问大家：我们是不是习惯了？习惯了伞自动出现在书包侧兜，习惯了热饭自动出现在桌上，习惯了校门口永远有人等。我们把这一切当成了天气，像

下雨一样自然。可是没有什么是自动的！每一件干爽的衣服背后，都有一双在雨里湿透的手。

我倡议，从今天起，做三件小事。第一，今晚回家，把藏在心里的那句谢谢说出来，别怕难为情，他们等这句话等很久了。第二，出门前看一眼天气预报，雨天主动提醒家里人带伞——他们提醒了我们一千次，我们提醒他们一次都不肯吗？第三，等轮到我们能撑伞的时候，把伞斜过去，像他们对我们做的那样。

同学们，雨会停，衣服会干，可那些淋湿的背影，我们应该记一辈子。因为那里面藏着我们这辈子最贵的东西——有人愿意为你淋雨。让这样的回忆陪着我们长大，等我们长大了，也把这份暖，递给别人。

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

Remember the Back That Got Wet for You

Dear teachers and classmates: good morning! My speech today is titled Remember the Back That Got Wet for You.

Before I begin, I want to ask you a question: have you ever seen your mother or father soaked in the rain? Do not answer yet. First, listen to a story about a rainy day.

One afternoon in the second half of fourth grade, the bell for the last class had barely rung when the clouds swallowed the sun. Raindrops hammered the windows as if hundreds of people were knocking outside. I stood at the school gate in a daze. I had forgotten to check the weather, so I brought neither umbrella nor raincoat. Worse still, my father was on a business trip that day, and my mother worked the night shift until six. Who would come for me?

The rain grew heavier, and the water below the steps gathered into a little river. I was about to hold my schoolbag over my head and dash out when I heard someone calling my little name. It was my father! He stopped his old electric scooter at the roadside, his raincoat still dripping. No, it was not the raincoat dripping. It was him, soaked through. The raincoat covered only his upper body, and both his trouser legs were dark from the knees down. He pulled a folded little yellow raincoat out of the basket and ran over to press it into my hands, saying as he ran: put this on quickly, I just found it in the car. I asked him how he came back. He wiped the rain from his face and said: I saw your side pocket was empty, so I knew you had no rain gear, and I asked for leave to come back. Then he waved, turned, and left. He walked away without an umbrella. The umbrella was already in my side pocket. He had slipped it in on the way, and I had not even noticed.

I stood at the school gate in that little yellow raincoat, watching his back grow

smaller and smaller. His shirt was soaked through, clinging to his back in dark and light patches. As his scooter drove off, it threw a line of water behind it. I do not know why, but my nose suddenly stung badly. Classmates, I could not name that feeling then, but I can name it now: so grown-ups will get soaked in the rain just to bring you a raincoat; so when they get rained on they do not complain, they turn around and let you see only their backs as they walk away.

That evening my father sneezed three times, yet he told me he always caught colds easily and it was nothing. But classmates, which grown-up is born loving colds? They simply treat getting rained on as a small thing, and treat themselves as less important than us.

So today, standing here, I want to ask you loudly: have we gotten too used to it? Used to umbrellas appearing in our side pockets by themselves, used to hot meals appearing on the table by themselves, used to someone always waiting at the school gate. We treat all of it like weather, as natural as rain. But nothing appears by itself! Behind every dry piece of clothing stands a pair of hands soaked through in the rain.

I call on every one of us, starting today, to do three small things. First, tonight when you go home, say the thank you you have been hiding in your heart. Do not feel embarrassed. They have waited for that sentence a long time. Second, check the weather forecast before going out, and on rainy days remind your family to take umbrellas. They reminded us a thousand times. Can we not remind them even once? Third, when the day comes that we are tall enough to hold an umbrella, tilt it the way they tilted theirs for us.

Classmates, rain stops, wet clothes dry, but the backs that got wet for us should be remembered for a lifetime. Because hidden in those backs is the most expensive thing we will ever own: someone willing to stand in the rain for us. Let such memories grow up with us, and when we grow up, let us pass that warmth on to others.

That is my speech. Thank you all!

那半把伞，那半边晴天

同学们：请允许我从一把歪掉的伞讲起。我演讲的题目是《那半把伞，那半边晴天》。

那是五年级上学期的一个雨天。体育课上跳远，我的右脚脚踝扭伤了，肿得像个馒头。放学时偏偏下起大雨，我单脚跳到校门口，看着雨帘发愁：我家在三条街外，爸爸妈妈都在外地工作，这一周我住在校门口的托管班，没有人来接我。

就在我盘算着冒雨冲过去的时候，一把格子伞顶到了我的头上。是我的同桌林小满。她书包上挂着水壶，手里还拎着备用的跳绳，显然是收拾好了才专门绕回来找我的。她说：走，我送你，反正顺路。明眼人都知道不顺路，她家在西边，我家在东边。可是她撑着伞，把我送到托管班楼下，一路上那把格子伞歪歪地压在我这边，压得很低，很稳。到了楼下我才看见，她的右半边袖子从肩膀到手腕全湿透了，贴在胳膊上，而我的身上几乎没沾几滴雨。

我说了声谢谢。她摆摆手，转身跑进雨里，书包上的水壶咣当咣当地响。我站在屋檐下看她的背影，右肩那一片深色，在灰蒙蒙的雨里特别显眼。同学们，那一刻我心里又酸又暖。酸的是，她淋成这样居然一声没吭；暖的是，原来一把伞可以只撑半把，另外半把，留给别人。

后来我好了，她的感冒还没好，上课打喷嚏，还冲我咧嘴笑，说没事，我皮实。再后来，我们毕业了，去了不同的中学。可是每年下雨，我总会想起那把歪过来的格子伞，想起咣当咣当跑远的水壶声。那是我在这六年里，收到的最贵重的礼物——它不花钱，它花的是顺路和不顺路。

同学们，我今天站在这里，不是只讲一个故事。我想问问大家：你的身边，有没有人也给过你半把伞？也许是把伞歪向你的同学，也许是把肉全夹到你碗里的食堂阿姨，也许是下雨天把唯一一件外套披在你身上的邻居叔叔。他们递给你的，哪里是伞、是肉、是外套啊，他们递给你的是自己的一半。

所以，我倡议：珍惜身边人，从今天开始。珍惜那个跟你顺路又绕远路的朋友，别把他的等待当成理所当然；珍惜每一个为你撑过伞的人，把谢谢说出口，把记得放在心里。等哪天雨里也有人需要伞，我希望我们都能像他们一样，不声不响地，把伞歪过去。

同学们，雨总会停的。可那半把伞撑起来的半边晴天，会一直在我们头顶上，陪我们长大，陪我们走很远很远的路。愿多年以后我们想起小学，想起的不是没带伞的狼狈，而是那些在雨里向我们伸手的人。

我的演讲完了。谢谢大家！

Half an Umbrella, Half a Sunny Sky

Classmates: please allow me to begin with a crooked umbrella. My speech is titled Half an Umbrella, Half a Sunny Sky.

It was a rainy day in the first half of fifth grade. During the long jump in PE class, I sprained my right ankle, and it swelled up like a little steamed bun. As if on purpose, a heavy rain came down at dismissal. I hopped to the school gate on one foot and stared at the curtain of rain in worry. My home was three streets away. Both my parents worked in another city, and that week I was staying at an after-school care center by the school gate. No one was coming for me.

Just as I was planning to dash through the rain, a checkered umbrella appeared over my head. It was my deskmate, Lin Xiaoman. Her water bottle hung from her

schoolbag, and she carried a spare jump rope in her hand. Clearly she had packed up and made a special detour back to find me. She said: come on, I will walk you, it is on my way anyway. Anyone could see it was not on her way. Her home was west, mine was east. Yet she held the umbrella and walked me all the way to the care center building. The whole way, that checkered umbrella leaned crookedly over my side, pressed low and steady. Only when we reached the building did I see that her right sleeve was soaked from shoulder to wrist, clinging to her arm, while hardly a drop of rain had landed on me.

I said thank you. She waved, turned, and ran back into the rain, her water bottle clanking on her schoolbag. I stood under the eaves watching her back, that dark patch on her right shoulder standing out sharply in the gray rain. Classmates, my heart went sour and warm all at once in that moment. Sour, because she got that soaked without a single complaint. Warm, because I learned that an umbrella can be held half over you, with the other half saved for someone else.

Later my ankle healed, but her cold had not. She sneezed in class and still grinned at me, saying it was nothing, she was tough. Later still, we graduated and went to different middle schools. But every time it rains, I think of that checkered umbrella leaning my way, and the clanking footsteps running off into the rain. It was the most precious gift of my six years of primary school. It cost no money. It cost the difference between an easy way and a longer way.

Classmates, I am not standing here just to tell a story. I want to ask you: has someone near you ever handed you half an umbrella? Maybe it was the classmate who tilted the umbrella toward you, maybe the cafeteria auntie who scooped all the meat into your bowl, maybe the neighbor uncle who wrapped his only coat around you in the rain. What they handed you was never an umbrella, or meat, or a coat. What they handed you was half of themselves.

So I call on all of us: cherish the people around you, starting today. Cherish the friend who takes a longer way to stay on yours, and do not treat their waiting as a given. Cherish everyone who has held an umbrella over you. Say thank you out loud, and keep them in your memory. And someday, when someone else stands in the rain needing an umbrella, I hope we will all do what they did: quietly, without a word, tilt the umbrella their way.

Classmates, rain always stops. But the half of a sunny sky that half an umbrella once held open will stay over our heads, growing up with us, walking with us down long, long roads. May we remember our primary school years not for the misery of forgetting an umbrella, but for the people who reached out to us in the rain.

That concludes my speech. Thank you all!

