

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!