

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!