

雨中那些斜过来的伞

敬爱的老师们、亲爱的同学们：早上好！今天我在国旗下讲话的题目是《雨中那些斜过来的伞》。

上个星期四放学，乌云忽然压下来，雨哗啦一声就落满了操场。我站在校门口的雨棚下，抱着书包看地上的水圈一个连着一个。妈妈今天上晚班，没人来接我。我正数着秒，一把蓝色的伞从我身后伸了过来，是三年级的林林同学：一起走呀，我们顺路。她把伞举得高高的，左半边肩膀却淋湿了。我伸手把伞柄往她那边推，她又推回来，笑着说：我这件外套是防水的。第二天我才知道，她那件外套根本不防水，袖口还是潮的。

还有一次雨更大。校门口那条路积成了浅浅的河。保安叔叔站在雨里，把一年级的小朋友一个一个背过水面。他的雨衣下摆被风吹得乱飞，鞋子全湿透了。有人喊他歇一会儿，他摆摆手说，孩子的鞋不能湿，他的脚是大人了，不怕。背到最后一个孩子的时候，天都黑了，路灯把雨丝照成一根根银线。

这些场面都不大，全是雨天里发生的小事。可是每次想起来，心里都是热的。撑伞的人，背我们过水的人，还有那些冒雨跑来、自己头发先淋湿的爸爸妈妈，他们都在我们最需要的时候，伸了一下手。

同学们，我们没法决定天什么时候下雨，但我们可以决定自己成为撑伞的人。从今天起，看见没带伞的同学，和他共一段路；看见低年级的弟弟妹妹过水洼困难，搭一把力；有人帮过你，记得认真地说一声谢谢，再把这份帮助交给下一个需要的人。

雨停的时候，国旗会在风里晒干。愿我们把雨天里那些温暖的瞬间记在心里，也愿更多人在下雨天被人记得。我的讲话完毕，谢谢大家！

Umbrellas Tilted Toward Me in the Rain

Dear teachers and fellow students: Good morning! The title of my speech under the national flag today is Umbrellas Tilted Toward Me in the Rain.

Last Thursday after school, dark clouds suddenly pressed down, and the rain came pouring onto the playground with a roar. I stood under the shelter at the school gate, hugging my schoolbag, watching the puddle rings spread one after another. My mother was on the evening shift, and no one came for me. I was counting the seconds when a blue umbrella reached out from behind me. It was Linlin from Grade Three: Let us walk together, we are going the same way. She held the umbrella high while her left shoulder got soaked. I reached out to push the handle toward her side, and she pushed it back, saying with a smile: My jacket is waterproof. The next day I learned that her jacket was not waterproof at all, and her sleeve was still damp.

Once the rain was even heavier. The road at the school gate had turned into a shallow river. The security guard stood in the rain, carrying the first-graders across the water one by one. The hem of his raincoat fluttered wildly in the wind, and his shoes were completely soaked. Someone called out for him to rest a while, but he waved his hand and said: children's shoes must not get wet; his feet belong to a grown-up, so he does not mind. By the time he carried the last child across, it was already dark, and the streetlights turned the rain threads into silver lines.

None of these scenes was grand. They are all small things that happen on rainy days. But every time I think of them, my heart turns warm. The people holding umbrellas, the people carrying us across the water, and the mothers and fathers who rushed over in the rain with their own hair getting wet first, they all reached out a hand at the moment we needed it most.

Fellow students, we cannot decide when it will rain, but we can decide to become the ones who hold the umbrella. Starting today, when you see a classmate without an umbrella, share the road with them; when little brothers and sisters from the lower grades struggle to cross a puddle, lend a hand; when someone has helped you, remember to say thank you sincerely, and then pass this help on to the next person in need.

When the rain stops, the national flag will dry in the wind. May we keep those warm moments of rainy days in our hearts, and may more people be remembered on rainy days. That concludes my speech. Thank you all!

雨天教会我们的事

老师们、同学们：早上好！今天轮到我在国旗下讲话，想和大家聊聊下雨天。题目是《雨天教会我们的事》。

作为老师，我比你们多看过一些雨天。我记得三月那场倒春寒的雨，一年级教室的门卫室挤满了人。一位白发的爷爷把饭盒抱在怀里，外面套了三层塑料袋，饭送到手上还是烫的。他说孙子有胃病，凉的不能吃。登记本上他的名字写得歪歪扭扭，大概是手冻得不听使唤。

我也记得另一个雨天，班里的小雨出门忘了雨衣，她同桌把雨衣脱下来披在她身上，自己顶着一个书包冲进雨里，跑回宿舍时浑身能拧出水。第二天小雨的妈妈送来一件新雨衣，小雨把它叠得整整齐齐，放进了同桌的抽屉。

放学的时候，你们大概只记得自己钻进了妈妈的伞下。而我站在校门口，看见的是另一幅画面：家长们举着伞在栏杆外站成一排，伞沿上挂着水帘，谁的裤脚不是湿的？有个妈妈蹲下来给女儿换干袜子，自己的鞋泡在水里，一句都没抱怨。

同学们，雨天像一面镜子，把平时藏起来的爱照得清清楚楚。送饭的爷爷、让雨衣的同桌、

泡在水里的爸爸妈妈，他们没有一个说过什么了不起的话，可他们做的事，比任何话都重。老师今天想请你们做两件事。第一件，今晚回家，问问家里的大人：下雨天你接过我，还记得吗？听他们说完，认真说一声谢谢。第二件，下一个雨天，轮到你去帮那个人——帮同学撑一段伞，帮低年级的孩子拎一下书包，把伞往别人那边斜一斜。

一场雨会停，一份爱不会。愿我们学校的每一个雨天，都有人记得为别人留一把伞。谢谢大家！

What Rainy Days Have Taught Us

Teachers and students: Good morning! Today it is my turn to speak under the national flag, and I would like to talk with you about rainy days. The title is What Rainy Days Have Taught Us.

As a teacher, I have seen more rainy days than you have. I remember the rain during the cold snap in March. The guard room by the first-grade classroom was packed with people. A white-haired grandfather held a lunch box against his chest, wrapped in three layers of plastic bags outside; when it reached the boy's hands, the rice was still hot. He said his grandson has a bad stomach and must not eat cold food. His name in the visitor book was written crookedly, probably because his hands were too cold to obey him.

I also remember another rainy day. Xiaoyu from my class left without her raincoat. Her deskmate took off his own raincoat and put it on her, then dashed into the rain with a schoolbag over his head. By the time he ran back to the dormitory, his clothes could be wrung out. The next day, Xiaoyu's mother brought a new raincoat; Xiaoyu folded it neatly and put it into her deskmate's drawer.

At dismissal, you probably only remember ducking under your mother's umbrella. But standing at the school gate, I see another picture: parents standing in a row outside the railing, holding umbrellas with curtains of water hanging from their edges. Whose trouser cuffs are not wet? One mother squatted down to change her daughter into dry socks while her own shoes stood in the water, and she did not complain once.

Fellow students, a rainy day is like a mirror. It shines a light on the love usually hidden away. The grandfather delivering meals, the deskmate giving up his raincoat, the mothers and fathers standing soaked in water, not one of them said anything grand, yet what they did weighs more than any words. Today I want to ask you to do two things. The first: tonight when you get home, ask the grown-ups in your family: on rainy days you were there for me, do you remember? Listen to them finish, then say thank you sincerely. The second: on the next rainy day, it is your turn to

be that person for someone else, hold an umbrella over a classmate, carry a backpack for a younger child, tilt your umbrella toward another person.

A rainstorm ends, but a love does not. May every rainy day at our school have someone who remembers to keep an umbrella ready for others. Thank you all!

把谢谢说给雨天听

老师们、同学们：大家好！我是五年级二班的陈小满。今天我在国旗下讲话的题目是《把谢谢说给雨天听》。

先讲一件旧事。去年夏天，放学时雨大得像有人往天上倒水。我没带伞，站在教学楼拐角发愁。班主任路过，把手里的黑伞塞进我手里，说：你家远，先拿去。我还没来得及推辞，她已经抱着一摞作业本冲进雨里，跑到办公楼门口时，后背的衬衫贴在身上，作业本却举过头顶，一页都没湿。第二天我把伞还给她，伞骨上还有泥点，她的桌上多了一盒润喉糖——那是我们全班凑钱买的，因为她那几天嗓子哑了。

雨天里接过的帮助，远不止这一把伞。值周的校工爷爷在器材室翻出一件旧雨衣，抖了抖灰，披在我身上，说娃你别冻着；同桌把他家的干鞋垫塞给我，自己踩着湿鞋走了一整天；食堂阿姨在我打饭时多舀了一勺热汤，说淋了雨，喝点烫的。这些事单个看都小，攒在一起，就是一个雨天里全部的暖。

我以前觉得，别人帮了我，心里记着就行了，说不说谢谢都一样。后来我发现不是这样。我把谢谢说给校工爷爷听的时候，他愣了一下，笑得眼睛都眯起来了，腰板挺得比平时直。原来一声谢谢，能让帮人的人高兴一整天。

所以今天，我想代表同学们向全校发个邀请：我们来做一个游戏，从这周起，每个人记下别人为自己做的一件小事，当面把谢谢说出来；同时自己也去做一件小事，借半把伞，递一条干毛巾，扶一下没站稳的同学。雨天会过去，可我们说出口的谢谢、伸出去的手，会留在别人的记忆里，像伞一样，下次下雨的时候，被别人撑起来。

把谢谢说给雨天听，把温暖交给下一个人。我的讲话完了，谢谢大家！

Saying Thank You to the Rain

Teachers and fellow students: Hello everyone! I am Chen Xiaoman from Class Two, Grade Five. The title of my speech under the national flag today is Saying Thank You to the Rain.

Let me start with an old story. Last summer, at dismissal time, the rain fell as

if someone were pouring water down from the sky. I had no umbrella and stood worried at the corner of the teaching building. Our homeroom teacher walked by and pressed her black umbrella into my hands, saying: your home is far, take it first. Before I could refuse, she was already dashing into the rain with a stack of exercise books in her arms. When she reached the office building, her shirt clung to her back, but the books were held above her head, not a page wet. The next day I returned the umbrella to her; there were still specks of mud on its ribs. A box of throat lozenges appeared on her desk, bought with money pooled by our whole class, because her voice had been hoarse for days.

The help I received on rainy days goes far beyond that one umbrella. The elderly groundskeeper on duty dug an old raincoat out of the equipment room, shook off the dust, and put it on my shoulders, saying: kid, don't catch a chill. My deskmate stuffed me a pair of dry insoles from home and walked the whole day in wet shoes himself. The lunch lady ladled me an extra spoonful of hot soup when I got my meal, saying: you got rained on, drink something hot. Each of these things is small alone; piled together, they are all the warmth one rainy day can hold.

I used to think that if someone helped me, keeping it in my heart was enough, and saying thank you made no difference. Later I found that is not true. When I said thank you to the groundskeeper, he froze for a moment, then smiled until his eyes squinted shut, and he stood straighter than usual. A single thank you can make the helper happy for an entire day.

So today, on behalf of my classmates, I want to invite the whole school to a game. Starting this week, everyone writes down one small thing someone did for you, and say thank you to their face; at the same time, do one small thing yourself, share half an umbrella, hand someone a dry towel, steady a classmate who is slipping. The rainy days will pass, but the thank yous we speak and the hands we reach out will stay in other people's memories, like umbrellas, picked up by someone else the next time it rains.

Say thank you to the rain, and pass the warmth to the next person. That ends my speech. Thank you all!