

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!