

雷声里的奶奶

亲爱的老师们、同学们：大家好！我演讲的题目是《雷声里的奶奶》。

先问大家一个问题：打雷的时候，你们怕不怕？三年级以前的我，是全校最怕打雷的。一听见雷声，我就扔下作业本，光着脚往奶奶屋里跑，钻进她的被子，只露出半张脸。奶奶不笑我。她拍着我的背，慢悠悠地说：怕啥，雷公爷爷是在天上搬桌子，搬完就走了。她的手掌又暖又糙，拍一下，我就敢把脸往外挪一寸。有一夜雷打得特别凶，奶奶干脆把我搂在怀里，哼一首没有词的歌。天亮的时候，雨停了，她的胳膊酸得抬不起来，可一整个早上都没提这件事。

四年级的一个雨天，放学时妈妈没来接，奶奶撑伞来了。她把伞整个罩住我，自己半边身子淋着。路上有辆车冲过水洼，泥水溅了一裤腿，奶奶反而哈哈大笑，说这雨还给咱们带了花裤子。我忽然发现，奶奶不怕雨，也不怕雷。她年轻的时候一个人走夜路过桥，都没怕过。她不是天生胆子大，她是把怕都留给了自己，把不怕给了我。

现在的我，五年级了，打雷的时候坐在书桌前，还能数雷声隔了几秒。上周末下大雨，我关了灯坐在窗前听雨，雨点打在空调外机上，叮叮咚咚，像有人弹一架旧钢琴。我竟然觉得好听。原来喜欢听雨，是从不怕它开始的；而不怕它，是从有人替我挡着开始的。

同学们，我们慢慢长大，个子超过门框上的铅笔印，也慢慢超过了对雷声的害怕。可是别忘了，我们的勇敢不是自己长出来的，是奶奶的怀抱、爸爸的伞、同学的半句别怕，一点一点垫起来的。下一次下雨，请你做两件事：认真听一次雨，再抱一抱那个在雨天护过你的人。

雨还会再来，雷还会再响。但雷声里有奶奶，我的雨天就永远是暖的。我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

Grandma in the Thunder

Dear teachers and fellow students: Hello! The title of my speech is Grandma in the Thunder.

Let me start with a question: when thunder rolls, are you afraid? Before Grade Three, I was the most thunder-fearing kid in school. The moment I heard thunder, I would throw down my homework and run barefoot into grandma's room, crawl under her quilt, and leave only half my face out. Grandma never laughed at me. She patted my back and said slowly: What is there to fear? Grandpa Thunder is just moving a table up in the sky; once he finishes, he leaves. Her palm was warm and rough, and with every pat I dared move my face out one inch more. One night the thunder was especially fierce, and grandma simply held me in her arms, humming a song without words. By dawn the rain had stopped. Her arms were too sore to lift, yet she never mentioned it the whole morning.

On a rainy day in Grade Four, when school let out, my mother did not come, but grandma arrived with an umbrella. She covered me completely with it while one side of her body got soaked. A car rushed through a puddle and splashed mud all over her trousers, and she laughed out loud, saying this rain brought us flowered pants as a gift. I suddenly realized that grandma was not afraid of rain, and not afraid of thunder either. When she was young she crossed a bridge alone on a dark night and never flinched. It was not that she was born brave; she kept all the fear for herself and gave me the fearless part.

Now I am in Grade Five. When thunder rolls, I sit at my desk and even count the seconds between the rumbles. Last weekend it poured, and I sat by the window with the lights off, listening to the rain. The drops struck the air-conditioner unit outside, ding-dong, ding-dong, like someone playing an old piano. I actually found it beautiful. It turns out that learning to love the sound of rain begins with no longer fearing it; and no longer fearing it began with someone standing between me and it.

Fellow students, as we grow, our height passes the pencil marks on the doorframe, and so does our fear of thunder fade. But never forget that our courage did not grow by itself. It was built up bit by bit by grandma's arms, dad's umbrella, and a classmate's half-finished sentence of don't be afraid. Next time it rains, please do two things: truly listen to the rain once, and hug the person who sheltered you on rainy days.

The rain will come again, and the thunder will roll again. But with grandma inside the thunder, my rainy days are forever warm. That ends my speech. Thank you all!

我和雷公讲和了

老师们、同学们：大家好！我演讲的题目是《我和雷公讲和了》。

说出来不怕大家笑，一二年级的时候，我一打雷就往餐桌底下钻。我坚信雷声是天上两个人在吵架，吵急了还要摔东西。有一回雷连响了七八声，我在桌底下小声劝架：别吵了别吵了，我们楼下的都听见了。我姐姐笑得直不起腰，把我从桌底下拖出来。那几年，我的裤腿上总是桌底的灰。

转折发生在三年级那个雷雨夜。雷又炸开了，我条件反射要往桌子那边跑，爸爸一把拉住我：走，去阳台看。他打开灯，指着远处：看见那道白光了吗？它和雷声之间隔了几秒，你就数几秒。那天晚上我们数了十几回，最长的一次我数到十九，爸爸说那朵云离咱们二十里地呢。神奇的是，知道雷是什么之后，它就没那么吓人了。原来雷不是吵架，是云里的电在放炮仗，放完这家的，去放别家的。爸爸最后说了一句我记到现在：很多吓人的东西，你走近一步看，它就小一步。

现在，我成了班里最爱听雨的人。自习课上下雨，别人看窗外发呆，我在数雨点。上个月学校组织科普角，我报名讲了《雷是怎么来的》，台下一年级的小同学瞪大眼睛，散场时一个男孩拉住我说：哥哥，我也不太怕雷了。那一刻我忽然想起桌底下的自己，忍不住笑了。

同学们，从桌底到阳台，我走了两年。长大是什么？长大就是害怕的东西一个个变小了，喜欢的事物一个个变多了。雷还是那个雷，雨还是那场雨，变的是我们自己。如果你也怕打雷，别急着躲，找个大人陪你走近去看一次，数一数闪电和雷声之间隔了几秒。也别忘了谢谢那个陪你数秒的人——他把你从桌底下领出来，领到了阳台上。

下次雷声响起来，我在阳台上跟它打招呼：雷公，又见面啦。我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

I Made Peace with the Thunder

Teachers and fellow students: Hello! The title of my speech is I Made Peace with the Thunder.

I am not afraid to admit this, and please do not laugh: in Grades One and Two, whenever thunder rolled, I dove under the dining table. I firmly believed the thunder was two people quarreling in the sky, throwing things when the argument got heated. Once the thunder cracked seven or eight times in a row, and I whispered from under the table: Stop quarreling, people downstairs can hear you. My sister laughed so hard she could not stand up straight, and she dragged me out from under the table. For years, the legs of my trousers were always dusty with fluff from under the table.

The turning point came on a thunderstorm night in Grade Three. The thunder cracked again, and I turned reflexively toward the table, but my dad caught my arm: Come, let us watch from the balcony. He switched on the light and pointed into the distance: See that flash? Count the seconds between the flash and the thunder. That night we counted more than a dozen times; the longest count reached nineteen, and dad said that cloud was twenty li away. Strangely, once I knew what thunder was, it stopped being so scary. Thunder was not a quarrel; it was electricity in the clouds setting off firecrackers, finishing this neighborhood and moving on to the next. Dad said one line I still remember: many frightening things shrink one step for every step you take toward them.

Now I am the biggest rain-lover in my class. When it rains during study hall, others stare out the window in a daze while I count the drops. Last month our school held a science corner, and I signed up to give a talk on how thunder is made. The first-graders in the audience stared with wide eyes, and as people left, a little boy grabbed my sleeve and said: Big brother, I am not so scared of thunder either. In that moment I suddenly remembered my old self under the table, and I could not help laughing.

Fellow students, it took me two years to travel from under the table to the balcony. What is growing up? Growing up is the things you fear shrinking one by one, and the things you love multiplying one by one. Thunder is still thunder, rain is still rain; what changes is us. If you are afraid of thunder too, do not rush to hide. Find a grown-up to walk closer and watch it once with you, and count the seconds between the flash and the rumble. And do not forget to thank the person who counted seconds with you, for they led you out from under the table and up onto the balcony.

Next time the thunder rolls, I will wave to it from the balcony: Old Thunder, hello again! That ends my speech. Thank you all!

雨是从天上寄来的信

老师们、同学们：大家好！我演讲的题目是《雨是从天上寄来的信》。

先说个现在的事。每天放学，如果赶上下雨，别人愁没带伞，我却喜欢趴在教室窗台上听一会儿。雨点砸在雨棚的铁皮上，有的急，有的缓，有的两滴挤在一起，砸出同一个声音。我觉得那是天在写一封很长很长的信，写给屋顶，写给水洼，写给每一把伞。

可是三年前，我最恨的就是雨。二年级的夏天，一声雷能从教室头顶炸开，我就把两只耳朵死死捂住，手心全是汗。有一天下暴雨，我在校门口站成一根木头，雨声越大我越抖，老师打电话叫妈妈，我一个字都听不见，只听见自己耳朵里嗡嗡响。那两年，我的书包里常年塞着一副耳罩，同学问起，我就把拉链拉得更快。

改变来自四年级的苏老师。那个雨天我忘带耳罩，雷一响，我眼圈立刻红了。苏老师什么也没说，蹲下来，把我的手从耳朵上轻轻拿开，领我站到走廊的屋檐下：你听，雨落在叶子上是沙沙的，落在水泥地上是啪啪的，落在池塘里是咕咚咕咚的。她让我闭上眼睛数，数到第七个声音的时候，我睁开眼，发现雷不知道什么时候停了。苏老师说：雷是信里的感叹号，信写完，感叹号就收走了。那天起，我不再数耳朵里的心跳，改数雨的声音了。

上个月，我看见一年级的小妹妹在楼道里捂着耳朵，雷声刚过，她眼圈红红的。我蹲下来，学苏老师当年的样子，领她到屋檐下：你听，这滴雨落在台阶上，像不像有人在敲小鼓？她听了半天，忽然说：像，还像我家炒菜的声音。我们俩笑出了声。

同学们，一句温柔的话，能把一样害怕的东西变成一样喜欢的东西。苏老师当年在我耳朵边放下的，是一整辈子的安静。今天我把这份安静传出去，也传给你们：下次有同学怕雷、怕雨，别笑他，领他到屋檐下，跟他一起数雨声。也请回家谢谢那些安慰过你的人，告诉他们：你当年那句话，我一直听到今天。

雨还在写它的长信，感叹号不可怕，信里有温柔。我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

Rain Is a Letter Posted from the Sky

Teachers and fellow students: Hello! The title of my speech is Rain Is a Letter Posted from the Sky.

Let me begin with something of the present. Every day after school, if it happens to be raining, everyone else worries about forgetting their umbrella, while I like to lean on the classroom windowsill and listen for a while. The drops hammer the tin roof of the awning: some hurried, some slow, some squeezing two drops together to make one single sound. I feel that the sky is writing a very, very long letter, addressed to the rooftops, to the puddles, and to every umbrella.

But three years ago, the thing I hated most was rain. In the summer of Grade Two, a clap of thunder could explode right over the classroom, and I would clamp both ears shut with sweaty palms. One day of downpour, I stood at the school gate stiff as a post; the louder the rain, the harder I trembled. The teacher phoned my mother, and I could not hear a word of it, only the buzzing inside my own ears. For those two years, a pair of ear muffs sat in my schoolbag year-round, and whenever a classmate asked about them, I zipped the bag shut faster.

The change came from Teacher Su in Grade Four. On one rainy day I had forgotten my ear muffs, and the moment thunder sounded, my eyes reddened at once. Teacher Su said nothing. She squatted down, gently lifted my hands off my ears, and led me to stand under the eaves of the corridor: Listen. Rain on leaves goes sha-sha; on concrete it goes pa-pa; in the pond it goes gu-dong, gu-dong. She asked me to close my eyes and count. By the seventh sound, I opened my eyes and found that the thunder had stopped somewhere along the way. Teacher Su said: Thunder is the exclamation mark inside the letter; once the letter is finished, the exclamation mark is taken back. From that day on, I stopped counting my heartbeat in my ears and started counting the sounds of rain.

Last month, I saw a little first-grade girl clamping her ears in the stairwell. The thunder had just passed, and her eyes were red. I squatted down, copying exactly what Teacher Su once did, and led her under the eaves: Listen, this drop landing on the step, does it sound like someone beating a little drum? She listened for a long while, then said: It does. It also sounds like cooking at home. The two of us burst out laughing.

Fellow students, one gentle sentence can turn a frightening thing into a beloved thing. What Teacher Su placed beside my ears back then was a lifetime of calm. Today I pass that calm outward, and I pass it to you too: next time a classmate fears thunder or rain, do not laugh at them. Lead them under the eaves and count the sounds of the rain together. And please go home and thank the people who comforted you, and

tell them: that sentence you said years ago, I have been hearing it until today.

The rain is still writing its long letter. The exclamation marks are not to be feared; the letter is full of tenderness. That ends my speech. Thank you all!