

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!