

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!