

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!