

去楼下吧，花已经开了

老师们、同学们：大家好！我今天演讲的题目是《去楼下吧，花已经开了》。

先问大家一个问题：这个学期，你认真看过校园里的一朵花吗？我知道很多人答不上来。我们每天从花坛边上跑进跑出，跑了几百趟，却很少有人停下来看过一眼。可是花一直在开，等我们呢。

你们看操场旗杆旁边那两棵玉兰，开学那会儿还光着枝子，前几天一下子全开了，白得像举着两树鸽子。教学楼后面那排海棠更热闹，粉里透红，走过去能闻到一股淡淡的香。还有围墙根的迎春花，金灿灿铺了一长条，从东门进来第一眼就是它。我们的校园明明泡在春天里，可我们天天低着头赶路，差点把它错过了。

上个周五的课间，我做了一件很值的事。我在玉兰树底下蹲了整整十分钟，看蜜蜂怎么工作。一只蜜蜂从这朵花钻进去，浑身沾满黄粉，再飞到下一朵。我发现有的花朝东开，有的朝太阳开，花瓣里还藏着小水珠。那十分钟，比我在家里看一小时动画片记得还牢。原来蹲下来看，花里有整整一个世界。

同学们，春天不在手机里，不在课本的插图里，它就在楼下，在操场边，在放学路上。花一年只开这一次，错过了就要再等三百多天。所以今天，我代表全班向大家发出倡议：第一，每天至少一个课间走下楼，到花坛边站一站，认一认你学校里的花，给它起个名字也行。第二，准备一个小本子，画上或者写下你本周看到的一朵花，三周以后你会发现自己是全班最懂校园春天的人。第三，看到同学蹲下看花，别笑他，跟他一起蹲下。

同学们，花已经开了，它们等了我们好久。这个课间，咱们楼下见！我的演讲完毕，谢谢大家！

Go Downstairs, the Flowers Are Already Open

Dear teachers and fellow students: good morning! The title of my speech today is Go Downstairs, the Flowers Are Already Open.

Let me start with a question: this term, have you ever really looked at a single flower on our campus? I know many of you cannot answer. We run past the flower beds hundreds of times every day, yet few of us ever stop for one glance. But the flowers have been opening all along, waiting for us.

Look at the two magnolia trees beside the flagpole on the playground. When the term began their branches were bare, and a few days ago they all burst open at once, white as two trees full of pigeons. The row of crabapples behind the teaching building is even livelier, pink touched with red, and walking past you can smell a faint fragrance. Then there is the jasmine along the wall, a long strip of shining gold, the first thing you see walking in from the east gate. Our campus is soaking in spring, yet we keep our heads down and hurry, nearly missing it all.

Last Friday during the break I did something very worthwhile. I squatted under the magnolia tree for a full ten minutes watching how bees work. A bee dived into one blossom, came out covered with yellow pollen, and flew to the next one. I noticed some flowers face east, some face the sun, and tiny water drops hide inside the petals. I remember those ten minutes better than an hour of cartoons at home. It turns out that if you squat down and look, a whole world lives inside a flower.

Fellow students, spring is not in your phone, not in the pictures of your textbook. It is downstairs, by the playground, on the way home from school. Flowers open only once a year; miss them and you wait three hundred more days. So today, on behalf of my class, I call on everyone: First, go downstairs at least one break a day, stand by the flower bed, learn the names of the flowers in your school, or give them names of your own. Second, keep a small notebook, draw or write down one flower you see this week, and in three weeks you will find you are the student who knows the campus spring best. Third, when you see a classmate squatting to look at flowers, do not laugh at him; squat down with him.

Fellow students, the flowers are open, and they have waited for us a long time. See you downstairs this break! That concludes my speech. Thank you all!