

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!

给校园的花做一本日历

亲爱的同学们：大家好！今天我演讲的题目是《给校园的花做一本日历》。

还记得三月那次全班去樱花公园的春游吗？那天我们全班站在樱花大道下，风一吹，花瓣像下雨一样落下来，好多同学仰着头转圈，喊得嗓子都哑了。我记得最清楚的是我们班的小雨，她蹲在树下捡了一捧落花，说花开着好看，掉下来的时候也好看。那天回学校的车上，大家累得东倒西歪，可每个人手机里、眼睛里都装满了花。那一次我们才真正明白：花是专门留给愿意去看它的人的。

可是回到学校呢？我们教室后面有植物角，那盆桃花是自然课王老师养的，三月底开得满满一盆，全班却没人注意它开过。上周它谢了，只剩绿叶，有同学路过问：咦，它什么时候开过？同学们，公园里的花我们跑几公里去看，学校里的花开在咱们自己教室后面，我们反而没看见。这不是很奇怪吗？

所以今天我想提议一件有意思的事：我们全班给校园的花做一本日历，就叫《班级花历》。怎么做法很简单：我们分成五个小组，每组认领校园里的几棵树、几片花坛。每天值日组负责看一眼，记下今天谁开了第一朵，谁的花谢了，谁冒了新芽。用一句话、一个小符号记在本子上，

一个月汇总一次。等到六月，这本花历就是我们班独一无二的宝贝——全世界只有我们知道，学校东门的海棠是三月十八号开的，操场边的玉兰谢于四月五号。

有人会说，记录花有什么用？能考试吗？我想说，用处大着呢。学会了看花的人，眼睛会变尖，你会第一个发现春天来了，也第一个发现叶子黄了。观察花的孩子，写作文的时候肚子里有东西，科学课上的知识长在脚底下，不是长在嘴上。更重要的是，愿意为一朵花停下来的人，长大以后也不会对美好的东西视而不见。

同学们，去年春天的花，我们没看见，就让它过去了；今年，咱们别再让花白开。从明天起，每天看一眼，记一笔，一个学期以后，我们就是全校最会看花班级。让校园里的每一朵花，都在我们班的本子上留下名字。我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

Let Us Make a Calendar for the Flowers of Our Campus

Dear classmates: hello! Today my speech is titled Let Us Make a Calendar for the Flowers of Our Campus.

Do you remember our class field trip to Cherry Blossom Park in March? That day our whole class stood under the cherry avenue. When the wind blew, petals fell like rain, and many of us tilted our heads back and spun around, shouting until our voices went hoarse. What I remember most is our classmate Xiaoyu, who squatted under a tree and gathered a handful of fallen petals, saying the flowers are beautiful when blooming and also beautiful when falling. On the bus back to school that day we were so tired we slumped in every direction, yet everyone carried flowers in their phone and in their eyes. Only then did we truly understand: flowers are reserved for the people willing to come and look at them.

But what about back at school? Behind our classroom there is a nature corner, and the peach tree in it is raised by Mr. Wang from science class. At the end of March it filled the whole pot with bloom, yet nobody in our class noticed it had opened. Last week it faded, leaving only green leaves, and a classmate walking by asked: hey, when did it ever bloom? Classmates, we run several kilometers to see flowers in a park, but flowers open right behind our own classroom and we do not see them instead. Is that not strange?

So today I want to propose something fun: let our whole class make a calendar for the flowers on campus, and call it the Class Flower Calendar. The method is simple. We split into five groups, and each group adopts a few trees and flower beds on campus. The group on duty each day takes one look and records who opened its first flower today, whose flowers faded, and who pushed out a new sprout. One sentence and one small symbol in a notebook, summarized once a month. By June this calendar will be a treasure unique to our class, because we alone in the whole world will know that

the crabapples by the school east gate opened on March eighteenth, and the magnolias by the playground faded on April fifth.

Some may ask, what is the use of recording flowers? Will it be on the exam? I say the use is great. A person who learns to watch flowers gets sharp eyes: you will be the first to notice spring arriving and the first to notice leaves turning yellow. A child who observes flowers has something real inside when writing essays, and science knowledge grows under your feet, not just on your tongue. More importantly, someone willing to stop for a flower will not grow up blind to beautiful things either.

Classmates, we missed last spring flowers, so let them go; this year, let us not let the flowers bloom for nothing. Starting tomorrow, take one look and write one line every day, and after one term we will be the school champion at watching flowers. Let every flower on campus keep its name inside our class notebook. That is my speech. Thank you all!

放学换条路，去看花

亲爱的老师们、同学们：大家好！我是红领巾广播站的小记者。今天广播演讲的题目是《放学换条路，去看花》。

先说一件怪事。咱们校门口的老槐树，每天站在那儿看我们进进出出，可它五月才开花，开的时候整条街都是香的。上周老槐树开花，我在广播稿里写了一句，结果好多同学跑来问我：槐树会开花？咱们学校门口那棵？同学们，我们就在校门口站了六年，居然不知道它开花。它不是不开，它开得晚，而我们从来不抬头。

我自己也有故事。以前我放学只走大路，眼睛只盯着前面的同学后脑勺。上个月有一天，我和妈妈改走河边那条小路，我一路都在惊呼：原来墙头探出这么多粉红的桃花，原来柳树飞出来的白绒毛像下雪，原来野蔷薇已经爬满了半个栅栏。同一条回家的路，换一边走，我像发现了一个新城市。妈妈笑着说，花一直都在，是你今天才肯看。

同学们，春天这么短，只有两个月；春天又这么近，近就在放学路上。可是我们每天走得那么快，书包压着脖子，眼睛盯着地面，花在头顶开，我们在脚下赶。这样下去，整个春天会从我们的鞋缝里溜走。所以今天，我代表广播站向大家倡议三件事。第一，从明天起，每天放学换一条路走，或者把脚步放慢二十步，抬头看看头顶、看看墙头，看看有没有一种花是昨天还没开的。第二，把你新发现的花告诉家里人，讲出它的名字、它的颜色，讲花本身就是一件了不起的事。第三，我们也向学校建议，把四月第二周定为赏花周：科学课上校园认花，美术课画花，作文课写花，让全校一起走进春天。

同学们，老槐树等了一个春天才开花，它不着急，我们也别急，但咱们得抬头。从今天起，放学换条路，去看花。让花认识我们，也让我们的眼睛认识花。今天的广播演讲就到这里，谢谢

大家！

Take a Different Way Home and Go See the Flowers

Dear teachers and fellow students: hello! I am a young reporter from the Red Scarf Radio Station. Today my broadcast speech is titled Take a Different Way Home and Go See the Flowers.

Let me tell you something strange. The old locust tree at our school gate stands there watching us come and go every day, yet it does not bloom until May, and when it does, the whole street smells sweet. When the locust bloomed last week, I wrote one line in my broadcast script, and many classmates came running to ask: locust trees flower? The one at our own school gate? Classmates, we stood under that gate for six years and never knew it blooms. It was not that it never flowers; it blooms late, and we never looked up.

I have my own story too. Before, I walked only the big road home from school, eyes fixed on the back of the head of the student in front. One day last month my mother and I switched to the small path along the river, and I gasped the whole way: so so many pink peach blossoms lean over the walls, so the white fluff flying off the willows is like snow, so the wild roses have already climbed half the fence. The same road home, walked a different way, and I felt I had discovered a new city. My mother laughed and said the flowers were always there; you were only willing to look today.

Fellow students, spring is so short, only two months; spring is also so near, as near as the road home from school. But we walk so fast every day, schoolbags pressing on our necks, eyes on the ground, flowers opening overhead while we hurry beneath them. At this rate the whole spring will slip away through the gap between our shoes. So today, on behalf of the radio station, I call on everyone for three things. First, starting tomorrow, take a different route home each day, or slow your steps by twenty paces, and look up at the treetops and the wall tops to see whether some flower has opened that was not open yesterday. Second, tell your family about the flower you newly found, say its name and its color out loud; telling someone about a flower is itself a wonderful thing. Third, we also suggest to our school that the second week of April be made Flower Appreciation Week: science class identifies campus flowers, art class draws them, writing class writes about them, and the whole school walks into spring together.

Fellow students, the old locust waited a whole spring to bloom; it is not in a hurry, and neither should we be, but we do need to look up. From today, take a different way home and go see the flowers. Let the flowers come to know us, and let

our eyes come to know the flowers. That ends today broadcast speech. Thank you all!