

公园那大片花田，是春天寄来的信

敬爱的老师们、亲爱的同学们：大家好！我演讲的题目是我爱春天的花。上周末，爸爸妈妈带我去了城南的公园。我一进公园南门，就站住了，书包带从肩上滑下去都没察觉。南门外面那一大片油菜花田，黄得像谁打翻了一桶太阳水。

田埂上全是蜜蜂，嗡嗡嗡地忙。爸爸让我站远一点看，只见花浪一层一层往前翻。我蹲下来看一朵油菜花，它只有指甲盖那么大，四个花瓣，十字一样摆着。这么小的花，居然能开出整片整片的黄，我看了好久，心里又佩服又欢喜。

公园里面还有郁金香展区。红的、黄的、紫的、红黄相间的，一排一排站得整整齐齐，像春天在检阅它的队伍。我在紫色的那排前面坐了很久。花瓣上还有水珠，滚来滚去不掉下来。展区边上的木牌写着这种郁金香的名字，我一个字一个字念过去，念到一种叫阿福的，忍不住笑了，它红彤彤的，确实像个福气满满的小灯笼。旁边一个小弟弟伸手想摘，他妈妈把他抱走了。我冲着那排花点点头，心想：你们放心，喜欢你们的人，不会把你们摘走的。

回家的路上，我在车上睡着了，梦里还是那片黄。妈妈说我睡醒第一句话是：下周还来吗？你看，一朵花能让人惦记成这样，这就是我喜欢它们的理由。回到家我把照片给奶奶看，奶奶说她年轻时也住过有大片花田的地方，春天一到，蜜蜂都分不清东南西北。我们俩对着手机看了半个晚上。

同学们，公园的那大片花田，就像春天寄给我们的一封信，信里全是颜色，全是香味。这个周末，也让爸爸妈妈带你去看看吧，别辜负了春天写好的信。我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

The Big Flower Field in the Park Is a Letter Spring Sent

Dear teachers and fellow students, hello! The title of my speech is I Love the Flowers of Spring. Last weekend, my mum and dad took me to the park in the south of the city. The moment I walked through the south gate, I stopped in my tracks, not even noticing my bag strap sliding off my shoulder. The huge field of rapeseed flowers outside was as yellow as if someone had spilled a whole bucket of sunlight.

The field paths were full of bees, buzzing busily. Dad asked me to stand back and look, and I saw waves of yellow rolling forward layer after layer. I squatted down to look at one rapeseed flower. It was only the size of a fingernail, with four petals arranged like a cross. Such a tiny flower can open into whole fields of yellow. I looked at it for a long time, feeling both admiration and joy.

Inside the park there was also a tulip display. Red, yellow, purple, and red-and-yellow ones stood in neat rows, like spring reviewing its own parade. I sat for a long time in front of the purple row. There were water drops on the petals, rolling around without falling. A wooden sign at the edge of the display gave the names of these tulips, and I read them out one by one; when I reached a red variety called Fu,

I could not help laughing, because it really looked like a little lantern full of good fortune. A little boy next to me reached out to pick one, and his mum carried him away. I nodded to the row of flowers, thinking: do not worry, the people who love you will not take you away.

On the way home, I fell asleep in the car, and the dream I had was still that field of yellow. Mum said the first words out of my mouth when I woke up were: can we come again next week? You see, if a flower can make a person miss it this much, that is exactly why I love them. When we got home I showed grandma the photos, and she said that when she was young she also lived somewhere with big fields of flowers, and in spring the bees could not tell north from south. The two of us looked at the phone together for half the evening.

Fellow students, that big flower field in the park is like a letter spring wrote to us, full of colour and full of fragrance. This weekend, ask your mum and dad to take you there too. Do not leave the letter that spring has written unread. Thank you, everyone!