

我们楼下的花坛，先认识了我

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。要说爱花，我先要介绍一位老朋友，它住在教学楼前面的花坛里。它先认识了我，每天我上学路过，它都在那里。

最早跟我打招呼的是迎春花。二月底，别的地方还光秃秃的，它已经沿着花坛边垂下一串一串的小黄花，像谁在灰色的墙上挂了一排小铃铛。我每天早上从它旁边跑过去，跑着跑着，春天就被它摇醒了。

接着是玉兰。我们楼下的玉兰树开花的时候，满树没有一个叶子，全是花，仰着头朝天举着。风一吹，花瓣掉下来一片，落在我的书包上。我捡起来夹进文具盒，那半个月的文具盒都是香的。花落得多的时候，校工陈叔叔拿扫帚把它们拢成一小堆，不扫进垃圾桶，说让它们回到土里去。我当时站在旁边看，忽然觉得，连花落下来都有人好好对待，何况开花呢。

三月，花坛的角落里开出一片无名的小紫花，小得必须蹲下来才能看清。有同学问这是什么花，没人知道。可是没有人知道也不要紧，它们照样开得热热闹闹，蜜蜂照样一趟一趟来。我想，喜欢一朵花，不需要先知道它的名字。

我为什么爱春天的花？因为它们从不催我。它们让我蹲下来看一会儿，让我迟到一秒钟，让我在上学路上心里美美的。有一回我考试没考好，放学故意绕远从花坛边走，看了一会儿迎春花，心里就没那么堵了。花坛就在我楼下，它把整个春天摆在我每天经过的地方，等我看它一眼。

同学们，明天上学路过花坛的时候，也蹲下来看一看吧。你会发现，花坛里的花，也早就认识你了。我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

The Flower Bed Below Our Building Knew Me First

Dear teachers and fellow students, hello! The title of my speech is I Love the Flowers of Spring. When I talk about loving flowers, I want to introduce an old friend first. It lives in the flower bed in front of the teaching building. It knew me first, because every morning when I walk to school, it is right there.

The first to greet me was always the winter jasmine. At the end of February, when other places were still bare, it had already hung down strings of little yellow flowers along the edge of the bed, like someone hanging a row of tiny bells on a grey wall. Every morning I ran past it, and running, running, spring was jingled awake by it.

Next came the magnolia. When the magnolia tree by our building blooms, the whole tree has not a single leaf, only flowers, heads lifted toward the sky. When the wind blows, a petal falls onto my schoolbag. I pick it up and keep it in my pencil case, and the pencil case smells sweet for half a month. When many petals fell, Uncle Chen the janitor swept them into a small pile, but not into the rubbish bin; he said let them go back into the soil. I stood there watching, and suddenly felt that even the

falling petals were treated with care, so how much more the blooming ones.

In March, a patch of nameless little purple flowers opened in the corner of the bed, so small that you have to squat down to see them clearly. Some classmates asked what flowers they were, and nobody knew. But it does not matter that nobody knows; they still opened cheerfully all the same, and the bees still came trip after trip. I think that to love a flower, you do not need to know its name first.

Why do I love the flowers of spring? Because they never hurry me. They let me squat down and look for a while, let me be one second late, and let me walk to school with a sweet feeling inside. Once I did badly in an exam, and after school I deliberately took the long way past the flower bed; after watching the winter jasmine for a while, my chest did not feel so heavy. The flower bed is right below our building, and it lays the whole spring in the place I pass every day, waiting for me to take one look.

Fellow students, tomorrow when you pass the flower bed on your way to school, please squat down and look too. You will find that the flowers in the bed have known you for a long time as well. Thank you, everyone!