

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!

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!

我把春天记进了观察本

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。我有一个蓝色的观察本，从三月一号起，我每天都在里面记花。今天，我把本子上的春天读给大家听。

三月一号，迎春花开了第一朵，我在旁边画了一个小圆圈。三月九号，花坛边的玉兰开了，我写：满树都是花，没有一片叶子，像举了一树的白蜡烛。三月十七号，第一只蜜蜂来了，我在蜜蜂旁边画了一条弯弯曲曲的飞行路线。三月二十五号，无名的小紫花开了，我写：不知道名字，先记样子，四个瓣，紫里带白。四月二号，我在本子上画了一整排小旗子，因为那天我数出花坛里一共有三十七朵花在开，我在每一朵旁边点了一个点。

上星期六，我带着观察本去了公园。我在本子里记：公园的花田是黄色的，一大片，学校花坛是一坛一坛的，一小片一小片。大的让我想跑，小的让我想蹲。那天我在长椅上坐着抄颜色，抄着抄着，心里那些不痛快的事，不知什么时候悄悄溜走了。回家的公交车上，我靠着窗户翻本子，从三月一号翻到那天，忽然发现，原来春天是一天一天过来的，不是一下子来的。

观察本的最后几页，我记的不是花，是我自己。我写：今天数学小测没考好，放学看见花坛边的玉兰开了，忽然觉得，一次没考好，不算什么，花还开呢。妈妈翻到我的观察本，说这是她见过的最好的日记。其实我只是把花一天一天看下来，把它们记下来。

同学们，喜欢一样东西，就把它记下来吧。可以画，可以抄颜色，也可以像我一样记日期。等到夏天来了，翻开本子，你的春天还在纸上开着。我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

I Wrote Spring Down in My Observation Notebook

Dear teachers and fellow students, hello! The title of my speech is I Love the Flowers of Spring. I have a blue observation notebook, and since March the first I have been writing flowers in it every day. Today I would like to read the spring from my notebook aloud to everyone.

March first: the first winter jasmine flower opened, and I drew a small circle beside it. March ninth: the magnolia by the flower bed bloomed, and I wrote, the whole tree is flowers with not a single leaf, like a tree holding up white candles. March seventeenth: the first bee came, and I drew its winding flight path next to the bee. March twenty-fifth: the nameless little purple flowers opened, and I wrote, do not know the name, so record the look first, four petals, purple touched with white. April second: I drew a whole row of little flags in the notebook, because that day I counted thirty-seven flowers open in the flower bed, and I put one dot beside every single one.

Last Saturday I took my notebook to the park. I wrote in it: the flower field in the park is yellow, one huge piece; the flower beds at school are bed by bed, small

piece by small piece. The big one makes me want to run; the small one makes me want to squat. That day I sat on a bench copying down colours, and copying, copying, the unhappy things inside me quietly slipped away at some point without my noticing. On the bus home I leaned against the window and flipped through the notebook, from March the first to that day, and suddenly I realized that spring had come one day at a time, not all at once.

The last few pages of my notebook are not about flowers but about me. I wrote: today my maths quiz did not go well, but after school I saw the magnolia by the flower bed in bloom, and suddenly I felt that one bad quiz is nothing, the flowers are still blooming. When my mum flipped through my notebook, she said it was the best diary she had ever seen. Really, I just watched the flowers day by day and wrote them down.

Fellow students, if you love something, write it down. You can draw it, copy its colours, or record the dates like I do. When summer comes, open your notebook, and your spring will still be blooming on the paper. Thank you, everyone!