

走，我们去看四季

亲爱的老师们、同学们：大家好！今天我想邀请大家做一件很小很小的事——走，我们去看四季！

先讲我自己的事。去年十二月，咱们教学楼门口那几株腊梅开花之前，我天天放学绕过去看一眼。有一天我忽然发现，昨天还硬邦邦的花苞，今天裂开了一条小缝，露出一点点黄，像攥紧的小拳头松开了一根手指。我蹲下去闻，冷风里全是香的。那天我跑回教室告诉同桌，她不信，第二天专门跑去看了，回来眼睛亮亮的。同学们，这就是观察送给我们的礼物——四季一直在给我们表演，只是我们常常没有买票进场。

你们有没有发现，四季其实是我们学校最慷慨的魔术师？春天，操场边的柳树先冒芽，草地从远处看泛出一层若有若无的绿；夏天，蝉在梧桐树上从早唱到晚，一场雷阵雨过后，天边挂着彩虹，蜗牛爬上了花坛沿；秋天，银杏叶黄得像小扇子镀了金，风一吹，满地都是拍手的声音；冬天，腊梅顶着冷风开，麻雀缩着脖子在雪地里找吃的。这些节目，一年演四轮，从不收门票，可我们有多少次，是低着头看着手机走过去的？

我从前也是这样。直到那次看腊梅，我才知道，同样一座校园，看和不看，完全是两个学校。看了，作文里才有真东西：我知道雨后蚯蚓为什么会爬到跑道上，我知道哪种云的边儿发黄就是要下雨。这些不是书本借给我的，是四季亲手给我的。

所以，同学们，我代表全班向大家发出倡议：第一，每天抬头看天一分钟，看云、看树、看鸟，把看到的一个细节记在心里或者记在本子上；第二，每个小组每月轮流向全班讲一个自己的季节发现，哪怕只是发现蚂蚁搬家前天气会变；第三，这个学期，我们一起去完成一次完整的观察：从校园那几株腊梅开始，看它们开花、长叶、变黄、再等下一个冬天。四季转一圈，我们的眼睛就换了一双新的。

同学们，春天已经在路上了，别让它悄悄溜过去。从今天放学开始，抬起头，放慢脚步，走，我们去看四季！我的演讲完毕，谢谢大家！

Come, Let Us Go and See the Four Seasons

Dear teachers and fellow students: good morning! Today I want to invite everyone to do one very, very small thing — come, let us go and see the four seasons!

Let me start with myself. Last December, before the wintersweet by our teaching building flowered, I walked past it after school every day to take one look. One day I suddenly noticed that the buds, hard as pebbles yesterday, had cracked open a tiny seam today, showing a little yellow, like a tight little fist loosening one finger. I squatted down to smell them, and the cold wind was full of fragrance. That day I ran back to the classroom to tell my deskmate; she did not believe me and went to see for herself the next day, and her eyes came back shining. Friends, this is the gift

observation gives us — the four seasons have been performing all along; we simply often forgot to buy a ticket and walk in.

Have you noticed that the four seasons are the most generous magicians in our school? In spring the willows beside the playground sprout first, and the grass from far away glows with a faint green; in summer cicadas sing from morning to night on the plane trees, and after a thunderstorm a rainbow hangs at the edge of the sky while snails climb onto the rim of the flower beds; in autumn the ginkgo leaves are golden like little lacquered fans, and when the wind blows the whole ground sounds like clapping hands; in winter the wintersweet blooms against the cold wind, and sparrows puff out their feathers hunting for food in the snow. These shows run four times a year and never charge admission — yet how many times have we walked past with our heads down, watching our phones?

I used to be like that too. Only after that wintersweet visit did I learn that the same campus is two completely different schools for those who look and those who do not. Once you look, your essays finally hold something real: I know why earthworms crawl onto the track after rain, and I know which clouds with yellowing edges promise rain. These were not borrowed from books; the four seasons placed them into my hands.

So, fellow students, on behalf of my class I issue this proposal to everyone: first, look up at the sky for one minute every day — watch the clouds, the trees, the birds — and keep one detail you saw in your heart or in a notebook; second, each group takes turns sharing one seasonal discovery with the class every month, even if it is only that ants moving house means the weather will change; third, this term let us complete one full observation together: start from those wintersweet bushes on campus, watch them flower, leaf out, turn yellow, and wait for the next winter. When the seasons finish one circle, our eyes will have been replaced with a new pair.

Fellow students, spring is already on the road; do not let it slip past quietly. Starting from this afternoon after school, lift your heads, slow your steps — come, let us go and see the four seasons! That is the end of my speech. Thank you all!

把眼睛借给四季一分钟

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！我演讲的题目是《把眼睛借给四季一分钟》。

上周三下午，雷阵雨刚停，操场积起一个个小水洼。同学都在往教学楼跑，只有低年级的一个小妹妹蹲在水洼边不肯走。我过去想拉她，她指着水洼说：哥哥你看，天空掉进水里了！我低头一看——真的，一整片云倒在水里，被风推着慢慢走。我们两个人就那样蹲着，看了整整一分钟。上课铃响了，我们浑身湿着跑回教室，可我心里亮堂堂的：那一分钟，是我那一星期里最富

的一分钟。

同学们，我们的校园其实藏着一千个这样的分钟，四季排好了节目单，天天在我们窗外演出。春天，花坛里的玉兰先开花后长叶，白得像鸽子落在枝头；布谷鸟叫的时候，油菜花把校门口的小路照得金亮。夏天，池塘的荷叶撑成一柄柄绿伞，傍晚的晚霞把半边天烧成橘子味儿的颜色。秋天，教学楼爬山虎红成一面旗，下课的脚印踩在落叶上，咔嚓咔嚓像踩着一地的薯片。冬天，下小雪的早晨，屋檐的冰凌像一排琴键，太阳一出来就叮叮咚咚地滴水。同学们，这样的演出，我们凭什么只看手机不看现场？

也许有同学说：我每天写作业都来不及，哪有时间看四季？我想说，看四季不用一小时，只要一分钟。一分钟，够你看清一朵云变成马的形状；一分钟，够你发现老槐树的芽苞比上周鼓了一圈。四季从不要求我们请假，它只要求我们抬头。

所以，我向大家倡议三件事。第一，从今天起，每天把自己最累的时候换成抬头看窗外的一分钟，让眼睛替我们歇一歇。第二，准备一个巴掌大的小本子，叫它发现本，把每天看到的一个细节记下来，一学期以后，你会拥有一本别人没有的四季日历。第三，周末和爸爸妈妈去找一次季节：去公园、去田边、去山上，回来把发现讲给小组听。我们比一比，到学期末，谁的发现本最厚，谁的眼睛最亮。

同学们，日子可以天天一样，眼睛不能天天一样。把眼睛借给四季一分钟，四季就会还我们一整个闪闪发亮的世界。从今天起，我们一起做四季的观众，也做生活的有心人！谢谢大家！

Lend Your Eyes One Minute to the Four Seasons

Dear teachers and dear fellow students: good morning! The title of my speech is Lend Your Eyes One Minute to the Four Seasons.

Last Wednesday afternoon, right after the thunderstorm stopped, little puddles dotted the playground. Everyone ran toward the teaching building except a little girl from a lower grade, who squatted by a puddle and refused to leave. I went over to pull her up, but she pointed at the puddle and said: big brother, look, the sky has fallen into the water! I looked down — truly, a whole cloud lay mirrored in the water, pushed slowly along by the wind. The two of us squatted there and watched for a full minute. The bell rang, we ran back to class still damp, but my heart was glowing: that one minute was the richest minute of my whole week.

Fellow students, our campus actually hides a thousand such minutes. The four seasons have printed a program and perform outside our windows every day. In spring the magnolias in the flower bed flower before leafing out, white as pigeons perched on the branches; when the cuckoo calls, the rapeseed flowers light the path at the school gate golden. In summer the lotus leaves in the pond open like green umbrellas, and the evening glow sets half the sky the color of tangerines. In autumn the ivy on

the teaching building reddens into a flag, and footsteps at break time crunch on fallen leaves as if treading on a ground full of potato chips. In winter on a light-snow morning, the icicles on the eaves look like a row of piano keys, dripping ding-dong as soon as the sun comes out. Fellow students, with a show like this, why would we watch our phones instead of the live performance?

Some may say: I barely have time for homework, when could I look at the seasons? I would answer: looking at the seasons does not take an hour, only a minute. One minute is enough to watch a cloud change into the shape of a horse; one minute is enough to notice that the buds of the old locust tree have swelled a notch since last week. The seasons never ask us for leave; they only ask us to look up.

So I propose three things to everyone. First, starting today, replace your most tired moment each day with one minute looking out of the window, and let your eyes rest for us. Second, prepare a palm-sized notebook and call it a discovery book; write down one detail you see each day, and after one term you will own a four-season calendar nobody else has. Third, on weekends go out with your parents to find the season — to a park, the edge of a field, or a hill — and come back to tell your group what you found. Let us see whose discovery book is thickest and whose eyes are brightest by the end of the term.

Fellow students, the days may all look the same, but our eyes must not. Lend your eyes one minute to the four seasons, and the four seasons will return us a whole glittering world. Starting today, let us be the audience of the seasons and attentive hearts of life! Thank you all!

旗杆的影子，四季的信

老师们、同学们：大家好！今天我的演讲从一个奇怪的问题开始：你们知道学校旗杆的影子，什么时候最长吗？

去年冬天，科学老师给我们布置了一个作业：正午时分量旗杆影子的长度。我拿着卷尺去量，吓了一跳：影子长得要走出花坛才到头，整整十一米多。我以为是我量错了，反复量了三遍。今年五月，我们又去量了一次，同样的旗杆，影子却只有四米出头，缩在旗台边上，像玩起了捉迷藏。那天晚上我查了书才明白：冬天太阳斜得厉害，影子就长；夏天太阳高高挂在头顶，影子就短。一根影子，把地球绕太阳的秘密，明明白白写在了操场上！同学们，四季每天都在给我们写信，只是我们很少拆来看。

你们看，四季写的信多美啊。春天，它把第一只燕子寄到电线杆上，把第一朵迎春花寄到墙根下；夏天，它把雷阵雨和彩虹一起寄来，把知了的歌声寄满每一棵树；秋天，它把枫叶寄成邮票，把南飞的大雁排成省略号，告诉人间：好日子慢慢走；冬天，它把第一场雪寄给屋顶，把窗

花寄给玻璃，把围炉的暖意寄进每个人的家。四季从不偏心，它给每个人的信箱都是满的。

可是同学们，我们有多少人拆开过这些信？放学路上，我们戴着耳机盯着屏幕，燕子落在电线上没人数，枫叶红了没人捡。我们的眼睛越来越亮，却只亮在手机那么大的地方。这多可惜啊！我们明明住在一整座四季的乐园里。

所以，我今天站在这里，想成立一个四季小队，邀请每一位同学加入。我们的任务很简单：第一，人人做小小观察员，每周观察一样东西的变化，可以是一棵树、一朵云、一只鸟，把它记在观察记录卡上；第二，每月一次小队交流，把各自的发现贴到班级墙报上，我们比一比谁先发现春天来了、谁先发现秋天到了；第三，学期末，我们把最棒的发现讲给全校听，让所有人都知道，四季的信，我们收到了！

同学们，旗杆的影子每天都在变，季节也在等我们回应。这个学期，让我们一起拆开四季的信，读出里面的秘密，把热爱生活的种子种进心里。等四季转完一圈，你会骄傲地说：我没有错过这一年！谢谢大家！

The Flagpole Shadow, a Letter from the Four Seasons

Teachers and fellow students: good morning! My speech today begins with a strange question: do you know when the shadow of our school flagpole is the longest?

Last winter our science teacher assigned us a task: measure the length of the flagpole shadow at noon. I went with a tape measure and jumped: the shadow stretched past the flower bed to its end, over eleven meters long. I thought I had measured wrong, so I measured three times. This May we measured again: the same flagpole, but the shadow was barely over four meters, huddled beside the flag platform as if playing hide-and-seek. That evening I looked it up and understood: in winter the sun hangs low and slanted, so shadows are long; in summer the sun stands high overhead, so shadows shrink short. A single shadow wrote the secret of the Earth circling the Sun plainly across the playground! Fellow students, the four seasons write us letters every day; we simply rarely open them.

Look how beautiful the letters of the four seasons are. In spring it mails the first swallow to a telephone pole and the first winter jasmine to the foot of a wall; in summer it mails thunderstorms together with rainbows, and fills every tree with the songs of cicadas; in autumn it mails maple leaves as stamps, and arranges the geese flying south into an ellipsis, telling the human world: good days walk slowly; in winter it mails the first snow to the rooftops, frost-flowers to the window glass, and the warmth of a gathering to every home. The four seasons are never unfair — the mailbox of every person is full.

Yet how many of us have opened these letters? On the way home from school we wear

earphones and stare at screens; nobody counts the swallows on the wires, nobody picks up the red maple leaves. Our eyes grow brighter and brighter, but only as bright as a phone screen. What a waste! We clearly live inside an entire park of four seasons.

So today I stand here to found a Four Seasons Squad and invite every one of you to join. Our missions are simple. First, everyone becomes a junior observer: watch one thing change each week — a tree, a cloud, a bird — and record it on an observation card. Second, hold a squad sharing session once a month, pin our discoveries onto the class wall newspaper, and see who first notices spring arriving or autumn arriving. Third, at the end of the term we present our best discoveries to the whole school, so everyone will know: we have received the letters of the four seasons!

Fellow students, the shadow of the flagpole changes every day, and the seasons are waiting for our reply. This term, let us open the letters of the four seasons together, read the secrets inside, and plant the seed of loving life in our hearts. When the seasons finish one full circle, you will say proudly: I did not miss this year! Thank you all!