

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，只是我们很少拆开看。

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!