

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!