

家乡的秋天，是一封香香的信

亲爱的老师们、同学们：大家好！我演讲的题目是《家乡的秋天，是一封香香的信》。

我的家乡在北方一个小小的村庄。每到秋天，风就从田野那边跑过来，还没进村子，先送来了香味。你们闻过秋天的味道吗？我家的秋天，是玉米棒子的香味，是苹果的香味，是奶奶灶台上大锅煮玉米的香味。风穿过玉米地，哗啦哗啦，像大地在翻一本金色的书。

村东头那一大片玉米地，是我家乡秋天最神气的地方。玉米秆站得笔直，像一排排举着火炬的士兵。我跟着爸爸去掰玉米，玉米须扫过手背，痒痒的。掰下来的玉米堆在拖拉机的车斗里，堆成一座金色的小山。拖拉机突突突地开回家，一路唱着歌。我的手心本来就有茧，那天茧上又磨出了两个红点，可是我心里一点儿也不疼，只觉得甜。

村西头是苹果园。果园里的苹果，是一个一个羞红了脸的小娃娃。爷爷的果园里有一棵老苹果树，树皮皱皱的，像爷爷的手。老树结的苹果却最甜，爷爷说，树老了，心更甜。我爬上梯子摘下一个，咬一口，汁水顺着胳膊流下来，凉凉的，甜甜的。果园边上还有一架葡萄，紫葡萄一嘟噜一嘟噜，像挂着的小灯笼。

秋天傍晚，我们全家坐在院子里数收成。玉米一串串挂在屋檐下，苹果一筐筐码在地窖口，爷爷一边数一边笑，说今年的收成比去年多了两成。奶奶把第一筐苹果擦得亮亮的，说要给邻居王奶奶送去一筐。我们家的秋天，从来不是一个人数的。

同学们，我爱家乡的秋天，爱它的田野，爱它的果园，更爱院子里一家人的笑声。家乡的秋天是一封香香的信，它告诉我们：土地不会亏待认真流汗的人。放学后，也请你回家看一看，说不定你的家乡，也给你写了这样一封信呢！我也要把这封香香的信，读给更多人听。

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

Autumn in My Hometown Is a Fragrant Letter

Dear teachers and fellow students: Hello! The title of my speech is Autumn in My Hometown Is a Fragrant Letter.

My hometown is a small village in the north. Every autumn, the wind runs to us from the fields, and before it enters the village it sends the smell first. Have you ever smelled autumn? Autumn in my home smells of corn ears, of apples, and of the big pot on the kitchen stove where my grandma boils corn. When the wind passes through the cornfield, it rustles like the earth turning the pages of a golden book.

The big cornfield at the east end of the village is the proudest sight of autumn here. The corn stalks stand straight, like rows of soldiers holding torches. I followed my father to pick corn ears, and the corn silk brushed the back of my hands, ticklish. The picked corn piled up in the bed of the tractor, a little golden mountain. The tractor rumbled home all the way, singing a song. My palms already had

calluses, and that day two red spots rubbed out on the calluses, yet my heart did not ache at all; it only tasted sweet.

The apple orchard is at the west end. The apples in the orchard are little babies blushing red one by one. In the orchard of my grandpa there is an old apple tree, its bark wrinkled like the hands of my grandpa. The apples of the old tree are the sweetest of all. Grandpa says that when a tree grows old, its heart grows sweeter. I climbed the ladder, picked one, took a bite, and the juice ran down my arm, cool and sweet. Beside the orchard hangs a grape trellis, with purple grapes in clusters, like little lanterns.

On autumn evenings our whole family sits in the yard and counts the harvest. Corn hangs string by string under the eaves, apples are stacked basket by basket at the mouth of the cellar. Grandpa counted and smiled, saying the harvest of this year is two-tenths more than last year. Grandma polished the first basket of apples bright and said she would send one basket to Grandma Wang next door. The autumn of our family has never been counted by one person alone.

Fellow students, I love the autumn of my hometown. I love its fields, I love its orchard, and I love even more the laughter of a family in the yard. The autumn of my hometown is a fragrant letter, and it tells us: the land never cheats those who sweat honestly. After school, please go home and take a look. Maybe your hometown has written you such a letter too. I want to read this fragrant letter to more people.

That is all for my speech. Thank you all!