

山顶上的秋天，挂着红灯笼

亲爱的老师们、同学们：大家好！我演讲的题目是《山顶上的秋天，挂着红灯笼》。我的家乡不是平原，也不是海边，而是一个坐落在半山腰的小村子。那里的秋天，是从山顶上一天一天红下来的。

秋天到了，我们村的梯田就像一层一层金色的台阶。梯田里种的是旱稻和红薯。我跟着姑姑去挖红薯，一锄头下去，翻开红土，一窝红薯挤在一起，像一群胖娃娃抱成一团。我抱着最大的那个往田埂上跑，它沉得像一只小枕头。姑姑笑着说，慢点跑，别摔了咱们的口粮。满山都是笑声，山鸟扑棱棱飞起来，又落回另一片地里。

梯田上头的柿子树，是家乡秋天最亮的地方。叶子还没落完，柿子先红了，一个挨着一个，远远看去，像谁在山顶上挂了一树红灯笼。奶奶在树下支起竹架，把削了皮的柿子一个个挂上去晒。风一吹，柿子们轻轻晃，像在点头。等挂了白霜，就是柿饼了。我偷偷舔一口霜，甜得眯起眼睛。奶奶说，柿子树是村子种了几十年的老树，它养大了一茬又一茬的孩子。

秋天最热闹的是赶集。爸爸把红薯、柿饼和核桃装进背篓，走二十里山路去镇上的集市。我背着最小的背篓跟在后面，走累了就数路边的野菊。集上，一位老奶奶尝了我家的柿饼，一下买了五袋，说这甜味让她想起她小时候的山村。回家的路上，我的腿虽然酸，心里却像装了蜜。

同学们，我爱家乡的秋天。爱它一层一层的梯田，爱它一树一树的红灯笼，更爱背篓里那些沉甸甸的收成和山路上的歌声。山顶上的秋天告诉我：再陡的坡，土地也会认真回答流汗的人。欢迎大家有机会来我们村，我带你们去山顶，看那一树红灯笼！

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

Autumn on the Hilltop Hangs Red Lanterns

Dear teachers and fellow students: Hello! The title of my speech is Autumn on the Hilltop Hangs Red Lanterns. My hometown is not on a plain, and it is not by the sea. It is a small village sitting on the hillside. There, autumn turns red day by day from the top of the mountain.

When autumn comes, the terraced fields of our village look like step after step of golden stairs. The terraces grow dry-field rice and sweet potatoes. I followed my aunt to dig sweet potatoes. One strike of the hoe turned over the red soil, and a nest of sweet potatoes crowded together, like a group of chubby babies hugging one another. I hugged the biggest one and ran toward the field ridge; it was as heavy as a little pillow. My aunt laughed and said, run slowly, do not drop our food. Laughter filled the mountain; mountain birds fluttered up and landed again in another field.

The persimmon trees above the terraces are the brightest place in the autumn of my hometown. The leaves have not all fallen, yet the persimmons turn red first, one beside another. Seen from far away, it is as if someone hung a whole tree of red

lanterns on the hilltop. My grandma set up a bamboo rack under the tree and hung the peeled persimmons one by one to dry. When the wind blows, the persimmons sway gently, as if nodding. When the white frost forms on them, they become dried persimmon cakes. I secretly licked a little frost and squinted with the sweetness. Grandma said the persimmon tree is an old tree the village planted decades ago, and it has raised one generation of children after another.

The busiest part of autumn is the market day. My father packed sweet potatoes, persimmon cakes and walnuts into bamboo baskets and walked twenty li of mountain road to the town market. I carried the smallest basket behind him, and when I was tired I counted the wild chrysanthemums by the road. At the market, an old grandma tasted our persimmon cakes and bought five bags at once, saying the sweetness reminded her of the mountain village of her childhood. On the way home my legs were sore, but my heart felt as if it were filled with honey.

Fellow students, I love the autumn of my hometown. I love its terrace after terrace of golden stairs, I love its tree after tree of red lanterns, and I love even more the heavy harvests in the bamboo baskets and the songs on the mountain road. The autumn on the hilltop tells me: however steep the slope, the land will answer honestly those who sweat. Welcome to our village when you have a chance, and I will take you to the hilltop to see that whole tree of red lanterns!

That is all for my speech. Thank you all!