

稻田里的秋天，是金色的新闻

亲爱的老师、同学们：大家好！今天我演讲的题目是《稻田里的秋天，是金色的新闻》。

我的家乡在江南的一个小镇。城市里的秋天藏在什么地方？也许藏在公园的几片红叶里。可是我们小镇的秋天不一样，它大摇大摆，一下子铺满了整个大地。你们见过一整片稻田成熟的样子吗？九月底，风从南边吹过来，稻子就一齐弯腰，一层金浪从远处滚过来，滚到你脚边，又轻轻碎开。那声音沙沙的，像大地在念一封很长很长的信。我每次站在田埂上听，都觉得这是秋天寄给家乡的最重要的新闻，金色的新闻。

稻田新闻还没念完，果园的新闻又来了。镇子后山有一片橘子园。秋天一到，青橘子一个一个染上颜色，像谁提着灯笼，从山脚一路点上山腰。最沉的果子把枝条压得低低的，低到伸手就能够着。摘橘子的时候要转一下手腕再往上提，啪的一声，橘子就落进手心，凉凉的，重重的，皮一剥开，整个手指都是香的。爷爷总把最大的一筐留到集市上，剩下的分给邻居，我们小孩抱着一小筐，边摘边吃，酸得眯眼睛，还舍不得停。

我最忘不了的是割稻那天。爷爷递给我一把小镰刀，让我学着割一小行。稻秆比我想的韧，我弓着腰割了不到十分钟，腰就酸了，手心也磨红了。可爷爷弯着腰，从早晨割到太阳偏西，背像一张拉满的弓，稳稳的。中午奶奶用新米做饭，我头一回觉得，白米饭是甜的。那甜味我现在都记得——那是秋天把力气藏进米粒里，等我们尝。

同学们，我爱家乡的秋天，不是因为它好看。我爱它，是因为它诚实：土地流了多少汗，它就还多少粮；我爱它，是因为它慷慨：橘子分给邻居，新米煮给全家；我爱它，更是因为它让我明白，我是踩着这片土地长大的孩子，它的四季，也就是我的四季。

所以，我想问问大家：你的家乡秋天长什么样？是稻田，是果园，还是山坡上的野柿子？这个周末，回家去问问爷爷奶奶，去田边走一走，把家乡的秋天看个仔细。然后，像我一样，把它讲出来，大声地、骄傲地讲出来！我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

Autumn in the Rice Fields Is Golden News

Dear teachers and fellow students: good morning! The title of my speech today is Autumn in the Rice Fields Is Golden News.

My hometown is a small town in the south of the Yangtze region. Where is autumn hidden in a city? Perhaps in a few red leaves in a park. But autumn in our town is different: it strides in boldly and spreads over the whole land at once. Have you ever seen a whole rice field ripening? At the end of September, when the wind blows from the south, the rice bends all at once, and a layer of golden waves rolls in from far away, rolls to your feet, and breaks softly. The sound is hush-hush, like the earth reading a very, very long letter. Every time I stand on the field ridge and listen, I feel this is the most important news autumn sends to my hometown — golden

news.

Before the rice-field news finishes, the orchard news arrives. Behind the town there is a hillside of tangerine groves. As soon as autumn comes, the green tangerines take on color one by one, as if someone carried little lanterns and lit them from the foot of the hill up to the slope. The heaviest fruits pull the branches low, so low that a stretched hand can reach them. When picking, you twist the wrist once and lift upward — with a snap the tangerine drops into your palm, cool and heavy, and once the peel opens, all your fingers are fragrant. Grandpa always keeps the biggest basket for the market and shares the rest with the neighbors, while we children hug a small basket, picking and eating as we go, squinting at the sourness, unwilling to stop.

What I forget least is the day of cutting rice. Grandpa handed me a small sickle and let me learn to cut a short row. The rice stems were tougher than I expected; I bent at the waist and cut for less than ten minutes before my back ached and my palms turned red. But Grandpa kept bending, cutting from morning until the sun leaned west, his back like a fully drawn bow, steady all day. At noon Grandma cooked rice from the new harvest, and for the first time I felt that plain white rice is sweet. I still remember that sweetness — it was autumn hiding its strength inside the rice grains, waiting for us to taste.

Fellow students, I love the autumn of my hometown not because it is beautiful. I love it because it is honest: the land gives back exactly as much grain as sweat it was given; I love it because it is generous: tangerines shared with neighbors, new rice cooked for the whole family; and I love it above all because it taught me that I am a child raised on this soil — its four seasons are my four seasons too.

So let me ask everyone: what does the autumn of your hometown look like? Rice fields, an orchard, or wild persimmons on a hillside? This weekend, go home and ask your grandparents, walk along a field ridge, and look at the autumn of your hometown carefully. Then, just like me, tell it out loud — loudly and proudly! That is the end of my speech. Thank you all!

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。

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!

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!