

# 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!