# 银幕上的英雄，陪我们长大

亲爱的老师、同学们：大家好！

今天我想问大家一个问题：你有没有在电影院里，攥紧过拳头？我有。去年寒假，爸爸妈妈带我去看电影《哪吒》。银幕上，那个画着黑眼圈的小哪吒，一出生就被全村人当成妖怪，大家都说他命中注定要闯大祸。可他偏不认命，仰着脖子朝天大喊：我命由我不由天！那一刻，整个影厅的人都屏住了呼吸，我的手心全是汗，拳头攥得紧紧的，好像那句话是我自己喊出来的。

电影散场，灯亮了，我还坐在座位上不肯走。我在想：哪吒手里什么都没有，没有朋友信他，没有师父护他到底，连他自己的身世都是骗他的。他凭什么翻盘？凭的是他不肯把别人说的话当成自己的命。别人说他是什么，他偏要自己活一遍给他们看。

同学们，这就是好电影教给我们的第一课。它不是让我们记住几个热闹的画面，而是把一颗种子放进我们心里。想想我们自己吧：数学考砸一次，就有个声音说你不是学数学的料；跑步落在最后，就有个声音说你天生慢。这些声音，和陈塘关百姓指着哪吒的指指点点，有什么不一样？哪吒隔着银幕看着我们，好像在说：你们也有一场要打的仗呀。

所以，今天我要向全体同学发出三个倡议。第一，每周看一部好电影，和爸爸妈妈一起看，看完说说最喜欢谁、为什么；第二，把电影里最打动你的那句话写下来，贴在书桌前，让它陪你写作业、陪你起床；第三，当你想放弃的时候，学哪吒的样子再试一次——上课没听懂，就举手再问一遍；跳绳总断，就再跳一组。英雄不是不打败仗的人，是打败仗还站着的人。

同学们，银幕会暗，灯会亮，可好电影给我们的力气，可以一直用下去。让我们把哪吒的那股不服输装进书包，明天上学带着它，后天也带着它。让银幕上的英雄，陪我们一起长大！

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

# The Heroes on the Screen Grow Up With Us

Dear teachers, dear classmates: hello everyone!

Today I want to ask you a question: have you ever clenched your fists inside a cinema? I have. Last winter vacation, my parents took me to see the film Ne Zha. On the screen, that little Ne Zha with dark rings around his eyes was treated as a monster by the whole village from the day he was born; everyone said he was fated to bring disaster. But he refused to accept it, tilted his chin up at the sky and shouted: my fate is mine to decide, not heaven's! In that moment the whole hall held its breath; my palms were all sweat and my fists were tight, as if I had shouted those words myself.

When the film ended and the lights came on, I sat there unwilling to leave. I kept thinking: Ne Zha had nothing in his hands. No friend believed in him, no master

protected him to the end, even the story of his birth was a lie told to him. What turned his life around? His refusal to treat other people's words as his destiny. Whatever others said he was, he insisted on living it out once himself and showing them.

Classmates, this is the first lesson a good film teaches us. It is not about remembering a few exciting pictures; it is about planting a seed inside our hearts. Think of ourselves: fail one math test, and a voice says you are no good at math; come last in a race, and a voice says you are born slow. How are those voices different from the villagers of Chentangguan pointing their fingers at Ne Zha? Across the screen he seems to be telling us: you each have a battle of your own to fight.

So today I want to make three proposals to all of you. First, watch one good film every week with your parents, and after it say who you liked best and why. Second, write down the sentence in the film that moved you most, paste it above your desk, and let it keep you company through homework and morning wake-ups. Third, when you feel like giving up, try once more the way Ne Zha did: if you did not follow the lesson, raise your hand and ask again; if your jump rope keeps tripping, jump one more round. A hero is not someone who never loses a battle; a hero is someone still standing after losing one.

Classmates, the screen will go dark and the lights will come up, but the strength a good film gives us can last and last. Let us pack Ne Zha's refusal to yield into our schoolbags, carry it to school tomorrow, and the day after too. Let the heroes on the screen grow up together with us!

That is the end of my speech. Thank you all!

# 好电影是心里的一盏灯

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！我演讲的题目是《好电影是心里的一盏灯》。

先讲一次我的观影经历。三年级暑假，表哥带我去看《南极大冒险》。电影里，八只雪橇犬被主人暂时留在冰原上，说好来接它们，可暴风雪一次次把救援挡在门外。整整一百多天，八只狗天天趴在冰坡上，朝着主人离开的方向望。领头的头犬迈伦每天点名，一只都不许离开。银幕上冰天雪地，影厅里我冻得直哆嗦——不是冷的，是心里揪着：它们为什么不跑开？为什么不放弃等？

后来我找到了答案。迈伦知道，只要狗群还守在一起，主人就一定能找到它们。它们守的不是一个命令，是一个约定。电影最后，救援直升机终于掠过冰原，八只狗同时站起来狂叫，那声音穿过银幕，撞在我胸口上。我从电影院出来，一路没怎么说话，心里却亮堂堂的，像有人点了

一盏灯。

同学们，从那以后我才知道，好电影不只是热闹，它是一盏灯。它照见的都是我们身上缺的东西。迈伦天天点名，让我想起我学钢琴那件事：练到第三年，我嫌苦，偷偷把琴谱塞到床底下，再没打开过。迈伦要是看见我这样，一定会冲我叫吧——说好的事，一只都不许离开，我怎么能自己先离开呢？

所以，我在这里向同学们发出倡议。第一，每学期至少看三部好电影，把最让你心跳加速的那一幕讲给家人听；第二，看完电影找一找：电影里那个人坚持的东西，我身上有没有？没有的话，从今天捡起一件，哪怕只是每天练琴二十分钟；第三，当你想打退堂鼓的时候，学迈伦的样子，回头点一次名，问问自己：当初说好的那个我，还在不在？

同学们，电影会散场，灯会熄灭，可心里那盏灯一旦点亮，就再也吹不灭了。愿我们都能像冰原上的八只雪橇犬那样，守约定，不离开，等到属于自己的那架直升机，从天边飞来！

谢谢大家！

# A Good Film Is a Lamp Inside the Heart

Respected teachers, dear classmates: hello everyone! The title of my speech is A Good Film Is a Lamp Inside the Heart.

Let me begin with a trip to the cinema I will never forget. In the summer of third grade, my cousin took me to see Eight Below. In the film, eight sled dogs are left behind on the ice field for a while; their master promises to come back for them, but storm after storm shuts the rescue out. For more than a hundred days, the eight dogs lie on the ice slope every single day, looking toward the direction their master left. Mullen, the lead dog, calls the roll each day, and not one dog is allowed to leave. Ice and snow fill the screen, and I shivered in my seat, not from cold but from a knot in my chest: why do they not run off? Why do they not give up waiting?

I found the answer later. Mullen knew that as long as the pack stayed together, the master would surely find them. What they guarded was not an order but a promise. At the end of the film, the rescue helicopter finally sweeps across the ice field, and all eight dogs rise at once and bark wildly. That sound broke through the screen and struck my chest. I left the cinema almost speechless, yet something inside me was glowing, as if someone had lit a lamp.

Classmates, only then did I understand that a good film is more than excitement; it is a lamp. It shines on the very things we lack. Mullen's daily roll call reminded me of my piano. When I reached the third year of practice, I found it hard and miserable, and I secretly stuffed the music books under my bed and never opened them

again. If Mullen saw me like that, he would surely bark at me: a promise made, not one dog allowed to leave, so how could I desert my own post first?

So here is my proposal to all of you. First, watch at least three good films each term, and retell to your family the scene that made your heart beat fastest. Second, after each film, look for this: the thing the hero held on to, do I have it in me? If not, pick one thing up starting today, even if it is only twenty minutes of piano a day. Third, when you want to back out, do what Mullen did: turn around, call the roll once, and ask yourself whether the me who made the promise at the beginning is still standing there.

Classmates, films end and cinema lights go out, but once the lamp inside the heart is lit, no wind can blow it out. May we all be like those eight sled dogs on the ice field: keep the promise, never leave, and wait until our own helicopter flies in from the edge of the sky!

Thank you all!

# 把电影里的勇气借回家

老师们、同学们：大家好！今天我演讲的题目是《把电影里的勇气借回家》。

我是一个特别胆小的孩子。上课从不敢举手，被老师点到名字，声音小得像蚊子哼。改变我的，是一次观影经历。去年儿童节，爸爸带我去看《摔跤吧！爸爸》。银幕上，那个叫吉塔的女孩，一开始也被人笑话：女孩子摔跤，像什么样子。可她的爸爸对她说：你的对手不只是那些男孩，是所有看不起你的人。决赛最后五分半，吉塔一个人站在垫子上，全场几万人都在吼，她咬紧牙，一个背摔，把两米高的对手翻了过去！裁判举起她的手，我在座位上跳了起来，掌声拍得手掌都红了。

那天回家的路上，我问爸爸：吉塔胆子那么大，她是不是从来不害怕？爸爸摇摇头说：她也怕，你看她决赛前手也在抖。电影教给我们的，从来不是不害怕，而是害怕着还往前站。

这句话像一把钥匙，咔哒一声，打开了我心里那把锁。原来勇气不是天生的，是可以借的——向银幕借！吉塔手抖着也要出招，我举手时心怦怦跳，又有什么关系？第二个星期，我把手举起来了，虽然举得歪歪扭扭，老师还是点了我。我的声音还是小，可全班都听见了。那一刻我觉得，吉塔在银幕那头朝我点头。

所以，同学们，我要向大家发出倡议。第一，去看一部让你攥拳头的电影，把那个最勇敢的画面记在心里；第二，把电影里的勇气借回家用一次：课堂上举一次手，运动会上报一个项目，或者对欺负人的事大声说不；第三，把这份勇气传下去，讲给好朋友听，约他一起看，一起借，一起变勇敢。一个人借是微光，全班一起借，就是火把！

同学们，银幕上的英雄不会走进我们的教室，可他们身上的光，能穿过每一块银幕，落在我们肩上。让我们都做个会借勇气的人：向吉塔借，向哪吒借，向每一部好电影借。借来的勇气，用一次就长在自己身上了，再也还不回去了！

我的演讲到此结束，谢谢大家！

# Borrow the Courage From the Film Home With You

Teachers, classmates: hello everyone! Today my speech is titled Borrow the Courage From the Film Home With You.

I am an extremely timid child. I never dare raise my hand in class, and when the teacher calls my name my voice comes out no louder than a mosquito's hum. What changed me was one trip to the cinema. Last Children's Day, my father took me to see Dangal. On the screen, a girl named Geeta was mocked at the beginning too: a girl wrestling, what an improper sight. But her father said to her: your opponents are not only those boys, but everyone who looks down on you. In the last five and a half seconds of the final, Geeta stood alone on the mat while tens of thousands roared around her. She set her teeth, executed a back throw, and flipped an opponent taller than her over! The referee raised her arm, and I jumped up in my seat, clapping until my palms turned red.

On the way home that day I asked my father: Geeta is so brave, did she never feel afraid? My father shook his head and said: she was afraid too; look, her hands were trembling before the final too. What a film teaches us was never about not being afraid, but about standing forward while afraid.

That sentence was like a key turning with a click in the lock inside my chest. So courage is not inborn; it can be borrowed, borrowed from the screen! Geeta threw her move with trembling hands, so what does it matter if my heart pounds when I raise my hand? In the second week I lifted my hand, crooked and shaky as it was, and the teacher still called on me. My voice was still small, but the whole class heard it. In that moment I felt Geeta nodding at me from the other side of the screen.

So classmates, here is my proposal to all of you. First, go see a film that makes you clench your fists, and keep its bravest picture in your heart. Second, borrow the courage from the film and use it once at home or at school: raise your hand once in class, sign up for one event at the sports meet, or say a loud no to someone who bullies. Third, pass this courage on: tell it to your best friend, invite him to watch together, borrow together, grow brave together. One borrowed light is a flicker; a whole class borrowing together is a torch!

Classmates, the heroes on the screen will never walk into our classroom, but the light on their shoulders can pass through every screen and land on ours. Let us all be people who know how to borrow courage: borrow from Geeta, borrow from Ne Zha, borrow from every good film. Borrowed courage, used once, grows onto your own body, and it can never be returned!

That ends my speech. Thank you all!