雨夜里，龙猫把伞借给了我

亲爱的老师、同学们：大家好！今天我特别想把我最喜欢的一部电影分享给你们，它叫《龙猫》。

这部电影没有大坏蛋，也没有大打斗，它讲的是两姐妹跟着爸爸搬到乡下，在老房子里遇见了毛茸茸的龙猫。我最喜欢的那个片段，是雨夜的公交车站。天黑了，雨哗哗地下，小月一个人站在站台上等爸爸，冷得直缩脖子。这时候，龙猫悄悄地站到了她旁边，也仰着头看雨。小月把伞借给他，龙猫高兴极了，雨点打在伞面上，发出咚咚的声音，他听得入了迷，咧开大嘴哈哈大笑。那一刻我在沙发上忍不住也笑了，笑着笑着，心里暖暖的，像喝了一杯热可可。

我喜欢的不只是这个片段，还有这部电影教给我的东西。龙猫不会说话，可他会在小月着急的时候，带着姐妹俩坐着陀螺飞上天，去看长成的稻田；会在小梅迷路的时候，让猫巴士满世界去找她。原来最好的朋友不一定要说很多话，他会在你需要的时候，安安静静地站在你旁边，跟你一起抬头看雨。

这部电影还让我想起我的同桌。有一回我忘带水彩笔，急得快哭了，他什么也没说，把自己的笔袋推过来，笔全朝我这边摆好。他就像借伞的龙猫呀！从那以后，我也学着做龙猫：同学忘带橡皮，我掰一半给他；下雨天，我和没带伞的同学共用一把伞，伞面总往他那边歪。

同学们，如果你还没看过《龙猫》，这个周末就让爸爸妈妈陪你看看吧。看完你会发现，温暖是会传染的：龙猫把伞借给小月，小月把温暖留给了乡下，而我们可以把这份温暖留在班里。愿我们班人人都有一把可以借出去的伞，人人都遇见自己的龙猫！

我的分享完了，谢谢大家！

On a Rainy Night, Totoro Lent Me His Umbrella

Dear teachers, dear classmates: hello everyone! Today I really want to share with you my favorite film. It is called My Neighbor Totoro.

This film has no great villain and no big battle. It tells of two sisters who move to the countryside with their father and meet the fluffy Totoro in an old house. My favorite scene is the bus stop on a rainy night. Dark falls, rain pours down, and little Satsuki stands alone on the platform waiting for Father, shrinking her neck against the cold. Just then, Totoro quietly comes to stand beside her, also tilting his head up to watch the rain. Satsuki lends him her umbrella. Totoro is overjoyed. Raindrops drum on the umbrella, and he listens as if enchanted, opening his huge mouth in a roaring laugh. In that moment I could not help laughing on my sofa, and while laughing, my heart turned warm, like drinking a cup of hot cocoa.

What I love is not only that scene, but what the film taught me. Totoro cannot

speak, yet when Satsuki is worried, he carries the sisters up into the sky on a spinning top to see the ripened rice fields; when little Mei gets lost, he has the Catbus search the whole world for her. So the best friend does not have to say much. He stands quietly beside you when you need him, and watches the rain overhead together with you.

This film also reminds me of my deskmate. Once I forgot my watercolor pens and was about to cry from worry. He said nothing, just pushed his pencil case over to me with all the pens facing my side. He is just like the Totoro who lends his umbrella! Since then I have been learning to be a Totoro too: when a classmate forgets his eraser, I break mine in half for him; on rainy days I share one umbrella with a classmate who has none, and the umbrella always tilts toward his side.

Classmates, if you have not seen My Neighbor Totoro yet, ask your parents to watch it with you this weekend. After watching, you will find that warmth spreads: Totoro lent his umbrella to Satsuki, Satsuki left her warmth in the countryside, and we can leave this warmth in our class. May everyone in our class own an umbrella worth lending, and may everyone meet their own Totoro!

That ends my sharing. Thank you all!

请记住我，也请记得勇敢

亲爱的老师、同学们：大家好！我要分享的电影，是我看了三遍还是会哭的一部，它叫《寻梦环游记》。

小男孩米格生在一个禁止音乐的家庭，可他的梦想就是当音乐家。他偷偷溜进亡灵世界，去找传说中的歌神请教祝福。我最喜欢、也最怕的片段，是最后那场演唱会。米格站在歌神身边，本该得到祝福回家，可他忽然发现，歌神就是害死自己曾曾祖父的坏人。米格没有害怕，他扯开嗓子，把一首《请记住我》唱给全场几万人听，也唱给躲在人群里的曾曾祖母听。他唱的不是歌，是一句藏了几十年的话：家人从来没有忘记过你。唱到后面，曾曾祖母终于想起来了，眼泪顺着她脸上的皱纹往下流。我在电视机前也哭得稀里哗啦，纸巾用了一大把。

这部电影给了我两样东西。第一样是勇敢。米格明明怕得要命，还是敢在几万人面前唱出真相。我以前想参加朗诵比赛，又怕念错丢脸，一直不敢报名。看完电影我想：米格连亡灵世界都敢闯，我敢不敢站上讲台，读一首自己选的诗？第二样是家人。米格的曾曾祖母一开始最反对音乐，最后却是她重新唱起这首歌，一家人重新抱在一起。原来梦想和家人不是打架的两头，把爱说出口，它们就会手拉手。

同学们，你们心里是不是也藏着一个小小的梦想？想当宇航员，想当画家，想当厨师？别把它藏得太深。回家把它说出来，就像米格那样，大声唱出来。说不定爸爸妈妈听了，会像你一样

眼睛发亮。

最后我想说：请记住电影里的歌，也请记得勇敢。愿我们班的每一个梦想，都有人记得，也有人陪你去追！

我的分享完了，谢谢大家！

Remember Me, and Remember to Be Brave

Dear teachers, dear classmates: hello everyone! The film I want to share is one I have watched three times and still cry at every time. It is called Coco.

The little boy Miguel is born into a family where music is forbidden, yet his dream is to become a musician. He sneaks into the Land of the Dead to ask the legendary singer de la Cruz for a blessing. My favorite scene, and the one I dread most, is the final concert. Miguel stands beside the great singer, about to receive his blessing and go home, when he suddenly discovers that this singer is the villain who murdered his great-great-grandfather. Miguel does not run. He opens his voice wide and sings Remember Me to tens of thousands in the hall, and also to the great-great-grandmother hiding in the crowd. What he sings is not just a song but a sentence hidden for decades: your family never once forgot you. By the end of the song, she remembers at last, and tears slide down the wrinkles of her face. In front of the television I cried in a mess too, and used a handful of tissues.

This film gave me two things. The first is courage. Miguel was scared to death, yet he still dared to sing out the truth before tens of thousands of people. I once wanted to join the recitation contest but feared mispronouncing a word and losing face, so I never signed up. After the film I thought: Miguel dared to storm the Land of the Dead; do I dare to stand on the stage and read one poem I chose myself? The second thing is family. Miguel's great-great-grandmother opposed music most at first, yet in the end she is the one who sings the song again, and the family embraces once more. So a dream and a family are not two ends fighting each other. Speak the love out loud, and they will hold hands.

Classmates, do you also hide a little dream somewhere inside? Want to be an astronaut, a painter, a chef? Do not bury it too deep. Go home and say it out loud, the way Miguel sang it out. Maybe your parents' eyes will light up when they hear it, just like yours do now.

One last thing: please remember the song in the film, and please remember to be brave. May every dream in our class be remembered by someone, and may someone walk the chasing road with you!

That ends my sharing. Thank you all!

那架飞机，飞过了我的害怕

亲爱的老师、同学们：大家好！今天我要分享的电影叫《挑战飞机》。它讲的不是飞行员，而是一个和我差不多大的小男孩，造飞机的故事。

小男孩住在山脚下，最大的梦想是像鸟儿一样飞。他和小伙伴用木头、布头和旧自行车，在后院造了一架歪歪扭扭的飞机。第一次试飞，飞机从土坡上滑下去，扑通一声栽进草堆，小伙伴吓得转身就跑，第二次、第三次也一样，摔得零件散了一地。可我最喜欢、也是看得最入迷的片段，是最后一次：小男孩把护目镜往脸上一拉，深吸一口气，发动引擎。飞机摇摇晃晃地离地了，翅膀歪着，引擎咳着，可它真的飞起来了，从树梢上面飞过去了！山下的村民全都跑出来，仰着头喊。我在屏幕前屏住呼吸，等飞机落地的那一秒，才发现自己的手心全是汗。

看完这部电影，我在床上翻来覆去地想：小男孩不怕摔吗？他也怕。电影里有一场戏，他站在土坡顶上，腿都在抖，是小伙伴把他的手按在引擎把手上，他才没跑。原来勇敢不是不害怕，是害怕着还把手按下去。

这件事一下子说中了我。去年夏天，爸爸教我骑自行车，我一上车就晃，摔了两次之后再也不肯碰它，一看见那辆车就绕着走。看完电影的那个晚上，我忽然很想去问问那个小男孩：摔了那么多次，你为什么还爬回土坡？想着想着，第二天傍晚，我扶起自行车，让爸爸在后面扶着座垫。第一次还是晃，第二次歪歪扭扭骑了五米，到了第三个星期，我居然能骑一整圈了！风从耳朵边吹过去的时候，我笑得像那架歪飞机。

同学们，我们每个人心里都有一架还没起飞的飞机：也许是游泳，也许是上台唱歌，也许是跟陌生人说第一句话。它停在害怕里，越停越大。可是你只需要像小男孩那样，把护目镜拉下来，把手按上去，试一次。试过一次你就会发现，那架飞机飞过去以后，害怕就变小了。

愿我们班的每一个人，都能听见自己那架飞机的引擎声。我的分享完了，谢谢大家！

That Plane Flew Right Over My Fear

Dear teachers, dear classmates: hello everyone! The film I want to share today is called Challenge the Plane. It is not about a pilot; it is about a boy about my age who builds an airplane.

The boy lives at the foot of a mountain, and his biggest dream is to fly like a bird. He and his friends use wood, scraps of cloth, and an old bicycle to build a crooked airplane in the backyard. On the first test run, the plane slides down the

dirt slope and plops into the haystack; his friends turn and run in fright. The second time and the third time end the same way, parts scattered all over the ground. But my favorite scene, the one that gripped me most, is the last attempt: the boy pulls his goggles down over his face, takes a deep breath, and starts the engine. The plane wobbles off the ground, wings tilted, engine coughing, yet it truly flies. It passes over the tops of the trees! The villagers below the hill all run out, craning their necks and shouting. In front of the screen I held my breath, and only when the plane touched down did I notice my palms were covered in sweat.

After the film I tossed and turned in bed thinking: is the boy not afraid of crashing? He is afraid too. There is a scene where he stands at the top of the slope with trembling legs, and it is his friend who presses his hands onto the engine handle so he does not run. So bravery is not the absence of fear; it is pressing your hands down while afraid.

That struck right at me. Last summer my father taught me to ride a bicycle. I wobbled the moment I got on, fell twice, and refused to touch it again; I even walked around the bike whenever I saw it. The night after the film, I suddenly wanted to ask that boy: you crashed so many times, why did you still climb back onto the slope? Before I knew it, the next evening I lifted the bicycle and let my father hold the saddle from behind. The first try still wobbled; the second wobbled five meters straight; by the third week I could ride a full lap! When the wind blew past my ears, I grinned like that crooked little plane.

Classmates, each of us has a plane inside that has never taken off: maybe swimming, maybe singing on stage, maybe saying the first sentence to a stranger. It sits parked inside fear, and the longer it sits, the bigger it grows. But you only need to do what the boy did: pull the goggles down, press your hands on, and try once. After one try you will find that once the plane flies past, the fear has grown small.

May every one of us in this class hear the engine of our own plane starting up. That ends my sharing. Thank you all!