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!