

国旗下的那排花，等了一整个冬天

敬爱的老师们、亲爱的同学们：早上好！今天我讲话的题目是国旗下的那排花，等了一整个冬天。

上周四早晨，我正好看见校工陈叔叔蹲在花坛边。他一根一根拔出冬天留下的枯黄叶子，又用小木棍轻轻松开花芽周围的土。我问他为什么这么仔细。他说：这些球茎是去年十一月你们亲手种下去的，它们扛过了整个冬天，现在咱们把它们照顾好，它们才能开得好，不辜负大家等了一季的眼睛。陈叔叔还说，去年冬天一个球茎都没冻坏，因为花坛里特意留了一层落叶当被子。

那一刻，我忽然读懂了花坛里的故事。秋天，我们把那些尖尖的小球茎埋进土里；冬天，雪盖着它们，风刮过它们，地面上什么也看不见，可地底下，它们的根一直在悄悄往下伸，一厘米，再一厘米。等到春天来了，它们才攒足力气，把绿芽顶出地面。

学习也是这样。我们班的周浩，这个学期数学练习本已经换到了第三本。第一本上满是红色的订正标记，他没有把它藏起来，而是把每一道错题重新抄进第二本再做一遍。他说，红色的标记不丢人，假装没看见才丢人。现在，他计算的正确率明显提高了。没有人看见他中午留下来做题，可是本子上的每一页都看见了。

同学们，每一朵灿烂的花，背后都有一段安安静静的等待。让我们都做秋天种下去的那种花：在没人看见的日子里，把根往深处再扎一扎，把力气再多攒一点。这个学期，认真写好每一次作业，多读几本好书，遇到难题不轻易放手。等到灿烂开放的那一天，你会感谢现在这个悄悄扎根的自己。国旗下的那排花，正在替我们加油。

我的讲话完了，谢谢大家！

The Flowers Under the Flagpole Waited Through a Whole Winter

Dear teachers and fellow students, good morning! The topic of my speech today is The Flowers Under the Flagpole Waited Through a Whole Winter.

Last Thursday morning, I happened to see Uncle Chen, our school janitor, squatting beside the flower bed. He was pulling out the withered yellow leaves left from winter one by one, and loosening the soil around the flower shoots with a small wooden stick. I asked him why he was so careful. He said: these bulbs were planted into the ground by you students last November, and they have survived a whole winter. Only if we care for them well now will they bloom well, and not let down the eyes that waited a whole season for them. Uncle Chen also said that not a single bulb froze last winter, because a layer of fallen leaves had been left on the bed as a blanket.

At that moment, I suddenly understood the story inside the flower bed. In autumn,

we buried those pointed little bulbs into the soil. In winter, snow covered them and wind swept over them, and nothing was visible above the ground, but underground their roots kept quietly stretching downward, one centimetre, then another. Only when spring arrived did they gather all their strength and push their green shoots up through the soil.

Learning is exactly the same. Zhou Hao from our class has already reached his third maths exercise book this term. The first book was full of red correction marks, but he did not hide it away; he copied every wrong problem into a second book and worked it out again. He said the red marks are nothing to be ashamed of; pretending not to see them is. Now his accuracy in calculation has clearly improved. Nobody saw him stay behind at noon to work out problems, but every page of his notebooks did.

Fellow students, behind every flower that blooms brightly there is a long, quiet period of waiting. Let us all be the kind of flower planted in autumn: in the days when nobody is watching, push our roots a little deeper and gather a little more strength. This term, write every piece of homework carefully, read more good books, and do not let go of hard problems easily. When the day of bright blooming comes, you will thank the present you who is quietly taking root. The row of flowers under the flagpole is cheering for all of us.

Thank you, everyone!