

和季节赛跑的人

敬爱的老师们，亲爱的同学们：早上好！今天我在国旗下讲话的题目是《和季节赛跑的人》。

请大家跟我一起想一想：学校东南角那棵大香樟，今年五岁了。它五年前还是一棵细得像扫帚苗的树苗，是上一届六年级的毕业生亲手种下的。五年，五个春天，它抽了五次芽；五个秋天，它落了五次叶。如今它撑开一树浓荫，夏天我们在树下背书，秋天我们在树下捡樟子。同学们，那棵树从来没有人逼它长，可它一天都没有停止过长。它在跟季节赛跑——赶在夏天之前把叶子撑开，赶在冬天之前把根扎稳。而我们，有多少人和树一样，把每个季节都用来长个儿、长本事？

四季像四条跑道，我们从出生起就在上面跑。春天这条跑道上，小草抢着发芽，燕子抢着北归，农谚说一年之计在于春，抢的不是慌，是趁早；夏天这条跑道上，庄稼疯长，蝉鸣如雷，这是最热的跑道，也是长得最快的跑道；秋天这条跑道上，果实把枝头压弯，稻子把田野染金，它告诉所有奔跑的人：跑过春夏的人，秋天自然有话说；冬天这条跑道上，万物收藏，看似停下，其实麦苗在雪被底下悄悄分蘖，停下只是另一种前进。

我再讲一个坚持的故事。学校护绿小组从成立那年起，认领了那棵香樟，每周三放学后轮流浇水、记观察日记。五年里，小组换了一届又一届，观察日记却记满了十一本。去年冬天大冻，组长六年级的林荫荫怕树苗旁边的冬小麦受冻，连续一周每天放学去给麦畦盖稻草。今年春天检查，那片麦子是全校最齐的。林荫荫在班会上说了一句话，我记到现在：树不会说话，但它记得你浇过的每一桶水。同学们，时间也一样，它不会说话，但它记得你付出的每一天。

所以，站在庄严的国旗下，我向全校同学发出号召：第一，做春天里抢跑的人，开学不拖延，今天的事今天做完；第二，做夏天里肯吃苦的人，最热最累的时候，正是拔节的时候，别停下；第三，做秋天里诚实的人，用真实的进步收获，不抄别人的果子；第四，做冬天里扎根的人，天冷心不冷，把基础打牢。让我们和季节赛跑，像那棵香樟一样，每个季节都认真地长一次。等我们毕业那天，也能像学长学姐一样，在校园种下一句话：我没有辜负这里的每一个季节！

我的讲话完毕，谢谢大家！

The Person Who Races the Seasons

Dear teachers, dear fellow students: good morning! The title of my speech under the national flag today is The Person Who Races the Seasons.

Think with me: the big camphor tree at the southeast corner of our school is five years old this year. Five years ago it was a sapling as thin as a broom twig, planted by the sixth-grade graduates of that year with their own hands. Five years, five springs, it sprouted five times; five autumns, it shed its leaves five times. Now it spreads a dense canopy of shade — in summer we recite lessons under it, in autumn we pick camphor fruits under it. Fellow students, nobody ever forced that tree to grow, yet it never stopped growing for a single day. It is racing the seasons — hurrying to spread its leaves before summer, hurrying to drive its roots firm before winter.

And how many of us, like the tree, spend each season growing taller and stronger?

The four seasons are like four running lanes, and we have been running on them since birth. On the spring lane, grass rushes to sprout and swallows rush northward; the proverb says the plan of a year is made in spring — the rush is not panic but starting early. On the summer lane, crops grow wildly and cicadas roar like thunder; it is the hottest lane and also the fastest-growing one. On the autumn lane, fruit bends the branches and rice dyes the fields gold, telling everyone who has been running: those who ran through spring and summer will have plenty to say in autumn. On the winter lane, all things store away; it looks like stopping, but wheat tillers quietly under the snow quilt — stopping is just another kind of moving forward.

Let me tell one more story of persistence. Since the year the Green Guard club of our school was founded, it adopted that camphor tree: members take turns watering it and keeping observation diaries after school every Wednesday. In five years the club changed year after year, but eleven diaries have been filled. The deep freeze of last winter worried the club leader, Lin Yinyin from Grade 6: afraid the winter wheat beside the sapling would be hurt, she covered the wheat beds with straw every day after school for a whole week. The inspection of this spring found that patch of wheat the most even in the whole campus. At the class meeting Lin Yinyin said one sentence I still remember: a tree cannot speak, but it remembers every bucket of water you gave it. Fellow students, time is the same — it cannot speak, but it remembers every day you gave.

So standing under the solemn national flag, I call on the whole school: first, be the one who jumps the gun in spring — do not dawdle at term start, finish the business of today today; second, be the one willing to bear hardship in summer — when it is hottest and hardest, that is when you are jointing, do not stop; third, be an honest person in autumn — harvest with real progress and never pick fruit from the trees of other people; fourth, be one who drives roots deep in winter — cold weather, warm heart, lay the foundation firm. Let us race the seasons and, like that camphor tree, grow earnestly once in every season. On the day we graduate, we too can plant a sentence on campus the way our seniors did: I did not fail a single season here!

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