

季节不等人，时间不回头

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《季节不等人，时间不回头》。

同学们，你们有没有留意，我们头顶这面红旗，一年里看着校园换了多少次衣服？春天，它看着玉兰开花、我们背上书包；夏天，它看着梧桐撑开大伞、我们挥汗读书；秋天，它看着银杏铺金、我们收获成绩；冬天，它看着我们呵着白气跑步、积蓄力量。一年转一圈，又一圈。可是同学们，季节年年都会回来，我们的童年却一去不回头。六年级的同学，今年站在国旗下，明年这个时候，你们已经坐在中学的教室里了。季节不等人，时间不回头。

四季给了我们最好的比喻：春天是播种的季节，我们每学会一个新词、一道题，都是往土里放一粒种子；夏天是拔节的季节，种子要顶着烈日往上长，学习最苦的时候，正是长个儿长本事的时候；秋天是收获的季节，只有春天播过、夏天熬过的种子，才配在秋天低头致意；冬天是积蓄的季节，表面冷清，根却在土里悄悄扎深。怕就怕春天贪玩不播种，夏天嫌热不浇水，到了秋天，只能眼巴巴看着别人的粮仓。

我想讲一个真实的故事。三年级二班的周然同学，去年体育一千米总不及格。今年春天他开始晨跑，第一天绕操场两圈就喘。冬天最冷的那个月，他照样六点二十到校，呵着白气一圈一圈跑。有人问他图什么，他说：冬天跑下来的，春天就不会怕。上个月复测，他跑进了四分半，全班给他鼓掌。同学们，周然的腿没有魔法，他的秘诀只是把别人缩在被窝里的早晨，一天一天存进了腿里。坚持这件事，季节最公平：你欠春天一步，秋天就欠你一斗。

所以，站在国旗下，我代表全体同学向全校发出号召：第一，珍惜春天，从今天起认真听好每一节课，把种子播结实；第二，不怕夏天，遇到难题不绕道，苦日子的汗就是拔节的力气；第三，迎接秋天，每月给自己定一个小目标，用进步去收获；第四，用好冬天，天冷不赖床，把意志磨得比冰还硬。让我们约定：等明年此时再站在国旗下，每个人都能挺起胸膛说一句——这一年的四个季节，我都没有辜负！

我的讲话完毕，谢谢大家！

The Seasons Do Not Wait, Time Does Not Turn Back

Dear teachers, dear fellow students: good morning! The title of my speech under the national flag today is The Seasons Do Not Wait, Time Does Not Turn Back.

Fellow students, have you noticed how many times this red flag above us has watched our campus change its clothes in a year? In spring it watched the magnolias bloom and us shoulder our schoolbags; in summer it watched the plane trees open their big umbrellas while we read and wrote in sweat; in autumn it watched the ginkgo spread gold and us harvest our grades; in winter it watched us run with white breath, storing up strength. The year turns one circle, then another. But fellow students, the seasons return every year, while our childhood never turns back. The sixth-

graders standing under the flag this year will be sitting in middle school classrooms at this time next year. The seasons do not wait for people; time does not turn back.

The four seasons give us the finest metaphor: spring is the season of sowing — every new word and new problem we learn is a seed placed into the soil; summer is the season of jointing — seeds must grow upward under the scorching sun, and the hardest stretch of study is exactly when we grow tallest in body and ability; autumn is the season of harvest — only seeds that were sown in spring and endured summer may bow their heads in autumn; winter is the season of storing — the surface looks desolate, but the roots are quietly driving deep in the soil. The terrible thing is to play in spring without sowing, to dislike the heat in summer without watering, and then in autumn to stare enviously at the granaries of other people.

Let me tell a true story. Zhou Ran from Class 2, Grade 3, always failed the thousand-meter run last year. This spring he began morning running; on the first day two laps around the playground left him gasping. In the coldest month of winter he still arrived at six twenty, running lap after lap with white breath. Someone asked him what he was aiming for. He said: what you run through in winter, you will not fear in spring. At the retest of last month he finished inside four and a half minutes, and the whole class applauded. Fellow students, the legs of Zhou Ran hold no magic; his secret was simply depositing into his legs, one day at a time, the mornings others spent under their quilts. In persistence the seasons are fairest of all: if you owe spring one step, autumn will owe you a bushel.

So standing under the national flag, on behalf of all students I call on our whole school: first, cherish spring — from today listen to every class earnestly and sow the seeds well; second, do not fear summer — do not dodge hard problems, for the sweat of hard days is the strength of jointing; third, welcome autumn — set yourself a small goal each month and harvest with progress; fourth, use winter well — do not linger in bed on cold mornings, and grind your will harder than ice. Let us make a promise: when we stand under this flag again next year, each of us can say with chest held high — I failed none of the four seasons of this year!

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