# 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!

# 把学期过成一个季节

老师们、同学们：早上好！今天我在国旗下讲话的题目是《把学期过成一个季节》。

同学们，一个学期，其实就是一个小小的季节。九月的开学是春天，新课本散发着油墨香，

一切都是新的，我们心里也播下了一堆愿望：这学期我要把字写好，我要读完十本书，我要学会游泳。十月到十二月是夏天，功课一天比一天重，就像庄稼顶着头顶的太阳往上长，累，但是拔节。一月的期末考试是秋天，土地要清点收成，你播下的愿望，有几个结成了果子？二月寒假是冬天，表面休息，根在攒劲，等着下一个春天。一个学期就是一个季节，六个学期就是童年的一整圈四季。同学们，我们的童年一共只有十二个学期，过掉一个，少一个。

四季最懂得坚持的意思。你们一定听过校园广播站的晨读广播。从一年级起，广播员们每个早晨七点十五分准时开播，风雨停了也不停。三年了，换了三批广播员，话筒前的声音换了一个又一个，可那个时间点从来没变过。上学期，第一批广播员里的宋一鸣学姐毕业前回校，站在广播室门口听了整整一首歌的时间。她说：三年前我紧张得念错字，现在听你们念，就像听见这个学校一直在呼吸。同学们，三年，一千多个早晨，这就是坚持的样子——它不惊天动地，它只是每个早晨都来。

再说说我们身边的书法小组。五年级的马小跳从三年级开始每天练一页字，起初他的作业本被同学笑像螃蟹爬。他不着急，一天一页，写了两年多。今年学校的写字比赛，他的作品挂在了展厅正中间。有人问他秘诀，他指指那一摞练字本：秘密都在纸里摞着呢。季节从不奖励聪明却三天打鱼的人，季节只奖励每天浇一点水的人。

所以，同学们，请允许我向全校发出号召：第一，像春天一样播种，这个月认真定一个学期目标，写在纸上贴到书桌前；第二，像夏天一样生长，每天坚持做一件小事——一页字、十个单词、一首诗，小事天天做，就是了不起；第三，像秋天一样盘点，每个周末问自己一句：这周我的种子长了吗；第四，像冬天一样蓄力，遇到困难不泄气，把根扎深，等下一个春天破土。让我们珍惜每个季节的时光，把每个学期都过成丰收的一季！

我的讲话完毕，谢谢大家！

# Live a School Term Like a Season

Teachers and fellow students: good morning! The title of my speech under the national flag today is Live a School Term Like a Season.

Fellow students, a school term is actually a little season. The September opening is spring: new textbooks smell of ink, everything is new, and we plant a heap of wishes in our hearts — this term I will write my characters well, I will finish ten books, I will learn to swim. October through December is summer: schoolwork grows heavier day by day, like crops pushing upward under the sun overhead — tiring, but jointing. The January final exams are autumn: the land takes inventory of the harvest, and how many of the wishes you sowed have set fruit? The February vacation is winter: on the surface it rests, but the roots gather strength, waiting for the next spring. One term is one season; six terms are one full circle of the four seasons of childhood. Fellow students, our childhood has only twelve terms in total — finish one, and one is gone.

The seasons understand persistence best. You must have heard the morning reading broadcast from our campus radio station. Since Grade 1, the broadcasters have gone on air at seven fifteen every morning sharp, without fail even after storms. Three years on, three batches of broadcasters have rotated through; the voices before the microphone change one after another, but that time point has never changed. Last term, Song Yiming from the first batch of broadcasters came back before graduation and stood at the door of the broadcast room for the length of a whole song. She said: three years ago I was so nervous I misread characters; listening to you now is like hearing this school breathing all along. Fellow students, three years, over a thousand mornings — that is what persistence looks like: it does not shake heaven and earth; it simply shows up every morning.

Now about our calligraphy club nearby. Ma Xiaotiao from Grade 5 has practiced one page of handwriting every day since Grade 3; at first classmates laughed that his exercise book looked like crabs had crawled over it. He did not rush — one page a day, for over two years. This year his work hangs in the center of the school writing competition hall. Asked for his secret, he pointed at the stack of practice books: the secret is stacked up in the paper. The seasons never reward clever people who fish for three days and dry their nets for two; they only reward people who water a little every day.

So fellow students, allow me to call on the whole school: first, sow like spring — this month set one serious term goal, write it on paper and paste it before your desk; second, grow like summer — persist in one small thing daily: one page of handwriting, ten words, one poem; do a small thing every day and it becomes something great; third, take inventory like autumn — ask yourself one question each weekend: did my seed grow this week; fourth, store strength like winter — do not lose heart in difficulty, drive your roots deep, and wait to break soil next spring. Let us cherish the time of every season and live every term as a harvest season!

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

# 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，那片麦子是全校园最齐的。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!