

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：秘密都在纸里擦着呢。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!