手上有泥，心里有光

亲爱的老师、同学们：大家好！我是五一班的王小满。我演讲的题目是《手上有泥，心里有光》。

我家老屋后面有一片菜园，是爷爷侍弄了三十多年的地方。今年四月，爷爷给我分了半垄地，说：这半垄归你，从种到收，你自己管。

我先种的是丝瓜。爷爷劈了几根竹竿，教我搭人字架。竹竿沉，我扶这根，那根就倒，急得满头汗。爷爷过来按住竹竿说：别慌，先绑稳一根，再搭第二根。我们俩用草绳一圈一圈地绑，绑了六个结，架子才立住。我把丝瓜苗系在架子脚下，心里想，这么细的苗，能爬那么高吗？

五月，菜青虫来了，把丝瓜叶啃出一个个洞。我蹲在地里一只一只捉，捉到手心发痒。爷爷教我做一个辣椒水，兑上水往叶子上喷，说虫嫌辣，就不来了，这样不用打药，虫子也少受罪。那几天我天天早晚各喷一遍，像照顾病人一样守着那几片叶子。

六月，丝瓜真的爬上了架顶，黄花一朵接一朵开。第一根丝瓜长出来的时候，有我的小腿那么长，弯着，挂在架子底下晃。我摘下来抱着跑回家，路上怕它磕着，两只手换了三回。爷爷让我送到隔壁张奶奶家，张奶奶接过去，捏了捏，说：这瓜是甜的，种瓜的孩子手上有力气。

那天晚上我想了很久。一根丝瓜，从一粒种子到张奶奶手里的瓜，中间是搭架、捉虫、浇水、等待。原来桌上每一道菜，都是这样来的；原来爷爷三十多年，天天都在做这么了不起的事。劳动不土气，劳动是把种子变成饭的本事。

同学们，我们都能学会这个本事。我代表全班向全校发出倡议：学校后面的种植角，我们报名认领；家里的阳台，我们种一盆葱、一盆蒜；每周至少一次，帮爷爷奶奶或爸爸妈妈干一园地里的活、家务里的活。手上有泥不要紧，那是劳动的记号；心里有光，那是劳动给的底气。

等秋天，我们带着自己种的菜再聚一次，比一比谁的瓜大、谁的萝卜长。到那时我们都会明白：劳动最光荣，这句话不是喊出来的，是种出来的。谢谢大家！

Mud on the Hands, Light in the Heart

Dear teachers and fellow students: hello! I am Wang Xiaoman from Class 1, Grade 5. The title of my speech is: Mud on the Hands, Light in the Heart.

Behind my family old house there is a vegetable garden, tended by my grandpa for more than thirty years. This April, my grandpa gave me half a row of land and said: this half row belongs to you; from planting to harvest, you manage it yourself.

I planted luffa first. My grandpa split several bamboo poles and taught me to build an A-shaped trellis. The poles were heavy; when I held up this one, that one fell over, and I was covered in sweat. My grandpa came over and pressed the pole down, saying: do not panic, fasten one pole firmly first, then raise the second. We tied them round and round with straw rope, six knots in all, before the frame stood

straight. I tied the luffa seedling at the foot of the trellis, wondering: can such a thin seedling climb that high?

In May, the cabbage worms came and gnawed holes in the luffa leaves. I squatted in the field and caught them one by one until my palms itched. My grandpa taught me to make chili water, mix it with water and spray it on the leaves. He said worms dislike the spice and will stay away, so no pesticide is needed and the worms suffer less too. For days I sprayed once in the morning and once in the evening, watching over those leaves the way one watches over a sick person.

In June, the luffa really climbed to the top of the trellis, and yellow flowers opened one after another. When the first luffa appeared, it was as long as my lower leg, curved, hanging and swaying under the frame. I picked it and carried it home, afraid it would get bruised, switching it between my hands three times on the way. My grandpa told me to take it to Grandma Zhang next door. She took it, squeezed it gently, and said: this gourd is sweet; the child who grew it has strength in the hands.

I thought about that for a long time that evening. One luffa, from a single seed to the gourd in Grandma Zhang hands, passes through building the trellis, catching worms, watering, and waiting. So every dish on the table arrives this way; so my grandpa has been doing this remarkable thing every day for over thirty years. Labor is not rustic; labor is the power that turns seeds into meals.

Fellow students, we can all learn this power. On behalf of my class, I propose to the whole school: let us sign up to take charge of the planting corner behind the school; on our balconies at home, let us grow a pot of scallions or garlic; at least once a week, let us help our grandparents or our parents with garden work or housework. Mud on the hands does not matter; it is the mark of labor. Light in the heart is the confidence labor gives us.

When autumn comes, let us gather again with the vegetables we grew ourselves, and compare whose gourd is bigger and whose radish is longer. By then we will all understand: labor is the most glorious thing, and this saying is not shouted out loud; it is grown in the soil. Thank you, everyone!