爷爷菜园里的光荣

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！我是五年级三班的李小雨。今天我演讲的题目是《劳动最光荣》。

上周末，我站在爷爷家门前的菜园里，手里握着一把小锄头，鞋上沾着泥。今天站在国旗下，我想跟大家说说那座菜园教会我的事。

五一假栽红薯苗那天，早上太阳就已经很晒。爷爷抱着一捆红薯秧走到地里，秧苗像铅笔一样粗，紫绿色，梢头带一点红。爷爷挥锄头挖坑，我跟在后面把秧苗放进去。他教我：秧苗斜着埋进土里三分之二，只让梢头露出地面，它就能扎根。我学着他的样子填土、压实，再提着小桶浇水。半天下来，我的手掌磨出了一条细细的水泡。爷爷看了看我的手说：娃，磨出茧子的手，最体面。

从那以后，我每天早上上学前给菜苗浇一次水，放学后再去拔草。有一次我错把一棵红薯苗当草拔了，急得差点哭出来。爷爷没有骂我，只是蹲下去重新栽好，拍拍土说：苗跟人一样，扎根要时间，你不放弃它就行。

初冬的时候，爷爷掀起秧藤，用锄头一挖，红薯一串一串从土里翻出来，有的胳膊那么粗，有的手指那么细，红紫色的皮上还带着湿土。我坐在田埂上数，那一垄收了三十六个。爷爷擦着汗冲我笑：这就是咱们的手种出来的。

晚上，厨房里全是烤红薯的香味。妈妈说，今年的红薯格外甜。我咬了一大口，真的甜。我知道为什么甜——因为我们的手天天摸过泥土，因为落在田埂上的汗没有白流。

同学们，劳动的光荣并不远，它就在我们的手里。让我们每天都做一件小小的劳动：把课桌擦干净，自己洗袜子，给家里的花浇水，吃完饭帮忙收碗。手动起来，日子就不会懒；每个人的手动起来，我们的教室、我们的家、我们的学校，就会越来越好。

爷爷的菜园不大，却教会了我最了不起的道理——劳动最光荣。让我们一起向爷爷学习，做动手的孩子，把劳动的光荣印在自己的童年里！谢谢大家！

The Glory in the Vegetable Garden of My Grandpa

Dear teachers and fellow students, hello! I am Li Xiaoyu from Class 3, Grade 5. The topic of my speech today is: Labor Is the Most Glorious.

Last weekend, I stood in the vegetable garden in front of my grandpa house, a small hoe in my hand, mud on my shoes. Today, standing under the flagpole, I want to tell you what that garden taught me.

On the day we planted sweet potato seedlings during the May Day holiday, the sun was already strong in the morning. My grandpa carried a bundle of sweet potato vines

into the field. The vines were as thick as pencils, purple-green, with a touch of red at the tips. He swung the hoe to dig holes, and I followed behind, dropping the seedlings into them. He taught me to bury two thirds of a seedling sideways in the soil and let only the tip peek out, and it would take root. I copied him: fill the soil, press it firm, then carry a small bucket of water. By the end of half a day, a thin line of blisters rose on my palm. My grandpa looked at my hand and said: child, hands with calluses are the most honorable hands.

From then on, I watered the seedlings once before school in the morning and pulled weeds after school. One time I pulled out a sweet potato seedling by mistake, thinking it was a weed, and I was so worried I almost cried. My grandpa did not scold me. He knelt down, planted it back, patted the soil and said: a seedling, like a person, needs time to take root; it is fine as long as you do not give up on it.

In early winter, my grandpa lifted the vines and dug with the hoe, and sweet potatoes came out of the soil in strings, some as thick as an arm, some as thin as a finger, wet earth still on their red-purple skin. I sat on the ridge and counted: that one row gave us thirty-six. My grandpa wiped his sweat and smiled at me: these were grown by our hands.

That night, the kitchen was full of the smell of baked sweet potatoes. My mother said the sweet potatoes of this year taste especially sweet. I took a big bite, and it was sweet. I know why: because our hands touched the soil day after day, and the sweat that fell on the ridges was not wasted.

Fellow students, the glory of labor is not far away; it is right in our hands. Let us do one small labor each day: wipe our desks clean, wash our own socks, water the flowers at home, help clear the bowls after meals. Hands that move keep days from growing lazy; when everyone moves their hands, our classroom, our homes and our school will grow better and better.

The vegetable garden of my grandpa is small, but it taught me the greatest truth: labor is the most glorious thing. Let us all learn from him and become children who move their hands, and mark our childhood with the glory of labor. Thank you, everyone!

锄头与奖状

老师们、同学们：大家好！我是六二班的陈昊。今天要讲的，是我的同桌周石头，和他爷爷的那片菜园。

放暑假前，周石头被送到乡下爷爷家。他爷爷的菜园在村后，两亩不到，种着白菜、萝卜、丝瓜和辣椒。石头在电话里跟我们说，他每天五点半就被爷爷叫起来，任务是拔草。他一开始嫌累，拔一会儿就坐到树荫底下。爷爷不催他，自己弯着背，从这头拔到那头，一垄拔完再拔下一垄。

后来石头自己发现了门道：草要连根拔，不然第二天又站起来；早上带露水拔草，土软，根容易出来。他蹲在地里，一垄一垄往前挪，拔满一垄就站起来直直腰。到七月底，他一个人能拔两垄，爷爷挑水也让他搭手，他用小桶，爷爷用大桶，一前一后走在田埂上，水洒出来一半，他也不心疼，回去再挑一遭。

八月底石头回城，我们差点认不出他：脸黑了，胳膊上有了一道晒出来的印子，手心硬硬的。他把一袋子花生和一把干辣椒带到学校，说是他和爷爷一起收的。班会课上，老师请他讲讲暑假。石头站在讲台上说：我以前觉得，饭是锅里长出来的，钱是手机里出来的。在菜园里我才知道，一颗白菜从栽到端上桌，要浇水、捉虫、拔草，要六十多天。爷爷的手上有茧，我的手上也磨出了茧。那个茧，比奖状还让我高兴。

他说完，从口袋里掏出一张皱巴巴的纸，是他爷爷菜园里的记账单：哪天栽的苗，哪天浇的粪，哪天下的雨。他说：爷爷不识字，账记得比谁都清楚，因为每一笔都是汗。

同学们，这就是劳动的样子。它不出声，不喊累，只是每天做一点。今天，我们全班向大家倡议：从明天起，每人每天做一件劳动的小事，自己整理书包，帮家里扫地，照顾一盆植物，坚持二十一天。二十一天以后，我们比一比，谁的手上也有了看不见的茧。

让锄头教我们踏实，让菜园教我们感恩。劳动本身，就是发给每个人的奖状。谢谢大家！

The Hoe and the Certificate

Dear teachers and fellow students: hello! I am Chen Hao from Class 2, Grade 6. Today I want to talk about my deskmate Zhou Shitou and the vegetable garden of his grandpa.

Before the summer vacation, Shitou was sent to the countryside, to his grandpa house. His grandpa garden lies behind the village, less than two mu, planted with cabbage, radish, luffa and chili peppers. Shitou told us on the phone that his grandpa woke him at half past five every morning, and his job was pulling weeds. At first he complained it was tiring and sat under the shade of a tree after a while. His grandpa did not rush him, just kept his back bent, pulling weeds from one end to the other, one row after another.

Later Shitou figured out the trick himself: a weed must be pulled out by the root, or it will stand up again the next day; pulling weeds in the morning dew is easier, because the soil is soft and the roots come out whole. He squatted in the field and moved forward row by row, standing up to straighten his back after each

row. By the end of July he could pull two rows alone. When his grandpa carried water, he helped too: he used a small bucket, his grandpa a big one, walking one behind the other along the ridge. Half the water spilled out, and he did not mind; he just went back for another trip.

When Shitou came back to the city at the end of August, we almost did not recognize him: his face was dark, there was a sun line on his arm, and his palms had gone hard. He brought a bag of peanuts and a handful of dried chili peppers to school, saying he and his grandpa had harvested them together. In the class meeting, the teacher asked him to talk about his summer. Standing at the podium, Shitou said: I used to think rice grew inside the pot and money came out of a phone. In that garden I learned that one cabbage, from seedling to dinner table, needs watering, catching insects, pulling weeds, and more than sixty days. My grandpa has calluses on his hands, and now I have one too. That callus makes me happier than any certificate.

After saying this, he took a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket. It was the work record of his grandpa garden: which day the seedlings were planted, which day the fertilizer was carried, which day the rain fell. He said: my grandpa cannot read or write, but he keeps the record clearer than anyone, because every line is sweat.

Fellow students, this is what labor looks like. It makes no noise, never complains, and simply does a little every day. Today, our whole class proposes to everyone: starting tomorrow, each of us does one small labor every day, packing our own schoolbag, sweeping the floor at home, taking care of one plant, and keeping it up for twenty-one days. After twenty-one days, let us see whose hands have also grown a callus that cannot be seen.

Let the hoe teach us to be steady, and let the garden teach us to be grateful. Labor itself is the certificate handed to every person. Thank you, everyone!

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!