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!