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!