天没亮，爷爷就去挑水

老师们、同学们：早上好！我今天讲话的题目是《天没亮，爷爷就去挑水》。

去年夏天，雨水少，菜园的土裂了口子。爷爷决定挑水浇园。村子离河湾有一里多路，他每天天不亮就出门。

有一天夜里我起来喝水，听见院子里有动静。我趴在窗台上看：月光里，爷爷往两只木桶里灌水，把扁担搁上肩，弯着腰退了两步，才把担子稳住。他出门的吱呀声，和扁担一路的吱呀声，在村子里走了很远。

天亮后我去菜园，看见爷爷已经把三垄地浇完了。他的背心湿透，贴在背上，肩头有两道红印。他坐在田埂上歇着，拿起搪瓷缸子灌水，冲我笑：地喝饱了，苗才喝得着。那天我才知道，我们每天吃的菜，是这样一担一担喂大的。

后来我留意身边，发现好多人都像爷爷一样，天没亮就开始干活。校门口扫街的叔叔，五点半就把路扫干净了；食堂的阿姨，我们的包子在她们手里醒了一夜；公交车司机，头班车还没发，他已经在车库里检查轮子。他们的话不多，手上的活一样不少。劳动最动人的样子，原来就是不出声。

劳动还教会我们担当。爷爷说过：地不哄人，你对它下多少功夫，它就还你多少收成。学习也是一样，会的每一道题、背会的每一篇课文，都是自己的功夫换来的。自己的事自己做，家里的事搭把手，这就是一个孩子对家的担当。

同学们，在此我向全校倡议三件事：第一，向身边的劳动者致敬，明天见到环卫工、食堂阿姨、保安叔叔，说一句辛苦了；第二，从今天起，每人固定一件家务，坚持一学期；第三，珍惜粮食，每一餐尽量光盘，因为盘子里是一担一担的水、一天一天的汗。

国旗在头顶飘着，先人们用双手建起了这个国家，今天的劳动者用双手守着它。愿我们都能记住那根吱呀作响的扁担，在劳动中成长，做一个肯出力、懂感恩的人。谢谢大家！

Before Daybreak, Grandpa Went to Carry Water

Dear teachers and fellow students: good morning! The title of my talk today is: Before Daybreak, Grandpa Went to Carry Water.

Last summer there was little rain, and the soil in the vegetable garden cracked open. My grandpa decided to carry water to the garden. The river bend was more than a li from the village, and he set out before daybreak every day.

One night I got up to drink water and heard movement in the courtyard. I lay on the windowsill and watched: in the moonlight, my grandpa filled two wooden buckets, rested the carrying pole on his shoulder, bent his back and stepped back twice before the load was steady. The creak of the gate as he left, and the creak of the pole all the way, traveled far through the village.

When day broke, I went to the garden and saw that he had already watered three rows. His vest was soaked through and stuck to his back, with two red marks on his shoulders. He sat resting on the ridge, lifted his enamel mug to drink, and smiled at me: once the field has drunk its fill, the seedlings can drink too. That day I finally understood that the vegetables we eat every day were fed to us bucket by bucket.

After that, I began to notice the people around me, and I found many of them like my grandpa, starting work before daybreak. The uncle who sweeps the street by the school gate has the road clean by half past five; the aunties in the cafeteria let our steamed buns rise in their hands all night; the bus driver checks the wheels in the garage before the first bus departs. They say little, yet not one job goes undone. The most moving face of labor, I realized, is its silence.

Labor also teaches us responsibility. My grandpa used to say: the land never cheats people; whatever effort you give it, it returns to you. Learning is the same way. Every problem you can solve, every text you have memorized, is earned by your own effort. Do your own things yourself, lend a hand with the things of the home; that is the share of responsibility a child can carry.

Fellow students, I hereby propose three things to the whole school. First, salute the laborers around us: tomorrow, when you meet a sanitation worker, a cafeteria auntie, or a guard, say thank you for your hard work. Second, starting today, each person takes on one fixed household chore and keeps it up for a whole term. Third, cherish food and clean your plate at every meal, because on that plate sit bucket after bucket of water and day after day of sweat.

The national flag flies above our heads. Our forebears built this country with their hands, and the workers of today guard it with theirs. May we all remember that creaking carrying pole, grow through labor, and become people willing to give their strength and grateful for others. Thank you, everyone!