菜园里的那堂课

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：早上好！今天，我在国旗下演讲的题目是《菜园里的那堂课》。

每周一清晨，我们站在旗杆下，看着五星红旗缓缓升起。今天，我想讲一堂发生在小菜园里的课。

今年清明，爷爷递给我一包生菜种子，让我来种。种子比芝麻还小，浅褐色，我怕吹跑，捧着袋子屏住气。爷爷教我用锄头尖划一条浅沟，把种子一粒粒坐进沟里，再盖上一层细土，像给娃娃盖被子。我蹲在地里，连呼吸都不敢用力。

几天后苗出来了，密密一片，挤得像在排队。爷爷让我间苗，把弱小的拔掉。我下不去手，手停在半空。爷爷说：苗挤在一起，谁都长不好；留下壮的，才是疼它们。我捏着苗根拔，心里替每一棵都舍不得。

从那以后，我每天浇水、拔草，看生菜一瓣一瓣长大。四月末，我收下第一筐，菜叶嫩得能照见光。晚饭桌上，生菜又甜又脆。妈妈说，这是世界上最好吃的生菜。我咬着一大口就明白了：劳动的味道，就是收获的味道。

菜园教给我两件事。一件是万物有时——种子不着急，我们也不着急，把每天该做的做好，收获自己会来。另一件是感恩——桌上每一粒米、每一片菜叶，都来自别人弯过的背、流过的汗。懂得东西从哪里来，才懂得珍惜和感谢。

同学们，劳动是最大的一课，感恩是心里最亮的一盏灯。在此，我代表全班向全校倡议：爱护校园里的花草树木，不踩花坛，不摘花朵；在家里做一件力所能及的事，洗自己的碗，整理自己的房间；遇到食堂的阿姨、保洁的叔叔、门口的保安，给他们一个真诚的谢谢。

让我们在劳动中成长，把感恩装进心里，让它陪我们走好每一步。我的演讲完毕，谢谢大家！

The Lesson in the Vegetable Garden

Dear teachers and fellow students: good morning! Today, under the flag, the title of my speech is: The Lesson in the Vegetable Garden.

Every Monday morning, we stand beneath the flagpole and watch the five-star red flag rise slowly. Today, I want to tell you about a lesson that took place in a small vegetable garden.

At Qingming this year, my grandpa handed me a packet of lettuce seeds and let me plant them. The seeds were smaller than sesame, light brown, and I was afraid the wind would blow them away, so I cupped the packet and held my breath. My grandpa taught me to scratch a shallow furrow with the tip of a hoe, seat the seeds in it one by one, and cover them with a thin layer of fine soil, like tucking a blanket around

a baby. I squatted in the field, too careful to breathe hard.

A few days later the seedlings came up, dense and crowded, lined up like a queue. My grandpa asked me to thin them, pulling out the weak ones. My hand froze in midair; I could not bear it. My grandpa said: seedlings crowded together, none of them grows well; keeping the strong ones is the way to care for them. I pinched the roots and pulled, feeling sorry for every single one.

From then on, I watered and pulled weeds every day, watching the lettuce open leaf by leaf. At the end of April, I harvested the first basket, the leaves so tender they seemed to hold the light. At dinner, the lettuce was sweet and crisp. My mother said this was the best lettuce in the world. One big bite and I understood: the taste of labor is the taste of harvest.

The garden taught me two things. One is that all things have their time; seeds are not in a hurry, and neither should we be. Do the daily work well, and the harvest will come on its own. The other is gratitude. Every grain of rice and every leaf on our table comes from someone else bent back and sweat-soaked shoulders. Only when we know where things come from can we cherish them and give thanks.

Fellow students, labor is the greatest lesson, and gratitude is the brightest lamp in the heart. On behalf of my class, I propose to the whole school: care for the flowers and trees on campus, do not step on flower beds or pick blossoms; at home, do one thing within your power, wash your own dishes, tidy your own room; when you meet the auntie in the cafeteria, the cleaner, or the guard at the gate, give them a sincere thank-you.

Let us grow through labor, keep gratitude in our hearts, and let it walk with us every step of the way. That concludes my speech. Thank you, everyone!

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!

一张沾泥的照片

老师们、同学们：早上好！我讲话的题目是《一张沾泥的照片》。

请看我们六二班教室后墙上的那张合影：三十几个人挤在菜地边，一个个手上带着泥，中间举着几根洗干净的白萝卜，笑得眼睛都眯了。照片上还有几个泥点，谁也没擦。今天，我就讲讲这张照片是怎么来的。

九月，学校把操场边的种植园分给各班，我们六二班领了东头那一畦。周老师拿来一袋萝卜种子，问谁敢接手。全班的手唰地举起来。那天下午，男生轮流抡小锄头翻地，土块砸在鞋面上也不喊疼；女生把土坷垃一块块捏碎，地整得平平的。种子埋下去以后，班里排了值日表，早中晚各一次浇水，风雨无阻。

十月里，萝卜叶子疯长，根却不见粗。周老师带我们去请教学校花房的孙师傅。孙师傅蹲下一看，说：叶子长得欢，是水浇多了肥少了，根光顾着长叶子，忘了往下扎。我们照着改了，少浇水，把周老师从家里沤来的肥液埋进土里。半个月后拔出一棵看，萝卜有手指长了，全班围着欢呼。

十一月末，那一畦萝卜收了六十七根，最大的有胳膊粗。我们把它们洗得白白净净，送到学

校食堂。晚饭时，餐桌上出现了萝卜炖排骨。那天食堂的窗口前排着长队，好多同学说，这萝卜格外甜。我们班的同学互相看一眼，都笑了——那甜里，有我们两个多月的浇水和等待。

照片就是收萝卜那天拍的。周老师说，泥点别擦，那是奖章。我想，这张照片还告诉我们两件事：其一，粮食和菜不是货架上长出来的，是一畦一畦种出来的，所以每一口都该被珍惜；其二，世上没有白流的汗，萝卜记得每一瓢水，我们也该记得帮过我们的孙师傅、周老师，记得食堂里忙碌的阿姨。

同学们，学校还有一百多盆绿植没有主人，花坛里还有空着的一角。我代表六二班向全校倡议：各班认领一棵树、一丛花，做它们的值日生；每人每天做一件家务，向父母道一声辛苦；一日三餐珍惜粮食，把光盘当成最神气的样子。

让我们都拍一张沾泥的照片，把劳动和感恩留在小学的时光里。我的讲话完毕，谢谢大家！

A Photo Stained with Mud

Dear teachers and fellow students: good morning! The title of my talk is: A Photo Stained with Mud.

Please look at the group photo on the back wall of our Class 2, Grade 6: more than thirty of us crowded beside the vegetable plot, mud on our hands, holding up a few washed white radishes in the middle, smiling so hard our eyes squinted shut. There are still mud spots on the photo, and nobody wiped them off. Today, I will tell you how that photo came to be.

In September, the school divided the planting garden beside the playground among the classes, and our class took the plot at the east end. Teacher Zhou brought a bag of radish seeds and asked who dared to take it on. Every hand in the class shot up. That afternoon, the boys took turns swinging small hoes to dig the ground; lumps of dirt fell on their shoes and nobody cried out. The girls crumbled every clod one by one until the bed lay flat. After the seeds went in, the class made a duty roster: water once in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, rain or shine.

In October, the radish leaves grew wildly, but the roots stayed thin. Teacher Zhou took us to ask Master Sun, who tends the school greenhouse. He crouched down, took one look, and said: the leaves are having a party because there is too much water and too little fertilizer; the roots are busy with the leaves and forgot to dig downward. We changed our ways accordingly, watered less, and buried the fertilizer liquid Teacher Zhou composted at home into the soil. Half a month later, we pulled one up to look, and the radish was as long as a finger. The whole class gathered around and cheered.

At the end of November, that plot gave us sixty-seven radishes, the thickest as

wide as an arm. We washed them snow-white and delivered them to the school cafeteria. At dinner, braised pork ribs with radish appeared on the menu. The line at that window stretched long that evening, and many classmates said the radish was especially sweet. The students of our class glanced at one another and smiled. The sweetness held more than two months of our watering and waiting.

The photo was taken on harvest day. Teacher Zhou said: leave the mud spots, they are medals. I think this photo tells us two things as well. First, grain and vegetables do not grow on supermarket shelves; they are grown plot by plot, so every bite deserves to be cherished. Second, no sweat is ever wasted. The radish remembers every ladle of water, and we should remember Master Sun who helped us, Teacher Zhou, and the aunties busy in the cafeteria.

Fellow students, the school still has more than a hundred potted plants without an owner, and there is an empty corner left in the flower bed. On behalf of Class 2, Grade 6, I propose to the whole school: let each class adopt a tree or a cluster of flowers and become their duty keeper; let each person do one household chore a day and thank our parents for their hard work; let us cherish the food in our three daily meals and treat a clean plate as the proudest look of all.

Let each of us take a photo stained with mud, and keep labor and gratitude inside our primary school years. That concludes my talk. Thank you, everyone!