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!