# 我爱爷爷的小菜园

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！我是三年级二班的赵小满。我演讲的题目是《我爱爷爷的小菜园》。

要说我心里最好玩的地方，不是游乐场，也不是书店，是爷爷屋后的小菜园。那里只有半亩地，可在我眼里，它比公园还大。

菜园里有四季的颜色。春天，韭菜从土里钻出来，一丛一丛，绿得像刚洗过。夏天最热闹，西红柿架上一盏一盏挂着小红灯笼，黄瓜花黄灿灿的，蜜蜂嗡嗡地住在里面。秋天，辣椒红了一串，茄子紫得发亮。冬天土地歇着，麦苗铺一层青，等雪来盖被子。

菜园里最好玩的事，是和爷爷一起干活。爷爷锄地，我负责捡草根，一上午能捡一小堆。爷爷搭西红柿架，我在旁边递绳子、咬绳子，牙齿咬得酸酸的。最开心的是摘黄瓜。爷爷说，带花的黄瓜最嫩，顶上的小刺扎手，洗一洗就能吃。我站在架底下挑，挑中一根就举过头顶喊：爷爷你看！爷爷抬头笑，脸上的皱纹挤在一起，像晒干的核桃壳。

捉虫我也干。菜叶上有菜青虫，绿绿的，趴在叶子背面装死。我把虫子捉到墙根，手有点痒，心里有点怕，可我还是捉了一下午。爷爷说，菜园里的虫子归我管，我就是菜园的卫士。从那以后，我进菜园腰杆都挺得直直的。

你们问我为什么爱小菜园。我说过，那里的黄瓜是甜的，西红柿沙瓤，咬一口太阳的味道。可我觉得，真正让我爱的，是爷爷弯腰的样子，是爷爷递给我黄瓜时手心的温度，是每一棵苗都记得我的脚步。菜园不大，装得下我所有的快乐。

同学们，如果你也有这样一块地、一位爷爷，记得常回去看看。我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

# I Love the Little Vegetable Garden of My Grandpa

Dear teachers and fellow students: hello! I am Zhao Xiaoman from Class 2, Grade 3. The title of my speech is: I Love the Little Vegetable Garden of My Grandpa.

If you ask me where the most wonderful place in my heart is, it is not the amusement park, not the bookshop, but the little vegetable garden behind my grandpa house. It covers only half a mu, yet in my eyes it is bigger than any park.

The garden has colors for all four seasons. In spring, chives push out of the soil, clump by clump, green as if just washed. Summer is the liveliest season: on the tomato trellis hang little red lanterns one by one, the cucumber flowers shine yellow, and bees hum inside them. In autumn, chili peppers turn red in strings, and eggplants shine purple. In winter the field rests, wheat seedlings spread a layer of green, waiting for snow to tuck in their quilt.

The best thing in the garden is working alongside my grandpa. He hoes the ground, and my job is picking up weed roots; a whole morning fills a small pile. When he

builds the tomato trellis, I stand by handing him the rope and biting it tight, my teeth going sore. The happiest moment is picking cucumbers. My grandpa says the ones still wearing a flower are the most tender, the little prickles on top sting the hand, and a rinse is all they need before eating. I choose under the trellis, and when I pick one I lift it over my head and shout: Grandpa, look! He looks up and smiles, the wrinkles on his face squeezing together like the shell of a dried walnut.

I catch worms too. Cabbage worms sit on the undersides of leaves, green, playing dead. I carry them to the foot of the wall; my hand itches a little, my heart is a little afraid, but I kept catching all afternoon. My grandpa says the worms in the garden are under my command, and I am the guard of the garden. Since then, I walk into the garden with my back straight.

You ask me why I love the little garden. I have said the cucumbers there are sweet, the tomatoes sandy inside, and one bite tastes like the sun. But I think what I truly love is the bent back of my grandpa, the warmth in his palm when he hands me a cucumber, and the fact that every seedling remembers my footsteps. The garden is small, yet it holds all my happiness.

Fellow students, if you also have such a plot of land and such a grandpa, remember to go back and visit often. That ends my speech. Thank you, everyone!