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!

菜园是爷爷送我的宝

老师们、同学们：大家好！我是四年级一班的林小雨。今天我想跟大家说说我的心爱之物。有人是玩具，有人是故事书，我的心爱之物，是爷爷的小菜园。

暑假我回乡下，爷爷把菜园交给我管，说他是老站长，我是新站长，交接一下。就这样，我当了一个假期的菜园小管家。

小管家的第一项工作是浇水。傍晚太阳落了，我提喷壶从这头洒到那头。水珠落在韭菜叶上滚来滚去，落在南瓜叶上啪的一声，叶子抖一下。菜喝饱了，叶子会往上翘，这是爷爷教我看水的办法。我天天看，看得比看电视剧还认真。

第二项工作是赶麻雀。豆角熟了，麻雀天天来开会。我扎了个稻草人，给它戴我的旧帽子，一开始管用，后来麻雀站在稻草人肩膀上吃，还叫。我就改守株待兔，搬个小板凳坐在边上，一有动静就挥手。后来我干脆跟它们商量，豆角分它们一小垄，其余归我。说来也怪，麻雀好像真听懂了，只在那一小垄开会。

第三项工作是数豆角。每天傍晚数一遍，今天三根，明天八根，豆角像会变魔术。我把它报

给爷爷，爷爷就记在门后的黑板上。假期结束那天，黑板上写满了日期和数字，爷爷说，这是咱俩合写的书。

临走那天早上，我绕着菜园走了一圈，跟韭菜点头，跟西红柿架摆手，跟老南瓜说别烂在地里。奶奶笑我：菜园里又没有会说话的朋友。我说，怎么没有，每一棵都认识我。

同学们，爷爷没给我买过什么大玩具，可他给了我一个菜园，让我当了一回管家，交了一群不会说话的朋友。这件宝我会一直记着，记很多很多年。我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

The Garden Is a Treasure from Grandpa

Dear teachers and fellow students: hello! I am Lin Xiaoyu from Class 1, Grade 4. Today I want to talk about my most treasured thing. For some people it is a toy, for others a storybook. My treasured thing is the little vegetable garden of my grandpa.

During the summer vacation I went back to the countryside, and my grandpa handed the garden over to me, saying he was the old station master and I was the new one, and it was time to change shifts. Just like that, I became the little keeper of the garden for one vacation.

The first job of a keeper is watering. In the evening, when the sun goes down, I carry the watering can and sprinkle from one end to the other. Water beads roll on the chive leaves, and when one lands on a pumpkin leaf it goes pop and the leaf shivers. When vegetables have drunk their fill, their leaves curl upward; that is how my grandpa taught me to read the water. I watched every day, more seriously than I watch television.

The second job is chasing sparrows. When the beans ripened, sparrows held their meetings every day. I made a scarecrow and put my old hat on it. At first it worked; later the sparrows ate while standing on the scarecrow shoulder, chirping. So I switched to sitting and watching: I carried a small stool and sat at the edge, waving my hand at any movement. Finally I simply negotiated with them: one small row of beans for them, the rest for me. Strangely enough, the sparrows seemed to understand, and held their meetings only in that one small row.

The third job is counting beans. I counted once every evening: three today, eight tomorrow, beans playing magic. I reported the number to my grandpa, and he wrote it on the blackboard behind the door. On the last day of the vacation, the blackboard was full of dates and numbers. My grandpa said: this is a book written by the two of us together.

The morning I left, I walked a round circle around the garden, nodded to the chives, waved at the tomato trellis, and told the old pumpkin not to rot on the

ground. My grandma laughed at me: there are no talking friends in a garden. I said: how can there not be? Every single plant knows me.

Fellow students, my grandpa never bought me any big toy, but he gave me a garden, let me serve as its keeper, and introduced me to a group of friends who never speak. I will keep this treasure in my memory for many, many years. That ends my speech. Thank you, everyone!

老井台边的老菜园

亲爱的同学们：大家好！我是五年级二班的陈多多。我演讲的题目是《老井台边的老菜园》。

我们村头有一口老井，井台边的石头被绳子磨出一道道沟。老井旁边，是爷爷他们那一代人开的老菜园。我为什么说它老？因为它的畦埂是爷爷的爸爸挑土垒的，井台的石头比我爷爷的年纪还大。

老菜园里有三样宝贝，我一样一样说给你听。

第一样是老水车。爷爷年轻时挑水用扁担，后来村里通了水渠，水车就靠在墙根晒太阳。可大旱那年，水渠断了流，爷爷又把水车支起来，带着我踩。水车吱呀吱呀转，一筒一筒把井水提上来，倒进渠里，流向菜畦。我踩得腿酸，井水却凉得甜，泼在干土上，土色一下变深。爷爷说：老家伙还没散架，还能养人。

第二样宝贝是看水的老周伯。他八十多岁，天天搬个马扎坐在井台边，谁家的菜畦缺水了，他喊一嗓子：水来了！他分水的规矩公平，东家一渠，西家一渠，轮着来。有一回两家为水吵起来，老周伯不劝，提起自己的空桶，一桶一桶从井里提水，把两家的畦都浇了。两家的大人站在旁边，脸红了，后来一起给老周伯挑了一冬的水。

第三样宝贝是我自己种的老井台边那棵丝瓜。它顺着井台的石头爬，夏天结的瓜垂到井口。我打水洗菜时，顺手就能摘一根。奶奶说，井水丝瓜，是菜园请客的菜。

我爱老菜园，因为它走得慢，可什么都记得。它记得爷爷的扁担，记得老周伯的马扎，记得我踩水车时腿上的劲儿。城里同学问我，菜园有什么好看。我说，好看的东西多了，可会记得人的，只有老菜园。

同学们，暑假回乡下的话，去这样的老菜园走走，帮老人踩一回水车，提一桶井水。老手艺和老菜园都需要人记得，记得它们的人，心里踏实。谢谢大家！

The Old Garden by the Old Well

Dear fellow students: hello! I am Chen Duoduo from Class 2, Grade 5. The title of my speech is: The Old Garden by the Old Well.

At the head of our village there is an old well, and the stones of its platform are worn into grooves by ropes. Beside the well lies the old vegetable garden opened by my grandpa and people of his generation. Why do I call it old? Because its ridges were piled up with earth by my grandpa father, and the stones of the well platform are older than my grandpa himself.

The old garden has three treasures. Let me tell you one by one.

The first is the old water wheel. In his youth my grandpa carried water with a pole; later the village dug a water channel, and the wheel leaned against the wall taking sun. But in the year of the great drought, the channel ran dry, and my grandpa set the wheel up again and took me with him to tread it. The wheel turned creaking, lifting well water bucket by bucket, pouring it into the channel, sending it toward the beds. My legs ached from treading, but the well water was cool and sweet; splashed on dry soil, the soil turned dark at once. My grandpa said: the old fellow has not fallen apart; he can still feed people.

The second treasure is old Uncle Zhou, the watcher of the water. He is over eighty and sits by the well platform on a small folding stool every day. When a family bed runs short of water, he calls out: water is coming! His rule for sharing water is fair: one channel for the east family, one for the west, taking turns. Once two families quarreled over water. Uncle Zhou did not argue the matter; he lifted his own empty buckets and carried water from the well, bucket by bucket, and watered the beds of both families. The two grown-ups stood by, their faces red. After that, together they carried water for Uncle Zhou the whole winter.

The third treasure is the luffa vine I myself planted by the old well platform. It climbs along the well stones, and in summer its gourds hang down to the mouth of the well. When I draw water to wash vegetables, I can pick one with my free hand. My grandma says well-water luffa is the dish the garden serves to guests.

I love the old garden because it walks slowly yet remembers everything. It remembers the carrying pole of my grandpa, the folding stool of Uncle Zhou, and the strength in my legs when I treaded the water wheel. A classmate from the city once asked me what is worth seeing in a vegetable garden. I said: plenty of things are worth seeing, but only an old garden remembers the people who tended it.

Fellow students, if you go back to the countryside for summer vacation, take a walk in such an old garden, tread the water wheel once for an old man, and draw one

bucket of well water. Old crafts and old gardens both need someone to remember them, and the people who remember them carry a steady heart. Thank you, everyone!