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!