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!