泳池边那个蓝色的救生圈

敬爱的老师们、亲爱的同学们：早上好！

今天，我们在鲜艳的国旗下讲话，我演讲的题目是《让假期过得有意义》。暑假快到了，谁不盼着那一段长长的、亮堂堂的日子？可是今天，我想先从一个蓝色的救生圈说起。

去年暑假，我在小区的泳池学游泳。头一个星期，我套着两个胳膊圈下水，神气得像一只河马。第二周教练让我摘掉胳膊圈，我一下慌了，鼻子灌了水，耳朵里全是嗡嗡声，手脚乱扑腾。是岸上那个穿红衣服的救生员跳下来，从背后托住我的肚子，把我扶起来。他拍着我的背说：怕水不丢人，野塘才丢命。那天我坐在池边，看着那个挂在栏杆上的蓝色救生圈，看了很久。

后来我学会了游泳，也记住了那个救生员每天喊的话。同学们，这就是我今天要提醒大家的第一个词：安全。暑假里，千万千万不到河里、塘里、水库里去游泳。那些水面看着平静，底下有水草、有淤泥、有冷热交替的水，一个脚抽筋，人就没了。想游泳，请到正规的泳池，并且一定要有大人陪同。下水前做热身，不在池边奔跑，看到同学落水，不要手拉手去捞，大声喊大人才是最要紧的事。

除了水，还有电、火、马路和陌生人的搭话，都是假期里要绷紧的弦。记住爸爸妈妈的电话，记住110、119、120，一个人在家不给陌生人开门，天黑之前回家。

同学们，安全是那个蓝色的救生圈，而快乐是圈里的水。我号召大家：放假第一天，和家人一起写一份假期安全约定，贴在书桌前；然后挑一件有意义的事做下去——读两本书，学一门手艺，帮家里做一件事。等开学再站在国旗下，我们来比一比，谁的假期又安全、又闪亮。

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

The Blue Life Ring by the Pool

Dear teachers, dear fellow students, good morning!

Today we speak under the bright national flag, and my topic is Making Our Vacation Meaningful. Summer vacation is coming—who does not long for those long, bright days? But today I want to begin with a blue life ring.

Last summer I learned to swim in the pool of our residential compound. For the first week I wore two arm rings in the water, strutting like a hippo. In the second week the coach asked me to take the arm rings off. I panicked at once: water rushed into my nose, my ears were full of humming, and my arms and legs thrashed about. The lifeguard in red jumped down from the deck, supported my belly from behind, and lifted me up. He patted my back and said: being afraid of water is no shame; dying in a wild pond is. That day I sat at the edge of the pool and looked for a long time at that blue life ring hanging on the rail.

Later I learned to swim, and I also remembered what that lifeguard shouted every day. Classmates, this brings me to the first word I want to remind you of: safety. During summer vacation, never, never go swimming in rivers, ponds, or reservoirs. Those water surfaces look calm, but underneath there are weeds, mud, and layers of cold and warm water. One leg cramp, and a person is gone. If you want to swim, go to a proper pool, and an adult must come along. Warm up before entering the water, do not run along the pool deck, and if you see a classmate fall in, do not form a human chain to pull them out—shouting for adults is the most important thing.

Besides water, there are electricity, fire, roads, and the small talk of strangers. All of these are strings we must keep tight during vacation. Memorize the phone numbers of your father and mother, memorize 110, 119, and 120. When home alone, do not open the door to strangers, and come home before dark.

Classmates, safety is that blue life ring, and happiness is the water inside the ring. I call on everyone: on the first day of vacation, write a family safety agreement together and post it in front of your desk; then choose one meaningful thing and carry it on—read two books, learn one craft, do one thing for your family. When the new term opens and we stand under the national flag again, let us see whose vacation was both safe and bright.

That is all for my speech. Thank you all!

院子里的那盘蚊香

敬爱的老师们、亲爱的同学们：早上好！

今天我在国旗下演讲的题目是《让假期过得有意义》。我想先问大家：你们向往露营吗？反正我去年暑假，被一盘点子熏得终身难忘。

去年七月，爸爸带我去山里露营。傍晚我们在河滩边支起帐篷，爸爸从背包里掏出一盘蚊香，点燃放在帐篷门口。不到十分钟，奇迹发生了：围着一圈火光，蚊子尸体躺了一片，爸爸得意地说这是他的化学防线。夜里更妙，帐篷外飞来一群萤火虫，一闪一闪，像谁把星星撒进了草丛。我追出去，穿着拖鞋在草地上深一脚浅一脚，爸爸在后面喊：别跑进水边的芦苇里！我停住脚，站在原地，看那些小灯笼在黑暗里一明一灭。那一刻我想，要是整个暑假都这么过就好了。第二天早上我数了数帐篷外的露水珠，还捡了三片形状像小山的叶子，夹进随身的小本子。

可是同学们，快乐的前提是安全。今天我要代表值周的班级，郑重提醒三件事。第一，野外用火：野炊要在允许的地方，离开时火必须彻底浇灭，手摸上去不烫才算灭；帐篷里不能点蚊香、不能烧炭，一晚上的一氧化碳，比蚊子可怕一百倍。第二，防蚊防蛇：长裤扎进袜子，草丛不要乱踩，被虫咬了别抓破，告诉大人。第三，河边不贪玩：山里的水看着清，深浅看不见，再喜欢

也要在浅滩玩水，不下水游泳。

同学们，一盘点子能熏跑蚊子，却熏不跑大意。我号召大家：出发露营前，和家人列一张安全清单，一项一项打勾；回来以后，把露营见闻写成一篇日记、画成一张小报。让每一次出发都有准备，让每一段假期都有收获。这样的假期，才叫有意义。

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

The Mosquito Coil in the Courtyard

Dear teachers, dear fellow students, good morning!

Today my topic under the national flag is Making Our Vacation Meaningful. Let me ask you first: do you long to go camping? As for me, last summer one coil of mosquito incense made me remember a thing for life.

In July last year, my father took me camping in the mountains. In the evening we pitched the tent by the river beach. My father pulled a coil of mosquito incense out of his backpack, lit it, and placed it at the door of the tent. In less than ten minutes a miracle happened: around the ring of firelight lay a whole spread of dead mosquitoes, and my father said proudly that this was his chemical defense line. The night was even better. A swarm of fireflies flew in outside the tent, blinking here and there, as if someone had scattered stars into the grass. I chased after them, wearing slippers, stepping deep and shallow in the meadow. My father shouted behind me: do not run into the reeds by the water! I stopped where I stood and watched those little lanterns shining and fading in the dark. In that moment I thought: if only the whole summer could pass like this. The next morning I counted the dew drops outside the tent and picked up three leaves shaped like little hills, which I pressed into my pocket notebook.

But classmates, the foundation of happiness is safety. Today, on behalf of the duty class, I solemnly remind you of three things. First, fire outdoors: cook only in places where it is allowed, and when you leave the fire must be drowned completely—only when your hand can touch the ashes without burning is it truly out. Do not light mosquito coils or burn charcoal inside a tent; one night of carbon monoxide is a hundred times more terrible than mosquitoes. Second, guard against mosquitoes and snakes: tuck long trousers into your socks, do not step blindly into thick grass, and if a bug bites you do not scratch it open—tell an adult. Third, do not play too greedily by the river: mountain water looks clear, but you cannot see how deep it is; no matter how much you love it, splash only in the shallows and never swim in the water.

Classmates, one coil of incense can drive off mosquitoes, but it cannot drive off carelessness. I call on everyone: before setting out to camp, make a safety checklist with your family and tick it item by item; after coming back, write the trip into one diary entry and draw it into one little newspaper. Let every departure come with preparation, and let every part of the vacation come with harvest. Only such a vacation deserves the name meaningful.

That is all for my speech. Thank you all!

路口戴红帽子的十分钟

敬爱的老师们、亲爱的同学们：早上好！

我在国旗下演讲的题目是《让假期过得有意义》。同学们，你们觉得什么样的假期才算有意义？是玩得痛快，还是睡得痛快？去年暑假，我在一个十字路口找到了第三种答案。

暑假第二周，社区招募小小志愿者在上学高峰的路口协助维持秩序，我报了名。第一天上岗，志愿者爷爷给我一顶红帽子、一面小旗。我往路口一站，忽然觉得自己肩膀上压了东西——尽管那东西只是一顶帽子。早高峰的车流呼呼地响，我举着旗，手心冒汗。第一位我扶过马路的是个拄拐的老奶奶，她走得慢，绿灯只剩十几秒，我搀着她胳膊，一小步一小步往前挪，身后的车没有按喇叭，我的心跳得比车还响。过了马路，老奶奶从布袋里摸出一块桃酥塞给我，说：孩子，谢谢你。我捏着那块桃酥，站在岗台边上，腰板挺得比升旗时还直。

趣事也有。第三天，一个骑电动车的叔叔想闯红灯，我举旗一拦，喊了声：红灯！他先是一愣，随即刹住车，回头冲我竖了个大拇指。那一刻我神气极了，回家路上连走路都带着正步的味道。交警叔叔路过时还拍了拍我的帽子，说：小家伙，比你某些亲戚强。

同学们，这十分钟的岗，教会我的比一个暑假的游戏都多。今天我郑重提醒大家：过马路走斑马线，看灯不看手机；不满十二周岁，绝不骑自行车上路；坐电动车戴头盔，坐车系安全带。规则不是绳子，是护栏。

我号召大家：这个暑假，每人做一件服务社区的小事——做一次路口志愿者，捡一次楼道，帮一次邻居。开学时，把你做的那件事讲给大家听。让假期不只是我们被照顾的日子，也是我们学会照顾别人的日子。这样的假期，才配得上我们胸前这条红领巾。

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

Ten Minutes in the Red Cap at the Crossing

Dear teachers, dear fellow students, good morning!

My topic under the national flag is Making Our Vacation Meaningful. Classmates, what kind of vacation do you think counts as meaningful? Playing to your heart, or sleeping to your heart? Last summer vacation, at a crossroads I found a third answer.

In the second week of the vacation, our community was recruiting little volunteers to help keep order at the crossing during the school rush, and I signed up. On my first day on duty, the volunteer grandpa gave me a red cap and a small flag. The moment I stood at the crossing, I suddenly felt something pressing on my shoulders—though that thing was only a cap. The morning traffic roared past. I held up my flag with sweaty palms. The first person I helped across was an old grandma with a walking stick. She walked slowly, and the green light had only a dozen seconds left. I held her arm and moved forward one tiny step after another. No car behind us honked, yet my heart beat louder than the engines. After we crossed, the grandma took an almond cookie out of her cloth bag and pressed it into my hand, saying: thank you, child. Holding that cookie, I stood by the duty platform with my back straighter than during flag-raising ceremonies.

There were funny moments too. On the third day, an uncle on an electric scooter tried to run a red light. I blocked him with my flag and shouted one word: red light! He froze for a second, then braked, turned back, and gave me a big thumbs-up. In that moment I swelled with pride, and on the way home even my ordinary walk carried the flavor of goose-step. A traffic policeman passing by even patted my cap and said: little fellow, you are better than some of your grown-up relatives.

Classmates, those ten minutes at the post taught me more than a whole summer of games. Today I solemnly remind everyone: cross at the zebra crossing, watch the lights and not the phone; under twelve years old, never ride a bicycle on the road; wear a helmet on an electric scooter and fasten the seat belt in a car. Rules are not ropes tying us down; they are rails guarding us.

I call on everyone: this summer vacation, do one small thing to serve your community—volunteer once at a crossing, clean one stairway once, help one neighbor once. When school opens, tell everyone the thing you did. Let the vacation be not only the days when we are taken care of, but also the days when we learn to take care of others. Only such a vacation is worthy of the red scarf on our chest.

That is all for my speech. Thank you all!