# 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!