最后一个六一，我们在国旗下

老师们、同学们，早上好。站在这里之前，我在教室后排练了三遍稿子，每一遍都试图讲得庄重一点。可是今天早上走进校门，看见操场边那排梧桐树又高了一截，我突然不想念稿子了。我想跟你们聊聊天，聊我们都在里面的童年。

童年是什么形状的？我想了很久。它可能是夏天操场边没完没了的蝉声，是我们上体育课偷偷绕过去捉过一次蝉鸣的来源，结果什么也没捉到，上课铃响了，全班满头汗跑回队伍。它也可能是教室后墙那排粉笔印，从一年级量到六年级，最高的那个印子是我的，去年夏天量的，旁边有人用铅笔写了一句：还会再长。它更是每天放学在校门口的那个位置，妈妈站在那里，递过来一个拧开盖子的水壶。这个动作她做了六年，我从来没说过谢谢，今天当着全校说一次：妈妈，谢谢你们，把每一个放学都接住了。

我还要谢谢我们的老师。五年级那次我数学考砸，把卷子塞进书包最底层，以为没人发现。数学老师没有点名，只是在作业本里写了一行字：这一页翻过去，下一页重新开始。从那以后我的书包底层再也没塞过东西。老师，你们教给我们的，比课本上的多。

对我们六年级的同学来说，这是最后一个六一儿童节了。再过两个月，我们就要毕业。有人舍不得，有人偷偷兴奋。我想说，长大不是把童年丢掉，是把童年装进口袋。以后我们会上不同的中学，会在更远的地方升旗，可是捉不到的蝉、后墙的粉笔印、拧开盖子的水壶，都会跟着我们。低年级的同学们，你们的六一还有很多个，好好玩，好好长。

最后，请在国旗下的我们记住今天的风。它现在正从操场这边吹到那边，吹着国旗，也吹着我们。我们约定：珍惜每一个童年，长成值得自己骄傲的人。我的讲话完了，谢谢大家。

Our Last June First Under the Flag

Teachers and fellow students, good morning. Before standing here, I rehearsed my script three times in the back row of the classroom, trying each time to sound solemn. But this morning, walking through the school gate, I saw the row of plane trees by the playground had grown another notch taller, and suddenly I didn't want to read a script. I want to have a chat with you about the childhood we are all living inside.

What shape is childhood? I thought about it for a long time. It might be the endless cicadas by the playground in summer — the ones we once sneaked away during PE to find the source of, caught nothing, and ran back to our lines drenched in sweat when the bell rang. It might be the row of pencil marks on the back wall of our classroom, measured from first grade to sixth; the highest mark is mine, measured last summer, with a line in pencil beside it: will grow more. It is also that spot at the school gate every afternoon, where my mother stands and hands me a water bottle with the lid already loosened. She has done this for six years and I never said thank you. Today, in front of the whole school, I say it once: Mom, thank you for catching

every school dismissal.

I also want to thank our teachers. In fifth grade I failed a math test and stuffed the paper into the very bottom of my backpack, thinking nobody noticed. My math teacher never named me; she just wrote one line in my homework book: turn this page, start again on the next. Since then nothing has ever been stuffed into the bottom of my backpack again. Teachers, what you teach us goes far beyond the textbook.

For us sixth-graders, this is our last Children's Day. In two months we graduate. Some of us can't bear it; some secretly thrilled. I want to say: growing up is not throwing childhood away, it is putting childhood into your pocket. We will go to different middle schools, raise flags in farther places, but the cicada we never caught, the pencil marks on the wall, the loosened water bottle — all of it comes with us. Younger students, you have many June Firsts ahead. Play well, grow well.

Finally, let us who stand under the flag remember today's wind. Right now it blows from this side of the playground to that, blowing the flag, blowing us. We make a promise: cherish every childhood, and grow into people we are proud to be. That's my speech. Thank you.