把课本举高的胖同学

老师们、同学们，早上好！今天我演讲的题目是：我的好朋友。

我的好朋友叫周小满。他胖乎乎的，一张圆脸，鼻梁上架着一副圆圆的眼镜。眼镜总往下滑，滑到鼻尖上，他就用食指往上顶一顶，然后眯着眼睛看你，像在打量一只小虫子。

他个子不高，跑起步来一摇一晃，我们班男生都喊他小熊猫。他也不恼，挠挠头笑一笑，圆脸红扑扑的。

讲一件小事。上周二早上我出门急，数学课本落在了家里的书桌上。数学课一开始，我翻书包翻得直冒汗，老师已经在发练习卷了。我低着头，心怦怦跳，生怕被点名。

就在这时候，周小满把他的课本往我这边推，摊开在中间，小声说：「你看你这一半，我看我这一半。」抄练习的时候，他一只手把书高高举起来，另一只手扶着，胳膊举得酸了直打颤，眼镜又滑下来也没空顶，只说：「别停，接着写，我举着。」

那天他举了大半节课，下课以后甩了好一会儿胳膊。我跟他道谢，他摆摆手说：「谢什么，咱俩桌子挨着。」

我们俩还有好多这样的小事。下雨天共打一把伞，他总把伞往我这边歪，他自己左半边肩膀总是湿的。我忘带橡皮，他把新橡皮掰开，塞给我一半，说大的我用、小的你用。有一回我问他为什么对我这么好，他顶了顶眼镜说：你一年级借了我一学期彩铅，我记得。

现在我们的桌子还挨着，那条一指宽的缝还在。每次它挡在我俩中间，我都觉得那不是缝，是他让出来的半步。

我们的桌子确实挨着，中间只有一条一指宽的缝。可我知道，那条缝是他让给我的。

现在，每次看他顶眼镜，我心里都热热的。好朋友不一定是说多么动人的话的人，他是在你最慌的时候，把书举高、让你看清每一行字的人。

我想珍惜周小满，珍惜那条打颤也没放下来的胳膊。也希望大家身边要是有这样一个戴圆眼镜的胖同学，请你也珍惜他。那副圆圆的眼镜里，装的全是善意。

我的演讲完毕，谢谢大家！

The Chubby Classmate Who Held the Textbook High

Teachers and classmates, good morning! The title of my speech today is: My Good Friend.

My good friend is named Zhou Xiaoman. He is chubby, with a round face, and a pair of round glasses sits on the bridge of his nose. The glasses often slide down to the

tip of his nose; he pushes them up with one finger, then narrows his eyes to look at you, as if examining a tiny creature.

He is not tall, and when he runs his whole body sways, so the boys in our class call him Little Panda. He never gets angry at that. He just scratches his head, smiles, and his round face turns red.

Let me tell you one small thing. Last Tuesday morning I hurried out and left my math textbook on the desk at home. When math class began, I searched my schoolbag until I broke into sweat, and the teacher was already handing out practice sheets. I hung my head, my heart pounding, afraid of being called out.

At that moment, Zhou Xiaoman pushed his textbook to my side, opened it in the middle, and said very quietly: "Read your half, I will read my half." While we copied the exercises, he held the book up high with one hand the whole time. His arm trembled with the strain, and the glasses slid down again, but he had no time to push them up. He only said, "Do not stop writing. Keep going. I am holding it."

That day he held the book up for more than half the class. After class he shook his arm for a long time. I thanked him, and he waved and said: "Nothing to thank. Our desks stand side by side anyway."

There are many little things like this between us. On rainy days we share one umbrella, and he always tilts it toward my side, so his left shoulder is always wet. When I forget my eraser, he takes a brand-new eraser, breaks it in half, and pushes one half into my hand, saying: I will use the big half, you use the small half. Once I asked him why he is so good to me. He pushed up his glasses and said: In first grade you lent me your colored pencils for a whole term. I remember.

Our desks are still side by side now, and that one-finger seam is still there. Every time it stands between us, I feel it is not a seam at all. It is the half step he yielded.

Our desks do stand side by side, with a seam only one finger wide between them. But I know that seam is the room he made for me.

Now, every time I see him push up his glasses, I feel warmth in my chest. A good friend does not necessarily say moving words. He is the one who lifts the book high when you are most in a panic, so that you can see every line clearly.

I want to treasure Zhou Xiaoman, and I want to treasure that trembling arm that never let go. If you have a chubby classmate with round glasses beside you, please treasure him too. Those round glasses hold nothing but kindness.

That is the end of my speech. Thank you all!

手心里的那颗糖

老师们、同学们，早上好！今天我演讲的题目是：我的好朋友。

我的好朋友叫李小羽。她瘦瘦的，总扎着两条辫子，笑起来脸颊上有两个酒窝，像谁在她脸两边各按了一个小坑。她说话声音很轻，喊我名字的时候，像麻雀在树枝上跳一下。

讲一件小事。上学期数学期中测验，我才考了六十多分。卷子发下来，我盯着那个数字，眼睛发烫，几滴水砸在卷子上，把红笔印都洇开了。

李小羽走到我桌前。她没说「别哭」，也没说「我考了九十多分」。她从兜里掏出一颗糖，剥开糖纸，放进我手心里，说：「先吃，甜的。」然后她拿过笔，在我卷子角上画了一个笑脸，又在旁边写了三个字：「补起来。」

我把那颗糖吃了。就是最普通的果糖，可我记它是这辈子吃过最甜的东西。看着那个笑脸，我忽然觉得：六十多分不是世界末日，题还有一大堆没弄懂，补就是了。

那以后每天中午，她都给我报乘法口诀。我答错了，她不笑话我，只用手指敲敲桌子说：「再看一眼。」我答对了，她两个酒窝一蹦一蹦的，比她自己答对了还高兴。

她也有需要帮忙的时候。有一回她把红笔忘在家里，老师正让大家用红笔订正试卷，我把新红笔推过去给她用。她用得很小心，还我的时候，笔帽上多了一张小星星贴纸，说：这是谢谢标记，贴给你。那张星星贴纸在我文具盒上贴了一学期，我一看见它就想起她教我的：帮别人不是施舍，是要记一辈子的事。

期末考试，我考了八十多分。我把卷子递给她看，她看完又画了一个笑脸，说：「你看，补起来了。」

同学们，这就是我的好朋友。她不喊大口号，不说漂亮话，她只往你手心里放一颗糖，在你卷子角上画一个笑脸。

我想珍惜李小羽，珍惜那两个酒窝。也希望大家珍惜那个在你难过时递糖给你的人。那颗糖不贵，可它能把一个灰扑扑的下午，甜一整晚。

我的演讲完毕，谢谢大家！

The Candy in My Palm

Teachers and classmates, good morning! The title of my speech today is: My Good Friend.

My good friend is named Li Xiaoyu. She is very thin, always with two braids, and when she smiles, two dimples appear on her cheeks, as if someone pressed a small pit into each side of her face with a finger. Her voice is light, and when she calls my

name it sounds like a sparrow hopping along a branch.

Let me tell you one small thing. In the math midterm last term I got only sixty-some points. When the paper was handed back, I stared at that number, my eyes burned hot, and a few drops of water fell on the paper and blurred the red ink.

Li Xiaoyu walked to my desk. She did not say "do not cry," and she did not say "I got ninety-some points." She took a candy from her pocket, unwrapped it, put it into my palm, and said: "Eat it first. It is sweet." Then she took a pen, drew a smiley face on the corner of my test paper, and wrote three words beside it: "Fix it."

I ate that candy. It was an ordinary fruit candy, yet I remember it as the sweetest thing I have ever eaten. Looking at the smiley face, I suddenly felt: sixty-some points is not the end of the world. There are still many problems I do not understand, and I can simply fix them.

After that, every lunch break she quizzed me on the multiplication tables. If I got one wrong, she did not laugh at me. She just tapped the desk with one finger and said, "Look again." If I got one right, her two dimples jumped, happier than if she herself had answered.

She also needs help sometimes. Once she forgot her red pen at home, and the teacher was having us correct our tests with red pens. I pushed my new red pen over to her. She used it carefully, and when she gave it back, she had stuck a small star sticker on the pen cap and said: This is a thank-you mark, sticking it on you. That star sticker stayed on my pencil case for a whole term, and every time I saw it I remembered what she had taught me: helping others is not a favor, it is something to remember for a lifetime.

In the final test I got eighty-some points. I handed my paper to her. She looked at it, drew another smiley face, and said: "See? You fixed it."

Classmates, this is my good friend. She never shouts big slogans, and she never says fine words. She only puts a candy into your palm and draws a smiley face on the corner of your paper.

I want to treasure Li Xiaoyu, and I want to treasure those two dimples. I hope you will also treasure the person who hands you a candy when you feel down. That candy is not expensive, but it can sweeten a whole evening after a gray afternoon.

That is the end of my speech. Thank you all!

盯着他的后背跑完八百米

老师们、同学们，早上好！今天我演讲的题目是：我的好朋友。

我的好朋友叫王大雷。他又高又瘦，鼻梁上一圈雀斑，门牙漏了个缝，一笑那个缝特别显眼。我们班男生学他，喊他漏风。他哈哈一笑，追着人绕操场跑两圈，风从他牙缝里呼呼地漏。

讲一件小事。校运动会我报了八百米。枪一响我冲在前头，第二圈腿就沉了，胸口发疼，满脑子都是「停下来走两步算了」。这时候，比完自己项目的王大雷翻过栏杆，跑到我边上。

他不拉我，也不喊「快点跑」。他把步子放得跟我一样慢，说：「别往前看，看我后背。我跑，你跟着。」我就盯着他的后背，那个号码布一抖一抖的瘦后背，一步一步往前挪。

离终点还有五十米，我腿沉得像灌了铅。他喊：「最后一截，我给你数，一、二、一、二！」他就那么漏着风喊，我跟着他的数，冲过了终点。八个人里我第七，是跑完的人里的最后一名。

我扶着膝盖，特别不好意思。他拍拍我的背说：「别不好意思。你第二圈出来的时候，前头还有一半人呢。我全程都在给你数数。」

后来每天大课间，他都拉我出去跑。一圈、两圈、三圈。到了冬季运动会，八百米我拿了第三。冲线那一刻我在人群里找他，他跳起来鼓掌，门牙那个缝，看着都比平时大。

同学们，这就是我的好朋友。他不喊「你能行」，他就跑在你边上，让你盯着他的后背。

冬季运动会上，他也跑了八百米，跑到快最后一名。进第二圈时，我在跑道边喊他的名字：王！大！雷！他扭头看了我一眼，咧开嘴笑了，跑得更快了一点。冲过线他扶着膝盖喘气，还冲我比了个大拇指。我们都懂：互相数数，这事能干一辈子。

我想珍惜王大雷，珍惜那个陪着我慢下来的后背。也希望大家身边要是有这样一个漏风的伙伴，请珍惜他。他漏着风喊出来的数，是世界上最真的加油声。

我的演讲完毕，谢谢大家！

I Ran the 800 Meters Watching His Back

Teachers and classmates, good morning! The title of my speech today is: My Good Friend.

My good friend is named Wang Dalei. He is tall and thin, with a ring of freckles across the bridge of his nose and a gap between his front teeth. When he smiles, the gap shows clearly, and the boys in our class imitate him and call him Wind-Leak. He laughs out loud and chases them around the playground for two laps, and the wind really does leak through the gap in his teeth.

Let me tell you one small thing. At the school sports meet I signed up for the 800-meter race. When the gun went off I rushed out in front, but by the second lap my legs grew heavy, my chest ached, and my head was full of thoughts about stopping to walk. At that moment Wang Dalei, who had already finished his own event, climbed over the fence and ran alongside me.

He did not pull me, and he did not shout "run faster." He slowed his steps to match mine and said: "Do not look ahead. Look at my back. I run, you follow." So I stared at his back, that thin back with the race number flapping, and moved forward one step after another.

Fifty meters from the finish, my legs felt like lead. He shouted: "Last stretch. I will count for you. One, two, one, two!" With that gap-toothed shout he counted me across the line. I was seventh of eight, the last of those who finished.

I bent over with my hands on my knees, feeling ashamed. He patted my back and said: "Do not be ashamed. When you came out for the second lap, half the field was still behind you. I was counting for you the whole way."

After that, every long break he took me out running. One lap, two laps, three laps. By the winter sports meet I took third place in the 800-meter race. The moment I crossed the line I looked for him in the crowd. He was jumping and clapping, and the gap between his front teeth looked wider than usual.

Classmates, this is my good friend. He does not shout "you can do it." He runs beside you and lets you stare at his back.

At the winter sports meet he also ran the 800 meters and finished near last. When he came into the second lap, I shouted his name along the course: Wang! Da! Lei! He turned his head, looked at me, grinned, and ran a little faster. After he crossed the line he bent over panting, but pointed at me and gave me a thumbs-up. We both understood: counting for each other is something we can do for a lifetime.

I want to treasure Wang Dalei, and I want to treasure that back that slowed down beside me. If you have a gap-toothed partner like him, please treasure him. The numbers he counts through the leak in his teeth are the truest cheering voice in the world.

That is the end of my speech. Thank you all!