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!