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!