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!