一盘甜咸番茄炒蛋

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！

我演讲的题目是《我的暑假，我的快乐》。我的快乐，是从一盘失败的菜里长出来的。

今年暑假，妈妈的生日在七月。她年年给我煮长寿面，我就想：我长大了，这次换我给妈妈做生日饭。我偷偷计划好了：番茄炒蛋、清面条，再卧两个荷包蛋。生日那天早上，我趁妈妈买菜出门，系上围裙就开工。坏事出在糖罐上。我想做甜口的番茄，多舀了两勺糖；又怕鸡蛋不香，又学着奶奶的样子撒了盐。结果那盘番茄炒蛋，入口先甜后咸，咸里还泛着甜，我自己尝了一口，眉毛拧成一团。更糟的还在后面：煮面的时候我接了个电话，锅里的水扑出来浇灭火苗，满厨房都是白汽。妈妈推门进来，我以为她要皱眉，结果她掀开锅盖看了看，说：这是妈妈这辈子见过的最特别的生日面。

吃饭的时候趣事一桩接一桩。爸爸把那盘甜咸番茄炒蛋吃了三碗饭的量，边吃边说这菜有层次；妹妹想偷吃荷包蛋，被烫得直哈气，我们全家笑得东倒西歪。妈妈把那盘菜吃得最干净，盘底亮得能照见人。

这个暑假我最大的收获，就是明白了厨房里的道理：一顿饭看着简单，糖和盐差一勺，火和眼差一步，就不是一回事。妈妈十几年如一日把饭做得平平常常，这平平常常里全是功夫。我那一盘失败的菜让她高兴，是因为她尝到了我的心。

同学们，我倡议：这个暑假，给家里做一件具体的事。做一盘菜，哪怕甜咸不分；洗一次碗，哪怕打碎一只；给下班的爸妈倒一杯水。别嫌事小，你做的每一件，家里人都会记很久。让我们把快乐从嘴上搬到手上，用一双手，把暑假过得又香又亮！

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

A Plate of Sweet-and-Sour Tomato and Eggs

Dear teachers and dear classmates, hello!

My topic is My Summer Vacation, My Happiness. My happiness grew out of one plate of failed cooking.

This summer vacation, the birthday of my mother fell in July. Every year she cooks longevity noodles for me, so I thought: I have grown up, and this time it is my turn to cook the birthday meal for her. I planned it in secret: tomato and eggs, plain boiled noodles, and two poached eggs on top. On the morning of the birthday, while my mother was out buying vegetables, I tied on the apron and got to work. The trouble came from the sugar jar. I wanted a sweet style of tomato, so I scooped two extra spoons of sugar; then, afraid the eggs would lack fragrance, I copied the way of my grandma and scattered salt as well. The result: that plate of tomato and eggs tasted sweet first and salty after, with sweetness floating inside the salt. I tasted

one bite myself, and my eyebrows twisted into a knot. Worse was still to come: while the noodles were boiling, I stepped aside to answer a phone call, the pot water boiled over and drowned the flame, and the whole kitchen filled with white steam. My mother pushed the door open. I expected her to frown. Instead she lifted the pot lid, looked inside, and said: this is the most special birthday noodle she has ever seen in her life.

At the table the funny moments came one after another. My father ate three bowls of rice worth of that sweet-and-salty tomato and eggs, saying while chewing that the dish had layers of taste. My little sister tried to steal a poached egg and got scalded so badly she kept breathing out ha ha ha, and the whole family laughed sideways. My mother finished that plate more cleanly than anyone. The bottom of the plate shone bright enough to reflect a face.

The biggest harvest of this summer is that I understood the logic of the kitchen: one meal looks simple, but one spoon of sugar or salt off, one step between the fire and the eye, and it is no longer the same thing. My mother has cooked plain, ordinary meals day after day for more than ten years, and all that ordinariness is full of skill. My one plate of failure made her happy because she tasted my heart inside it.

Classmates, here is my proposal: this summer vacation, do one concrete thing for your family. Cook one plate of food, even if sweet and salty get mixed up; wash the dishes once, even if one plate breaks; pour one cup of water for your parents when they come home from work. Do not look down on small things. Every thing you do, the people at home will remember for a long time. Let us move happiness from our lips into our hands, and with two hands make our summer vacation fragrant and bright!

That is all for my speech. Thank you all!