水盆里跳进来的那条小鱼

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！

今天，我演讲的题目是《我的暑假，我的快乐》。有人可能会问：快乐到底是什么？我想用一条小鱼来回答。

今年暑假，我在乡下的外婆家过了半个月。有一天中午，热得人受不了，外公把西瓜吊进池塘里冰着，我蹲在塘边看，舍不得走。忽然外公猛地一提绳，西瓜出了水，一群小鱼跟着水花四散，其中一条小鲫鱼，一下子跳进了我脚边的水盆里。我喊了一声，伸手就去扑。鱼没扑着，我先一屁股坐进了塘边的泥里，泥水溅了满脸。外婆听见动静跑过来，看我顶着一身泥巴抱着水盆的样子，笑得直不起腰，外公抱着西瓜，一路笑着走回了屋。

我不服输。我把水盆端到院墙的树荫底下，蹲下去，盯着那条小鲫鱼。第一次伸手，它尾巴一甩，甩了我一脸水；第二次我快了一点，它又从指头缝里溜了；第三次，我从背后两手一合，它终于成了我的俘虏。我把它装进玻璃罐，整个下午，猫都蹲在罐子前面一动不动，我叉着腰站在旁边，觉得自己是个打了胜仗的大英雄。

那条小鱼一分钱不花，却给了我整一年最快乐的中午。后来的日子里，外公还教我在池塘里学游泳，从不敢把脸埋进水里，到能扑腾两下，我用了整整一个星期。我慢慢明白：快乐不需要很贵的东西，它就藏在泥巴里、水里，藏在一声哎呀和一声抓到啦里面。

同学们，你们是不是也想要这样的暑假？在这里，我想向大家倡议：这个暑假，去抓一条属于你自己的小鱼吧！去一次河边，进一次厨房，下一次田，把手里的平板放一放，让手去摸泥巴、摸水。等开学的时候，你来把你的趣事讲给我听，我把我的讲给你听。让我们一起，做阳光下跑出去玩的、能自己找到快乐的孩子！

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

The Guppy That Jumped into My Basin

Dear teachers and dear classmates, hello!

Today my topic is My Summer Vacation, My Happiness. Some of you may ask: what exactly is happiness? I want to answer with one little fish.

This summer I spent half a month at the home of my grandma in the countryside. One noon, the heat was terrible, and my grandpa lowered a watermelon into the pond on a rope to cool it. I squatted at the edge of the pond watching, unwilling to leave. Suddenly my grandpa pulled the rope up hard, the watermelon came out of the water, and a school of little fish scattered everywhere with the splashing water. One small guppy jumped straight into the washbasin at my feet. I shouted and pounced with both hands. I did not catch the fish, and I first sat down in the mud at the pond edge,

mud water splashing over my face. My grandma heard the noise and rushed over. Seeing me like a mud statue hugging a basin, she laughed so hard she could not straighten her back, and my grandpa, holding the watermelon, laughed all the way back to the house.

I refused to give up. I carried the basin to the shade of the yard wall and crouched down, staring at that little fish. The first time I reached in, it flicked its tail and splashed water over my face; the second time I was quicker, but it slid through my fingers; on the third try I closed both hands from behind, and it finally became my prisoner. I put it into a glass jar. That whole afternoon the cat crouched in front of the jar without moving, and I stood beside it with hands on my hips, feeling like a great hero who had just won a battle.

That little fish did not cost one cent, yet it gave me the happiest noon of the whole year. In the days that followed, my grandpa also taught me to swim in the pond. From being afraid to put my face into the water to managing two strokes, I used up a whole week. Little by little I understood: happiness does not need expensive things. It hides in the mud, in the water, in one cry of oh no and one cry of I got it.

Classmates, do you not want such a summer too? Here I make a proposal to everyone: this summer vacation, go and catch one fish of your own! Go to the river bank once, go into the kitchen once, go down to the fields once, put down the tablet in your hands, and let your hands touch mud and water. When the new term opens, come and tell me your funny story, and I will tell you mine. Let us all be children who run out into the sun, children who can find happiness with their own hands!

That is all for my speech. Thank you all!

集邮册里的二十一枚邮票

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》。先问大家一个问题：你的暑假计划表上，有没有一件事，是打算坚持做下去的？我的有——集邮。

我家有一本旧集邮册，是爸爸从小攒的。今年暑假第一天，我把它借过来，打算把里面的邮票全部重新分类、数一遍。数完我愣住了：一共二十一枚，最旧的一枚是爸爸八岁那年买的。就为了这本册子，我这个暑假干了一件大事。听说老街邮局门口有时摆旧货摊，可能有散票，我每个星期六早上都去，第一个星期什么也没有，第二个星期也没有，卖报纸的大爷都认识我了，见我就摇头。第三个星期，摊主从箱子底下翻出一枚缺了个小角的旧信票，问我要不要。我掏光口袋，六块二，全给了。我捏着那枚小小的、缺角的票，沿着老街一路小跑回家，比考了双百还神

气。

回到家的趣事也来了。我兴冲冲给新票编号，结果手一抖，胶水点多了，新票和册页粘在了一起，怎么揭都揭不下来。还是爸爸教我用蒸汽熏，屏住呼吸，一点一点把它起下来。那一刻我手心全是汗，比找票的三个星期还紧张。

开学前我再数一遍：二十二枚。我得到的收获不是一枚邮票，而是一个发现：原来我可以为一件小事，连续起早三个星期六；原来一件看起来不起眼的事，坚持做下去，就会自己发光。

同学们，我倡议：这个暑假，每人认领一件小事，坚持到底。可以是集邮，可以是观察楼下的一棵树，可以是每天给一盆花浇水。不用多，一件就好。等到开学，我们比一比谁的册子、谁的记录本最厚。让快乐从一件小事开始，让坚持成为我们这一代人最神气的本领！

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

The Twenty-One Stamps in My Album

Dear teachers and dear classmates, hello!

My topic is My Summer Vacation, My Happiness. Let me start with a question: on your summer plan, is there one thing you intend to keep doing all summer? I have one — collecting stamps.

At home there is an old stamp album, collected by my father since he was a child. On the first day of this summer vacation I borrowed it and decided to sort and count every stamp inside. When I finished counting I froze: twenty-one stamps in all, and the oldest one was bought when my father was eight years old. For the sake of this album, I did a big thing this summer. I heard that sometimes there is a secondhand stall at the gate of the post office on Old Street, where loose stamps might appear. Every Saturday morning I went there. Nothing on the first week, nothing on the second week. Even the old man selling newspapers recognized me, and shook his head when he saw me. On the third week, the stall keeper turned out an old postage stamp with a small corner missing from the bottom of his box, and asked if I wanted it. I emptied my pockets: six yuan and two jiao, every cent of it. Clutching that tiny chipped stamp, I ran home all the way along the Old Street, prouder than if I had got full marks on both exams.

The funny part happened after I got home. Full of excitement, I was numbering my new stamp when my hand shook and I put too much glue on it, so the new stamp stuck fast to the album page and would not come off no matter how I tried. It was my father who taught me to loosen it with steam. Holding my breath, I lifted it up little by little. My palms were drenched with sweat then, more nervous than during the three weeks of searching.

Before school opened I counted again: twenty-two stamps. What I gained is not one stamp but one discovery: it turns out I can get up early for one small thing on three Saturdays in a row; it turns out that a thing which looks unimportant will shine by itself if you keep at it.

Classmates, here is my proposal: this summer vacation, let each of us take on one small thing and carry it through to the end. It can be collecting stamps, or watching one tree downstairs, or watering one pot of flowers every day. Just one thing is enough. When the new term opens, let us see whose album or whose notebook is the thickest. Let happiness start from one small thing, and let persistence become the proudest skill of our generation!

That is all for my speech. Thank you all!

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!