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!