稻田里滑倒的那一下

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！

我演讲的题目是《暑假里最开心的一天》。要问哪一天最开心，我不假思索：八月三号，稻田里那半天。

那天早上，表哥带我去他家的稻田抓泥鳅。田里的水凉凉的，没过脚背，稻叶扫过胳膊，痒痒的。表哥猫着腰，两手往泥里一插，一抬，掌心里就扭着一条黄泥鳅。我学着做，手刚插进泥，脚底忽然一滑——扑通，我一屁股坐进了田里。泥水溅起老高，我成了半个泥人。更绝的是，我坐下去的那个坑里，正好有一窝泥鳅被我压得四散逃窜，它们从我胳膊底下钻出去，钻进旁边表哥的裤腿里。表哥哇呀一声跳起来，田埂上干活的大人们全笑弯了腰，有人笑得直喊哎哟。

我坐在泥里，先是愣着，随后自己也忍不住，哈哈哈笑出了声，笑得眼泪都出来了。那天中午，我们抓了小半桶泥鳅。奶奶用泥鳅炖了豆腐，我吃了三碗饭。晚上我躺在凉席上，浑身酸痛，心里却胀胀的，像塞满了那个下午的太阳。半夜我起来照镜子，鼻尖上一点泥没洗掉，我对着镜子傻笑，又回去睡了。

我常想，那天最开心的，不是抓到了多少泥鳅，而是我敢滑倒了、敢满身泥了、敢在田埂上放声大笑了。城市里的我，衣服上有一块墨点都要难受半天；稻田里的我，浑身是泥却觉得自己富极了。

同学们，你们的暑假最开心的一天是什么样的？也许是一次野炊，也许是一场大雨里的疯跑。不管是什么，我都希望你们像我一样，放开手脚去玩，玩得脏一点、笑得响一点。开心不用花钱买，它在稻田里、在雨里、在你敢跳进去的每一处泥坑里。

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

The Moment I Slipped in the Rice Paddy

Dear teachers and dear classmates, hello!

My topic is The Happiest Day of My Summer Vacation. If you ask me which day was the happiest, I answer without thinking: August the third, that half day in the rice paddy.

That morning my cousin took me to his family paddy to catch loaches. The water in the paddy was cool, up to the back of my feet, and the rice leaves brushed my arms, tickling them. My cousin moved with his back bent, plunged both hands into the mud, lifted them, and a yellow loach was wriggling in his palm. I copied him. The moment my hands went into the mud, the soles of my feet slid—splash—and I sat down right in the paddy. Mud water flew high, and I became half a mud statue. The funniest part: in the hole I sat in there happened to be a nest of loaches, and they scattered in

all directions from under me, squeezing out from under my arms and into the trouser legs of my cousin beside me. He yelled and jumped up, and all the grown-ups working along the field ridge doubled over with laughter, one of them laughing so hard he kept crying ow ow.

Sitting in the mud, I froze at first, and then I could not help it either. I laughed out loud, ha ha ha, until tears came. At noon that day we had caught a small half-bucket of loaches. My grandma stewed loach with tofu, and I ate three bowls of rice. At night I lay on the cool mat, my whole body sore, my heart swollen and full, as if stuffed with the sun of that afternoon. At midnight I got up to look in the mirror, found one spot of mud still on the tip of my nose, grinned at my reflection, and went back to sleep.

I often think that the best part of that day was not how many loaches we caught, but that I dared to slip, dared to be covered in mud, dared to laugh out loud on the field ridge. The me in the city suffers for half a day over one ink spot on a shirt; the me in the paddy, covered head to toe in mud, felt richer than anyone.

Classmates, what is the happiest day of your summer vacation? Maybe a picnic, maybe a wild run in a heavy rain. Whatever it is, I hope you play like I did: hands and feet free, play a little dirty, laugh a little louder. Happiness does not need to be bought with money. It waits in the paddy, in the rain, in every mud puddle you dare to jump into.

That is all for my speech. Thank you all!

自行车后座上的西瓜

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！

我演讲的题目是《暑假里最开心的一天》。那一天没有去景点，没有收礼物，只有一颗西瓜，和两个浑身草屑的人。

七月里最热的那天，好友大勇神神秘秘来找我，说他爸厂里发西瓜，一人驮一个，咱俩比赛谁先送到各家门口。我们一人抱一个圆滚滚的大西瓜，横放在自行车后座上，用胳膊夹着出发。比赛一开始，我冲在前头，风把汗吹凉，我得意得差点唱歌。就在过一个下坡坎的时候，车轮一震，后座上的西瓜骨碌碌滚了下去。我刹车都来不及，只听见身后大勇喊：瓜！瓜！

接下来的一幕，我估计这辈子都忘不了：那颗西瓜顺着坡往下滚，我和大勇在后面追，它比人跑得快，我们比它更疯。它撞上路边的草垛，弹了一下，没破；再弹一下，钻进了草垛里。我们俩扑过去扒草，扒得满头草屑，西瓜从草垛里露出半个肚皮，安安稳稳躺在那儿，像睡了一觉。我们对视一眼，忽然同时大笑，笑得蹲在草垛边上起不来。最后我们把瓜抬回去，两家各切一半，

就坐在树荫底下吃。那颗瓜其实不算最甜，可我吃得比哪一次都香。

那天我坐在树荫里想：最开心的到底是什么？后来我明白了，不是西瓜，是有人陪你追着一颗瓜跑下坡，是摔进草垛时身边正好有人一起狼狈。

同学们，好朋友不是只在教室里借你半块橡皮的人，也是陪你追西瓜、陪你蹲在草垛边大笑的人。这个暑假，约你的朋友一起做一件事吧，不用花钱，一起骑车、一起打球、一起找一条近路。开学时你会发现，你们的回忆又厚了一沓。

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

The Watermelon on the Back Seat of the Bicycle

Dear teachers and dear classmates, hello!

My topic is The Happiest Day of My Summer Vacation. That day there was no scenic spot and no gift—only one watermelon and two people covered with bits of hay.

On the hottest day of July, my good friend Da Yong came to find me with a mysterious look, saying his father had handed out watermelons at the factory, one per person to carry home, and we would race to see who delivered his first. We each hugged a big round watermelon, laid it sideways on the back seat of the bicycle, clamped it with one arm, and set off. When the race began I shot ahead, the wind cooling my sweat, so pleased I nearly burst into song. Just as the wheel hit the bump of a downhill slope, the watermelon on the back seat rolled away, rumbling. I had no time to brake; I only heard Da Yong shouting behind me: the melon! the melon!

The scene that followed, I reckon I will never forget in this life: that watermelon rolled down the slope, and my friend and I chased after it. It ran faster than a person, and we ran wilder than it. It hit the haystack by the road, bounced once, unbroken; bounced again, and buried itself inside the hay. We pounced and dug the hay apart, our heads full of hay bits, until the watermelon showed half its belly out of the haystack, lying there safe and sound, as if it had just taken a nap. We looked at each other for one glance and suddenly burst out laughing together, laughing until we squatted by the haystack unable to stand. In the end we carried the melon back and cut it in half for each family, eating it right there in the tree shade. That melon was not actually the sweetest one, yet I ate it more deliciously than any other time.

Sitting in the tree shade that day I wondered: what was the happiest part after all? Later I understood. It was not the watermelon. It was having someone chase a rolling melon down a slope beside you, and having exactly one person nearby to be messy with when you both fell into the hay.

Classmates, a good friend is not only the one who lends you half an eraser in the classroom, but also the one who chases watermelons with you and squats by a haystack laughing with you. This summer vacation, invite your friend to do one thing together. It need not cost money—ride bicycles together, play ball together, find one shortcut together. When school opens, you will find that the stack of your memories has grown thicker.

That is all for my speech. Thank you all!

天台上的第一场电影

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！

我演讲的题目是《暑假里最开心的一天》。那一天，一块白床单、一盏灯泡、全楼的人，凑成了我这辈子最开心的一晚。

暑假里，我们楼的王爷爷在居委会当放映志愿者，说要在我们单元的天台放一场露天电影。消息一出，整栋楼都沸腾了。放映那晚，大人们把一块白床单绑在两根晾衣杆中间当银幕，小孩们搬来自家的小板凳、竹椅，还有孩子抱来凉席，铺在地上打滚。电影是《大闹天宫》，灯泡一亮，孙悟空一翻跟头，我们整排小孩齐声哇，声音大得盖过了蝉叫。

有趣的事在电影放到一半时来了：天台正热闹，忽然停电了！银幕一黑，我们齐刷刷唉声叹气。可就在下一秒，楼下亮起一支蜡烛，接着两支、五支、十几支，邻居们一家一家端着蜡烛上天台，摆成一圈。王爷爷大手一挥，说：接着放！拿手机投到床单上，照样是大闹天宫。我们就围着那一圈烛光，歪着头看完了后半段。烛火一晃，孙悟空也在晃，我总觉得那晚的电影比电视里好看一百倍。

电影散场，六楼的阿姨分西瓜，三楼的叔叔发绿豆汤，王爷爷的蒲扇摇到很晚，虫鸣和笑声混在一起，一直到深夜。我躺在凉席上看星星，心想：电视里的电影谁都能看，可这一场，只有我们这栋楼的人看过。

那天我最大的感受是：开心是会传染的。一块床单能变成电影院，一次停电能变成一场烛光，只要大家愿意凑到一起。同学们，这个暑假，也把你家的门打开一点吧，和邻居打个招呼，参加一次社区的活动。你会发现，快乐藏在人和人中间，越分享，越多。

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

The First Movie on the Rooftop

Dear teachers and dear classmates, hello!

My topic is The Happiest Day of My Summer Vacation. That day, one white bedsheet, one light bulb, and the people of our whole building came together to make the happiest evening of my life.

During the summer vacation, Grandpa Wang of our building, a volunteer projectionist from the residents committee, announced he would show an open-air movie on the rooftop of our unit. The moment the news got out, the whole building buzzed. On the night of the show, the grown-ups tied a white bedsheet between two clothes poles as the screen, and the children carried over their own little stools and bamboo chairs; one kid even brought a cool mat and rolled on it on the ground. The movie was Havoc in Heaven. When the bulb lit up and Sun Wukong did his first somersault, our whole row of children cried wow in unison, our voices louder than the cicadas.

The funny moment came halfway through the movie: the rooftop was at its liveliest when suddenly the power went out! The screen went black, and we all groaned in one long sigh. But in the very next second, a candle lit downstairs, then two, then five, then more than ten. The neighbors came up to the rooftop one family after another carrying candles, and set them in a ring. Grandpa Wang swept his big fan and said: keep showing it! Project from the phone onto the sheet, and it is still Havoc in Heaven. So we sat around that ring of candlelight and finished the second half with our heads tilted. The candle flames flickered, and Sun Wukong flickered with them. I have always felt that movie that night was a hundred times better than anything on television.

When the movie ended, the auntie from the sixth floor handed out watermelon, the uncle from the third floor served mung bean soup, and the palm-leaf fan of Grandpa Wang kept waving late into the night, the chirping of insects and the laughter mixing together well past midnight. I lay on the cool mat watching the stars and thought: anyone can watch a movie on television, but this one showing had been seen only by the people of our building.

The biggest feeling of that day was this: happiness catches. One bedsheet can turn into a cinema, one blackout can turn into a candlelight show, as long as people are willing to gather together. Classmates, this summer vacation, open your door a little too: greet one neighbor, join one community activity. You will find that happiness hides between people, and the more you share, the more there is.

That is all for my speech. Thank you all!