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!