**Storytelling Speech Sample**

**Sample 1 The color of wind**[演讲的艺术 第十版 中国版\_哔哩哔哩\_bilibili](https://www.bilibili.com/video/BV1rW411p76S?p=26)

When I was in kindergarten, I once showed off my painting to the class. To my surprise, they all burst into laughter. "Why did you paint the sky green?" one asked. Unable to seek a valid

answer, I replied dryly, “Well, that's the color of wind."

Though at that time I didn't realize that I was colorblind, my sensitivity told me something was missing. My confidence wavered, and from then on I tried to avoid every occasion that

called for the use of colors.

However, there is something in life that | can never avoid. In my senior high, I had to choose photography to meet curricular requirements. Still suffering from color phobia, I only used black-and-white film to take pictures. Yet my works turned out to be good ones. They say I have a special sense of light and shade, and by the use of simple picture composition, I can fully convey the theme of the photo.

＂Why not try some color films?” my photography teacher asked.

＂I am colorblind."

＂So what?” he patted on my shoulder, “It is your color-blindness that gives you the stronger sense of light and shade and helps you to grasp the theme of the photo without distractions of colors."

My teacher's words struck me. Later, I found out that the incidence of colorblindness is one in a thousand. To me, it is a blessing in disguise. With that in mind, I put a roll of color film

in my camera and set out to take pictures. With the snapping sound of the shutter, I could not help but paint the color of wind in my own pictures. The colors lie in my heart.

**Sample 2 Storytelling speech Migrant children**

What will you feel if you suddenly leave the city that you’re pretty familiar with, and start the new life in a strange place called hometown? You think this sentence is very puzzling, right? But it’s very normal for a special group of children called migrant children.

The migrant children aren’t born in their hometown because their parents work in another city. But they can neither enjoy the same educational opportunities as the native children for they don’t have local registered permanent residence, nor study in their hometown because their parents don’t have time to care for them. This group of children is becoming larger and larger in China and needs more care from the society.

Actually I myself is a half-migrant children. My dad work in Shanghai as a engineer since I was a little girl until now, but my mom lives in my hometown as a teacher. I spend three years of my primary school in Shanghai, then I go back to my hometown. So I deeply understand the feelings and the worries of the migrant children.

I was fortunate enough to volunteer in the migrant children center in Jing’an district last year. At the center, when I saw the innocent and insouciant smile of the younger children, I’m very sad because they have to think about their future before long; when I saw the worried and sorrow emotion of the older children, I’m empathetic because I had the same experience with them.

So I’m there today to call on all of you to concern about the migrant children.

I wish one day the iceberg of the regional disparity will melt, and they can find the sense of belonging in the foreign land.

I wish one day, the migrant children don’t have to go back to their strange hometown with tears and fears.

I wish one day, the migrant children will be able to join hands with native children as sisters and brothers and enjoy a bright future!

I believe, as long as all of us devote our love for them, the drop of kindness will finally forms the sea of love,and change the world into a sunny paradise! This is my story, and I’m Lu Rundi. Thank you!

Sample 5

Hello everyone, the adventurous story I want to share today happened last semester when our school was still closed. It might bring back some awful memories for you. It was a typical midnight at 12 o'clock when my mobile phone rang. It was my boyfriend. I went out to answer the call with confusion. He told me in a calm voice that he had just hit his eye and needed to go to the hospital. I heard him pleading with his roommate to get his shoes. I heard his roommate's voice saying things like "stay there" or "let me help you up."

My worry was growing and eventually overwhelmed me. I must go out, I said to my self. But, how to do? The gate of dormitory had locked, and I don’t have the permission to go out the school. The window. I hung up the phone and rushed to my room, grabbed my campus card and took my coat. I put my chair next to the window, stepped on it, and held the frame, then stepped on the window then jumped out, while leaving the words to my roommates that keep the window open for me. My roommate later told me that she had never seen me move so quickly.

I rushed to the gate of my boyfriend's dormitory, out of breath and full of worry. I saw his roommates helping him out, his eyes closed, and what looked like a drop of blood was in the corner of his eye. I was terrified and almost burst into tears. I grabbed his arm, and he felt me. I tried my best to keep my tone normal and told his roommates that I would accompany him to the hospital.

We managed to call a taxi to hospital, and I remembered to send a message to my counselor. Fortunately, there was nothing serious with his eye, and we returned to school at 3 o'clock. On the way back, I suddenly realized what I had done. Go out of dormitory at midnight from window. Leave school without application. I couldn’t help worrying the punishment from the school and criticism from my counselor. Actually, I even didn’t dare to leave school when there was just a notification that "it's better not to leave the school."

The worst thing still happened, we were stopped by the guards because there was no record of my leaving. They asked me to call my counselor. Oh my god, at 3 o’clock, call my counselor!

I sent her messages on WeChat, dreaming she would see them. I found counselor's number, but hesitated to dial it. I repeatedly checked the WeChat interface, begging that she could reply to me. After almost half an hour, I had no way but to call her with terrible apologies and anxiety. Every second waiting for her to answer the phone was like a century long, and every "beep" as if knocked on my heart. Actually she answered about only five seconds later. But it was too long for me at that time. Therefore when her voice came over the phone I thought there must be magic.

I apologized to her and explained the situation. She didn't reprimand me but comforted me and let me give the phone to the guard. With her help, we finally entered, and I went back to my room through the window again.

Life can be unpredictable, but with the love in heart and support of ones believe in us, we’d have the strength and courage to overcome any challenge. So, O ever youthful, O ever weeping.