那条不肯回头的鲸鱼

十一月二十七日，星期五，天气晴。

晚上看了一部纪录片改编的电影，讲一头被救回来的鲸鱼。它小时候被渔网缠住，被人养在水池里治伤，一个年轻教练天天守着它，给它刷身上的藤壶。鲸鱼好了以后，船把它运到很远的海峡放归。它游进大海之前，在船边绕了一圈，然后头也不回地游走了，游得很快，尾巴打水，像把一扇门关上。年轻教练在船上哭了，别人劝他，他说，它不回头，是怕一回头就不想走了。

看到这一句，我的笔在日记本上停了很久，因为我想起了林小满。初一分班，她从一班调走了，走之前我们大吵了一架，起因小得我现在都说不出口，好像是为了值日表上谁多写了一次名字。我们俩都是硬脾气，谁也不肯先低头，她走的那天我在座位上盯着窗户，心里想，她要是来跟我道歉，我就原谅她。她没来。后来一整个学期，我在食堂碰到过她三次，三次我都把脸扭向另一边，心里那个声音每次都是同一句：凭什么先找我的是她。

电影里鲸鱼绕船那一圈，我看了忽然明白了一件事：它绕那一圈，是在告别；它不回头，不是不念旧，是怕自己舍不得。可我连绕那一圈都没有。我把扭脸当成骨气，其实那是胆小，我怕的是万一我回头了，她却没有原谅我。林小满走之前送过我一支笔，笔帽上贴着她剪的小鲸鱼，那支笔现在还在我的笔袋里，我一直没舍得用。

我的打算写在今天这一页：周六我们约了在书店自习，我打算带那支笔去，借她的笔记时把笔放在她的本子上，什么也不用说，她看得懂那只小鲸鱼。如果她也看得懂，这件事就算翻篇了；如果她看不懂，我也绕完了我的那一圈，不亏。

电影最后一幕，鲸鱼在深海里唱歌，声音穿过整个海峡。我在日记最后写：回头不丢人，丢人的是把扭脸当成骨气，一扭就是一学期。

The Whale That Refused to Look Back

November twenty-seventh, Friday, sunny.

Tonight I watched a film made from a documentary, about a whale that was rescued and returned to the sea. When it was young it was tangled in a fishing net and kept in a pool while its wounds healed, and a young trainer stayed by it every day, brushing the barnacles off its skin. After the whale recovered, a ship carried it to a far strait and set it free. Before swimming into the open ocean it made one circle beside the boat, then swayed away without looking back once, moving fast, its tail beating the water like a door closing. The young trainer cried on the deck. Others comforted him, and he said the whale does not look back because it is afraid that one look would make it unwilling to leave.

When that line came, my pen stopped on this diary page for a long time, because I remembered Lin Xiaoman. At the class split in the first year of middle school she was moved away from Class One, and before she left we had a loud quarrel over something

so small I can barely say it now, something about whose name was written one more time on the duty roster. We are both stubborn, and neither would bow first. On the day she left I stared at the window from my seat, thinking, if she comes to apologize, I will forgive her. She did not come. Across the whole term I met her three times in the cafeteria, and three times I turned my face to the other side, and the voice inside said the same sentence every time: why should she be the one to reach out first.

Watching the whale circle the boat, I suddenly understood: that circle is its way of saying goodbye, and it does not look back not from coldness but from fear that it would miss everything too much. Yet I never even made that one circle. I treated turning my face away as backbone, when it was really cowardice. What I feared was that if I turned back and she did not forgive me. Before leaving, Lin Xiaoman gave me a pen, with a little whale she cut out stuck on the cap. That pen is still in my pencil case, and I never had the heart to use it.

My plan is written on the page of today: on Saturday we have arranged to study at the bookstore. I plan to bring that pen, and when I borrow her notes I will lay the pen on top of her notebook. Nothing needs to be said; she can read the little whale. If she can read it, this matter turns a new page. If she cannot, then I have still completed my circle, and I lose nothing.

In the last scene the whale sings in the deep sea, its voice crossing the whole strait. My final line reads: looking back is no shame; the shame is treating a turned face as backbone, and keeping it turned for a whole term.