旗杆上的帽子

《草房子》里我读得最快的一章，就是秃鹤。秃鹤头上没有头发，光光的。一入学，全校的同学都笑他，给他起外号，排着队跟在他后面喊。他走到哪儿，笑声就跟到哪儿。

后来秃鹤戴了一顶帽子，像有了盾牌。可是课间操的时候，调皮的杜小康一把抢走他的帽子，嗖地扔出去，帽子挂在了旗杆顶上。全校人仰着头看，帽子在风里飘。秃鹤站在旗杆底下，眼泪在眼眶里打转。我看到这里，心里像被针扎了一下。

秃鹤回到家，妈妈劝他把帽子摘了，说憋着藏着反而没事。开学他真把帽子摘了，可笑声比以前更大。我读到这里想，笑他的人什么时候才能停呢。

真正让我改变想法的是汇操演出。学校要演一个拿刺刀的兵，缺一个光头角色，别人都不肯演，秃鹤去演。他一遍一遍练动作，练得比谁都认真。演出那天，他演得好，全场鼓掌，学校拿了奖。大家喊秃鹤的名字，喊得最响。

合上书，我想起我们班的雷雷。二年级夏天，雷雷头上长了癣，剃了光头，戴一顶白帽子来上学。有人给他起外号叫秃头鹰，我跟着笑了，还学他走路的样子。雷雷没骂我，他只是把帽子压得更低。

我以前觉得笑一下没什么，反正他也没有少块肉。现在读秃鹤被抢帽子那一段，我忽然替雷雷难受起来。帽子挂在旗杆上，风一吹就飘，那顶帽子像挂在雷雷的头上，也像挂在我的脸上。

秃鹤最后站在台上领奖，全校为他鼓掌。他让我们班、让我们学校争了光，可他没头发这件事，从头到尾没有变。变的是笑他的人。这本书告诉我：别人的缺陷不是笑话，谁都不是故意长成这样的。会笑之前，先学会尊重。

The Hat on the Flagpole

The chapter I read fastest in Grass House is the one about Bald Crane. Bald Crane has no hair on his head, it is smooth and bare. From the first day of school, every student in the whole school laughed at him, gave him nicknames, and followed him in a line shouting them. Wherever he walked, the laughter followed.

Later Bald Crane wore a cap, as if he had found a shield. But during the morning exercises, the mischievous Dou Xiaojun snatched the cap away and flung it high, and it landed on the top of the flagpole. The whole school looked up at the cap fluttering in the wind. Bald Crane stood under the flagpole with tears rolling in his eyes. When I read this, my heart felt pricked by a needle.

When Bald Crane got home, his mother urged him to take the cap off, saying that hiding the trouble only makes it worse. Next term he really took it off, and the laughter grew louder than before. Reading this, I wondered: when will those who laugh

at him ever stop.

What truly changed my mind was the performance. The school play needed a soldier with a bayonet, and the role required a shaved head, so nobody wanted it. Bald Crane took it. He drilled his movements again and again, more seriously than anyone. On the day of the show he played it wonderfully, the whole hall applauded, and the school won a prize. Everyone shouted the name Bald Crane, the loudest of all.

Closing the book, I thought of Lei Lei in our class. In the summer of Grade Two, he had a scalp rash and shaved his head, and came to school in a white cap. Someone nicknamed him Bald Eagle, and I laughed along and even imitated the way he walked. Lei Lei never scolded me. He only pressed his cap lower.

I used to think a little laughing was nothing, since he had not lost any flesh anyway. Now, reading the part where the cap is snatched, I suddenly feel bad for Lei Lei. The cap hung on the flagpole, fluttering in the wind, and that cap seemed to hang on the head of Lei Lei, and also on my face.

At the end Bald Crane stood on the stage and the whole school applauded him. He won honor for his class and his school, yet his bare head never once changed from beginning to end. What changed were the people who laughed. This book tells me: the flaws of others are not jokes, and nobody chooses to look the way they do. Before learning to laugh, first learn respect.

笑过之后，全班安静了

上个星期，语文老师用两节课，把《草房子》里秃鹤的故事念给我们全班听。老师念书的声音很好听，念到秃鹤没有头发、全校都笑他、排着队喊他外号的时候，我们班有人先笑了，接着半个班都笑了。我坐在座位上，嘴角也翘着，因为老师念得实在太好玩了。

老师念到帽子那段：杜小康抢走秃鹤的帽子，扔上旗杆，帽子在风里飘，全校仰着头看。我们班笑得更响了，有个男生还学帽子飘的样子晃胳膊。只有靠窗的小晗没有笑。小晗的胳膊上有一块小时候烫的疤，她夏天从来不穿短袖。她把头低下去，盯着自己的课桌。

老师停下来，没有批评笑的同学，接着往下念。她念秃鹤摘下帽子，念笑声反而更大，念汇操演出缺一个光头的兵，秃鹤去演，一遍一遍练，练到动作比谁都标准。念到演出那天全场鼓掌、学校拿了奖、大家喊秃鹤的名字，我们班忽然安静了。

教室里静了几秒，然后不知是谁先拍了一下手，全班都拍起来。老师把书合上，问了我们一个问题：刚才你们笑的时候，是觉得好笑，还是看懂了？没有人回答。那个学帽子飘的男生，把手放到了桌子底下。

下课以后，我看见小晗还低着头。她小声问同桌，我胳膊上的疤，是不是很像秃鹤的头。同桌说，才不像，而且就算像又怎么样，秃鹤后来全校都为他鼓掌。我在旁边听见了，假装整理书包，其实耳朵热得很。

第二天课间，小晗的袖子滑上去，露出了那块疤。有个一年级的小孩盯着看，我刚要开口，是那个男生先转过头，把那个小孩的眼睛拨开了。谁也没说什么，小晗把袖子拉好，可我看见她走路比平时轻快。

读书作业要写读后感，我在本子上写：秃鹤站在舞台上，他其实也给我们全班上了一课。笑别人的人，和鼓掌的人，可以是同一群人。我希望我们班的掌声，以后都用在值得用的地方，用在别人难受的时候忍住的那一下笑上。

After the Laughter, the Whole Class Went Silent

Last week our Chinese teacher spent two class periods reading the story of Bald Crane from Grass House aloud to the whole class. Her reading voice is lovely. When she read how Bald Crane has no hair, how the whole school laughs at him and lines up shouting his nickname, someone in our class laughed first, and then half the class laughed. Sitting at my desk, the corner of my mouth curled up too, because the teacher made it sound so funny.

Then the teacher read the part about the cap: Dou Xiaojun snatched the cap of Bald Crane and threw it onto the flagpole, the cap fluttering in the wind, the whole school looking up. Our class laughed even louder, and one boy even swung his arm to imitate a fluttering cap. Only Xiao Han by the window did not laugh. Xiao Han has a burn scar on her arm from when she was little, and in summer she never wears short sleeves. She lowered her head and stared at her desk.

The teacher paused, did not scold the laughing students, and went on. She read how Bald Crane took the cap off and the laughter grew louder, how the school play lacked a soldier with a shaved head, how Bald Crane took the role and drilled again and again until his movements were the steadiest of all. When she read how the whole hall applauded on the day of the show, how the school won a prize and everyone shouted the name Bald Crane, our class suddenly went silent.

The room stayed quiet for a few seconds, then someone started clapping and the whole class clapped with them. The teacher closed the book and asked us one question: when you laughed just now, did you think it was funny, or did you understand? Nobody answered. The boy who had imitated the fluttering cap put his hands under his desk.

After class I saw Xiao Han still with her head down. She whispered to her deskmate, does the scar on my arm look a lot like the head of Bald Crane. The

deskmate said, not at all, and even if it did, so what, Bald Crane ended up with the whole school applauding him. I heard it from beside them, pretended to tidy my schoolbag, while my ears burned.

The next day at break, The sleeve of Xiao Han slid up and the scar showed. A first grader stared at it. I was about to speak when that same boy turned first and gently pushed the gaze of the little one away. Nobody said anything, and Xiao Han pulled her sleeve down, but I could see her steps were lighter than usual.

The reading homework asked for a response essay, and in my notebook I wrote: Bald Crane standing on the stage actually gave our whole class a lesson too. The people who laugh and the people who applaud can be the same crowd. I hope the applause of our class will from now on go where it is worth giving, and into the laughter one holds back when someone else is hurting.

我想跟雷雷说对不起

《草房子》读到秃鹤，我读得特别慢，因为每一页都像在翻我自己的旧账。秃鹤头上没有头发，全校笑他，给他起外号。这件事，我在二年级也干过。

二年级夏天，我们班的雷雷头上长了癣，医生让剃光头。他戴一顶白帽子来上学，帽子底下光光的。是我先给他起的外号，叫秃头鹰。我还学他走路，两只手夹在胳膊边，一摇一摆，逗得一圈人笑。雷雷没有骂我，他把帽子往下压了压，从那以后午饭不带进教室，一个人坐在走廊的台阶上吃。

书里写秃鹤被嘲笑，我看到的却是雷雷坐在台阶上的背影。书里写帽子挂上旗杆，全校仰头看，我想起的是雷雷的帽子被风吹歪，他按住帽子，一圈人围着他笑。原来那时候我的笑声，跟旗杆顶上那顶帽子一样，是挂在别人头上的。

书的后半，秃鹤演那个光头的兵，为学校争了光，全校为他鼓掌。我读到这里，忽然特别想跟雷雷说一句话。可是雷雷三年级开学就转学去了外地，我连对不起都没说过。那几天我做梦都梦见秃鹤站在台上，台下坐着二年级的我们。

后来我妈说，雷雷的妈妈还在小区群里，可以帮我问地址。我写了半页纸的信，把外号的事、学走路的事、走廊台阶的事，全写上了，最后写：对不起，我读秃鹤的时候天天想你。我妈把信发给了雷雷的妈妈。

过了一个星期，回信来了，就一行字，是雷雷让他妈妈打的：早忘了，你以后别这样就行。我盯着那行字看了很久，心里松了一块，又沉了一块。松的是雷雷没有记仇，沉的是他轻描淡写的那一句，让我更知道自己当时有多过分。

现在我把那封信压在文具盒底下。秃鹤的故事我讲给同桌听，讲到帽子挂上旗杆，讲到演出

争光。同桌问我，那你以后还会笑别人吗。我说不会了，别人的缺陷不是笑话。要是哪天不小心笑了，我会马上说对不起，趁早说，别等转学。

I Want to Say Sorry to Lei Lei

When I reached the chapter of Bald Crane in Grass House, I read very slowly, because every page felt like turning over my own old debts. Bald Crane has no hair, the whole school laughs at him and gives him nicknames. That is a thing I did myself in Grade Two.

In the summer of Grade Two, Lei Lei in our class had a scalp rash, and the doctor told him to shave his head. He came to school in a white cap, bare underneath. I was the first to nickname him Bald Eagle. I also imitated his walk, arms pinned to his sides, waddling, and a ring of children cracked up. Lei Lei never scolded me. He pressed his cap down, and after that he stopped bringing lunch into the classroom, sitting alone on the corridor steps to eat.

In the book, when Bald Crane is mocked, what I actually see is the back of Lei Lei sitting on those steps. In the book, when the cap hangs on the flagpole and the whole school looks up, what comes back is the cap of Lei Lei blown crooked by the wind, him holding it down while a circle of children laughed around him. My laughter back then, I now know, hung on the head of someone else just like that cap on the flagpole.

In the second half of the book, Bald Crane plays the soldier with the shaved head, wins honor for the school, and the whole school applauds him. Reading that, I suddenly wanted badly to say one thing to Lei Lei. But Lei Lei transferred to another city at the start of Grade Three, and I never even said sorry. For days I dreamed of Bald Crane on the stage, and in the seats below sat the us of Grade Two.

Later my mother said the mother of Lei Lei is still in the neighborhood group chat, and she could ask for an address for me. I wrote a letter half a page long, putting in the nickname, the imitation walk, the corridor steps, and at the end: sorry, I think of you every day while reading Bald Crane. My mother sent the letter to the mother of Lei Lei.

A week later the reply came, one line, typed by the mother of Lei Lei at his dictation: forgot it long ago, just do not be like that again. I stared at that line for a long time, one part of my chest loosening and one part sinking. It loosened because Lei Lei held no grudge; it sank because his casual little line showed me how wrong I had been.

Now I keep that letter under the lid of my pencil case. I tell the story of Bald Crane to my deskmate, the cap on the flagpole, the performance that won honor. My deskmate asks whether I will still laugh at people. I say no, the flaws of others are not jokes. If I ever laugh by accident, I will say sorry right away, say it early, and not wait for a transfer.