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.