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.