从今天起，我不再笑话别人的不同

同学们，早上好。我站在国旗下，想先做一件事：道歉。二年级那年，我们班转来一个头发稀少的男生，我给他起外号叫三毛。一整年，我一喊那个外号全班就笑，他就把头低下去。读完《草房子》，我想起了他，脸上发烫。

书里有个叫秃鹤的男孩，天生一颗光头，从小被笑到大。文艺汇演他演秃头伪军，演得满堂叫好，可人们散场以后记住的还是他的头。笑声是真的会伤人的——这是秃鹤教给我的第一课。

秃鹤也报复过：汇操比赛他摘下帽子，让全年级因为他的头扣分，那一阵谁都不肯原谅他。可最后让他赢回尊重的，不是报复。真正的那场汇操，他拼了命地认真，每个拍子都踏准，队伍走得像一个人，领操台上他的光头在阳光下发亮，没有人再笑。他把尊严一寸一寸挣了回来。尊严不是别人赏的，是自己挣的——这是秃鹤教给我的第二课。

书里还有个男孩叫杜小康。他家曾是油麻地最阔的，一条翻船沉了家底，他只好退学，跟父亲进芦苇荡放鸭，暴风雨的夜里追着跑散的鸭群。回来后他在学校门口摆摊，戴白手套，卖碗卖糖。最让我震动的是那句：油麻地没有一个人笑话他。油麻地的大人和孩子，护住了一个落难同学的体面。我想问自己：那年要是有人像油麻地护住杜小康那样护住那个男生，我还会喊出那个外号吗？

所以今天，我在国旗下向全校承诺三件事。第一，不给任何人起外号，不笑话任何人的头发、身体、家庭和穿着。第二，别人嘲笑同学的时候，你不跟着笑，能的话，说一句拦住它。第三，如果你像我一样伤过别人，去道歉，不晚。我已经给那个转走的男生写了一封信。

同学们，国旗在头上，话要从心里来。愿我们的学校像油麻地：没有人被笑话，每个人都能把头抬起来。也愿我们每个人，遇上自己的暴风雨时，能像杜小康那样站直，像秃鹤那样，用认真挣回属于自己的尊严。谢谢大家。

From Today, I Will Not Laugh at Anyone's Difference

Fellow students, good morning. Standing under the flag, the first thing I want to do is apologize. In the second grade, a boy transferred into our class, and because his hair was thin, I nicknamed him Three-Hairs. For a whole year, every time I shouted that name the class laughed, and he kept his head down. After reading Grass House, I thought of him, and my face burned.

In the book there is a boy named Tuhe, born with a completely bald head, laughed at through his whole childhood. In the school play he played the bald puppet soldier brilliantly, and the audience applauded, but when people left the theater, all they remembered was his head. Laughter can truly wound a person — that is the first lesson Tuhe gave me.

Tuhe once tried to strike back: at a marching competition he pulled off his cap, his whole grade lost points because of his head, and for a while nobody forgave him.

But what finally won him respect was not the strike back. At the real competition he stamped every beat with all his seriousness, the column moved like one person, and on the leading platform his bald head shone in the sunlight. Nobody laughed. Inch by inch he won back his dignity. Dignity is not granted by others; it is earned by yourself — that is the second lesson Tuhe gave me.

The book also gives us a boy named Du Xiaokang. His family was once the wealthiest in Youmadi, until one capsized boat sank everything and he had to leave school. He followed his father into the reed marshes to herd ducks, chasing the scattered flock on stormy nights. After coming home he set up a stall at the school gate, wearing white gloves, selling bowls and candy. What shook me most was one line: not a single person in Youmadi laughed at him. The grown-ups and children of Youmadi protected the dignity of a classmate who had fallen on hard times. I have to ask myself: that year, if someone had protected that boy the way Youmadi protected Du Xiaokang, would I still have shouted that nickname?

So today, under this flag, I make three promises to our school. First, give no nicknames to anyone; laugh at no one's hair, body, family, or clothes. Second, when others mock a classmate, do not join in; if you can, say one word to stop it. Third, if you have hurt someone the way I did, go and apologize — it is not too late. I have already written a letter to that boy who moved away.

Fellow students, the flag is above our heads, and our words should come from the heart. May our school be like Youmadi: nobody laughed at, everyone holding their head high. And may each of us, when our own storm comes, stand straight like Du Xiaokang and win our own dignity through seriousness like Tuhe. Thank you.