我升旗的样子，他们走路的样子

同学们，早上好。我是本周的升旗手。说实话，上周一我走上旗台、伸手去抓绳子的时候，手心出汗，腿在抖，绳子差点脱手。下旗之后我一直问自己：为什么不能在国旗下站直？后来，我在《草房子》里找到了答案。

上个月，全校共读了《草房子》。今天我在国旗下，想讲书里的两个人，因为他们某种意义上，也都站在自己的旗台上。

第一个是秃鹤。他天生一颗光头。文艺汇演他演秃头伪军，演得满堂叫好，可观众散场以后，记住的只有他的头。他犯过一次错：汇操比赛他赌气摘下帽子，全年级因为他的头被扣分，那阵子没有人愿意跟他同桌。但他没有一直那样下去。真正的那场汇操，他拼了命地认真，每一个拍子都踏准，队伍走得像一个人。领操台上他的光头在阳光下亮着，没有人再笑。他让我明白：尊严是自己挣的，认真就是最硬的挣法。

第二个是杜小康。他家曾是油麻地最富的，一条翻了的船把家底沉进了河底。他成绩全年级第一，却不得不退学，跟父亲进芦苇荡放鸭，顶风顶雨。回来以后，他在小学门口摆起小摊，卖碗、卖糖，手上戴着白手套，一样一样招呼从前的同学。书里写，油麻地没有一个人笑话他。坚强不是一句口号。坚强是被生活打倒之后，还能爬起来，把日子过得有体面。

今天，我在国旗下向全校提出三点请求。第一，像秃鹤那样，找到一件肯拼了命认真做的事：一次课间操、一次班会、一次作业，都把它做扎实。第二，像杜小康那样，遇上事不趴下：竞选输了、考试砸了、挨批评了，拍拍膝盖上的泥，站起来接着走。第三，不笑话任何人的不同，别人笑的时候你不跟着笑。油麻地没有笑话杜小康的小摊，我们学校也不该笑话任何人的头、家庭和穿着。

下个星期一，我还会升旗。我希望那时候我抓住绳子的手是稳的，心里想着领操台上发亮的秃鹤，想着戴白手套的杜小康。同学们，旗在升起，人也要升起。愿我们每个人，都能在国旗下站直，都像油麻地的孩子那样，把自己脚下的路走好。谢谢大家。

The Way I Raise the Flag, the Way They Walk Their Road

Fellow students, good morning. I am this week's flag raiser. To be honest, last Monday, when I stepped onto the platform and reached for the rope, my palms were sweaty and my legs shook, and I nearly dropped the rope. Afterward I kept asking myself: why can't I stand straight under the flag? Later, inside Grass House, I found an answer.

Last month our whole school read Grass House together. Today under the flag, I want to speak of two people in that book, because in a way they both stood on a platform of their own.

The first is Tuhe. He was born with a completely bald head. In the school play he played the bald puppet soldier, and he played it so well that the audience applauded,

yet when people walked out of the theater, all they remembered was his head. He once did a wrong thing: at a marching competition he tore off his cap in anger, his whole grade lost points because of his head, and for a while nobody wanted to be his deskmate. But he did not spend the rest of his days that way. At the real competition he stamped every beat with all his seriousness, and the column moved like one person. On the leading platform his head shone in the sunlight, and nobody laughed. He taught me this: dignity is earned by yourself, and seriousness is the mightiest way to earn it.

The second is Du Xiaokang. His family was once the wealthiest in Youmadi, until one capsized boat sank the whole family fortune. First in the whole grade, he had to drop out, followed his father into the reed marshes to herd ducks, and faced the wind and rain. When he came back, he set up a small stall at the gate of the primary school, selling bowls and candy, wearing white gloves, greeting his old classmates one by one. The book says not a single person in Youmadi laughed at him. Strength is not a slogan. Strength is getting up after life knocks you down, and living your days with dignity.

Today, under this flag, I want to make three requests to our school. First, like Tuhe, find one thing you are willing to do with all your seriousness: one exercise routine, one class meeting, one piece of homework — do it solidly. Second, like Du Xiaokang, when something bad happens to you, do not lie flat: lose an election, fail a test, get scolded — brush the mud off your knees and keep walking. Third, never laugh at anyone's difference, and do not join in when others laugh. Youmadi did not laugh at Du Xiaokang's stall, so our school should not laugh at anyone's head, family, or clothes.

Next Monday I will raise the flag again. I hope that when I grip the rope then, my hand will be steady, and I will remember Tuhe shining on the leading platform and Du Xiaokang in his white gloves. Fellow students, the flag rises, and so must we. May every one of us stand straight under the flag, and may we all walk the road beneath our feet the way the children of Youmadi walked theirs. Thank you.