你走进我生活以后

四年级以前，我是个爱一个人蹲在角落的孩子，放学背着书包回家，在家里跟墙上的壁虎说话。

你走进我生活以后，我慢慢懂得了什么叫快乐。

我们先从那趟自行车的事说起。

那个周六下午，我在巷子里学骑自行车，你蹲在井台边替我扶着后座。

我不知道你什么时候悄悄松了手，一路骑到巷口，看见一只大狗站在墙角，我慌忙一拐，连人带车摔进了路边的草地里。

车筐飞出去，妈妈让我买的番茄和黄瓜滚了一地。

我坐在草里，手掌擦破了皮，眼泪在眼眶里打转，你满身是土地跑过来。

你先去捡黄瓜，一根一根擦干净放回筐里，再去捡番茄，两只手捧着，一个一个检查有没有压坏。

有一个番茄裂了一道小口，你举起来看了看，说不碍事，回家先吃它。

你把草叶从我手心里拍掉，咂了咂嘴，说，走，我背筐，你骑。

你背着筐走在马路外边，我骑着车跟在你里边。

太阳把我们的影子拉得很长，一个走，一个骑，速度却一样。

到了我家门口，你才抬手擦额头上的汗，袖子在脸上一抹，画出一道土印子。

你说，下次学车还叫我，我松手之前会先喊你。

那天我心里忽然明白，摔破的手掌也可以是一件值得骄傲的事，因为有一只手替我捧过番茄。

后来我们经常一起玩。

夏天我们举着绑了面筋的竹竿，去榆树下粘知了，你负责举竿，我负责网兜。

粘到一只，我们就把头凑在一起数，粘到七只，你忽然说知了也会想妈妈，我们把它全放了。

秋天我们在厂门口的秋千上轮流玩，数到五十下就换人，谁也不许偷偷多数。

冬天放学，我们分一个烤红薯，掰开时热气扑在两个人脸上，眼镜都蒙了一层白。

慢慢地，我变了。

我开始举手回答问题，开始去运动会给全班喊加油，开始在楼道里先跟别人打招呼。

妈妈说我的声音变大了，我听了不但不恼，反而笑出声。

我懂得了一个道理，快乐分给别人，会变成两份，悲伤分给别人，只剩下一半。

友情不是大事，是你手里一个一个检查过的番茄，是秋千上数到五十的数数声，是掰开的那个烤红薯。

友情让我变勇敢，也让我变快乐。

下一次学骑自行车，我还想让你替我松手。

我还想对你说，谢谢你走进我的生活。

After You Walked Into My Life

Before fourth grade, I was a child who liked to crouch in a corner alone, going home after school with my schoolbag on my back, talking to the gecko on the wall at home.

After you walked into my life, I slowly understood what happiness means.

Let us begin with the bicycle.

That Saturday afternoon, I was learning to ride a bicycle in the alley, and you crouched by the well holding my back seat.

I did not know when you quietly let go. I rode all the way to the mouth of the alley, where a big dog stood at the corner; I swerved in panic, and the bicycle and I fell together into the grass by the road.

The basket flew off, and the tomatoes and cucumbers my mother had sent me to buy rolled all over the ground.

I sat in the grass, my palm scraped raw, tears turning in my eyes, and you came running over, covered in dust.

You picked up the cucumbers first, wiping each one clean and putting it back in the basket, then you picked up the tomatoes, holding them in both hands, checking each one for bruises.

One tomato had a small crack; you held it up, looked at it, and said it was fine, we would eat that one first at home.

You brushed the grass blades out of my palm, clicked your tongue, and said, come on, I will carry the basket, you ride.

You walked on the outer side of the road carrying the basket, and I rode on the inner side behind you.

The sun stretched our shadows long, one walking, one riding, yet moving at the same speed.

Only when we reached my door did you raise your hand to wipe the sweat from your forehead, dragging your sleeve across your face and drawing a streak of dirt.

You said, call me again next time you learn to ride, and I will shout before I let go.

That day it suddenly dawned on me that a scraped palm can also be something to be proud of, because one pair of hands once held tomatoes for me.

After that we often played together.

In summer we carried bamboo poles tipped with wheat gluten and went under the elm trees to catch cicadas; you held the pole, I held the net.

Each time we caught one, we put our heads together to count; when we had seven, you suddenly said cicadas miss their mothers too, and we released them all.

In autumn we took turns on the swing by the factory gate, switching at the count of fifty, and nobody was allowed to sneak extra counts.

In winter after school we shared one baked sweet potato, and when we broke it open the steam fogged both our faces and whitened our glasses.

Little by little, I changed.

I began to raise my hand in class, to cheer for the whole class at the sports meet, to greet people first in the corridor.

My mother said my voice had grown louder, and instead of being embarrassed I laughed out loud when I heard it.

I learned one truth: happiness shared with others becomes two portions, and sadness shared with others is left with only half.

Friendship is not a big thing. It is the tomatoes you checked one by one in your hands, the counting up to fifty on the swing, the sweet potato broken in two.

Friendship made me braver, and it made me happier.

Next time I learn to ride a bicycle, I still want you to let go for me.

And I want to say to you, thank you for walking into my life.

日记本里的好朋友

我的抽屉里有一本蓝皮日记本，第一页写着，记录快乐的人，快乐会加倍。

这是你教我的。那天你看见我闷闷不乐，就说，你把不开心的事写下来，它就没那么重了。

我后来不但写不开心的，也写开心的。写着写着我发现，我的日记里到处都是你。

翻到三月那页，上面写着你帮我背课文的那个晚上。

语文要背一大段，我怎么也背不会，急得在屋里转圈，妈妈在旁边叹气。

你隔着院子喊我，说，我给你出题，你接下一句，接不上来就罚你学鸭子走两步。

那晚我们隔着院墙接了十道题，我错了三次，学了三次鸭子，笑得肚子疼。

笑完再背，那段课文忽然顺了，像被谁捋平的毛。

隔天抽背，我背得又稳又快，连抽查背诵的年级组长都多看了我两遍。

我在日记里写，原来背不会的课文，也可以被笑声背会。

翻到五月那页，上面写着我们吵架的事。

那天轮到我们组值日，你急着去练接力，我把扫帚往你手里一塞，说了重话。

你红着眼眶走了，我一个人扫完地，倒完垃圾，心里空空的。

隔天清早，我的抽屉里躺着半块饼干，包装是我熟悉的那种，旁边压着一张小纸条，写着，昨天是我先跑开的，对不起。

我捏着那半块饼干站了好久，然后跑到你桌前，说，昨天是我先塞的扫帚。

我们和好了，像两滴水碰一碰就又合成一滴。

我在日记里写，先说对不起的人，不是输了，是更在乎。

翻到十月那页，上面写着运动会接力。

我跑第三棒，接棒时鞋带松了，一个趔趄摔在跑道边，膝盖磕出血印。

我趴在那儿不敢动，听见满场的声音忽然变小。

你从第四棒的位置冲过来，不是朝前冲，是朝我冲，伸手把我拽起来，说，能跑吗，能跑我陪你走完最后一棒。

我说不跑也要走完。我们俩一步一步走完最后一棒，全班在终点给我们鼓掌。

那一次我们没名次，可我在日记里写，这是我跑得最骄傲的一棒。

现在翻这些日记，我看见了另一个东西。

三月的我，背不会课文就哭；五月的我，学会了说对不起；十月的我，摔倒了也肯一步一步走完。

原来日记记下的是你，照出来的却是我自己在长大。

友情给我的，不只是帮助和陪伴，它还让我一天一天变成更好一点的人。

蓝皮日记本快写满了，我打算再买一本，接着记。

记录快乐的人，快乐会加倍，这句话我现在也拿去教别人。

My Good Friend in My Diary

In my drawer there is a blue diary, and the first page says, a person who records happiness will have happiness doubled.

You taught me that. That day you saw me looking gloomy and said, write down the unhappy thing, and it will not feel so heavy.

Later I wrote down not only unhappy things but happy ones too. Writing and writing, I found that my diary was full of you.

Turn to the March page, where it tells about the evening you helped me recite the text.

We had a long passage to memorize for Chinese class, and I could not get it no matter how hard I tried; I paced around the room in a circle while my mother sighed beside me.

You shouted to me across the courtyard wall, saying, let me quiz you, you continue the next line, and if you cannot, the penalty is to waddle two steps like a duck.

That night we traded ten questions over the wall; I got three wrong and waddled like a duck three times, laughing until my stomach hurt.

After the laughing, I recited again, and the passage suddenly went smoothly, like fur smoothed down by someone.

At the spot recitation the next day, I recited steadily and quickly, and the one doing the spot check looked at me twice.

I wrote in my diary, so even a passage you cannot memorize can be memorized with laughter.

Turn to the May page, where it tells about our quarrel.

It was the turn of our group for cleaning duty, and you were in a hurry to practice the relay, so I shoved the broom into your hands and said something harsh.

You left with red eyes, and I swept the floor and emptied the trash alone, my heart hollow.

The next morning, half a biscuit lay in my desk drawer, in the wrapper I knew, with a small note pressed beside it saying, I was the one who ran off first yesterday, I am sorry.

I stood holding that half biscuit for a long time, then ran to your desk and said, I was the one who shoved the broom first.

We made up, like two water drops that merge back into one at a single touch.

I wrote in my diary, the person who says sorry first has not lost; that person simply cares more.

Turn to the October page, where it tells about the relay race at the sports meet.

I ran the third leg, my shoelace came loose as I took the baton, and I stumbled onto the edge of the track, scraping my knee until it bled.

I lay there afraid to move, and heard the noise of the whole stadium suddenly grow small.

You rushed over from the fourth-leg position, not forward but toward me, pulled me up with your hand, and said, can you run? If you can, I will walk the last leg with you.

I said that even without running we would finish it. The two of us walked the last leg step by step, and the whole class applauded us at the finish line.

We won no place that time, but I wrote in my diary, this was the proudest leg I have ever run.

Now when I turn through these diary pages, I see something else.

The me of March used to cry over a passage I could not memorize; the me of May learned to say sorry first; the me of October was willing to finish step by step even after falling.

It turns out the diary writes down you, but what it mirrors is me growing up.

Friendship gives me more than help and company; it also makes me a slightly better person day by day.

The blue diary is almost full, and I plan to buy another one and keep recording.

A person who records happiness will have happiness doubled; this sentence I now also pass on to teach others.

朝我这边斜的雨伞

我们班曾经有两个女孩，像用两块不同的布剪出来的。

一个很安静，坐在前排，说话声音小得几乎听不见，课间一个人跳皮筋。

一个很响亮，坐在后排，笑声能从走廊那头传过来，上课抢着举手。

谁也没想到，她们俩后来会成了好朋友。

事情要从五年级秋天的一个雨天说起。

放学时雨下得像倒水，安静的女孩站在门厅檐下不动，她又把伞忘在家里了。

响亮的女孩撑着伞走过来，什么也没说，拉着她一起走进雨里。

伞不大，响亮的女孩走在靠马路的一侧，伞一点一点往安静女孩那边斜。

走到路口，响亮女孩靠马路的那半边肩膀全湿了，校服上洇开一大片深色。

安静女孩说，伞斜到我这边了。响亮女孩说，没斜，是我这只胳膊有劲。

两个人都笑了，脚步踩着水花，声音一样响。

转过一个月，安静的女孩请了一周假，听说在家养病。

响亮的女孩每天放学都绕到她家屋前，站在巷口喊她的名字。

不进门，就站在外面喊，今天语文作业是背第二段，数学是练习册十二页，英语单词七个，我背给你听。

屋里应一声，好。于是她背完数学背英语，背完才走。

刮风的那天她喊哑了嗓子，第二天沙着嗓子接着喊。

一周以后，安静的女孩回到学校，两个人在楼道里碰面，谁也没提那七天。

只是从那以后，她们一起上学，一起放学，课间跳皮筋的时候，绳子上多了一个人。

还有一件小事。四年级入队那年，安静女孩忘了戴红领巾，站在队伍外面进不去。

响亮女孩当场把自己脖子上的红领巾解下来，系到她脖子上。

那天的检阅式，响亮女孩没戴红领巾，站在队伍里照样把歌唱得最大声。

后来有人问安静女孩，你们俩怎么好的。

安静女孩想了半天，说，她家的伞，一直是朝我这边斜的。

这话传过来，响亮女孩摆手，说哪有，是我这只胳膊有劲。

把这三件事摆在一起看，会发现友情其实没有惊天动地，它是一把斜过来的伞，是巷口每天的那嗓子喊话，是脖子上临时借来的红领巾。

故事讲到这儿才露底：那个安静的女孩，就是我。

我以前总把好朋友的事讲成别人的故事，好像那样才不害羞。

现在我愿意承认，被一把斜过来的伞照着的人，胆子会一天比一天大。

我后来也学会了抢着举手，学会了课间跟人打招呼，学会了在雨天把伞朝别人那边斜。

友情让我更快乐，也让我更勇敢，这是我在心得体会里最想写下的那一句。

The Side of the Umbrella Tilted Toward Me

Once our class had two girls, as if cut from two different pieces of cloth.

One was quiet, sat in the front row, spoke so softly she was barely heard, and jumped rope alone during breaks.

The other was loud, sat in the back row, her laughter could travel across the corridor, and she raised her hand first in class.

No one expected the two of them to become good friends.

It began on a rainy day in the autumn of fifth grade.

School let out into rain like a poured basin, and the quiet girl stood under the eave without moving, having again left her umbrella at home.

The loud girl came over with her umbrella, said nothing, and pulled her into the rain.

The umbrella was small. The loud girl walked on the road side, and the umbrella tilted little by little toward the quiet girl.

At the crossing, the road-side shoulder of the loud girl was soaked through, a large dark patch spreading across her school uniform.

The quiet girl said, the umbrella is leaning to my side. The loud girl said, it is not leaning, this arm of mine is just strong.

They both laughed, their steps splashing water, their sounds equally loud.

The next month, the quiet girl was absent for a whole week, resting at home from illness.

Every day after school the loud girl detoured to the front of her house and called her name from the mouth of the lane.

She did not go inside; she just stood outside and called out: today Chinese is reciting the second paragraph, math is workbook page twelve, English has seven words, I will recite them to you.

From inside came one answer, good. So she recited math, then English, and only then left.

On the windy day her voice went hoarse; the next day, still hoarse, she kept calling.

A week later the quiet girl returned to school, and they met in the corridor without mentioning those seven days.

Only from then on they went to school together and came home together, and when the rope came out at break, there was one more person on it.

There was one more small thing. In the year they joined the Young Pioneers, the quiet girl forgot her red scarf and stood outside the line, unable to join in.

The loud girl took the red scarf off her own neck right there and tied it around the quiet girl.

At the parade that day the loud girl wore no red scarf, and still sang the loudest in the ranks.

Later someone asked the quiet girl how the two of them became close.

She thought for a long time and said, her family umbrella has always been tilted toward my side.

When this reached the loud girl, she waved her hand and said, no it is not, this arm of mine is just strong.

Put these three things together and you find that friendship has nothing earth-shattering about it: it is an umbrella tilting over, it is a voice calling from the lane every day, it is a red scarf borrowed onto a neck.

Only here does the story show its hand: the quiet girl was me.

I used to tell the story of my good friend as if it were about someone else, as

if that were less shy.

Now I am willing to admit that a person sheltered by a tilted umbrella grows braver day by day.

I later learned to raise my hand first, to greet people in the corridor, and on rainy days to tilt my umbrella toward someone else.

Friendship made me happier and also made me braver; this is the one sentence I most want to write down.