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.