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.