雨中向你斜过来的那只手

大家好！今天我想讲一讲那只向你伸过来的手。

去年寒假前最后一天上学，雨下得又急又密。同学们冲出教室，我站在门厅檐下盯着一片白茫茫的雨，一步也挪不动——我的伞落在家里了。就在这时，一把伞撑到了我面前的雨里，是坐我旁边的林小。她说：「一起走呀，我家顺路。」其实大家都清楚，她家和我家方向正相反。

走在雨里，她把伞一直往我这边斜，左肩淋透了。隔天到校，她感冒了，喷嚏打个不停，却摆摆手说没事。放学后我特意去她家道谢，她拉我进屋吃家里炒的栗子。那个淋湿的半边肩膀，我一直记到今天。妈妈后来跟我说，长大你就会明白，肯把伞往你这边斜的人有多珍贵。

友情不是遥远的东西。它是斜过来的伞，是掰成两半递来的橡皮，是你落下功课时那句「我再给你讲一遍」，是运动会前递到手里的水壶。

上个月运动会，我报了一千五百米，跑到最后一圈腿沉得像灌了水，嗓子发干。跑道边上有个人跟着我跑，一边跑一边把水壶举到我手边，喊「伸手，伸手」。我抓住水壶灌了一口，脚步居然就又迈开了。冲线以后我去找他道谢，他摆摆手说：「你冲线那一下挺帅的，比谢我管用。」

想一想：抱不动作业本的时候，谁来搭过手？受了委屈独自坐在操场的时候，谁来陪你坐着？这些小事你不数，就会忘。

友情像栽在教室里的一棵小树，不浇水会蔫。为了一块粉笔头赌气一周不说话，损失的可比粉笔头多得多。

所以，我想向全体同学提议：明天早上走进教室，先对同桌说一声早上好；同学抱着厚厚一摞本子时，搭把手；和好朋友闹了别扭，先开口说一句「我们和好吧」。

身边那个人，就是你童年最近的宝贝。请从今天开始，珍惜他。谢谢大家！

The Hand Extended to You in the Rain

Hello, everyone! Today I want to talk about the hand extended to you.

On the last day of school before winter break last year, the rain came down hard and fast. Everyone rushed out of the classroom, and I stood under the eaves, staring at the white sheet of rain, unable to move — my umbrella was left at home. Just then, an umbrella appeared in the rain right in front of me. It was Lin Xiao, who sat next to me. She said, "Let us walk together. My house is on your way." In fact, everyone knew her house was in the opposite direction.

Walking in the rain, she kept the umbrella tilted toward me, and her left shoulder got soaked through. The next day at school, I learned she had caught a cold and sneezed all day, but she only waved her hand and said it was nothing. After

school I went to her house to thank her, and she pulled me inside to eat chestnuts roasted by her family. That half-wet shoulder has stayed in my heart until today. My mother later told me: when you grow up, you will understand how precious it is for someone to tilt an umbrella toward you.

Friendship is not something far away. It is the umbrella tilted toward you, the eraser broken in half and handed over, the words "let me explain it again" when you fall behind in class, and the water bottle passed into your hands before the sports meet.

Last month at the sports meet, I signed up for the 1500 meters. On the last lap my legs felt heavy as if filled with water, and my throat was dry. Someone along the track ran alongside me, holding a water bottle out to my hand while shouting, "Reach out, reach out." I grabbed the bottle, took a gulp, and my steps somehow picked up again. After crossing the line I went to thank him, and he waved his hand: "That final sprint of yours looked great — better than any thanks."

Think about it: when you could not carry the stack of homework books, who came to help? When you sat alone on the playground feeling wronged, who came and sat with you? These small things, if you do not count them, you will forget them.

Friendship is like a little tree planted in the classroom. If you do not water it, it withers. If you quarrel over one piece of chalk and refuse to speak for a week, what you lose is far more than the chalk.

So I want to make a proposal to all of you: tomorrow morning, when you walk into the classroom, say good morning to your deskmate first; when a classmate carries a heavy stack of books, lend a hand; if you had a misunderstanding with a good friend, be the first to say "let us make up".

The person next to you is the closest treasure of your childhood. Start cherishing them today. Thank you, everyone!

半块橡皮，一根粉笔

大家好！开讲之前，请先看一眼自己的文具盒和课桌。

文具盒里的橡皮，课桌抽屉里的粉笔头，黑板前那盒白粉笔——它们是教室里最不起眼的东西，可它们记下了每一次递到我们手上的帮助。

数学考试那回，我的笔没水了。同桌一声不吭，把一块新橡皮掰成两半，连同一支备用笔推到我手边，头都没抬，好像这是天下最自然的事。

值日那天我擦黑板，粉笔槽空了。扫地的周扬放下扫帚，一路小跑去了器材室，抱回一整盒粉笔。他衬衫上落了一层白灰，自己笑说像个小老头。

还有一次我解不出应用题，抓着头发发愁。旁边的同学没有直接把答案抄给我，而是在我草稿纸上画了个线段图，说：「你把这一段想通。」我想通了，那个知识记到了今天。

默写生字那回，我错了好几个，放学后留下来重默。教室里只剩我和值日的两个人，谁也没催我。写错的字，周扬把我写错的字排成一排，让我自己找规律：三个带三点水的字都错了，他说：「你看见没，水旁字全栽一块了。」我自己把偏旁重新捋了一遍，第二天默写全对。

这些事小得能装进一块橡皮里，可每一件都是热的。友情就是这样，不大声嚷嚷，只是安安静静待在你手边。

可也有人把这些小事踩来踩去：给同学起难听的绰号，把朋友的小秘密讲给全班听，放学约好在校门口等，却自己先跑了。一棵长得好好的小树，就这样被松了根。

同学们，请从今天做起：借来的橡皮要还，掰断了就赔一块新的；放学门口的约定要记住；同学帮了你，看着他的眼睛说一声谢谢。珍惜身边的朋友，就从半块橡皮开始。

谢谢大家！

Half an Eraser and One Piece of Chalk

Hello, everyone! Before I begin, please take a look at your pencil case and your desk.

The eraser in the pencil case, the stub of chalk in the desk drawer, the box of white chalk in front of the blackboard — they are the most ordinary things in the classroom, yet they remember every help that was passed into our hands.

Once during a math exam, my pen ran out of ink. Without a word, my deskmate broke a new eraser in half and pushed it over together with a spare pen. He did not even look up, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

On duty day, I was cleaning the blackboard when the chalk holder went empty. Zhou Yang, who was sweeping nearby, put down his broom and ran all the way to the supply room, coming back with a whole box of chalk. His shirt was covered with a layer of white powder, and he laughed at himself for looking like a little old man.

Another time I could not solve a word problem and kept pulling at my hair. The classmate beside me did not copy the answer for me. He drew a line-segment diagram on my draft paper and said, "Work out this part yourself." I worked it out, and that knowledge has stayed with me until today.

Once during a dictation of new characters, I got several wrong and stayed after school to write them again. Only me and two students on duty were left in the classroom, and no one hurried me. Zhou Yang lined up the characters I had written wrong and let me find the pattern myself: all three characters with the water radical were wrong. He said, "See that? Every water-radical character fell in the same place." I went over the radicals myself, and the next day my dictation was perfect.

These things are small enough to fit inside an eraser, yet every one of them is warm. Friendship is like that — it does not shout. It simply stays quietly at your side.

But some people trample on these small things: giving classmates ugly nicknames, telling the little secret of a friend to the whole class, promising to wait at the school gate after school and running off first. A little tree that was growing well had its roots shaken loose just like that.

Everyone, let us start today: return the borrowed eraser, and if it breaks, give back a new one; keep the promise made at the school gate; when a classmate helps you, look into his eyes and say thank you. Cherish the friends around you, starting from half an eraser.

Thank you, everyone!

校门口那个等你的人

同学们，大家好！我先问大家一个问题：放学的时候，谁在校门口等你？

去年秋天，我把作业本忘在家里，到校才发现，站在走廊里慌得手脚都不知道往哪儿放。好朋友方雨什么都没问，转身跑下楼，一路跑回我家——他去我家玩过，知道我妈妈把本子放在书桌第二层抽屉——把本子取了回来。递给我的时候他上气不接下气，鞋带开了也没系，笑着说：「跑太快，帽子半路被风吹歪了。」那个本子被攥出了一道折痕，我一直没舍得抹平。

友情是一个为你奔跑的背影，也是校门口互相等的那个约定。

每天放学，学校小卖部门口、宣传栏前面，总有两个人在等对方。一个替另一个扶着书包带，催一句「快点呀」。这些天天都有的平常时刻，哪天少了一次，你才知道它有多金贵。

方雨和我约好：谁放学晚，谁就要等另一个；实在等不了，必须先告诉对方。有一次我留下做值日，忘了告诉他，出来时他站在宣传栏前面，却没看宣传栏，只看校门。

方雨还有一桩事。有回我值日出来晚了，校门快关了，他还立在门里侧，手里拎着两个星期的值日记录本，说：「顺手把你那本也收来了。」我接过来，本子边角被他压得平平整整。

可也有人把等不当回事：等了一次就抱怨三天，约好了却一声不响先走。你要知道，在校门口等你的那个人，不是欠你的，是心里有你。

有一天我们长大了，会记得的正是这些：放学铃、车铃响成一片，还有那个一直等你到太阳落下去的同学。

同学们，从今天起，和那个和你同路的人定个约定：要晚就提前说，约好就不失约，对方拿重东西时放慢脚步陪他走。让等我们的人少等一会儿，也让我们自己，做那个等别人的人。

谢谢大家！

The One Who Waits for You at the School Gate

Everyone, hello! Let me start with a question: when school ends, who waits for you at the school gate?

Last autumn, I left my homework notebook at home and only realized it at school. I stood in the corridor in a panic, not knowing where to put my hands and feet. My good friend Fang Yu asked nothing, turned around, and ran downstairs, all the way back to my house — he had been to my home and knew my mother kept the notebook in the second drawer of the study desk — and brought it back. When he handed it to me, he was out of breath, his shoelace undone, laughing: "I ran too fast; the wind knocked my hat crooked halfway." The notebook had a crease pressed into it, and I never smoothed it out.

Friendship is a back running off for you, and it is also the promise of waiting for each other at the school gate.

Every day after school, in front of the school shop or the notice board, there are always two people waiting for each other. One holds the strap of the other schoolbag and urges, "Hurry up." These ordinary moments that happen every day — only when one of them is missing will you know how precious they are.

Fang Yu and I made a deal: whoever leaves late must wait for the other; if waiting is truly impossible, tell the other first. Once I stayed behind for class duty and forgot to tell him. When I came out, he was standing in front of the notice board, but he was not looking at the board — he was looking at the school gate.

Fang Yu did one more thing for me. Once I came out late from duty, the school gate about to close, and he was still standing just inside it, holding two weeks of duty record books in his hand. "I collected yours along with mine," he said. I took it; the corners of the book were pressed perfectly flat by him.

Yet some people treat waiting as nothing: they complain for three days after

waiting once, or leave without a word despite a promise. You should know that the person waiting for you at the school gate does not owe you anything — they carry you in their heart.

One day when we grow up, what we will remember are exactly these things: the school bell, a sea of bicycle bells, and the classmate who kept waiting for you until the sun went down.

From today, make a promise with the person who walks home with you: if you will be late, say so in advance; if you made a promise, do not break it; when the other carries something heavy, slow your steps and walk with them. Let the person waiting for us wait a little less — and let us ourselves become the one who waits for others.

Thank you, everyone!