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!