楼梯口让出来的那半步

老师们、同学们，早上好！今天我在国旗下讲话的题目是：友谊让校园更温暖。

先讲一件天天发生在我们眼皮底下的事。早操散场，几百人往楼梯里涌，人挤着人。二年级有个同学背着大书包，被人流挤得一个趔趄，书包带滑到了胳膊上。他后面的六年级同学伸手替他托住书包，嘴里喊着「后面慢一点，别挤」，硬是在人流里给他让出半步稳当路。

那半步让得自然，谁也没觉得了不起。可就是这半步，让一个七岁的孩子一整天心里都稳。

再说失物招领箱。上学期降温，箱子里进来一条红围巾，没写名字。一周过去没人领，生活委员把它叠好挂在教室后墙的挂钩上。降温最狠那天，一年级有个小姑娘在走廊哭，说她丢了红围巾，那是奶奶织的。旁边高年级的同学七嘴八舌：「教室后头有一条！去看看！」围巾对上了，小姑娘破涕为笑，敬了个不太标准的队礼。

一条围巾在箱子和挂钩之间待了一个多月，最后回到了织它的人身边。校园的温度，就藏在这条围巾走过的路上。

还有个小细节。上周四放学，一年级有个小姑娘的鞋带开了，在走廊里一晃一晃。旁边一个五年级男生停下来，蹲下去替她系好，系完摆摆手，跑走了。小姑娘愣在原地，后来跟班主任说，那个哥哥像家里的大树哥哥。

同学们，友谊不是挂在墙上的标语。它是楼梯口让出的半步，是托住别人书包的那只手，是替低年级同学系好松开的鞋带，是食堂门口提醒一句「前面地滑」。

反过来想一想：如果楼梯口没人喊那句「别挤」，如果没人记得后墙上挂着一条红围巾，校园会是什么样？会冷。冷在哪儿？冷在每个人只顾自己走。

所以，我代表全班向全校同学发出倡议：这周开始，上下楼梯靠右走、让半步；看到同学的东西掉了，帮他捡起来；中午排队打饭，帮腿脚不便的同学带一份；和闹过别扭的同学，在课间点个头。

一个人的校园是水泥地，一群人的校园才是家。让友谊从你让出的那半步开始，把整个校园焐热。我的讲话完毕，谢谢大家！

The Half Step Yielded at the Stairway

Teachers and students, good morning! The title of my speech under the flag today is: Friendship Makes the Campus Warmer.

Let me first tell you something that happens right under our eyes every day. After the morning exercise, hundreds of students pour into the stairway, shoulder to shoulder. A second-grader with a big schoolbag was jostled by the crowd and nearly stumbled, the strap sliding down to his elbow. A sixth-grader behind him reached out

and supported the bag for him, calling out, "Slow down behind, do not push," and forced a half step of steady ground for him inside the crowd.

That half step was yielded so naturally that no one thought it remarkable. Yet it was exactly that half step that kept a seven-year-old steady all day long.

Now about the lost-and-found box. When the weather turned cold last term, a red scarf with no name went into the box. A week passed with no owner, so our class committee member for daily life folded it neatly and hung it on the hook on the back wall of our classroom. On the coldest day, a little girl from first grade cried in the corridor, saying she had lost her red scarf, knitted by her grandmother. The older students nearby all spoke at once: "There is one on the back wall! Go and see!" The scarf matched. The girl turned from tears to smiles and gave a not-quite-standard team salute.

A scarf stayed between the box and the hook for over a month, and finally returned to the hands of the one who knitted it. The warmth of a campus hides in the road that scarf traveled.

One more small detail. Last Thursday after school, the shoelace of a first-grade girl came undone and flapped as she walked. A fifth-grade boy stopped, squatted down, tied it for her, waved, and ran off. She stood there in surprise, and later told her teacher that the boy was like a big brother from a big tree at home.

Students, friendship is not a slogan hung on the wall. It is the half step yielded at the stairway, the hand that supports the schoolbag of another student, the tied shoelace for a younger child, the reminder at the cafeteria door: "The floor is slippery ahead."

Now think in reverse: if no one called out "do not push" at the stairway, if no one remembered the red scarf on the back wall, what would the campus be like? Cold. Where is the cold? It is in everyone minding only their own way.

So, on behalf of my class, I propose to the whole school: starting this week, keep right and yield a half step on the stairs; pick up what a classmate drops; at lunch, carry a tray for a classmate who has trouble walking; and nod to a classmate you once quarreled with at break.

A campus of one person is concrete ground; a campus of many is a home. Let friendship begin with the half step you yield, and warm the whole campus. That concludes my speech. Thank you!

角落里的男生进了圈

老师们、同学们，早上好！今天我想讲一个我们都不算认识、却天天打照面的男生。

三年级转来一个男生，姓宋，坐在最后一排靠窗。他不主动找人说话，课间就趴在窗台上看楼下。头一个月，他的朋友数是零。

变化发生在体育课。跳绳小组差一个人，班长隔着半个操场冲他喊：「宋同学，来凑个数！」他愣了愣，跑过去，站在甩绳的位置。他甩绳甩得又稳又匀，全组跳得前所未有地顺。那天起，跳绳小组的人下课都朝他招手。

再后来，美术课他画了一整页窗台上的麻雀，同桌凑过去看，问：「这只歪脑袋的是不是刚出生的？」他说：「不是，是老麻雀，它天天来。」那是他到三年级以后，在教室里说的最长的一句话。周围几个同学全笑了，不是笑他，是高兴——原来他会说话，原来他攒了这么多话。

学期末的联欢会上，他上台给大家讲麻雀，讲了整整两分钟，讲完鞠了个躬。台下掌声响起来的时候，坐在后排的我忽然鼻子有点酸。一个学期前，这个人是零个朋友。

还有一回在食堂，宋同学端着餐盘找不到位子，端着转了两圈。隔壁桌一个同学把椅子往里挪了挪，冲他招手：「这儿有空。」他坐下，跟那桌的人一边吃一边聊，聊的全是麻雀。那天中午，他盘子里的饭吃得干干净净。

同学们，把这件事放大到整个校园：操场边上、走廊尽头、食堂角落，是不是也站着这样一个不吭声的同学？他不是不想说话，是在等一句「来凑个数」。

校园和谐不是把「团结友爱」刷在墙上，而是游戏缺人时，有人隔着半个操场喊那一嗓子；是你同桌的椅子旁，多摆得下一把椅子。

我向全校同学倡议：这周，邀请一位平时没一起玩过的同学加入你们；分组活动，先问一句「你落单了吗，来我们组」；对帮过你的同学，把谢谢说出口，看着他的眼睛说。

每一个被接进圈的人，都会变成下一个接别人进圈的人。到那一天，校园里的角落就都不凉了。我的讲话完毕，谢谢大家！

The Boy in the Corner Joined the Circle

Teachers and students, good morning! Today I want to tell you about a boy none of us really knows, yet passes every day.

A boy surnamed Song transferred into third grade and sat in the last row by the window. He never spoke to anyone first; at break he lay on the windowsill watching the yard below. In his first month, his number of friends was zero.

The change came in PE class. The jump-rope group was one person short, and our

monitor shouted at him across half the playground: "Song, come make up the number!" He froze for a moment, then ran over and took the position of turning the rope. He turned the rope steady and even, and the whole group jumped more smoothly than ever. From that day, the group waved him over at every break.

Later, in art class, he drew a whole page of sparrows on the windowsill. His deskmate leaned over and asked, "Is this one with the crooked head a newborn?" He said, "No, it is an old sparrow. It comes every day." That was the longest sentence he had spoken in the classroom since joining third grade. Several classmates around us laughed — not at him, but glad: so he could talk, so he had saved up so many words.

At the end-of-term party, he went on stage and talked about sparrows for a full two minutes, then bowed. When the applause rose from below, I, sitting in the back row, suddenly felt my nose sting. One term earlier, this person had zero friends.

Another time in the cafeteria, Song walked around twice with his food tray looking for a seat. A student at the next table slid his chair inward and waved him over: "There is room here." He sat down and talked with that whole table during the meal, all about sparrows. That noon, he finished every grain of rice on his tray.

Students, enlarge this story to the whole campus: at the edge of the playground, at the end of the corridor, in the corner of the cafeteria, is there not also a silent classmate standing there? He does not refuse to talk. He is waiting for one sentence: "Come make up the number."

Harmony on campus is not painting "unity and friendship" on the wall. It is someone shouting across half the playground when a game is one short; it is one more chair that fits beside your deskmate.

I propose to the whole school: this week, invite a classmate you have never played with to join you; in group activities, first ask, "Are you alone? Come to our group"; for the classmate who helped you, say thank you out loud, and say it while looking into his eyes.

Everyone who is taken into the circle will become the next person who takes others in. When that day comes, there will be no cold corners left on campus. That is the end of my speech. Thank you all!

那张折成三角形的纸条

老师们、同学们，早上好！今天我在国旗下讲话的题目是：友谊让校园更温暖。

先讲一件我自己不太光彩的事。上学期，我和最好的朋友林同学整整一个星期没有说话。

起因小得说出来会让人笑。运动会接力赛，我递棒递早了半步，他没接住，我们班从第二名掉到第四名。赛后我怪他跑得不快，他怪我递得太早，两个人互相瞪了一眼，从此谁也不理谁。

那七天比想象中难熬。我们同组三年，一起上厕所，一起对答案，中午还互相占座。现在我从他身边走过，眼睛看着地板；他发作业本，把我的本子推过来，不看我的脸。我们之间那张课桌只有半米宽，却像一条河。

第六天，我的文具盒里多了一张折成三角形的纸条，上面写：「我想了，棒是我掉的，对不起。可我也想听你一句话。」是他的字，末尾还画了一根小小的接力棒。

我盯着纸条看了很久，最后在本子背面写：「递早了也是我的错。明早一起跑一圈。」第二天一早，我们真的在操场跑了一圈，谁也没提那件事，可跑完的时候，我们把手碰了一下。

后来我才知道，那七天里，同桌一直装作没看见我们俩僵着。纸条传开以后，他小声说：「其实我早想劝你们，就是不知道怎么开口。」你们看，想劝架的人一直都有，只是都在等。等别人先动，等别人先说，等来等去，半米宽的课桌就快等成了河。

同学们，这件事让我明白：友谊不是从不吵架。再好的朋友，也掉过棒。要紧的是，谁肯先折第一张纸条，谁肯先说对不起，谁肯先把手伸出去。

想一想：如果人人都憋着不理对方，多少张半米宽的课桌会变成河？又有两个人，因为一张纸条，把河蹚了过去。

所以，我向全校同学倡议：这周，和闹过别扭的同学，递一张纸条、借一块橡皮，或者只说一句「走，一起玩」。道歉不丢人，丢朋友才可惜。

校园的温暖，不只在好朋友的笑声里，也在吵过架之后伸出的那只手里。愿我们都做那个先折纸条的人。我的讲话完毕，谢谢大家！

The Note Folded into a Triangle

Teachers and students, good morning! The title of my speech under the flag today is: Friendship Makes the Campus Warmer.

Let me begin with a story that is not to my credit. Last term, my best friend Lin and I did not speak to each other for a full week.

The cause is small enough to make you laugh. In the relay race at the sports

meet, I passed the baton half a step too early, and he missed it; our class fell from second place to fourth. After the race I blamed him for not running fast, and he blamed me for passing too early. We glared at each other, and from then on neither would speak to the other.

Those seven days were harder than I expected. We had sat at the same desk for three years, went to the washroom together, checked answers together, and even saved seats for each other at noon. Now I walked past him staring at the floor; when he handed out exercise books, he pushed mine over without looking at my face. The desk between us was only half a meter wide, yet it was like a river.

On the sixth day, a note folded into a triangle appeared in my pencil case. It read: "I have thought it over. The baton fell because of me. I am sorry. But I also want to hear one word from you." It was his handwriting, and at the end he had drawn a tiny relay baton.

I stared at the note for a long time, and finally wrote on the back of my book: "Passing early was my fault too. Let us run a lap together tomorrow morning." Early the next day we really ran a lap on the playground. Neither of us mentioned that race, but when we finished, we bumped hands.

Only later did I learn that during those seven days, our deskmate had pretended not to see our standoff. After the note got around, he said quietly: "Actually I wanted to speak to you both long ago. I just did not know how to start." You see, the people who wish to make peace are always there; they are only waiting. Waiting for someone else to move first, waiting for someone else to speak first, and after waiting back and forth, a desk half a meter wide nearly waits itself into a river.

Students, this taught me something: friendship does not mean never quarreling. Even the best of friends drop the baton sometimes. What matters is who is willing to fold the first note, who says sorry first, who reaches out a hand first.

Think about it: if everyone stubbornly refuses to speak, how many desks half a meter wide will turn into rivers? And how have two people crossed such a river, all because of one note?

So I propose to the whole school: this week, to the classmate you quarreled with, pass a note, lend a piece of eraser, or simply say, "Come, let us play together." Apologizing is no shame; losing a friend is.

The warmth of a campus lives not only in the laughter of good friends, but also in the hand extended after a quarrel. May we all be the ones who fold the first note. That is the end of my speech. Thank you all!