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!