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!