船变小成一个黑点之后

《草房子》里我最怕的一段，是纸月走。纸月每天走很远的路来上学，后来她跟着外婆走了，桑桑站在河边，看那条船越走越远，最后变成一个小黑点。书里没有写桑桑说了什么，他什么也没说。

我读这段的时候是五月，离我们的最后一个六一没几天。我们班已经有两个人转走了，一个去了外地，一个换了学区。走的那天在教室，书包拉链一拉，人就跟着家长出去了，连一句完整的话都没来得及说。我想，桑桑当时大概也是这样的：不是不想说，是话到嘴边，船已经开了。

书里另外两个场景，我读的时候总跟这段放在一起想。秃鹤在文艺会演里演兵，幕布落下，全场第一次齐声喊他的名字；桑桑挨火针，疼得攥紧拳头，他爸爸把脸扭过去。这三个场景合在一起，像油麻地小学给每个孩子发的三样东西：一样疼，一样掌声，一样没说出口的再见。

儿童节那天，我们排毕业节目。老师让我们每人说一句给同学的话。轮到我，我站起来，看着对面坐了六年的座位，说出来的却是：谢谢你借我的那块橡皮，我一直没还。全班笑了，我也笑，笑完心里有点酸。原来告别的话可以这么小，小得像一块橡皮。

散会以后我一个人绕着操场走了一圈。六年级了，再过两个月，我们也会像纸月一样，各坐各的船走掉。我不知道以后还会不会记得秃鹤那样的同学：班里也有一个总被起外号的男生，我以前跟着笑过，现在想起来脸有点热。《草房子》让我想起他。我想在毕业前跟他说一句，以前那样喊你，不对。

书里桑桑最后光着脚站在寺门口，像把什么疼的事都放下了。我想，我们这一批人走的时候，也带上这三样东西吧：挨过的疼，给过别人的掌声，还有那些趁船还没开就说出口的再见。

After the Boat Became a Black Dot

The part of Grass House I dread most is Zhiyue's leaving. Zhiyue walked a long way to school every day, and later she left with her grandmother. Sangsang stood by the river and watched the boat go farther and farther until it became a little black dot. The book does not say what Sangsang said. He said nothing.

I read this part in May, a few days before our last Children's Day. Two kids in our class have already transferred away, one to another city, one to another school district. On the day they left, it happened in the classroom: a backpack zipper pulled shut, and the person followed a parent out, without even time for one whole sentence. I think Sangsang must have been like that: not that he did not want to speak, but that the words reached his lips and the boat had already cast off.

I always think of the other two scenes in the book together with this one. Bald Crane played the soldier in the arts show, and when the curtain fell, the whole hall shouted his name in unison for the first time; Sangsang took the hot needle, so painful his fists clenched, and his father turned his face away. Put together, these

three scenes are like three things Youma Ground school handed to every child: one pain, one applause, one goodbye never spoken.

On Children's Day we rehearsed a graduation program. Our teacher asked each of us to say one sentence to a classmate. When it was my turn, I stood up, looked at the seat across from me that I had shared for six years, and what came out was: thank you for that eraser you lent me, I never gave it back. The whole class laughed, and I laughed too, and after laughing my heart stung a little. So a farewell can be this small, as small as an eraser.

After the rehearsal I walked one lap around the playground alone. We are in sixth grade; in two months we will leave like Zhiyue, each on our own boat. I do not know if I will still remember classmates like Bald Crane. There is a boy in our class who always gets nicknames, and I used to laugh along. Now my face warms when I think of it. Grass House made me remember him. Before graduation, I want to tell him: the way we called you that was wrong.

At the end of the book, Sangsang stands barefoot at the temple gate, as if he has set down something that used to hurt. When we leave, let us carry those three things too: the pain we took, the applause we gave others, and the goodbyes said before the boat casts off.