

“非典”真情故事

● 一个小学生的心与笔

胡悦



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民族出版社

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——一个小学生的心与笔

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谨以此书献给
在抗击非典战役中
付出爱与关怀的人们！



本书作者胡悦是深圳市荔园小学五年级的学生，一直生活在爸爸、妈妈和老师的庇护下的她，无忧无虑地享受着自己快乐童年的每一天，但在2003年4月份，非典改变了她的生活。她的一位同学被发现感染了非典，学校也一度为此停课了。这一切来得如此突然，在妈妈的鼓励下，她拿起了笔，用稚嫩而纯真的笔触描写了这一段令人难忘的生活经历。



染上非典，是不幸的，但比这更不幸的是因染病而受到误解和歧视。有的非典痊愈者至今还生活在周围人们的歧视中，甚至连他们的家人也被所在单位拒之门外。

深圳市荔园小学五年级一位学生感染非典后，小胡悦和她的同学们一样经历了恐惧和彷徨，但在妈妈的帮助下，她第一个主动与康复出院的芳芳接触，伸出了关爱之手。在小胡悦的行为带动和影响下，同学们改变了对芳芳的态度，使芳芳很快融入到了班集体之中。

小胡悦和她的同学们与芳芳的故事，让我们看到了中国儿童的纯真、真挚的心灵，对于我们今天和将来如何对待非典痊愈者不无启示。

愿非典痊愈者及早为社会所接纳，过上正常人的生活！



校园菲林

2003年6月19日

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“非典” 我的同学

荔园小学 胡悦

胡悦同学的爱心体验给了我们这样的启示: 只有伸出自己的双手, 你才能最近距离地感受到付出爱心的快乐!



4月初, 福田区荔园小学一位同学突然感染了“非典”, 学校也为此停课。作为患者同班同学的胡悦, 用手中的笔描写了这一令人难忘的经历。

——编者

A 班里有“非典”

4月初的一天上午, 班主任突然从外边走进来对我们发药, 并告诉大家: “我们班发现了一名‘非典’病人。”

“什么?” 有人终于忍不住发问了, “我们班居然有……非……非……非……典! 我的天哪!”

停不下来, 同学们迫不及待地打开药罐, 望着那白花花的东西, 大约十点半的时候, 我们就放学了。一出校门, 我就打电话给妈妈, 她十分钟就急匆匆地来到了校门口。

得非典的同学叫芳芳, 是去年才从内地转到我们班的, 平时不太跟我们说话。芳芳生病, 让我们感到“非典”离我们如此之近。

B 没有芳芳的日子

放假的日子, 我们都打电话给班主任汇报自己的健康状况, 那几天还传着其它学校出现“非典”病人的传闻。

回到开学12天后我们复课了。一连十几天, 班上都有个男同学整天戴口罩, 从早到晚, 我们不知道他难受不, 透不过气来。

要是别班的同学和我们讲话, 就会有人提醒: “那是五(5)班的。”于是, 没人敢和我们班的人一起玩。

一眨眼, 我们上了一个多月课, 大家慢慢把芳芳忘了。由于一直没有她的消息, 关于她的传说和谣言就传开了。终于有一天, 班主任从芳芳妈妈那里得到消息: 芳芳现在好多了。不过我们半信半疑。

五月的某天, 老师告诉我们: 芳芳已经康复出院了。又过了两天, 班主任又告诉大家一个爆炸新闻: 芳芳将于下周一来上学了!

老师话音刚落, 班上一片哗然, 大家纷纷议论开了。老师解释说, 你们不要怕, “非典”好了是不会传染的, 她父母都没有被传染, 而且她出院时还去东湖区医院复查了, 没有问题, 医生开了出院证明和复查健康证明, 医院会对我们负责的。

C 芳芳上课了

5月25日这天, 芳芳康复后来上课的第一天, 我有点心惊胆战。因为害怕她还会传染, 呼吸叫我戴口罩, 但是我怕影响到自己的“光辉形象”, 就没有戴。

芳芳进教室后, 老师叫她到校医那儿检查一下。此时, 我注意到她比生病前胖了一些, 脸色白里透红。

上第一节课时, 坐在她旁边的同学把自己的桌子拉得远远的, 给她留了一个大空位。班主任看到这种情况, 大声说: “都给我把桌子拉回去!”

不管别人说什么不好听的话, 芳芳都不还口, 她低着头的从, 像只小羊羔似的。

那天, 芳芳去洗手间, 一位同学像侦探一样地跟了过去。回来时, 神秘地告诉大家: “我跟你们说, 芳芳用的是右边的第二个水龙头, 你们要记清楚哦……”

上体育课, 我没有看到芳芳, 等我们站好队后, 却发现她一个人站在离我们几十米远的地方。我很惊讶, 于是我问身旁一个同学: “芳芳为什么一个人站在那边呢?”

“我也不清楚,” 同学回答道, “不过芳芳是有点怕, 还是离她远一点吧。”

整节课, 我们活动、做游戏, 芳芳就一直呆呆地站着, 羡慕地望着。

D 接近芳芳

芳芳上课近一周了, 班上发生的事让我渐渐开始同情起她来。

她排队本来是站中间的, 但因为同学都躲着她, 放学时, 她就自己排到最后。那一刻, 我不禁从心底发出感慨: 请更多的人来关心她吧, 她真的需要大家的关心和理解啊。作为她的同学, 我应该多给她一些关心。

为试着走近她, 我要了她的电话号码, 决定放学后打给她。但是我有许多顾虑: 她平时不怎么爱说话, 会不会不理我?

说实话, 她来我们这儿半年多了, 我跟她还没说过几句话, 她会不会跟我说话, 她会不会不认识我呢? 在妈妈的鼓励下, 我终于鼓起勇气, 拨通了芳芳家的电话。

“你好, 我是胡悦, 你是芳芳吗?”

“是的, 有事吗?”

“哦, 没什么, ‘六一’你出不出去玩?”

“不去。”

“你在干嘛?”

“没干嘛。”

“你说话声音怎么那么小呢?”

“对方沉默不语。”

“以后说话声音大一点好吗?”

“嗯。”

“那好, 再见。”

放下电话, 我觉得她好像不愿意跟人讲话的, 我与她交往的信心一下子掉了大半。但是妈妈却不赞成。

妈妈重新拨通了芳芳家的电话, 和芳芳的妈妈聊了起来。其实, 芳芳是一个很腼腆的人, 她在家里很多话, 只是因为太内向地转来, 对我们还不熟, 她和别人也有很多话说的。

E 芳芳在医院

“六一”过后, 我给芳芳打了包巧克力, 她很高兴。下午放学后, 我打电话到芳芳家, 从她妈妈的讲话中, 我得知了她生病的情况。

原来她们家开了一家小餐厅, 她经常去那里玩, 于是被餐厅的两个员工传染了。芳芳回到家感觉浑身不舒服, 妈妈发现她高烧至摄氏38度, 就带她去华强医院。医生说她血糖有点低, 拍片发现肺部有一点看不清楚, 就建议她去东湖区医院去看。当天晚上, 她就住进了东湖区医院。

她住院后, 北京发出了“要重新界定出院标准”的通知。原因是为了防止再传染给别人, 所以她总共在里面住了40天。

由于需要隔离治疗, 家长不能去探望, 在医院里芳芳就自己照顾自己。病房有个小阳台, 妈妈每次来看她, 她就站在阳台上6.7米的地方和妈妈讲话, 她们讲话时都戴着口罩。一次, 妈妈问她感觉怎样, 她还开玩笑说: “我在里面住得挺好的, 有电视看, 还用做作业。”

5月7日, 芳芳出院了, 10天后, 她又回东湖区医院复查, 一切正常。

F 班上“热”起来了

我和芳芳联系越来越密, 还成了好朋友。我不顾同学的挖苦, 凭着同学奇怪的眼光, 主动去关心。在我的努力和实际行动影响下, 开始有其他同学对芳芳主动、热情了。我很高兴跟同学们接近起来。

一天下午, “胖胖”芳芳的一个同学态度一下子来了个180度大转弯。但过去的冷漠造成了伤痛, 还要芳芳原谅她。

从要有同学说芳芳的话, 就会有人反驳她。并且有人说了一句“医学的话”, “她都已经很有抵抗力了, 你还怕什么?”

现在, 芳芳已回来上课两周了。同学们渐渐改变了对她的态度, 不再像原来那么怕她, 而是……

胡悦同学在《深圳青少年报》上发表的文章《我的“非典”同学》。



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Shenzhen Daily

Special Report

Monday, June 16, 2003 7

When a classmate contracted SARS

— from a pupil's diary

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Hu Yue is a fifth-grade student at the *Liyuan Primary School*. Under the care of her parents, she had led a carefree life before the SARS outbreak. But since early April, her life changed because of the epidemic. One of her classmates was found infected with SARS, which resulted in her schooling being suspended. Against this backdrop, Hu, with encouragement from her mother, wrote down her experiences during this unusual period of her life.

Following is a translation of excerpts from Hu's diary.

Flying home

One day in early April, teacher Zhang, the form master of the class, came into the classroom and gave each student some medicine. She said, "One of the students in this class has been found infected with SARS. Some students immediately began taking the medicine."

We left school earlier than usual that day. My mother came to meet me at the school gate in a taxi 10 minutes after I called her.

"How could it happen that she is in your class?" My mother asked the same question again and again on our way home. She told me that her heartbeat had accelerated immediately when she received my call and that she would, if she could, fly to take me away from the "infected area" — the school. She said she had always been concerned about the possibility of some students around me being infected. Because of that she had been following the local news on TV closely.

The news that a *Liyuan Primary School* student had been infected spread very quickly. Someone even called my family the same evening for confirmation: "Is that true? How terrible!"

My mother said "yes", but stopped short of saying the student was in my class.

I spent two days at home playing computer games and watching TV. But my good time came to a halt the third day when my mother asked me to read and memorize things from my textbooks. While I took that hard, I kept thinking how Fangfang — my classmate with SARS — was spending her days.

Combating fear

All the classes in the school except mine were continuing normal. The regular dance training sessions were under way. We were preparing for a children's arts festival in Futian District. I went to the dance training class twice a day — in the morning and in the afternoon — before Fangfang caught SARS. But my mother forbade me from going the second day after Fangfang was diagnosed.

I sneaked to the dance training with a facemask after I had stayed home for two days.

"Who is this?" asked the dance coach when she saw me.

"It's Hu Yue," a co-trainee said.

"Really? It's not like her," she said.

But she recognized me after I took off the mask. She praised me for my perseverance in training, saying I was a good student. Later on, the praise was aired by the school's broadcasting station. I felt very pleased.

I felt like going to a battlefield on the day the festival opened. The smell of vinegar was drifting about at the theater, and many people were wearing masks. None of the teachers from our school, however, wore masks. They injected into us confidence and courage with their brave act. They are our good teachers.

Fangfang returns

We had no news about Fangfang for a long time, and rumors spread far and wide. One day, teacher Zhang said that she had been told



After classmate Fangfang contracted SARS, Hu Yue experienced fear and hesitation as other classmates did. However, with her mother's help, she was the first of them to contact Fangfang after she recovered and was discharged from hospital. Hu contributed to Fangfang's recuperation with the class.

by Fangfang's mother that Fangfang was getting much better. We were happy for her after we heard that, although at the same time we still had some doubts.

One day in May, teacher Zhang told us that Fangfang had been discharged from hospital. We felt both happy and surprised after hearing the news, for it was such a far cry from what we had heard. Two weeks later, we had more shocking news from the teacher: Fangfang would return to class the following week.

The class was plunged into clamor as every student started talking. Someone said loudly: "If Fangfang comes, we'll bring our own brooms to clean the classroom when on duty." Another student sighed and said: "What a pathetic thing, to sit beside her!" Someone even said: "We'll use protective clothes from next week."

Teacher Zhang told us not to be afraid, saying a person who recovered from SARS was not infectious while citing Fangfang's parents who had remained uninfected. The teacher also told us a re-examination of Fangfang at Donghu Hospital two weeks after she was discharged had confirmed that she was in perfect health, and the hospital had issued certificates stating that Fangfang was well. The teacher said that the hospital would be responsible for us.

May 25 was the day Fangfang returned. I felt scared. When I reached the school gate and looked over my shoulder, I found to my horror that Fangfang was following me. She was so early. I had a brainwave and thought: "I must enter the classroom ahead of her. Otherwise, I will not dare to go in."

When the first class began, those who should have sat close to her moved their tables and chairs away, leaving a large space around her. Someone even made

some unfriendly remarks to her. But Fangfang remained silent like a lamb.

After she saw what had happened, teacher Zhang said loudly: "Move your tables back!" The students complied without saying a word.

After following Fangfang to the toilet like a detective, a student said to us secretly: "I tell you that Fangfang used the second faucet on the right. You must remember this, or you'll get into big trouble using the wrong faucet."

When we were having the sports lesson, I was surprised to find that Fangfang just stood on the side, admiringly watching us doing all kinds of activities and games.

Making a phone call

I told my mother what had happened to Fangfang after she came back to school. After about one week, my mother asked me to go to Fangfang's class, saying I should give care and confidence to her. Although I sympathized with her, I felt uneasy for I was not sure whether she would like to talk to me. She was a person of few words. The conversation between us had been very limited since she joined my class more than one year ago. I was even concerned that she might not actually know me.

Encouraged by my mother, I dialed the phone number at Fangfang's home. When she picked up the phone, I found it hard to start a conversation as I am also an introverted person. She did not speak either. Finally, I said timidly: "How are you?" This is Hu Yue. Is that Fangfang?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?" she said.

"Oh, nothing serious. Are you going to play on June 1, International Children's Day?"

"No, I won't."

"What are you doing now?"

"Nothing."

"Why do you speak so lowly?"

No answer.

"Please speak a little louder, will you?"

"Mhm."

"That's good. Bye-bye."

I had tried to find something to talk about with her in order to get closer to her. But with little I could find to say, I had to say goodbye to her. After putting down the phone, I thought she was cool towards me, and it seemed that she was not willing to talk to me. I lost more than half of the confidence to befriend her, and did not even want to communicate with her anymore. But my mother asked me not to give up and dialed Fangfang's number to talk with Fangfang's mother.

Getting closer

One day after the International Children's Day, I gave Fangfang a bag of chocolate balls. When I called her after class in the afternoon, her mother was very warm on the phone, saying Fangfang told her about this as soon as she returned home. Her mother then told me in detail how Fangfang contracted the disease. It turned out that Fangfang was infected by two workers at the family's small restaurant in Ganqun Road, where she often went to play.

But it is not known where the workers were infected. From March 28, Fangfang spent 40 days at Donghu Hospital to May 7.

Later, two of my classmates were surprised to see that I invited Fangfang to a McDonald's. It has now been more than two weeks since she came back to school, and the classmates have gradually changed their attitude toward her. They are not as afraid as they were, and some are willing to approach her. I am very happy because I have made my contribution as the first one to care for her on my own initiative.

(Hu Yue, 11 years old)

胡悦同学的文章被译成英文于2003年6月16日发表在《Shenzhen Daily》(深圳日报)上。

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如果没有非典，一切都会变得不同。
我不用去吃那难以下咽的药，不用背着妈妈偷偷去学校练习舞蹈，不用心惊胆战坐妈妈的车，还有就是，我和芳芳也许成不了好朋友……

我的同学患“非典”

四月初的一天上午，当我们上第三节
课的时候，班主任张老师和几位陌生的老
师突然从外面走进来，一进来就给我们发
药。大家虽都不明白怎么回事，但似乎又
像觉察到了什么似的，没有谁像平时那样
乌鸦嘴似的叽叽叫，而是安安静静地看着
老师发药。发完药后，张老师告诉大家：

“我们班发现了一名非典病人。”

“什么？”有人终于憋不住发话了，
“我们班上居然有……非……非……非
典！哇，我的妈呀，我快晕过去了。”

接下来就有同学迫不及待地打开药
盖，皱着眉头咕噜咕噜喝起药水来。

大约十点半的时候，我们就放学了。一出校门，我就打电话给妈妈，要她来接我。

“妈妈，我们班上可能有一个非典，现在提前放学了。”

“什么，你说什么，别动啊，你等着，我马上打的过来。”妈妈的语气短促而紧张。

十分钟后，妈妈坐着的士来到校门口，见到我就把我往车上拽：

“快上车！”

坐在的士里，我告诉妈妈：“现在只是怀疑，还没有确诊，我们是先放回来观察的。”

“哎，怎么这个非典病人就在你们班呢？”虽然我对妈妈说只是怀疑，但在她心中已经把那个同学当作“非典”了。

“她是去年才从内地转到我们班的，平时不怎么跟我们讲话。”

“她怎么刚好就转到你们班呢？”

妈妈不停地唠叨着。

下车后，我才告诉妈妈：

“其实那个同学就是非典，刚才在车上我不敢说，老师不要我们对外说。”

回到家后，妈妈告诉我，当时她接到我的电话，心就“咚咚”加速地跳起来，放下电话就打上的士，恨不得飞过来把我从“疫区”——我们学校带走。妈妈说她一直担心学校会有人感染非典，当我告诉她我们班有一位非典病人时，她就有一种“终于还是来了”的感觉。

这个同学叫芳芳。

我忽然感觉非典原来不只是在电视和报纸上才有的，它已经真实地走到了我们身边。

在放假的日子里

荔园小学发现一个非典病人的消息不胫而走，迅速在社会上传开了。

当天晚上，就有妈妈的朋友打电话到我们家：

“听说荔园小学有一个‘非典’，是吗？好可怕呀。”

“是的。”妈妈回答道，但没有说那个“非典”病人是我们班上的。

“我小孩她们学校已经没有午托班了，我不要我的小孩去上学，可她偏要去，你看香港，学校都全部放假了。”朋友连连向妈妈诉苦。

“是啊，深圳的学校也应该放假才对。”妈妈说。