苦难留下的草房子

七年级的秋天，我打篮球摔断了左腿，在家休学一个月。拄着拐回到家那天，我从书架上抽出一本黄封面的书，曹文轩的《草房子》。六年级买的，一直没读完。那一个月，我一口气读完了。

书里的桑桑得了一场大病，脖子上长出一个恶疮。全镇的人替他找偏方，最后连艾灸的火针都扎了下去，疼得他叫出声，他还是为了父亲忍下来。读到他坐在城墙上看远处田野的那一段，我摸了摸自己腿上的石膏，想：他不知道自己能不能好，而我明知道会好，我有什么资格泄气。

杜小康原本是油麻地最富的男孩，他家的杂货铺一夜之间破产，他只好退学到校门口摆小摊。他没有躲，没有哭，站在小摊旁边腰杆挺得笔直。书里说，最能吃苦的人长大最快。我想起我的父亲。家里生意失败的那几年，他也没抱怨过，每天起早，从一个修理摊重新干起。

秃鹤因为一颗光头被人笑了好多年，他故意捣乱，只想让人注意到他。直到汇操演出，他扮演光头兵，跳得比谁都认真，全校忽然安静下来，给了他敬意。我五年级转过学，整整一年都是局外人。现在我明白了：孤独不是判决，是训练场。那一年我对着镜子一遍遍练说话，和秃鹤在院子里一遍遍练舞步，是一回事。

书里的三个人，一个生过大病，一个破过大产，一个背过一辈子的嘲笑。他们的成长都不是一天完成的，是在别人看不见的地方，一寸一寸长出来的。

拆石膏那天，我回到操场。秋天的太阳照在红色跑道上，我迈出的第一步还有点僵。我忽然想起《草房子》的结尾，桑桑病好之后，望着那一排在阳光下闪光的草房子。苦难不需要感谢，但走过苦难之后你成了什么样的人，你会记得。我心里那一排草房子，也在闪光。

The Thatched Houses That Suffering Left Behind

In the autumn of seventh grade, I broke my left leg playing basketball and stayed home from school for a month. The day I came back on crutches, I pulled a yellow-covered book from the shelf: Cao Wenxuan's The Straw House. I had bought it in sixth grade and never finished it. That month, I read it in one breath.

The boy Sangsang in the book fell gravely ill, with a terrible growth on his neck. The whole town searched for remedies, and in the end even the burning needle of moxibustion was pressed down on him; he cried out in pain, yet he endured it for his father. When I read the part where he sat on the city wall looking at the distant fields, I touched the cast on my own leg and thought: he did not know whether he would recover, while I knew I would get better. What right did I have to lose heart?

Du Xiaokang was once the richest boy in Oil Grain Village. His family shop went bankrupt overnight, and he had to leave school to keep a small stall at the school gate. He did not hide, did not cry, and stood beside his stall with his back straight. The book says that the child who can bear hardship grows up the fastest. I

thought of my father. In the years after our family business failed, he never complained either. He rose before dawn every day and started again from a small repair stand.

Touhe, the bald boy, was laughed at for years because of his shining head. He made trouble on purpose, wanting nothing more than to be noticed. Only at the gymnastics show, when he played the bald soldier and danced more seriously than anyone else, did the whole school suddenly fall silent and give him respect. I changed schools in fifth grade and spent a full year as an outsider. Now I understand: loneliness is not a verdict but a training ground. For that year I practiced speaking in front of the mirror again and again, just as Touhe practiced his dance steps in the yard.

Three children in the book: one survived a serious illness, one lost a fortune, one carried a lifetime of mockery. None of them grew up in a single day. Their growth came inch by inch in places no one else could see.

The day the cast came off, I went back to the playground. The autumn sun lay on the red rubber track, and my first step was still stiff. I suddenly thought of the ending of The Straw House: after his illness, Sangsang looked at the row of thatched houses shining in the sunlight. Suffering does not need to be thanked, but the person you become after walking through it, you will remember. That row of thatched houses inside my heart is shining too.