

下雨天，我和桑桑成了朋友

10月25日 星期六 雨

今天下了一整天的雨，哪儿也去不了。本来以为这个星期六要闷坏了，没想到我在窗边读《草房子》，读出了一整个下午的快乐。

雨点打在玻璃上，滴滴答答的，我窝在飘窗里翻书。书里的桑桑太调皮了，我读着读着就噗嗤笑出声，吓得我自己赶紧捂住嘴。他不想上学，就装病，用针在自己头上扎，疼得眼泪直流也不肯去学校，结果被爸爸识破了。他嫌夏天蚊子咬，把家里的蚊帐剪了做渔网去捕鱼，捞上来一条小鱼，高兴得满村子跑。他还把家里的碗柜拆了改成鸽子笼，奶奶的碗没处放，全家哭笑不得。我趴在窗台上笑，笑得肩膀一抖一抖，妈妈从厨房探出头问我笑什么，我把书举起来给她看：你们大人小时候也这么干过吧？妈妈愣了一下，也笑了。

读到桑桑生病那一段，我笑不出来了。他脖子上长了个包，到处求医，疼得直冒冷汗。窗外的雨越下越大，我替桑桑捏着一把汗，手都攥湿了。还好后来他的病治好了，我长长舒了一口气，像自己也刚从疼里走出来。

书里还有一件事让我佩服：桑桑虽然调皮，可同学被欺负的时候，他总是第一个冲上去。纸月被人围住，他拨开人群把她护在身后，谁也别想欺负她。调皮和勇敢在桑桑身上合到了一起，我一边笑他，一边偷偷想像他那样。

合上书的时候，雨正好停了。云缝里漏出一束光，照在阳台的绿萝上，亮晶晶的。我坐在飘窗上发呆，心里又满又软，像刚跟一个好朋友玩了一整个下午，约好了明天再玩，又有点舍不得分开。我觉得我跟桑桑成了朋友，虽然他住在书里的油麻地，离我特别远。

我在日记里写：今天这个下雨天不闷了，因为它送给我一个朋友。明天要是还下雨，我就再读一遍；要是不下雨，我就跑出去玩，玩的时候心里装着桑桑，也一样快乐。

On a Rainy Day, Sangsang and I Became Friends

October 25, Saturday, Rain

It rained all day today, and I could not go anywhere. I thought this Saturday would be boring to death, but instead I read *The Straw House* by the window and read out a whole afternoon of joy.

Raindrops tapped on the glass, drip-drop, drip-drop, and I curled up in the bay window turning pages. Sangsang in the book is so mischievous that I kept bursting into snorts of laughter, then hurriedly clapping my hand over my mouth. He did not want to go to school, so he pretended to be sick, pricking his own head with a needle, tears streaming, refusing to go to class—until his father saw through it. He hated summer mosquitoes, so he cut up the family's mosquito net, turned it into a fishing net, and went off to fish; he caught one little fish and ran happily through

the whole village. He also took apart the cupboard and rebuilt it as a pigeon coop, leaving grandma's bowls nowhere to go, and the whole family laughed and despaired at once. I lay on the windowsill laughing, my shoulders shaking, and my mother poked her head out of the kitchen to ask what was so funny. I held the book up to her: grown-ups did this too when they were little, right? She froze for a second, then laughed as well.

When I reached the part where Sangsang falls ill, I could not laugh anymore. A lump grew on his neck, and he went from doctor to doctor, cold sweat breaking out from the pain. The rain outside grew heavier, and I held my breath for Sangsang, my hands clammy. Luckily his illness was cured in the end, and I let out a long breath, as if I myself had just walked out of the pain.

One more thing in the book I admire: though mischievous, Sangsang is always the first to charge in when a classmate is bullied. When Zhiyue was surrounded, he pushed through the crowd and shielded her behind him, daring anyone to touch her. Mischief and courage live together in Sangsang, and while I laugh at him I secretly wish to be like him.

Just as I closed the book, the rain stopped. A beam of light slipped through a gap in the clouds and fell on the potted plants on the balcony, glittering. I sat in the bay window daydreaming, my heart full and soft, like spending a whole afternoon with a good friend, promising to play again tomorrow, yet a little reluctant to part. I feel that Sangsang and I have become friends, even though he lives in the Youmadi inside the book, very far from me.

I wrote in my diary: this rainy day is no longer boring, because it gave me a friend. If it rains tomorrow, I will read the book again; if it clears, I will run outside to play, and I will be just as happy carrying Sangsang in my heart.