今天我把一本好书读完了

10月17日 星期六 晴

今天我做了一件特别了不起的事：我把《草房子》读完了！

放学铃一响，我就往家跑，书包还没放稳，人就扑到床上看书去了。妈妈喊我吃饭，我喊回去：再看五分钟！结果五分钟变成五分钟，又变成五分钟，等我再抬头，天都黑透了，桌上的菜热过两回了。

这本书太好笑了，尤其是桑桑。他看见家里的碗柜空着，竟然把碗柜拆了改造成鸽子笼，鸽子住在里面，他得意极了，奶奶回家发现碗没地方放，气得直跺脚。还有更绝的：夏天蚊子多，他把家里的蚊帐剪开，改成了一张渔网，兴冲冲去捕鱼，结果回家被爸爸打了一顿，打得屁股开花。我读到这儿笑得在床上打滚，肚子都疼了。桑桑跟我太像了，我上个月还把爸爸的钓鱼竿拆了做风筝骨架，也被骂了。原来大作家小时候也这么调皮，那我就放心了。

书里不光有让人笑的地方。桑桑把心爱的鸽子卖了，把钱给纸月；细马一个人放羊，怎么都不哭；秦大奶奶为捞一个南瓜沉进了水里。我读到秦大奶奶沉下去那一段，眼泪掉在书页上，赶紧用袖子擦掉，怕妈妈看见笑话我。

合上书的那一刻，我坐在床上发了好一会儿呆。我心里有点开心，像跑完了一场很长的路；又有点舍不得，好像油麻地的草房子、白鸽、芦苇荡，都跟我挥手说再见了。桑桑一家要离开油麻地了，读到最后，我鼻子酸酸的，像班里要转走一个最好的朋友。

我在日记本上写下今天的心情：今天读完了一本好书。好书就是读完以后，你会想立刻再读一遍的书。明天我还想再读，从第一页开始，这一次我要慢慢读，把每一页都装进心里。

Today I Finished a Good Book

October 17, Saturday, Sunny

Today I did something truly great: I finished reading The Straw House!

The moment the after-school bell rang, I ran home. Before my schoolbag even settled on the floor, I had pounced on the bed with the book. My mother called me to dinner, and I shouted back: five more minutes! Then five minutes turned into five minutes, and then into five minutes again. When I finally looked up, the sky was completely dark, and the dishes on the table had been reheated twice.

This book is so funny, especially Sangsang. He saw that the cupboard at home stood empty, and he actually took the cupboard apart and turned it into a pigeon coop. The pigeons moved in, and he was terribly pleased; when grandma came home and found there was nowhere to put the bowls, she stamped her feet with anger. And there is even more: in summer the mosquitoes were thick, so he cut up the family's mosquito net and turned it into a fishing net. He rushed off to catch fish, and when he got

home his father beat him, a spanking that left his backside on fire. I laughed so hard at this that I rolled around on the bed, my aching belly. Sangsang is just like me. Last month I took apart my father's fishing rod to make a kite frame, and I got scolded too. So even great writers were this mischievous as children—now I can relax.

The book is not only about laughter. Sangsang sold his beloved pigeons to give the money to Zhiyue; Xima herded sheep all by himself and refused to cry no matter what; Grandma Qin sank into the water trying to rescue a single pumpkin. When I read the part where Grandma Qin sank, tears fell onto the page, and I quickly wiped them with my sleeve, afraid my mother would see and tease me.

The moment I closed the book, I sat on the bed daydreaming for a while. I felt a little happy, like finishing a very long run; and a little reluctant to part, as if the straw houses, the white pigeons, and the reed marsh of Youmadi were all waving goodbye to me. Sangsang's family is leaving Youmadi, and by the last page my nose stung, like when the best friend in your class is about to transfer away.

I wrote today's feeling in my diary: today I finished a good book. A good book is one you want to read again right away after finishing it. Tomorrow I want to read it again, from the very first page, and this time I will read slowly and pack every page into my heart.