

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.

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 pothos 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.

睡前的最后一小时给了草房子

11月3日 星期一 晴

最近一个星期，我睡前的最后一小时都给了《草房子》。妈妈把台灯调到最亮，我靠在床头读，读到困了也不肯先闭眼。

今天读到桑桑放学的一段，乐死我了。别的孩子放学往家跑，桑桑放学先要干一件大事：他举着红旗在村口指挥，把油麻地小学的白鸽一群群赶回鸽笼。那些鸽子是他的宝贝，落在屋顶上、电线上，他仰着头数，一只都不能少。可是后来，桑桑把鸽子卖了，把卖来的钱都给了纸月。读到这里我愣住了：那是他最宝贝的东西啊，说卖就卖了。我在被窝里掰着手指想，我要是有一群白鸽，我大概连一只都舍不得卖。桑桑做这件事的时候，脸上一定是安安静静的。

书里放学路上的事都好玩：桑桑和阿恕一路踢着瓦片走，路过秦大奶奶的破屋，绕得远远的；纸月走在芦苇荡边上，影子被夕阳拉得老长。我忽然特别羡慕桑桑，他的放学路又长又好看，有河、有桥、有白鸽。我的放学路只有两条马路和一个红绿灯。

白天在学校，我脑子里还装着书里的故事。课间我学白鸽落满屋顶的样子比划给同桌看，讲着讲着自己先笑了。同桌问：真有那么好看？我把书塞进书包，明天就带给他。好书要传下去，像传一根点燃的火柴。

昨晚合上书，我把书放在枕头边，躺在床上翻来覆去地想：要是我也在油麻地上学就好了。我想跟桑桑一起赶鸽子，想坐纸月旁边看她悄悄借橡皮，想在秦大奶奶骂人的时候躲得远远的，又在她跳水救人的时候第一个喊好。想着想着我就笑了，妈妈进来关灯，说：笑什么，快睡。我说：我在想我的朋友，他们住在油麻地。

妈妈关灯出去了，窗外有风。我在日记本上补了一行：好书就是让你睡前舍不得闭眼的书。

明天晚上，台灯一开，我又回油麻地了。

The Last Hour Before Bed Belongs to the Straw House

November 3, Monday, Sunny

For the past week, the last hour before bed has belonged to The Straw House. My mother turns the desk lamp to its brightest, and I lean against the headboard reading, refusing to close my eyes first even when I am sleepy.

Today I read the part about Sangsang after school, and I laughed myself silly. Other children run home after school, but Sangsang has a big job first: he holds up a red flag at the village entrance and directs the school's flock of white pigeons back into their coop, group by group. Those pigeons are his treasures, perching on rooftops and power lines while he tilts his head to count them—not one may be missing. But later, Sangsang sold the pigeons and gave all the money to Zhiyue. I froze at this: those were his most treasured things, and he sold them just like that. Under the quilt I counted on my fingers, thinking that if I had a flock of white pigeons, I probably could not bear to sell even one. When Sangsang did it, his face must have been perfectly calm.

Everything on the way home in the book is delightful: Sangsang and Ashu kick tile shards along the road, detouring far around Grandma Qin's shabby hut; Zhiyue walks along the edge of the reed marsh, her shadow stretched long by the setting sun. I suddenly envied Sangsang terribly. His road home is long and beautiful, with a river, a bridge, and white pigeons. My road home has only two streets and one traffic light.

Even at school in the daytime, the stories still fill my head. At break I mimicked for my deskmate how the pigeons cover the rooftops, and I laughed first while describing it. He asked: is it really that wonderful? I stuffed the book into my schoolbag—I will bring it to him tomorrow. A good book should be passed on, like passing a lit match.

Last night, after closing the book, I set it beside my pillow and tossed in bed thinking: how wonderful it would be if I went to school in Youmadi. I would drive the pigeons home with Sangsang, sit beside Zhiyue and watch her quietly lend an eraser, hide far away when Grandma Qin scolds, then be the first to cheer when she jumps into the river to save someone. Lost in these thoughts, I started smiling. My mother came in to turn off the light and said: What are you smiling at? Go to sleep. I said: I'm thinking of my friends. They live in Youmadi.

Mother switched off the light and left; wind moved outside the window. I added

one line to my diary: a good book is one that makes you reluctant to close your eyes before sleep. Tomorrow evening, when the lamp turns on, I will be back in Youmadi.