孩子的三个问题

我是语文老师，也是妈妈。带完一轮《草房子》的共读课，家里又开了一轮，读者换成我儿子。一个学期下来，他问了我三个问题，我把它们记在一个蓝皮本上，比我的教案还珍贵。

第一个问题出在杜小康。读到油麻地小学门口那个小摊，他问，杜小康为什么摆摊。我准备了一肚子答案：责任、担当、逆境成长。他听不进去这些词，他自己给出了答案：因为他爸赔光了，杜小康家得吃饭。然后他补了一句让我记到现在的反问，老师你说过，摔了跤不趴着的就是好孩子，杜小康算不算。我说算。他说，那为什么以前他家最阔的时候，没人夸他，现在摆摊了大家才夸他。这一问，把我问住了。大人的表扬确实常常迟到，还常常挑时候。

第二个问题关于秃鹤。班里讨论过，家里又讨论。他的问题很刁：秃鹤最后帮了集体，大家才不笑他，那大家到底是喜欢秃鹤，还是喜欢有用的秃鹤。我愣了愣，承认这个问题老师也没想好。我们翻了回去，数了数秃鹤被笑的次数，又数了他帮集体的次数，一比一，谁也不欠谁。儿子说，那我不等有用才对人好。我在教案上写不进这一句，但它进了我们家。

第三个问题在读完那晚。他问，书里谁最勇敢。我说不上来，桑桑敢拆柜门，纸月敢走夜路，杜小康敢摆摊，秦大奶奶敢跳水。他说，那我呢，我什么时候能勇敢。我说，勇敢不是攒出来的，是事情来了你往前迈那一步。他哦了一声，去刷牙了。过了一会儿传来他的声音，那我先练迈小步。我站在门外笑。共读一学期，孩子问的三个问题，一个比一个深。我教他读句子，他教我读书。

Three Questions from a Child

I am a Chinese teacher and also a mother. After finishing one round of shared reading of Grass House with my class, I started another round at home, this time with my son as the reader. Over one school term he asked me three questions. I wrote them in a blue notebook, and that notebook is worth more than my lesson plans.

The first question came from Du Xiaokang. When we reached the little stall at the gate of Youma Di Primary School, he asked, why does Du Xiaokang run a stall. I had a belly full of answers ready: responsibility, bearing up, growing through adversity. He would not take in such words. He answered it himself: because his father lost everything, and the family has to eat. Then he added a counter-question I remember to this day. You told us, he said, that a good child is one who gets up after falling. Is Du Xiaokang one. I said yes. He said, then why did nobody praise him when his family was richest, and everyone praises him only now that he runs a stall. That question stopped me cold. Grown-up praise really does arrive late, and it really does pick its moments.

The second question was about Bald Crane. We discussed him at school, then again at home. His question was sharp: in the end Bald Crane helped the class, and only then did people stop laughing at him. So do people like Bald Crane, or do they like a

useful Bald Crane. I froze for a moment and admitted the teacher had not figured that one out either. We flipped back and counted how many times Bald Crane was laughed at, then counted how many times he helped the group. One to one, nobody owes anybody. My son said, then I will not wait until someone is useful before being good to them. That sentence cannot go into a lesson plan, but it moved into our family.

The third question came the night he finished the book. He asked, who is the bravest person in the story. I could not say. Sangsang dares to pry off cabinet doors, Zhiyue dares to walk the dark road, Du Xiaokang dares to run the stall, Grandma Qin dares to dive into the river. He said, what about me, when do I get to be brave. I said bravery is not saved up like coins. It is the one step forward when the moment arrives. He said oh, and went off to brush his teeth. A while later his voice came out of the bathroom: then I will practice small steps first. I stood outside the door and laughed. One term of shared reading, three questions, each deeper than the last. I taught him to read sentences. He taught me to read books.