夹在草房子里的纸条

早上整理阅读角，一本《草房子》里滑出一张折过的纸条，上面写着：老师，我也被笑过，像秃鹤那样。读到他在汇演上站起来那段，我一天都舒服。没有署名，可我把那张纸捏了很久。

我想起聊秃鹤故事的那节班会。孩子们争得热闹，说陆鹤故意做错队列操到底是可恨还是可怜。有人说他就是想让人看见他，有人说他连累了全班。我没有给答案，只让他们说。一个平时很少举手的女孩说，我希望现实生活里，没有人去笑一个脑袋长得不一样的人。她说完，教室里静了几秒。

这本书是我学期初推荐给孩子们的。理由很简单：草房子、纸屋顶、药寮、芦花船，那些东西离孩子们远，可里面的感情离他们近。每个孩子都有过和别人不一样的时刻，也有过笑别人不一样的时刻。我想让他们在书里把这两个时刻都看见。推荐那天我还说，书里没有一个角色是完美的，桑桑闯过祸，陆鹤记过仇，可他们都在长大。孩子们听完，当天就把书借空了。那几周里，阅读角的书换了一轮又一轮，只有这一本始终被抢着借。

分享圈定在每周五下午，谁都可以说。有的孩子喜欢桑桑和陆鹤共骑一辆自行车穿过芦花荡，有的为乔乔哭，有的说杜小康在校门口摆摊让人难受又让人佩服。说这句的孩子平时在班里嗓门最大，说完，全班鼓掌。

纸条是谁写的，我没去查，也不需要查。有些话写出来，就不需要回答了。它留在书里，下一个翻开它的孩子也许会接住它。《草房子》在我们教室传了好几年，书脊都磨白了，里面夹过好几张纸条。我想，一本书最好的结局，就是这样。

The Note Left Inside Grass House

This morning, while tidying the reading corner, a folded note slid out of a copy of Grass House. It read: Miss, I have been laughed at like Bald Crane too. When I read the part where he stood out at the school play, I felt good all day. There was no signature, but I held the paper for a long time.

I remembered the class meeting when we discussed the Bald Crane story. The children argued warmly about whether Lu Xiang ruining the marching order was hateful or pitiful. Some said he only wanted to be noticed, others said he had let the whole class down. I gave no answer and let them speak. A girl who seldom raised her hand said, I hope that in real life nobody laughs at a person whose head looks different. After she finished, the class was quiet for a few seconds.

I had recommended the book to the children at the start of the term. My reason was simple: the grass houses, the paper roof, the medicine shed, the reed boats - those things are far from the children, but the feelings inside them are near. Every child has had a moment of being different from others, and every child has had a moment of laughing at someone else's difference. I wanted them to see both moments

inside a book. That day I also told them that no character in the book is perfect - Sang Sang has done mischief, Lu Xiang has held grudges, yet every one of them is growing up. The children listened and borrowed out every copy that very day. Through those weeks the books in the reading corner rotated again and again, yet this one was always the first to be claimed.

The sharing circle met every Friday afternoon, and anyone could speak. Some children loved Sang Sang and Lu Xiang riding one bicycle through the reed marsh, some cried for Qiao Qiao, and some said Du Xiaokang setting up a stall by the school gate made them sad and proud at once. The child who said that was the loudest in class, and when he finished, everybody clapped.

I never found out who wrote the note, and I did not need to. Some words, once written, no longer need an answer. They stay inside the book, and the next child who opens it may pick them up. Grass House has been circulating in our classroom for years, its spine worn white, a few notes tucked between its pages. I think that is the best ending a book can have.

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