把草房子一本本放到你们桌上

新学期布置阅读角的那一周，我把三十本《草房子》一本一本放到孩子们桌上。有同事问我为什么选这本。暑假里我刚把它读完，打动我的不是故事，是曹文轩把童年里那点疼写得那么实：没有哪个孩子是不带着一点委屈长大的。我想让孩子们在书里遇见一个和自己一样的童年。

我没布置读书笔记，只说想怎么读就怎么读。几天后，课间起了变化。爱闹的男孩安静下来读了几分钟，几个女孩挤着一本书轮流翻页，还有孩子在桑桑卖鸽子那段下面画了线，举着书来给我看画线的地方。读红门那几章的孩子最多，课间常听见有人背杜小康在校门口喊的那两句话，背完自己笑，笑完又认真起来，说长大也要像他一样，遇上事情不躲。第一个来分享的是小满，她说读到桑桑把脑袋剃成夏天的棉花帽子那段哭了，她说那不像书里的事，像我们班里的事。

讨论是在聊到秃鹤那部分时自己冒出来的。陆鹤故意做错队列操，让全班笑他，后来全班都不理他。我问孩子们：如果你是陆鹤班上的同学，你会不会笑？教室里一半的手举起来，又慢慢放下。后排一个男孩小声说，我笑过，他脑袋长得好玩，我笑完又难受。那几秒教室里很静，没有人笑他，也没有人批评他。

后来那个男孩自己到阅读角借走了一本。他读到秃鹤在汇演上赢得掌声那段，来还书时只说了一句，老师，陆鹤其实很勇敢。我想起他那天在教室里低下去的头，知道那几秒的安静在他身上扎了根。

如今每年布置阅读角，我还是会把《草房子》一本一本放到桌上。我不要求孩子们写读后感，只等他们自己在书里找到一点东西——一点羞愧，一点勇气，一个没来得及道歉的朋友。好书就是这样，它不喊，可它替孩子们把什么都记住了。

The Book I Placed on Your Desks

The week our reading corner was set up for the new term, I placed thirty copies of Grass House on the children's desks one by one. Colleagues asked why this book. I had finished it over the summer, and what moved me was not the plot but the truth Cao Wenxuan wrote about childhood: no child grows up without carrying a little pain. I wanted the children to meet a childhood like their own inside a book.

I set no reading notes, only told them to read however they liked. A few days later, changes appeared at break time. The noisiest boy went quiet over a page for a while, several girls huddled around one copy turning pages in turn, and one child came to show me the lines he had underlined where Sang Sang sold his pigeons. The chapters about the Red Gate drew the most readers; at break time I often heard children reciting the two lines Du Xiaokang shouted at the school gate, laughing as they recited, then turning serious and saying that when they grew up they would be like him and never hide from what happened. The first to share was Xiao Man, who said she cried when Sang Sang shaved his head into a summer cotton hat. It did not feel like a story from a book, she said, but like something that had happened in our own

class.

The discussion rose by itself when we reached the part about Bald Crane. Lu Xiang deliberately ruined the marching order and made the whole class laugh, and then the class shut him out. I asked the children: if you had been in Lu Xiang's class, would you have laughed? Half the hands in the room went up, then slowly came down. A boy at the back said quietly, I laughed. His head looked funny, and I laughed, and I felt bad afterwards. The classroom was silent for a few seconds. Nobody mocked him, and nobody scolded him.

Later that boy came to the reading corner himself and borrowed a copy. He read the part where Bald Crane won the applause at the school play, and when he returned the book he said only one thing: Miss, Lu Xiang was actually very brave. I remembered how he had lowered his head in class that day, and I knew those seconds of silence had taken root in him.

Every year when the reading corner is set up, I still place Grass House on the desks one by one. I ask no reading essays from the children. I only wait for them to find something of their own in the book - a little shame, a little courage, a friend they failed to apologize to in time. A good book is like that. It never shouts, yet it remembers everything for the children.