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.

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.

秃鹤那节课之后

自从那节聊秃鹤的班会之后，小扬变了。变得不多——他开始帮同学递东西，班里有人被起外号，他会说一句，别笑。我知道，这个变化是从秃鹤来的。

其实在那之前，他就是给转学生起外号的孩子之一。我没有把他叫出来批评。我只是把《草房子》放进阅读角，推荐给全班。我喜欢这本书，是因为它不绕开童年里那些难的部分——秃鹤长得不一样的脑袋，杜小康家里的败落，桑桑的病。我信孩子们能在书里懂得这些事，比听大人讲道理懂得更牢。这话我也跟家长说过，不少家长起初将信将疑，一个学期过去，他们倒先来问我，孩子回家讲秃鹤了没有。

课堂上的讨论是从陆鹤在广播操比赛里故意做错那段开始的。孩子们生陆鹤的气，小扬嗓门最大，说他该被大家不理。我反问了一句：有没有人故意做错过什么，就是想让人看见自己？他愣了一下。讨论没有中断，继续进行着，可我看见他不再说话了。

几个星期后的分享圈上，他第一次走到教室前面，说我做过像陆鹤那样的事，故意出洋相，就是想让大家笑。他说他把秃鹤在汇演上赢得掌声那段读了好几遍，他说，他最后站起来了，我也想站起来。全班鼓掌，他没有躲开那片掌声。后来他在周记里写，他给那个转学生道了歉，对方愣了一下，然后两个人都笑了。他把周记本推给我看，没多说什么，我也没有多问。

现在我把《草房子》推荐给新来的家长，不说它得过什么奖、列在什么书单上，我只说，让孩子读，然后听他讲讲秃鹤。他会讲出平时绝不开口的事。我眼看着这本书在孩子们手里传了好几年，眼看着一个曾经笑别人的孩子开始说别笑。一本书，这就够了。

After the Bald Crane Class Meeting

Since that class meeting about Bald Crane, Xiao Yang has changed. Not greatly - he began passing things to his classmates, and when someone was given a teasing nickname he would say, don't laugh. I know the change came from Bald Crane.

Before that, he had been one of the children who nicknamed the new transfer student. I did not call him out to scold him. I only placed Grass House in the reading corner and recommended it to the whole class. What I love about the book is that it never avoids the hard parts of childhood - Bald Crane's odd-shaped head, the ruin of Du Xiaokang's family, Sang Sang's illness. I believe children understand these things through a book more firmly than through grown-up reasoning. I had said the same thing to parents. Many were half-skeptical at first, but by the end of a

term they were the ones coming to ask me whether their children had come home talking about Bald Crane.

The classroom discussion began when we reached the part where Lu Xiang deliberately made mistakes at the radio exercise competition. The children were angry with him, and Xiao Yang was the loudest, saying he deserved to be shut out. I asked one question back: has anyone here ever done something wrong on purpose, just to be noticed? He froze for a moment. The discussion went on, but I saw him stop talking.

Weeks later, at the sharing circle, he stepped to the front of the class for the first time and said, I have done things like Lu Xiang, playing the fool on purpose because I wanted everyone to laugh. He said he had read the part where Bald Crane won the applause at the school play again and again. He finally stood up, he said, and I want to stand up too. The class clapped, and he did not dodge the applause. Later he wrote in his weekly journal that he had apologized to the transfer student; the boy froze for a moment, and then they both laughed. He pushed the journal toward me to read, said nothing much, and I asked nothing much.

Now, when I recommend Grass House to new parents, I do not talk about prizes or reading lists. I only say: let your child read it, then listen to them talk about Bald Crane. They will tell you things they never otherwise open their mouths about. I have watched one copy of this book pass through the children's hands for years, and watched a child who used to laugh at others begin to say, don't laugh. For a book, that is enough.