校门口的小摊

共读《草房子》读到杜小康在校门口摆小摊，儿子把书往我这边挪了挪，指着那段问：妈妈，他家里都没了，他怎么不难过？他看起来还想做生意。

我随口说，他难过呀，书里写他夜里偷偷哭过。儿子摇头，说不是，他问的是摆摊的时候。他那时候不哭，还招呼客人，他不难过吗？

我被问住了。想了半天我说，可能难过和做事可以同时待在心里，像两个抽屉，难过那个抽屉不打开，做事那个抽屉打开着。儿子说，那杜小康会开抽屉。我说，他会。儿子又补了一句，那他两个抽屉都开着，一个装难过，一个装生意，他比我会收拾。我笑他瞎说，他一本正经地继续看书，翻到了下一章。

第二天早上送他上学，校门口有个卖手套的老爷爷，摊子小，手冻得通红。儿子忽然停下，盯着看了几秒，小声说，妈妈，他像杜小康。我说，老爷爷是大人，杜小康是书里的人。儿子说，我知道，可是大人以前也可能当过杜小康。

那天放学，他把自己的旧围巾洗了晒干，第二天一早戴去学校，路过手套摊时摘下来递给老爷爷，说爷爷你戴着这个卖手套，手就不冻了。老爷爷愣了半天，他摆摆手跑了，跑得飞快，像怕老爷爷还他。

晚上他写作业，我在旁边看书。他忽然说，妈妈，我今天没难过的事，我就是想给他围巾。我说我知道。他说的对，那不是难过，那是他从杜小康那里学会的一件事：看见别人在硬撑的时候，别站着看。

共读这本书半年了，我常想，那天我没能答好的问题，其实儿子自己答了。杜小康为什么不难过，书里没写透，校门口那条旧围巾写透了。

The Little Stall by the School Gate

Reading Grass House together, we came to the part where Du Xiaokang keeps his little stall by the school gate. My son slid the book toward me, pointed at the passage and asked: Mom, his family lost everything - how can he not be sad? He even seems willing to do business.

I answered offhandedly that of course he was sad; the book says he cried secretly at night. My son shook his head. No, he meant while he was running the stall. He wasn't crying then, he was greeting customers - was he not sad?

I was stumped. After a long think I said, maybe sadness and work can live in the heart at the same time, like two drawers: the sadness drawer stays shut, the work drawer stays open. My son said, then Du Xiaokang knows how to open drawers. I said, he does. He added one more line: he keeps both drawers open, one for sadness and one for business - he tidies his heart better than I do. I laughed and called it

nonsense; he kept reading the next chapter with perfect seriousness.

The next morning, walking him to school, we passed an old man selling gloves at the gate, his stall tiny, his hands red with cold. My son stopped suddenly, stared for a few seconds, and whispered, Mom, he looks like Du Xiaokang. I said the grandpa is a grown-up, Du Xiaokang is a person in a book. He said, I know - but grown-ups might once have been Du Xiaokang too.

After school that day he washed his old scarf and dried it in the sun, wore it to school the next morning, and as he passed the glove stall he took it off and handed it to the old man: Grandpa, wear this while you sell gloves and your hands won't freeze. The old man stood stunned for a long moment; my son waved and ran off, running fast, as if afraid the old man would give it back.

That evening he did his homework while I read nearby. He suddenly said, Mom, nothing sad happened to me today, I just wanted to give him the scarf. I said I know. He was right - it wasn't sadness; it was something he had learned from Du Xiaokang: when you see someone holding up under a hard life, don't just stand and watch.

It has been half a year since we started reading this book together, and I often think that the question I failed to answer that day was answered by my son himself. Why Du Xiaokang was not sad - the book never wrote it out fully; the old scarf at the school gate wrote it out fully.