爸爸，杜小康为什么不哭

睡前共读《草房子》读到第三十章，杜小康家的红门上了锁，白胡子的父亲一夜之间老了。我合上书准备关灯，女儿忽然问：爸爸，他家都没了，他为什么不哭？

我愣了几秒。按书里写，他其实哭过，在芦荡的夜里。可女儿记得的是他回来摆摊、招呼客人、第二天照常上学的那几段。她眼里的杜小康确实没哭。

我说，他可能把难过收起来了。女儿问，收起来去哪儿了？我说，收进干活的手里了。你看他数毛票、摆课本、天不亮就去进货，难过没地方待，就被赶走了。女儿想了想说，那大人真笨，我们小孩早就哭了。我说，不是大人笨，是大人有时候也得学杜小康。女儿打了个哈欠，半睡半醒地说，那我们家谁最需要学杜小康。我替她掖好被角，没接这句话。她第二天早上却自己接上了，背着书包出门前说，爸爸你上班别生气，难过就收进手里。

女儿没再问，睡了。我以为这事就过去了。三周后班干部竞选，她落选了，回家把书包一放，我以为她要哭。她没有。她搬了凳子擦柜子，把书一本一本码整齐，然后跟我说，爸，我把难过收进手里了。

那天晚上她睡得早。我坐在客厅，想起她问的那个问题，忽然明白读书到底给了孩子什么。书没有教她不难过，书让她提前见过一个难过的孩子怎样把日子接住。她后来还问我，杜小康后来还当班长吗。我说书里没写。她说，那他肯定在自己心里当。

共读的好处，大概就是孩子的问题比书先到家。她那句在自己心里当，我到现在还记着。杜小康为什么不哭，我到现在也没给出标准答案，可女儿已经有了她自己的。

Dad, Why Doesn't Du Xiaokang Cry

Our bedtime reading of Grass House had reached the chapter where the Red Gate of Du Xiaokang's home got locked and his white-bearded father grew old overnight. I closed the book to turn off the light, and my daughter suddenly asked: Dad, his family lost everything - why doesn't Du Xiaokang cry?

I froze for a few seconds. According to the book he had cried, in the night in the reed marsh. But what my daughter remembered were the passages where he came back, set up his stall, greeted customers, and went to school as usual. The Du Xiaokang in her eyes truly had not cried.

I said, maybe he put his sadness away. She asked, where does it go when you put it away? I said, into his working hands. Watch him count small bills, stack textbooks, leave out to buy goods before dawn - sadness has nowhere to sit, so it gets chased off. She thought a moment and said, grown-ups are silly then; we children would have cried long ago. I said, it's not that grown-ups are silly; sometimes grown-ups have to learn from Du Xiaokang too. She yawned, half asleep, and asked who in our family most needed to learn from Du Xiaokang. I tucked the quilt around her

and did not answer. The next morning, though, she answered it herself: before going out with her schoolbag she said, Dad, don't get angry at work - put your sadness into your hands.

She asked no more and fell asleep. I thought the matter had passed. Three weeks later she lost the class officer election, dropped her schoolbag by the door, and I expected tears. There were none. She fetched a stool, wiped the cabinet, stacked her books one by one, then told me: Dad, I put my sadness into my hands.

She slept early that night. Sitting in the living room, remembering her question, I suddenly understood what reading aloud truly gives a child. The book did not teach her not to be sad; it let her meet, in advance, a sad child catching his days as they fell. Later she asked me whether Du Xiaokang became class monitor again. I said the book doesn't say. She said, then he is certainly monitor in his own heart.

That is perhaps the gift of shared reading: the child's question arrives home before the book does. Her line about being monitor in his own heart stays with me to this day. Why doesn't Du Xiaokang cry - I still have no standard answer, but my daughter already has her own.