把油麻地借给你们

亲爱的同学们：今天我不念书单，也不报名句，我想把一个小村庄借给你们。它叫油麻地，藏在曹文轩伯伯的《草房子》里。你们愿意跟我走一趟吗？

我是去年夏天遇见它的。那天放学下大雨，我钻进学校图书馆躲雨，随手从架上抽了一本封面画着草顶房子的书。雨停了我也没走，因为桑桑正把家里的碗柜改造成鸽子笼，他爸气得把笼子砸了，桑桑蹲在碎片旁边，一声不吭。我那时候就想：这个男孩跟我一样，也闯祸，也被大人训。

书里我最忘不了的，不是桑桑，是秦大奶奶。她一开始多讨人嫌啊，占着学校的地，把麻鸭赶进麦田，孩子们都躲着她，叫她老怪物。可后来呢，一只绿书包掉进水塘，她跳下去捞，自己差点没上来。从那以后，她坐在学校门口，看孩子们进进出出，兜里揣着糖。她最后为了一只掉进河里的南瓜沉了下去。读到那一页，图书馆管理员来催我回家，我的眼泪正好掉下来，赶紧用袖子抹了。

我为什么要把这本书推荐给你们？因为它不喊口号，它让你亲眼看见：一个谁都嫌弃的老太太，心里其实装着全部的软和热；一群爱起外号的孩子，最后学会了喊她奶奶。读完你会想，我们班那个总被起哄的同学，我是不是也该换个看法。

这本书还教你怎么面对告别。草房子里的人，有的走了，有的病了，有的家没了。可他们没有一个把腰弯下去。杜小康家破产了，他在校门口摆小摊，头抬得比谁都正。

同学们，一本书就是一段借来的日子。这一个学期，请把其中一个月借给油麻地。你会认识把鸽子卖了的桑桑，认识月光下追船的纸月，认识药寮里唱歌的温老师。读完那天，你会跟我一样，想马上抓住身边一个人的手说：走，我带你去油麻地。

我的话说完了。书就摆在图书馆第三排架子上，封面是那间草顶房子。别让它再一个人淋雨了，把它借回家吧。谢谢大家。

Let Me Lend You Youmadi

Dear fellow students: today I will not read out a book list or quote famous lines. I want to lend you a little village. It is called Youmadi, and it hides inside Cao Wenxuan's Grass House. Would you like to take a trip there with me?

I met it last summer. On the way home from school, a heavy rain came down, and I ducked into the school library to shelter. I pulled a book with a thatched roof on its cover from the shelf. The rain stopped, but I did not leave, because Sang Sang was busy turning his family's cupboard into a dovecote. His father smashed the cage in anger, and Sang Sang squatted beside the splinters without a word. I thought right then: this boy is like me. He also gets into trouble and also gets scolded by grown-ups.

The person I cannot forget is not Sang Sang but Grandma Qin. At first, how annoying everyone found her. She claimed the school's land, drove her green ducks into the wheat field, and children all dodged her, calling her the old monster. But then a green schoolbag fell into the pond, and she jumped in to fetch it and nearly lost her own life. After that, she sat by the school gate watching the children come and go, candies in her pocket. In the end, she sank into the river reaching for a fallen pumpkin. When I read that page, the librarian came to tell me to go home, and my tears fell at exactly that moment. I wiped them quickly with my sleeve.

Why do I recommend this book to you? Because it never shouts slogans. It lets you see with your own eyes: an old woman everyone disliked actually carries nothing but softness and warmth in her heart; a group of children who love nicknames finally learn to call her grandma. After reading, you will think about the classmate who always gets teased, and wonder whether you should look at them differently.

This book also teaches you how to face goodbyes. In the grass houses, some people leave, some fall ill, some lose their homes. Yet not one of them bends their back. When Du Xiaokang's family went bankrupt, he set up a stall by the school gate with his head held higher than anyone's.

Fellow students, a book is a stretch of borrowed days. This term, please lend one of those months to Youmadi. You will meet Sang Sang who sold his doves, Zhi Yue chasing a boat under the moonlight, and Teacher Wen singing in the medicine room. On the day you finish, you will want to grab the hand of whoever is beside you, just like I did, and say: come on, I will take you to Youmadi.

My words are done. The book sits on the third shelf of the library, its cover that grass-thatched house. Do not let it stand in the rain alone any longer. Borrow it home. Thank you all.