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.

那晚，我在被窝里读完了它

同学们，我先问你们一个问题：你有没有一本书，读到舍不得睡？我有。就是那晚，我躲在被窝里打着手手电，把《草房子》读完了最后一页，把手电关了，眼睛黑着，心里亮着。

那本书是爸爸奖励我的，因为我那阵子天天自己洗碗。刚开始我嫌它慢，油麻地有什么好看的，不就是芦苇、河、几间草房子吗。可读到第三章，桑桑把他最宝贝的十只鸽子装进竹篮，拿到集市上卖了二十块钱，回来把钱交给爸爸，说想去看戏。他爸愣住了，抬手要打，又放下了。我读到这里一下子坐直了：换了我，我舍不得。桑桑舍得把自己最喜欢的东西换一场戏，然后再

也不提那十只鸽子。

桑桑是我在书里交到的最铁的朋友。他夏天拆父亲的碗柜给鸽子做窝，被揍了一顿；他把棉袄卖了，大冷天穿着单衣上学，冻得直哆嗦，因为他把钱给了一个更需要的人。他生病的时候疼得弯成一只虾，可药再苦他也一口闷。我躺在床上想，要是我疼成这样，我肯定哭着喊妈。他喊了吗？没有。

我为什么要向你们推荐这本书？三个理由，都很短。第一，书里的小孩跟我们一样：会闯祸，会虚荣，会哭，所以读起来像在照镜子。第二，它好读，一章一个故事，随便从哪一章翻开都能读进去。第三，也是最要紧的：读完你会变得胆大一点，因为你认识了桑桑，认识了家道败落还站得笔直的杜小康，你会觉得，他们能扛的事，我碰上了也能扛。

有人可能会说，名著是不是读不懂？我告诉你们，我读第一页的时候也这么想。可书没读过，谁说了算？你自己说了算。

同学们，今晚就去借一本吧。睡前读一章，就一章。读完那一章，你会明白我为什么眼睛黑着、心里亮着。等下个星期，咱们在走廊上碰面，你一定会跟我说：哎，你也读油麻地了？到那时候，咱俩就是朋友了。好书伴我成长，我先替油麻地的孩子们，谢谢每一个翻开它的你。谢谢大家。

That Night, I Finished It Under the Quilt

Fellow students, let me start with a question: is there a book you have read so much that you hated to sleep? I have one. That night, I hid under my quilt with a flashlight and read Grass House to the very last page. Then I switched off the light. My eyes went dark, but my heart stayed lit.

My father gave me the book as a reward, because I had been washing my own dishes every day for a while. At first I thought it was slow. What is so interesting about Youmadi? Just reeds, a river, and a few grass houses. But when I reached the third chapter, Sang Sang put his treasured ten doves into a bamboo basket, carried them to the market, and sold them for twenty yuan, then handed the money to his father because he wanted to see an opera. His father froze, raised his hand to strike, then lowered it. I sat up straight at that line. I would not have let go. Sang Sang traded the things he loved most for one evening of opera, and never mentioned those ten doves again.

Sang Sang is the closest friend I have made inside a book. In summer he took apart his father's cupboard to build a dovecote and got a beating for it. He sold his padded coat and went to school in a thin jacket in freezing weather, shivering, because he gave the money to someone who needed it more. When he fell ill, pain bent him like a shrimp, yet however bitter the medicine, he drank it in one gulp. Lying in

bed, I thought: if I hurt like that, I would surely cry for my mother. Did he cry? No.

Why do I recommend this book? Three reasons, all short. First, the children in it are just like us: they make trouble, they show off, they cry, so reading it feels like looking in a mirror. Second, it reads easily. One story per chapter, and you can open it anywhere and fall right in. Third, and most important: after reading, you will grow a little braver, because you will have met Sang Sang, and Du Xiaokang, who kept standing straight even after his family fell. You will feel that what they could carry, you could carry too.

Some of you may say, are classics too hard to understand? I thought so too when I read the first page. But nobody can decide that for you except you, and only after you have read it.

Fellow students, go borrow a copy tonight. Read one chapter before bed, just one. When you finish that chapter, you will understand why my eyes were dark but my heart was lit. Next week, when we meet in the corridor, you will surely say to me: hey, you read Youmadi too? And just like that, we will be friends. A good book grows with me, and on behalf of the children of Youmadi, I thank you first, everyone who opens it. Thank you.

难过的时候，书里有人比你勇敢

大家好。我是这学期才转来的，站在这儿，手心还是出汗的。老师让我推荐一本好书，我想推荐《草房子》。不瞒大家，我刚来这个学校的那几个星期，是这本书接住我的。

转来第一周，我没跟谁说过一句多余的话。午饭自己吃，放学自己走，晚上把新书包的拉链拉到一半又拉上，像跟它赌气。是我们班主任接住了我。她没问我为什么不说话，她在阅读课上拿起一本封面画着草顶房子的书，说：今天起，老师每天读一章给你们听。第一天晚上，她读到桑桑把鞋子改成碗架，全班笑倒，我也没忍住，嘴角动了一下。

一章一章听下去，我记住了杜小康。他家是油麻地最阔的，红门大院的少爷，一条船把家底沉进了河里。他退学，跟父亲去芦苇荡放鸭，暴风雨的夜里鸭子跑散，他一个人追，追得满脸是水。再后来，他回到油麻地，在学校门口摆起小摊，白手套，小瓷碗，一样一样招呼同学来买。书里写，没有一个人笑话他。我听到这儿，把下巴埋进臂弯里，好半天没抬头。

我为什么推荐它？因为书里有人比你勇敢。你考砸了，杜小康连学都没得上；你被人孤立过，杜小康连从前的朋友都躲着他。可他照样支摊、照样吆喝、照样把腰站直。你看着看着，就觉得自己那点难堪，好像也没那么大了。

我还推荐它，因为书里有人在等人。秦大奶奶坐在学校门口等孩子们放学，温幼菊老师在药

寮里唱歌等桑桑把药喝完。油麻地的大人从不催孩子快点长大，他们只是守着。我来到新学校，也想像油麻地的大人一样，跟你们互相守着。

同学们，如果你也有过不想说话的星期，就去读《草房子》。你会在书里遇见一个比你更难、却比你更勇敢的小孩，他会隔着书页跟你说：没事，日子会好起来的，你看我。这句话，我收下了。今天，我也把它转送给在座的每一个人。

我的演讲完了。希望下一个学期，站在这里推荐书的人里，有你们，也有我交到的新朋友。谢谢大家。

When You Are Sad, Someone in a Book Is Braver Than You

Hello everyone. I transferred here only this term, and my palms are still sweaty standing up here. My teacher asked me to recommend a good book, and I want to recommend Grass House. I will not hide it: in my first weeks at this school, this book was the one that caught me.

During the first week, I did not say one extra word to anyone. I ate lunch alone, walked home alone, and at night pulled my new schoolbag's zipper halfway up, then down again, as if sulking with it. Our homeroom teacher caught me. She never asked why I would not talk. In reading class she picked up a book with a thatched house on its cover and said: starting today, your teacher will read one chapter aloud to you every day. That first evening, she read the part where Sang Sang turned his shoes into a dish rack, and the whole class collapsed laughing. I could not help it either. The corner of my mouth moved once.

Chapter by chapter, I came to know Du Xiaokang. His family was the richest in Youmadi, young master of the big red-door courtyard, until one boat sank the family fortune into the river. He left school and herded ducks with his father in the reed marsh. On the night of the storm, the ducks scattered, and he chased them alone, his face covered with water. Later he came back to Youmadi and set up a small stall by the school gate, white gloves, little porcelain bowls, calling out to classmates one by one to buy. The book says nobody laughed at him. When I heard that, I buried my chin in my arms and did not look up for a long time.

Why do I recommend it? Because someone in the book is braver than you. If you fail a test, Du Xiaokang could not even stay in school. If you have been left out, Du Xiaokang had even his old friends avoiding him. Yet he still set up his stall, still called out his prices, still stood with his back straight. Watch him long enough, and your own small embarrassment starts to look smaller.

I also recommend it because someone in the book is waiting for people. Grandma

Qin sits by the school gate waiting for children to leave school; Teacher Wen Youju sings in the medicine room, waiting for Sang Sang to finish his bowl. The grown-ups of Youmadi never rush children to grow up fast. They simply stand by. At this new school, I would like to stand by you the way the grown-ups of Youmadi do.

Fellow students, if you too have had weeks when you did not want to talk, go read Grass House. Inside it you will meet a child whose life is harder than yours and who is braver than you, and he will say to you across the pages: it will be all right, days get better, look at me. I have taken that sentence. Today, I pass it on to every one of you here.

My speech is finished. I hope that next term, among the people standing here recommending books, there will be you, and also new friends I have made. Thank you all.