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.

www.vv99.net