我们家的草房子

同学们，我们家有一本书，被读到卷了边，封面用透明胶带粘过。它叫《草房子》，作者是曹文轩。今天我想讲讲，这本书在我们家是怎么旅行的。

第一个读它的是我爸爸。一个周末，我看见他坐在阳台上看这本书，走过去给他倒水时，发现他眼睛有点红。我问怎么了，他只说：书里有个小孩生病了。他不再多说。我心里就犯嘀咕：什么书能把一个大人看哭？

我翻开，结果一头栽了进去。我认识了油麻地的桑桑，一个捣蛋鬼。夏天他把父亲的碗柜拆了，改造成鸽子窝，挨了棍子还咧嘴；他把鞋子改成碗架摆在教室墙角，全班大笑；他把最宝贝的十只鸽子拿到集市上卖了，换钱去看戏，回家把钱递给爸爸，爸爸抬起手，又放下了。我读到闯祸的地方笑到从床上滚下去，读到桑桑生病的部分，又没来由地鼻子发酸。

再后来，妈妈也偷着读。我们家吃饭时开始聊这本书：爸爸说最喜欢家道败落还站得笔直的杜小康，妈妈说心疼在校门口等了多年的秦大奶奶，上幼儿园的弟弟不识字，非要抱着书看插图，现在看见鸟就喊：桑桑的鸽子！我们家像多出了一个油麻地。

我最大的感受是：一本好书像一盏灯，谁读，谁的手就暖一下。爸爸的泪、我的笑、妈妈的叹气，都来自同一间草房子。它让我们这个吃饭时各自看手机的家，重新说起话来。如今书在我们家传到谁手里，谁的眼睛就先亮一下。

同学们，去借一本《草房子》回家吧。你自己读，也念一章给爸爸妈妈听。等你们家也开始抢这本书、也开始为书里的小孩操心，你就明白我说的灯是什么了。

我的演讲完了。愿《草房子》也照到你们家。谢谢大家。

The Grass House in Our Home

Fellow students, our family has a book whose pages have curled from reading, its cover patched with clear tape. It is Grass House, by Cao Wenxuan. Today I want to tell you how this book traveled through our home.

The first to read it was my father. One weekend, I saw him sitting on the balcony reading it, and when I walked over to pour him some water, I noticed his eyes were a little red. I asked what was wrong, and he only said: a boy in the book falls ill. He would not say more. I wondered to myself: what kind of book can make a grown man cry?

When I opened it, I fell straight in. I met Sang Sang of Youmadi, a little rascal. In summer he took apart his father's cupboard and turned it into a dove cage; he took a beating for it and still grinned. He turned his shoes into a bowl rack and set it in the corner of the classroom, and the whole class roared with laughter. He carried his ten treasured doves to the market and sold them for the price of an opera; when he got home and held the money out to his father, his father raised his

hand, then lowered it. I laughed so hard at the troublemaking parts that I rolled off the bed, and when I reached the part where Sang Sang falls ill, my nose stung for no reason at all.

Later, my mother started sneaking reads too. At dinner, our family began talking about this book: my father said his favorite is Du Xiaokang, who keeps standing straight even after his family loses everything; my mother said her heart aches for Grandma Qin, who waited at the school gate for so many years; my little brother, still in kindergarten and unable to read a single word, insists on hugging the book to look at the pictures. Now, whenever he sees a bird, he shouts: Sang Sang's doves! Our home feels like it has gained a Youmadi of its own.

My biggest feeling is this: a good book is like a lamp, and whoever reads it warms their hands for a moment. My father's tears, my laughter, my mother's sighs — all come from the same grass house. It made our family, which used to stare at our phones in silence during dinner, start talking again. Now, whenever the book passes into someone's hands at home, their eyes light up first.

Fellow students, go borrow a copy of Grass House and take it home. Read it yourself, and read one chapter aloud to your mom and dad. When your family starts fighting over this book and worrying about the children inside it, you will understand what lamp I am talking about.

That ends my speech. May Grass House shine into your home too. Thank you.