桑桑，你跟我一模一样

同学们，你们有没有读一本书读笑出声的经历？我有。那本书叫《草房子》，作者是曹文轩。今天我想讲讲我最喜欢它的原因——书里有个小孩，叫桑桑。

桑桑在油麻地的草房子里长大，他爸爸是校长。这孩子满脑子都是让大人哭笑不得的主意。夏天，他把父亲心爱的碗柜拆了，叮叮当当改造成一个鸽子窝。鸽子住得舒舒服服，他爸爸气得拿着棍子追着他绕草房子跑。他挨了揍，屁股开花，心里却偷偷觉得值——他的鸽子有了新家。

他还把自己和伙伴的鞋子改成碗架，搁在教室墙角，上面真放着一只碗。全班看了笑倒，老师批评他，他梗着脖子说这是发明。到了第二天，半个班的人都学着做碗架。

可这个只会闯祸的小孩，还有另一面。他把最宝贝的十只鸽子装进竹篮，拿到集市上卖了，换钱想去看一场戏。回家把钱递给爸爸，爸爸抬起手，又放下了。后来他生病，疼得弯成一只虾，再苦的药他也一口闷，不吭声。

我为什么最喜欢这本书？因为桑桑跟我一模一样。我也闯过祸，也挨过揍，也梗着脖子不肯认错。读他的时候，我像在照镜子，一边笑他，一边笑自己。可镜子里还照出别的东西：他比我勇敢。他敢把自己最喜欢的东西让出去，敢疼着也不哭。

同学们，《草房子》特别好读，一章一个故事，随便从哪一页翻开都能读进去。我把最喜欢它的理由都在这儿了：它让我认识了一个跟我一模一样、却比我勇敢的朋友。你读完，也会想跟他做朋友。

我的演讲完了。去读《草房子》吧，读完咱们在走廊上碰一碰，比一比谁笑的那一章最多。谢谢大家。

Sangsang, You Are Just Like Me

Fellow students, have you ever read a book out loud with laughter? I have. The book is Grass House, written by Cao Wenxuan. Today I want to tell you why it is my favorite — because there is a boy in it named Sang Sang.

Sang Sang grows up in the grass houses of Youmadi, and his father is the school principal. His head is full of ideas that make grown-ups laugh and groan at the same time. One summer, he took apart his father's beloved cupboard and hammered it into a dove cage. The doves lived in comfort; his father was so furious he chased him with a stick around and around the grass houses. He got a beating for it, and in his heart he secretly thought it was worth it — his doves had a new home.

He also turned a pair of shoes into a bowl rack and set it in the corner of the classroom, with a real bowl on top. The whole class collapsed laughing. The teacher scolded him, and he stuck out his chin and said it was an invention. By the next day,

half the class had made bowl racks too.

Yet this boy who only knows how to make trouble has another side. He put his most treasured ten doves into a bamboo basket, carried them to the market, and sold them so he could see an opera. When he came home and handed the money to his father, his father raised his hand — then lowered it. Later, when he fell ill and the pain bent him double like a shrimp, he swallowed the bitterest medicine in one go without a sound.

Why do I love this book the most? Because Sang Sang is just like me. I have made trouble, been beaten, and stuck out my chin refusing to admit I was wrong. Reading about him is like looking in a mirror: I laugh at him and at myself at the same time. But the mirror shows something else too. He is braver than me. He dares to let go of the things he loves most, and dares to stay silent even in pain.

Fellow students, Grass House is wonderfully easy to read: one story per chapter, and you can open to any page and fall right in. All my reasons for loving it are here: it gave me a friend who is just like me, yet braver than me. Once you read it, you will want a friend like him too.

That ends my speech. Go read Grass House, and afterward let us meet in the hallway and compare which chapter made each of us laugh the hardest. Thank you.

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.

图书角借阅榜第一名

大家好。我是我们班图书角的管理员，每天登记谁借了哪本书。我的本子上借出去最多的是《草房子》，作者曹文轩，已经借出去十四次了。不瞒大家，我有点不服气：全班都爱它，只有我没读过。上个星期，我终于翻开它，结果一头栽了进去。

书里的桑桑是个捣蛋鬼。夏天他把父亲心爱的碗柜拆了，改造成鸽子窝，他爸拿着棍子追他绕草房子跑，他挨了揍还咧嘴笑。他把鞋子改成碗架，摆在教室墙角，全班笑翻了。他把最宝贝的十只鸽子装进竹篮，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。我在图书角里一个人笑出声，回过神来，好几个同学围过来问我笑什么。

那天晚上我一口气读到后面。桑桑生病的时候，疼得弯成一只虾，再苦的药也一口闷，不吭声。我忽然明白：能逗笑所有人的小孩，也是能疼着不吭声的小孩。我躺在床上想了很久：我们班也有总讲笑话逗大家开心的同学，也许他回到家，也是这样疼着不吭声的。

我的感受是这样的。以前我以为大家借它只是跟风，读完才知道不是。这本书像一罐弹珠，每一章倒出来都有叮当响的东西，一倒就停不下来。现在我在图书角登记还书，会多问一句：你最喜欢哪一章？答案我都记在本子上，我的本子因此比从前厚了一倍，来还书的人反而越来越多，都想看看别人笑的是哪一章。

我们班的图书角只有几十本书，可它像个小油麻地。桑桑、杜小康、秃鹤都站在书架上，等你来。你要来我们班借书，我就把《草房子》递给你，还的时候记得在本子上写下你笑的那一章。

我的演讲完了。谢谢大家。

The Most Borrowed Book at Our Reading Corner

Everyone, I am the student in charge of our class book corner, and every day I record who borrows which book. In my ledger, the most borrowed book is Grass House by Cao Wenxuan — it has already been lent out fourteen times. To be honest, I was jealous. Everyone loves it, and I am the only one who has not read it. Last week I finally opened it, and I fell straight in.

Sang Sang in the book is a rascal. In summer he took apart his father's beloved cupboard and turned it into a dove cage; his father chased him around the grass houses with a stick, and he grinned even while being beaten. He turned his shoes into a bowl rack and placed it in the corner of the classroom, and the whole class cracked up. He carried his ten treasured doves to the market and sold them to buy a ticket to an opera; at home he held the money out to his father, and his father raised his hand, then lowered it. I laughed alone in the book corner, and when I came to myself, several classmates had gathered around me asking what was so funny.

That night I read to the end in one sitting. When Sang Sang falls ill, the pain bends him like a shrimp, yet he swallows the bitterest medicine in one go without a sound. I understood something: a child who can make everyone laugh is also a child who can bear pain in silence. I lay in bed thinking for a long time: our class also has a classmate who is always telling jokes to make everyone happy. Maybe when he gets home, he too bears his pain without a sound.

Here is my feeling. At first I thought everyone was just following the fashion in borrowing. After reading it, I knew better. This book is like a bag of marbles: every chapter holds something that clinks, and once you start you cannot stop. Now, when I register a returned book at the book corner, I ask one extra question: which chapter made you laugh the most? The answer goes into the ledger, and my ledger has grown thicker than before. Oddly, more and more people now come to return books, each curious to see which chapter made the others laugh.

Our book corner has only a few dozen books, but it is like a little Youmadi. Sang Sang, Du Xiaokang, and Tuhe sit on the shelf, waiting for you. If you come to our class to borrow a book, I will hand you Grass House. When you bring it back, write down the chapter that made you laugh hardest in my ledger.

That ends my speech. Thank you, everyone.