撕掉的那页读后感

我撕过一页作文，是《草房子》的第一篇读后感。那页上写：这本书讲了男孩桑桑的小学时光，有秃鹤、纸月、杜小康，最后桑桑病好了，我读完非常感动，觉得一定要珍惜时间。写完我读了两遍，越读越像报纸上的介绍，不像我写的。我把那页撕下来揉成一团，扔进纸篓。

重读那几天，我专门留意书里的人。别的人物我都读得下去，只有秦大奶奶让我心里堵。她霸着那亩田，跟学校闹了一辈子，孩子们进她的地她就叉着腰骂，声音尖得能穿过整个村子。可学校那口井边，一个一年级孩子掉下去，第一个跳下去捞的是她。捞上来以后她浑身是泥，谁也没谢她，她还是坐在门槛上，像什么都没发生。书里写她后来为了一只南瓜又下了水，再没上来。我读到这里，把书扣在腿上，坐了半天。

我想起我们小区门口看门的爷爷。他见谁都要骂，小孩骑车过减速带不减速，他冲出来骂；晾在外面的被子被风吹到地上，他也骂。可有一回我忘带钥匙，他在门卫室里给我妈打电话，又给我半块饼干，让我写作业等他来。他骂人的样子和递饼干的样子，我闭眼都能看见。

第二篇读后感我只写秦大奶奶：先写她的骂，再写她跳进井边的水，最后写我们小区看门的爷爷，写他骂我和递饼干。我没写珍惜时间，也没写非常感动。写完数了数，一页半。

第二天上课，老师当堂念了我的第二段，念完说：这才叫读后感，读的是人，不是目录。我的作文本上盖了个小印章，是班里只有几个人有的那种。放学我把那页撕皱的旧稿从纸篓里捡回来，压平，夹进书里。它提醒我：读后感写砸不要紧，撕了重来，只要这一回写的是人。

The Page of My Book Report I Tore Out

I once tore out a page of my essay — the first book report I wrote on Grass House. That page said: the book tells the school years of a boy named Sang Sang, with Tuhe, Zhiyue and Du Xiaokang, and in the end Sang Sang gets well, I was deeply moved after reading it, and I feel I must cherish my time. I read it twice and it sounded more like a newspaper blurb than something I wrote. I tore the page out, crumpled it, and dropped it in the wastebasket.

During my rereading those days, I paid attention to the people. Every character was easy to read, but only Grandma Qin made my chest tight. She clung to that one mu of field and fought the school her whole life. When children stepped into her crops, she stood with hands on hips and scolded, her voice sharp enough to cross the whole village. But when a first-grader fell by the school well, the first person who jumped in to pull him out was her. She came up covered in mud, nobody thanked her, and she went back to sit on her doorstep as if nothing had happened. The book later writes that she went into the water again for a single pumpkin and never came back. I closed the book on my lap and sat there for a long while.

I thought of the old gatekeeper in my neighborhood. He scolded everyone: kids who

did not slow down over the bump, he rushed out and shouted; a quilt blown onto the ground by the wind, he scolded that too. But once I forgot my keys, and he phoned my mother from the guard room, then handed me half a biscuit and let me do my homework there while I waited. The way he scolds and the way he offers a biscuit — I can see both with my eyes closed.

My second report was about Grandma Qin alone: first her scolding, then her jump into the water by the well, and at the end the gatekeeper in my neighborhood, scolding me and handing me the biscuit. I did not write about cherishing time, and I did not write about being deeply moved. When I counted, it filled a page and a half.

The next class, the teacher read my second paragraph aloud, then said: this is what a book report should be — you read people, not a table of contents. My notebook got a small stamp, the kind only a few students have. After school I fished the crumpled old page out of the wastebasket, pressed it flat, and tucked it into the book. It reminds me: wrecking a book report is fine — tear it up and start again, as long as this time you write about a person.