读后感原来可以只写一个人

我以前最怕写读后感。每次写，前半篇复述故事：从前有个男孩叫桑桑，他家的房子是茅草盖的……后半篇套三句话：我太感动了、我一定要好好学习、这本书真有意义。老师用红笔在边上画个圈，只写四个字：没东西写。

这次布置写《草房子》的读后感。我对着题目坐了半个钟头，一个字没落笔。妈妈过来问我卡在哪里，我说书里事情太多，不知道写哪个。妈妈说，那就只写一个人，挑一个你看完放不下的。

我把书翻了一遍。桑桑太淘气，我学不了；秦大奶奶太老，我离得远。翻到杜小康，我的手停住了。他家从油麻地最富变成最穷，他在学校门口摆小摊，卖碗卖珠串，手上戴着白手套，衣服打着补丁，手套却是白的。我想起我们家的水果店关门那天，爸爸坐在店门口的台阶上，一句话不说，坐了很久。

这一次我先写杜小康的白手套，再写爸爸坐过的台阶；写他把小瓷碗一个一个摆整齐，碗沿朝着来人的方向；写爸爸晚上给水果盖塑料布，还要用砖头压好四个边角，怕风掀起来。我没写我太感动，也没写我要学习。写完一数，作文本写了四页。

第二天作文发下来，老师在我写塑料布那句下面画了线，批语是：把书里的人写活了，也把自己写进去了。课间她把这一段读给全班听，读到塑料布那里，班里几个同学笑了，我低着头，耳朵发热，心里却挺高兴。

现在我写读后感不再复述故事。我先读完整本书，然后等，等哪个人自己从书里走出来，我就写他。妈妈叫它抓人物，我叫它挑一个放不下的人。《草房子》里十几个人，我才写了一个，剩下的留着，以后一个一个写。

A Book Report Can Be About Just One Person

I used to dread book reports. Every time, the first half retold the story: once there was a boy named Sang Sang, and his house had a thatched roof... The second half used three stock sentences: I am so moved, I will definitely study harder, what a meaningful book. The teacher drew a red circle in the margin and wrote only four characters: nothing real here.

When the assignment for a report on Grass House came, I sat facing the title for half an hour without writing a word. My mother came over and asked where I was stuck. I said the book holds too many events and I did not know which to write. She said: then write about just one person, the one you cannot stop thinking about after reading.

I went through the book. Sang Sang was too mischievous; I could never be him.

Grandma Qin was too far from my world. When I reached Du Xiaokang, my hand stopped. His family went from the richest in Youma Di to the poorest, and he set up a small stall by the school gate selling bowls and beads, wearing white gloves. His clothes were patched, but the gloves were white. I remembered the day our fruit shop closed: my father sat on the steps in front of the shop, saying nothing, for a long time.

This time I wrote the white gloves first, then the steps my father sat on; I wrote how he lined up the small porcelain bowls one by one, rims facing the customers, and how my father covered the fruit with a plastic sheet at night and weighted the four corners down with bricks so the wind could not lift it. I did not write that I was moved, and I did not write that I would study hard. When I finished, I had filled four pages of the notebook.

The next day the essays came back. The teacher underlined my sentence about the plastic sheet and wrote: you brought a person from the book to life, and you wrote yourself into it too. At break she read that paragraph to the whole class. When she reached the plastic sheet, some classmates laughed. I kept my head down, my ears burning, but inside I was glad.

Now I never retell the story in a book report. I read the whole book first, then I wait for a person to walk out of it on his own, and I write about him. My mother calls it holding on to one character; I call it picking the one you cannot let go of. Grass House has more than a dozen people, and I have written only one so far. I will save the rest for later.

黑板上老师只写了一个大字

我们全班都不会写读后感。单元测验里那道读后感的分最低，卷子发下来，一半人的开头一模一样：读了《草房子》，我深受感动。后半篇也差不多：我们要珍惜现在的幸福生活。老师把几份卷子投影出来，没批评谁，只叹了口气。

第二周的阅读课，老师在黑板上写了一个很大的人字，粉笔灰落了一肩膀。她说：读后感读后感，你们把感全喊出来了，把那个字弄丢了。从今天起，每人从《草房子》里挑一个人，就写他，写到他像一个你认识的人为止。

我挑了桑桑。别人都写杜小康，说他坚强，我嫌人多。桑桑不一样：他把心爱的鸽子卖了，换钱去集市买鱼食，回来被妈妈发现，挨了一顿打；他生病以后，别的孩子怕他，只有他敢把胳膊伸给大人，让针扎进去。写打针那段的时候我手停了，因为我去年骨折住院，护士拿针找血管，我攥着床单不敢看。我把桑桑的胳膊和我的床单写在同一段里，写他疼得吸气，也写我攥皱的床单。

作文本发下来那天，我的那篇被贴上了墙报。老师用红笔在标题旁边画了一颗星，批语写：桑桑从书里走出来了，站到了我们中间。下课挤在墙报前看的人比平时多，同桌小光念完我那段床单，愣了一下，说他也要回去重写一遍，他之前写的是我们要学习桑桑勇敢。

后来我们班的读后感变了样。有人写秃鹤，写他汇演那天光头上的汗；有人写纸月，写她每天绕远路上学。老师再没叹过气。黑板上那个人字还留着，值日生擦黑板时绕开它，擦了半个月都没擦掉，也没人舍得擦。

现在我一拿到读后感的题目，先不想感动，先想那个人：他做过什么，他疼的时候攥着什么。想清楚了，笔就自己走。这个本事是《草房子》给的，也是那个粉笔灰落了一肩膀的下午给的。

The Teacher Wrote One Big Character on the Blackboard

Our whole class was hopeless at book reports. That question scored lowest on the unit test. When the papers came back, half the class opened the same way: After reading Grass House, I was deeply moved. The second half was similar too: we should cherish our happy life today. The teacher projected several papers without naming anyone, and only sighed.

The following week's reading class, the teacher wrote one big character on the blackboard — the character for person — chalk dust settling on her shoulder. She said: book report means your feelings about the book, but you shouted all the feelings and lost the book. From today, each of you picks one person from Grass House and writes only about him, until he feels like someone you actually know.

I picked Sang Sang. Everyone else wrote Du Xiaokang and his toughness, and I found the crowd too crowded. Sang Sang was different: he sold his beloved pigeons to buy fish bait at the market, got caught by his mother and a beating; after he fell ill, other children were afraid of him, yet he was the one who held out his arm for the needle. My hand stopped while writing that part, because last year I was hospitalized with a broken arm, and the nurse hunted for my vein while I gripped the bedsheet, too scared to look. I wrote Sang Sang's arm and my crumpled sheet in the same paragraph — his sharp intake of breath, and the wrinkles I squeezed into the cloth.

The day the notebooks returned, my essay went up on the class wall board. The teacher drew a red star beside the title and wrote: Sang Sang walked out of the book and is standing among us. The crowd in front of the board was bigger than usual at break. My deskmate Xiaoguang read my bedsheet paragraph, froze, and said he would rewrite his too — his had been about learning Sang Sang's bravery.

After that, our book reports changed shape. One classmate wrote Tuhe, the sweat

on his shaved head during the school play. Another wrote Zhiyue, taking the long way to school every day. The teacher never sighed again. The big character stayed on the blackboard; the student on cleaning duty worked around it. It survived half a month of erasing, and no one had the heart to wipe it away.

Now when I get a book report topic, I do not think about being moved first. I think about the person: what he has done, what he grips when it hurts. Once that is clear, the pen walks by itself. That skill came from Grass House, and from that afternoon when chalk dust settled on a teacher's shoulder.

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.

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