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.