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.