六年级读后感500字：《芒果街上的小屋》里她一直想要的那间小屋

今年我读了《芒果街上的小屋》。这本书很薄，由几十篇很短的小文章组成，每篇只有一两页。书里的女孩叫埃斯佩朗莎，她住在芒果街。一开始我不太喜欢这本书，因为它几乎没有什么大事发生：没有人打架，没有人远行，什么惊险情节都没有。可读完以后，我一直想着书里的那个房子，就是埃斯佩朗莎一直想要的那间小屋。

先说芒果街。搬家那天，家里人说他们要搬进真正的房子。可芒果街上的房子不是那样的：小，挤，全家人挤在里面，前台阶是歪的，墙薄得藏不住东西，院子小得转不开身。埃斯佩朗莎哭了。我懂那种哭。不是因为房子小，是因为她盼了那么久、被家里说了那么久，盼到的却不对。去年我家搬家，我也失落了整整一个星期，老把新家和脑子里那张图比来比去。

再说那间小屋。埃斯佩朗莎说，她要一间安静如雪、轻快如鸟的房子。有一篇里她说，要有一棵真正的树，有台阶通向门口，等她有了这样的房子，她要请街上的流浪汉进屋来喝姜汁汽水。我读到这一篇先笑了，笑完心里发紧，说不出为什么。房子在她嘴里不是砖和瓦，是一个属于她自己的、可以离开也可以回来的地方。这就是为什么一间小屋在一本没有情节的书里那么要紧。

还有女孩的成长。一篇一篇读下去，埃斯佩朗莎慢慢看清了街上女人们的命运：她的曾祖母年轻时很野很自由，后来一辈子坐在窗口哭；萨莉早早结婚，想靠婚姻离开，结果出不来。埃斯佩朗莎把这些都看在眼里。她说她要离开芒果街，可她也说了一句让我意外的话：她要回来，为那些走不掉的人回来。她选择了写作，带着本子，把这条街上的人一个一个写下来。

老师说读后感里要有成长的思考。我的思考是这个：埃斯佩朗莎长大，不是不再想要房子，而是明白了房子要自己盖，离开也不是逃跑。我拿自己跟她比。我总说想要一间自己的房间，可连自己的书桌都没有收拾过一次。我和她的差别，大概就在于她把想要的东西一句一句写下来，写成了计划，而我只是嘴上说说。

书里还有四处瘦树，长在混凝土里，照样往上长。我划线了，因为那也写的是成长：东西可以在硬的地方长，长之前不用先问谁同意。

这篇读后感用我喜欢的一句收尾：他们叫我芒果，那是我的名字。我想它的意思是，不管你走到哪里，都抹不掉自己来的那条街。埃斯佩朗莎也不想抹掉。她要把这条街写下来，然后带着它走。

A Sixth Grader's 500-Word Reflection on The House on Mango Street: The House She Always Wanted

This year I read The House on Mango Street. The book is thin, made of dozens of tiny pieces, and each piece is only one or two pages long. The girl in it is named Esperanza, and she lives on Mango Street. At first I did not like this book, because almost nothing happened in it: nobody fought, nobody traveled, nothing exploded. But

when I finished it, I kept thinking about one thing the whole time, the house Esperanza always wanted.

The first scene is Mango Street itself. The day the family moved, everyone told them they were moving to a real house. Esperanza had pictured it in her head many times. But the house on Mango Street was not that house. It was small and cramped, the whole family was squeezed inside it, the front steps were crooked, the walls were too thin to hide anything, and the yard was barely a yard at all. Esperanza cried. I understood that crying better than I expected. It was not because the house was small. It was because she had hoped for so long, and had been told for so long, that when the hope was finally handed to her, it was the wrong one. I know that feeling. Last year my family moved, and for a whole week I kept comparing the new place with the picture in my head.

The second scene is the little house she wants. Esperanza says she wants a house quiet as snow, airy as a bird. In one piece she says she wants a real tree out front, with steps leading up to the door, and that when she has such a house she will invite the bums in from the street to come inside and drink ginger ale. I read that piece and laughed out loud, and then my chest felt tight for no reason I could name. A house, in her mouth, is not bricks and tiles. It is a place of her own, a place she can leave and come back to, a place where she can open the door for anybody she chooses. That is why the little house matters so much in a book that seems to have no plot.

The third scene is the girl growing up. As the pieces go on, Esperanza slowly sees the fates of the women around her. Her great-grandmother, who was wild and free when she was young, spent her whole life crying by a window. Sally married early, hoping a marriage would carry her away, and it did not; she could not get out. Esperanza watched all of this and said she would leave Mango Street. But she also said something that surprised me: she would come back. She would come back for the women she left behind, the ones who cannot leave. She chooses writing as her way out. She carries a notebook and writes down the people on this street, one by one.

My teacher says a reading reflection must contain thoughts about growing up. Here is mine. Esperanza grew up not by stopping wanting a house, but by understanding that the house has to be built by her own hands, and that leaving is not the same as running away. Then I compare myself with her. I always say I want a room of my own, yet I have never once tidied my own desk. Esperanza wrote down what she wanted, one sentence at a time, until the wanting became a plan. I only say it out loud, and the wanting stops there.

One more thing I remember: the four skinny trees on her street, the only ones that know her, grew up in the concrete and kept growing anyway. I underlined that

piece, because it is also about growing up. Things can grow in hard places, and they do not ask permission first.

This five-hundred-word reflection ends with a line from the book that I like: they call me Mango, and that is my name. I think it means that wherever you go, and however far you get, you cannot erase the street you came from. Esperanza does not want to erase it. She wants to write it down, and then leave carrying it with her.