《稻草人》里的田野：我合上书，缓了好一会儿

《稻草人》这本书不厚，我三天就读完了。读完那天晚上，我躺在床上，老是想起书里那个稻草人。他站在稻田中间，身上披着一把破扇子，脸是一个竹篓做的。他夜里也不走，就那么站着，看着田里的稻子。

书里我最记得那个老农妇。她的丈夫没了，儿子也没了，只剩她一个人，种一小片田。她日夜哭，眼睛都哭坏了，还是下田。稻子长起来了，她心里刚高兴一点，蛾子就来了，把子下在稻叶上。稻草人看见了，拼命摇手里的扇子，想让她知道，可她不知道，回家关门睡觉去了。稻草人心里急，他不会说话，不会走路，只能站在田里，一夜一夜看着。读到这里，我把书合上，缓了好一会儿。他明明是好心，可一点办法都没有。

书后头还有一段，夜里渔妇在船上捕鱼，她的孩子病了想喝水，船边就立着稻草人影一样的东西，可谁也帮不了谁。叶圣陶爷爷写的田野，白天好看，夜里全是心事。

书里还写了稻草人自己的愿望。他想自己要是能跑，就跑去给老农妇报信，跑去给渔妇的孩子烧水。他恨自己只是一捆稻草，骨头是竹竿，肉是稻草。可是转过来想，他本来就是人扎给他看的呀。人把他扎在田里，就是让他守着的。他把守着当成了全部，这已经比谁都认真了。

我想起去年秋天，奶奶在田里割稻，我在田埂上玩。她弯着腰，从这头走到那头，走得特别慢。我那时候不知道帮她，只会跑回家喊妈妈给她送水。现在我好像有点懂稻草人了。他不是偷懒站着不动，他是把自己能做的都做了——站在田里，摇着扇子，一刻也不停。人有时候帮不了别人，可还可以守着，还可以记着。

今年稻子黄的时候，我又去奶奶家。奶奶田里也立着一个稻草人，我在田埂上冲他挥了挥手。

The Field in the Book of the Scarecrow

The Scarecrow is not a thick book. I finished it in three days. That night I lay in bed and kept thinking of the scarecrow in the story. He stands in the middle of the rice field, with a broken fan on his body and a face made of a bamboo basket. He does not go away at night. He just stands there and watches the rice.

The old woman is the part I remember best. Her husband is gone and her son is gone, and she alone farms a small piece of land. She cries day and night until her eyes are ruined, and she still goes to the field. When the rice grows up and she begins to feel glad, the moth comes and lays its eggs on the rice leaves. The scarecrow sees it and waves his broken fan with all his strength, trying to let her know. But she does not know. She goes home, shuts the door, and sleeps. The scarecrow is full of worry. He cannot speak. He cannot walk. He can only stand in the field and watch, night after night. When I read this I closed the book and sat quietly for a long time. He means well, yet he has no way to act.

Later in the book there is a fisherwoman on a boat at night. Her sick child wants

water, and nobody can help anybody. The fields that Ye Shengtao wrote about look beautiful by day, and at night they are full of silent worries.

The book also tells what the scarecrow wishes for. He wishes he could run, so that he could run to warn the old woman and run to boil water for the child on the boat. He hates that he is only a bundle of straw, with bamboo sticks for bones and straw for flesh. But then I think again: he was made by human hands to stand in the field. The people who set him there wanted him to keep watch. He made keeping watch his whole life, and that is more serious than most people are.

I thought of last autumn, when my grandmother was cutting rice and I was playing on the ridge of the field. She bent her back and went from one end to the other, very slowly. I did not know how to help her then. I only ran home and asked my mother to bring her water. Now I think I begin to understand the scarecrow. He is not lazy. He has done everything he can. He stands in the field and waves his fan without stopping. Sometimes a person cannot solve the trouble of another person, but he can still stay near, and he can still remember.

When the rice turned yellow this year, I went to my grandmother again. A scarecrow stood in her field, and I waved my hand to him from the ridge.