《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.

给稻田里的稻草人写一封信：你该做的都做了

稻草人先生：你好。我是一名三年级的小学生，刚读完叶圣陶爷爷写的《稻草人》，想给你写这封信。你在书里一句话也没有说过，所以我想替你说一说。

你站在稻田中间，脸是竹篓，手上摇着一把破扇子。你的主人就是那个老农妇。她丈夫没了，儿子也没了，眼睛哭坏了，还是一天一天地下田。稻子抽穗那天，她笑了，你也高兴，你说这一年的饭有着落了。可是蛾子来了，把子下在叶子上。你摇扇子，你摇得更急，风太小，她没听见。你急得几乎要倒下。

稻草人先生，我想告诉你，我们这里的田野跟你那片田不一样。我家奶奶的田边也立着你这样的稻草人，麻雀真怕他。去年收割，奶奶一天割完一亩田，中午坐在田埂上吃馒头，馒头掰得大大的，分给我一半。我们家的稻子收进了仓，没有蛾子毁掉它。我觉得你很幸运，至少你看见过稻子黄透的样子，金黄金黄的，风一吹，整片田像水一样动。

可是我也懂你。奶奶去年冬天生病住院，我在家里什么也做不了，只能天天给她叠纸鹤。那种站在原地、心里着急的滋味，我尝过一点点，你就尝了整整一夜。

稻草人先生，我还想问你一个问题。你站了一整年，腿不会酸吗？书里说你连坐下来歇一歇都做不到。我们上体育课站十分钟就乱动了，你却站在野地里，刮风下雨都不挪窝。光是这一点，

我就佩服你。

你后来倒在田中间了。可我觉得你没有输。你该做的都做了。子变成了虫子，虫子爬满稻叶，把稻子吃得破破烂烂，你看着心疼得像刀割。书上写你那一夜流了泪，稻草人也会流泪，我读到时鼻子也酸了。信就写到这里。今年我们这里的稻子也黄了，我路过田边，会替你看看你的同行。

一个记着你的小学生

A Letter to the Scarecrow in the Rice Field

Dear Mr. Scarecrow: Hello. I am a student in the third grade. I have just finished the book The Scarecrow written by Grandpa Ye Shengtao, and I want to write this letter to you. In the book you never said a single word, so I would like to say something for you.

You stand in the middle of the rice field. Your face is a bamboo basket, and in your hand you wave a broken fan. Your master is the old woman. Her husband is gone and her son is gone. Her eyes were ruined by crying, yet she goes down to the field day after day. On the day the rice put out its ears, she smiled, and you were glad too, because the food of the year seemed safe. Then the moth came and laid eggs on the leaves. You waved the fan, and you waved it faster, but the wind was too small and she did not hear. You were so worried that you almost fell down.

Mr. Scarecrow, let me tell you that the fields near my home are not the same as your field. By the field of my grandmother there also stands one like you, and the sparrows really fear him. Last harvest, my grandmother cut a whole mu of rice in one day. At noon she sat on the ridge of the field and ate a steamed bun, breaking it in half and giving half to me. The rice of our family went into the barn, and no moth destroyed it. I think you are lucky in one way. At least you saw the field fully yellow, gold upon gold, moving like water when the wind blew.

But I also understand you. Last winter my grandmother was ill and stayed in the hospital, and I could do nothing at home except folding paper cranes for her every day. I have tasted a little of that feeling, standing still with a worried heart. You tasted it for a whole night.

Mr. Scarecrow, I have one more question for you. You stood there for a whole year. Did your legs not grow tired? The book says you could not even sit down and rest. In our PE class we wiggle around after standing for ten minutes, but you stood in the open field and never moved, through wind and rain. For this alone I admire you.

In the end you fell down in the middle of the field. But I do not think you lost.

You did everything you should do. The eggs became worms, and the worms crawled all over the rice leaves and ate the rice until it was torn and ragged. You watched with a heart cut by a knife. The book says you shed tears that night. A scarecrow can also weep, and my nose felt sour when I read it. I will stop the letter here. The rice near us is yellow this year too, and when I pass the field I will look at your fellow workers for you.

A pupil who remembers you

从吓鸟的假人到最认真的心：读《稻草人》

没读《稻草人》以前，我以为稻草人就是田边一个吓鸟的假人，丑丑的，没什么好看的。读完这本书，我对他的想法全变了。

叶圣陶爷爷笔下的稻草人有鼻子有眼，心比谁都软。他主人是那个老农妇，一个人种一小片田，丈夫和儿子都没了，稻子就是她的命。书里写她跪在田里拜稻子，拜得特别虔诚。蛾子来下子的时候，稻草人急坏了，扇子摇得哗哗响。他以为扇子能赶走蛾子，其实蛾子根本不怕他。这一段我读了两遍。他连自己吓不了蛾子都不知道，还在拼命摇。

最让我难受的是稻田里那一夜。子孵出虫子，把稻叶吃得稀烂，老农妇第二天来看见，瘫坐在田埂上。稻草人比她还难受，书上说他恨不得把自己连根拔起来，让虫子去吃稻草，别吃稻子。一捆稻草，居然心疼人疼到这个地步。

书里还有一段我特别喜欢，也特别心酸。稻草人幻想自己变成一个人，跑到城里去，什么都能做。可他马上又醒了，说他要是走了，田里的稻子就没人管了。他就这样一边想一边守着，一夜也没有离开。我觉得这比真跑出去还难。

读这本书的时候是九月，我们村口正好有一片稻田，田里也立着一个稻草人，红袖套，破草帽。以前我走过他身边从来不看一眼。现在每天放学我都看他。我猜他袖子里也塞着旧报纸，像书里稻草人塞着破扇子一样。他不知道有没有蛾子来，但他站着，鸟确实不敢落下来，这就是他的用处。

书里稻草人最后倒了，我们田边这个还站着。我跟他保证过，等我上四年级，写作文也写他。这就是我读《稻草人》最大的收获：田边最不起眼的东西，也可能有一颗最认真的心。

From a Bird Scaring Dummy to a Most Serious Heart

Before I read The Scarecrow, I thought a scarecrow was only an ugly dummy by the field to frighten birds, with no story in him. After reading this book, my idea of

him changed completely.

In the pen of Grandpa Ye Shengtao, the scarecrow has a nose and eyes, and a heart softer than anyone. His master is the old woman who farms a small piece of land alone after losing her husband and her son. The rice is her life. The book describes her kneeling in the field to worship the rice, very devoutly. When the moth came to lay eggs, the scarecrow was frantic and waved his fan loudly. He thought the fan could drive the moth away, but the moth did not fear him at all. I read this part twice. He did not even know that he could not scare the moth, and still he waved with all his strength.

The part that hurt me most is that night in the rice field. The eggs hatched into worms and ate the leaves to rags. The next morning the old woman came and saw it, and sank down on the ridge. The scarecrow suffered more than she did. The book says he wished he could pull himself up by the roots and let the worms eat his straw instead of the rice. A bundle of straw, yet his heart ached for a human being to that degree.

There is another part I like and that also makes my heart ache. The scarecrow dreams that he becomes a human being, runs to the city, and can do anything. Then he wakes up again and says that if he left, nobody would look after the rice in the field. He kept wishing and kept standing, and did not leave for a single night. I think that is harder than really running away.

I read this book in September. Just at the entrance of our village there is a rice field, and a scarecrow stands in it, with red cloth sleeves and an old straw hat. I used to walk past him without one glance. Now I look at him every day after school. I guess his sleeves are stuffed with old newspapers, just like the scarecrow in the book with his broken fan. I do not know whether any moth has come, but he stands there, and the birds really do not dare to land. That is his use.

The scarecrow in the book fell in the end; the one by our field is still standing. I have made a promise to him: when I reach the fourth grade, I will write a composition about him too. This is the greatest thing I gained from reading The Scarecrow. The most unnoticed thing beside a field may carry the most serious heart.