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