

我学孙悟空勇敢，结果闯了祸

我最喜欢孙悟空，因为他什么都敢打。上周末我决定学他，学的还是最带劲的部分——敢。

小区花园旁边有一堵矮墙，半人高，墙那边是草坪。低年级的同学都绕着走，高年级的翻过去抄近道。我站在墙前，想起孙悟空站在灵山门口也没怕过，深吸一口气，手一撑，翻。翻是翻上去了，可是墙头有一层青苔，我手一滑，整个人拍在墙那边的地上，膝盖磕在水泥牙子上，裤子破了个洞，皮破了，血珠冒出来。

回家妈妈一边给我涂碘伏一边问：“孙悟空会这么翻墙吗？”我说他一个筋斗十万八千里，不用翻。妈妈又问：“那他打妖怪之前干什么？”我想了想，说，先变成小虫飞进去看看，先问妖怪是哪来的。妈妈点点头：“他敢打，但他从来不是闭着眼睛打。”

那天晚上我重新读三打白骨精，读出了以前没注意的地方：孙悟空第一次打白骨精，其实打错了——他看见的是村姑，打死的是妖怪变的假身，为此被念了紧箍咒。他也有看走眼的时候，可他第二次、第三次越打越稳，学会了先布好包围再动手。原来他的勇敢不是天生胆子大，是挨了罚还接着打，而且越打越会想清楚。

我的作文最后这样写：“我以为学孙悟空就是什么都敢做，结果先摔了膝盖。现在我明白，勇敢分两种：一种是闭眼跳过去，一种是先看清再跳。孙悟空是后一种。我下次翻墙——不对，我下次不翻墙了，但我可以先看清哪条路不用翻。”膝盖上的疤到现在还在，它提醒我：学人物不能只学最帅的那一招，要把他挨打的部分也一起学了。

老师在这段话下面画了波浪线，写了四个字：“有真经历。”我猜这就是作文里最值钱的东西——摔过的膝盖，比一百个“非常勇敢”都结实。

I Tried to Be Brave Like Sun Wukong — and Got Into Trouble

My favorite character is Sun Wukong, because he dares to fight anything. Last weekend I decided to learn from him—starting with the most exciting part: daring.

By our compound's garden stands a half-person-high wall, lawn on the other side. Little kids walk around it; older kids climb over to save time. I stood in front of it, remembered that Sun Wukong never feared even standing at the gate of Vulture's Peak, took a deep breath, pushed off my hands, and climbed. I got up, but the wall's top was coated with moss. My hand slipped, and I slapped face-first onto the ground on the other side. My knee hit the concrete edge, my pants tore, the skin broke, and beads of blood came out.

At home, while Mom dabbed iodine on the scrape, she asked: "Would Sun Wukong climb a wall like that?" I said he somersaults 108,000 li—he doesn't need walls. She asked again: "Then what does he do before fighting a demon?" I thought and said: he

turns into a bug and flies in to look first; he asks where the demon came from. Mom nodded: "He dares to fight, but he never fights with his eyes shut."

That night I reread the thrice-striking episode and noticed what I had missed before: Sun Wukong's first strike actually went wrong—he saw a village girl, killed the demon's fake body, and got the fillet spell for it. Even he misreads things. But his second and third strikes grew steadier; he learned to set the ring of gods before swinging. So his courage was never a big natural nerve. It was fighting on after punishment—and thinking clearer with every round.

I ended my composition like this: "I thought learning from Sun Wukong meant daring to do anything, and my knee paid for it first. Now I understand there are two kinds of brave: jumping with your eyes shut, and looking carefully before you jump. Sun Wukong is the second kind. Next time I climb a wall—no wait, I won't climb walls anymore. But next time I can first look for the road that needs no climbing." The scar on my knee is still there. It reminds me: when you learn from a character, don't copy only his coolest move—copy the parts where he got beaten too.

My teacher drew a wavy line under that paragraph and wrote four characters: "real experience." I think that's the most valuable thing in a composition—a knee you actually fell on is sturdier than a hundred "extremely bravos."