

想象作文三步：怎么进队、干什么、怎么回

想象作文最容易犯的错，是开头一句“忽然我眼前一花，就到了取经路上”，然后不知道干什么，跟着师徒走了一路，什么也没做。写之前先回答三个问题：我怎么进队的？我在队伍里干什么活？故事怎么收场？

第一个问题，进队方式选一个就够，别写“我穿越了”这种用烂的。给你几个能落地的：我在书包里发现一把破蒲扇，扇一下，人就到了火焰山脚下；我帮铁扇婆婆找丢失的牛，她谢我，把我托付给路过的唐僧；我在图书馆翻《西游记》，书页里掉出一张地图，地图背面写着“缺一个挑水的”。最后这种最好，因为“缺一个挑水的”直接回答了第二个问题——你在队伍里有岗位。

第二个问题，岗位决定戏份。想象作文里“我”不能只当观众。假设我挑水，那火焰山这一难我就有活儿：孙悟空去借扇子，别人都看着，只有我注意到水囊里的水快没了，山下的村子也断水三天了。我提出跟沙僧下山帮村里运水，运水路上撞见牛魔王的手下，差点把水囊抢走。你看，岗位一确定，情节自己就长出来了。

第三个问题，收场要轻。别写“忽然闹钟一响，原来是梦”，读者最烦这个。收场用“留下一样东西”的办法：回到现实，书包里那把破蒲扇不见了，可课本第48页夹着一片焦黄的芭蕉叶。两行收住，故事就关上门了。

结尾的“团结”怎么不喊出来？让它在分工里自己显形：借扇子靠悟空，灭火靠扇子，救村子靠我和沙僧的水，一样缺了都过不去。结尾写“那晚我们五个人——加上白龙马——分最后一囊水，谁也没多喝一口”，团结这俩字不用出现，读者自己看得见。

动笔前在草稿纸上填三个空：进队方式（ ）、我的岗位（ ）、留下的东西（ ）。三个空填完，四百字的作文就有骨架了。

Three Steps for an Imaginative Essay: How to Join, What to Do, How to Return

The most common mistake in imaginative essays: an opening line like “suddenly my eyes dazzled, and I was on the journey to the scriptures”—then nothing to do, so the “I” follows the master and disciples the whole way doing nothing. Before writing, answer three questions: How did I join? What job do I do in the team? How does the story end?

Question one: pick one way in, and skip the worn-out “I time-traveled.” Try these grounded ones: I find a torn palm-leaf fan at the bottom of my schoolbag; one wave and I’m standing at the foot of Flaming Mountain. I help an old granny find her lost ox; grateful, she entrusts me to the passing Tang Seng. While flipping through Journey to the West in the library, a map falls out of the pages, and on its back it

says "one water-carrier wanted." The last one works best, because "water-carrier wanted" already answers question two—you have a post in the team.

Question two: the post decides your screen time. The "I" in an imaginative essay can't just be an audience. Suppose I carry water. Then at Flaming Mountain I have work: while Sun Wukong goes to borrow the banana fan and everyone else watches, only I notice our waterskin is nearly empty and the village below has been without water for three days. I offer to help Sha Wujing haul water down to the village, and on the way we run into Bull Demon King's minions, who nearly seize the skin. See—fix the post, and the plot grows by itself.

Question three: end lightly. Never write "an alarm rang—it was all a dream"; readers hate it most. End by "leaving one thing behind": back in reality, the torn fan is gone from my schoolbag, but a scorched yellow banana leaf is pressed inside page 48 of my textbook. Two lines, and the door closes.

How to land "unity" without shouting it? Let it show through the division of labor: borrowing the fan needs Wukong, killing the fire needs the fan, saving the village needs me and Sha Wujing's water—miss one link and nobody passes. End with "that night the five of us—including the white dragon horse—shared the last skin of water, and no one took an extra sip." The word unity never appears, yet readers can see it.

Before writing, fill three blanks on scratch paper: how I joined (), my post (), the thing left behind (). Three blanks filled, and a 400-word essay has its skeleton.

范文：我在火焰山挑水

书包里那把破蒲扇扇了一下，我就站在了火焰山脚下。热，石头都烫脚。唐僧看见我，问从哪来的，我说不知道。孙悟空凑近闻了闻我，说："没有妖气，是个小孩，带着走吧。"就这样，我进了队，岗位是挑水。

第二天，大火拦路。八百里火焰烧得半边天发红，老村民拄着拐说，山里的泉早干了，村里三天没水喝。孙悟空一跟头翻走，去借芭蕉扇。我和沙僧没闲着，提着水囊下山往村里送。

村口的井边排着长队，一个老奶奶把水囊接过去，手抖得洒出一半，她蹲下去用袖子擦地上的水，说"作孽哟，一滴都不能糟蹋"。我把水囊递给她："奶奶，后头还有，我们多跑几趟。"沙僧挑着两桶水从坡上下来，肩膀上的扁担压得弯弯的，他笑着说："我挑担子挑了十四年，这个不算重。"

第三趟出事了。坡道上跳出两个小妖，黄毛狼牙，一把抓住水囊带子："牛大王吩咐了，谁也

不许给这村子送水！”我死死拽住不放，水泼了我一头一脸。沙僧的降妖宝杖横过来，没打，只架在小妖头顶：“放下。”小妖没放，远处一声“呆子来也”，猪八戒的九齿钉耙从坡上拱下来，一耙一个，两个小妖滚下山去了。八戒抹抹嘴：“老猪我别的没有，力气管够。”我这才发现，他一路嘴上喊散伙，抢水的时候他来得最快。

傍晚，孙悟空借来了扇子，三扇，火灭了，天上落下雨。全村人站在雨里欢呼。那晚我们五个人——加上白龙马——分最后一囊水，谁也没多喝一口。沙僧把最满的一碗推给老奶奶。

回家以后，蒲扇不见了，课本第48页夹着一片焦黄的芭蕉叶。我在旁边写了一行字：火是悟空灭的，雨是天下的，水是大家挑的。

A Model Essay: I Carried Water at Flaming Mountain

One wave of the torn palm-leaf fan from my schoolbag, and I stood at the foot of Flaming Mountain. Hot—every stone scalded my feet. Tang Seng asked where I came from; I said I didn't know. Sun Wukong came close and sniffed me: "No demon smell. Just a kid. Bring him along." Just like that, I joined the team, posted as water-carrier.

Next day the great fire blocked the road. Eight hundred li of flame reddened half the sky. An old villager, leaning on his staff, said the mountain springs had dried up long ago and the village had had no drinking water for three days. Sun Wukong somersaulted away to borrow the banana fan. Sha Wujing and I didn't idle—we took the waterskins down the mountain toward the village.

A long line waited at the village well. An old granny took our skin, her hands shaking so badly she spilled half, then crouched to wipe the spilled water with her sleeve, murmuring, "Bless me—not a drop to waste." I passed her the skin: "Grandma, there's more behind us. We'll make a few more trips." Sha Wujing came down the slope with two buckets, his carrying pole bent double under the load. He laughed: "I've carried loads for fourteen years. This one isn't heavy."

On the third trip, trouble. Two little demons jumped onto the slope—yellow fur, wolf teeth—and grabbed the waterskin's strap: "The Great Bull King ordered it: nobody brings water to this village!" I yanked it back hard, and water drenched me head to toe. Sha Wujing's treasure staff swung across—not striking, just resting above the demons' heads. "Put it down." They didn't. From far off came a shout—"Here comes the pig!"—and Zhu Bajie's nine-tooth rake came goring down the slope, one rake per demon, rolling both of them off the mountain. Bajie wiped his mouth: "Old Pig's short on many things, but never on strength." Only then did I notice: the one who always yells about quitting was the fastest to arrive when the water was grabbed.

At dusk, Sun Wukong returned with the fan. Three waves—the fire died, and rain fell from the sky. The whole village cheered in the rain. That night the five of us—including the white dragon horse—shared the last skin of water, and no one took an extra sip. Sha Wujing pushed the fullest bowl toward the old granny.

After I got home, the fan was gone, and a scorched yellow banana leaf was pressed inside page 48 of my textbook. I wrote one line beside it: the fire was killed by Wukong, the rain came from heaven, and the water was carried by everyone.

想象作文的五个坑：梦、观众、超能力、对话空、结尾喊口号

批过很多篇“假如我和师徒去取经”，坑集中在五个，每个都有现成的病例句。

坑一：用梦收尾。病例：“忽然闹钟响了，原来是一场梦。”这句一出，前面所有的冒险全部作废，读者会觉得被耍了。改法：不解释怎么回来的，只留下一样东西。“文具盒里多了一撮焦黄的芭蕉叶灰”，两行，故事就成立。

坑二：只当观众。病例：“孙悟空跟牛魔王打得难解难分，我在旁边看得目瞪口呆。”全文“我”只负责看。改法：给“我”一个岗位，挑水、带路、看行李都行，岗位要能在难关里派上用场。火焰山那一难，别人借扇子，你就管村里断水的事——大妖怪打大的，小的打小的，各干各的。

坑三：给自己开挂。病例：“我大喊一声变身，把火焰山劈成两半。”想象不是许愿，主角一开挂，孙悟空就没用了，故事塌了。改法：“我”的本事要比队里最弱的人还小。我挑水不如沙僧，打架不如八戒，只会一件小事——认路。认路也能救命：带全队避开干河床，省了半天水。

坑四：对话空。病例：“加油！”“我们一定能成功！”满页打气话，删掉也不影响故事。有用的对话要办事：交代信息、写出性格、推动情节。对比一下：“呆子来也！”四个字，八戒的性格和动作全到了；“奶奶，后头还有水，我们多跑几趟”，一句话写出“我”在队伍里的位置。自查方法：把每句对话删掉读一遍，故事照旧，这句就是废话。

坑五：结尾喊口号。病例：“这次取经让我明白了团结就是力量！”口号是替读者下结论。改法：写一个画面收尾。“那晚五个人分最后一囊水，谁也没多喝一口”——团结不用喊，画面自己会说话。

五个坑其实是同一个毛病：作者只想“爽”，不想“事”。梦是懒得收场，观众是懒得干活，开挂是懒得想办法，空话是懒得写性格，口号是懒得找画面。把这五个懒改掉，想象作文就从许愿变成了经历。

最后留一张自查单：结尾留东西了吗？我有岗位吗？我的本事比八戒小吗？每句对话办事了吗？结尾是画面还是口号？五个“是”，这篇就及格往上。

Five Traps in Imaginative Essays: Dreams, Spectators, Superpowers, Empty Dialogue, Slogan Endings

Having marked many "If I Joined the Scripture Journey" essays, the traps cluster into five, each with ready-made case sentences.

Trap one: ending with a dream. Case: "An alarm rang—it was all a dream." The moment this line appears, every adventure before it is voided, and readers feel cheated. Fix: don't explain how you returned; just leave one thing behind. "A pinch of scorched banana-leaf ash appeared in my pencil case." Two lines, and the story stands.

Trap two: being only a spectator. Case: "Sun Wukong and the Bull Demon King fought fiercely while I watched, dumbfounded." The whole essay, the "I" only watches. Fix: give the "I" a post—water-carrier, guide, luggage-keeper—something useful at the crisis. At Flaming Mountain, others borrow the fan; you handle the village's water shortage. Big demons fight big battles, small ones fight small—each to their post.

Trap three: giving yourself superpowers. Case: "I shouted 'Transform!' and split Flaming Mountain in half." Imagination is not wish-fulfillment; once the protagonist cheats, Sun Wukong becomes unnecessary and the story collapses. Fix: make the "I" weaker than the weakest team member. I carry water worse than Sha Wujing and fight worse than Bajie; I can do one small thing—knowing the way. Even that saves lives: leading the team around a dry riverbed saves half a day's water.

Trap four: empty dialogue. Case: "Go for it!" "We will surely succeed!" Pages of cheering that change nothing if deleted. Useful dialogue does work: it carries information, shows character, or moves the plot. Compare: "Here comes the pig!"—four words, and Bajie's whole character and motion arrive. "Grandma, more water behind us; we'll make extra trips"—one line, and the "I" finds his place in the team. Self-check: delete each line of dialogue and reread; if the story is unchanged, that line was filler.

Trap five: slogan ending. Case: "This journey taught me that unity is strength!" A slogan decides for the reader. Fix: close on a picture. "That night five shared the last skin of water, and no one took an extra sip"—unity never shouted; the picture speaks.

The five traps share one illness: the author wants the thrill, not the work. A dream is laziness about endings; spectatorship is laziness about labor; superpowers are laziness about ideas; empty talk is laziness about character; slogans are laziness about pictures. Fix the five lazinesses, and the imaginative essay turns

from a wish into an experience.

A final checklist: Did the ending leave something behind? Do I have a post? Is my skill smaller than Bajie's? Does every line of dialogue do work? Is the ending a picture or a slogan? Five "yes"es, and this essay rises above passing.