

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.