

把「向往」写成叙事：一次重读花果山的经过

小学四年级，老师布置读后感，我抄了书里写水帘洞的一段：一派水帘挂洞口，几株桃树映山门。抄完自己读，越读越想去。那时想得很简单：那里有桃子，有山洞，没人催我写作业。

六年级再读，我发现那段抄漏了东西。书里写群猴，食草木、饮涧泉、采山花、觅树果，日子写得满满当当，却没有一句写它们学了什么、以后靠什么。我忽然有点替它们担心：桃子吃完了怎么办？老猴死了谁管事？那阵子我正好迷上野外生存的书，就在读后感里写：花果山的好，得有人守着才算数。老师批了四个字：想得远了。

初二读到悟空离山，停住了。他拜师学艺要走，站在洞口回头望，把猴子们的事一件件交代：谁带小猴，谁看山，谁教武艺。他后来大闹天宫、被压五行山，山上那群猴子一直等着他。书里写他压在山下时，花果山的猴子没有散。我合上书想，我向往的那个地方，原来一直是他在扛。

今年重读，我把三个细节排在一起看：水帘洞是他跳的，群猴是他护的，回头那一眼是他舍的。向往还是向往，但意思变了。小时候向往的是不用负责，现在向往的是有资格负责——敢跳进去，也护得住，走的时候还能回头把事交代清楚。

上周班级排练话剧，分角色，我抢了个台词最少的猴兵。我妈问我怎么不演猴王。我说，猴王要交代的事太多，我先从站好位置开始。说完自己也愣了一下——这话不像我说的。大概读的书多了，有些想法是自己长出来的，像山门前的桃树，没人种，也结果。现在再抄水帘洞那一段，我会把「没人催我写作业」那句划掉，改成「有人把山门守得很好」。向往还是那个向往，只是看懂了门后头站着谁。

Turning Longing into Narrative: One Rereading of Flower Fruit Mountain

In fourth grade, our teacher assigned a reading response, and I copied a passage from the book about the Water Curtain Cave: a curtain of water hangs at the cave mouth, a few peach trees brighten the mountain gate. After copying, I reread it and wanted more and more to go there. My wanting was simple then: peaches, a cave, and no one rushing me through homework.

Reading again in sixth grade, I found I had left things out when copying. The book writes the monkeys eating grass and trees, drinking from streams, picking flowers and wild fruit—their days are full, yet not one line says what they learn or what they will rely on later. I suddenly worried for them: what when the peaches run out? Who takes charge when the old monkeys die? Just then I was hooked on wilderness survival books, and I wrote in my response: the goodness of Flower Fruit Mountain counts only if someone guards it. My teacher wrote four characters in the margin: thinking far ahead.

In eighth grade I stopped at Wukong leaving the mountain. He must go to find a

master, and he stands at the cave mouth and looks back, settling the monkeys' affairs one by one: who leads the young ones, who watches the mountain, who teaches martial arts. Later he wrecks Heaven and lies under Five Elements Mountain, and the monkeys keep waiting. The book notes that during his imprisonment the monkeys of Flower Fruit Mountain never scattered. I closed the book thinking: the place I long for has all along been carried on his shoulders.

This year's rereading, I laid the three details side by side: he leapt into the Water Curtain Cave, he protected the monkeys, the backward glance is what he gave up. The longing remains, but its meaning changed. As a child I longed to be free of responsibility; now I long to be worthy of it—daring to jump in, able to protect, and able to look back and set things in order when leaving.

Last week our class rehearsed a play, and I grabbed the role of a monkey soldier with the fewest lines. My mother asked why I didn't play the Monkey King. I said the Monkey King has too many things to settle; I'll start by standing my position well. I paused after saying it—that didn't sound like me. Perhaps with enough reading, some thoughts grow on their own, like the peach tree at the mountain gate: no one planted it, and it still bears fruit. If I copy the Water Curtain Cave passage again now, I would cross out the line 'no one rushing me through homework' and write instead 'someone is guarding the mountain gate well.' The longing is the same longing; I simply see who stands behind the gate.