

从顶撞老师到主动闭嘴：我的「西游记」三段对照

初一那年，我因为数学老师收走我的纸条，当场顶了一句「你凭什么」，全班安静，老师没说话，第二天家长被请到了学校。那半年我绕着办公室走。重读《西游记》，我在孙悟空身上看到了自己的影子，也看到了一个人是怎么从「敢闹」走到「懂分寸」的。

孙悟空最像我的是大闹天宫。他抢东海的定海神针，勾掉生死簿，嫌弼马温官小就打出南天门，还立旗自封齐天大圣。那时候他觉得天底下没有他不敢碰的东西，谁拦他他就打谁。我顶撞老师的那个瞬间，心里想的也是「凭什么不能看纸条」，跟他的「凭什么管我」一模一样。叛逆的底色其实相同：把「不服」当成「本事」。

五行山下的五百年，是孙悟空第一次安静。他没能想通什么大道理，只是动不了。我那段绕开办公室的日子也一样，道理一句没听进去，只是知道疼了。这个阶段不光彩，但绕不过去——没有这段安静，人不会开始留意自己的行为。

紧箍咒是转折点。唐僧一念咒他就疼得打滚，起初他恨这个箍，几次想回花果山。可取经路上他慢慢发现，师父念咒多半在他冲动的时候：三打白骨精，他打死的是变化的妖精，唐僧看到的是人命，咒是念错了，但出发点是怕他伤无辜。我后来也有了紧箍。初二跟同桌吵架，话到嘴边我先等了等，数了三秒，很多话就没必要说了。这个箍不是别人硬扣的，是自己给自己戴的。

成佛后的孙悟空变化最容易被忽略。他不再自报「齐天大圣」，对妖精也肯先讲道理、先找人帮忙，出手还是狠，但不再为面子出手。成熟不是变弱，是把力气用在合适的地方。上周同桌误用了我的错题本，按从前的脾气我会当场要回来，这次我等他用完才开口，他道了歉，还主动帮我整理物理错题。分寸不是胆小，是知道哪一分力气值哪一分结果。

合上书我承认：我不怀念那个顶撞老师的自己，也不打算变成没脾气的老好人。成长大概就是这样——火还在，只是先想一想再点。

From Talking Back to Holding My Tongue: My Three-Stage Journey to the West

In seventh grade, our math teacher confiscated a note I was passing, and I shot back "What gives you the right?" in front of the whole class. The room went silent. The teacher said nothing; the next day my parents were called to school. For half a year I walked around the staff room. Rereading *Journey to the West*, I found my own reflection in Sun Wukong - and a map of how someone moves from "daring to rage" to "knowing where the line is."

The Sun Wukong most like me is the one who storms Heaven. He takes the Ruyi Jingu Bang from the East Sea, erases names from the Register of Life and Death, smashes out of the Southern Gate because the post of Protector of the Horses is beneath him, and raises a banner proclaiming himself Great Sage Equal to Heaven. Back then he believed nothing in heaven or earth was off limits, and he fought anyone who stood in his way.

The moment I talked back to my teacher, what ran through my head – “why can’t I read the note?” – was identical to his “why should anyone rule me?” Rebellion has the same base color: mistaking defiance for ability.

The five hundred years under Five Elements Mountain were Sun Wukong’s first silence. He didn’t understand any great truth there; he simply couldn’t move. My months of avoiding the staff room were the same – not one lesson got through, I just knew it hurt. This stage isn’t glorious, but it can’t be skipped. Without that silence, a person never starts watching their own behavior.

The tightening fillet is the turning point. When Tripitaka chants the spell, Wukong writhes in pain. At first he hates the band; more than once he almost quits for Flower Fruit Mountain. But along the road he gradually sees that his master usually chants when he is about to act on impulse. In the episode of the White Bone Demon, Wukong kills a demon in disguise while Tripitaka sees only a murdered man – the spell was wrong, but it came from fear that he would harm the innocent. I got my own fillet later. In eighth grade, mid-argument with my deskmate, I waited – counted three seconds – and many of the words simply stopped being necessary. This band wasn’t forced on me; I put it on myself.

The change in the post-enlightenment Sun Wukong is the easiest to miss. He no longer introduces himself as the Great Sage. He talks first, asks for help first, even with demons. His strikes are still fierce, but he no longer strikes for face. Maturity isn’t becoming weaker; it’s spending strength where it belongs. Last week my deskmate used my mistake notebook without asking. The old me would have snatched it back on the spot. This time I waited until he was done, then said so. He apologized and later offered to help me sort my physics errors. A sense of proportion isn’t cowardice; it’s knowing which ounce of force is worth which ounce of result.

Closing the book, I’ll admit this: I don’t miss the boy who talked back to his teacher, and I don’t plan to become a pushover with no temper either. Growing up is roughly this – the fire is still there; you just think before you light it.