

黑板报风波：一次闹矛盾又和好的真实经过

先说清楚：我们四个不是真姓孙猪沙唐，是因为都爱看《西游记》，被同学起了外号「取经四人组」。我负责讲，像悟空；周小舟画画好，脾气也急，像八戒——别学他；刘词作文好，慢条斯理，像沙僧；马小跳知道得多，坐不住，像唐僧一样爱念叨规矩。科技节要出黑板报评比，我们四个接了任务。

分配任务是当天下午放学前定的。黑板分三块：刊头、插图区、文字区。周小舟包下刊头和插图，刘词写「西游小知识」栏目，马小跳找五条冷知识，我抄最终稿。分工没吵架，因为我主动认领了抄文字——这是最累最慢的活，我写字快，虽然丑，但远看整齐。周小舟当时还拍我肩膀说「够意思」。

矛盾出在美术和文字抢地盘。周三中午，周小舟画的恐龙占了大半个版面，刘词的「西游小知识」被挤成一条窄缝。刘词说：「知识栏目是评比必查项，你画这么大，评委看什么？」周小舟说：「黑板报没图叫黑板报吗？你那字远看像蚂蚁排队。」两个人越说越大声，最后谁也不理谁，连着两天没说话。那两天黑板中间空着一块，谁也不肯先填。马小跳试着打圆场，说了句「你们一个像悟空一个像八戒，吵起来比取经还像取经」，没人笑，他自己也没笑。

和好不是靠道歉促成的，是靠两件事。第一件是我去找了美术老师，不是告状，是问「评比表上构图分和知识分各占多少」。老师让我们把评比表抄下来贴在黑板角，然后提了个办法：恐龙改成从边框后探出头，文字绕着画排。周小舟和刘词都盯着那个空位想了一会儿，几乎同时开口：一个说「那就让恐龙探头」，一个说「我绕着排也行」。谁也没道歉，但谁也没等对方道歉。第二件是收工那天，刘词主动帮周小舟的插图配了一句说明——「白垩纪的恐龙可没空看黑板报」，周小舟愣了下，把边框上多画了一根金箍棒，说「送给齐天大圣」。两个人就这么和好了，比说一百句「对不起」都快。

比赛结束，我们拿了年级二等奖。评委点评说构图有想法、知识栏目齐全，就是字可以再大点。领奖那天我们四个一起上去，周小舟抢着举黑板擦做的「奖状」，马小跳对着人群背了条恐龙体长数据，没人拦他。回教室的路上我们才发现：那两天谁也没想过要「团结」这个词，只是各自守着自己的活，又都给对方留了位置。位置留了，人和好就是迟早的事。

The Blackboard Newspaper Storm: How We Fought and Made Up

To be clear: none of us four is surnamed Sun, Zhu, Sha, or Tang. We all love reading Journey to the West, so classmates nicknamed us the 'Scripture-Seeking Team of Four.' I do the talking, like the Monkey King; Zhou Xiaozhou paints well but has a short temper, like Pigsy - don't learn from him; Liu Ci writes great essays and moves at a calm pace, like Friar Sha; Ma Xiaotiao knows a lot but can't sit still, and loves reciting the rules like Tripitaka. When the science festival announced a blackboard newspaper contest, the four of us took the job.

We settled the assignments before school ended that afternoon. The blackboard was split into three parts: the masthead, the illustration zone, and the text zone. Zhou Xiaozhou took the masthead and illustrations, Liu Ci wrote the 'Journey to the West Fun Facts' column, Ma Xiaotiao hunted five trivia items, and I copied the final draft. Dividing the work caused no fight, because I volunteered for the copying – the most tiring, slowest job. I write fast; my characters are ugly but look neat from a distance. Zhou Xiaozhou slapped my shoulder and said, 'That's decent of you.'

The conflict came from art and text fighting for territory. On Wednesday noon, Zhou Xiaozhou's dinosaur took up most of the board, squeezing Liu Ci's facts column into a narrow strip. Liu Ci said: 'The knowledge column is a must-check item for the judges. With a drawing this big, what are they supposed to read?' Zhou Xiaozhou shot back: 'Is it a blackboard newspaper without pictures? Your characters look like a line of ants from far away.' Their voices got louder and louder, and in the end neither would speak to the other – two whole days of silence. Those two days, a blank patch sat in the middle of the board, and neither would fill it first. Ma Xiaotiao tried to smooth things over: 'You two argue like Sun Wukong and Pigsy – your fights are more like the pilgrimage than the pilgrimage itself.' Nobody laughed. He didn't laugh either.

Making up didn't happen through apologies. It happened through two things. First, I went to the art teacher – not to tatttle, but to ask how many points composition and the knowledge column were each worth in the judging sheet. She had us copy the judging sheet and tape it to the corner of the board, then suggested a fix: change the dinosaur to peek out from behind the border, and wrap the text around the drawing. Zhou Xiaozhou and Liu Ci both stared at the empty spot for a moment and spoke almost at the same time – one said 'then let the dinosaur peek out,' the other said 'I can wrap my text around it.' Neither apologized, but neither waited for the other to apologize first. Second, on the finishing day, Liu Ci volunteered to write a caption for Zhou Xiaozhou's illustration – 'Cretaceous dinosaurs had no time to read blackboard newspapers.' Zhou Xiaozhou froze for a second, then added a golden staff to the border, saying, 'A gift for the Great Sage.' Just like that they were friends again, faster than a hundred 'sorry's.'

In the end we won second prize for our grade. The judges' comment: creative composition, complete knowledge column, but the text could be bigger. On award day the four of us went up together. Zhou Xiaozhou insisted on holding up the 'certificate' made from a blackboard eraser, and Ma Xiaotiao recited dinosaur length statistics to the crowd – nobody stopped him. On the way back to class we realized something: during those two silent days, nobody had thought about the word 'unity.' We each just guarded our own job and left room for the other. Leave the room, and making up is only a matter of time.