

随笔范文：那句话我记了六年

接力棒是在弯道交接区滑出手心的。我伸手早了半拍，他递得急了半分，棒头擦过指尖，滚进了跑道边的草丛。我们趴下去找，看台上没人喊，那种安静比哄笑还响。最后我们名次垫底，四个人散在场边，谁也不看谁。

那晚我翻来覆去，想的不是输，是我伸手那半拍。要是再晚一点呢？要是他再稳一点呢？我给自己排了七八种如果，每一种里我们都不垫底。排到最后反而更堵：现实里棒就是掉了，如果救不了任何东西。

周六我去巷口小面馆吃面，抬头撞见小学班主任。他认出了我，坐过来，问我还上不上运动会。我说上，去年掉过棒。我以为他会说没关系，他却说：输了就输了，想想输在哪，明年再跑。这句话他六年前就说过，我那时只当是安慰。那天在面馆里重新听，味不一样了——它不是安慰，是他真的觉得输这件事可以放下来，只有输在哪必须捡起来。

我想了半晚的如果，就是没想输在哪。他伸手早还是我递得急，交接练得少还是平时不敢跑弯道。这些才是能捡起来的东西。面快凉了，我跟他讲掉棒的细节，他点头，像六年前听我告状时一样点。

后来那年冬天运动会，我们又跑接力，练了两个月弯道交接。还是没拿第一，棒没掉。冲线时我忽然想起面馆那碗凉掉的面，想起他说的可以放下来。原来成长不是不再难受，是难受完了，坐下来把输在哪写清楚。

前几天同学群里他发了张老照片，运动会的，我们四个站在场边，谁也不看谁。底下有人回了一句：输了就输了。我盯着这六个字看了很久，像又坐回那家面馆。有些话当时听着轻，要用好几年才听出重量。

Model Essay: I Have Remembered That Sentence for Six Years

The relay baton slipped out of my palm in the curve handover zone. I reached half a beat too early, he passed half a jerk too hard, the baton grazed my fingertips and rolled into the grass beside the track. We crouched to look for it; nobody shouted from the stands, and that silence was louder than jeering. We finished last. The four of us scattered at the edge of the field, none of us looking at any of the others.

That night I tossed and turned, and what I kept replaying was not the loss but my half-beat early reach. What if I had been later? What if he had been steadier? I arranged seven or eight ifs, and in every one of them we did not finish last. In the end the knot tightened: in reality the baton fell, and ifs save nothing.

On Saturday I went for noodles at the little shop in the alley and looked up into my primary school homeroom teacher. He recognized me, sat down, and asked whether I

still ran in the sports meet. I said yes, and that I had dropped the baton last year. I expected him to say it did not matter. Instead he said: losing is losing – think about where you lost, and run again next year. He had said this six years earlier, and back then I took it as comfort. Hearing it again in that noodle shop, the taste was different. It was not comfort. He genuinely believed the loss itself could be set down, while where you lost had to be picked up.

I had spent half a night on ifs and never once on where we lost. Whether his reach was early or my pass was rushed, whether we drilled handovers too little or avoided the curve in practice – those were the things that could be picked up. The noodles were going cold, and I told him the details of the dropped baton. He nodded, nodding just as he had when I came to complain six years ago.

That winter at the sports meet we ran the relay again, drilling curve handovers for two months. We still did not win first, but the baton stayed in hand. As we crossed the line I suddenly thought of that bowl of cold noodles, and of his words about setting things down. So growing up is not about feeling less pain; it is about sitting down after the pain and writing out clearly where you lost.

The other day a classmate posted an old photo in the group chat – from that sports meet, the four of us at the field's edge, none looking at any other. Someone replied with six characters: losing is losing. I stared at them for a long time, as if seated again in that noodle shop. Some words sound light when you hear them; it takes years to hear their weight.