

小猴子阿旺的紧箍咒：规矩是怎么让人长大的

花果山脚下住着一只小猴子，名叫阿旺。他聪明、手快，就是管不住自己的手：果园的桃子想摘就摘，小兔子的萝卜想抢就抢，大家见了他都绕着走。三藏法师路过时没有赶走他，只在他头上戴了一只细细的金箍，说：你每次做会让别人疼的事，它就会提醒你一次。

第一次是在果园。阿旺趁猴叔打盹，摘了三个桃子往嘴里塞，金箍猛地一紧，疼得他满地打滚。猴叔没有骂他，只是把桃子一个一个收了回去。阿旺想不通：不就是一个桃子吗？

第二次是在河边。他推倒了正在喝水的小兔子，抢过对方的半根胡萝卜，金箍又紧了，比上次还疼。小兔子捂着膝盖没哭，阿旺却先哭了——他第一次觉得，原来别人被抢的时候，也是这么疼。

第三次，是在集市上。摊主转身找钱的工夫，阿旺的手已经伸向了一串糖葫芦，心里有个声音说：拿了就跑，没人看见。就在这时，他自己把手缩了回来。金箍安安静静的，一次也没有紧。阿旺愣住了：疼没有来，可它好像已经住进了他心里。

晚上，三藏法师问他：金箍今天没响，你失望吗？阿旺摇头：它不响，比我挨一下疼还高兴。法师笑了：金箍的秘密就在这里。它响，不是要罚你，是要你记住那种疼；等你记住了，它就可以不响了。真正的紧箍咒，从来不在头上，而在心里——它叫自律。

我们总以为规矩是套在孩子头上的枷锁，其实它更像一只暂时的金箍：大人替孩子保管着那个会疼的提醒，孩子一次次撞上去，一次次把提醒往心里挪一寸。等到有一天，手伸出去又自己缩回来，金箍就功成身退了。长大的标志，不是没人管了，而是那个管束的声音，已经变成了自己的声音。

Awang's Golden Fillet: How Rules Help a Child Grow Up

At the foot of Flower Fruit Mountain lived a young monkey named Awang. Quick-witted and quick-handed, he could never stop his hands: peaches from the orchard, carrots from the little rabbit - he took whatever he wanted, and everyone avoided him. When the monk Sanzang passed by, he did not chase Awang away. He only placed a thin golden fillet on his head, saying: every time you do something that hurts another, it will remind you once.

The first time was in the orchard. Awang picked three peaches while Uncle Monkey dozed, and the fillet tightened until he rolled on the ground. Uncle Monkey said nothing; he simply took the peaches back one by one. Awang could not understand: was it not just a peach?

The second time was by the river. He pushed over the little rabbit who was drinking water and snatched half a carrot. The fillet tightened again, harder than before. The rabbit held her knee without crying, but Awang cried first - for the first time he realized that being robbed hurts the other side just as much.

The third time was at the market. As the vendor turned to find change, Awang's hand reached for a stick of candied fruit. A voice inside said: grab it and run, no one sees. Then he pulled his hand back himself. The fillet stayed quiet; it did not tighten at all. Awang froze: the pain never came, yet it seemed to have moved inside his heart.

That night Sanzang asked: are you disappointed the fillet stayed silent today? Awang shook his head: its silence makes me happier than any pain ever did. The monk smiled. That is the secret of the fillet. It rings not to punish you but to make you remember the pain; once you remember, it can stop. The true golden fillet was never on the head - it lives inside, and its name is self-discipline.

We often think rules are shackles put on children. In fact they are more like a temporary fillet: adults keep the painful reminder for the child, and the child moves it one inch closer to the heart each time. One day the hand reaches out and pulls back by itself, and the fillet retires. Growing up does not mean no one watches you anymore; it means the voice that watched you has become your own.