

仿写一首《我的路上》：三个意象换三样自己的东西

学完《取经路上》，最好玩的一步是仿写。方法很简单：把取经路上的三个意象，换成自己路上的三样东西。题目可以叫《我的路上》或者《上学路上》。

有个孩子是这样写的。第一节：书包，一块石头重，背在背上，从不放下；难题挡住路，眼泪刚冒头，拉开拉链掏出一支铅笔，它就是我的金箍棒。第二节：自行车，一阵风快，蹬啊蹬啊蹬，蹬过白杨树；妈妈在后面的喊声越来越小，我没有回头，可我都记得。第三节：错误，像八十一难，一个接一个，跨过去；跨完最后一个，回头一看，每一个错误都变成了经验。三小节分别对着棒、云、难，可写的全是这个孩子自己的事。

仿写有三个常见误区。误区一：堆形容词。壮丽、勇敢、无穷，写十行没有一个看得见的东西。处方：每小节必须出现一件摸得到的东西，铅笔、白杨树、拉链，都行。误区二：硬押韵。为了押韵写出不通顺的句子。儿童诗不要求押韵，节奏来自句子长短和重复，蹬啊蹬啊蹬不押任何韵，却有节奏。误区三：急着讲道理。结尾写我从中明白了坚持就是胜利。原诗的每一难都变成了石头就是道理，藏在形象里；道理一旦说破，诗就没了。

给孩子一张三列表格就能开工：第一列，我的金箍棒——我遇到困难时掏出来的工具；第二列，我的筋斗云——我最想飞出去玩的念头；第三列，我的八十一难——我正在爬的那个坡。三列填出来，诗就完成了一半；剩下的一半，是大声读几遍，把拗口的地方改掉。读给家里人听，他们能听懂、能跟着念，这首诗就成了；写砸了也不要紧，换三样东西再写一首，仿写的好处就是可以一遍一遍来。

Writing Your Own 'My Road': Swap in Three Things of Your Own

After reading *On the Pilgrimage*, the most fun step is writing your own version. The method is simple: swap the three images of the pilgrimage for three things from your own road. Call it *My Road* or *The Way to School*.

One child wrote it like this. Stanza one: My schoolbag, heavy as a stone, on my back, never set down; when a hard problem blocks the way and tears begin to rise, I open the zipper and pull out a pencil - it is my golden staff. Stanza two: My bicycle, fast as a gust, pedal, pedal, pedal, past the white poplars; my mother's calls grow smaller behind me, I do not turn back, but I remember them all. Stanza three: My mistakes are like eighty-one trials, one after another, stepped over; after the last one, I look back - and every mistake has become experience. The three stanzas answer the staff, the cloud, and the trials, yet everything in them belongs to this child.

Imitation writing has three common traps. Trap one: piling up adjectives - magnificent, brave, endless - ten lines without one visible thing. The prescription:

every stanza must contain something you can touch: a pencil, poplars, a zipper. Trap two: forced rhyme. Children write broken sentences just to rhyme. A children's poem does not require rhyme; rhythm comes from line length and repetition – pedal, pedal, pedal rhymes with nothing yet keeps the beat. Trap three: rushing to the moral, ending with I learned that persistence wins. The original poem's every trial become a stone is already the moral, hidden inside an image; once the moral is stated plainly, the poem disappears.

A three-column table gets a child started: column one, my golden staff – the tool I pull out when things get hard; column two, my somersault cloud – the wish to fly off and play; column three, my eighty-one trials – the hill I am climbing now. Fill the three columns and the poem is half done; the other half is reading aloud and fixing whatever stumbles. If your family can understand it and repeat it after one hearing, the poem has made it.