

一次课后辅导：那个只会写我们要团结的学生

小宇的西游记读后感交上来，又是那套：取经团队很团结，我们要学习团结。这已经是他第三次写团结。我没有在作文本上批要联系自己的生活，把他叫到办公室，决定先弄清楚他到底读进去过没有。

我借来他的书。书里夹着阅读单，页边有几处铅笔批注。我发现他在白龙马出现的段落旁画了三次线，都在变马驮师父那几回，批注只有一个字：唉。我问为什么叹这口气。他说，白龙马没人跟他说话。再问，你家里有没有人也不怎么说话。他说他爸，早出晚归，跟他一天说不上三句话，有一次他考了进步，他爸看了一眼卷子，说了句还行，就进屋了。他说这些的时候语气很平，像在说一件早就习惯的事。

我让他把这篇重写，只写白龙马和他爸，不用写团结。他写得很慢，办公室安静了二十分钟。他交来的开头是：白龙马驮了十万八千里，没人说过辛苦了。我爸也是，他送我上学从不问我冷不冷，可是我的校服他记得收。结尾他写：我想对白龙马说，我知道你一直在。那篇习作后来贴在教室后墙，小宇的名字下面围着好几个同学，都说家里也有一个不说话的人。

这次辅导之后，我把个别辅导的做法改了。不再从习作的问题入手，而是先翻学生的书，看他反复停留、反复画线的地方。读后感写不出自己的学生，书里几乎都藏着一个他真正在意却没说出口的段落，找到那个段落，他自己的话就出来了。

全班四十五人，我每学期只能这样辅导十几个。剩下的学生靠提问支架兜底，辅导过的学生则常常在作文里带出新东西，再反哺到全班的讨论里。读出自己这件事，有的学生需要全班的方法，有的学生需要一次二十分钟的安静。

An After-Class Session: The Student Who Could Only Write About Teamwork

Xiao Yu's Journey to the West reading response arrived again with the same lines: the pilgrimage team was united, and we should learn teamwork. That was his third essay about teamwork. Instead of writing connect to your own life in his notebook, I called him to my office, deciding first to find out whether he had actually read anything in.

I borrowed his book. Reading sheets were tucked inside, with a few pencil notes in the margins. I found he had underlined passages around the White Dragon Horse three times, all in the chapters where the horse carries his master, and the only note was a single sigh of a character. I asked why the sigh. He said no one ever talks to the White Dragon Horse. I asked whether anyone at home barely talks either. He said his father, gone early and back late, exchanges maybe three sentences with him a day; once when Xiao Yu made academic progress, his father glanced at the test paper, said not bad, and went into the room. He said all this in a flat tone, like

describing something long since routine.

I asked him to rewrite the essay about the White Dragon Horse and his father only, with no teamwork required. He wrote slowly; the office was quiet for twenty minutes. His opening read: the White Dragon Horse carried our master a hundred and eight thousand li, and no one ever said thank you for the hard work. My father is like that too. He drives me to school and never asks if I am cold, but he always remembers to bring in my school uniform. His ending read: I want to tell the White Dragon Horse, I know you were there the whole time. That essay went up on the back wall of the classroom, and several classmates gathered under Xiao Yu's name saying there was also a silent person at their home.

After that session, I changed how I do individual tutoring. I no longer start from the flaws in the essay; I first look through the student's book for the places they keep returning to and underlining. A student who cannot write themselves into a reading response almost always has one passage in the book they truly care about but never said out loud. Find that passage, and their own words come out.

With forty-five students in the class, I can tutor only a dozen this way each term. The rest are carried by the questioning scaffold, while tutored students often bring new material back into whole-class discussion. Reading oneself out sometimes needs a method for everyone, and sometimes needs one quiet twenty-minute session.