

从“编雨”到“记真话”：我和语文老师三个瞬间

第一个瞬间在初二九月的作文本里。那次作文题目是“一件小事”，我写雨天妈妈送伞，结尾照抄作文书：“伞下的小水洼里，藏着一个感恩的冬天。”发下本子，评语占了大半页。前半页逐段挑毛病：这句空，这句假，这个比喻别人用过一千次。最后一条：“你的对话是抄来的。去食堂记一段真话，写给我看。”我在“感恩的冬天”下面画了条黑线，把整段划掉了。那是我第一次觉得，被批评的不是分数，是我糊弄的方式。

第二个瞬间在十月的朗读会上。语文课每节课前五分钟读同学写的句子。轮到我那周，老师念：“阿姨敲着醋桶说，又涨价了，这日子还过不过了。”念完他加了一句：“听见了吗？这就是人说话的声音。”全班没人笑，我手心出汗。下课后同桌说，那句是你写的吧。我点头。从那天起，我口袋里开始揣一张折过两次的纸条，专门记听到的话：门卫大爷的、小卖部老板娘的、我妈催我吃饭时的那句“面要坨了”。

第三个瞬间在十一月的办公室。我拿着改过三遍的稿子去，手心里纸条的边角都磨软了。老师看了一遍，红笔只做减法：删“非常”，删“十分”，删“心里像打翻了五味瓶”。删完他说：“你数数，少了十四个字，句子是不是更疼？”我数了，是。他把稿子推回来，最下面写：“下次自己删。”窗台上那排待改的本子，最上面一本的封面写着我的名字，边角已经起毛。

三个瞬间之间，我没有一夜长大。变化是一点点发生的：先是交上去的作文字数变少了，但老师没再写“空”；然后是月考作文，我第一次写食堂，写醋桶，写我妈那句“面要坨了”；最后是期末，墙报上贴出我的《食堂》，物理老师路过说了句公道话。写老师不需要“改变了我的一生”这种句子，只需要把这三个瞬间放回它们发生的位置：作文本里、朗读会上、办公室窗台边。读者自己会看见，一个编雨的孩子，是怎么开始记真话的。

From Inventing Rain to Recording Truth: Three Moments with My Chinese Teacher

The first moment was in my essay notebook in September of eighth grade. The assignment was "a small event", and I wrote about my mother bringing an umbrella in the rain, ending with a line copied from a model-essay book: "in the little puddle under the umbrella hides a winter of gratitude." When the notebook came back, the comment filled most of a page. The first half picked each paragraph apart: this sentence is empty, this one is fake, this metaphor has been used a thousand times. The last line read: "your dialogue is copied. Go record some real talk in the canteen and show me." I drew a black line under "winter of gratitude" and crossed the whole paragraph out. It was the first time I felt the thing being criticized was not my score but my way of fudging.

The second moment was at the reading session in October. Every Chinese class opened with five minutes of reading classmates' sentences. In my week, the teacher read: "The auntie tapped the vinegar barrel and said, prices up again, how are we

supposed to live." Then he added one line: "did you hear that? That is the sound of people talking." Nobody laughed; my palms sweated. After class my deskmate said, that line was yours, right? I nodded. From that day I kept a twice-folded slip of paper in my pocket, recording overheard talk: the gatekeeper's, the shop owner's, my mother's "the noodles are getting soggy" when she called me to eat.

The third moment was in the office in November. I brought a draft revised three times, the corners of the slip in my palm worn soft. The teacher read it once and used the red pen only to subtract: deleted "extremely", deleted "very much", deleted "my heart like an overturned spice rack". Then he said: count it, fourteen characters fewer, and doesn't the sentence hurt more? I counted. It did. He pushed the draft back and wrote at the bottom: next time, cut it yourself. On the windowsill stood a row of notebooks waiting to be marked, and the top one had my name on the cover, its corners already fuzzy.

Between the three moments I did not grow up overnight. The change happened bit by bit: first the essays I turned in got shorter, but the teacher stopped writing "empty"; then on a monthly test I wrote about the canteen for the first time, the vinegar barrel, my mother's "the noodles are getting soggy"; finally at term's end my piece The Canteen went up on the class wall, and the physics teacher said something fair passing by. Writing about a teacher needs no sentence like "he changed my whole life", only these three moments put back where they happened: in the notebook, at the reading session, by the office windowsill. Readers will see for themselves how a child who invented rainstorms started recording true talk.