

我的诚信作文翻身记：从讲道理到讲故事

上学期第一次写诚信作文，我闭着眼二十分钟就交了，自以为写得很好。作文里全是道理：诚信是中华民族的传统美德，我们要诚实守信，不做不诚实的事。结尾还抄了一句课本上的名言。我觉得这样的作文挑不出毛病。

作文本发下来，分数是我从没见过的低。老师在文末批了一行字：通篇没有一件事，读者不知道你到底诚不诚信。我不服气，去找老师问：我写的每句话都对，为什么不行？老师把我的作文本翻到那页，让我当场读第一段。我读到诚信是传统美德那句就卡住了，因为我自己也说不清这句和我有什么关系。老师说：这就是问题。你一直在讲道理，可诚信作文要的是故事，读者想看到你经历的那件事。

老师给了我三步改法。第一步，选事。他让我回想一个学期里跟诚实沾边的瞬间：有没有打碎东西主动承认过，有没有买东西被多找零钱，有没有答应同学的事差点没做到。我想了十几分钟，想起有一回在文具店买本子，店主多找了我五块钱，我攥着钱走出十几步又折回去。老师听完说：就写这个，别换别的。第二步，放慢。他要求我把折回去那十几步拆开写：手心出汗没有，路上在想什么，回去之后怎么开口。第三步，删道理。写完全文再回头数，凡是直接喊口号的句子全部删掉，只留最后一段允许说一句自己的真实感受。

改完的第二稿，开头是我攥着五块钱走出店门。中间写我脑子里两个声音吵架，一个说反正不是骗人，一个说回家数钱时妈妈会问。结尾我写店主愣了一下说了一句谢谢，我下楼时脚步很轻。全文没有诚信两个字出现超过一次，分数却上到了全班前几名。我把两稿并排贴在书桌前，空泛那稿像广播稿，具体那稿像我自己。

这半年我总结出一个判断方法：写完任何一篇作文，把主题词全部圈出来，如果圈出来的地方比写到的事还多，说明又在讲道理了。讲道理谁都会，讲故事才是我自己的本事。现在每次动笔前我先问自己：这件事我能拆成几个动作？拆得出来再写，拆不出来就换事。

My Integrity Essay Makeover: From Preaching to Storytelling

Last term I wrote my first integrity essay with my eyes half closed and handed it in after twenty minutes, sure it was excellent. The whole piece was reasoning: integrity is a fine tradition of the Chinese nation, we should be honest and keep our promises, never do dishonest things. The ending even copied a famous line from the textbook. I thought nothing could be wrong with it.

When the notebook came back, the score was the lowest I had ever seen. The teacher wrote one line at the end: not a single event in the whole text, so the reader has no idea whether you are actually honest. I went to her feeling wronged and asked why, since every sentence I wrote was correct. She opened my notebook to that page and made me read the first paragraph aloud. I got stuck at the fine tradition

sentence because I could not explain what it had to do with me. She said: there is the problem. You kept preaching, but an integrity essay wants a story. The reader wants to see the thing that happened to you.

She gave me three steps. Step one, pick the event. She asked me to recall honest moments from the term: admitting to breaking something, getting too much change, almost failing a promise to a classmate. After ten minutes I remembered buying a notebook at the stationery shop, the owner handed me five yuan too much, I walked a dozen steps away clutching the money, then turned back. She said: write this one, change nothing else. Step two, slow it down. She required me to unpack those dozen steps: were my palms sweaty, what raced through my head, how I started the sentence when I got back. Step three, delete the preaching. After finishing the draft I counted every slogan sentence and removed them all, allowing only one true feeling in the last paragraph.

The second draft opened with me walking out of the shop with the five yuan in my fist. The middle had two voices arguing in my head: one said it was not cheating anyway, the other said Mom would ask when she counted the money at home. The ending said the owner froze for a second and thanked me, and my steps felt light on the stairs down. The word integrity appeared once in the whole text, yet the score jumped to the top of the class. I pasted both drafts side by side on my desk. The vague one read like a broadcast script; the specific one read like me.

Over that term I built a test for myself: after any essay, circle every theme word. If the circles outnumber the events, I am preaching again. Anyone can preach; telling the story is the skill that belongs to me. Now before writing I ask: can I break this event into actions? If yes, write. If not, change the event.