

600字散文示例：溪水叮咚的午后（逐段拆解）

下面是一篇示例散文，写溪水叮咚的午后，三个意象按水声起、树影移、蝉声落排。每段后附拆解，说明这段做了什么。

第一段：午后的溪不吵，它只是不停。水从石头上翻过去，叮咚一声，再翻过去，又一声。石头被水养得圆，圆得没有一处硌手。光落进水里，碎成一捧，手一捞，水从指缝漏下去，光又回到石头上，安安静静，像什么都没发生。（拆解：这段立底。水声用短句，一声一句；石头圆、光碎又复原，两个细节都在写静，静不是没有声音，是声音重复得让人安心。全段没有一个抒情词。）

第二段：岸上的影子在挪。那棵歪脖子柳树把影子搭在水面上，日头偏一寸，影子就退一寸，像潮水在退。光从叶缝里漏下来，地上全是铜钱大的亮块，风一来，亮块全跑，追上去踩，脚下踩住的是一小块凉。柳叶细，风过的时候声音也细，沙沙的，盖不住水声，只是给水声镶了一道边。（拆解：这段写动。树影本身不动，靠日头和风让它动，退一寸、全跑、镶边三个动词撑起整段。踩亮块踩住一小块凉，视觉接触觉，人进了景里，但没有我的一天叙事。）

第三段：蝉在叫。先是一只，叫声又长又直，像一根线拉到顶。接着满树都叫起来，声音一层压一层，压得空气发稠。水声这时候退到最底下，凉意从石头缝里往上冒。日头落到山后，蝉声忽然薄了，薄得能听见水声一声一声数着日子。影子漫过整个溪面，我站起来，影子比我先上岸。（拆解：这段先推后收。蝉声由一只到满树，句子由长到挤，节奏推上去；日头一落蝉声薄，句子拉开，水声重新浮上来，完成收。影子比我先上岸是全段唯一带人的动作，情感不喊自现。）

对照自查：你的三段是不是也各有一个主意象、一种动法；每段有没有至少一处两种感官相接；结尾有没有一个像影子先上岸这样的小动作代替抒情。三处都有，模仿就成了自己的。

A Six-Hundred-Word Prose Sample: The Babbling Afternoon, Taken Apart Paragraph by Paragraph

Below is a sample prose essay on the babbling afternoon, with the three images arranged as water rising, shadows shifting, cicadas fading. Each paragraph is followed by a note saying what it does.

Paragraph one: The stream in the afternoon is not noisy; it simply never stops. Water rolls over a stone, plink, rolls over another, plink again. The stones are raised round by the water, round with no edge to catch the hand. Light falls into the stream and shatters into a handful; scoop it up, it leaks through the fingers, and the light returns to the stones, quiet, as if nothing happened. (Note: this paragraph lays the ground. The water sound runs in short sentences, one note per sentence; the round stones and the light that shatters and restores both write stillness, and stillness here is not the absence of sound but sound repeating enough to reassure. Not one feeling-word appears in the paragraph.)

Paragraph two: The shadows on the bank are moving. The crooked willow drapes its shadow across the water; the sun shifts an inch and the shadow retreats an inch, like a tide going out. Light leaks through the leaf gaps, and the ground fills with bright coins; a gust comes, the coins all run, you chase and step on one, and under your foot is a small square of cool. Willow leaves are fine, and their sound in the wind is fine too, a hush that cannot cover the water, only trimming its edge. (Note: this paragraph writes motion. The shadow itself does not move; the sun and the wind move it, and retreats an inch, all run, trimming are three verbs holding the paragraph up. Stepping on a coin and finding cool joins sight to touch, and the person enters the scene without any narrative of my day.)

Paragraph three: The cicadas are calling. First one, its cry long and straight, a wire pulled to its top. Then the whole tree joins, sound layer pressing layer, thickening the air. The stream sinks to the very bottom, and cold rises through the seams between stones. When the sun drops behind the hill, the cicadas thin suddenly, thin enough to hear the water counting the days, one note at a time. The shadow floods the whole stream surface; I stand up, and my shadow reaches the bank before I do. (Note: this paragraph pushes then gathers. The cicadas grow from one to a whole tree, the sentences from long to crowded, the rhythm pushed up; the sun sets, the sound thins, the sentences stretch, and the water floats back up to finish. My shadow reaching the bank first is the only human gesture in the paragraph, and the feeling shows without being shouted.)

Check your own draft against it: does each of your three paragraphs hold one main image and one way of moving; does every paragraph join at least two senses somewhere; does the ending carry one small gesture like the shadow landing first instead of a shout of feeling. If all three are there, the imitation has become yours.