

借来的那本雨天日记

班级图书角有一本本子，牛皮纸封面，上面写着五个字：雨天观察记。图书角开放两个星期，别人都在换小说、换漫画，没有人翻它。星期五轮到我看图书角，我把它抽出来翻开，第一页写着：雨丝不是直着下的，是被风吹斜的，像有人从天上往地上扫叶子。

写这本子的人叫林小满，坐我前面，平时话不多。我往后翻才知道，这是苏老师上学期布置的作业，每人写观察日记，大多数同学写两三天就停了，林小满写满了整个本子。他记窗外的雨丝，说大雨滴在玻璃上赛跑，小滴落在大滴身上，两个合成一个，赢的总是大滴。他记楼下的路：有个叔叔把纸箱顶在头上跑，纸箱湿了一角，他跑起来一高一低，像一只漏气的风筝；卖菜阿姨收摊时把塑料布抖开，水珠飞出去半人高，在路灯底下亮成一片雾。我坐在图书角看了四十分钟，忘了登记。

真正让我服气的是互评课。苏老师把林小满的日记投影到屏幕上，念他给行人写的一段：修车摊的老爷爷雨天不收摊，穿一件补了三处的雨衣，手上有油也有雨，他擦手不用毛巾，在雨衣上蹭两下就接着拧螺丝。念完班里安静了几秒，然后有人小声说，我天天路过那个摊子，怎么没看见。苏老师说，这就是观察和不观察的区别。

那节课后，那本牛皮纸封面成了图书角最抢手的书，排队借的人排到隔壁班。轮到我第二次借它时，我在最后一页看到林小满写的话：以前我觉得写作文难，是本子空着去要东西；现在每天路上捡一点，本子满了，作文自己会写。

受这本子影响，我也开始写观察日记，写到现在第九篇。我学他的样子先看雨丝，再看来往的人。上周下雨，我记下公交站台上的事：一个姐姐把伞倾向旁边抱孩子的阿姨，自己的书包湿了半边，她一直盯着站牌上的到站时间，好像没发现。我回家给妈妈念，妈妈说了句，你以前可说不出这种话。

现在我的观察日记本也用了小半本。我的心得是：素材不在远处，就在每天路过的地方，区别只在于你停没停那三分钟。一本没人借的日记教会了全班这件事，我觉得它比任何一本畅销小说都值钱。

The Rain Diary I Borrowed

In our class reading corner there was a notebook with a kraft paper cover and five characters on it: Rain Observation Notes. The corner was open for two weeks while everyone swapped novels and comics, and nobody touched it. On Friday it was my turn to mind the corner. I pulled it out and opened the first page, which read: the threads of rain do not fall straight, the wind slants them, as if someone were sweeping leaves from sky to ground.

The writer was Lin Xiaoman, who sat in front of me and rarely talked. Flipping backward I learned that this had been Teacher Su's assignment last term: everyone keep an observation journal. Most students wrote two or three days and quit; Lin

Xiaoman filled the whole notebook. He recorded the rain threads outside the window: big drops raced down the glass, small drops landed on big ones, the two merged into one, and the big ones always won. He recorded the road downstairs: a man ran with a cardboard box over his head, one corner of the box got wet, so he ran high on one side and low on the other, like a leaking kite; a vegetable seller shook out a plastic sheet at closing time, and the water flew half a person high, shining like a sheet of fog under the street lamp. I sat in the reading corner for forty minutes and forgot to register the books.

What truly convinced me was the peer review class. Teacher Su projected Lin Xiaoman's journal onto the screen and read his paragraph about pedestrians: the old man at the bicycle repair stand did not close up on rainy days, wearing a raincoat patched in three places, his hands greasy and wet at once, and he dried them not on a towel but by rubbing twice on the raincoat before going back to twisting screws. When she finished, the room went quiet for a few seconds, then someone whispered, I pass that stand every day, how did I never see it. Teacher Su said, That is the difference between observing and not observing.

After that class, the kraft paper notebook became the most contested book in the reading corner, with a queue reaching the next class. When I borrowed it a second time, I found words on the last page from Lin Xiaoman: I used to think compositions were hard, like going to an empty notebook and demanding things from it; now I pick up a little on the road every day, and when the notebook fills up, the composition writes itself.

Influenced by that notebook, I started my own observation journal, now up to ninth entry. I copied his method: rain threads first, then the people passing by. Last week on a rainy day I recorded what happened at the bus stop: a young woman tilted her umbrella toward a mother holding a baby, and her own schoolbag got wet on one side, but she kept staring at the arrival time on the sign, as if she had not noticed. At home I read it to my mother, and she said, You could never have said such a thing before.

My own journal is now a good part full. My lesson is this: material is not far away, it lies on the road you pass every day, and the only difference is whether you stopped for those three minutes. One notebook nobody wanted to borrow taught the whole class this, and I think it is worth more than any bestseller.