

那篇被老师念了两遍的作文

我以前最怕写作文。一写春天，我就是那几句：春天来了，花儿开了，红的像火，粉的像霞。老师在我作文本上批过三次同样的话：你写的春天，我在别人的作文里也见过。说实话，那时候我不明白，春天不就是红的粉的么。

改变是从三月那一节课开始的。语文老师那天没让我们翻开书，而是全班站到教学楼后的玉兰树下。她说：看十分钟，谁也不许说话，看到什么记什么。我们真的就看了十分钟。我看见一只蜜蜂钻进花瓣最里面，出来的时候腿上挂着两团黄；我看见最底下的一瓣已经松了，风一吹它晃两下，就是不掉；我还看见树下的水泥地上有一小片落花，被扫成一堆，堆边上又滚出去两三瓣。

回到教室，老师让我们就写刚才看到的。我写蜜蜂腿上的黄、写那瓣晃了两下没掉、写滚出去的花瓣。交上去以后，作文本发下来，我的那篇被老师当堂念了。念完她说：这才叫看见。过了两天，同一篇又在班里念了一遍，因为她说细节不会跟别人重复。

这件事给我的触动比任何批语都深。原来不是我写不好，是我根本没看过。我的眼睛以前像没打开的窗户，屋里空空的，写出来当然也是空的。从那以后，每个星期我都抽二十分钟去花坛边站着看，看完在小本子上记三行。半年下来，小本子记满了，我的作文本上第一次没有出现那句同样的批语。那个小本子我现在还留着，翻开来，第一页的字歪歪扭扭，却比任何范文都顺眼。

现在再写春天，我不写红的像火了。我写玉兰最底下那瓣晃了两下没掉。我知道，那十分钟的安静观察，是我这个学期学到的最要紧的一课：先让眼睛真的看见，笔才有东西可说。

The Essay My Teacher Read Twice

I used to dread writing compositions. Whenever the topic was spring, I always had the same few lines: spring has come, the flowers are blooming, red like fire, pink like sunset clouds. My teacher wrote the same comment on my exercise book three times: the spring you wrote, I have also seen in the essay of another student. To be honest, back then I did not understand. Is spring not just red and pink?

The change began with one lesson in March. That day our Chinese teacher did not ask us to open our books; instead the whole class stood under the magnolia tree behind the teaching building. She said: watch for ten minutes, nobody is allowed to talk, and note down whatever you see. And we really did watch for ten minutes. I saw a bee crawl deep inside a petal and come out with two yellow balls on its legs; I saw the lowest petal already loose, swaying twice when the wind blew but refusing to fall; I also saw a small pile of fallen petals on the concrete under the tree, swept into a heap, with two or three petals rolled out beyond the edge of the heap.

Back in the classroom, the teacher asked us to write only what we had just seen.

I wrote about the yellow on the legs of the bee, about the petal that swayed twice but stayed, about the petals that had rolled away. When the books came back, my essay was read aloud in class. After reading it, she said: now this is what seeing means. Two days later, the same essay was read a second time, because, she said, details never repeat themselves from person to person.

That experience taught me more deeply than any comment ever had. It was not that I could not write; it was that I had never actually looked. My eyes used to be like an unopened window, the room inside empty, so of course what I wrote was empty too. Since then, every week I spend twenty minutes standing by the flower bed watching, and afterwards I write three lines in a small notebook. Half a year later, the little notebook is full, and for the first time that same comment never appeared in my composition book. I still keep that notebook today; when I open it, the writing on the first page is crooked, yet it pleases my eye more than any model essay.

Now when I write about spring, I do not write red like fire. I write about the lowest magnolia petal swaying twice but staying on. I know that those ten quiet minutes of watching were the most important lesson of this term: first let the eyes truly see, and only then does the pen have something to say.

我的观察小本救了我的周记

这个学期我养成了一个新习惯：书包里揣一个巴掌大的小本子，专门记花。这个习惯是怎么来的呢，说来有点难为情，是被周记逼出来的。

以前每周的周记是我最大的难关。写什么呢？家里的事每天都一样，我就开始编。编过帮奶奶扫地，编过扶老爷爷过马路，编到后来我自己读着都脸红。有一回周记本发下来，老师在末尾写：事情是真的吗？我盯着那行字看了很久，没脸抵赖。

三月初，科学老师布置观察花坛，要求每人连续记录。我第一天只写了一句：花开两朵。科学老师把我叫去，问：花是什么颜色？开在花坛哪一角？旁边有没有虫子？我全答不上来，因为我根本没细看。那天放学，我蹲在花坛边看了二十分钟，把看到的记进小本子：迎春花五个瓣，靠墙那一角开得最早，一只蚂蚁顺着花茎往上爬，爬到一半滑下来，又爬。

从那以后我每周记两三次。记过花苞从绿变黄要几天，记过雨后花瓣落在地上贴成一圈，记过蜜蜂只爱开全的花、不爱开半的。小本子越记越厚，我的周记忽然就不愁没得写了。上个月的周记我写那只滑下来又爬的蚂蚁，老师批了四个字：这就是真，旁边还画了一颗小小的五角星。那天我把周记本翻来覆去看了三遍，比哪天得了优都高兴。

现在回头看，这个学期我得到的不只是周记变好了。我学会了一件更根本的事：先老老实实在地看，再老老实实在地记，最后写出来的东西才站得住。编出来的事经不起一行批语，记下来的细

节却越读越清楚。那个巴掌大的小本子，比任何辅导书都管用，因为它里面装的是我自己的眼睛。

My Little Observation Notebook Saved My Weekly Journals

This term I picked up a new habit: carrying a palm-sized notebook in my schoolbag, dedicated to recording flowers. How did this habit begin? It is a little embarrassing to say, but it was forced on me by my weekly journals.

In the past, the weekly journal was my biggest hurdle. What was there to write? Things at home were the same every day, so I started making things up. I invented helping grandma sweep, invented helping an old man cross the road, and later even I blushed reading my own inventions. Once when the journals came back, my teacher wrote at the end: is this story true? I stared at that line for a long time and had no face to deny it.

In early March, our science teacher assigned an observation of the flower bed, requiring everyone to record it continuously. On the first day I wrote only one line: two flowers bloomed. The science teacher called me over and asked: what colour were the flowers? In which corner of the bed did they open? Were there any insects nearby? I could not answer any of it, because I had not really looked. That day after school, I squatted by the flower bed and watched for twenty minutes, then recorded what I saw in my little notebook: winter jasmine has five petals, the corner by the wall blooms earliest, an ant climbed up a flower stem, slipped halfway down, and climbed again.

Since then I have recorded two or three times a week. I recorded how many days it takes a bud to turn from green to yellow, how petals after rain stick to the ground in a ring, how bees only visit fully open flowers and ignore half-open ones. The little notebook grew thicker and thicker, and suddenly my weekly journals had no shortage of things to write. Last month my journal was about that ant that slipped and climbed again, and my teacher wrote four characters as a comment: this is real, with a tiny five-pointed star drawn beside it. That day I turned my journal over and read it three times through, happier than on any day I had earned an A.

Looking back now, what I gained this term is more than better journals. I learned something more fundamental: first look honestly, then record honestly, and only then can what you write stand on its feet. Invented stories cannot survive a single line of comment, but recorded details grow clearer the more you read them. That palm-sized notebook works better than any study guide, because inside it are my own two eyes.

赏花那天，我把作文的窗户擦亮了

上个星期，我的作文在学校的春天主题比赛里得了一张奖状。同学问我作文写的什么，我说写的是三月份那次去郊外看花。其实在那之前，我从没想过自己有一天会因为看花得到奖状。

那天早晨出发得早，车开到郊外，路边一大片一大片的油菜花和紫云英。我下车拍了几张照片，就说好看好看。走在前面的父亲忽然停下来，让我别说话，闻一闻。我站在田边吸了一口气，空气里是又甜又潮的味道，混着一点青草的腥。父亲说：这就是花田的味道，照片里没有这个。他又让我听，嗡嗡声一层近一层远，还有鸟叫，藏在看不见的地方。

中午太阳大，母亲蹲在花田边上，让我看影子。油菜花自己的影子落在下一朵的花瓣上，黄的瓣上落着一小片灰蓝，一闪一闪。我那天下午坐在田埂上写了半页纸，写的全是气味、声音和影子。回家路上我迷迷糊糊睡着了，梦里没有颜色，全是嗡嗡声。

那半页纸后来变成了我的参赛作文。评委老师在评语里写：这篇闻得到味道。我把这句话抄在了观察小本的第一页。从那以后，赏花、路过花坛、甚至等公交车看见墙缝里的草，我都会多停半分钟，问自己三个问题：它什么味道，什么声音，影子落在哪。这三个问题是我那次郊外赏花带回来的宝贝。有时候停下半分钟，还能问出第四个问题，那就更好。

这个学期我最大的心得是：眼睛不是生下来就管用的，它得擦，天天擦。以前我看春天，像隔着一层毛玻璃，只知道好看；现在玻璃擦亮了，好看的东西一件一件露出来。奖状只是那张作文的结尾，真正的收获在我书包里那个越写越厚的小本子里。

The Day I Watched the Flowers, I Cleaned the Window of My Writing

Last week my essay won a certificate in the spring-themed contest of my school. Classmates asked what I had written about, and I said it was about that trip to the countryside to see flowers in March. Before that day, I had never imagined I would one day win a prize because of looking at flowers.

We set off early that morning. Driving out to the countryside, the roadsides were field after field of rapeseed flowers and milk vetch. I got out, took a few photos, and kept saying how beautiful it was. My father, walking ahead, suddenly stopped and told me not to speak but to breathe in. I stood at the edge of the field and took a breath: the air smelled sweet and damp at once, mixed with a hint of the green rawness of grass. Father said: this is the smell of a flower field, and your photos do not have this. Then he asked me to listen. The buzzing came in layers, one near, one far, and there was birdsong too, hidden somewhere out of sight.

At noon the sun was strong. My mother squatted at the edge of the flower field

and asked me to look at the shadows. The shadow of one rapeseed flower fell on the petals of the next one, a small patch of grey-blue resting on the yellow petals, flickering as the flowers moved. That afternoon I sat on the ridge between the fields and wrote half a page, all of it about smell, sound and shadow. On the way home I fell into a drowsy sleep, and my dream had no colors in it at all, only buzzing.

That half page later became my contest essay. The teacher who judged it wrote in her comment: this piece has a smell you can breathe in. I copied that sentence onto the first page of my observation notebook. Since then, whether I am watching flowers, passing a flower bed, or even waiting for a bus and noticing grass in a crack of the wall, I stop for an extra half minute and ask myself three questions: what does it smell like, what does it sound like, and where does its shadow fall. These three questions are the treasure I brought back from that flower-watching trip. Sometimes in that half minute I even come up with a fourth question, and that is better still.

The biggest lesson of this term is this: eyes are not useful just because you were born with them; they must be cleaned, every single day. Before, when I looked at spring, it was as if a sheet of frosted glass stood between me and it, and I only knew it was pretty. Now the glass has been wiped clean, and beautiful things appear one by one. The certificate is only the ending of that essay. The real harvest is inside my schoolbag, in the little notebook that grows thicker every week.