

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.