

老师发的那张五感记录表

三月的最后一个星期，语文老师发给全班一张表格，表头印着五个格子：眼睛、鼻子、耳朵、手、舌头。老师说，周末每人去一次公园，看春天的花，把五种感觉各自记进格子里，周一交表格，再用表格写一篇作文。我当时心里嘀咕：写个作文还搞这么多花样。

星期天下午，我带着表格和铅笔去了小区旁边的公园。樱花树下人不少，我在长椅边上找了个没人的角度坐下。眼睛那格我写得最快：樱花是一团一团的，远看像停在树上的云，走近看每朵有五个瓣，瓣尖上有个小缺口。写到鼻子那格我卡住了，凑近闻，说不上来什么味，只好先空着。

后来我换了个办法。我闭上眼睛闻了很久，忽然闻出来了：有点像黄瓜皮的味道，淡淡的，还混着一点泥土味。我赶紧填进去。耳朵那格填了三种声音，蜜蜂的嗡、小孩的喊、还有一种沙沙声，我找了半天才发现是新叶子互相蹭的声音。手那格我摸的是樱花树皮，横着摸有细小的疙瘩。舌头那格最不好意思，我舔了一瓣落下来的樱花，咸咸的，可能沾了汗。

周一交表格，我的表格是湿的，边角被汗浸软了。老师翻了我的表格，在上面画了三个圈，都圈在写得不一样的地方。那天用表格写作文，我几乎没怎么想，一格就是一段，写完一数，比平时多了一倍还多。作文发下来，老师批的评语是：材料扎实，读着像走进公园。下课前老师把我的作文贴在教室后墙的展示栏里，我走路经过都要看一眼。

这件事让我服气了。以前我坐在桌前硬想，想出来的全是空话；原来作文的材料不在脑子里，在公园里，在五种感觉里，表格只是把它们接回家。现在我的文具盒里常年折着一小张五感格子纸，去一次公园填一张，填满了我就写。那个学期我的作文再没有为难过我。

The Five-Senses Recording Sheet Our Teacher Handed Out

In the last week of March, our Chinese teacher handed out a sheet of paper to the whole class. At the top of the sheet were five boxes printed: eyes, nose, ears, hands, tongue. The teacher said that over the weekend everyone should visit a park once, look at the spring flowers, write each of the five senses into its box, hand in the sheet on Monday, and then use the sheet to write an essay. I muttered to myself: writing an essay, and so many tricks.

On Sunday afternoon I took the sheet and a pencil to the park next to my neighborhood. Under the cherry trees there were quite a few people, and I found an empty angle by a bench and sat down. The eyes box was the fastest: the cherry blossoms came in clumps, from far away like clouds resting in the trees, and up close each flower had five petals with a tiny notch at the tip of every petal. I got stuck at the nose box. I leaned in and sniffed but could not name the smell, so I left it blank for the moment.

Later I changed my method. I closed my eyes and sniffed for a long time, and

suddenly the smell came out: a little like the skin of a cucumber, faint, mixed with a hint of earth. I filled it in quickly. In the ears box I wrote three sounds, the buzz of bees, the shouting of children, and a rustling sound I searched half a day to find, made by new leaves rubbing against each other. For the hands box I touched the bark of the cherry tree, which had tiny bumps when stroked sideways. The tongue box was the most embarrassing. I licked a fallen cherry petal, and it was salty, probably touched by sweat.

On Monday I handed in the sheet. Mine was damp, its corners softened by sweat. The teacher looked through my sheet and drew three circles, all on the places where what I wrote was different from others. That day, writing the essay from the sheet, I hardly had to think at all, one box became one paragraph, and when I finished and counted, I had written more than double my usual length. When the essays came back, the comment on mine read: solid material, reading it is like walking into the park. Before class ended the teacher posted my essay on the display board at the back of the classroom, and every time I walked past I took a look at it.

This experience made me admit I was wrong. Before, I would sit at my desk and force myself to think, and all that came out was empty talk. The material for essays was not inside my head; it was in the park, in the five senses, and the sheet only carried it home for me. Now there is always a small folded sheet of five-senses boxes in my pencil case. Every trip to the park fills one sheet, and when a sheet is full I write. For the rest of that term, essays never troubled me again.