那节没在教室里的作文课

初一第一次月考作文，题目是《校园的冬天》。我在座位上坐了二十分钟，本子上只有两行：冬天来了，校园里很冷。我实在想不出第三行，冬天在我脑子里只有冷这一个字。

发下作文本那天，老师在评语里写：下节语文课，不上课，下楼。我们以为要去玩，到了操场边，老师让我们散开，每人找一处冬天的校园，看五分钟，不许说话。我走到花坛边。草全黄了，黄草底下压着去年秋天落下的梧桐叶，叶子一半烂了一半还硬着。花坛的水泥沿上有一层薄薄的霜，我用手指抹了一下，指尖先是凉，然后那点凉变成一小片湿。墙根的爬山虎只剩筋，一条一条贴在墙上，像谁把一把干面条按在了那里。风从领口灌进来，我缩了一下脖子，听见自己的鞋踩在冻硬的地面上，声音又干又脆。

回到教室，老师说，现在写，把你刚才摸到的、听到的、看见的都写进去。那一次我写了四百多字，写完了自己都吃惊。我写爬山虎的干筋，写手指抹霜，写凉变成湿。同桌凑过来看，说，你怎么写得出烂了一半的叶子。我说，因为我看了它五分钟。

后来我把那天的经历变成了习惯。降温那天我会去摸一下栏杆，看它比平时凉多少；下雪前我注意天是什么颜色，云压得低不低，风里有没有一点冰碴。我发现季节不是四个字，季节是一堆细节：霜是薄的，风是灌进领口的，叶子是一半烂一半硬的。把这些细节记下来，作文里就有东西可放。

这次经历改变了我对写作的看法。以前我以为好作文靠好词好句，背得越多写得越好；现在我知道了，背来的句子是别人的，摸出来的细节是自己的。观察也不是看一眼那么简单，眼睛看颜色，手摸冷热，耳朵听声音，皮肤感觉风往哪里钻，五个地方一起记，细节才立得住。从那以后，我的作文本里再没有出现过校园里很冷这种句子。冷不冷，得让读者自己从霜、从干面条一样的爬山虎、从灌进领口的风里感觉到。这是我上中学后学到的最重要的一课，它不在课本里，在操场边的花坛旁。

The Composition Lesson We Did Not Spend in the Classroom

In the first monthly exam of seventh grade, the composition topic was Winter on Campus. I sat at my desk for twenty minutes with only two lines in my notebook: winter has come, and the campus is very cold. I could not think of a third line. In my head, winter had only one word: cold.

The day the notebooks came back, my teacher wrote in the margin: next Chinese class, no class. We go downstairs. We thought we were going to play. By the sports field, the teacher told us to spread out, each find one corner of winter on campus, look at it for five minutes, and not talk. I walked to the flower bed. The grass had gone fully yellow, and under the yellow grass lay plane tree leaves fallen last autumn, half rotted and half still stiff. On the concrete edge of the bed was a thin layer of frost. I wiped it with my finger. My fingertip turned cold first, and then that cold became a small patch of wet. The ivy on the wall base was left with only

its veins, one by one pressed against the wall, as if someone had stuck a handful of dry noodles there. Wind poured in through my collar, I shrank my neck, and I heard my own shoes on the frozen ground, a dry, brittle sound.

Back in the classroom, the teacher said: write now, put in everything you just touched, heard, and saw. That time I wrote over four hundred characters, and I was surprised at myself. I wrote about the dry veins of the ivy, about wiping the frost with my finger, about cold turning into wet. My deskmate leaned over and asked how I could write a leaf half rotted. I said, because I looked at it for five minutes.

Later I turned that day into a habit. On a cold snap I touch the railing to see how much colder it is than usual. Before snow I notice what color the sky is, how low the clouds hang, whether the wind carries tiny bits of ice. I discovered that the seasons are not four characters in a word; they are a pile of details: the frost is thin, the wind pours into your collar, the leaf is half rotten and half stiff. Write the details down, and your composition has something real to hold.

This experience changed how I see writing. I used to think good compositions came from good phrases, that the more you memorized the better you wrote. Now I know that memorized sentences belong to other people, while details you touched with your own hand belong to you. Observing is not just a glance, either. The eyes take the color, the hand takes the cold or warmth, the ears take the sound, the skin feels where the wind slips in. Record with all five at once, and the details stand up. Since then, a sentence like the campus is very cold has never appeared in my notebook again. Whether it is cold should be felt by the reader through the frost, the ivy like dry noodles, and the wind pouring into the collar. This is the most important lesson I have learned since middle school. It is not in the textbook. It is beside the flower bed by the sports field.