修钟的人不着急

上个月，爸爸带我去看了一部电影。电影里有一条窄窄的巷子，巷子最里面开着一家钟表铺，铺子里的老钟表匠弓着背，眼睛上卡着一圈放大镜，镊子夹着比米粒还小的齿轮。看到这一段的时候，影厅里安安静静的，连我旁边的小男孩都忘了吃手里的爆米花。

电影里让我印象最深的一句话，是老钟表匠对他的徒弟说的：钟没有修不好的，只有等不起的人。徒弟催他，说外头等着取钟的人排着队呢。老钟表匠头也不抬，说一只钟他要看三天，每一个齿轮都要单独清洗、单独上油、单独试转，急出来的钟，迟早还要停，停下来的毛病，全出在急的人身上。后来那只停了二十年的方钟重新走起来，滴答声在铺子里响开，银幕前的我忽然觉得，有什么东西也在我心里咔哒一声，对上了。

我想起自己那一星期。数学作业我二十分钟就写完，检查两个字从来不做，第二天本子上四个红叉，全不是不会，全是急出来的：把加号看成了减号，把答句里的单位写丢了。我说话也急，别人半句没说完我就抢着接，班会上我抢在老师问完之前抢答，答错了，脸烫了一整天。老钟表匠的话让我头一回认真想：钟是急不活的，话和心思也一样，都是急不来的。

这部电影没有讲什么大道理，它只是让我看见了一双不着急的手。从那以后，我给自己定了两条规矩。第一条，作业写完先放笔，去倒一杯水，回来用手指指着题目和数字，一行一行重查一遍。第二条，别人跟我说话，我等对方把话说完，心里默默数两下，再开口。这两条我坚持了两个星期，作业本上的红叉少了，同桌说我接话之前，好像会先想一想了。

现在，我家墙上那只旧挂钟还在滴答滴答地走。每次听见，我就想起巷子深处那个卡着放大镜的背影。好电影给我的不是一个标准答案，而是让我学会停下来想一想，再把想明白的事，变成自己日子里的新规矩。

The Clock Repairman Is in No Hurry

Last month my father took me to a film. In the film there is a narrow lane, and at the far end of the lane sits a clock repair shop. The old repairman bends over his bench, a ring of magnifying lens fixed on his eye, and his tweezers hold a gear smaller than a grain of rice. When this part appeared, the whole hall went quiet, and even the little boy beside me forgot the popcorn in his hand.

The line that impressed me most is what the old man said to his apprentice: no clock is beyond repair, only people who cannot wait. The apprentice urged him, saying the customers waiting outside stood in a line. The old man did not even lift his head. He said one clock takes him three days, because every gear must be cleaned, oiled, and tested by itself; a clock made in a hurry will stop again one day, and the fault of that stop lies in the hurry of the hand that made it. Later the square clock that had stood still for twenty years began to move again, and the ticking filled the shop. Sitting before the screen, I suddenly felt that something inside me also clicked into place.

I thought of my own week. I finished my math homework in twenty minutes and never once checked it. The next day four red crosses sat on my exercise book, and none of them came from not knowing the lesson; all of them came from hurry: a plus sign read as a minus, a unit missing in the answer line. I am also quick with words. I cut people off before their sentence ends, and at a class meeting I answered before the teacher had finished the question and got it wrong, and my face burned the whole day. The words of the old repairman made me think seriously for the first time: a clock cannot be rushed back to life, and neither can words or thoughts.

The film teaches no big lesson. It only shows me a pair of hands that are in no hurry. Since then I have set two rules for myself. First, when homework is done I put down the pen, go and pour a cup of water, come back, and check every line of questions and numbers with my finger, one by one. Second, when someone speaks to me, I wait until the sentence is finished, count to two quietly in my heart, and only then open my mouth. I have kept these two rules for two weeks. The red crosses on my exercise book are fewer, and my deskmate says I seem to think once before I pick up a conversation now.

Now the old wall clock in our home still ticks on and on. Every time I hear it, I see the back of the man with the magnifying lens at the deep end of the lane. A good film gives me no standard answer; it teaches me to stop and think, and then to turn what I understand into new rules for my own days.