记分牌不会替谁脸红

周末爸爸陪我看完一部体育电影，讲一支女排队伍从低谷爬回领奖台的故事。散场的时候，别的观众聊的是最后那场球赢得多痛快，我却一直想着电影中段的那块记分牌。那一局她们输得很惨，记分牌冷冰冰地亮在球馆上方，红色的数字一个也不会脸红，不会心软，也不会替谁找理由。教练把队员叫到场边，说了一句让我忘不掉的话：球可以输，人不能不琢磨，球到底为什么输。

电影里有一组镜头我特别喜欢：教练不骂人，他只让队员一遍一遍看输掉那场的录像，看到队员自己都不好意思了，他才开口问，这一球你站的位置对不对，下一步你想的是拦网还是保护。队员说着说着就明白了，不是手不行，是脑子慢了一步。后来她们再上场，同样的对手，同样的球，她们提前挪了半步，球就接起来了。原来输一场球的地方，也能长出赢球的办法。

看到这儿我脸有点热，因为我想起上个月的班级辩论会。我们一组输了，我回家只会在妈妈面前喊：他们偏我们、裁判不公平、对手运气好。我把输的原因全推给了别人，就像电影里那些一开始不肯看录像的队员。爸爸当时只问我一句：你自己那一段，到底说了什么、漏了什么？我竟然答不上来，因为我从头到尾只记得生气，根本没想过自己说了什么。

这部电影教会我的，是把输赢拆开来看。赢不是运气好，输也不是全世界欺负人，中间那些能琢磨的部分，才是真正属于我自己的东西。今后的打算是这样的：辩论会、比赛、考试，凡是结束以后，我先在纸上写三行，我哪里做对了，我哪里做错了，下一次我改哪一件。写完了再难过，或者再高兴。

我还打算把这个琢磨的习惯用在学习上，尤其是写作文。以前我写读后感爱喊口号，喊完自己也不知道写了什么。现在我会先找一个像记分牌那样扎心的细节，再写我自己的真事。这篇读后感，就是我照着新方法写的第一篇。

The Scoreboard Never Blushes for Anyone

At the weekend my father watched a sports film with me, the story of a women volleyball team climbing back to the podium from its lowest days. When the film ended, other viewers talked about how sweet the final match was, but my mind kept returning to the scoreboard in the middle of the film. That set was lost badly, and the scoreboard hung cold above the hall, its red numbers unable to blush, unable to soften, unable to make excuses for anyone. The coach gathered the players at the sideline and said the line I cannot forget: a ball game may be lost, but a person must not stop wondering why the game was lost.

There is a sequence of shots I love. The coach never scolds. He only makes the players watch the video of the lost match again and again, until they can hardly bear it, and then he asks: for this ball, was your position right, and in the next step were you thinking of blocking or of protection. The players understood as they spoke. It was not the hands that failed; it was the mind, half a step behind. Later they

faced the same opponents and the same balls, and because they moved half a step earlier, the balls came up. So the very place where a game was lost can also grow the method of winning.

My face grew warm there, because I remembered our class debate last month. Our side lost, and at home I could only shout to my mother: they favored the others, the judges were unfair, the opponents were lucky. I pushed every cause of the loss onto other people, just like the players in the film who refused at first to watch the video. My father asked me only one question: in your own part, what exactly did you say, and what did you miss. I could not answer, because all I remembered was anger, and I had never once thought about my own words.

What this film taught me is to take winning and losing apart. Winning is not luck, losing is not the world bullying you, and the part in the middle that you can examine is the part that truly belongs to you. My plan from now on is this: after any debate, match, or exam, I first write three lines on paper, what I did right, what I did wrong, and the one thing I will change next time. Only after writing may I feel sad, or feel glad.

I also mean to bring this habit into my studies, especially into my essays. I used to write reading responses full of slogans, and after shouting them I did not know what I had written. Now I first find one detail that stings like a scoreboard, and then I write about something real from my own life. This response you are reading is the first essay written with the new method.