骗过所有人的魔术师，骗不过镜子里的自己

十一月二十日，星期五，天气阴。

今晚难得写完作业，爸爸陪我看了部电影。电影里有个天才魔术师，戏法一场比一场轰动，观众为他疯，同行怕他。可是电影过半，有一个镜头我到现在还难受：演出散场，魔术师一个人回到化妆间，坐在镜子前，慢慢把妆卸掉。卸着卸着他停住了，盯着镜子里的自己，忽然说了一句：他们都被我骗了，只有你没有。他说他每一次成功，靠的都是提前买通、偷偷调换，他比谁都清楚，那些掌声没有一分是真的。镜子里那个人不鼓掌，也不安慰他，只是看着他。

我在座位上如坐针毡，手心全是汗，因为我认得那种不敢看镜子的感觉。这个月物理测验，我考了七十八分，全班都夸我进步。可是只有我知道那七十八分是怎么来的。考前一周，我坐在书桌前，书摊开着，手机扣在书页底下，每二十分钟翻一次屏幕；错题本抄了三页，抄的时候根本没过脑子，像给老师抄的展览品。妈妈逢人就说我懂事了我用功了，我听着，脸上热热的，晚上躺回床上，黑暗里我自己知道那七十八分里有多少水分。我就是那个魔术师，骗过了妈妈、骗过了同学、骗过了分数，唯独不敢面对书桌前那个真正的自己。

电影结尾魔术师做了一件所有人都看不懂的事：他演了最后一场，在台上把戏法全部拆穿，怎么买通的、怎么调换的，一样一样当众摊开，然后鞠了一躬，下场去了。他被行业封杀了，可那个卸妆的镜头再出现时，他终于看进了镜子里。

我合上日记本之前想了很久，我的打算不打算演给谁看，只写在这里：从明天起，学习这件事只问一个问题，今天的我骗今天的我了吗。物理错题本重做一遍，不抄，合上书默写，写不出的就是没会的，没会的第二天去办公室问。下次测验，哪怕只考六十分，我也要那六十分是真的。

镜子里那个人不会鼓掌，但我想试试，让他下次看我时，眼神能稳一点。

The Magician Who Fooled Everyone but Not the Mirror

November twentieth, Friday, cloudy.

Tonight I finished my homework early, and my father kept me company watching a film. In the film there is a genius magician whose shows grow more and more sensational, the audience goes wild for him, and his rivals fear him. But halfway through there is a shot that still troubles me. After a performance, the magician returns alone to the dressing room, sits before the mirror, and slowly wipes off his makeup. Wiping, he stops, stares at himself in the mirror, and suddenly says: they have all been fooled by me, only you have not. He admits that every one of his successes came from buying people off in advance and swapping things in secret, and he knows better than anyone that not a single second of that applause was real. The man in the mirror neither applauds nor comforts him. He only looks at him.

I squirmed in my seat with sweaty palms, because I know that feeling of not daring to look into a mirror. This month I scored seventy-eight on the physics test, and the whole class praised my progress. But I alone know how that seventy-eight was made. In the week before the test I sat at my desk with the book open and my phone face-down under its pages, flipping the screen every twenty minutes. I copied three pages into my mistake notebook without letting the words pass through my brain, as if making an exhibit for the teacher. My mother tells everyone that I have become sensible and hardworking. I listen with a hot face, and at night in the dark I know exactly how much water is inside that seventy-eight. I am that magician. I fooled my mother, my classmates, and the score itself, and the only one I cannot face is the real me sitting at my desk.

At the end the magician does something nobody understands. He gives one last show, and on stage he exposes every trick, how he bought people off, how he swapped things, one by one in front of the lights, then bows and walks off. He is banned from the profession, but when the makeup-removing shot appears again, he finally looks straight into the mirror.

I thought for a long time before closing this diary. My plan is not a performance for anyone; it stays on this page. From tomorrow, studying answers only one question: did today me fool today me. I will redo the physics mistakes, not copy them, close the book and write them from memory, and whatever I cannot write is what I do not know, and what I do not know I will ask about in the teachers office the next day. On the next test, even if I score only sixty, I want that sixty to be real.

The man in the mirror will not applaud. But I want to try, so that next time he looks at me, his eyes can be a little steadier.

那条不肯回头的鲸鱼

十一月二十七日，星期五，天气晴。

晚上看了一部纪录片改编的电影，讲一头被救回来的鲸鱼。它小时候被渔网缠住，被人养在水池里治伤，一个年轻教练天天守着它，给它刷身上的藤壶。鲸鱼好了以后，船把它运到很远的海峡放归。它游进大海之前，在船边绕了一圈，然后头也不回地游走了，游得很快，尾巴打水，像把一扇门关上。年轻教练在船上哭了，别人劝他，他说，它不回头，是怕一回头就不想走了。

看到这一句，我的笔在日记本上停了很久，因为我想起了林小满。初一分班，她从一班调走了，走之前我们大吵了一架，起因小得我现在都说不出口，好像是为了值日表上谁多写了一次名字。我们俩都是硬脾气，谁也不肯先低头，她走的那天我在座位上盯着窗户，心里想，她要是来跟我道歉，我就原谅她。她没来。后来一整个学期，我在食堂碰到过她三次，三次我都把脸扭向

另一边，心里那个声音每次都是同一句：凭什么先找我的是她。

电影里鲸鱼绕船那一圈，我看了忽然明白了一件事：它绕那一圈，是在告别；它不回头，不是不念旧，是怕自己舍不得。可我连绕那一圈都没有。我把扭脸当成骨气，其实那是胆小，我怕的是万一我回头了，她却没有原谅我。林小满走之前送过我一支笔，笔帽上贴着她剪的小鲸鱼，那支笔现在还在我的笔袋里，我一直没舍得用。

我的打算写在今天这一页：周六我们约了在书店自习，我打算带那支笔去，借她的笔记时把笔放在她的本子上，什么也不用说，她看得懂那只小鲸鱼。如果她也看得懂，这件事就算翻篇了；如果她看不懂，我也绕完了我的那一圈，不亏。

电影最后一幕，鲸鱼在深海里唱歌，声音穿过整个海峡。我在日记最后写：回头不丢人，丢人的是把扭脸当成骨气，一扭就是一学期。

The Whale That Refused to Look Back

November twenty-seventh, Friday, sunny.

Tonight I watched a film made from a documentary, about a whale that was rescued and returned to the sea. When it was young it was tangled in a fishing net and kept in a pool while its wounds healed, and a young trainer stayed by it every day, brushing the barnacles off its skin. After the whale recovered, a ship carried it to a far strait and set it free. Before swimming into the open ocean it made one circle beside the boat, then swayed away without looking back once, moving fast, its tail beating the water like a door closing. The young trainer cried on the deck. Others comforted him, and he said the whale does not look back because it is afraid that one look would make it unwilling to leave.

When that line came, my pen stopped on this diary page for a long time, because I remembered Lin Xiaoman. At the class split in the first year of middle school she was moved away from Class One, and before she left we had a loud quarrel over something so small I can barely say it now, something about whose name was written one more time on the duty roster. We are both stubborn, and neither would bow first. On the day she left I stared at the window from my seat, thinking, if she comes to apologize, I will forgive her. She did not come. Across the whole term I met her three times in the cafeteria, and three times I turned my face to the other side, and the voice inside said the same sentence every time: why should she be the one to reach out first.

Watching the whale circle the boat, I suddenly understood: that circle is its way of saying goodbye, and it does not look back not from coldness but from fear that it would miss everything too much. Yet I never even made that one circle. I treated

turning my face away as backbone, when it was really cowardice. What I feared was that if I turned back and she did not forgive me. Before leaving, Lin Xiaoman gave me a pen, with a little whale she cut out stuck on the cap. That pen is still in my pencil case, and I never had the heart to use it.

My plan is written on the page of today: on Saturday we have arranged to study at the bookstore. I plan to bring that pen, and when I borrow her notes I will lay the pen on top of her notebook. Nothing needs to be said; she can read the little whale. If she can read it, this matter turns a new page. If she cannot, then I have still completed my circle, and I lose nothing.

In the last scene the whale sings in the deep sea, its voice crossing the whole strait. My final line reads: looking back is no shame; the shame is treating a turned face as backbone, and keeping it turned for a whole term.

摔倒在第三十公里的她

十二月四日，星期五，天气小雨。

今晚这部电影，我攥着拳头看完的。电影讲一个跑马拉松的姑娘，是她那个小县城里第一个练长跑的女孩。比赛那天她状态很好，一直咬在第二集团，可是第三十公里，路边下坡的碎石让她摔了，膝盖磕开一道口子，血把裤腿洇湿了。镜头对着她停了很久，她坐在地上喘气，后面的人一个一个超过她。我以为她要退赛了，她把手指插进草里撑了一下，站起来，一瘸一拐地继续跑。最后一名，比冠军慢了四十多分钟，可是她冲线的时候，全场站起来鼓掌，比给冠军的还久。

电影里有一句话我记到了日记本上，是她的教练说的：比赛不是问你赢没赢，是问你敢不敢站在起跑线上。听到这句，我脸上像被雨浇了一下，因为我的初中两年，起跑线上从来没有我。

上学期的运动会，体育老师问我报不报一千五百米，我说肚子疼。其实我不肚子疼，我上周体育课跑八百米还拿了第三。班级演讲报名，我犹豫了三天，最后跟课代表说我不行，我嘴笨。数学竞赛也是，我明明喜欢做题，报名表交上去的前一天，我把它从桌肚里抽了出来。两次肚子疼，一次我不行，一次我把它抽了出来。这两年我给自己找的理由一个比一个像样，可我心里清楚，我怕的从来不是跑不过别人，我怕的是站在起跑线上，让所有人看见我可能不行。

电影里那个姑娘摔倒以后，镜头给过她一个特写，她的表情不是疼，是一种我看不懂的东西。现在我懂了，那是她终于不用怕了，因为最坏的事已经发生了，剩下的每一步都是白赚的。她一瘸一拐跑完的那四十多分钟，反而是她这辈子最自由的四十分钟。

我的打算写在今天：下周班级要推人参加朗诵比赛，我不躲了，我报名。我大概率拿不到名次，声音也可能抖，可是第三十公里摔过的人都能跑完，我读一首诗总可以。就算读砸了，那也是我的起跑线，我自己站上去的。

窗外的雨还在下。我在日记最后写：输不丢人，没站上过起跑线，才可惜。

She Fell at the Thirtieth Kilometer

December fourth, Friday, light rain.

Tonight I watched this film with my fists clenched the whole way. It tells of a girl who runs marathons, the first girl in her small county town to train for long distance running. On race day she was in fine shape, holding on in the second group, but at the thirtieth kilometer the loose stones on a downhill slope threw her down. Her knee split open, and blood spread through the leg of her trousers. The camera stayed on her for a long time. She sat on the ground gasping while runner after runner passed her. I thought she would quit. She pressed her fingers into the grass to push herself up, stood, and kept running, limping. She finished last, more than forty minutes behind the champion, yet when she crossed the line the whole stadium rose, and the applause lasted longer than the one given to the winner.

One line in the film I copied into this diary, said by her coach: a race does not ask whether you won, it asks whether you dare to stand on the starting line. Hearing it, my face felt as if rain had poured over it, because in my two years of middle school, the starting line has never held me.

At the sports meeting last term the PE teacher asked whether I would enter the fifteen hundred meters, and I said my stomach hurt. My stomach did not hurt. The week before I had run eight hundred meters in PE class and came third. For the class speech sign-up I hesitated three days and finally told the class officer I could not, that my mouth is clumsy. The math contest was the same. I love solving problems, yet the day before the form was due I pulled it out of my desk. Two stomachaches, one I cannot, one pull from the desk. In two years the excuses I built for myself grew more and more presentable, but deep down I knew clearly that what I feared was never losing to others. What I feared was standing on the starting line and letting everyone see that I might not be good enough.

After the girl in the film fell, the camera gave her one close-up. Her face was not showing pain but something I could not read. Now I understand. It was that she no longer had to be afraid, because the worst had already happened, and every step left was earned for free. Those forty-some minutes she limped to the end were the freest minutes of her life.

My plan is written on the page of today: next week the class will choose someone for the recitation contest, and I will not hide. I will sign up. I will most likely win no prize, and my voice may shake, but a person who fell at the thirtieth

kilometer can finish a marathon, so I can surely finish one poem. Even if I ruin it, that starting line will be mine, and I stood on it myself.

Outside the window the rain keeps falling. My last line reads: losing is no shame; what is a pity is never having stood on the starting line at all.