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.