全班一起看的那场电影

期末最后一节语文课，我做了个平时不敢做的决定：让全班投票选一部电影，课上放。票选出来是一部老片子，讲一个鞋铺师傅和学徒的故事，我小学看过，印象只剩一个模糊的雨夜。有老师劝我换成名著改编，我没换。答应过他们，投出来什么放什么。

投影仪的白光照上幕布，教室安静下来。我坐在讲台边，看他们多过看电影。坐在最后一排的周阳，平时话最多，坐不住，那晚整场没回头说过一句话，下巴搁在桌上，眼睛一动不动。倒是平时最不爱出声的林小满，鞋铺师傅把最后一双鞋还给债主那段，她把脸埋在臂弯里，肩膀一抽一抽。我坐在过道里，没过去打扰。前排两个平时爱传纸条的女生，看到学徒夜里偷偷练针脚那段，互相碰了碰胳膊肘，谁也没说话。

灯亮起来，我把桌子拉开围成一圈，问他们想聊什么。我以为他们会聊剧情，聊结局。周阳先开口，他说师傅每天晚上都擦一遍工具，从不跟人说为什么。林小满抬起头，声音还哑着，说师傅还鞋那天，手在门口停了很久才推门。他们你一句我一句，聊的全是我重看时没留意的角落：墙上停了的钟、学徒学成后要走时摸了一下门框。我听着，几乎没插话。坐在中间的班长还提议，把师傅那句口头禅「慢慢来」抄在班级板报上，几个人立刻赞成。

下课铃响，他们散出去，周阳经过讲台时停了停，说老师，那个师傅其实不怕穷，是怕欠人东西。我点头，他满意地走了。我留在空教室里收椅子，忽然觉得这一学期我批改过几百篇作文，却没像今晚这样看清过他们。孩子看电影时递出来的东西，比任何一篇作文都直。下学期，这样的课我想再多几节，还是他们选，我坐着看。

The Film the Whole Class Watched Together

In the last Chinese class of the term I made a decision I would not usually dare: let the whole class vote for one film and screen it in class. The vote chose an old film about a shoemaker and his apprentice. I had seen it in primary school, with only a blurry rainy night left in memory. A colleague suggested switching it to a classic novel adaptation. I refused. I had promised them: whatever they vote for, we screen.

The projector's white light climbed the curtain, and the classroom fell quiet. I sat at the edge of the platform, watching them more than the film. Zhou Yang in the last row, the loudest boy normally, did not turn around once the whole evening, his chin on the desk, his eyes unmoving. It was Lin Xiaoman, the quietest girl, who buried her face in her arms when the shoemaker returned the last pair of shoes to his creditor, her shoulders shaking. I sat in the aisle and did not go over to disturb her. Two girls in the front row, who usually passed notes to each other, touched one another's elbows during the scene where the apprentice secretly practiced stitching at night, and neither of them said a word.

When the lights came on, I pushed the desks into a circle and asked what they wanted to talk about. I expected plot, ending. Zhou Yang spoke first: the master

wiped his tools clean every night, and never told anyone why. Lin Xiaoman raised her head, voice still hoarse, and said that on the day he returned the shoes, the master's hand paused long at the door before pushing it. They spoke line by line, and everything they named was a corner I had missed on my own rewatch: the stopped clock on the wall, the apprentice touching the door frame once before leaving, skilled at last. The class monitor in the middle even proposed copying the master's catchphrase, take it slow, onto the class bulletin board, and several voices backed it at once. I listened and barely put in a word.

The bell rang and they poured out. Passing the platform, Zhou Yang paused and said: teacher, the master was not really afraid of poverty; he was afraid of owing people things. I nodded, and he left satisfied. I stayed in the empty classroom stacking chairs, and it came over me that all term I had corrected hundreds of essays without ever seeing these children as clearly as tonight. What children hand over while watching a film is more direct than any essay. Next term I want more classes like this. They still choose; I still sit and watch.

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