毕业前，我给他们放了最后一场

六月最后一节语文课，我对毕业班说：今天不复习，看电影。教室里炸开一阵欢呼。我选的是一部讲转学的电影，讲一个女孩每学期都要告别一次，最后一次她学会了对空教室挥手。选它不为煽情，是为了那件我一直想找机会说、又说不出口的事：再过二十几天，你们就都是别人的学生了。

放映的时候，我坐在讲台边，看他们多过看电影。六年来我熟悉每一张脸，此刻想把它们多看几遍。放到女孩把同桌名字刻在课桌内侧那段，靠窗的刘笑低头看了看自己的桌子，伸手在桌肚里摸了一下，什么也没说。放到最后一场戏，女孩对着空教室挥手，全班安安静静，我听见后排有人很轻地说了句再见，不知道是对银幕说的还是对彼此说的。我没有回头，怕一回头声音就哑。

灯亮，我说今天不写观后感，愿意聊就聊。安静了一会儿，王梓航站起来，朝着斜对面的张一诺鞠了个躬，说他三年级撕过人家画，一直没道歉。张一诺愣了一下，说早忘了，又补一句，其实记得，但不生气了。教室里响起掌声。班长提议每人对全班说一句这六年没说过的话，有人说了对不起，有人说了谢谢你那半块橡皮，有人什么都说不出来，只说了句我会想这里。说到最后，声音都乱了。

下课铃响，他们没有立刻走。我在擦黑板，背后窸窸窣窣，回头一看，刘笑正往自己桌肚里塞一张折好的纸条，看见我，脸红了，说那是给下一个坐这儿的学生的。我忽然想起电影结尾，女孩对空教室挥手。当老师的，能上的最后一课大概就是告别：教他们好好说再见，然后站在门口，目送。那二十几天我什么也没再叮嘱，只是把每一节课都上成了平常的课。散场了，他们往更远的地方去，银幕上的光留在教室里，够了。

Before Graduation, I Screened Them One Last Film

In the last Chinese class of June, I told the graduating class: no review today, a film instead. The room burst into cheers. I chose a film about transfers, about a girl who said goodbye once every term, and at last learned to wave at an empty classroom. I did not choose it for tears but for the thing I had long wanted to say and could not: in twenty-some days, you will all be students of someone else.

During the screening I sat at the edge of the platform, watching them more than the film. Six years had made every face familiar, and I wanted to look at each one a few more times. At the scene where the girl carved the name of her deskmate inside the desk, Liu Xiao by the window looked down at his own desk and felt inside it for something, saying nothing. At the final scene, when the girl waved at the empty classroom, the whole class sat silent, and from the back rows I heard someone whisper goodbye, aimed at the screen or at each other, I could not tell. I did not turn around, afraid my voice would break.

When the lights came on, I said no essay today; talk if you wish. After a while

Wang Zihang stood and bowed to Zhang Yinuo across the aisle, saying he had torn up her drawing in third grade and never apologized. She froze, then said she had long forgotten, then added that she actually remembered, but was not angry anymore. Applause filled the room. The monitor proposed that each student say one thing unsaid across these six years. Some said sorry, some said thank you for that half eraser, some could find nothing and only said they would miss this place. By the end, every voice was unsteady.

The bell rang and no one left at once. I was wiping the blackboard; behind me came rustling sounds. Turning, I saw Liu Xiao tucking a folded note into his desk, blushing when he spotted me, saying it was for whoever sat there next. The ending of the film came back to me, the girl waving at the empty classroom. For a teacher, the last lesson is perhaps farewell itself: teaching them to say goodbye well, then standing at the door, watching them go. In those twenty-some days I gave them no more warnings; I simply made every class an ordinary one. The film ended; they head farther out. The light from the screen stays in the classroom, and that is enough.