那节放动画片的德育课

德育课前的那个星期，班里刮起一阵怪风。小磊的奶奶每天来接他，说话带很重的乡下口音，有几个孩子学着她的腔调逗趣，小磊低着头不说话，那几天连举手都少了。我批评过，谈话过，效果撑不过两天。周五下午，我决定换一种办法：德育课不上课本，放一部动画片，讲一个孩子追寻唱歌梦想、家族却渐渐忘记逝去亲人的故事。

选这部片子我想了很久。班里正笑口音，片子里恰好有一位说话含混的老曾祖母，谁都说不清她的话，只有主角记得她。我不点名，不解释，只说今天看电影，看完想聊什么就聊什么。灯一暗，四十几个孩子仰着脸。放到老曾祖母坐在轮椅上、认不出亲人的那一段，我听见前排有人吸鼻子。镜头扫过家族祭坛上被收起的照片，小磊的肩膀一抽一抽，他没有擦，也没有躲，就让它抽。

灯亮以后，我先没说话。沉默了大概半分钟，平时最贫嘴的陈昊开口了，他说他想起他太爷爷，去年走的，家里相册里还有。接着好几个孩子接话，说自己家墙上挂的是谁。最后小磊举手，他站起来说，他奶奶讲过很多山里的故事，他以前嫌烦，现在想拿本子记下来，「不然以后就没人记得了」，声音不大，全班都听见了。那节课没有一个人再提口音的事，不是因为我规定，是没人再提得起。

晚上备课，我在教学反思那一栏写得很慢。这一周我讲过尊重，开过班会，找那几个孩子谈过话，都没有用。电影里那位含混的老人替我说了所有的话。教育有时候需要借一个故事，把孩子送到别人的人生跟前站一站。往后选片我得更小心，银幕上那两个小时，替我说的话可能比我说一学期都多。

The Morality Class Where We Screened an Animated Film

The week before the morality class, a strange wind blew through my class. the grandmother of Xiao Lei came to fetch him every day and spoke with a heavy village accent. Several children mimicked her tones to amuse others. Xiao Lei kept his head down, and for days he even stopped raising his hand. I scolded, I talked with them, and the effect lasted less than two days. On Friday afternoon I decided to change my method: skip the textbook in morality class and screen an animated film about a boy chasing a singing dream while his family slowly forgot the relatives who had passed.

I thought long about choosing this film. The class was mocking an accent, and the film held just such a great-great-grandmother, mumbling, understood by no one but the boy. I named no one and explained nothing, saying only that we would watch a film today and talk about whatever they wished. When the lights dimmed, forty-some faces tilted upward. At the scene where the old woman sat in her wheelchair not recognizing her own kin, I heard someone sniffing in the front rows. As the camera swept over photos being put away on the family altar, the shoulders of Xiao Lei shook. He did

not wipe his face or hide; he let it shake.

When the lights came on, I said nothing first. After about half a minute of silence, Chen Hao, the wisecracker, spoke up: he remembered his great-grandfather, gone last year, still in the family album. Several children followed, saying who hung on the wall in their homes. At last Xiao Lei raised his hand and stood: his grandmother had told many mountain stories, and he used to find her tedious, but now he wanted a notebook to write them down, because otherwise no one would remember later. His voice was not loud, and the whole class heard. No one mentioned the accent again that day, not because I forbade it, but because no one could bring it up.

That evening I wrote my teaching reflection very slowly. All week I had lectured about respect, held a class meeting, spoken privately with those children, and none of it worked. The mumbling old woman in the film said everything for me. Sometimes education must borrow a story to stand a child before the life of another person. From now on I must choose films more carefully. Those two hours on the screen may say more for me than a whole term of my own talking.

电影让作文课开了口

那个月的作文，我批得头疼。四十二本里三十几本写着「今天我很开心」，开心在哪里没有。写妈妈的爱就是送伞，写同学帮助就是借橡皮，句子都对，里面没有人。我在讲台上念过范文，讲过要把过程写具体，孩子们点头，下笔照旧。我把三十几个「我很开心」圈出来，摆在讲台上，没忍心点名。于是周三的作文课，我抱来投影仪，说这节课先不放笔，先看一部片子。

我选的是那部十几分钟的默片，讲一个老修鞋匠收留了总来偷零件的男孩。没有一句台词，只有雨声、锤声、收音机的杂音。选它是因为干净：没有对白替观众说话，孩子只能靠自己看。放映时全班屏着息，最坐不住的赵一凡半张着嘴，手指在桌面无意识地跟着锤子敲。修鞋匠把男孩偷藏的零件悄悄擦干净放回工具箱那段，教室里响起一片很轻的吸气声，像一屋子人同时被什么碰了一下。

灯亮，我把作文本收走，只聊片子。孩子们抢着说：说修鞋匠左手一直揣在兜里，后来才知道是坏的；说男孩最后给修鞋匠撑伞，伞是歪的；说收音机坏了以后修鞋匠对着它吹了口气，像哄孩子。我说把这些记下来。第二天交上来，三十几本里第一次出现了钉子、麻线、歪着的伞。有个孩子写：他对着收音机吹气的时候，我想起我爷爷对着旧自行车链条吹气的样子。我在那句下面画了三条线。

后来我把那部默片存进教案，旁边写了一行给自己的提醒：不是孩子没有感受，是他们缺一件全班共同看过、共同屏息过的事。我讲一百遍要写细节，不如让他们一起安静地看过一个细节。那节课之后我常想，我们总急着教表达，却忘了先给他们值得表达的东西。

The Film That Opened the Composition Class

That month I graded compositions with a headache. More than thirty of forty-two books said today I was very happy, with nowhere to show the happiness. The love of a mother meant an umbrella, the help of a classmate meant an eraser. Every sentence was correct, and no person lived inside them. I had read model essays aloud and explained that process must be written concretely. The children nodded and wrote the same way. I circled the thirty-some claims of happiness and set them on the platform, unable to name anyone. So in the composition class on Wednesday I carried in the projector and said: before pens, a film.

I chose the silent short of a dozen minutes about an old cobbler who takes in the boy who kept stealing his parts. Not one line of dialogue, only rain, hammering, and the static of a radio. I chose it for its bareness: without dialogue speaking for the audience, the children could only watch with their own eyes. The class held its breath through the screening. Zhao Yifan, who could never sit still, held his mouth half open, fingers tapping the desk unknowingly along with the hammer. When the cobbler quietly polished the stolen parts and put them back in the toolbox, a soft intake of breath rose through the room, as if a whole room of people were touched by something at once.

When the lights came on, I took the notebooks away and talked only about the film. They spoke one over another: the cobbler kept his left hand in his pocket, and only later did we learn it was hurt; the boy held an umbrella over the cobbler at the end, crooked; after the radio broke, the cobbler blew a breath onto it, the way one soothes a child. I told them to write these down. The next day, for the first time, nails, waxed thread, and a crooked umbrella appeared in more than thirty books. One child wrote: when he blew on the radio, I remembered my grandfather blowing on the chain of his old bicycle. I drew three lines under that sentence.

Later I saved the silent film in my lesson plan with a line to myself: it is not that children lack feeling; they lack one thing the whole class has watched and held breath over together. I can explain a hundred times that details matter, and it is worth less than letting them watch one detail quietly together. I often think since then: we are always in a hurry to teach expression, forgetting first to give them something worth expressing.

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.