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.

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