摘抄本里的那句话，后来长成了我的想法

我的摘抄本是从三年级开始攒的。那时候老师布置摘抄作业，我就从电影里挑短的话抄，专挑短的，因为抄得快。本子里全是好看的话，可它们跟我没有关系，抄完就睡，第二天全忘。

改变是从去年冬天开始的。那天看一部老片，里面的老船长说，船在港里最安全，可船不是造来停港里的。就这一句，我心里像被人敲了一下。我把它抄下来，还在后面加了一行：我画画比赛不敢报名，我的船是不是也停在港里。那是我第一次在台词后面写自己的事。

从那以后我换了规矩：只抄心里响的话。有的话当时觉得漂亮，抄完就不响，这样的我不抄。有的话过了两天还在耳朵里转，我就把它补进本子，补的时候在日期上画一个圈。本子越圈越多，我干脆用三种笔：黑笔抄台词，蓝笔写我当时的想法，铅笔写我后来想明白的部分。有一句话下面，蓝笔写着我想起奶奶，铅笔写着，原来想念是可以慢慢学会的。

上个单元，我的作文里用了一句摘抄，写那部讲动物的片子，我用了那句，真正要紧的东西，眼睛是看不见的。我在后面接了自己的话：就像我奶奶做的针脚，看不见的那一面，比看得见的那一面还密。老师在那句下面画了波浪线，批了两个字：贴切。我把作文本拿回家，给我妈看。我妈说，你看，电影里的话进了你的脑子，长成了你自己的话。

现在我的摘抄本写到了第三本。第一本全是别人的话，第二本一半是别人的话、一半是我的话，第三本里，有时候我自己的想法比台词还长。同桌问我，摘抄有什么用，考试又不考。我翻开第三本给他看，有一页上面抄着一句，重要的不是跑得多快，是摔倒了还认得方向。下面我的铅笔字写着：上周数学考砸，我在卷子上画了个箭头，指着这道题，对自己说，认得方向，下次再来。

摘抄本放在书架最顺手的那一格。我不再觉得那是给电影做笔记。台词走进来，想法走出去，一进一出之间，我好像也长高了一点点。

The Line in My Quote Notebook Grew Into My Own Thought

My quote notebook started in Grade Three. Back then the teacher assigned copying exercises, so I picked the shortest lines from movies, the shortest, because they were fast to copy. The notebook was full of pretty sentences, but none of them had anything to do with me. I copied, slept, and forgot by morning.

The change began last winter. I watched an old film in which the aged captain says: a ship in harbor is safe, but that is not what ships are built for. Just that one line, and something inside me was knocked. I copied it down and added a line after it: I did not dare sign up for the drawing contest, is my ship sitting in harbor too. That was the first time I wrote my own story after a line of dialogue.

After that I changed the rule: copy only the lines that ring inside me. Some lines look beautiful at the moment but go silent after copying, and I leave those out. Some lines keep turning in my ears two days later, so I add them to the notebook

and circle the date when I do. The circles multiplied, so I started using three pens: black for the line, blue for what I thought then, pencil for what I understood later. Under one line, blue ink says it reminded me of my grandmother, and pencil says, so longing is something you can learn slowly.

Last term I used a copied line in my composition. Writing about that animal film, I used the line, what is truly important is invisible to the eye. After it I added my own words: like the stitches my grandmother sews, the side you cannot see is denser than the side you can. The teacher drew a wavy line under it and wrote two words: apt. I brought the exercise book home to show my mother. She said, look, the words from the movie entered your head and grew into words of your own.

My quote notebook has reached its third volume. The first is all in the words of others, the second is half theirs and half mine, and in the third my own thoughts are sometimes longer than the lines I copied. My deskmate asks what copying is good for, since exams do not test it. I open the third volume for him. On one page a line reads, what matters is not how fast you run but whether you still know the direction after you fall. Below it my pencil note says: I bombed the math test last week, and I drew an arrow on the paper pointing at that question, telling myself, know the direction, try again next time.

The notebook sits on the easiest-to-reach shelf. I no longer think of it as taking notes for movies. The line comes in, the thought goes out, and somewhere between the coming and the going, I seem to have grown a little taller.