妈妈把那篇作文贴在了冰箱上

冰箱门上有一张纸，压在一袋酸奶和一张课程表中间，纸角已经卷了。那是冬冬四年级的一篇观后感，右上角一个红圈里的优。贴上去那天，冬冬在客厅里蹦，说妈妈你贴哪儿都行，别收进抽屉。我说贴冰箱，天天能看见。

冬冬三年级写观后感，是我坐在旁边陪出来的。不是陪他写，是替他开头。他咬笔头，我就问，电影里谁最好玩，他就写有个猴子最好玩，然后没了。我让他再想，他就说，然后他们打败了坏人，我懂得了团结。那段话我看过一百遍，因为每一部电影的观后感都有它。我那时候想，这孩子是不是对电影没感觉。

改变是从我们家的电影夜开始的。星期五晚上，关掉客厅大灯，一家人挤在沙发上看一部片子，看完各说各的，谁也不评谁。有一晚看讲海豚的片子，冬冬忽然说，那只海豚总离船远一点，可是每次船掉头它都在。我愣了一下，他爸也愣了一下。我们谁都没注意到这个。冬冬说，它不是不想靠近，它是怕船撞它。

后来老师布置写那部海豚片子的观后感。冬冬关着门写了四十分钟，没喊妈妈，没咬笔头。发下来是优，批语写着：你写出了别人没看见的东西。晚上他举着本子冲过来，我们就把那张纸贴上了冰箱。他爸找了半天，找出一块海豚形状的冰箱贴压住它的下角。冬冬说，这样它就真的在船边上了。

有天我收拾书桌，翻到他以前的作文本。三年级那几篇观后感，猴子和团结出现了六次。我坐在椅子上笑，笑完有点心酸。那时候我替他开头，他替电影交差，我们娘俩一起把一件顶有意思的事办成了顶没意思的事。电影夜救回来的不是作文分数，是他心里那杆小秤，他如今知道哪一下值得记，哪一下值得写。

现在冰箱上那张纸没人撤下来。亲戚来吃饭，有人问这什么，冬冬抢着念，念到那只海豚总离船远一点，可是每次船掉头它都在，他爸在厨房探头出来说，这句是你爸先看见的还是你先看见的。冬冬答不上来，我们全家都笑。纸角卷得厉害了，我用透明胶带在背面补了一道。优还是那个优，只是它现在压着的，是一个孩子看世界的新眼睛。

Mother Put That Essay on the Refrigerator

On the refrigerator door there is a sheet of paper, pressed between a yogurt pouch and a class schedule, its corners already curling. It is a film review by Dongdong from Grade Four, with an excellent circled in red at the top right. The day it went up, Dongdong bounced around the living room, saying, stick it anywhere, Mom, just do not put it in a drawer. I said the fridge, so we can see it every day.

In Grade Three, The reviews of Dongdong came out with me sitting beside him. I was not keeping him company while he wrote; I was starting his sentences for him. He chewed his pen, so I asked who was funniest in the film, and he wrote there was a funny monkey, and then nothing. When I pressed him to think more, he wrote then they

defeated the villain, and I learned the value of unity. I have seen that paragraph a hundred times, because it appeared in every review of every film. I used to wonder whether this child had no feeling for movies.

The change began with our family movie night. Friday evenings we turn off the big living room light, crowd onto the sofa for a film, and afterward each says what each saw, no one grading anyone. One night, watching the dolphin film, Dongdong suddenly said, that dolphin always stays a little far from the boat, but every time the boat turns, it is there. My husband and I both froze. Neither of us had noticed it. Dongdong said, it does not stay away because it does not want to come close; it is afraid the boat will hit it.

Later the teacher assigned a review of the dolphin film. Dongdong shut his door and wrote for forty minutes, without calling Mom, without chewing his pen. It came back an excellent, with the comment: you wrote what others did not see. That evening he came running with the book held high, and we put the paper on the refrigerator. His father hunted around and found a dolphin-shaped magnet to weigh down its corner. Dongdong said, now it really is beside the boat.

One day while tidying his desk, I found his old exercise books. In those Grade Three reviews, the monkey and unity appeared six times. I sat in the chair and laughed, and after laughing my heart ached a little. Back then I started his sentences and he handed in the movie for the teacher, and the two of us together turned the most interesting thing in the world into the most joyless chore. Movie night did not rescue a composition score; it rescued the small scale inside his heart, so that now he knows which moment is worth remembering and which is worth writing.

Nobody takes that paper off the fridge now. When relatives come to dinner and someone asks what it is, Dongdong grabs it first and reads aloud, and when he reaches that dolphin always stays a little far from the boat, but every time the boat turns it is there, his father pokes his head out of the kitchen and asks, who saw that first, me or you. Dongdong cannot answer, and the whole family laughs. The corners curl badly now, so I reinforced the back with clear tape. The excellent is still the same excellent, only what it holds down now is the new eyes of a child for looking at the world.