小满的作文被念给了全班听

小满坐在我前面，从前她最怕周一的语文课。因为周一发观后感，她的本子发下来，分数总是最低那一档。我抄她的开头看过一次，跟我的几乎一样：这部电影讲了什么什么，最后怎么样怎么样，我看了很受教育。我们俩的观后感像一个模子里倒出来的，谁也不比谁强。

变化发生在十一月。老师带全班去多媒体教室看一部动画片，讲一只不会叫的小狗，被羊群养大，总以为自己是羊。看完回教室，老师说这次随便写，写什么都行。小满咬着笔杆坐了二十分钟，然后开始写那只小狗。她写小狗想叫，喉咙里滚出一个闷闷的呜，它吓坏了，以为自己的嗓子丢了。她写小狗后来对着山谷喊，第一声还是呜，第二声是汪，它自己愣在原地，尾巴忘了摇。

周一，老师把小满的作文念给全班听。念到它自己愣在原地，尾巴忘了摇，全班笑了，老师也笑了。念完老师说，小满没有把电影从头讲一遍，她替那只小狗活了一遍。小满的头低下去，耳朵红透了，可是我看见她的手在桌子底下攥成了拳头，不是紧张的拳头，是赢了比赛的那种。

那天放学，小满破天荒没有马上走。她站在黑板前，把老师板书的一句话抄进本子：写让你心里动的那一下。她抄完问我，你猜我以前为什么写不出来。我摇头。她说，因为我总想把电影从头交代清楚，怕漏掉，结果把电影交代完了，把自己弄丢了。这句话我想了很久，那天晚上我也把那只小狗写了一遍，写它后来每次听到狗叫都要先回头看一眼，确认自己在哪里。

现在小满的观后感本子里，分数最高的几篇都跟电影里的配角有关：不会叫的小狗，给小狗缝窝的老羊，还有那声迟到的汪。她跟我说，一部电影里最疼的地方往往不是主角，是旁边那个不出声的。我不太懂这句话，但我开始学她，看电影的时候留意那些不出声的人。

上个星期，小满的观后感又被贴上了后墙。贴上去的时候她踮着脚按图钉，按得很慢，像怕把纸弄疼。我站在旁边扶着墙角的纸边。我们俩都记得那个像模子倒出来的从前，谁也不提，可谁都知道，那张贴上墙的纸，是从前咬断的笔杆换来的。

An Essay of Xiaoman Was Read Aloud to the Whole Class

Xiaoman sits in front of me, and she used to fear Monday Chinese class most. Monday was when film reviews came back, and her score was always in the lowest band. I once copied her opening: it was almost identical to mine, this film tells of such and such, in the end such and such, and I was deeply educated by it. Our reviews poured from the same mold, neither better than the other.

The change came in November. The teacher took the class to the media room to watch an animated film about a puppy that could not bark, raised by a flock of sheep, always believing it was a sheep. Back in the classroom, the teacher said write anything you like this time. Xiaoman chewed her pen for twenty minutes, then began writing about the puppy. She wrote how the puppy wanted to bark, and a dull moan rolled out of its throat, and it panicked, thinking it had lost its voice. She wrote

how the puppy later shouted at the valley: the first sound was still a moan, the second was a bark, and it froze on the spot, forgetting to wag its tail.

Monday, the teacher read the essay of Xiaoman to the whole class. When she reached it froze on the spot, forgetting to wag its tail, the class laughed, and the teacher laughed too. Afterward the teacher said: Xiaoman did not retell the film from the beginning; she lived one life for that puppy. The head of Xiaoman dropped, her ears burning red, but I saw her hand under the desk close into a fist, not a fist of nervousness, the kind a winner makes.

That day after school, Xiaoman stayed behind for the first time. She stood before the blackboard and copied one line from the writing on the blackboard into her notebook: write the moment that moved your heart. After copying she asked me, guess why I could never write before. I shook my head. She said, because I always wanted to explain the film from the start, afraid of missing something, and ended up finishing the film and losing myself. I thought about that sentence for a long time. That night I also wrote the puppy, writing how afterward it always looked back first whenever it heard a dog bark, to check where it was.

Now the highest-scoring pieces in the review notebook of Xiaoman are all about the side characters: the puppy that could not bark, the old sheep that sewed its bed, and that late bark. She told me that the sorest place in a film is often not the hero but the voiceless one beside it. I do not fully understand that sentence, but I have started watching for the voiceless people, the way she does.

Last week, The review of Xiaoman went up on the back wall again. She stood on tiptoe pushing in the thumbtack, very slowly, as if afraid of hurting the paper. I held the corner of the sheet steady beside her. We both remember the old days when our essays poured from one mold; neither mentions it, yet both know that the paper on the wall was paid for by all those pens chewed through.