观后感的第二稿

三年级的时候，我最怕一种作业，叫观后感。每次看完电影，别人回家坐下就写，我要磨到晚上九点。我写出来的东西，自己读一遍都觉得奇怪：第一天他们干了什么，第二天他们干了什么，最后坏人被打败了，我懂得了要勇敢。老师在这段话后面写两个字：复述。

四年级上学期，老师又布置观后感，看那部讲山区小学的片子。我照老办法，从大巴车进山写起，写到全校只有两个教室，写到孩子们翻两座山去上学，写到我懂得了要珍惜。发下来，一个合格。我把作文本塞进书包最底层，心想我大概天生不会写这个。

周五放学，老师把我叫到走廊。她没有批评我，只问了一句：这部电影，有没有哪一个地方，让你心里动了一下。我想了半天，说，有个修鞋的老头。学校门口修鞋的，学生鞋底开了胶，他免费粘，粘完在人家的鞋垫底下塞一张纸条，写着雨天少蹚水。老师说，你回去，就写这个老头，别的都别写。

那天晚上我坐在台灯底下，把第一稿整个划掉。我从老头的锥子写起：锥子穿过鞋底，手背上青筋鼓起来；他从鞋盒里挑钉子，挑得比绣花还慢；有个学生嫌他修得丑，他不说话，把鞋擦了一遍又一遍。我写他为什么免费，写我猜他小时候也穷过。写到最后一句：他修的是鞋，垫进去的是心。

周一发本子，我的手心出汗。老师在我那段话底下画了一整条波浪线，批语是：这就是观后感该有的样子。下午，我的作文被抄在一张大红纸上，贴在教室后墙，标题旁边写着我的名字。下课的时候，后墙围了一圈人。我站在外圈，没有挤进去，心里咚咚地跳。

现在再看三年级那份作业，我还觉得脸热。那时候我把观后感当成把电影讲一遍，讲完就算完成任务。其实电影不是要我去讲的，是要我去碰的。哪一下碰疼了你，你就写哪一下。第二稿让我明白，怕写观后感没有关系，怕的是看完电影，心里一动都没有。

The Second Draft of My Film Review

In Grade Three, the homework I feared most was the film review. After every movie, other children went home, sat down, and wrote; I would grind away until nine at night. What I produced read strangely to me: on the first day they did this, on the second day they did that, in the end the bad man was defeated, and I learned to be brave. The teacher wrote two characters after that paragraph: retelling.

In the first term of Grade Four, the teacher assigned another review, for that film about a mountain village school. I used my old method: starting from the bus entering the mountains, writing that the school had only two classrooms, writing that the children crossed two hills to get to class, writing that I learned to cherish what I have. It came back with a single word: pass. I stuffed the exercise book at the bottom of my schoolbag, thinking I must be born unable to do this.

Friday after school, the teacher called me into the corridor. She did not scold

me. She asked one question: in this film, was there one place that made your heart move. I thought a long time and said, there was an old man who mended shoes. He mended shoes at the school gate; when the sole of a student came unstuck, he glued it for free, and after gluing he slipped a note under the insole, reading, avoid puddles on rainy days. The teacher said, go home and write just this old man, nothing else.

That night, under my desk lamp, I crossed out the entire first draft. I started from the awl of the old man: the awl passing through the sole, the blue veins rising on the back of his hand; picking nails from his shoe box, slower than embroidery; a student complained his repair was ugly, and the old man said nothing, just wiped the shoe again and again. I wrote why he charged nothing, and guessed that he too had been poor as a child. My last line read: he mended shoes, and what he padded inside was a heart.

Monday, when the books were handed back, my palms sweated. The teacher drew a full wavy line under my passage, with the comment: this is what a film review should look like. In the afternoon my composition was copied onto big red paper and posted on the back wall of the classroom, my name beside the title. At break, a ring of students gathered by the wall. I stood in the outer ring and did not push in, my heart thudding.

Looking at my Grade Three assignment now, my face still warms. Back then I treated a film review as telling the movie over, and once told, the job was done. But a movie is not given to me to retell; it is given to me to touch. Wherever it touched and stung, write that place. The second draft taught me that fearing film reviews is nothing to fear; what is to be feared is finishing a movie without one movement of the heart.