我把奶奶的手写进作文

我的作文以前像点名册：我的奶奶很慈祥，我的奶奶很勤劳，我的奶奶很节约，一句一段，十分钟就能写完一篇。直到读曹文轩的《草房子》，我才知道我的作文为什么立不起来。

书里写秦大奶奶，几乎没说她是个什么样的人，只写她守着一亩田，在田里种瓜，学校孩子来偷瓜她就骂，骂完又挑最大的送过去；写她跳进水里捞一个落水的孩子，湿淋淋地回来，坐在门槛上。我读到这里愣了：一个人长什么样，原来不用形容词，用她做过的事。

书里写杜小康家败之后摆摊，也只写两样东西：白手套，小瓷碗。手套为什么是白的？因为他再穷也要把摊支得体面。一个词没写坚强，可我看见了坚强。曹文轩写人物，像给每个人发一件道具，道具一出手，人就活了。

上个月的单元作文《我的奶奶》，我试着照这个方法写。我把慈祥勤劳全删了，写奶奶冬天剥蒜，手指上的裂口一道一道，她把裂口在围裙上蹭一下，接着剥；写她把卖菜的钱一张一张抹平，压在抽屉最底下。写的时候我想起秦大奶奶，笔就停不下来，平时三行就没话的地方，越写越多。

作文发下来，老师在那段裂口上画了红波浪线，批了四个字：有真东西。我盯着那四个字看了很久。以前我的作文得优，是因为形容词堆得齐；这次得优，是因为我把看见的东西放进去了。这两样的差别，是《草房子》教我的。

现在我的文具盒里压着一张小纸条，上面写着从书里学来的两句话：写人别用形容词，先想他手里拿着什么；写事别喊口号，先想他做过什么。纸条边角已经磨圆了，我每次写作文都先看它一眼。读和写之间原来就隔着一层窗户纸，曹文轩替我捅破了，剩下的路，我自己一笔一笔走。

I Wrote My Grandma's Hands into My Essay

My essays used to read like a roll call: my grandma is kind, my grandma is hardworking, my grandma is thrifty — one sentence per paragraph, and I could finish one in ten minutes. Not until I read Cao Wenxuan's Grass House did I understand why my essays could never stand up.

When the book writes about Grandma Qin, it almost never says what kind of person she is. It only writes that she guards one mu of field, plants melons there, scolds the school children who come to steal them — and then picks the biggest one and hands it over anyway. It writes that she jumps into the water to rescue a drowning child, comes back dripping wet, and sits on the doorstep. I froze at that line: so this is how a person is drawn — not with adjectives, but with the things she has done.

When the book writes about Du Xiaokang setting up his stall after his family fell on hard times, it mentions only two things: white gloves, small porcelain bowls. Why white gloves? Because however poor he was, he would keep his stall decent. The book

never uses the word strength, yet I saw strength. Cao Wenxuan builds characters the way a playwright hands each one a prop: once the prop appears, the person comes alive.

For last month's unit essay, My Grandma, I tried this method. I deleted every word like kind and hardworking. I wrote about my grandma peeling garlic in winter, the cracks on her fingers opening one by one; she would rub a crack against her apron, then keep peeling. I wrote about how she smoothed out the bills from selling vegetables one by one and pressed them at the bottom of a drawer. As I wrote, I thought of Grandma Qin, and my pen would not stop. Where I usually ran out of things to say after three lines, the words kept coming.

When the essays came back, my teacher had drawn a red wavy line under the paragraph about the cracks, with four characters in the margin: real things there. I stared at those four characters for a long time. Before, my essays got top marks because my adjectives were neatly stacked; this time the top mark came because I put in what I had actually seen. The difference between those two is what Grass House taught me.

Now a small slip of paper rests inside my pencil case, carrying the two lines I learned from the book: to write a person, skip the adjectives and first ask what is in their hands; to write an event, skip the slogans and first ask what they did. The corners of the paper are worn round, and I glance at it once before every essay. Between reading and writing there was only a sheet of paper thin as a window screen — Cao Wenxuan pierced it for me, and the road left over, I will walk stroke by stroke myself.