# 那天我学会写一个人的两面

我以前写人物，只敢写一面。写爸爸就是严厉，写妈妈就是温柔，一个人从头到尾一个脾气，像复印出来的。读《草房子》以后，我把从前的那些作文全推翻了。

书里最让我吃惊的人物是桑桑的爸爸桑乔。他是油麻地小学的校长，开会时一脸严肃，儿子闯了祸，他当着众人的面把桑桑叫到跟前，一顿狠揍，打得毫不留情。可就是这个人，儿子生病以后，他天天背着桑桑去看病，一家医院一家医院地跑。夜里桑桑疼，他一个大男人蹲在门口，不出声。曹文轩没有解释这算不算好爸爸，他只是把两件事都写出来：打的那一下，和背的那一路。

我合上书想了很久。我爸爸不也这样吗？我数学考砸那次，他把卷子拍在桌上，说我不用心，声音大得隔壁都听见。可第二天早上，我发现自行车链条掉了，夜里被人修好上了油，车座还调高了一格——我上周抱怨过一句腿伸不开。他嘴上从没提过修车的事。

后来的作文《我的爸爸》，我头一回写了两面：拍卷子的手，和上油的手。我写他凶完背过身去，写我假装睡了，听见他在工具箱前翻扳手的动静。写完自己读了一遍，人物第一次像站起来了，不再是纸片人。那天晚上我翻出以前的作文重看，满纸都是我的爸爸很严厉，一句话翻来覆去，连我自己都看得脸红。

老师这次的评语是一句话：他既是校长，也是爸爸。我把它抄在素材本扉页。这就是《草房子》给我的最大启发：人是两面的，好作文敢把两面都写出来，不替任何人辩护，也不替任何人遮掩。打那一下是真的，背那一路也是真的。把两件事都摆出来，剩下的感动，读者自己会来拿。

# The Day I Learned to Write a Person's Two Sides

When I used to write about a person, I dared show only one side. My father was strict, my mother was gentle — each character kept a single mood from beginning to end, like a photocopy. After reading Grass House, I tore down all my old essays.

The character that surprised me most in the book is Sang Sang's father, Sang Qiao. He is the principal of Youma Di primary school, stern-faced at every meeting. When his son did something wrong, he called the boy over in front of everyone and beat him hard, without mercy. Yet it was the same man who, after his son fell ill, carried him on his back from hospital to hospital, day after day. At night, when the pain kept the boy awake, this big grown man squatted by the door without making a sound. Cao Wenxuan never explains whether this makes him a good father. He simply sets down both things: the strike, and the road on his back.

I closed the book and thought for a long time. Isn't my father the same? The time I failed my math exam, he slapped the paper onto the table and said I hadn't tried, loud enough for the neighbors to hear. But the next morning I found that my bicycle chain had come off during the night, been fixed and oiled, and the seat raised one

notch — I had complained last week that my legs couldn't stretch out. He never once mentioned fixing the bike.

In my later essay, My Father, for the first time I wrote both sides: the hand that slapped the paper, and the hand that oiled the chain. I wrote how he turned his back after scolding me, and how I pretended to be asleep and heard him rummaging for a wrench by the toolbox. When I finished and read it through, the character stood up for the first time, no longer a paper cutout.

The teacher's comment this time was a single sentence: He is both a principal and a father. I copied it onto the first page of my notebook. This is the greatest lesson Grass House taught me: a person has two sides, and a good essay dares to write both — defending no one, hiding nothing for anyone. The strike was real, and the road on his back was real too. Set both things down, and the rest of the feeling, the reader will come and take it by themselves.