那本被我翻烂的素材本

我有一个素材本，是老师要求的：每周一页好词好句。以前我抄的是作文选里的万能句，什么骄阳似火、岁月如梭，抄完连自己都不信。读《草房子》那个月，我的素材本变了样。

书里有一段写芦苇荡：暴风雨夜里，芦苇连片倒下去，又立起来，杜小康追鸭子，脸上分不清是雨还是水。我在车上读到这段，到家就把它整段抄进本子，抄了大半页。这不是任务要求的量，是我自己愿意的。我还抄了药寮里温幼菊老师唱的那支没有词的歌，抄秃鹤的光头在太阳底下发亮那一句。抄的时候我在想：这些句子为什么好？它们没有一个词在喊好看，可画面自己站出来了。

真正让我明白积累有什么用，是十一月的周记，题目是那一次大风雨。我坐在桌前发懵，忽然想起素材本上那半页芦苇：连片倒下去，又立起来。我把句子改了几个字放进去：楼下的树倒下去，又立起来，环卫工人在雨里把树枝一根一根拖走。写动作的时候，我又想起曹文轩写杜小康追鸭——先写摔，再写爬起来。我照着把环卫工人滑了一跤、扶住车把继续拖，写进了周记。

周记本发下来，老师在评语里写：这一段像亲眼看见的。我心里得意，不是因为我聪明，是因为那半页芦苇在我肚子里住过。以前抄万能句，抄完就忘，因为它们没进过我的心；《草房子》的句子我抄了一遍，又在脑子里过了无数遍，它们是我的了。

现在我给素材本定了新规矩：只抄真心喜欢的，一段也行，半页也行，抄完在旁边写一行为什么喜欢。这个学期本子薄了，可我写周记再没憋过。从读到写，中间没有捷径，只有把别人的好句子养在自己肚子里，等它们自己跳出来。

The Notebook I Read to Pieces

I keep a notebook of good words and sentences, as our teacher requires: one page every week. Before, I copied the all-purpose lines from essay anthologies — blazing sun like fire, years flying like a shuttle — sentences even I did not believe. The month I read Grass House, my notebook changed shape.

There is a passage in the book about the reed marshes: on a stormy night the reeds fall in whole sheets, then rise again, and Du Xiaokang chases his ducks, his face impossible to read — rain or water, who can tell. I read that passage on the bus, and the moment I got home I copied the entire passage into my notebook, more than half a page. That was far more than the assignment asked for; I did it because I wanted to. I also copied the wordless song Teacher Wen Youju sings in the medicine shed, and the line about Tuhe's bald head shining in the sun. As I copied, I kept asking: why are these sentences good? Not one word shouts beautiful, yet the picture stands up by itself.

What truly showed me the value of accumulation was November's weekly journal, titled The Big Storm. I sat at my desk, stuck, and suddenly remembered those half-

page reeds in my notebook: falling in sheets, then rising again. I changed a few words and put them in: the tree downstairs fell, then rose again; a sanitation worker dragged the branches away one by one in the rain. For the actions, I remembered how Cao Wenxuan writes Du Xiaokang chasing ducks — first the fall, then getting back up. I followed that pattern: the worker slipped, gripped the cart handle, and went on dragging.

When the journals came back, my teacher wrote in the margin: this paragraph reads as if seen with one's own eyes. I was pleased inside — not because I am clever, but because those half-page reeds had lived in my belly. The all-purpose sentences I used to copy vanished on contact, because they never entered my heart; the sentences from Grass House I copied once and then turned over in my mind countless times. They became mine.

Now my notebook has new rules: copy only what I truly love — one paragraph or half a page, and beside it write one line about why I love it. This term the notebook is thinner, but I have never again sat gasping over a journal entry. Between reading and writing there is no shortcut: only raise other people's good sentences inside your own belly, and wait for them to jump out on their own.

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