被贴到展示栏的那篇周记

上周三，我的周记被语文老师用磁铁贴到了教室后面的展示栏。课间总有同学去抄最后一段。没人知道，那篇周记的原料，是我科学课上一个塌掉的纸桥，和一本涂得乱七八糟的观察记录。

科学课搭纸桥，桥墩是两摞书，桥面是一张A4纸。第一次，我把纸平摊上去，放第一个钩码没事，放到第二个，桥面中间弯出一个难看的角度，塌了。第二次，我把纸折出波浪形的折痕再放，钩码加到十二个才塌。第三次，我在折痕两侧各立了一道纸墙，十九个。我们小组把三次都记下来，包括塌的那次。我还多记了一句：塌的时候，纸角先弯。

那天晚上我把记录摊在桌上写周记。写到塌的那一次，我犹豫过，想把它略过去，只写十九个钩码的风光。笔尖悬了一会儿，还是照实写了：先写第二个钩码压塌桥面时我们几个同时缩手的动作，再写折痕，再写十九个。写完我读了一遍，忽然发现，塌的那一段最好看。因为缩手的动作是真的，纸角先弯是我自己看出来的。

周记交上去，第二天老师把我叫到办公室。她指着被我涂掉的一行问：这里原来写的什么？我说：塌的时候，纸角先弯。老师说：这句留着才对，你贴展示栏吧。她告诉我，全班写纸桥的周记里，只有我写了桥塌的样子。别人的桥都从放钩码开始，稳稳当当升到十九个，读起来像说明书。

这件事让我重新认识了观察日记。以前我以为那是科学老师布置的任务，写完就完。现在我明白，它是给未来的自己留证据。写周记的时候，我不用编，只要回到记录本里，回到那个塌掉的下午：钩码碰桌面的声音、我们缩手的动作、纸弯下去的角度，全在纸上等着我。

展示栏那篇周记现在还贴着。有同学问我怎么写得这么像真的。我说你去把科学老师的实验记录借来看一遍就知道了。真实的记录，包括失败、意外和涂改的痕迹，比编出来的漂亮句子有力量。这是我这个学期最大的一条心得。

The Weekly Journal Pinned to the Display Board

Last Wednesday, my weekly journal got pinned to the display board at the back of the classroom by our Chinese teacher with a magnet. During breaks, classmates kept copying down its last paragraph. No one knew that the raw material of that journal was a collapsed paper bridge from science class and an observation notebook scribbled all over.

In science class we built paper bridges, with stacks of books as piers and a single A4 sheet as the deck. The first time, I laid the paper flat. The first weight was fine; at the second, the middle of the deck bent into an ugly angle and the bridge collapsed. The second time, I folded wave-shaped creases into the paper, and it took twelve weights to bring it down. The third time, I stood a paper wall along each side of the creases, and it held nineteen. Our group recorded all three rounds, including the collapse. I added one extra line: when it fell, the corners bent first.

That evening I spread the notes on my desk and wrote the journal. When I reached the collapse, I hesitated. I wanted to skip it and write only the glory of nineteen weights. My pen tip hovered, then I wrote it straight anyway: first the way we all pulled our hands back when the second weight crushed the deck, then the creases, then the nineteen. When I finished I read it once and suddenly saw that the collapse was the best part. Because the pulled-back hands were real, and the corners bending first was something I spotted myself.

The next day after we handed it in, the teacher called me to the office. She pointed at a line I had crossed out and asked: what was written here? I said: when it fell, the corners bent first. She said that line deserved to stay, and told me to pin the piece to the display board. She said that among all the paper-bridge journals in class, mine was the only one that described how the bridge fell. Everyone else started at placing weights and climbed steadily to nineteen, reading like an instruction manual.

This made me see observation diaries differently. I used to think they were tasks assigned by the science teacher, done and over. Now I understand they are evidence left for the future self. Writing the journal, I did not invent anything. I only went back to the notebook, back to that collapsed afternoon: the sound of weights hitting the desk, our hands pulling back, the angle of the bending paper - all of it waited for me on paper.

The piece on the display board is still up. When classmates ask how I made it feel so real, I tell them to borrow the science teacher experiment records and read them once. Honest records, failures, accidents, and crossed-out marks included, carry more power than pretty invented sentences. That is the biggest lesson I took away this term.