走近十步

先交代一句大实话：以前我最怕的就是作文。老师出题「我的春天」，别人哗哗地写，我咬着笔头半个钟头，本子上只有两行：春天来了，花开了，草绿了，我很高兴。每次作文本发下来，那个「阅」字后面跟的分数，我都不敢看。

教我写作文的不是老师，是同桌何小满。她的作文回回被贴在教室后墙上给全班读。我去问她秘诀，她想了想，说：你不是不会写，你是没去看。

我不服：我天天看，怎么没看？她拉着我走到走廊，指着楼下的玉兰树说：你现在告诉我，那棵树上有几种颜色。我眯着眼看了半天，说：白的。她说：你再走近十步看。我走下去数了，树皮是灰的，花苞外面裹着一层褐色的绒毛，开着的白花背面透着一点粉，地上掉的花瓣边上已经发黄。她拍拍我：你看，你刚才不是没看，你是站在三楼看，站太远。

这就是她教我的第一个方法：走近十步。她还给了我一个「五感单」，写任何作文前先填五行：眼睛看到的、耳朵听到的、鼻子闻到的、手摸到的、舌头尝到的。填不满五行，不许动笔。

第一次用五感单写的是春雨。我填：雨打在铁皮棚上像炒豆子，空气里有土腥味，雨点落在手背上凉凉的、有点疼。交上去，作文本发下来那天，「阅」后面是个八十五，旁边还有一行红字：观察细致。我盯着那四个字看了好久。

进步是一步一步的。第二个月我的作文第一次进了班级朗读名单；期末，我的作文被贴上了后墙，跟何小满的并排。我妈看见照片，问我是不是换了个班。

现在写作文我不再咬笔头了。我兜里随身揣着那张五感单，皱得不成样子。何小满跟我说：好作文不是写出来的，是先看见、再写出来的。我把这句话抄在了积累本第一页。

这个学期我最大的心得就是：谢谢你，何小满。你让我知道，写作文的头一步不在笔上，在眼睛上。走近十步，世界就够写了。

Ten Steps Closer

Let me start with an honest confession: I used to fear composition most of all. When the teacher set the topic "My Spring," others poured out words while I bit my pencil for half an hour and had only two lines in my notebook: spring came, flowers bloomed, grass turned green, I was very happy. Every time my composition book came back, I did not dare look at the score following the character for "read."

The one who taught me composition was not the teacher but my deskmate He Xiaoman. Her compositions were posted on the back wall of our classroom as models every time. I went to ask her secret. She thought for a moment and said: it is not that you cannot write—it is that you have not looked.

I was not convinced: I look every day, how have I not looked? She pulled me to the corridor, pointed at the magnolia tree below and said: tell me now how many

colors are on that tree. I squinted for a long while and said: white. She said: walk ten steps closer and look again. I went downstairs and counted: the bark is gray, the flower buds are wrapped in a layer of brown fuzz, the open white flowers show a hint of pink on their backs, and the fallen petals on the ground have already yellowed at the edges. She patted me: you see, you did not fail to look just now—you were looking from the third floor, standing too far away.

That was the first method she taught me: walk ten steps closer. She also gave me a "five-senses sheet": before writing any composition, fill five lines—what the eyes see, what the ears hear, what the nose smells, what the hand touches, what the tongue tastes. If you cannot fill five lines, you are not allowed to pick up the pen.

The first time I used the five-senses sheet was on spring rain. I filled in: rain on the tin roof sounds like frying beans, the air smells of earth, raindrops on the back of the hand feel cold and sting a little. When my composition book came back, the score after "read" was eighty-five, with a line of red beside it: careful observation. I stared at those four characters for a long time.

Progress came step by step. In the second month my composition entered the class reading list for the first time; by the final exam my composition was posted on the back wall, side by side with the one of He Xiaoman. My mother saw the photo and asked me whether I had switched classes.

Now I no longer bite my pencil over compositions. I carry that five-senses sheet in my pocket, wrinkled out of shape. He Xiaoman told me: a good composition is not written first—it is seen first, then written. I copied that sentence onto the first page of my accumulation notebook.

The biggest lesson of this term is this: thank you, He Xiaoman. You taught me that the first step of composition is not in the pen but in the eyes. Walk ten steps closer, and the world is enough to write about.