床尾的那本记录本

这个暑假结束的时候，我床尾那本蓝格子记录本写满了，边角都卷起来了。它是我这个假期最得意的收获。

放暑假第一天，我把一本旧本子放在床尾，打算记下假期里的趣事。头两天我根本想不出记什么，翻来覆去只写了一句：今天热，知了叫。第三天夜里，爸爸关了灯，我们全家搬了竹椅到楼下乘凉。我抬头看见对面楼的一扇窗里，有人用手电筒照墙，光斑里一只飞蛾绕着光转。我回家就记下来：飞蛾绕着手电的光转，转了十几圈，也不停。从那晚起，本子上的字渐渐多了。

七月里我记了抓蝉蜕：院墙根的老槐树上，一溜排着七个空蝉壳，我踮脚掰下一个，薄得像一片指甲，腿还弯着，像抱着树。我记了冰箱里的冰块：我把冰块举到太阳底下，地上出现一小片彩虹，我挪了三次，彩虹跟着挪了三次。八月初我学骑车上坡，链条掉了，我蹲在路边修，手上的黑油洗了三遍才洗干净，我也老老实实记下来，还记了手心磨出的两个泡。

开学前整理本子，我数了数，大大小小记了三十多条。老师布置写暑假趣事，我翻开本子，挑了冰块彩虹那条，一段一段写，写完一数，六百多字。以前我写作文，坐在桌前咬笔头，半天挤不出三行；那次我笔下顺得很，因为每一句都是我自己看见的。

妈妈翻我的本子，笑我说记的都是鸡毛蒜皮。可老师说过，鸡毛蒜皮写仔细了就是好文章。我把这句话抄在本子第一页。

这个假期让我明白，好文章不是编出来的，是记出来的。趣事天天从身边过，以前它们从我脑子里滑走，现在我用一本旧本子接住了它们。新学期，我给本子换了个位置，放在书包侧袋里。我打算一直记下去，记到写不动为止。

The Notebook at the Foot of My Bed

When this summer vacation ended, the blue checkered notebook at the foot of my bed was written full, and its corners had curled up. It is the harvest I am proudest of from this holiday.

On the first day of the vacation I put an old notebook at the foot of my bed, planning to write down the funny things of the holiday. For the first two days I could not think of anything to write, and I kept only one line: today hot, cicadas crying. On the night of the third day my father turned off the lights, and the whole family carried bamboo chairs downstairs to enjoy the cool. I looked up and saw, in a window of the building opposite, someone shining a flashlight at the wall, and a moth circling in the spot of light. When I got home I wrote it down: the moth circled the light of the flashlight, circled more than ten times, and did not stop. From that night on, the lines in the notebook slowly grew more.

In July I wrote down catching cicada shells: on the old locust tree by the wall of our yard there was a row of seven empty shells, and I stood on tiptoe to break one off. It was thin as a fingernail, and its legs were still bent, as if still hugging the tree. I wrote down the ice cube from the fridge: I held an ice cube up to the sun, and a little rainbow appeared on the ground; I moved it three times, and the rainbow moved with it three times. At the beginning of August I learned to ride a bicycle uphill, the chain fell off, I squatted by the road to fix it, and the black grease on my hands took three washings to come off. I wrote that down honestly too, together with the two blisters rubbed into my palms.

Before school began I sorted the notebook and counted more than thirty entries, big and small. The teacher assigned writing about funny summer events, and I opened the notebook, picked the entry of the ice-cube rainbow, and wrote it down paragraph by paragraph. When I finished I counted more than six hundred words. Before, when I wrote compositions, I sat at the desk chewing my pencil and could not squeeze out three lines in half a day; that time my pen ran smoothly, because every sentence was something I had seen with my own eyes.

My mother looked through the notebook and laughed at me for writing only trivial matters. But the teacher once said that trivial matters, written carefully, become good writing. I copied that sentence onto the first page of the notebook.

This holiday taught me that good writing is not invented; it is noted down. Funny things pass by every day; before, they slid out of my head, and now I catch them with an old notebook. For the new term I have changed the place of the notebook; it sits in the side pocket of my schoolbag. I plan to keep writing until I cannot write anymore.

看蚂蚁的那半小时

暑假里老师布置了一篇观察作文，要求写身边的事物。我以前最怕这种作业，因为我看什么都一个样。这次我决定试试，就在我们楼下的水泥台阶那儿，蹲下来看蚂蚁。

那天傍晚，台阶边上有一只死蚂蚱，比蚂蚁大出十几倍。起先只有一两只蚂蚁绕着它转，触角碰了碰它的腿，又跑了。我数着，过了几分钟，来了一列队伍，黑黑的一条线，从墙缝里涌出来。它们有的咬住蚂蚱的须，有的钻到肚子底下，有的排在路边，像在给队伍让道。蚂蚱一动不动，队伍却越拉越长。最让我吃惊的是，它们遇到台阶的一道缝，竟然一个搭一个，搭成一座小桥，后面的蚂蚁从上面过。我看得入了迷，蚊子在耳朵边响也没顾上拍。半小时内我数出三拨蚂蚁换了位置，还看见一只大蚂蚁守着不动，像站岗的哨兵。整整半小时，我妈在楼上喊了三遍吃饭。

回家我把看到的写下来：先写一只，再写一列，再写搭桥过缝。我尽量写慢、写细，连触角碰腿那一下都写了。第二天把作文交给老师，她在那段搭桥的地方画了波浪线，批了两个字：细致。还在课堂上念了我那一段。

放学前我想了很久，为什么这次写得出、以前写不出。我想明白了：以前我是看一眼就走，脑子里只剩一个词，蚂蚁搬东西；这次我蹲了半小时，看见的是几十件小事，写都写不完。不是我不会写，是我以前根本没看。

现在我看东西会多停一会儿。看云我会看它慢慢挪，看楼下扫地的爷爷我会看他把落叶拢成一小堆。停下来的这半小时，是我这个暑假学到的最要紧的一件事。观察不是眼睛的事，是蹲下来的事。

The Half Hour I Spent Watching Ants

During the summer vacation the teacher assigned an observation composition, asking us to write about something close by. I used to fear this kind of homework most, because everything looked the same to me. This time I decided to try. Right at the concrete steps below our building, I squatted down to watch ants.

That evening, by the steps lay a dead grasshopper, more than ten times the size of an ant. At first only one or two ants circled it, touched its legs with their antennae, and ran off. I kept count, and after a few minutes a column arrived, a dark thin line pouring out of a crack in the wall. Some ants held the whiskers of the grasshopper, some crawled under its belly, some lined up along the road as if giving way to the column. The grasshopper did not move at all, while the column kept growing longer. What surprised me most: when the column met a crack in the steps, the ants climbed over one another and built a little bridge, and the ants behind crossed on top of it. I watched so absorbed that I did not even slap the mosquitoes buzzing at my ears. Within the half hour I counted three groups of ants changing positions, and I also saw one big ant staying still, guarding like a sentry on duty. For a full half hour I stayed there, and my mother called me down from upstairs three times for dinner.

When I got home I wrote down what I saw: first one ant, then a column, then the bridge over the crack. I tried to write slowly and finely, and I even wrote the moment the antennae touched the legs. The next day I handed the composition to the teacher, and she drew a wavy line under the part about the bridge and wrote two words in the margin: detailed. She also read that paragraph aloud in class.

Before school let out I thought for a long time about why I could write this time and could not before. I figured it out: before, I glanced once and walked away, and only one phrase was left in my head, ants carrying things; this time I squatted for

half an hour and saw dozens of small events, too many to finish writing. It was not that I could not write; it was that before, I had never really looked.

Now when I look at something I stay a little longer. I watch the clouds moving slowly, and I watch the old man sweeping downstairs gathering fallen leaves into a small pile. This half hour of staying is the most important thing I learned this summer. Observation is not a matter of the eyes; it is a matter of squatting down.

第一次读自己的文章

开学第一周的班会课上，老师让我朗读我自己写的文章。那是我第一次读自己写的东西，读的还是一件糗事。读完全班笑翻了，我却一点也不想藏。

那件事在八月十五。爸妈都上班，姐姐去夏令营，家里就我一个人。中午我打算自己煎鸡蛋，想着给回家的人一个惊喜。我把锅坐上火，倒油，听老人说油热了才下蛋，就傻等。油冒烟了我才把蛋磕进去，刺啦一声，油星子蹦到手背上，我吓得往后跳，蛋就在锅里定了型。我手忙脚乱去铲，铲断了；想关火，拧反了方向，锅里的烟越冒越浓。最后盘子里卧着两个边缘焦黑、中间还流着清的东西，我硬着头皮吃了，苦味卡在舌根，我把盘子洗了，又偷偷把锅底的黑渣也刷掉了。

我把整个过程写成文章，从油冒烟写到苦味，连我跳起来那一下都写了。写完自己读了一遍，先笑出声的是我自己。

朗读那天，我念到油星子蹦到手背上我往后跳，班里已经嘻嘻哈哈；念到边缘焦黑中间还流清，全班笑得趴在桌上。老师等我们静下来，说：你们笑，是因为写得真，真东西就是这样的。我站在讲台边上，耳朵烫，心里却稳。

以前我写作文爱编，编助人为乐，编雨夜送伞，老师批过两个字：不真。编的东西我自己都不信，别人怎么会信。这次我写了自己煎糊的蛋，全班都信了，因为那苦味是我舌根上实实在在记住的。

这个暑假我得到的最大体会是：写自己真的做过的事，比编一万个故事都管用。糗事不可怕，它是我攒下的宝贝。新学期我打算再写几件这样的真事，写砸的、写坏的、写笑自己的。真实，是我这个假期学会的最硬的写作本领。

The First Time I Read My Own Writing Aloud

In the class meeting of the first week of the new term, the teacher asked me to read aloud a composition I had written myself. It was the first time I ever read my own writing aloud, and what I read was even an embarrassing story. The whole class

laughed themselves silly, and yet I did not want to hide at all.

The story happened on August the fifteenth. Both my parents were at work, my sister was at a summer camp, and I was alone at home. At noon I decided to fry eggs by myself, thinking of giving a surprise to the people coming home. I set the pan on the fire and poured in oil. I had heard elders say the oil must be hot before the egg goes in, so I waited foolishly. Only when the oil began to smoke did I crack the egg in. There was a hiss, and drops of hot oil jumped onto the back of my hand. I jumped backward in fright, and the egg set its shape in the pan. In a panic I tried to scoop it up and broke it in half; I tried to turn off the fire and twisted the knob the wrong way, so the smoke in the pan grew thicker. In the end the plate held two things with scorched black edges and still runny centers. I ate them anyway, and the bitter taste stuck at the root of my tongue. I washed the plate, and I even secretly scrubbed off the black residue on the bottom of the pan.

I wrote the whole process into a composition, from the smoking oil to the bitter taste, and I even wrote the moment I jumped up. When I finished I read it through myself, and the first one to laugh out loud was me.

On the day of the reading, when I reached the part about the oil drops jumping onto the back of my hand and me jumping backward, the class was already giggling; when I reached the scorched black edges and the runny centers, the whole class collapsed laughing onto their desks. The teacher waited for us to quiet down and said: you laugh because it is written truly, and true things are exactly like this. I stood at the edge of the platform, my ears burning, but my heart steady.

Before, I liked to invent in my compositions, inventing helping others and delivering umbrellas in the rain, and the teacher marked two words on them: not real. I did not believe the invented things myself; how could others believe them. This time I wrote about the eggs I burned myself, and the whole class believed it, because that bitter taste was something the root of my tongue had truly memorized.

The greatest lesson this summer gave me is this: writing what you really did works better than inventing ten thousand stories. Embarrassing stories are not scary; they are treasures I have saved up. For the new term I plan to write more true stories like this, about things I ruined, broke, and laughed at myself about. Being real is the hardest writing skill I learned this holiday.