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.