# 《活着》片段里的田野：土地不哄人

上星期五，语文老师发给我们《活着》的一个片段。读完以后，我在座位上坐了很久，没有起来。老师说这本书是大孩子读的，我们读的是老师挑出来的干净片段，写的是土地、收成和劳作。

片段里的福贵，年轻时不懂事，把自家的田产输光了，他爹一气之下走了。后来他自己买回几亩田，决定一手一脚种。从那天起，他天不亮就牵牛下田，牛在前头拉，他在后头扶犁，犁过的土翻起来，一股潮湿的味道。老师把一句话写在黑板上：他弯腰插秧，直起身擦汗，再弯下去，秧苗已经插出去一整行。这是我记得最深的劳作场景。他不抱怨了，好像他不欠土地什么，是土地欠他的命，他还不完。

收成那一幕是书里最亮的。稻子熟了，整片田金黄金黄，福贵站在田埂上看了很久很久，像看不够。老师说她读到这里，几乎能闻到稻穗的香味。福贵说，土地不哄人，你把它侍候好，它就把你这一年的饭侍候好。

读到这里我想了很多。我们天天吃饭，可是没几个人想过米是从哪块土里长出来的。土地不会说话，它只是每年春天让种子发芽，秋天让穗子低头。福贵一辈子丢了那么多东西，最后陪着他的是那头老牛和那几亩田。田还在，他就还在。

我想起学校后面那块试验田，想起爷爷那几亩地。每年收割，爷爷蹲在田边，抓一把稻穗在掌心里搓，眯着眼看米粒，笑得很深。以前我只觉得好玩，现在我懂那个笑了。那是靠土地活了半辈子的人才有的笑。

《活着》这个片段教我一件事：人可以失去很多东西，但只要脚下有土地，手上有劳作，人就站得稳。这个秋天我记住了，福贵这个名字我也记住了。

# The Field in the Excerpt of To Live: The Land Does Not Cheat

Last Friday our Chinese teacher handed out an excerpt from the book To Live. After reading it, I sat at my desk for a long time without standing up. The teacher said the whole book is for older readers, and what we read was a clean part chosen by her, about the land, the harvest, and labor.

In the excerpt, Fugui was reckless when he was young and lost the land and house of his family at the gambling table. His father left this world in anger. Later he bought back a few mu of land with his own hands and decided to farm it himself. From that day on he led the ox to the field before dawn. The ox pulled in front and he held the plough behind, and the turned soil gave off a wet smell. The teacher wrote one sentence on the blackboard: he bent down to plant rice seedlings, straightened up to wipe his sweat, bent down again, and a whole row of seedlings was already planted. This is the scene of labor I remember best. He stopped complaining, as if he owed the

land nothing, and as if the land owed him a life he could never pay back.

The harvest scene is the brightest part of the book. The rice ripened, the whole field was gold upon gold, and Fugui stood on the ridge and looked for a long, long time, as if he could never look enough. The teacher said she could almost smell the rice ears when she read this. Fugui said: the land does not cheat people. If you take good care of it, it takes good care of the food of your year.

I thought a lot at this point. We eat every day, yet few of us have asked which piece of soil the rice grew from. The land cannot speak. It only lets seeds sprout in spring and lets the ears bow their heads in autumn. Fugui lost so many things in his life, and in the end what stayed with him were the old ox and a few mu of field. The field was still there, so he was still there.

I thought of the test field behind our school, and of the few mu of land my grandfather farms. Every harvest season he squats at the edge of the field, takes a handful of rice ears, rubs them in his palm, looks at the grains with narrowed eyes, and smiles a deep smile. Before, I only thought it was fun. Now I understand that smile. It belongs to a person who has lived half a life leaning on the land.

This excerpt from To Live taught me one thing: a person can lose many things, but as long as there is land under his feet and labor in his hands, he stands firm. I remember this autumn, and I remember the name Fugui.