我的画架倒在了稻田边

星期五第二节课，美术课。上课铃一响，李老师没拿课本，拎着一摞画板出来了，说，今天不上课，去村口稻田边写生。我们全班欢呼，抬画架的抬画架，拎颜料桶的拎颜料桶，浩浩荡荡出了校门。

稻田就在公路边上。十月的稻子黄透了，穗子压弯了腰，风从田那头滚过来，整片田就朝一个方向低头，一层推一层，像有人从田底下往前推浪。李老师喊，看好了，这就叫稻浪，今天全班都画它。

我抢了个好位置，田埂边上，把画架支开，三条腿踩实，夹上画纸。我打算画得跟真的一模一样：稻穗一根一根数着画。刚画了十几根，风来了。不是普通的风，是裹着稻浪一起来的大风。整片田哗啦一响，我的画架跟着晃，我伸手去按，画架咔哒一声折了，连人带架坐在了地上。

更惨的是画纸。风把纸从我手里抽走，打着旋儿往田里飞。我扑过去，在田埂那头把它捞回来，纸角沾了泥，我画的那十几根稻穗变成了一道泥印子。旁边同学笑得直不起腰，说你的画会飞。

我重新夹了张纸，把画架腿往土里踩得更深。这回我不数着画了。我盯着稻浪看，看它从田那头起来，滚到跟前，低头，又起来。我发现稻浪不是每一根稻子的事，是一整片的事。我就先画一条一条的弧线，黄的、深的黄、带点绿的黄，一条压一条，稻穗用笔尖点上去，点得乱乱的，反而像。

下课前，李老师收画。她把我们的画靠在画架上，一张一张看。看到我的，她停住了，问，你第一张画的什么？我说一根一根数的，画架倒了，画也毁了。她把两张并排举起来，先举那张糊了的，再举这张乱的，问大家哪张有风。大家喊，后面这张。李老师说，对喽，第一张画的是稻子，这一张画的是稻浪。会动的画，才是好画。

全班给我鼓掌。我耳朵热热的，手上一管颜料都没洗，先跑去把画举起来又看了一遍。那些乱糟糟的笔触点，风一吹，好像真的在动。

回家我把画贴在卧室墙上。我妈问哪来的风，我说画里自带。晚上睡觉前我又看它一眼，稻浪还在那儿滚，从田那头，一直滚到我床边。

My Easel Fell Down by the Rice Field

Friday second period, art class. When the bell rang, Mr Li came out carrying a stack of drawing boards instead of the textbook, and said, no class today, we are going to the rice field by the village gate to sketch from life. The whole class cheered. Some carried easels, some carried paint buckets, and we marched out of the school gate in a long line.

The rice field lay right beside the road. The October rice had ripened fully golden, the panicles bowing their heads. The wind rolled in from the far side of the

field, and the whole field bowed one way, layer pushing layer, as if someone under the field were pushing waves forward. Mr Li shouted, look well, this is called a wave of rice, and today everyone paints it.

I grabbed a good spot on the field ridge, spread my easel, planted its three legs firm, and clipped on the paper. I planned to paint it exactly like the real thing: counting the rice panicles one by one. I had drawn barely a dozen when the wind came. Not an ordinary wind, but a big wind riding the rice waves. The whole field roared, my easel shook with it, I reached out to press it down, and the easel snapped and folded, and I sat down on the ground with it.

Worse was the paper. The wind snatched it from my hand and spun away toward the field. I dived after it and fished it back at the far end of the ridge. The corner of the paper had mud on it, and my dozen rice panicles had become one muddy smear. The classmate next to me laughed so hard he could not stand up, saying your drawing can fly.

I clipped on a fresh sheet and stamped the easel legs deeper into the soil. This time I stopped counting. I watched the rice waves rise at the far end of the field, roll toward me, bow, and rise again. I realized a rice wave is not about every single plant, it is about the whole field at once. So I first painted arc after arc, yellow, deep yellow, yellow touched with green, one pressing on another, and dotted the panicles on with the tip of the brush, dotted them wildly, which somehow looked right.

Before the bell, Mr Li collected the drawings. She leaned them against the easels and looked at them one by one. At mine she stopped and asked, what was your first drawing? I said, counting panicles one by one, then the easel fell and the drawing was ruined. She held the two side by side, first the smeared one, then the wild one, and asked the class which one has wind in it. Everyone shouted, the second one. Mr Li said, exactly. The first one painted rice plants. This one painted rice waves. A drawing that moves is a good drawing.

The whole class clapped for me. My ears went hot, and with paint still on my hands I ran to hold my drawing up and look once more. Those wild little dots of brush, with the wind blowing, really seemed to move.

At home I pasted the drawing on my bedroom wall. My mom asked where the wind came from. I said it comes with the painting. Before bed I took one more look. The rice waves were still rolling there, from the far end of the field, all the way to my bed.