

柿子黄透的那一瞬间

校园果园里最引人注目的，莫过于那几棵高大的柿子树。每到秋天，它们就像突然变魔术一样，把树上点满金黄的果子，亮得让人移不开眼。今年的秋天格外晴朗，我们班在一个微凉的上午前往果园进行观察活动，而柿子树正好迎来最美的时刻。

刚走近果园，就能看到金黄色的柿子在枝头轻轻晃动。远看像一盏盏小灯，近看则圆润饱满，仿佛轻轻一碰就会掉下来。老师带着我们站在柿子树下，让我们先用最简单的方式观察——抬头，静静看一分钟。仰着头的那一瞬间，我突然意识到秋天其实并不寂静，它藏着一种蓄满力量的沉稳。

同学们开始讨论柿子为什么会在秋天成熟，有人说是因为日照，有人认为是温度变化，还有人说与树木内部的“节奏”有关。老师笑着说，大自然有自己的时间表，每一种果实都有它成熟的季节。听着老师的解释，我们不禁点头，仿佛柿子树也在用闪光的果实告诉我们：成长，需要时间。

观察过程中，我们发现部分柿子因为风大已经掉落在地上，橙色的果肉被压扁，粘在枯叶上。有人觉得可惜，但老师却说，这也是果园的一种“循环”。fallen 柿子会慢慢融入土壤，为来年的树木提供养分。秋天的果园里有丰收，也有消散，可这正是自然最真实的样子。

快结束时，老师挑选了一个熟透的柿子让我们传阅。传到我手里时，我能感受到它的重量——不轻，却带着柔软。柿子皮在阳光下闪着油亮的光，捧着它，我忽然想到：每一个果实的成熟，都是树木经历日晒风吹后的回报，就像我们努力学习，也会有开花结果的一天。

站在果园里，我突然觉得秋风有点不一样，它不再只是凉，而是一种让人安心的力量。柿子黄透的那一瞬间，我看到了季节的温柔提醒——只要坚持，总能等到属于自己的成熟时刻。

The Moment When the Persimmons Turn Golden

In the campus orchard, nothing stands out more than the tall persimmon trees. Every autumn, they seem to perform magic, filling their branches with golden fruits that shine so brightly it's hard to look away. This year, the skies were unusually clear, and on a cool morning, our class visited the orchard for an observation activity—just in time for the persimmons' most beautiful moment.

As we approached the orchard, the golden persimmons swayed gently on the branches. From afar, they looked like tiny lanterns; up close, they were round and full, as if they might fall with the slightest touch. Our teacher asked us to stand under the tree and simply look up for a full minute. In that moment of stillness, I realized that autumn isn't quiet at all—it holds a steady power that comes from maturity.

We began discussing why persimmons ripen in autumn. Some said it was sunlight, others thought it was temperature changes, and some believed it was the internal

rhythm of the tree. The teacher smiled and said that nature has its own schedule, and every fruit has its season. Hearing this, we all nodded. It felt as if the persimmon tree was telling us through its glowing fruit: growth takes time.

While observing, we noticed some persimmons had fallen due to strong winds, their orange flesh flattened against dry leaves. Some classmates felt it was a pity, but the teacher explained that this too was part of the orchard's cycle. Fallen persimmons would eventually return to the soil and nourish future growth. In an autumn orchard, there is harvest and decay, yet this is nature's truest form.

Before leaving, the teacher selected a ripe persimmon for us to pass around. When it reached me, I immediately felt its weight—not heavy, but soft. Its skin glistened in the sunlight, and holding it made me think of how every fruit is the result of a tree's effort through wind and sun. Just like us, who will eventually bear our own fruits through hard work.

Standing there, the autumn breeze felt different—less cold, and more reassuring. When the persimmons turned fully golden, I sensed the gentle reminder of the season: if you persist, your moment of ripening will come.