

我的秋日记录：在果园里度过的一天

早上推开窗的那一刻，空气里带着淡淡的凉意，像是秋天特意留下的问候。我望着天边微微泛黄的云层，心里莫名地升起一种期待。今天我们一家打算去郊外的果园参加采摘活动，这也是我整个秋天最期待的一件事。

果园坐落在小山坡上，远远望去，一排排苹果树在阳光下泛着红光。风吹过时，树叶沙沙作响，像是在欢迎我们。我背着小布包，一脚深一脚浅地踩进松软的泥土里，那种贴近土地的感觉让我特别安心。

刚开始采摘的时候，我有点手忙脚乱。苹果比我想象的重，摘的时候得用点巧劲儿。我看着爸爸轻轻一扭就把果子拿下，不禁佩服他的熟练。后来他教我抓住苹果尾部，顺着弧度一转，我试了几次，终于也成功了。指尖触碰到果子的那一刻，我忽然意识到，每一个成熟的果实背后，都藏着日复一日的风雨与时间。

果园里还有些落在地上的苹果，上面带着被风吹落的痕迹。我原以为这些果子没有价值，但果农告诉我，它们也可以用来做果酱，只要挑没有坏掉的部分。听到这里，我忽然觉得，那些看似不起眼的东西，其实也有被珍视的可能。

午后阳光变得温柔，我们坐在树下休息。微风轻轻吹动我的刘海，我听着远处的鸟叫声，感觉整个人都安静下来。妈妈掏出水壶递给我，我接过的时候忽然有点感动。她说这次秋天比往年冷得快，但只要一家人在一起，心就是暖的。我望着她被阳光照亮的侧脸，心里升起一种说不清的满足。

下午我们把采摘好的苹果搬到分拣站，我的手有些酸，但看着那一筐筐红亮的果子，所有疲惫都变成了踏实的快乐。我甚至有点舍不得这片果园，舍不得这段和土地靠得很近的时光。

离开前，我特意回头看了一眼。夕阳照在果树上，枝叶间闪着金色的光。我忽然有点明白秋天的魅力，它不像春天那样张扬，也不像夏天那样热烈，而是用一种沉稳的方式告诉你：每一分努力都会被看见，每一次成长都值得记住。

回到家时天已暗，我把苹果轻轻放在桌上。心里依旧回荡着果园的风声与温暖。我想，这一天的收获不仅仅是那几筐苹果，更是从土地上学到的耐心、专注和踏实。

我在日记的最后写下：愿以后的自己，也能像这秋天一样，在沉静中积蓄力量，在平凡里发现光亮。

My Autumn Chronicle: A Day Spent in the Orchard

The moment I opened my window in the morning, a cool breeze brushed against my face—it felt like autumn's gentle greeting. As I looked at the pale golden clouds stretching across the sky, a quiet sense of anticipation rose within me. Today, my family planned to visit an orchard in the countryside for a picking activity,

something I had been looking forward to all season.

The orchard rested on a small hillside, its rows of apple trees glowing faintly red under the sun. As the wind passed, the leaves rustled softly, as if welcoming us. I stepped onto the loose soil, feeling the earth under my shoes, a sensation that grounded me more than I expected.

At first, I was clumsy with the picking. The apples were heavier than I imagined, and twisting them off the branches took some finesse. I watched my father make a gentle turn and easily pluck off a fruit, admiring his skill. He later taught me to hold the apple at the stem and follow its curve. After a few attempts, I finally succeeded. Touching the smooth, cool surface of the apple made me suddenly aware of how much time, sunlight, and rain each piece of fruit had quietly endured.

There were also apples lying on the ground, marked by the wind's force. I thought they had no use, but the orchard keeper said they could be turned into jam if chosen carefully. Hearing this, I realized that even things easily overlooked still hold their own kind of worth.

In the afternoon, the sunlight softened. We sat under the trees for a break, listening to the faint calls of birds in the distance. When my mom handed me her water bottle, a warmth spread through me. She remarked that autumn seemed colder this year, but as long as the family stayed together, our hearts would be warm. Looking at her face lit by sunlight, I felt a quiet contentment.

We later carried the apples to the sorting area. My arms were tired, but seeing the baskets filled with bright red fruit turned that soreness into a comforting satisfaction. I even felt reluctant to leave the orchard and the peaceful time spent so close to the land.

Before leaving, I turned back for one last look. The setting sun cast a golden glow through the branches, and in that moment, I understood autumn a little more. It isn't bold like spring or intense like summer; it teaches in a steady way—that every effort matters and every bit of growth deserves to be remembered.

By the time we reached home, the sky had darkened. I placed the apples gently on the table, still hearing the orchard's wind in my mind. The day's real harvest, I realized, was not only the fruit we brought back, but also the patience, focus, and calmness I had learned from the land.

I ended my diary with a line: May I grow like autumn—quietly gathering strength, and finding light in the ordinary.

我的秋日记录：在农田里收获的一次体验

今天的天空灰蒙蒙的，云层像是压得很低。空气中带着潮湿的味道，却并不让人觉得难受，反而有一种温柔的秋意。爷爷一早就打来电话，让我们下午去田里帮忙收花生。秋收到了尾声，他的声音里听得出几分疲累，却也藏着一点期待。

到了田里时，爷爷已经弯着腰干活了。他的背影在金黄的田地里显得格外瘦，却依旧稳稳当当。我走过去接过他的铲子，心里有点酸，也有点想证明自己能帮上忙。铲花生看似简单，却很考验力气和技巧。花生藏在土里，需要沿着茎部插下去，用适中的力往上撬。我第一次下铲就把茎弄断了，爷爷笑着说没关系，手要跟着土的软硬走。

我重新试了一次，感受着土壤的湿度和松软度，这次果然轻松了许多。往上一提，一串花生带着泥土被我拉出来，我盯着那些鼓鼓的壳，心里莫名涌起一种成就感。手上的泥一点点渗进指缝，冰凉却让人觉得踏实。

妈妈在一旁帮忙抖落泥土，偶尔弯腰把散落的花生捡起来。她的动作不算快，却很细致。我忽然意识到，很多时候生活的稳妥不是来自惊天动地的努力，而是来自这些习以为常的小动作。风吹得田里的草来回摇摆，带起一阵阵香味，有种自然的甜。

爷爷看着我们忙前忙后，笑得眼睛都眯了。他说以前他一个人干一天也不觉得累，现在年纪大了，倒更享受这种一家人一起劳作的热闹。我抬头看他那双布满皱纹的手，忽然觉得时间真的走得太快。

到了下午三点多，天空开始透出一点亮色。我们堆起一大堆花生，坐在田埂上休息。爷爷讲了许多他年轻时候在田里干活的故事，说那时候没有机器，全靠双手。但也正因为这样，他更懂得珍惜每一次收获。我听着听着，脑子里竟有些安静，那些故事像是有一种魔力，让人一下子明白了“努力”和“收获”之间真实的距离。

休息时，我望着满地的花生藤，心里忽然升起一种从未有过的感悟。秋天原来不是简单的季节变换，而是一场关于沉淀和成果的叙事。那些埋在土里的时间、汗水和耐心，最终都会变成看得见的收成。

傍晚时，夕阳照亮了整片田地，金光洒在我们的手上、衣服上，也洒在那些花生壳上。我突然觉得，今天所经历的，不只是一次帮助爷爷的劳动，而是一堂真正的成长课。

回家前，我把一把新鲜的花生递给爷爷，他拍了拍我的肩，说：“你长大了。”这句话像是落在心里的一颗种子，让我久久无法平静。

我在日记的最后写下：秋日的风带不走泥土的味道，也带不走今天的收获。愿我记住这份真实的力量。

My Autumn Chronicle: A Day Helping in the Fields

The sky today was covered by a blanket of gray clouds, hanging low as if tired from the season's change. The air smelled faintly of moisture, gentle rather than heavy, carrying with it a soft hint of autumn. Early this morning, Grandpa called and asked us to help him harvest peanuts in the fields. It was near the end of the harvest season. His voice sounded worn, yet there was a quiet expectation beneath it.

When we arrived, Grandpa was already working, bent over and slowly moving down the row. His figure looked thin among the golden crops, but steady. I walked over and took the hoe from him, wanting to help and also eager to prove I could handle the work. Digging peanuts seemed simple, yet it required both strength and technique. Since peanuts grow underground, you have to work along the stem, angle the hoe downward, and lift with the right amount of force. My first attempt snapped the stem. Grandpa just chuckled and told me to follow the soil's softness with my hands.

I tried again, this time feeling the moisture and looseness of the earth. It worked better—I lifted the plant and a whole bunch of peanuts emerged with the soil clinging to them. Looking at the plump shells, I felt an unexpected sense of achievement. Dirt pressed into the gaps between my fingers, cool and grounding.

Mom helped shake off the dirt nearby, picking up stray peanuts that fell to the ground. Her movements weren't fast but incredibly careful. Watching her, I realized that stability in life often comes from these simple, familiar actions rather than big dramatic efforts. A breeze passed through the fields, making the grasses sway and sending out a light, natural fragrance.

Grandpa watched us and smiled with his eyes narrowed. He said that in his younger days, he could work alone from dawn until dusk without feeling tired, but now he cherished these moments of working together as a family even more. I glanced at his wrinkled hands and felt time move in a way I had never fully understood before.

By mid-afternoon, the sky finally brightened a little. We had gathered a sizable pile of peanuts and sat on the ridge to rest. Grandpa told stories about working the fields when he was young—how everything was done by hand, how tough the days were, and how that made every harvest taste sweeter. His stories settled into my mind, teaching me about the real distance between “effort” and “reward.”

As I looked at the scattered peanut vines around us, a new realization surfaced: autumn isn't just a shift in seasons; it's a narrative of accumulation and results. All the time, sweat, patience, and quiet perseverance buried in the soil eventually became something tangible.

By evening, the sun dipped low and washed the fields with golden light. It

glimmered on our hands, our clothes, and the peanut shells. In that moment, I understood that today wasn't simply a laborious task—it was a lesson in responsibility, endurance, and gratitude.

Before we left, I handed Grandpa a handful of fresh peanuts. He patted my shoulder and said, "You've grown." The words settled in my heart like a seed, quiet but powerful.

At the end of my diary, I wrote: The autumn wind cannot take away the scent of soil, nor the lessons learned today. May I hold on to this simple, steady strength.

我的秋日记录：落叶公园里的小小发现

今天的阳光格外柔和，像是被轻轻过滤过一样，没有刺眼的白光，只剩下暖暖的金色。我背着小包，准备到附近的公园去捡落叶做手账。其实也不是非要做什么，只是想在一个安静的地方好好感受秋天。

公园的入口两旁种着银杏树，现在正是它们最美的时候。金黄的叶子一层一层铺在地上，踩上去发出轻轻的沙沙声，让人忍不住放慢脚步。风吹过时，叶子在空中转着圈落下，那一刻像是在看一场无声的小型舞会。

我沿着湖边慢慢走，看到不少人在散步、遛狗，也有老人坐在长椅上晒太阳。水面倒映着一片金黄，偶尔有鸭子划过，带起一圈圈微弱的涟漪。我停下脚步，看着这些被秋天染色的景象，心里安静得像被抚平了一样。

开始捡落叶后，我意外地发现它比我想象的更有乐趣。每一片叶子都有不一样的纹路和形状，有的像小扇子，有的像一颗心。我蹲在树下挑挑选选，忽然觉得自己像在做一件非常重要的事情。那些叶子明明只是季节变化中的普通产物，却在阳光下显得格外有生命力。

我坐在长椅上，把捡来的落叶一片片整理好。旁边坐着一位带孙子的老人，孩子拿着一片红枫叶看得入神。老人对他说：“树叶会变红，是因为它们在告别。”我听到这句话的时候愣了一下，那种温柔的解释拨动了我的心。原来秋天不只是冷，也可以有这样温暖的离别方式。

坐了一会儿，我忽然注意到身边的一棵梧桐树。它的树干粗壮，叶子落了一大半，只剩下稀稀疏疏的几簇在枝头摇晃。我抬头望着它，觉得它特别像生活中的某些阶段——不再茂盛，却依然站得稳稳的。它的影子在地上拖得很长，让我想起这一年来的忙碌与疲惫。

天空渐渐变得更亮，阳光透过树枝打在长椅上，像细碎的金粉。我忽然意识到，秋天虽然常被形容成萧瑟的季节，但其实它也有很温柔的一面，只是需要我们慢下来才能察觉。

我把落叶装进袋子里，准备回家做成一本小小的秋日收藏册。站起身的时候，我突然觉得今天的空气特别轻，仿佛所有压力都在刚才的那阵秋风里被吹散了。

离开公园时，我回头看了一眼那条被落叶铺满的小路。它静静地躺在那里，像是一条柔软的时间线，提醒着我：成长并不总是喧闹的，有时是在这样平凡又安静的时刻里悄悄发生。

我在日记的最后写下：秋天把叶子放回土地，也把我放回了内心最柔软的地方。

My Autumn Chronicle: Small Discoveries in a Park of Falling Leaves

The sunlight today felt especially gentle, as though it had been carefully sifted before touching the ground. It wasn't harsh at all—just warm and golden. I carried a small bag and headed to the nearby park to collect fallen leaves for my journal. I didn't have any specific project in mind; I simply wanted a quiet place to feel autumn properly.

Ginkgo trees lined both sides of the park's entrance, and this was their most beautiful season. Layers of golden leaves covered the ground, making soft rustling sounds underfoot that slowed my pace naturally. When the wind passed, the leaves twirled in the air before drifting down—it felt like watching a small, silent dance.

I walked slowly along the lakeside. Some people were strolling, some walking dogs, and a few elderly folks sat on benches enjoying the sun. The water reflected the golden view, and ducks occasionally glided across it, leaving gentle ripples behind. I paused for a moment, letting the calmness seep into me like quiet warmth.

When I started collecting leaves, I realized it was much more enjoyable than I had imagined. Each leaf had its own pattern and shape—some looked like tiny fans, others like little hearts. I crouched under the trees, carefully picking and choosing, suddenly feeling as though I were doing something important. These leaves, though just ordinary signs of seasonal change, looked full of life beneath the sunlight.

Sitting on a bench, I sorted the leaves one by one. Next to me, an elderly man was with his grandson. The child held a bright red maple leaf, staring at it curiously. "The leaves turn red because they're saying goodbye," the grandfather told him. The gentleness in his voice startled me—it was such a warm explanation, giving a tender meaning to autumn's natural process.

As I rested, I noticed a large plane tree nearby. Most of its leaves had already fallen, leaving only a few clusters trembling on the branches. Looking up at it, I thought it resembled certain stages of life—not lush anymore, but still standing strong. Its long shadow stretched across the ground, reminding me of the past year's busyness and weariness.

The sunlight filtered through the branches, scattering across the bench like fine gold dust. At that moment, I realized that autumn wasn't just a quiet or lonely season; it also carried soft warmth, waiting for anyone willing to slow down and see it.

I packed the leaves carefully, planning to turn them into a small autumn collection book when I got home. As I stood up, the air felt lighter, as if the wind had quietly carried away the stress I'd been holding inside.

Before leaving, I turned back to look at the leaf-covered path. It lay silently behind me, like a soft timeline reminding me that growth isn't always loud—it often happens in quiet, ordinary moments like this.

At the end of my diary, I wrote: Autumn returns its leaves to the earth, and somehow, it returned me to the softest part of my heart.