

# 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.