

每一朵花都值得等

《春天的花》里我印象最深的一句话是：「每一朵花都值得等待，等它开的人值得，它自己也值得。」我用铅笔在这句话下面画了线，笔尖在纸上压出一个小小的印子。这句话我读了三遍，每一遍都想起我练毛笔字的事。

三年级我开始学书法。头半年，我的字一直难看：横写得像歪桥，捺挑出去像小刀，一个「永」字写得东倒西歪。同桌笑我的字像蛇爬。我把毛笔塞进书桌抽屉，跟妈妈说我不想学了。

妈妈没跟我讲道理。三月的一个早上，她把我拉到小区楼下，指着路边那棵玉兰树。树上开满了花，一朵有杯子那么大，白里透着一点紫。妈妈问我记不记得这棵树冬天是什么样子。我记得：枝子光光的，树皮黑黑的，看着像一棵死树。整个冬天它都在土底下忙，谁也看不见它，然后有一天早上，它忽然把花全打开了。

回家以后，我把毛笔从抽屉里拿了出来。我不再一次写满一页，只每天写四个大字，写完贴在墙上。过一周回头看上周的字，再过一周回头看上个月的字。有一天我写「花」字，写到下面那一竖，笔锋稳稳地落下去，收住，纸上那一竖又直又厚。我盯着它看了半天，那是我半年来写出的第一个让我自己满意的笔画。原来进步不是哪天忽然发生的，它藏在每天那四个大字里。五年级下学期，我的作品被贴在班级后墙的展示栏里，就是那个曾经写坏的「永」字，老师还用它做了红圈示范。

《春天的花》里说，花不是开给人看的，花是攒够了力气才开的。我那半年难看的字，就是树的冬天。现在上六年级了，我还是每天写四个大字，不跟写得好的同学比，只跟上周的自己比。我打算这样一直写到初中，等小学毕业的时候，抄一整篇作品送给书法老师。每一朵花都值得等待，我想等我自己的花期。

Every Flower Is Worth Waiting For

The line I remember most in "Flowers of Spring" is this: every flower is worth waiting for; the person waiting for it is worthy, and the flower itself is worthy. I underlined this line with my pencil, and the tip pressed a small dent into the paper. I read it three times, and each time I thought of my brush calligraphy practice.

I started learning calligraphy in third grade. For the first half year, my writing stayed ugly: the horizontal stroke slanted like a crooked bridge, the right-falling stroke flicked out like a little knife, and the character for eternity came out falling in all directions. My deskmate laughed that my writing looked like a snake crawling. I stuffed my brush into the desk drawer and told my mother I did not want to learn anymore.

My mother did not lecture me. One morning in March, she took me downstairs and pointed at the magnolia tree by the road. Its flowers were fully open, each as big as

a cup, white touched with purple. She asked if I remembered what the tree looked like in winter. I remembered: bare branches, dark bark, looking like a dead tree. All winter it had been busy underground where no one could see, and then one morning it suddenly opened every flower.

When we got home, I took the brush out of the drawer. I stopped filling a whole page at once. I wrote only four big characters a day and posted them on the wall. One week later I looked back at the previous week, and another week later at the month before. One day I wrote the character for flower, and when the last vertical stroke came down, the tip of the brush held steady, and the stroke sat straight and thick on the paper. I stared at it for a long time. It was the first stroke in half a year that I was truly happy with. Progress, it turned out, does not arrive suddenly on some day; it hides inside those four characters every day. In the second term of fifth grade, my work was posted on the display board at the back of the classroom. It was that same character I had once written badly, and my teacher circled it in red as a model.

"Flowers of Spring" says that flowers do not bloom for people to watch; they bloom when they have gathered enough strength. My half year of ugly writing was the tree's winter. Now in sixth grade, I still write four big characters every day. I do not compare myself with the good writers; I compare myself with last week's me. I plan to keep writing like this into middle school, and when I graduate from elementary school, I want to copy a whole piece as a gift for my calligraphy teacher. Every flower is worth waiting for, and I want to wait for my own flowering season.

那首终于弹完的曲子

春季汇报会上，我把那首曲子从头到尾弹完，站起来谢幕的时候，我忽然想起《春天的花》里的句子：「等待的花开得最好看。」去年冬天我在书页上画下这句话的时候，还不懂它。现在我懂了。

要讲清楚这件事，得回到去年冬天。十二月，我卡在《茉莉花》的左手段落。每次弹到那里，两只手就打架，声音乱得不成样子。我弹十遍、二十遍，还是错。有天晚上我把琴盖砰地合上，坐在琴凳上哭，说再也不碰钢琴了。妈妈没骂我，把一本书放在合上的琴盖上：《春天的花》。她说，先读完，读完还想放弃，就放弃。

我就着琴灯的灯光读完了那本书。书里写迎春花等到最冷的时候才开黄花，牡丹等到四月下旬才张开大花，没有一朵在赶别人。我想起小区门口那棵桃树，三月里别的花都闹完了，它才把花苞一个一个举起来，开得安安静静的，可蜜蜂都往它那里跑。我想起自己的左手，它是不是一朵还没到時候的花？第二天，我把琴盖重新打开。我不再整首整首地弹，只练出错的那四小节，

慢速，分手，每天二十分钟。四小节，练了一个星期，两个星期。一月，那四小节顺了。二月，我能把整首连下来。

所以汇报会那天，我的手指跑到那四小节的时候，稳得像走一条走熟的路。台下没有人知道这四小节曾经让我哭过。他们听到的只是一首完整的《茉莉花》。只有我知道，我等过的那朵花开开了。

现在我给自己做了打算：下一首曲子再遇到难的地方，先慢练那几小节，不再动不动说放弃。我还想学会等别人：同学学东西慢的时候，我不催他。每一朵花都有自己的时间，这件事我已经替自己验证过一次了。

The Piece I Finally Finished Playing

At the spring recital, I played that piece from the first note to the last. When I stood up to take my bow, the line from "Flowers of Spring" suddenly came back to me: the flowers that wait bloom the most beautifully. Last winter, when I underlined that sentence, I did not understand it. Now I do.

To explain this, I have to go back to last December. I was stuck on the left-hand part of the folk song Jasmine Flower. Every time I reached that spot, my two hands fought each other, and the sound went in a mess. I played it ten times, twenty times, and it stayed wrong. One night I slammed the piano lid shut and sat on the bench crying, saying I would never touch the piano again. My mother did not scold me. She placed a book on the closed lid: "Flowers of Spring". She said, read it first; if you still want to quit afterward, then quit.

I finished the book by the light of the piano lamp. It says that winter jasmine waits until the coldest days to open its yellow flowers, and the peony waits until late April to spread its big blooms, and not one of them is racing anyone. I thought of the peach tree by our gate: in March, after the other flowers had finished their noise, it raised its buds one by one and bloomed quietly, yet all the bees flew to it. I thought of my own left hand: was it a flower whose time had not come yet? The next day I opened the piano lid again. I stopped playing the whole piece over and over. I practiced only the four measures that went wrong, slowly, hands separately, twenty minutes a day. Four measures took one week, then two. In January they finally flowed smoothly. In February I could play the whole piece through.

So on the day of the recital, when my fingers reached those four measures, they were as steady as walking a familiar road. No one in the audience knew that these four measures had once made me cry. All they heard was a complete, unbroken song. Only I knew that the flower I had waited for had opened.

Now I have made plans for myself: when the next piece has a hard passage, I will practice those few measures slowly first, and I will not say I quit at the drop of a hat. I also want to learn to wait for others. When a classmate learns something slowly, I will not rush them. Every flower has its own time, and I have already proven that once for myself.

迎春花下的约定

我同桌周雨家每天晚上都有钢琴声。有很长一段时间，那个声音弹一段就停，停一下再弹，中间夹着错音。期中考试后的那个周一，周雨在教室里跟我说，他想退掉钢琴课，学了两年还比不上去年才开始学的同学。

那天下午放学，学校墙根那一排迎春花开得正闹，黄色从墙上淌下来。我想起《春天的花》里那句话：每一朵花都值得等待。我站在花底下问周雨：这排迎春花，是不是开得比玉兰早？他说不是，玉兰开得晚，但花更大。我说：你看，迎春花好像并不在意这个。周雨半天没说话，然后伸出小拇指：那我们做个约定，各自坚持一百天。

我在练毛笔字，也卡了很久想放弃。我们在迎春花下拉了钩：他弹琴，我写字，第一百天互相看成果。那之后，晚上他家的琴声里停的部分越来越少，错音也少了。中间有一回他差点反悔，十二月他弹得烦，在聊天软件上发消息说不弹了。我回他：你再看看墙根那排迎春花，十二月它一个花苞都看不见。他第二天又坐回琴凳上。我每天写四个大字，贴在自家墙上，一周比一周站得稳。

第一百天，周雨在家里给我完整弹了一遍《茉莉花》，中间没有停。弹完他长长出了口气，说他没想到自己能弹完。我把一百天里写的字摊开给他看，第一天的字歪着，最后一天的字笔画沉了。我们俩对着那一墙字笑，谁也没提放弃这两个字。

《春天的花》里说，花和花之间不比较，各开各的，开花季节反而连成一整个春天。我的打算是一直写到小学毕业，周雨说他也要继续弹下去。我们不用比谁先开。学校墙根的迎春花年年都开，我们的约定也没有到期那天，过完一百天，还有下一个一百天。

The Promise Under the Winter Jasmine

Every evening, piano sound comes from my deskmate Zhou Yu's house. For a long time, that sound played a passage, stopped, started again, with wrong notes mixed in. On the Monday after the midterm exams, Zhou Yu told me in the classroom that he wanted to quit his piano lessons. He had studied for two years and still played worse than a classmate who started last year.

That afternoon after school, the row of winter jasmine along the school wall was blooming wildly, its yellow spilling down over the wall. The line from "Flowers of Spring" came to my mind: every flower is worth waiting for. I stood under the flowers and asked Zhou Yu whether the winter jasmine bloomed earlier than the magnolia. He said no, the magnolia bloomed later but had bigger flowers. I said, look, the winter jasmine does not seem to mind. Zhou Yu was quiet for a long moment, then held out his little finger: let us make a promise, and each of us keeps going for one hundred days.

I was practicing brush calligraphy, and I too had been stuck long enough to want to give up. We hooked little fingers under the winter jasmine: he would play piano, I would write characters, and on the hundredth day we would show each other the results. After that, the pauses in his evening piano grew fewer, and the wrong notes grew fewer. Once he almost broke the promise. In December he got fed up with playing and sent me a message saying he was done. I wrote back: look again at that row of winter jasmine by the wall; in December you cannot see a single bud on it. The next day he sat back down on the piano bench. I wrote four big characters every day and posted them on the wall at home, steadier each week.

On the hundredth day, Zhou Yu played the folk song Jasmine Flower for me at his house, from beginning to end, without a single stop. When he finished, he let out a long breath and said he had not thought he could play it through. I spread out all the characters from the hundred days. The first day's characters leaned crooked; the last day's strokes sat deep in the paper. We looked at that wall of characters and laughed, and neither of us said the word quit.

"Flowers of Spring" says that flowers do not compare with each other; each one opens on its own, and together their seasons join into one whole spring. My plan is to keep writing until I finish elementary school, and Zhou Yu says he will keep playing too. We do not need to race to see who blooms first. The winter jasmine by the school wall blooms every year, and our promise has no deadline. When one hundred days pass, there is always another hundred days.