

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.