

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.