

四月三日，杏花开了一朵

4月3日 星期五 晴有风

睡觉前写这篇日记，我心里还是高兴的。今天，学校墙外的杏树终于开花了！

早上上学路上，我照例看了一眼那棵杏树。上个星期它的枝头就缀满了白色的花苞，我天天看，它们就是不开，嘴巴闭得紧紧的。今天早上，它们还是只开花苞。我有点失望，慢吞吞走进了学校。

可是中午出事了！吃完午饭回教室的路上，同学小雨突然大喊：「开了开了，杏花开啦！」我们全跑过去围在墙边。在一根高枝的枝头，真的开着一朵白花。花瓣白白的，底下透着一丝粉，中间的花蕊密密的、黄黄的。风一吹，花在枝上晃来晃去，可就是不掉下来。我们轮流踮起脚看它，谁也没有摘。

上课的时候我还想着那朵花。第二节课下课，我又跑去墙边看它，它旁边的一串花苞里，有一个白得发亮，眼看就要撑破。我把手表摘下来对着它看，心里给它计时：从中午到现在，才两个小时，就有一朵花苞憋不住了。上课铃响了，我一步三回头地往教室走。

放学回家的路上，我故意走得很慢，又数了一遍：一朵、两朵、三朵、四朵、五朵，树上已经有五朵了！它们是下午一朵接一朵开的，像提前约好了一样。我蹲在树下仰着头看了好久，夕阳照过来，花瓣亮得快要透明。

回家我告诉妈妈：「杏树今天开了五朵花！」妈妈问我数得准不准。我说我数了两遍，两遍都是五朵。妈妈说：「明天说不定会开五十朵。」我觉得五十朵也太多了。妈妈说，杏花是成串开的，一个花苞里其实藏着好几朵。

我决定天天写日记，一直写到杏树的花全开完。明天上学路上，我还要再数一遍。

Five Apricot Blossoms on April Third

April third, Friday, sunny with wind.

I am writing this diary before bed, and I am still happy. Today the apricot tree outside the school wall finally opened its flowers!

On the way to school in the morning I glanced at the apricot tree as usual. Last week its branch tips were studded with white flower buds, and I had been watching them every day, but they stayed closed, their mouths tight. This morning they were still only buds. A little disappointed, I dragged my feet into school.

But something happened at noon! On the way back to the classroom after lunch my classmate Xiao Yu suddenly shouted, it is open, the apricot blossom opened! We all rushed to the wall. On a high branch tip there really stood one white flower. Its petals were pure white with a little pink at the base, and the stamens in the middle

were crowded and yellow. The wind blew and the flower swayed on the branch, but it did not fall. We took turns standing on tiptoe to look at it, and nobody picked it.

I kept thinking about that flower during class. After the second period I ran to the wall again. In the cluster beside it, one bud had turned shiny white and looked ready to burst. I took off my watch and timed it in my head: from noon until now, only two hours, and already one bud could not hold back. The bell rang, and I walked back to class looking over my shoulder again and again.

On the way home from school I walked slowly and counted again. One, two, three, four, five. There were already five flowers on the tree! They had opened one after another in the afternoon, as if they had agreed in advance. I squatted under the tree and looked up for a long time. The setting sun shone through the petals and made them almost transparent.

When I got home I told Mother, the apricot tree opened five flowers today! She asked whether I counted carefully. I said I counted twice and both times it was five. Mother said tomorrow there will probably be more than fifty. I thought fifty was far too many. Mother said apricot blossoms open in clusters, and one bud really holds several flowers.

I decided to keep writing this diary until every flower on the apricot tree has opened. Tomorrow morning on the way to school I will count again.