

墙边开了一朵小黄花

3月5日 星期三 晴

今天早上上学路上，我发现墙边那丛灌木看起来有点不一样。它整个冬天都趴在墙根，就是一堆干枯的枝条，风一吹哗啦哗啦响。我路过它几百次了，今天它的一角却缀着一些小小的黄点。

我停下来凑近看。枝条细细的，垂下来贴着地面，枝头长着米粒大的花苞，挤挤挨挨的。我开始数：一个、两个、三个……一根枝条上就有二十多个花苞。它们大多还闭得紧紧的，嘴巴抿着，最尖上有一个已经张开了。它小小的，六个花瓣，黄得像一颗小星星。我把脸凑过去闻，没什么香味，只有一点淡淡的凉气。有一只小虫子在花上爬来爬去，腿上沾着花粉。

我盯着那朵小花看了好久，差点迟到。跑向学校的路上我想：它是自己开的，没有人给它浇水，没有人照顾它，也没有人看它，可它还是开了。

下午放学回家，我特意绕到墙边那条路，跑过去又看了一遍。小黄花还在，它旁边的一朵花苞松动了，花瓣尖上探出一点点黄。小虫子也还在花上趴着。风一吹，小黄花在枝头点了点脑袋。我蹲下来看它，跟它说：你长得真慢，可是没关系，我每天都走这条路来看你。

回到家，我把书包往门口一放，就喊：我一进门就喊：「妈妈，墙边的花开了！」妈妈在做饭，擦着手出来，问什么花。我拉她到窗户边，指着墙的方向。妈妈说：「那是迎春花，开了一朵，后面就会一朵接一朵开，过几天整丛都会变黄。」我问她怎么知道的，妈妈说，她每年都是这样看着它开的。

睡觉前，我翻开自然笔记，把那朵小黄花画了下来，在旁边写上日期。我想，明天上学路上，我要再数一数它开了几朵。花着急开，我也要着急去看它才行。

The One Flower That Opened by the Wall

March fifth, Wednesday, sunny.

On my way to school this morning I noticed that the bush by the wall looked different. All winter it lay along the wall as a tangle of dry branches, and the wind made a rustling sound through it. I had passed it hundreds of times, but today one corner of it was dotted with tiny yellow dots.

I stopped to look closely. The branches were thin and hung down to the ground, and on the branch tips grew flower buds the size of rice grains, packed tightly together. I started counting: one, two, three... a single branch had more than twenty buds. Most were still closed tight, but one at the very tip had already opened. It was small, with six petals, yellow like a little star. I put my face close to smell it. There was not much fragrance, only a faint cool scent. A little insect was crawling on the flower, its legs covered with pollen.

I stared at that little flower for a long time and almost arrived late. On the

way I kept thinking: it opened all by itself. Nobody watered it, nobody tended it, nobody even looked at it, and it still bloomed.

After school I deliberately took the detour by the wall and ran over to look again. The little flower was still there, and the bud beside it had loosened, with a speck of yellow showing at the petal tips. The little insect was still sitting on it. When the wind blew, the little flower nodded on the branch. I squatted down and said to it: you grow so slowly, but that is all right, I walk this road every day to see you.

When I got home in the afternoon, I dropped my schoolbag at the door and shouted, Mother, the flowers by the wall opened! Mother was cooking and came out wiping her hands, asking which flowers. I pulled her to the window and pointed toward the wall. She said, that is winter jasmine. Once one starts, more and more will open, and in a few days the whole bush will be yellow. I asked how she knew. She said she had watched them bloom every year.

Before bed I opened my nature notebook and drew that little flower, writing the date beside it. Tomorrow morning on the way to school I will count again how many have opened. The flowers are in a hurry to bloom, and I must hurry to see them.