

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.

我给花苞起名叫小红点

3月18日 星期二 多云转晴

今天我要写一个秘密，一个只有我和那棵桃树知道的秘密。我们校门口有一棵桃树，我上学路上从它旁边走过了四年，一直觉得它只是一棵挡太阳的树。今天早上路过的时候，我忽然发现它的枝头上缀满了花苞，小小的、圆圆的，深粉色，像谁在枝条上串了一把小珠子，一根枝条上就有十几个。

有一根低枝上的花苞比别的都胖。我偷偷给它起了个名字：小红点。我小声对它说：「小红点，你明天会不会开呀？」它当然不回答我。不过我觉得它的花苞比昨天好像紧了一点点，像是又给自己多穿了一件衣服。

早读的时候我一直想着小红点，怕大风把它吹跑。下课我跑到校门口去看它，它还在，旁边还让我发现了一个更胖的。我决定叫那个「小红点二号」。风吹过来，枝条晃了晃，花苞互相轻轻碰了一下，像在说悄悄话。

放学我又是从它旁边走回家的。走近的时候我把脚步放得很轻，怕惊动了小红点。我仰着头数了一遍，枝头的花苞比早上好像更多了，整棵树远看蒙着一层淡淡的粉色，像披了一条纱巾。我在树下站了一会儿，一片花瓣形状的小东西落在我肩膀上，我捏起来一看，是花苞外面包着的

一片壳，原来花苞也会换衣服。

回家我把小红点的事告诉了妈妈。妈妈笑着说，桃花没这么快开，还得等一个星期左右。我不太相信。妈妈说：「那我们拉钩，从明天起你每天上学路上看一次，等小红点开了，我就给你买你一直想要的那本昆虫书。」我伸出小指跟妈妈拉了钩，妈妈也伸出了小指。

睡觉前我到窗户边往外看了一会儿。天快黑了，桃树在暗处变成一个黑影，可是我知道那些花苞都在上面。小红点，晚安，明天早上我就去看你。

I Named the Peach Bud Little Red Dot

March eighteenth, Tuesday, cloudy then sunny.

Today I write a secret known only to me and that peach tree. In front of our school gate stands a peach tree. I have walked past it on my way to school for four years and always thought it was only a tree for shade. This morning I suddenly noticed that its branch tips were studded with flower buds, small, round, and deep pink, like little beads someone had threaded onto the branches, more than ten on one branch.

One bud on a low branch was plumper than all the others. I secretly gave it a name: Little Red Dot. I said to it quietly, Little Red Dot, will you open tomorrow? Of course it did not answer. But I thought its bud looked a little tighter than yesterday, as if it had put on one more layer of clothes.

During morning reading I kept thinking about Little Red Dot, afraid the wind would blow it off. At break I ran out to the school gate and looked again. It was still there, and I found another plumper bud beside it. I decided to name that one Second Little Red Dot. The wind blew, the branches swayed, and the buds bumped lightly against each other, as if whispering.

After school I walked home past it again. I made my steps very light, afraid of disturbing Little Red Dot. I looked up and counted, and the buds on the branches seemed more than in the morning; from far away the whole tree wore a faint pink haze, like a thin veil. I stood under it for a while, and a small petal-shaped thing landed on my shoulder. I picked it up: it was the outer shell of a flower bud, so even buds change their clothes.

When I got home I told Mother about Little Red Dot. She laughed and said peach blossoms do not open so fast, they need another week or so. I did not believe her. Mother said, then let us make a deal: from tomorrow you look once on your way to school every day, and when Little Red Dot opens, I will buy you that book about insects you have been wanting. I hooked my little finger with Mother, and she hooked

back.

Before bed I looked out the window for a while. The sky was getting dark, and the peach tree turned into a shadow, but I knew all those buds were up there. Little Red Dot, good night. I will come see you tomorrow morning.

四月三日，杏花开了五朵

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，底下透着一点粉，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.