

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.