

大桥那边有一片黄色的海

4月12日 星期六 晴

昨天晚上，妈妈就把背包打开，装了半天：六个煮鸡蛋、一盒春卷、一块小毯子、一瓶灌满的水。今天早上，爸爸在手机地图上画好路线，说出了城，过了那座大桥，就有一大片油菜花田。妹妹莫名其妙穿上她的红色雨靴，说她要踩泥巴。我们八点出发，公交车上一半是空的，妹妹把脸贴在车窗上，一路问到了没有。

在大桥那边下车，我「哇」了一声。车一停，堤岸外面就是黄，黄得一眼望到天的边上，跟白云接在一起。爸爸说那就是油菜花海。我见过油菜花，可没见过这么多，一起开。

我们下了堤岸，走进田中间的小路。油菜花比我腰还高，两边探过来的花扫着我的肩膀。我仔细看一朵花：四个花瓣，十字一样排开，枝头顶端还挤着一簇黄绿色的小花苞。气味浓浓的，带一点甜，闻久了想打喷嚏。蜜蜂在耳朵边上嗡嗡地飞，有一只落在我胳膊上，我屏住气不敢动，它停了一会儿，自己飞走了。风过去的时候，整片花田朝一个方向弯腰，哗啦啦响，真的像海。

妈妈把毯子铺在堤岸下，我们全家坐下来吃煮鸡蛋。妹妹去追蝴蝶，摔了两跤也没哭，爬起来接着追。爸爸拍了两百多张照片，大部分是妈妈和妹妹，他自己的没几张。我在毯子上躺了一会儿，天很蓝，云走得很慢。我忽然想，爸爸平时加班，回来得晚，我们全家这样坐在一起，已经很久了。

回家的公交车上，我靠着爸爸的肩膀睡着了。醒来的时候窗外天已经暗了，黄色的花田换成了绿色的麦田，妹妹在妈妈腿上睡着，她的红雨靴上全是泥。爸爸的相册里两百多张照片，他把拍糊的删掉，挑出开得最好的一批，发给乡下的爷爷，说春天好，让爷爷也来看。

到家以后，我翻开日记本，把这一天写下来。那片花田的黄，我想记很久。

A Yellow Sea Beyond the Big Bridge

April twelfth, Saturday, sunny.

Last night Mother opened her backpack and packed for a long time: six boiled eggs, a box of spring rolls, a small blanket, and a bottle filled with water. This morning Father drew the route on his phone map and said that once we leave the city and cross the big bridge, there will be a huge field of rapeseed flowers. My little sister put on her red rain boots for no reason at all, saying she wanted to step in mud. We left at eight. The bus was half empty, and sister pressed her face against the window, asking all the way whether we had arrived.

When we got off at the bridge, I let out a wow. The moment the bus stopped, beyond the embankment was yellow, yellow all the way to the edge of the sky, joining the white clouds. Father said that was the rapeseed sea. I had seen rapeseed flowers

before, but never so many blooming at once.

We went down the embankment onto the path in the middle of the field. The rapeseed stood taller than my waist, and the flowers leaning in from both sides brushed my shoulders. I studied one flower closely: four petals arranged like a cross, with a cluster of yellow-green buds crowded at the branch tip. The smell was thick, a little sweet, and breathing it too long made me want to sneeze. Bees buzzed beside my ears, and one landed on my arm. I held my breath and did not move, and after a while it flew away on its own. When the wind passed, the whole field bent in one direction with a rustling sound, truly like a sea.

Mother spread the blanket under the embankment and our whole family sat down to eat boiled eggs. Sister chased butterflies, fell twice, did not cry, got up and kept chasing. Father took more than two hundred photos, most of Mother and sister, only a few of himself. I lay on the blanket for a while. The sky was very blue and the clouds moved very slowly. I suddenly thought: Father usually works late and comes home late, and it had been a long time since our whole family sat together like this.

On the bus home I fell asleep leaning on Father's shoulder. When I woke up the sky outside was dark, the yellow flower field had changed into green wheat fields, and sister was asleep on Mother's lap, her red boots covered with mud. Father deleted the blurry photos from his album and sent the best blooming ones to Grandpa in the village, saying spring is beautiful and he should come see it too.

After I got home I opened my diary and wrote down this day. I want to remember the yellow of that field for a long time.

和奶奶去桃花谷

3月23日 星期日 多云转晴

天还没亮，我就听见厨房里有动静。奶奶起大早蒸了一锅花卷，说带到谷子里去吃。爸爸开车带我们去城郊的桃花谷，要开一个多小时的车。奶奶提着一个竹篮，里面是花卷、咸菜和一保温桶热粥。我带上了笔记本，打算把课文里写桃花的句子抄几句下来。妹妹穿了她那条带大翻领的新裙子。

进谷的山路两边全是桃树，一枝挨着一枝，粉云一样挂在头顶上。走进去，地上也落了一层花瓣，踩上去软软的。桃花外面粉、里面浅，中间是一根根细红的花蕊。枝头顶上的花苞是深粉的，闭得紧紧的，像一个个小结。

奶奶走在最前面，忽然停下来，说她小时候就跟着她的妈妈进这个谷子摘过桃花，那时候满谷也是这个样子。她指着一棵挂着小青果的树，说开得早的花已经开始坐果了，到五月果子就大

起来了。爸爸说，奶奶记得比导游还清楚。

我想折一枝桃花带回家插在瓶子里，奶奶拉住了我，说花在树上才最好看，摘下来半天就蔫了，一人折一枝，明年这个谷子就不用来了。我脸一热，把手放了下来。奶奶从竹篮里挑了最软的一个花卷递给我，我说了声谢谢。

我们在一棵大桃树下吃饭。花卷还是热的，粥是香的。风一吹，花瓣落在碗边上，妹妹接住一片，别在自己的耳朵后面，问好不好看。大家都说她好看。

下山回家的路上，我捡了不少整朵的落花，夹进笔记本里做书签。奶奶走在前面，爸爸跟她讲我期中考试的事，奶奶一直说不错不错。我回头看，满谷的桃花被傍晚的雾包住，粉色一点点变成灰色。

奶奶说，明年花开了还来。我把这句写进日记。我想每年都来，想奶奶每年都来。

Peach Blossom Valley with Grandmother

March twenty-third, Sunday, cloudy then sunny.

Before it was light outside, I heard sounds from the kitchen. Grandmother had gotten up early to steam a pot of flower rolls, saying she would take them into the valley to eat. Father drove us to Peach Blossom Valley in the suburbs, a little over an hour by car. Grandmother carried a bamboo basket with flower rolls, pickles, and a thermos of hot porridge. I brought my notebook, planning to copy a few sentences about peach blossoms from our textbook. Sister wore her new dress with the big collar.

The mountain path into the valley was lined with peach trees on both sides, branch against branch, pink clouds hanging overhead. Walking in, I found the ground covered with a layer of fallen petals, soft under my feet. Peach blossoms are pink outside and pale inside, with thin red stamens in the middle. The buds at the branch tips are deep pink, closed tight like little knots.

Grandmother walked in front and suddenly stopped to tell us that when she was a girl she had come into this valley with her own mother to pick peach blossoms, and the valley had looked just like this then too. She pointed at a tree hanging with small green fruits and said the early flowers had already begun to set fruit, and by May the fruits would grow big. Father said Grandmother remembered better than any tour guide.

I wanted to break off a branch of peach blossoms to put in a bottle at home, but Grandmother held me back. She said flowers are prettiest on the tree; once picked they wilt in half a day, and if everyone broke one branch, the valley would be

worthless next year. My face went hot and I lowered my hand. Grandmother picked the softest flower roll from the basket and handed it to me, and I said thank you.

We ate under a big peach tree. The flower rolls were still hot, and the porridge was fragrant. When the wind blew, petals landed on the rim of our bowls. Sister caught one and tucked it behind her ear, asking whether she looked pretty. Everyone said she did.

On the way down the mountain and home, I picked up many whole fallen flowers and pressed them between the pages of my notebook as bookmarks. Grandmother walked ahead while Father told her about my midterm exams, and she kept saying, not bad, not bad. When I looked back, the whole valley of peach blossoms was wrapped in the evening mist, the pink slowly turning gray.

Grandmother said that next year when the flowers open, they will come again. I wrote this sentence in my diary. I want to come every year, and I want Grandmother to come every year.

小雨里的白梨园

4月6日 星期六 小雨转阴

早上起床的时候，雨还在敲窗户，我心里一沉，以为郊外赏花要取消了。没想到爸爸从柜子里拿出三件雨衣，说下雨天有下雨天的好看。妈妈往保温壶里灌了姜茶，又塞了两套干衣服进背包。我们坐车去县外的梨园。路上车很少，雨刷器刷来刷去，玻璃上的水珠排着队跑。

下车的时候，梨园白得像下了雪。雨里的梨花反而更白，水珠挂在花瓣上，滚来滚去也不掉。梨花小小的，一簇一簇挤在枝头，中间的花蕊是紫红色的。地上湿湿的，落花浮在小水洼里，像一条条小白船。我深吸一口气，空气凉凉的，带着一股水淋过的花味。

园子里的老伯递给我们几把伞，说这些梨树三十多岁了，每年这时候全园子都是白的。我抬头看，雨珠从花瓣尖上一滴一滴落下来，落进我的雨衣帽子里，叮的一声，特别轻。

园子里几乎没有别人，很安静，能听见雨点打在叶子上的声音，沙沙的。爸爸站在一棵树下，很久不动。我问他干什么，他说听听。我学着站了一会儿，真的听见了很多声音：雨声、风声，还有蜜蜂顶着雨在花之间飞动的声音。

妹妹蹲下去想接花瓣上的水珠，一屁股滑坐在泥地里。我们全都跑过去，她膝盖上全是泥，可她没哭，反而说泥巴软软的很好玩。妈妈在车里给她换了裤子，我们一人喝了一杯姜茶。姜茶辣得很，妹妹伸出舌头哈气，逗得我们全笑了。

下午雨停了，云缝里出来一点夕阳，梨园里冒起白汽，地上的白花反而显得更白。回家的车

里很安静，爸爸开得很慢，妈妈和妹妹靠着窗看梨园越来越远，最后变成田边的一朵白云。我忽然有点不想回家。

到家我洗掉鞋上的泥，就翻开日记。这是我最近最安静、也最好的一天。

The White Pear Orchard in the Light Rain

April sixth, Saturday, light rain then cloudy.

When I got up in the morning, rain was still tapping the window, and my heart sank, thinking the flower outing was canceled. But Father took three raincoats out of the closet and said a rainy day has its own beauty. Mother poured ginger tea into the thermos and stuffed two sets of dry clothes into the backpack. We drove to a pear orchard outside the county. There were few cars on the road, the wipers swept back and forth, and water beads on the glass ran away in lines.

When we got out of the car, the pear orchard was white as if it had snowed. The pear blossoms in the rain looked even whiter, with water beads hanging on the petals, rolling without falling. Pear blossoms are small, crowded in clusters on the branch tips, with purple-red stamens in the middle. The ground was wet, and fallen flowers floated in little puddles like small white boats. I took a deep breath: the air was cool, carrying the smell of flowers washed by rain.

An old man in the orchard handed us a few umbrellas and said these pear trees were more than thirty years old, and at this season the whole orchard turned white. I looked up: raindrops fell from the petal tips one by one into the hood of my raincoat, making a tiny ping.

There was almost nobody else in the orchard, and it was very quiet. We could hear raindrops tapping the leaves, a soft rustling. Father stood under one tree for a long time without moving. I asked him what he was doing, and he said listening. I stood the same way for a while, and I really heard many sounds: rain, wind, and bees flying between the flowers through the rain.

Sister squatted down to catch a water bead from a petal and slid down into the mud. We all ran over. Her knees were covered with mud, but she did not cry. Instead she said the soft mud was fun. Mother changed her pants in the car, and we each drank a cup of ginger tea. It was very spicy. Sister stuck out her tongue and blew on it, and we all laughed.

In the afternoon the rain stopped, and a little setting sun came through a gap in the clouds. White mist rose from the pear orchard, and the white flowers on the ground looked even whiter. The car home was quiet. Father drove slowly, and Mother

and sister leaned against the window watching the orchard grow smaller, until it became one white cloud at the edge of the fields. I suddenly did not want to go home.

When I got home I washed the mud off my shoes and opened my diary. This was the quietest and best day I have had in a long time.