

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.