

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.