

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.