

同桌的花瓣标本册

公园赏花回来那几天，我觉得同桌变了。他从一个本子撕下几张纸，缝成一个粗糙的小册子，封面写着四个字：花瓣记录。我笑他，花瓣有什么好记录的，不就是粉色白色黄色吗。他不辩解，只把册子翻开给我看了一秒，就那一秒，我没笑出声。

册子里全是落花。他在公园赏花那天，专门蹲在树下捡被风吹下来的完整花瓣，一片一片夹进书里压平，再按颜色排开。桃花的粉分了三档：最外面晒过太阳的深粉，中间的正粉，贴着花心的浅粉，每片旁边都用小字标着从哪棵树捡的、哪天捡的。玉兰的白更夸张，他写白的旁边注着奶油白和青白，说青白的是刚开的，奶油白的是开了一天的，开过两天的会透出一點黃。

形状他也较真。同样五瓣的桃花，他挑出边缘尖的和边缘圆的各一片并排贴好，中间写：同一棵树，两种边。海棠的花瓣他画了大小两圈，小圈是花心的瓣，大圈是最外层的瓣，旁边标着数出来的数字，外层的瓣平均比里层宽两毫米。两毫米这种小事，我以前连想都不会想到。

真正拉我下水的是一个周三。他说他的记录册缺一种黄色，迎春花的花瓣，我帮他在花坛边找。找的时候他教我，要捡完整不卷边的，顺手把花心的位置也记住。我蹲下去才发现，迎春花瓣的背面有一条极细的橙线，不凑近根本看不见。我捏着那片花瓣喊他，他跑过来，两个人头碰头看那条线，像发现了什么宝藏。那天放学，我自己也撕了两张纸，学着缝了个小册子。

记录了一段时间，我承认他的册子改变了我看东西的方式。以前我看一棵树，看到的是「一棵开花的树」，一整团，糊的。现在我会先看到颜色分几层、花瓣是什么形状、哪朵新开哪朵快谢。世界还是那个世界，只是分辨率变高了。

期末那天，他的花瓣记录册在班里传了一圈，传回来时多了好几页别人的页码，有人补了花色，有人补了形状。他把它举起来，说这个册子是我们班的。我忽然有点骄傲，因为里面也有我捡的那片带橙线的迎春花瓣。赏花这件事让我明白，用心记录的人能把春天留住，哪怕只是一片两毫米宽的差别，认真看过，春天就记得你。

My Deskmate's Petal Album

For a few days after our flower viewing trip to the park, I felt my deskmate had changed. He tore several sheets from a notebook, stitched them into a rough little album, and wrote four characters on the cover: petal records. I teased him, what is there to record about petals, they are just pink, white, yellow. He did not argue, only opened the album and showed me for one second. In that one second, my laugh died.

The album was full of fallen petals. That day in the park he had crouched under the trees picking complete petals blown down by the wind, pressing them flat inside books, then arranging them by color. Peach pink came in three grades: the deep pink that had faced the sun outside, the true pink in the middle, the pale pink that had hugged the flower heart, each labeled in tiny writing with which tree and which day

it came from. The magnolia whites were even wilder: beside the word white he noted cream white and greenish white, saying the greenish ones had just opened, the cream ones had bloomed for a day, and after two days a petal shows a hint of yellow.

He was just as serious about shapes. From the same five-petaled peach blossoms he selected one with pointed edges and one with round edges, pasted them side by side, and wrote between them: same tree, two kinds of edges. For crabapple petals he drew two rings, big and small, the inner ring for heart petals, the outer for the outermost layer, with counted numbers beside them: outer petals average two millimeters wider than inner ones. Two millimeters — a small thing I would never have thought to notice.

What really pulled me in was a Wednesday. He said his album lacked one yellow, a winter jujube petal, and I helped him look by the flower bed. While searching he taught me: pick complete ones with uncurled edges, and remember where the flower heart was. Only when I crouched did I find an extremely thin orange line on the back of a jujube petal, invisible unless you leaned close. I held up the petal and called him; he ran over, and we bent our heads together over that line like treasure hunters. That day after school, I tore two sheets myself and stitched a little album.

After recording for a while, I admit his album changed the way I look at things. Before, I saw a tree as one blooming mass, blurry and whole. Now I first see how many layers of color, what shape the petals are, which flower just opened and which is about to fade. The world is the same world; only the resolution went up.

On the last day of term, his petal album made a round of the classroom and came back with several extra pages from other people, some adding colors, some adding shapes. He held it up and said this album belongs to our class. I felt a little proud, because inside it was the jujube petal with the orange line that I had picked. Flower viewing taught me that a careful recorder can keep spring, and that even a difference two millimeters wide, once truly seen, means spring remembers you.