

我把春天记进了观察本

敬爱的老师们、亲爱的同学们：大家好！我演讲的题目是我爱春天的花。我有一个蓝色的观察本，从三月一号起，我每天都在里面记花。今天，我把本子上的春天读给大家听。

三月一号，迎春花开了第一朵，我在旁边画了一个小圆圈。三月九号，花坛边的玉兰开了，我写：满树都是花，没有一片叶子，像举了一树的白蜡烛。三月十七号，第一只蜜蜂来了，我在蜜蜂旁边画了一条弯弯曲曲的飞行路线。三月二十五号，无名的小紫花开了，我写：不知道名字，先记样子，四个瓣，紫里带白。四月二号，我在本子上画了一整排小旗子，因为那天我数出花坛里一共有三十七朵花在开，我在每一朵旁边点了一个点。

上星期六，我带着观察本去了公园。我在本子里记：公园的花田是黄色的，一大片，学校花坛是一坛一坛的，一小片一小片。大的让我想跑，小的让我想蹲。那天我在长椅上坐着抄颜色，抄着抄着，心里那些不痛快的事，不知什么时候悄悄溜走了。回家的公交车上，我靠着窗户翻本子，从三月一号翻到那天，忽然发现，原来春天是一天一天过来的，不是一下子来的。

观察本的最后几页，我记的不是花，是我自己。我写：今天数学小测没考好，放学看见花坛边的玉兰开了，忽然觉得，一次没考好，不算什么，花还开呢。妈妈翻到我的观察本，说这是她见过的最好的日记。其实我只是把花一天一天看下来，把它们记下来。

同学们，喜欢一样东西，就把它记下来吧。可以画，可以抄颜色，也可以像我一样记日期。等到夏天来了，翻开本子，你的春天还在纸上开着。我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

I Wrote Spring Down in My Observation Notebook

Dear teachers and fellow students, hello! The title of my speech is I Love the Flowers of Spring. I have a blue observation notebook, and since March the first I have been writing flowers in it every day. Today I would like to read the spring from my notebook aloud to everyone.

March first: the first winter jasmine flower opened, and I drew a small circle beside it. March ninth: the magnolia by the flower bed bloomed, and I wrote, the whole tree is flowers with not a single leaf, like a tree holding up white candles. March seventeenth: the first bee came, and I drew its winding flight path next to the bee. March twenty-fifth: the nameless little purple flowers opened, and I wrote, do not know the name, so record the look first, four petals, purple touched with white. April second: I drew a whole row of little flags in the notebook, because that day I counted thirty-seven flowers open in the flower bed, and I put one dot beside every single one.

Last Saturday I took my notebook to the park. I wrote in it: the flower field in the park is yellow, one huge piece; the flower beds at school are bed by bed, small piece by small piece. The big one makes me want to run; the small one makes me want

to squat. That day I sat on a bench copying down colours, and copying, copying, the unhappy things inside me quietly slipped away at some point without my noticing. On the bus home I leaned against the window and flipped through the notebook, from March the first to that day, and suddenly I realized that spring had come one day at a time, not all at once.

The last few pages of my notebook are not about flowers but about me. I wrote: today my maths quiz did not go well, but after school I saw the magnolia by the flower bed in bloom, and suddenly I felt that one bad quiz is nothing, the flowers are still blooming. When my mum flipped through my notebook, she said it was the best diary she had ever seen. Really, I just watched the flowers day by day and wrote them down.

Fellow students, if you love something, write it down. You can draw it, copy its colours, or record the dates like I do. When summer comes, open your notebook, and your spring will still be blooming on the paper. Thank you, everyone!