

我的观察小本救了我的周记

这个学期我养成了一个新习惯：书包里揣一个巴掌大的小本子，专门记花。这个习惯是怎么来的呢，说来有点难为情，是被周记逼出来的。

以前每周的周记是我最大的难关。写什么呢？家里的事每天都一样，我就开始编。编过帮奶奶扫地，编过扶老爷爷过马路，编到后来我自己读着都脸红。有一回周记本发下来，老师在末尾写：事情是真的吗？我盯着那行字看了很久，没脸抵赖。

三月初，科学老师布置观察花坛，要求每人连续记录。我第一天只写了一句：花开两朵。科学老师把我叫去，问：花是什么颜色？开在花坛哪一角？旁边有没有虫子？我全答不上来，因为我根本没细看。那天放学，我蹲在花坛边看了二十分钟，把看到的记进小本子：迎春花五个瓣，靠墙那一角开得最早，一只蚂蚁顺着花茎往上爬，爬到一半滑下来，又爬。

从那以后我每周记两三次。记过花苞从绿变黄要几天，记过雨后花瓣落在地上贴成一圈，记过蜜蜂只爱开全的花、不爱开半的。小本子越记越厚，我的周记忽然就不愁没得写了。上个月的周记我写那只滑下来又爬的蚂蚁，老师批了四个字：这就是真，旁边还画了一颗小小的五角星。那天我把周记本翻来覆去看了三遍，比哪天得了优都高兴。

现在回头看，这个学期我得到的不只是周记变好了。我学会了一件更根本的事：先老老实实在地看，再老老实实在地记，最后写出来的东西才站得住。编出来的事经不起一行批语，记下来的细节却越读越清楚。那个巴掌大的小本子，比任何辅导书都管用，因为它里面装的是我自己的眼睛。

My Little Observation Notebook Saved My Weekly Journals

This term I picked up a new habit: carrying a palm-sized notebook in my schoolbag, dedicated to recording flowers. How did this habit begin? It is a little embarrassing to say, but it was forced on me by my weekly journals.

In the past, the weekly journal was my biggest hurdle. What was there to write? Things at home were the same every day, so I started making things up. I invented helping grandma sweep, invented helping an old man cross the road, and later even I blushed reading my own inventions. Once when the journals came back, my teacher wrote at the end: is this story true? I stared at that line for a long time and had no face to deny it.

In early March, our science teacher assigned an observation of the flower bed, requiring everyone to record it continuously. On the first day I wrote only one line: two flowers bloomed. The science teacher called me over and asked: what colour were the flowers? In which corner of the bed did they open? Were there any insects nearby? I could not answer any of it, because I had not really looked. That day after school, I squatted by the flower bed and watched for twenty minutes, then recorded what I saw in my little notebook: winter jasmine has five petals, the corner by the wall blooms

earliest, an ant climbed up a flower stem, slipped halfway down, and climbed again.

Since then I have recorded two or three times a week. I recorded how many days it takes a bud to turn from green to yellow, how petals after rain stick to the ground in a ring, how bees only visit fully open flowers and ignore half-open ones. The little notebook grew thicker and thicker, and suddenly my weekly journals had no shortage of things to write. Last month my journal was about that ant that slipped and climbed again, and my teacher wrote four characters as a comment: this is real, with a tiny five-pointed star drawn beside it. That day I turned my journal over and read it three times through, happier than on any day I had earned an A.

Looking back now, what I gained this term is more than better journals. I learned something more fundamental: first look honestly, then record honestly, and only then can what you write stand on its feet. Invented stories cannot survive a single line of comment, but recorded details grow clearer the more you read them. That palm-sized notebook works better than any study guide, because inside it are my own two eyes.