

公园那个星期六，我把鼻子凑到了花上

我以前最怕写作文。写什么都是干巴巴的几句：花很美，我很开心。老师在那些句子下面画红线，我也知道是空话，可我实在没有别的可写。有一回我数了数，一篇三百字的作文，我竟然有一百字在写今天天气真好。

上个月那个星期六，父亲带我去公园看花。走到桃花那片，我还是老样子，说了几句好看好看。父亲没有批评我，只说：你把鼻子凑近闻闻。我把鼻子凑到一枝桃花前面，味道是甜的，又不腻，风一吹，甜味跑开一会儿又回来。父亲又让我听，我听见嗡嗡的蜂声，听见远处操场上的笑声，还听见喷灌器嗒嗒嗒地转。

我伸手摸了一下花瓣，凉凉的、软软的，比手绢还滑。又有一瓣被风吹落，正好落在我嘴唇上，我用舌头碰了碰，有点甜，又有点涩。父亲笑了，说：你看，你今天把五种感觉都用上了，回家就写这个。

晚上我写了那篇公园的花，把看到的颜色、闻到的味道、听到的声音、摸到的手感、舌头上的味道，一种感觉写一行。第二天作文本发下来，我这篇被老师当堂念了，评语是五个字：有颜色味道。老师还对全班说，这才叫真的看见了。我听着，耳朵有点发烫。下课后同桌凑过来问我，那喷灌器的声音他怎么没听见，我说你下次把耳朵也带去。他还问我花到底什么味，我让他周末自己去闻。

现在我明白了一个理：不是笔笨，是眼睛、耳朵、鼻子、手以前从来没有真的去上班。后来每次去公园看花，我都特意把五种感觉全用上，回来作文里就有说不完的话。作文本上那句表扬，其实是公园里的花和那五种感觉一起替我挣来的。

That Saturday in the Park, I Put My Nose Close to the Flowers

I used to dread writing compositions. Whatever I wrote came out as the same dry few lines: the flowers are beautiful, I am very happy. My teacher drew red lines under those sentences, and I knew they were empty words, but I truly had nothing else to say. Once I counted, and found that in an essay of three hundred characters, a full hundred of them were spent on saying what fine weather it was.

Last Saturday my father took me to the park to see the flowers. When we reached the peach blossom area, I was my old self again, saying how beautiful, how beautiful. My father did not scold me. He only said: put your nose close and smell. I brought my nose close to a branch of peach blossoms. The smell was sweet without being heavy, and when the wind blew, the sweetness ran away for a while and then came back. My father asked me to listen next. I heard the buzzing of bees, the laughter from the playground far away, and the sprinkler going tap, tap, tap as it turned.

I reached out and touched a petal. It was cool and soft, smoother than a

handkerchief. Another petal was blown down by the wind and landed right on my lips. I touched it with my tongue: a little sweet, and a little bitter. My father laughed and said: you see, today you used all five senses. Go home and write about this.

That evening I wrote the essay about the flowers in the park. I wrote the colors I saw, the smell I breathed, the sounds I heard, the feel of touching, and the taste on my tongue, one line for each sense. The next day the exercise books came back, and my essay was read aloud in class. The comment was five characters: it has color and smell. The teacher also said to the whole class: now this is what truly seeing means. My ears turned hot as I listened. After class my deskmate came over and asked why he had never heard the sound of the sprinkler, and I told him to bring his ears along next time. He also asked me what the flowers actually smelled like, and I told him to go and smell them himself on the weekend.

Now I understand one thing: it is not that the pen is stupid; it is that my eyes, ears, nose and hands had never really gone to work before. Ever since then, every time I go to the park to watch flowers, I make a point of using all five senses, and when I come home my essays are full of things to say. The praise written in my exercise book was really earned for me by the flowers in the park together with my five senses.