

我的季节账本：惊蛰那天，我真的听见了雷

初二寒假，爷爷送我一个牛皮本子，说：往后每个节气，出去看一眼，回来记一笔。我那时正为作文发愁，老师总说我写的东西一看就是坐在屋里想出来的。我想，那就试试。

第一个节气是雨水。那天没下雨，我在本子上写：雨水那天没下雨，风里有土味。惊蛰我等了一天。第三天后半夜，雷真的响了，我从床上坐起来听，第一声闷，像有人在楼上滚一个木桶；第二声近，窗玻璃嗡了一下。我摸黑在本子上记：雷先闷后近，玻璃会响。第二天早上我翻书，书上说惊蛰始雷，我心想，书上这句话，我是用半夜坐起来换来的。

夏至那天中午，我按爷爷说的，在小区空地上站直，看自己的影子。影子缩在脚底下，短短一团，像踩着一顶黑帽子。我拿尺量了影子的长度，记在本子上。冬至再量，影子长出一大截，拖到身后的地砖缝上。两个数字并排写在账本两页上，谁也不用讲道理，一看就明白夏天太阳高、冬天太阳斜。

霜降那天早上，我特意去看车棚的铁皮。霜是斜着长的，朝着一个方向，像一层立起来的白绒毛。我伸手碰了一下，绒毛倒了，变成一个湿指印。我把这个指印也记了。后来月考作文写《秋天的早晨》，我把这段原样搬进去。阅卷老师在旁边画了个波浪线。那篇作文是我两年来分数最高的一篇，没有一句好词好句，全是账本里的东西。

这个学期下来，账本记满了，我的体会也攒了一堆。记录让等待有了形状。以前惊蛰春分只是日历上的字，现在惊蛰是我爬起来听的那两声雷，夏至是我脚底下那顶黑帽子。季节从名词变成了我经过的日子。细节让文章有了重量。雷先闷后近，霜是斜着长的，这些细节没法编，编不出玻璃嗡那一下。观察是写作最老实的路。它不快，一个节气十五天，一个细节要等半夜的雷。但它给的东西全是自己的，谁也抄不走，老师也一看就知道不是抄的。

爷爷的牛皮本子快写完了，我已经在准备第二个。下个节气是立冬，我打算去看水面第一天结冰是结在边上的还是结在中间的。这个问题我答不上来，得等。等答案从水面上自己长出来，再写进文章里——这是我跟着季节学到的最要紧的一件事。

My Season Ledger: On the Day of Awakening Insects, I Truly Heard the Thunder

Over the winter break of eighth grade, my grandpa gave me a kraft-paper notebook and said: from now on, on each solar term, go out and take one look, then come back and write one line. I was worrying about my compositions then. My teachers always said my writing smelled like it had been thought up sitting indoors. I figured, all right, I will try.

The first term was Rain Water. That day it did not rain. I wrote in the notebook: no rain on Rain Water, and the wind smelled of soil. For Awakening Insects I waited three days. On the third night, past midnight, thunder really rolled. I sat up in bed and listened. The first roll was muffled, like someone upstairs rolling a wooden

barrel; the second was closer, and the window glass hummed once. I scribbled in the dark: thunder comes muffled first, then near; the glass hums. The next morning I opened my book, and it said thunder begins at Awakening Insects. I thought: that line in the book, I paid for it by sitting up at midnight.

At noon on the Summer Solstice, following grandpa, I stood straight on the open ground in our compound and looked at my shadow. It shrank under my feet, a short dark clump, like a black hat I was standing on. I measured its length with a ruler and wrote it down. On the Winter Solstice I measured again, and the shadow had stretched far, trailing onto the seam of the tiles behind me. The two numbers sit side by side on two pages of the ledger. No one has to explain anything: one look shows that the summer sun is high and the winter sun is slanted.

On the morning of Frost Descent, I went to look at the tin roof of the bike shed on purpose. The frost grew slanted, all leaning one way, like a layer of white fuzz standing up. I touched it, and the fuzz collapsed into a wet fingerprint. I recorded that fingerprint too. Later, for the monthly exam composition Autumn Morning, I moved the passage in as it was. The grader drew a wavy line beside it. That was the highest-scoring composition I had written in two years, without a single borrowed fine phrase, filled entirely with things from the ledger.

By the end of the term the ledger was full, and so were my lessons. Recording gives waiting a shape. Awakening Insects and Spring Equinox used to be words on a calendar. Now Awakening Insects is the two rolls of thunder I got up to hear, and Summer Solstice is the black hat under my feet. The seasons turned from nouns into days I actually passed through. Details give writing weight. Thunder muffled first then near, frost growing slanted, these cannot be invented; no one can invent that hum of the window glass. Observing is the most honest road in writing. It is not fast. One solar term is fifteen days; one detail may wait for midnight thunder. But everything it gives is your own. No one can copy it away, and a teacher can tell at a glance that it was not copied.

The kraft notebook from my grandpa is nearly full, and I am already getting the second one ready. The next term is the Start of Winter. I plan to watch whether ice forms first along the edge of the pond water or in the middle. I cannot answer that question. I have to wait. Wait for the answer to grow out of the water by itself, then write it into the composition. That is the most important thing I have learned by following the seasons.