

我们的教室窗台，是秋天的气象站

四年级开学，班主任在窗台上放了一个玻璃瓶，插一支日历夹，说今年班级要写季节日记，轮流值日，一人一天。我被排到第一个，心里想，这有什么难的。

第一天是九月一号，我在楼下捡了一片还带点绿的杨树叶，插在瓶里，在日历夹的纸条上写：今天叶子还是绿的，风是软的，我有点怕四年级。第二天，值日的同桌捡了一片有黑斑的叶子，写：叶子长斑了，我的牙也掉了，今天说话漏风。全班看了都笑。就这样，窗台上的叶子一天一换，纸条一天一贴。有的纸条写天气，有的写叶子，有的写当天班里的事：运动会报名了，自然角的蒜发芽了，前排的李小满把蝉蜕带来了，瓶子里除了叶子又多了一个蝉壳。

十月中旬轮到我第二次值日。那天我捡的是一片半红半黄的枫叶，纸条上我写：枫叶一边红一边黄，像秋天走到一半，忘了走完。下午老师走进教室，看了窗台半天，什么也没说。第二天早读，她把我们全班两个月的纸条都取下来，按日期贴在教室后墙的板报上，标题写：秋天的气象站。她指着我的枫叶纸条念了一遍，念完说：这一句，是大作家也可能写不出的句子。我坐在座位上，手心里全是汗。那面墙后来被别的班的同学跑来看，我们班的窗台成了全校有名的气象站。

再后来，抢着值日成了我们班的事。想记录叶子的人太多，老师只好把一天一人改成半天一人。我也慢慢发现，写纸条和写作文原来是通的。我写叶子长斑，写秋天走到一半，后来月考作文写《秋天的校园》，我把气象站的叶子全写进去了，从绿写到红。发本子那天，作文后面有一个红五星。

做季节日记值日生一年，我最大的心得是：观察这件事，一个人做容易断，全班做就断不了。每天换一片叶子只要一分钟，可三百六十五个一分钟凑在一起，秋天就被我们全班看完了。感受也要写下来，牙掉了说话漏风，怕上四年级，这些小事当时觉得没什么，贴在墙上才发现，原来每个人的秋天都不一样。现在玻璃瓶换成了两个，一个装叶子，一个装春天的东西。我盼着轮值，盼着明天窗台上会多一片什么样的叶子。

Our Classroom Windowsill Is an Autumn Weather Station

At the start of Grade Four, our homeroom teacher put a glass bottle on the windowsill with a calendar clip in it, and said that this year our class would keep a season diary on duty, one person per day. I was scheduled first, and I thought, how hard can that be.

The first day was September first. I picked up a poplar leaf still tinged with green downstairs, put it in the bottle, and wrote on the slip in the clip: the leaf is still green today, the wind is soft, and I am a little scared of Grade Four. The next day my duty partner picked up a leaf with black spots and wrote: the leaf grew spots, and my tooth fell out too. I lisp when I talk today. The whole class laughed. And so the leaf on the windowsill changed every day, and the slips went up one by one. Some wrote about the weather, some about the leaves, some about what happened in

class that day: sports day sign-ups opened, the garlic in the nature corner sprouted, Li Xiaoman in the front row brought a cicada shell, and now the bottle held a cicada shell besides the leaves.

In mid-October my second duty day came. That day I picked up a maple leaf, half red and half yellow, and I wrote on the slip: the maple leaf is red on one side and yellow on the other, like autumn walked halfway and forgot to finish. That afternoon the teacher stood looking at the windowsill for a long time and said nothing. The next morning she took down all our slips from the past two months and pasted them on the back wall board in date order, with a title: The Weather Station of Autumn. She pointed at my maple leaf slip and read it aloud, then said: even a great writer might not come up with this sentence. I sat at my desk with sweaty palms. Students from other classes came to look at that wall afterward, and our windowsill became the famous weather station of the whole school.

Later, fighting for duty turns became the thing in our class. So many people wanted to record the leaves that the teacher changed one day one person to half a day one person. I also slowly found that writing slips and writing compositions connect. I wrote about the leaf with spots, about autumn walking halfway. For the monthly exam composition Autumn on Our Campus, I wrote in every leaf from the weather station, from green all the way to red. The day the notebooks came back, there was a red star at the end of my composition.

After a year as a season diary monitor, my biggest lesson is this: observing is easy to drop alone, but a whole class will never drop it. Changing one leaf a day takes one minute, but three hundred and sixty-five minutes put together means our whole class watched autumn all the way through. Feelings have to be written down too: a lost tooth and a lisping voice, being scared of Grade Four. At the time they seemed like nothing. Only when they were pasted on the wall did we see that the autumn of each person is different. Now there are two glass bottles on the windowsill, one for leaves, one for the things of spring. I look forward to my turn, and to what kind of leaf will appear on the windowsill tomorrow.