我捡了一秋天的叶子，全贴在日记里

三年级下学期，语文老师要求我们写日记，一天一句也行。我开头三天就写不下去了，天天上学，有什么可写的。后来老师教了一招：不知道写什么，就写你眼前的一样东西。那天放学，我在校门口捡了一片梧桐叶，带回家贴在日记本上，写了一句：这片叶子一半绿一半黄，黄的边上有一圈褐色，像烤糊的饼干边。

从那天起我有了办法。每天放学低头找一片叶子，什么叶子都行，捡回来贴在日记那一页上。有的叶子洞洞很多，被虫吃过；有的叶脉清清楚楚，像一把小网；有的干脆是别的小区的叶子，形状我从没见过。我给它写一两句话，写它长什么样，也写那天发生的事。下雨那天我写：叶子是湿的，贴不住，我用书本压了一晚上。风大的那天我写：我追了一片打转的叶子，追出去半条街。

一个秋天下来，我的日记本贴满了叶子，四十七片。同桌说我的本子像标本册，我觉得这个词特别好，心里美了一下。十月底的语文课上，老师念了一篇范文，念完说这不是范文，是某位同学的日记。我一听，她念的正是我前天写的那片枫叶：枫叶的边是卷起来的，卷起来的地方最红，像被火燎过又缩回来的手。

那天我被表扬了，脸有点烫，但晚上回家我把这件事写进了日记。我妈翻我的本子，翻到中间说：你这个本子长高了。我不懂，她说，开头几页只有一句话，后来越写越多，本子鼓起来了。我一想，还真是。

现在冬天了，叶子捡不到了，我改捡别的：冰碴、松果、鸟留在雪地上的脚印。我的体会是，写日记不难，难的是每天找一样东西看。看着看着，眼睛就变尖了，别人看见一片黄叶子，我能看见它糊了边的颜色、虫咬的洞、卷起来最红的那一块。这些东西写进日记，日记自己就好看了。老师表扬我，其实表扬的是那四十七片叶子。它们替我说话，比我自己的话多。

I Collected Leaves All Autumn and Pasted Them in My Diary

In the second term of Grade Three, our Chinese teacher asked us to keep a diary. One sentence a day was enough. I gave up after three days. I go to school and come home every day, what is there to write? Then the teacher taught us a trick: if you do not know what to write, write about one thing right in front of your eyes. That day after school, I picked up a plane tree leaf at the school gate, pasted it into my diary at home, and wrote one sentence: this leaf is half green and half yellow, and the yellow side has a brown ring along the edge, like the burnt edge of a cookie.

From that day on I had my method. After school I look down for one leaf, any leaf, bring it home, and paste it on the page of that day. Some leaves are full of holes, eaten by insects; some have veins so clear they look like a little net; some come from another compound entirely, shapes I have never seen. I write one or two lines about it, what it looks like, and what happened that day. On a rainy day I

wrote: the leaf was wet and would not stick, so I pressed it under a book all night. On a windy day I wrote: I chased a spinning leaf half a block.

By the end of autumn my diary was covered with leaves, forty-seven of them. My deskmate said my notebook looks like a specimen album. I thought that was a wonderful word, and my heart swelled a little. In the Chinese class at the end of October, the teacher read a model essay aloud, then said: this is not a model essay, it is a diary entry from one of you. I listened, and she was reading exactly what I had written the day before about a maple leaf: the edges of the maple leaf curl up, and the curled parts are the reddest, like hands that were scorched by fire and pulled back.

That day I was praised, and my face got hot. That evening I wrote the whole thing into my diary. My mother flipped through my notebook, stopped in the middle, and said: your notebook has grown taller. I did not understand. She said, the first pages have only one sentence each, and the later pages have more and more, so the book puffed up. I thought about it. She was right.

Now it is winter and there are no leaves to pick, so I collect other things: ice shards, pinecones, bird footprints left on snow. My lesson is this: keeping a diary is not hard; the hard part is finding one thing to look at every day. But as you keep looking, your eyes grow sharp. Other people see a yellow leaf; I can see its burnt-edge color, the insect holes, the reddest curled part. Write these into the diary, and the diary becomes good by itself. When the teacher praised me, she was really praising those forty-seven leaves. They speak for me, with more words than I have.