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.

日记本里藏着一个秋天

说实话，一开始我特别讨厌写日记。每天都是吃饭、上学、写作业，写出来都一样。老师要求写秋天，我就写秋天来了，天气凉了，树叶黄了。写完自己读一遍，跟没写一样。

转折是在十月中旬的一个下午。那天踩着一堆落叶过马路，脚下咔嚓咔嚓响，我莫名开心，蹦着走完了整条街。晚上写日记，我鬼使神差地没有写秋天来了，我写：今天路上的叶子是脆的，踩一下响一下，我一路踩着它们走，像踩着一架会响的琴。写完我读了三遍。原来日记可以写这个，写我心里那一下开心。

从那以后我换了写法。风把伞吹翻的那天，我不写大风，我写：伞突然朝天上张开，我差点被它带着飞起来，我攥着伞柄，手心出汗，又害怕又好笑。第一片雪落下来那天，我在日记里写：雪落在袖子上，我盯着它，它慢慢变成一个湿点，我屏住气，怕把它吹跑。我妈看见我写这些，说：你现在写的像个人话了。这话不好听，但我知道她在夸我。

十一月的班会课，班主任念了我的两则日记，一则踩叶子，一则看雪。念完班里笑了，老师也说：这才叫观察，这才叫感受。我低头假装翻本子，耳朵热热的。那天之后，写日记这件事从任务变成了我自己的事。不写我难受，好像那一天白过了。

坚持写季节日记两个多月，我的收获比想象的多。感受写下来就留住了。踩叶子那天的开心，本来过完就忘，现在它躺在本子里，翻到就又响一次。坚持也不是咬牙硬撑，是我自己想看明天叶子变成什么样，日记替我记着。以前我羡慕别人作文写得好，现在我知道，好文章不是聪明出来的，是一片叶子一片叶子、一个湿点一个湿点攒出来的。我的日记本里藏着一个秋天，谁也不许翻——那是我攒下的。

An Autumn Hidden Inside My Diary

To be honest, at first I really hated keeping a diary. Every day is eating, school, homework, and what I wrote was all the same. When the teacher asked us to write about autumn, I wrote: autumn has come, the weather is cooler, the leaves are yellow. I read it back and it was as if I had written nothing.

The turn came on an afternoon in mid-October. I crossed the road through a pile of fallen leaves, my feet crunching and crackling, and for no reason I felt happy, and I went down the whole street on my toes. That evening, without quite deciding to, I did not write autumn has come. I wrote: the leaves on the road today were brittle, each step made a sound, and I stepped on them all the way, like walking on an instrument that plays itself. I read it three times. So this is what a diary can hold: that little jump of joy in my heart.

After that I changed how I wrote. The day the wind turned my umbrella inside out, I did not write about the big wind. I wrote: the umbrella suddenly opened toward the sky, and it almost carried me off. I gripped the handle, my palm sweating, scared and laughing at the same time. The day the first snowflake fell, I wrote: it landed on my sleeve, I stared at it, it slowly became a wet dot, and I held my breath, afraid to blow it away. My mother saw me writing this and said: now you write like a real person talking. That does not sound like a compliment, but I know she was praising me.

At the class meeting in November, our homeroom teacher read two of my diary entries aloud, one about the leaves and one about the snow. The class laughed, and she said: this is observing, this is feeling. I lowered my head and pretended to flip through my notebook, my ears burning. After that day, keeping a diary stopped being an assignment and became my own thing. If I skip a day I feel bad, as if that day was wasted.

After sticking with a season diary for more than two months, I gained more than I

expected. A feeling written down is kept. The joy of crunching leaves would have been forgotten, but now it lies in the book, and it sounds again whenever I open to it. Sticking with it is not gritting my teeth either. I myself want to see what the leaves look like tomorrow, and the diary keeps it for me. I used to envy classmates who wrote good compositions. Now I know good writing is not born from cleverness. It is saved up, leaf by leaf, wet dot by wet dot. An autumn is hidden inside my diary. Nobody is allowed to look through it. That is what I have saved.

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.