

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.