我家屋后的菜园长成了我的作文

以前一写作文，我就咬着笔杆，对着空白本子发半天呆，脑子里一个字也蹦不出来。老师说要写身边的事，可我总觉得自己的日子平淡得像一只洗干净的盘子，没什么可写的。是屋后那片菜园，让我改了想法。

爷爷在屋后侍弄一小块地，好多年了。小时候我跟着去菜园，只觉得是拔草，无聊得很。那年秋天，周记布置写观察，我憋着气往菜园走，想着随便看一眼就回家。可蹲在萝卜地边上，我发现以前没见过的东西：白萝卜的叶子上有一层细绒毛，太阳斜着照过来，叶尖亮着一圈光。一只七星瓢虫沿着叶脉爬，爬两步停一停，又飞走了。我天天从这块地边走过，却从来没有这样仔细看过它。

我跑回家喊爷爷，说萝卜长毛了。爷爷笑：你能看出这个，算有眼睛。明天再来看看。第二天我真去了，还带上一本旧本子，记下日期、天气、萝卜有几片叶子。第三天，我看见萝卜根部的土裂开一小道缝，像是萝卜在土里一点一点往上拱。拔出来一根，沉甸甸的，带着泥的尾巴用指甲一刮，露出白白的一截。爷爷说，这茬能吃啦。那天晚上，桌上是一盘肉末萝卜丝，我吃了两碗饭。

后来的七八天，我的旧本子记满了：瓢虫、白霜、裂开的土、萝卜的味道、爷爷握锄头的手，还有风把韭菜吹得东倒西歪的样子。作文那天，我没有再咬笔杆。我把本子上的记录一条一条抄到作文纸上，加上自己的想法，一篇《爷爷菜园里的白萝卜》一气写完。

第二天的语文课上，老师把我的作文念给全班听。她说：这篇有细节，看得出作者是真看过、真生活过的。我坐在座位上，耳朵有点发烫，心里却偷偷地高兴。放学我跑到菜园跟爷爷说，爷爷正浇水，头也不回：菜园就在那儿，又不会跑，你肯看，它就肯给你。

现在每次不知道写什么，我就会想起屋后那块小菜地。原来日子不是平淡，是我看得太少、太粗。作文里的话不是搜肠刮肚找出来的，它们像地里的白萝卜一样，是长出来的。只要你肯蹲下来，认真看一眼，它们就在那里。

The Vegetable Garden Behind Our House Grew Into My Composition

Once, whenever a composition was assigned, I would bite the end of my pencil and stare at the blank paper for half an hour, unable to think of a single word. The teacher said to write about life close at hand, but I felt my own days were as flat as a washed plate. It was the vegetable garden behind our house that changed my mind.

My grandpa has tilled a small plot behind our house for years. As a child, I thought going to the garden only meant pulling weeds, which was boring. That autumn week, the teacher assigned an observation piece, and I walked to the garden sulking, planning to glance once and go home. But crouching beside the radish patch, I saw things I had never noticed: the white radish leaves had a fine fuzz, and in the

slanting sunlight the leaf tips glowed with a ring of light. A ladybug crawled along a leaf vein, stopped twice, then flew away. I passed this patch every single day and had never looked at it this closely.

I ran home and shouted that the radishes had grown hair. Grandpa laughed and said that if I could see that, I had eyes worth using, and told me to come look again tomorrow. I did, and I brought an old exercise book, writing down the date, the weather, and how many leaves each radish had. On the third day I saw the soil at the base of a radish split open a little crack, as if the radish were pushing itself up inch by inch underground. I pulled one out, heavy in my hand, its muddy tail turning pure white where my fingernail scraped it. Grandpa said this batch was ready to eat. That night dinner had shredded radish with minced meat, and I finished two bowls of rice.

Over the next seven or eight days the old exercise book filled up: the ladybug, the white frost, the cracked soil, the taste of the radish, the hands of my grandpa on the hoe, and the chives blown crooked by the wind. On composition day I no longer bit my pencil. I copied the records one by one onto composition paper, added my own thoughts, and finished the piece in one go.

The next day in language class the teacher read my composition to the whole class. She said it had details, and that you could tell the writer had truly looked and truly lived. My ears went hot, but inside I was quietly glad. After school I ran to the garden to tell grandpa. He was watering, head not even turned: the garden is right there, it will not run away; if you are willing to look, it is willing to give.

Now whenever I cannot think of what to write, I think of that little plot behind our house. Life was never flat; I had simply looked at too little, too carelessly. The words of a composition are not hunted out of an empty head. They grow, like white radishes in the soil. Squat down and look once with care, and they are already there.