和爷爷去钓鱼：鱼漂动了的那一天

这个暑假最有趣的事，是爷爷带我去河边钓鱼。那天爷爷五点多就把我叫醒了，说现在去能钓上鱼，再睡太阳一出来就没鱼了。我困得眼睛睁不开，可一听钓鱼就从床上跳了起来。爷爷背着折叠小板凳，我提着小水桶，我们沿着村边的小路走。天刚有点发白，路边的草上全是露水，把我的凉鞋都打湿了。

河边比我想象的安静。水慢慢地流，映着岸上树的影子。爷爷在一处长着草的拐弯处停下来，清出一小块地方，摆好板凳，和饵，把鱼钩挂上，然后把鱼竿架在小支架上。红白相间的鱼漂安安稳稳地漂在水面上。爷爷说，钓鱼讲的就是耐心，别出声，别乱动。我坐了一会儿，鼻子痒，耳朵也痒，总想问爷爷鱼怎么还不上钩。爷爷把手指放在嘴唇上：嘘，说话把鱼都吓跑了。

我真的安静下来以后，周围好像更静了。我能听见蜻蜓嗡嗡地飞过去，能看见鱼漂随着水波轻轻晃。就在我盯着出神的时候，鱼漂忽然往下沉了两下，接着整个躺倒在水面上。我忍不住大喊：动了动了！爷爷，鱼漂动了！爷爷比我沉得住气，他不慌不忙地拿起鱼竿，手腕往上一挑。鱼竿的梢弯了下来，鱼线在水里划出唰的一声。我的心怦怦跳，快要从胸口蹦出来。

鱼线出水的时候，钩上挂着一条小鱼，只有两根手指那么长，银白色的，在草地上啪嗒啪嗒地扑腾。我蹲下去看它，它尾巴一甩，水珠溅到我鼻子上。我想用手去抓，它滑溜溜的，从我指头底下钻出去，骨碌一下滚进了水桶。空了一早上的水桶，忽然一下子活了起来。爷爷笑着说：小鱼也是鱼，这条是你安安静静坐了一个小时的证明。

那天上午我们一共钓上来三条小鱼，最大的一条有四指长。爷爷说中午回家炖汤喝。回家的路上，水桶我一直抢着提，一点都不觉得沉，还一路跟邻居小弟弟讲鱼漂是怎么动的。中午的鱼汤奶白奶白的，特别鲜，我喝了两大碗。

现在想起来那个早上，最先记起来的是鱼漂猛地往下一沉，然后是爷爷放在嘴唇上的那根手指。这件趣事让我明白，好东西常常属于能等的人。还有那条溅了我一鼻子水的小鱼，我怎么也忘不了。

Going Fishing with Grandpa: The Day the Float Moved

The most fun thing of this summer vacation was going fishing with my grandpa by the river one early morning. Grandpa woke me up before five o'clock. He said if we left now we could catch fish, but if we slept until the sun got strong there would be no fish at all. My eyes could hardly open, but the second I heard the word fishing I jumped out of bed. Grandpa carried a folding stool, I carried the little plastic bucket, and we walked along the country path. The sky was just turning white, and the grass on both sides of the path was wet with dew, so my sandals were soaked through before we even reached the river.

The river was quieter than I had imagined. The water moved slowly and reflected

the shapes of the trees on the bank. Grandpa stopped at a bend of the river where tall grass grew, cleared a small space, set up his stool, mixed the bait, and put it on the hook. Then he laid the rod on two little stands, and the red-and-white float settled quietly on the water. Grandpa told me that fishing was all about patience: do not make a sound, do not keep moving. I sat for a while, but my nose itched, my ears itched, and I kept wanting to ask grandpa why the fish were not biting yet. Every time I opened my mouth, Grandpa put one finger to his lips and whispered: Shh, your voice will scare all the fish away.

Once I finally kept still, the world around me seemed to grow even quieter. I could hear dragonflies buzzing past my ear. I could see the float rock gently with each ripple. I was staring at it when the float suddenly dipped down twice and then lay flat on the water. I shouted before I could stop myself: It moved! Grandpa, it moved! Grandpa was much calmer than me. He picked up the rod slowly and lifted his wrist with a gentle pull. The tip of the rod bent down, and the fishing line cut through the water with a swishing sound. My heart was beating so fast I thought it would jump out of my chest.

When the line came out of the water, there was a small fish swinging on it, only about two fingers long, silver-white, slapping on the grass. I crouched down to look at it, and it flicked its tail and splashed water right onto my nose. I tried to grab it with my hand, but it was too slippery, wriggled out from under my fingers, and rolled straight into the bucket. The bucket had been empty all morning, and suddenly it looked completely alive. Grandpa laughed and said: A small fish is still a fish. This one is the proof that you managed to sit still for one whole hour.

That morning we caught three small fish in total. The biggest one was four fingers long. Grandpa said we would stew them for lunch. On the way home I fought to carry the bucket the whole way, and it did not feel heavy at all. I told the little boy next door about it again and again, describing exactly how the float had dipped. At lunch the fish soup was milky white and tasted wonderful, and I drank two big bowls of it.

Now when I remember that morning, the first thing I see is the float suddenly going down, and then I see Grandpa's finger on his lips. This fun summer memory taught me that good things often come to people who can wait. And I will never forget that little fish that splashed water onto my nose.

坐满一个小时：爷爷教我的耐心课

我是出了名的坐不住。上课扭来扭去，在家写作业两分钟就要起来喝一次水，妈妈老说我像只小猴子。这个暑假，爷爷带我去河边钓鱼，给我上了一堂我永远不会忘的课，课的名字叫：安安静静坐满一个小时。

一大早我们到了河边。河边有大树，有凉荫，风从水面上吹过来，凉丝丝的。爷爷摆好板凳，和饵，甩竿，鱼漂落在水面上。爷爷说：今天你不用钓到一条鱼，只要能一动不动坐满一个小时，就算学会了。我心想这有什么难的。结果这是我做过的最难的事之一。五分钟后我的腿想动，十分钟后我想把鱼竿拿起来看看，十五分钟后我想问爷爷一百个问题：鱼怎么还不上钩？钩上到底有没有饵？鱼有耳朵吗？爷爷不理我，眼睛一直盯着鱼漂。

我咬着牙忍。我看着鱼漂，数它周围的小水波。鱼漂上面红下面白，在水上轻轻晃。过了很久，我看见它上下点了两下，有小鱼在偷吃饵。我想起爷爷教过：漂轻轻点的时候不要抬竿，那是小鱼在尝。我憋住气等。接着鱼漂猛地往下一沉，躺倒在水面上。我抬竿！竿梢弯了，一条小鱼从水里飞了出来，在鱼线上晃。

那条小鱼三个手指长，圆圆的脑袋，亮晶晶的眼睛，在草地上啪嗒啪嗒跳。我跳起来冲爷爷喊，笑得停不下来。爷爷看了看说：你看，你不是坐不住，你只是没找到值得坐着等的东西。这句话我想了很久。是真的，我在家拼飞机模型能坐两个小时，我以前只是从来没为钓鱼坐过。

后来我又甩了几竿，每一次坐的时间都比上一次长。第二次又钓上一条小鱼。第三次鱼漂点了好几下，我抬晚了，钩上来饵没了，爷爷说那是条聪明的小鱼，偷了饵就跑。太阳变毒了，我们收摊回家。我提着桶，里面有两条小鱼，我走路的样子像个英雄。

这件暑假趣事教会了我什么是耐心。耐心不是干熬，是全心全意盯着自己等的东西，让手等到该动的那一刻。现在我写作业想站起来的时候，就想起水面上那个红白相间的鱼漂，又能坐得住了。河边的那个早上，是我暑假里最难忘的趣事。

Sitting Still for One Hour: The Patience Lesson Grandpa Taught Me

I am the kind of child who cannot sit still. In class I wiggle in my chair, and when I do homework at home I get up to drink water every two minutes. My mother always calls me a little monkey. This summer vacation, my grandpa took me fishing by the river, and he gave me a lesson I will never forget. The name of the lesson is simple: sit still for one whole hour.

We arrived at the river early in the morning. The riverbank had tall trees and cool shade, and a fresh wind blew across the water. Grandpa set up the stool, mixed the bait, cast the line, and let the float settle on the water. Then he told me:

today you do not need to catch a single fish. If you can sit still for one hour without moving, you have already learned the most important thing. I thought that would be easy. It turned out to be one of the hardest things I have ever done. After five minutes my legs wanted to move. After ten minutes I wanted to pick up the rod and look at it. After fifteen minutes I wanted to ask grandpa a hundred questions: Why are the fish not biting? Is there really bait on the hook? Do fish have ears? Grandpa did not answer me. His eyes stayed on the float.

I bit my tongue and endured it. I watched the float. I counted the little ripples around it. The float was red on top and white below, and it rocked gently on the water. After a long time, I saw it move up and down twice. A small fish was nibbling the bait. I remembered what grandpa had taught me: when the float only taps a little, do not lift the rod, because that is just a little fish tasting the bait. So I held my breath and waited. Then the float went down hard once and lay sideways on the water. I lifted the rod! The tip bent, and out of the water flew a small fish, swinging on the line.

The little fish was about three fingers long, with a round head and bright eyes, slapping on the grass. I jumped up and shouted to grandpa, and I could not stop smiling. Grandpa looked at it and said: You see, you are not unable to sit still. You just never had a reason worth sitting still for. I thought about that sentence for a long time. It was true. When I build model planes at home, I can sit for two hours. I had simply never tried to sit still for fishing before.

After that I cast again, and each time I sat still longer than before. The second time I caught another small fish. The third time the float tapped many times but I lifted too late, and when the hook came up the bait was gone. Grandpa said that was a clever little fish that stole the bait and ran away. When the sun became too hot, we packed up and went home. I carried the bucket with two small fish inside, and I walked like a hero.

That summer memory taught me what patience really is. Patience is not suffering in silence. Patience is watching for something you want with your whole heart, and letting your hands wait until the right moment. Now, when I am doing homework and feel like getting up, I remember the red-and-white float on the water, and I can sit still again. That morning by the river is the most unforgettable fun thing of my whole summer vacation.

河边的意外惊喜：我的鱼漂先动了

暑假里在河边发生的一件事，让爷爷笑出了声：我的鱼漂，先动了。

那天是下过一夜雨之后去河边的。水涨了一点，有点浑，爷爷说雨后鱼口好，雨水把吃的和胆量都带给了鱼。爷爷把竿支在大拐弯，我在旁边一个小水湾支自己的竿。我学着爷爷的样子挂饵、甩竿、把手放在膝盖上坐好，信心十足，觉得自己今天肯定能钓条大的。可半个小时过去了，爷爷的鱼漂不动，我的也不动。我心里开始打鼓，爷爷头也不回地说：别急，鱼在路上。

就在这时候，我的鱼漂动了。先是横着挪了半个格子，接着直直地往下沉。我紧张得手都笨了，可我记得爷爷教的规矩：漂黑了就抬竿，抬稳。我一抬，鱼线哗啦出水，钩上挂着一条小鱼，身上有一道道黑条纹，嘴把钩咬得紧紧的。我捧着鱼往爷爷那边跑，爷爷看了看，笑出了声：我桶里还没有，你先开张了，这一局算你赢。爷爷的竿子一上午没动静，我这个新手倒先钓上了。我高兴得踮起了脚。

意外惊喜还没完。过了一会儿，爷爷的鱼漂终于动了，他抬竿，钩上却没有鱼，饵被咬得干干净净。爷爷摇头说这是条真正的聪明鱼。再后来我这边接二连三地咬口，全是两三个手指长的小鱼。爷爷说小鱼要放回去，我们除了最大的一条，其余的都放了生，只带一条回家炖汤。

放鱼的时候我还闹了个笑话。我双手捧着那条黑条纹小鱼往水里放，手一抖，它从我手心里弹出去，正好弹回浅水湾，尾巴一摆就没影了。我愣在原地，爷爷笑得直不起腰，说它是二次逃跑，跟你有缘。我蹲在水边看了半天，心里有点舍不得，又觉得这样才对。爷爷摸摸我的头说：今天你钓到的鱼比我还多，放鱼也放得干脆，像个钓鱼的样子了。

回家的路上爷爷说：你看，大人不一定样样比小孩强。你今天坐得住，鱼就奖励你。我想起一开始自己坐不住、老问爷爷怎么还不咬钩的样子，有点难为情，又特别骄傲。路过小卖部，爷爷还给我买了一根冰棍，说是庆祝我开张。绿豆冰棍的水滴到手上，我舔着它走在前头，影子被早上的太阳拉得长长的，像一根举着的鱼竿。

中午，带回来的那条小鱼炖了汤，汤色奶白，闻着就香。我觉得这碗汤格外好喝，因为鱼是我自己钓的。这件暑假趣事，特别是我的鱼漂先动的那一下，我怎么也忘不了。它给了我一个惊喜，还给了我一样更好的东西：对自己的信心。

A Surprise by the River: My Float Moved First

Something happened by the river this summer vacation that made my grandpa laugh out loud: my float moved first.

That day we went to the river after a whole night of rain. The water had risen a little and looked somewhat muddy. Grandpa said that after rain, fish bite well, because the rain brings food and courage to the fish. Grandpa set up his rod at the big bend of the river, and I set up mine at a small inlet nearby. I copied everything

grandpa did: how to put the bait on the hook, how to cast, how to sit with my hands on my knees. I was full of confidence. I was sure I would catch a big fish that morning. But half an hour passed, and grandpa's float did not move, and my float did not move either. Doubt started crawling into my heart. Grandpa said without turning his head: Do not rush. The fish are on their way.

Just then, my float moved. First it slid sideways about half its length, and then it went straight down. My hands went clumsy with nervousness, but I remembered grandpa's rule: when the float goes under, lift the rod, and lift it firmly. So I lifted. The line came out of the water with a splash, and swinging on the hook was a small fish with dark stripes along its body, biting the hook tightly with its mouth. I ran toward grandpa holding the fish, and he looked at it and laughed out loud: There is nothing in my bucket yet, and you have opened the score. This round belongs to you. Grandpa's rod had not moved the whole morning, and I, the beginner, had caught a fish first. I was so happy that I stood on my tiptoes.

The surprises were not finished yet. A little later, grandpa's float finally moved. He lifted the rod, but there was no fish on the hook — the bait had been bitten off completely clean. Grandpa shook his head and said that was a truly clever fish. After that, my side kept biting, one small fish after another, each only two or three fingers long. Grandpa said small fish should go back into the river, so we released all of them except the biggest one, and carried home only a single fish for soup.

When we were putting the fish back, I even made a fool of myself. I cupped the little striped fish in both hands and leaned down to release it, but my hands trembled and the fish sprang out of my palms, landed right back in the shallow inlet, flicked its tail, and disappeared. I sat there frozen on the bank, and grandpa laughed so hard he could not straighten his back. He said the fish had escaped from me twice, so it must feel a special bond with me. I squatted by the water for a long time watching, feeling a little reluctant to let it go, but also knowing this was the right thing to do. Grandpa patted my head and said: Today you caught more fish than I did, and you released them without hesitation too. Now you look like a real angler.

On the way home, Grandpa said something I keep remembering: You see, it is not always true that grown-ups are better than children. You sat still today, and the fish rewarded you for it. I thought about how at the beginning I could not sit still and kept asking grandpa why nothing was biting, and I felt a little embarrassed — but also very proud. Passing the little shop at the village entrance, grandpa even bought me an ice pop to celebrate my first catch. It was a mung bean ice pop, and its melted water dripped onto my hand as I licked it and walked ahead of grandpa. Our shadows stretched long in the morning sun, looking like two fishing rods held up against the road.

At lunch, the one small fish we took home was stewed into soup. The soup was milky white and smelled wonderful, and I think it tasted better than any soup before, because I caught that fish myself. This summer vacation memory, especially the moment when my float moved first, I cannot forget no matter what. It gave me a surprise, and it gave me something even better: confidence in myself.