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.