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.