飞进屋的不速之客

8月3日 星期一 晴，闷热

今晚热得邪乎，风扇转出来的都是热风。我妈把窗户全打开，说透透气吧。就为这句透气，我们家来了一位不速之客。

九点半我正在跟一道数学题较劲，台灯底下忽然嗡的一声，越来越响，像一架小飞机找不着跑道。接着啪的一下，一只大知了撞在台灯罩上，掉在我的作业本上。它六脚朝天，翅膀嗡嗡地扇，把自己扇得原地转圈。我吓得从凳子上弹起来，喊妈，有知了撞我作业本上了！

全家开灯捉知了。它翻过身，扑棱一下飞起来，先上了窗帘，又上了吊灯，在吊灯上倒挂着叫，叫得理直气壮，好像它才是这屋的主人。我爸举着抄网（就是夏天捞蚊子那个），我妈打手电，我负责指挥。我喊左边，我爸往左边够，它往右边飞。指挥错了三回，我爸说你别喊了，越喊越乱。

最后是瓶子立了功。我妈拿来罐头瓶，把瓶口凑到吊灯底下，知了往下爬了两步，一头拱进瓶里。我妈手疾眼快拧上盖子。知了在瓶里叫，嗡——，声音撞在玻璃上又弹回来。我爸抹着汗说，捉个知了比捉鱼还累。

我把瓶子放在书桌上当夜灯用，它叫一阵停一阵，像给我陪读。说来也怪，有它陪着，那道数学题倒是不烦了。我把它叫作陪读先生。

第二天一早，我端着瓶子下楼，走到小区那排树下，拧开盖子。它爬出来，爬到树枝上，半天没动。我等了一会儿，它叫了一声，就一声，然后飞进树冠里不见了。整棵树上的知了呼啦一下全叫起来，吵得像在开会。

晚上我在日记里写：陪读先生回家开会去了。我妈路过瞄了一眼我的日记，说写得像那么回事。我把罐头瓶放回柜子，瓶壁上还留着一圈知了爬过的印子。下回它要再来，我不捉了，给它留着窗口的位子。

The Uninvited Guest That Flew In

August 3, Monday, sunny, muggy.

Tonight the heat was outrageous; the fan blew nothing but hot air. My mother opened every window and said let some air through. For that one sentence about fresh air, our family gained an uninvited guest.

At half past nine I was wrestling with a math problem when a buzz suddenly rose under the desk lamp, louder and louder, like a small plane that cannot find its runway. Then came a smack: a big cicada hit the lamp shade and fell onto my homework book. It lay on its back, six legs in the air, buzzing its wings and spinning itself in circles. I sprang off my stool and shouted: mother, a cicada crashed into my homework!

The whole family turned on the lights to catch the cicada. It flipped over, fluttered up, first onto the curtain, then onto the hanging lamp, where it hung upside down and sang boldly, as if it were the master of the house. My father held up the small net (the one for scooping mosquitoes in summer), my mother carried the flashlight, and I was in charge of directing. I shouted left, my father reached left, and it flew right. After three wrong calls, my father said: stop shouting, your directions only make it worse.

In the end the jar won the day. My mother brought a glass jar, held its mouth under the hanging lamp, and the cicada crawled down two steps and butted straight into the jar. Her hand flashed and the lid was on. The cicada sang inside, buzz, its sound hitting the glass and bouncing back. My father wiped his sweat and said catching a cicada is more tiring than catching fish.

I kept the jar on my desk as a night lamp. It sang in bursts, then rested, like a study companion. Strangely, with it keeping me company, that math problem stopped being annoying. I named it Mr. Study Companion.

Early the next morning I carried the jar downstairs, walked to the row of trees in our neighborhood, and unscrewed the lid. It crawled out, climbed a branch, and stayed still for a while. I waited, and it sang one single note, then flew into the treetop and vanished. Every cicada in the tree burst out at once, noisy as a meeting.

At night I wrote in my diary: Mr. Study Companion has gone home to his meeting. My mother glanced at the page as she passed and said it reads like a real essay. I put the jar back in the cupboard; a ring of crawl marks from the cicada was still on the glass. If it ever visits again, I will not catch it — I will leave its seat by the window open.