扶起来的东西不会记仇

《爷爷的菜园》里我最记得那场暴风雨。半夜的风把架子上的豆角掀翻了一片，雨砸得畦里的土坑坑洼洼。天亮时书里的爷爷蹲在地里，一棵一棵把倒下的苗扶起来，往根边重新培土，用玉米皮条松松地绑在竹竿上。孙子说这些苗怕是活不了了，爷爷手上没停，说苗不记仇，扶起来，根还抓着土，它就接着长。

读到这里我想起去年七月。我们楼下的花坛里，我跟爷爷种过一棵向日葵，夏天刮了一夜暴风雨，第二天早上它整个趴下了，杆子折成一个弯。我蹲在边上眼看要哭。爷爷过来看了看，说杆子没断透，还有救。他找来一截树枝当夹板，绑在折的地方，又往根下培了一把新土，压实。那棵向日葵后来真的直起来了，折过的地方鼓出一个疙瘩，像长好的伤口。它照旧开花，花盘比往年还大一点。爷爷说，植物跟人一样，摔过一跤，站直了反而更结实。

书里的爷爷后来老了，弯着腰在菜园里走，可菜园一年比一年整齐。我读到最后才明白，那一畦畦整齐，不是老天给的，是每次风雨后有人蹲下去扶。我以前考砸了数学就趴好几天，觉得自己完了。现在我想，我就是那棵趴下的向日葵，考砸是风，我需要的不是哭，是把自己扶起来，培一把土，再长。妈妈知道了我的想法，笑着说这个念头比分数金贵。

合上书我在书签上写了一句话：扶起来的东西不会记仇。我想把这句话送给书里的爷爷，也想送给楼下那棵鼓着疙瘩的向日葵。今年春天，我跟爷爷在花坛里又种了两棵向日葵。爷爷说等它们开花，拍张照，夹进我这本书里。我说好。让书里的菜园和楼下的花坛，在一张照片里碰个头。

What Is Propped Up Bears No Grudge

In the book The Garden of Grandpa, the scene I remember best is the storm. The midnight wind flipped the bean trellises over, and the rain pocked the beds with craters. At dawn the grandfather in the book squats in the field, propping up the fallen seedlings one by one, mounding fresh soil at their roots, and tying them loosely to the bamboo poles with strips of corn husk. His grandson says these seedlings probably cannot live, and the hands of the old man do not stop, saying seedlings bear no grudges; prop them up, and as long as their roots still grip the soil, they will go on growing.

Reading this far, I thought of last July. In the flower bed below our building, Grandpa and I had planted a sunflower. One night a summer storm came, and by morning the whole plant lay flat, its stalk bent double. I squatted beside it, close to tears. Grandpa came over, looked, and said the stalk was not broken through; it could still be saved. He found a branch to use as a splint, tied it at the bend, then mounded a handful of fresh soil at the roots and pressed it firm. That sunflower really did straighten up later, with a knob swelling at the bend like a healed wound. It flowered as usual, its head even a little bigger than in past years. Grandpa said plants are like people: after one bad fall, standing straight again makes them

sturdier than before.

In the book the grandfather grows old afterward, walking through the garden bent at the waist, yet the garden grows tidier each year. Only at the end did I understand that all those neat rows were not a gift from the weather; they came from someone squatting down to prop things up after every wind and rain. When I used to bomb a math test, I would lie flat for days, convinced I was finished. Now I think I am that fallen sunflower; the failed test is just the wind, and what I need is not tears but to prop myself up, mound a handful of soil, and grow again. When Mother heard this thought of mine, she laughed and said the idea was worth more than the score.

When I closed the book, I wrote one line on my bookmark: what is propped up bears no grudge. I want to give that line to the grandfather in the book, and to the knotted sunflower downstairs. This spring, Grandpa and I planted two more sunflowers in the flower bed. He said when they bloom, we will take a photograph and tuck it into my copy of this book. I said all right. Let the garden in the book and the flower bed downstairs meet each other in one photograph.