暑假在收拾它自己

八月底的一个早上，我看着书桌，忽然感觉到：暑假在收拾它自己。它不出声告别，就是一天一天变小，小到某一天你抬起头，它已经快没了。

语文的暑假作业本写完了，数学卷子做完了，英语阅读书只剩最后三页，一晚上就能收尾。房间角落里的蚊香用完了，冰箱里也没有西瓜了，西瓜的季节跟着一起过去了。冷冻室里的冰棍化成了一整块冰。暑假不是大张旗鼓走的，它一直在悄悄地漏，现在快漏空了。

我决定把作业好好收拾一遍。翻着页码检查的时候，从两张纸中间掉出来一张纸条。是我七月写给同学的：周六上午，骑车下河，谁不来谁是狗。那是这个暑假最好笑也最好的一天。我们四个人推着自行车下河，骑了四十分钟，衣服半脱着就跳进水里，上了岸又比赛谁打的水漂飞得远。那天傍晚回家，我妈拎着一把扫帚在村口等我。可她看见我晒得漆黑的脸和湿淋淋的褂子，把扫帚举起来，看了我两秒，又放下了。现在，隔了几个月捏着这张小纸条，我想笑出声。

这是我上初中以后的第一个暑假，比小学六年加起来都热闹。下午下河游泳；晚上打手电筒去捉蝉，蝉叫得太响，我手里的光柱都跟着抖；下雨的夜里，爸爸带我去桥上看涨水，河水的声音像一辆卡车在桥底下开了一整夜。这些事我都写进了日记。现在翻着日记往回看，像看一部已经看过的电影，还想再看一遍。

准备开学是正经事，因为初二要添一门新课：物理。班主任说，物理是初二最容易入门、也最容易掉队的科目。我给自己定了计划：每天早起二十分钟，早饭前把英语读出声；物理课本在老师讲到之前，自己先看完前三章。我用牛皮纸把新书一本一本包好书皮，削好五支铅笔放进铅笔盒，校服头天晚上就挂出来。我妈笑我小题大做。我不在乎。把这些小事做得像模像样，我才觉得自己真的要上初二了。

暑假和学期像一条河的两岸，明天我就要过桥回去。可过桥不等于把暑假丢了。暑假教了我玩：教会我骑四十公里的车，教会我打水漂，教会我记日记。学期教我学。这两样都是人这辈子要好好学的功课。我最后看了一眼干净的书桌，关了灯，跟暑假说了晚安。

The Summer Vacation Is Packing Itself Up

One morning near the end of August, I looked at my desk and suddenly felt it: the summer vacation is packing itself up. It does not say goodbye out loud. It just gets smaller and smaller, day by day, until one morning you look up and almost all of it is already gone.

The Chinese holiday workbook was finished. The math practice papers were finished. The English reading book had only three pages left, and I could finish them in one evening if I wanted to. In the corner of my room, the mosquito coil had burned out. There was no more watermelon in the fridge, and the watermelon season had gone with it. The popsicles in the freezer had melted into one solid block of ice. The summer did not leave with any big ceremony. It has been leaking away little by

little, and now it is almost empty.

I decided to pack up my homework properly. While I was turning the pages and checking them, a folded note fell out from between two sheets. It was a note I had written to a classmate back in July: Saturday morning, bring your bike to the river, and whoever does not come is a dog. That was the funniest and best day of this whole summer. The four of us pushed our bikes down to the river, rode forty minutes to get there, jumped into the water with our shirts only half off, and then stood on the bank competing to see who could skip a flat stone the farthest. When I got home that evening, my mother was waiting at the entrance of the village with a broom in her hand. But when she saw my sunburned black face and my dripping wet shirt, she raised the broom, looked at me for two seconds, and then put the broom back down. Now, months later, holding this little note in my fingers, I want to laugh out loud.

This was my first summer vacation in middle school, and it was more lively than all six years of elementary school put together. We swam in the river in the afternoons. At night I went out with a flashlight to catch cicadas, and the cicadas sang so loudly that the beam of my flashlight shook in my hand. On a rainy night, my father took me to the bridge to watch the flood water rise, and the river sounded like a truck driving under the bridge all night long. I wrote every one of these things into my diary. Now, flipping through the diary to look back at them feels like watching a movie I have already seen, and I still want to watch it one more time.

Getting ready for the new term is serious business, because second year brings a new subject: physics. Our homeroom teacher says that physics is the easiest subject to pick up in second year and also the easiest one to fall behind in. So I made a plan for myself. I will get up twenty minutes earlier every day and read English out loud before breakfast. I will read the first three chapters of the physics textbook before the teacher reaches them in class. I wrapped the covers of the new textbooks with brown paper, sharpened five pencils and put them in the pencil case, and hung my uniform out the night before. My mother laughed at me for making such a big deal out of it. I did not mind. Doing these small things properly is what makes me feel that I am really about to become a second-year student.

The summer vacation and the school term are like the two banks of a river, and tomorrow I have to cross the bridge back. But crossing the bridge does not mean losing the summer. The summer taught me how to play: it taught me to ride a bike forty kilometers, to skip stones, to keep a diary. The school term teaches me how to learn. Both of them are lessons a person has to study hard at in this life. I looked at my clean desk one last time, turned off the light, and said good night to the summer vacation.