头上顶花的黄瓜

2026年5月30日 星期六 晴

今天早上醒来，我就跑到爷爷的菜园里。上次来，架子底下有一根小黄瓜，只有我的小拇指那么长，头上还顶着一朵黄花。我伸手想摘，爷爷拦住了我，说：头上顶花的黄瓜还是小宝宝，摘了它会哭的。我把手缩回来，蹲在它旁边仔细看。旁边还有一根更小的，只有米粒那么长，爷爷说那叫黄瓜纽纽，过几天才轮到大。小黄瓜是嫩绿色的，上面有一层细细的绒毛，那朵花像一顶小黄帽子，花瓣上还印着一个蜜蜂脚踩出来的小印子。

我看着看着，一只蜜蜂真的飞过来，落在那朵黄花上，屁股扭了扭，又飞走了。爷爷说：蜜蜂在给它干活呢，蜜蜂碰过花，黄瓜才能长大。我问：要是蜜蜂不来呢。爷爷从棚子边拿出一支小刷子说：那我来给它干活。他用刷子轻轻扫花的里面，扫了几下，动作轻得像给小宝宝拍背。他让我试一下，我接过刷子扫了另一朵花，轻得连气都不敢出。扫完爷爷把刷子举起来对着太阳照，刷毛上有一层细细的黄粉，爷爷说那就是花粉，是黄瓜的饭。

下午放学我又跑去菜园。那根小黄瓜真的长了一点，头上的花蔫了，变成褐色，垂在一边。我告诉爷爷，爷爷笑了，点头说：它是把蜜蜂送来的礼物吃掉了。回家的路上爷爷给我买了一根冰棍，我一边吃一边回头看黄瓜架。风一吹，藤条晃来晃去，我想，菜园里所有的花，是不是都在等蜜蜂。

今晚我在日记里写：黄瓜是在蜜蜂的帮助下长大的，爷爷的小刷子，是给蜜蜂没来的日子准备的。爷爷说，等这根小黄瓜长大，让我亲手摘，摘下来直接咬一口，不用拍。我等着那一天。我还想，等我长大了，帮爷爷在棚子边挂一排小刷子，一支一支排好，蜜蜂不来多少支都不怕。

The Cucumber Wearing a Flower on Its Head

May 30, 2026, Saturday, sunny.

After waking up I ran straight to the garden of Grandpa. Last time I came, a small cucumber hung at the bottom of the trellis, no longer than my little finger, with a yellow flower still on its head. I reached for it, but Grandpa stopped me: a cucumber wearing a flower on its head is still a baby; pick it and it will cry. I pulled my hand back and squatted beside it to look closely. The small cucumber was pale green with a thin layer of fuzz, and the flower was like a little yellow hat, one petal carrying a tiny mark left by a bee foot.

While I watched, a bee really flew over, landed on the yellow flower, wiggled its body a little, and flew away. Grandpa said: the bee is working for it; only after the bee touches the flower can the cucumber grow big. I asked: what if the bee does not come. Grandpa took a small brush from the side of the shed and said: then I will do the work. He brushed the inside of the flower gently, a few strokes, light as patting the back of a baby. He let me try, and I brushed another flower, so gently that I did

not dare to breathe.

In the afternoon after school I ran to the garden again. The small cucumber had indeed grown a little; the flower on its head had withered and turned brown, hanging to one side. I told Grandpa, and he laughed and nodded: it has eaten the gift the bee delivered. On the way home he bought me a popsicle, and I ate it while looking back at the trellis. The wind moved the vines, and I wondered whether every flower in the garden is waiting for a bee.

In my diary tonight I wrote: cucumbers grow up with the help of bees, and the small brush of Grandpa is ready for the days when bees do not come. Grandpa said that when this small cucumber grows up, I may pick it with my own hands and bite it right away, without smashing it with a knife. I am waiting for that day.