躲在叶子后面的黄瓜

2026年6月12日 星期五 晴

一大早，爷爷说，走，去菜园。我趿上凉鞋就往外跑。菜园里还湿湿的，叶子上全是小水珠，手指一碰，水珠就滚下去，掉进土里。土是软的，踩上去鞋子会发出噗噗的声音。黄瓜架比我高，藤一圈一圈缠在竹竿上，卷卷的藤头像我作业本上的卷卷线。空气里有一股青草味，连蜻蜓看起来都比平时绿。架子边上的西红柿也红了几个，像挂在里面的小灯笼，我没摘，那是给奶奶做汤的。

爷爷蹲在豆垄边拔草，头也不抬地说：今天黄瓜你自己找，我不告诉你在哪儿。我钻进架子底下看，叶子一片长得都一样，我看了一圈，一根也没找着。我把一片叶子翻过来，忽然看见一根黄瓜挂在那儿，绿绿的，长长的，身上有小刺，手一摸，扎手。它躲在叶子后面，像在跟我玩捉迷藏。我大喊：找到了，找到了。爷爷离得远，只说了一句：说不定还有第二根呢。我又去找，一片一片翻叶子，果然，架子最底下还藏着一根，小得像我的小拇指，头上还顶着一朵谢了的小黄花。

回家的时候，筐里躺着两根黄瓜。爷爷用老秤称了称，一斤四两。他笑了，眼角的皱纹挤在一起，就像黄瓜皮上的小疙瘩。他说，自己找到的黄瓜，比买的香。中午妈妈拍了一盘黄瓜，我吃得最快，连里面的蒜瓣都嚼了两下。盘底的汁我也拿馒头蘸着吃了，妈妈说我是小馋猫。

晚上睡觉前我想明白一件事：黄瓜不是不见了，是躲起来了，要自己翻叶子才能找到。明天我还要去翻叶子，第二根小黄瓜头上顶着花，爷爷说顶花的还是小宝宝，不能摘，那我就等它把花换成大黄瓜。

The Cucumber Hiding Behind the Leaf

June 12, 2026, Friday, sunny.

Early in the morning Grandpa said: let us go to the garden. I threw on my sandals and ran out. The garden was still wet, the leaves full of tiny water drops, and when I touched one with my finger it rolled off into the soil. The soil was soft and my shoes made small sounds. The cucumber trellis was taller than me, the vines winding around the bamboo poles, their curly tips like the spiral lines in my exercise book. The air smelled of green grass, and even the dragonflies looked greener than usual.

Grandpa squatted at the edge of the bean rows pulling weeds and said without looking up: today you look for the cucumbers yourself; I will not tell you where they are. I went under the trellis and looked. The leaves all looked the same, and I could not find one. Then I turned a leaf over, and suddenly a cucumber was hanging there, green and long, with tiny prickles on its skin that hurt my finger when I touched it. It was hiding behind the leaf, playing hide-and-seek with me. I shouted: found it,

found it. Grandpa, far away, only said: maybe there is a second one. I searched again, lifting the leaves one by one, and sure enough at the bottom of the trellis another one hid, as small as my little finger, with a faded yellow flower still on its head.

Back home two cucumbers lay in the basket. Grandpa weighed them on the old scale: one jin and four liang. He laughed, and the wrinkles around his eyes gathered together like the little bumps on the skin of a cucumber. He said: the cucumber you find yourself smells better than one you buy. At lunch Mother made a plate of smashed cucumber, and I ate the fastest, and even chewed the garlic bits.

Before bed I thought one thing through: cucumbers do not disappear, they only hide, and you must turn the leaves over yourself. Tomorrow I will go and turn over more leaves. The second small cucumber still wears its flower on its head, and Grandpa says a cucumber with a flower is still a baby and must not be picked, so I will wait until it trades the flower for a big cucumber.

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.

胳膊那么长的黄瓜

2026年7月5日 星期日 雨后晴

昨天夜里下了一场大暴雨，雨敲窗户响了一整夜，雷声的缝里，我好像还听见雨打在菜园叶子上的声音。今天早上太阳出来了，爷爷说：黄瓜喝了个饱，走，摘黄瓜去。一进菜园，空气凉凉的，土软软的，架子边的蜘蛛网上挂满了小水珠，一颗一颗，亮得不敢碰。黄瓜架上挂得到处都是黄瓜，有一根长得像我胳膊那么长，挂在架子顶上，我踮起脚才够得着，影子在地上晃，差

点踩到一只找食的青蛙，青蛙蹦走了，爷爷说青蛙吃虫子，是菜园请来的帮手。爷爷走过来托住我的脚脖子说：别摔着，慢慢拧。我一拧，黄瓜下来了，手里沉甸甸的，上面的水珠顺着手腕往下流。

不一会儿，我们摘了满满一筐。有的黄瓜身上带着泥，爷爷用手一抹，一根一根抹干净，说：别洗，泥能保护它，放得住。他提起筐，先去隔壁王奶奶家，送给她半筐。王奶奶说：替我谢谢你爷爷。我说：不是我谢，是我爷爷谢，他总说你们帮过他。王奶奶愣了一下，爷爷在旁边笑了，白胡子一抖一抖的，把剩下半筐递给我提。

回家用老秤一称，四斤二两。中午妈妈做了凉拌黄瓜，我吃了两碗，连最后一片黄瓜都捞出来吃了。我把那根像胳膊一样长的黄瓜放在床角，想跟自己的胳膊比一比。一比，它比我的胳膊还短一点，我有点失望。爷爷说：别急，下回它准比你胳膊长，人还在长个儿，黄瓜也在长个儿。

今晚我在日记里写：我希望下雨。一下雨，黄瓜就长得飞快，下回我摘了黄瓜，自己给王奶奶送去，路上小心别把黄瓜磕了。要是黄瓜又长得像胳膊一样长，我就把它举起来，跟我的胳膊比个高低。

A Cucumber as Long as My Arm

July 5, 2026, Sunday, sunny after rain.

Last night there was a big rainstorm; the rain beat on the window all night long, and in the gaps between the claps of thunder I think I could even hear it drumming on the leaves of the garden. This morning the sun came out, and Grandpa said: the cucumbers have drunk their fill; let us go and pick them. When I entered the garden the air was cool, the soil was soft, and the spider webs at the edge of the trellis were strung with tiny water drops, bead after bead, too bright to touch. Cucumbers hung everywhere on the trellis, and one of them was as long as my arm, hanging at the very top, and I had to stand on tiptoe to reach it. Grandpa came over and held my ankle, saying: do not fall, twist it slowly. I twisted, and the cucumber came down, heavy in my hand, the water on it running down my wrist.

Before long we had filled a whole basket. Some cucumbers carried soil, and Grandpa wiped them clean with his hand one by one, saying: do not wash them; the soil protects them and keeps them fresh longer. He lifted the basket and went first to the home of Grandma Wang next door, and gave her half of it. Grandma Wang said: thank your Grandpa for me. I said: it is not I who thank him; it is Grandpa who thanks you, he always says you once helped him. Grandma Wang paused for a moment, and Grandpa laughed beside me, his white beard shaking, then he handed the other half of the basket to me to carry.

At home the old scale showed four jin and two liang. At noon Mother made cold

cucumber salad, and I ate two bowls and fished out the very last slice to eat. I laid the cucumber as long as my arm in the corner of my bed and wanted to compare it with my arm. Compared, it was still a little shorter than my arm, and I felt a little disappointed. Grandpa said: do not be sad; next time it will surely be longer than your arm. You are still growing, and so is the cucumber.

In my diary tonight I wrote: I hope for rain. When it rains, cucumbers grow very fast, and next time when I pick them I will deliver them to Grandma Wang myself, walking carefully so the cucumbers do not get bumped.