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.