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.