一只知了的暑假记录

我在地下，等了五年。 五年里，我抱着树根喝汁， 听头顶的脚步声，一年一年地过。 我知道，地面上有一个长长的假期， 名字就叫暑假。 那个晚上，我爬上了老槐树， 后背裂开一道缝，我把旧衣裳留在树干上， 站在自己的壳上，唱出第一个音。

我的暑假没有作业，我的暑假就是唱歌。 清晨唱，露水还挂在叶尖上， 我的歌把太阳叫出东山。 傍晚唱，晚霞铺满了西边， 我的歌跟着晚霞，一起慢慢变红。 风把歌送给谁，谁就记住，今年夏天，有一只蝉，唱得很用力。

有个红脸小子，站在树下吃冰棍。 冰棍的甜味，顺着阳光掉下来， 落进我的歌里。 我的歌一下子变甜了， 甜得像豆沙，甜得像绿豆， 甜得连我自己，都想舔一口。 他抬头看我，说：知了知了， 你也想吃冰棍吗？ 我唱得更大声，就算我回答他了。

小河在我下边，水花在打鼓。 哗，哗啦，哗啦啦， 那是孩子们踩水，给夏天打拍子。 我站在柳叶上听， 忍不住把翅膀抖一抖， 可惜我不会游泳，只能站在高处， 把歌加进他们的鼓点里。蝉声加水声， 就是夏天最好听的一支乐队。

唱到中午，嗓子哑了。 老槐树的皮很烫，我的影子很小。 我停下来，喝一口风，润一润喉咙。 那个红脸小子又喊：知了，歇一歇吧！ 他举着冰棍，冲我晃了晃， 好像真的要把冰棍分给我。 我摆一摆翅膀，谢谢他， 歇够了，我再唱。

下雨天，我不上工。 雨点替我敲叶子，叮叮，叮叮叮， 整个树冠都是鼓声。 我躲在叶子底下，看水花在地上开花， 又看它们不见了。 我在心里记一笔： 今天，雨替我唱了一天。

树下的孩子们乘凉，一人手里一根冰棍。 他们仰着头，听我唱歌。 一个小姑娘说：听，这只蝉唱得最响。 我听了，脸有点热， 唱得更起劲，把树荫都唱晃了。 水花在他们脚边闪闪发光，冰棍的甜味在空气里飘， 我的歌，把这三样，串成一条亮亮的项链。

暑假快完的时候，我唱得更快了。 我要把没唱完的，都唱完。 最后一声，我唱给晚霞， 晚霞红得像烧起来一样。 我收起翅膀，从树上飞下来， 落在红脸小子的肩膀上，又飞走。 我的暑假记录只有一行： 这个夏天，被我唱得，又长，又亮。

The Summer Record of a Cicada

Underground, I waited five years. For five years I hugged the tree roots and drank their juice, listening to footsteps overhead, year after year. I knew that above the ground there was a long vacation, and its name was summer vacation. That night I climbed the old locust tree, my back split open a seam, I left my old clothes on the trunk, stood on my own shell, and sang my first note.

My summer vacation has no homework. My summer vacation is singing. I sing at dawn when dew still hangs on the leaf tips, and my song calls the sun over the eastern hill. I sing at dusk when the sunset glow covers the west, and my song turns red

slowly together with the glow. Whoever the wind delivers my song to will remember that this summer a cicada sang with all its strength.

A red-faced boy stood under my tree eating a popsicle. The sweetness of the popsicle fell down along with the sunlight and landed inside my song. My song turned sweet all at once, sweet as bean paste, sweet as green bean, sweet enough that I myself wanted to lick it. He looked up at me and said: cicada, cicada, do you want some popsicle too? I sang louder, which counted as my answer.

The creek is below me, and the splashes are beating a drum. Splash, splash-splash, splashity-splash, that is the children stomping water and beating time for summer. I stand on a willow leaf and listen, unable to stop trembling my wings. Sadly I cannot swim, so I can only stand high and add my song to their drumbeat. Cicada song plus water sound makes the best band of summer.

By noon my voice is hoarse. The bark of the locust tree is hot, and my shadow is small. I stop and drink a mouthful of wind to wet my throat. The red-faced boy calls again: cicada, take a rest! He holds up his popsicle and waves it at me, as if he really wanted to share it. I wave my wings to thank him, and once rested, I sing again.

On rainy days I do not go to work. The raindrops knock on the leaves for me, ding, ding-ding-ding, and the whole treetop is drum sound. I hide under a leaf and watch splashes bloom on the ground, then disappear. I make a note in my heart: today the rain sang one whole day in my place.

The children rest in the shade under my tree, each holding a popsicle. They lie back and listen to me sing. A little girl says: listen, this cicada sings the loudest. When I hear that, my face gets a little hot, and I sing with more energy, until the whole shade seems to sway. The splashes glitter at their feet, the sweetness of popsicles drifts in the air, and my song strings these three things into one bright necklace.

When summer vacation is nearly over, I sing faster. I want to finish everything left unsung. My last note I sing to the sunset glow, and the glow turns red as if on fire. I fold my wings and fly down from the tree, land once on the shoulder of the red-faced boy, and fly away. My summer record has only one line: this summer, I sang it long and bright.