暑假的日程表

暑假睁开眼睛，太阳爬上白杨树。 知了在枝头开唱，一个领，十个跟，唱起来就没完。 我躺在竹席上数屋顶的花纹， 吊扇转呀转，把蝉声扇成一片片。 竹席上留着凉凉的印子， 那是昨夜席子做的记号， 我把它当成暑假盖的章。

中午到了，村子安静得像扣上的锅。 蝉声更响了，一声追着一声。 晒谷场白晃晃，鸡躲在墙根下打盹。 奶奶从屋里出来，手里举一根冰棍，冒着白白的凉气。 我咬一口，凉气一直跑到脚趾头， 豆沙黏在舌头上，我舔呀舔，把暑假舔得又甜又慢。 冰棍签子含在嘴里， 我把它当成指挥棒， 对着蝉声，打一拍，又一拍。

下午是我们的，小河是我们的。 鞋留在岸上，帽子留在岸上，笑声也先留在岸上。 我掬一捧水，泼向你的脸， 你掬一捧水，泼向我的背。 水花跳起来，给阳光开一朵一朵白花， 小鱼在石头底下吓一跳，缩成小小的逗号。 我们比谁溅得高，裤腿全湿了， 河水把我们的影子，冲得一会儿圆，一会儿长。 水珠挂在睫毛上， 我眨一眨眼， 满河的星星都在点头。

傍晚，蝉唱哑了嗓子，停下来歇一歇。 我们坐在石桥上，脚丫子吊着数波纹。 冰棍最后一滴落进水里，咚， 水花把那一小点凉，又还给了我。 蜻蜓贴着水面飞，一圈一圈画地图， 晚风翻过对岸的稻田，稻叶哗啦哗啦鼓掌。 晚霞烧到西边的树梢， 谁家的炊烟先升起来， 谁家的孩子就先回家。

忽然一阵雷阵雨，雨点也变成水花。 屋檐挂起一串水花，叮叮当当，像敲小鼓。 我伸手去接，雨点在掌心里开成一朵小白花， 又调皮地滑走。 爷爷把藏在冰箱里的冰棍拿出来， 说这时候吃，最是凉快。 雨停了，蝉立刻接着唱， 好像一首歌，从来不曾断行。

夜里，蝉不唱了，星星替它值班。 我躺在床上，耳朵里还留着白天的水花， 舌头上还留着冰棍的甜。 暑假很长，长得一只蝉能唱完整个夏天。 暑假很短，短得像冰棍最后那一小口。 明年夏天，蝉还会来领唱， 水花还会给阳光开白花， 我还会攥着一根冰棍跑过石桥， 把整个下午，溅进小河里。

The Summer Vacation Timetable

Summer vacation opens its eyes, and the sun climbs the poplar tree. The cicadas start singing on the branches, one leads and ten follow, and the song never ends. I lie on the bamboo mat counting the patterns on the roof, and the turning fan fans the cicada song into small pieces. The mat keeps the cool marks of last night, little imprints the mat made while I slept, and I count them as the stamps summer vacation pressed on me.

Noon arrives, and the village is quiet as a covered pot. The cicada sound grows louder, one cry chasing another. The threshing ground is white with light, and the hens doze in the shade of the walls. Grandma comes out of the house holding a popsicle, breathing white cold air. I bite off a corner, and the cold runs all the

way to my toes. The bean paste sticks to my tongue, and I lick and lick, licking the vacation sweet and slow. I hold the popsicle stick in my mouth like the baton of a conductor, beating time against the cicada song, one beat, then another.

The afternoon is ours, and the creek is ours. Shoes stay on the bank, hats stay on the bank, and the laughter stays on the bank first. I scoop up a handful of water and splash it at your face; you scoop up a handful and splash it at my back. The splashes jump up and open white flowers on the sunlight, and the little fish under the stones start into commas. We compete at who can splash higher until our pant legs are soaked, and the river washes our shadows round, then long. Water beads hang on my eyelashes, I blink, and the whole river of stars nods.

At dusk the cicadas sing hoarse and stop to rest. We sit on the stone bridge, feet dangling, counting the ripples. The last drop of the popsicle falls into the water, plop, and the splashes give that little coolness back to me. Dragonflies skim the surface drawing maps round and round, and the evening wind turns over the rice fields across the bank, and the rice leaves applaud with a rustle. The sunset glow burns up to the treetops in the west, and whichever house sends up cooking smoke first gets its child home first.

Suddenly a summer thunderstorm arrives, and the raindrops turn into splashes too. The eaves hang strings of splashes, ding dong, like little drums. I reach out to catch them, and a raindrop opens into a small white flower in my palm, then slides away mischievously. Grandpa brings out the popsicles hidden in the fridge and says this is the coolest moment to eat them. When the rain stops, the cicadas pick up their song at once, as if a song had never broken its line.

At night the cicadas stop singing and the stars take their shift. I lie in bed with the daytime splashes still in my ears and the popsicle sweetness still on my tongue. Summer vacation is long, long enough for one cicada to sing the whole summer through. Summer vacation is short, short as the last small bite of a popsicle. Next summer the cicadas will come to lead the song again, the splashes will open white flowers on the sunlight again, and I will run across the stone bridge with a popsicle in my fist, splashing the whole afternoon into the creek.