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.

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.

暑假在哪里（快板诗）

甲：暑假在哪里？ 乙：暑假在树上。 你听，知了扯着嗓子唱， 一个音高，一个音亮， 唱得太阳挪不动脚步， 唱得老槐树直摇晃。 甲：知了知了唱什么？ 乙：唱夏天长，唱日头长，唱一个小孩爬树忙。

甲：暑假在哪里？ 乙：暑假在手里。 你看，一根冰棍举得高， 白气冒，糖水流， 咬一口，从头顶凉到脚后跟， 舔一舔，甜味能记一整个夏季。 甲：冰棍吃完怎么办？ 乙：签子别扔，攥在手里， 它就是暑假的小旗子。

甲：暑假在哪里？ 乙：暑假在河里。 你看，水花一朵追一朵， 溅上脸，凉丝丝， 溅上天，亮晶晶， 溅得满河都是碎星星。 甲：水花最怕什么？ 乙：最怕回家挨说， 裤腿湿透，藏也藏不住。

甲：一天暑假怎么过？ 乙：早上听蝉，晌午吃冰棍， 下午玩水花，中间不写作业。 甲：下过雨呢？ 乙：雨后蝉再唱， 屋檐的水花变成小鼓， 化了的冰棍淌成一条甜甜的小河， 顺着指头，滴答滴答，流到地上。

甲：这么说，暑假有脚印了？ 乙：有哇，你数—— 蝉蜕挂在树干上，那是暑假的空房子；冰棍签子插在墙根，那是暑假的小栅栏； 河滩上湿脚印一串，那是暑假的省略号。 甲：还有吗？乙：还有，还有房梁上晾着的草帽， 还有表哥和他那把漏水的旧枪。

甲：暑假会跑吗？ 乙：会，它跑得快着呢。 清早它还骑在蝉声上， 晌午它躲在冰棍的凉气里， 下午它扎进水花打个滚， 傍晚它坐上晚霞回家吃饭。 甲：那它晚上去哪儿？ 乙：它钻进你的梦里， 梦见它，第二天它就又长高一寸。

甲：我盼着它来，又盼着它慢点走。 乙：那就把它找齐吧—— 找一只知了，找一根冰棍，找一片水花，找一身太阳晒出的黑。 甲：找齐了干什么？ 乙：找齐了你就明白， 暑假不在别处，暑假就在日子里， 过得越欢，它就越长。

甲：竹板一打开口难， 乙：我说暑假你听完。 甲：蝉声阵阵树梢颠， 乙：冰棍甜甜手里攥。甲：水花溅溅小河闹， 乙：晚霞红红炊烟暖。 合：知了冰棍和水花， 串成暑假一串铃， 走到哪里响到哪里， 叮铃叮铃，叮铃叮铃， 响得夏天亮堂堂！

Where Is Summer Vacation (A Clapping Rhyme)

A: Where is summer vacation? B: Summer vacation is up in the trees. Listen, the cicadas stretch their voices and sing, one note high, one note bright, singing the sun to a standstill, singing the old locust tree into swaying. A: What do the cicadas sing? B: They sing that summer is long, that the daylight is long, that a child is busy climbing trees.

A: Where is summer vacation? B: Summer vacation is in the hand. Look, a popsicle held up high, white breath rising, sugar water dripping, one bite and the cool runs from the head to the heels, one lick and the sweetness lasts the whole season. A: What when the popsicle is eaten? B: Keep the stick, grip it in your hand, it is the little flag of summer vacation.

A: Where is summer vacation? B: Summer vacation is in the river. Look, one splash

chasing another, splashing on the face, pleasantly cool, splashing up to the sky, sparkling bright, splashing the whole river into broken stars. A: What are splashes most afraid of? B: Going home to a scolding, pant legs soaked through, impossible to hide.

A: How does one day of vacation go? B: Hear cicadas in the morning, eat a popsicle at noon, play with splashes in the afternoon, and no homework in between. A: And after the rain? B: After the rain the cicadas sing again, the splashes under the eaves turn into little drums, and the melted popsicle trickles into a sweet little river, running down between the fingers, drip drip, onto the ground.

A: So summer vacation leaves footprints? B: Of course, count them. A cicada shell hung on the trunk is the empty house of vacation; popsicle sticks planted at the wall are the little fence of vacation; a string of wet footprints on the riverbank is the ellipsis of vacation. A: Anything else? B: Yes, the straw hat drying on the roof beam, and cousin with his old leaking water gun.

A: Does summer vacation run away? B: It does, and it runs fast. Early morning it rides on the cicada song, at noon it hides in the cool air of a popsicle, in the afternoon it dives into the splashes and rolls over, at dusk it rides the sunset glow home to supper. A: Where does it go at night? B: It slips into your dreams; dream of it, and the next day it grows one inch taller.

A: I wish it would come, and I also wish it would go slowly. B: Then gather all of it. Find one cicada, find one popsicle, find one patch of splashes, find one coat of sun-tanned brown. A: What for? B: Once gathered you will understand that summer vacation is nowhere else; summer vacation lives inside the days, and the more joyfully you live them, the longer it grows.

A: The clappers click and I start to speak. B: I tell you about vacation, listen through. A: Cicada songs shake the treetops. B: Popsicles sweet are gripped in hand. A: Splashes splash and the creek makes a noise. B: Sunset glows red and cooking smoke is warm. Together: cicadas, popsicles, and splashes string together like bells of summer vacation, ringing wherever we go, jingle jingle, jingle jingle, ringing the summer bright and clear.