夏天的快乐

暑假哗啦一声推开门，

书包挂在墙上放了假，

闹钟也睡到了太阳晒屁股，

阳光在窗台上写着：快来呀，快来玩吧。

我们光着脚丫跑向游泳池，

水举起白白的胳膊喊我们的名字，

扑通一声，跳水一声，水花一片，

我们都成了小鱼，游来游去。

游泳圈托着我，水珠滚过鼻尖，

教练的哨子变成了泡泡，

我在水底学会了吹泡泡，

还教池底的小青蛙唱了一首新歌。

中午的壁虎趴在墙上打盹，

冰棍车叮叮当当敲过小巷，

红豆的、绿豆的、青豆的，

舔上一口，整个夏天都凉快了。

上来吃西瓜，咔嚓一声响，

红红的瓤，黑黑的籽，沙又甜，

汁水顺着手腕流进池子里，

连小鱼都游过来想尝一尝。

一口两口三口，肚子圆得像小鼓，

吐出的籽在阳光下画出弧线，

谁的籽吐得远，谁就大声喊，

一池子的笑声哗啦哗啦地溅。

下午我们举起水枪开战，

吡出一道彩虹，白白的、亮亮的，

你躲到柱子后头，我藏进伞底下，

衣服全湿了，谁也不许回家告状。

树上的知了也跟着起哄，

知了、知了，叫个不停，

好像在替我们数谁的水枪装得快，

数着数着，它自己先笑哑了嗓子。

傍晚我们在院子里追蜻蜓，

蜻蜓飞得高，我们跳得高，

一只蜻蜓也没捉住，

可我们的笑声飞得比蜻蜓还高。

太阳落山了，云烧成红色，

奶奶的蒲扇在树下摇啊摇，

我们把一天的趣事讲了一遍又一遍，

讲着讲着，星星爬上了树梢。

雷阵雨说来就来，哗啦啦，

我们站在屋檐下看它洗院子，

雨点踩着小水洼跳舞，

一跳一跳，溅起一地的笑声。

雨停了，天边挂出半道彩虹，

我们跑出去数它的颜色，

数到红橙黄绿，忘了后面的，

就一起喊：反正都好看！

暑假是一碗大大的快乐，

游泳是冰，西瓜是甜，

笑声是搅一搅的小勺子，

搅一搅呀，每一天都好吃。

我不想让暑假去放假，

我想一直游泳、一直吃瓜、一直笑，

要是夏天非要走，我就摆摆手说：

明年一定回来呀，我在这儿把你等。

The Happiness of Summer

Summer vacation came running with a flash of bright white light, and everything changed in a single moment: my schoolbag hung quietly on the wall, the alarm clock finally took a long holiday, and the sun wrote big golden letters across the window pane, saying: come on, come on, hurry outside and play.

We ran toward the swimming pool with our bare feet slapping the warm ground, and the water waved its white arms and shouted out our names, because with one splash, one dive, and one big cannonball, every one of us turned into a little fish swimming happily to and fro.

The floatie held me up while little water beads rolled down my nose, and even the coach's whistle seemed to turn into floating bubbles, because that day I learned to blow bubbles under the water and I even taught the small frog at the bottom of the pool a brand new song.

At noon the little gecko clung to the warm wall taking its nap, and the ice pop cart clanged its bell all the way through our alley, with red bean, mung bean, and green bean pops shining in the box, and one single lick of it made the whole summer turn cool.

Then came the watermelon, cut open with one loud crack, showing its red sandy flesh and its shining black seeds, and the sweet juice ran all the way down my wrist and dripped into the pool, so that even the fish came swimming over hoping to join in the fun.

I ate one bite, two bites, three bites, until my belly was round like a little drum, and the seeds we spat out drew long arcs across the sunshine, and whoever spat his seed the farthest got to shout the loudest, while the whole pool rang with laughter splashing everywhere.

In the afternoon we raised our water guns and started a great battle, and our shots made a little rainbow in the air, white and shining, and you hid behind the pillar while I hid under the umbrella, and our clothes got completely soaked, and nobody was allowed to go home and tell on anybody.

The cicadas up in the trees joined in the cheering too, singing cicada, cicada,

without stopping for a single second, as if they were counting how fast each of us could refill our water guns, and while they were counting, they laughed themselves hoarse and had to stop singing.

In the evening we chased the dragonflies around in our courtyard, and the dragonflies flew up high and we jumped up high, and although we did not catch a single dragonfly all by ourselves, our laughter flew even higher into the sky than any dragonfly ever could.

When the sun went down and the clouds turned red and gold, Grandma's old fan swayed slowly under the tree, and we told the story of the day's fun over and over again, telling and telling until the little stars quietly climbed up into the branches.

The summer thunderstorm arrived without any warning, pouring down in a great silver curtain, and we stood under the roof edge and watched it wash our whole courtyard clean, while the raindrops danced on the little puddles, hopping and splashing, and every hop sent up one more laugh from the ground.

When the rain stopped, half a rainbow hung up in the sky, and we ran outside and started counting its colors, and we counted red, orange, yellow, green, and then forgot all the rest, so we just shouted together: it does not matter, every color looks beautiful anyway!

Summer vacation is one big deep bowl of happiness, and swimming is the cool ice inside it, and the watermelon is the sweet syrup inside it, and laughter is the little spoon that stirs everything around, and once you stir it well, every single day tastes delicious.

I do not want summer vacation to go away on its own holiday, I want to keep swimming, keep eating melon, and keep laughing all the way to the end, and if summer really has to leave, I will wave my hand and say: please come back next year, I will be right here waiting for you.