床尾的那本记录本

放暑假第一天，我给自己弄了个记录本，牛皮纸封面，打算这个夏天记点东西。开学前翻它，前头几页字大而飘，后头几页越写越稳，像另一个人一路走过来。

七月里最厚的一页，记的是我一个人去县城看展览的半天。本子上写着：七点四十的班车，票九块；展览馆空调很足，恐龙化石比照片高；中午在面馆吃了一碗牛肉面，八块，汤太咸；回程车上睡着了，坐过了一站，走回来四十分钟。结尾我写：坐过站不慌，认得往回走的路就行。这行字现在看还是烫的。

八月的页脚记着家务。我包了这个夏天的衣服，本子上记着水费从六十几块涨到八十四块，又降回七十一块，因为我把两天的衣服并成一天洗。还记着第一次拖完整个屋子，腰直不起来，在沙发上躺了半小时。那页边上我写了一句：妈天天干这些。写完这句我没再往下写，那天的本子只有一行。

最末一页记的是八月二十七号的晚上。爸妈在灯下对账，我过去帮忙按计算器，听见妈妈说下个月要给爷爷寄多少，听见爸爸说你最近瘦了。我在本子背面写：他们也会累，也会算错，算错了就划掉重算。写完我把本子合上，在床尾放好。

这个暑假我做了两样以前不做的事：动手，和回想。动手让我知道自己能行，回想让我知道自己为什么能行。记录本不贵，两块五，可它替我记住了长大是一天一天记出来的，不是某一天忽然发生的。

本子的牛皮纸封面卷了角，中间撕掉过一页，是八月里赌气撕的，那天展览的门票还夹在后面没掉。开学前一晚我把撕下的页找回来，压在玻璃板底下，没再粘回去。缺的那页我不补，留着它，好让我记得自己也有过不想记的一天。

The Notebook at the Foot of My Bed

On the first day of summer vacation I got myself a notebook, kraft-paper cover, planning to record something this summer. Before school opened I flipped through it: the early pages had big, drifting handwriting, the later ones grew steadier and steadier, like another person walking all the way up to me.

The thickest page of July records the half day I spent alone at the exhibition hall in the county town. The notebook says: bus at seven forty, ticket nine yuan; the air conditioning inside was strong; the dinosaur fossils stood taller than the photos; lunch was a bowl of beef noodles at a noodle shop, eight yuan, broth too salty; I fell asleep on the ride back and passed one stop, then walked forty minutes home. I ended the page with: do not panic when you pass your stop; just know the road back. That line still feels hot to read now.

The footnotes of August record housework. I took over the family laundry, and the notebook shows the water bill rising from the sixties to eighty-four yuan, then

falling back to seventy-one, because I merged two days of washing into one. It also records the first time I mopped the whole house: my back would not straighten, and I lay on the sofa for half an hour. In the margin of that page I wrote one line: Mom does this every single day. After writing it I wrote nothing more; the entry of that day was a single line.

The last page records the evening of August twenty seventh. My parents were reconciling accounts under the lamp, and I went over to work the calculator for them. I heard my mother say how much to send grandpa next month, and my father say she had lost weight lately. On the back of the notebook I wrote: they get tired too, they miscalculate too, and when they do they cross it out and start over. I closed the notebook and set it at the foot of my bed.

This summer I did two things I never did before: worked with my hands, and looked back. Working with my hands taught me I am capable; looking back taught me why. The notebook cost two yuan fifty cents, but it keeps the memory that growing up is recorded day by day, not something that happens all at once on a single day.

The kraft paper cover of the notebook has curled corners, and one page in the middle was once torn out. I tore it in a fit of pique one day in August, and the ticket from the exhibition stayed tucked behind it without falling out. On the night before school opened I found the torn page back and pressed it under the glass plate of my desk, without gluing it in. I leave the missing page missing, so that it can remind me I too once had a day I did not want to record.

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