床尾的那本记录本

这个暑假结束的时候，我床尾那本蓝格子记录本写满了，边角都卷起来了。它是我这个假期最得意的收获。

放暑假第一天，我把一本旧本子放在床尾，打算记下假期里的趣事。头两天我根本想不出记什么，翻来覆去只写了一句：今天热，知了叫。第三天夜里，爸爸关了灯，我们全家搬了竹椅到楼下乘凉。我抬头看见对面楼的一扇窗里，有人用手电筒照墙，光斑里一只飞蛾绕着光转。我回家就记下来：飞蛾绕着手电的光转，转了十几圈，也不停。从那晚起，本子上的字渐渐多了。

七月里我记了抓蝉蜕：院墙根的老槐树上，一溜排着七个空蝉壳，我踮脚掰下一个，薄得像一片指甲，腿还弯着，像抱着树。我记了冰箱里的冰块：我把冰块举到太阳底下，地上出现一小片彩虹，我挪了三次，彩虹跟着挪了三次。八月初我学骑车上坡，链条掉了，我蹲在路边修，手上的黑油洗了三遍才洗干净，我也老老实实记下来，还记了手心磨出的两个泡。

开学前整理本子，我数了数，大大小小记了三十多条。老师布置写暑假趣事，我翻开本子，挑了冰块彩虹那条，一段一段写，写完一数，六百多字。以前我写作文，坐在桌前咬笔头，半天挤不出三行；那次我笔下顺得很，因为每一句都是我自己看见的。

妈妈翻我的本子，笑我说记的都是鸡毛蒜皮。可老师说过，鸡毛蒜皮写仔细了就是好文章。我把这句话抄在本子第一页。

这个假期让我明白，好文章不是编出来的，是记出来的。趣事天天从身边过，以前它们从我脑子里滑走，现在我用一本旧本子接住了它们。新学期，我给本子换了个位置，放在书包侧袋里。我打算一直记下去，记到写不动为止。

The Notebook at the Foot of My Bed

When this summer vacation ended, the blue checkered notebook at the foot of my bed was written full, and its corners had curled up. It is the harvest I am proudest of from this holiday.

On the first day of the vacation I put an old notebook at the foot of my bed, planning to write down the funny things of the holiday. For the first two days I could not think of anything to write, and I kept only one line: today hot, cicadas crying. On the night of the third day my father turned off the lights, and the whole family carried bamboo chairs downstairs to enjoy the cool. I looked up and saw, in a window of the building opposite, someone shining a flashlight at the wall, and a moth circling in the spot of light. When I got home I wrote it down: the moth circled the light of the flashlight, circled more than ten times, and did not stop. From that night on, the lines in the notebook slowly grew more.

In July I wrote down catching cicada shells: on the old locust tree by the wall of our yard there was a row of seven empty shells, and I stood on tiptoe to break one

off. It was thin as a fingernail, and its legs were still bent, as if still hugging the tree. I wrote down the ice cube from the fridge: I held an ice cube up to the sun, and a little rainbow appeared on the ground; I moved it three times, and the rainbow moved with it three times. At the beginning of August I learned to ride a bicycle uphill, the chain fell off, I squatted by the road to fix it, and the black grease on my hands took three washings to come off. I wrote that down honestly too, together with the two blisters rubbed into my palms.

Before school began I sorted the notebook and counted more than thirty entries, big and small. The teacher assigned writing about funny summer events, and I opened the notebook, picked the entry of the ice-cube rainbow, and wrote it down paragraph by paragraph. When I finished I counted more than six hundred words. Before, when I wrote compositions, I sat at the desk chewing my pencil and could not squeeze out three lines in half a day; that time my pen ran smoothly, because every sentence was something I had seen with my own eyes.

My mother looked through the notebook and laughed at me for writing only trivial matters. But the teacher once said that trivial matters, written carefully, become good writing. I copied that sentence onto the first page of the notebook.

This holiday taught me that good writing is not invented; it is noted down. Funny things pass by every day; before, they slid out of my head, and now I catch them with an old notebook. For the new term I have changed the place of the notebook; it sits in the side pocket of my schoolbag. I plan to keep writing until I cannot write anymore.