我的暑假日记，开学帮了大忙

说句实话，暑假刚开始写日记的时候，我是被爸爸逼的。头几天我写得特别敷衍，字大得像蚯蚓，一行半就收尾。转折发生在暑假过半的一个晚上：爸爸出差回来，说要听我讲讲这个暑假，我张了半天嘴，只讲得出去了趟水上乐园。爸爸没批评我，只说：你要是每天记两笔，刚才就不至于站在这儿发呆。

那天晚上我重新翻开本子，把前面敷衍的几页看了看，自己都觉得脸红。从第二天起我认真起来：只记当天发生的事，只记小的真的事。记我学自行车摔的跤，膝盖破了皮，卖菜阿姨递给我一张创可贴；记暴雨把阳台上的花盆吹倒，我和爸爸半夜起来捡，泥巴糊了一地；记奶奶的蒲扇、楼下的蛐蛐、停电时冰箱里抢救出来的最后一根冰棍。

记了一个月，我又添了个好习惯：每周日晚上把这一周的日记读一遍。读的时候才发现，好多事我自己都忘了，读了才想起来，而且读自己的日记特别好玩，像在读别人的故事。读到暴雨那篇，我自己都笑出了声，妈妈在门口问我笑什么，我说我写的，她凑过来也读了一段。

然后开学了。班会课轮流上台分享暑假，轮到我，我本来心里打鼓，结果一开口就顺了：我把日记里的事挑了三件讲，摔跤、暴雨、抓蛐蛐，讲得全班又笑又安静。下台时同桌说你怎么记得那么多事，我拍拍口袋里的本子：都在这儿装着呢。

更大的忙在后头。第一单元作文写暑假生活，我回家翻开日记，材料排着队等我挑。我选了卖菜阿姨那件事写，因为她递创可贴的时候说了一句：小姑娘，膝盖破了别哭，创可贴上有小鸭子。李老师在我的作文下面批：细节动人，这就是生活。我把这句话读了三遍。

现在回想，这个暑假我最大的收获不是去了哪里玩了什么，而是养成了一个习惯：功夫下在平时。日记每天只花五六分钟，可开学的时候，别人在台上想不起来的事，我张口就能讲；别人对着作文本发愁的事，我翻开本子就能挑。五六分钟换这些，太值了。

我把这个心得总结成三句话送给同学：记当天，事情还热乎；记小事，小事才有趣；读一遍，读一遍才能把记过的变成自己的。新学期我打算继续记，记到期末，我就能有一本我的五年级。到时候再翻开，一整年都在里面冲我笑。

My Summer Diary Saved Me at the Start of School

Let me be honest: when I started writing my summer diary, I was pushed into it by my father. For the first few days I wrote in the laziest possible way, with letters as big as earthworms, and I would finish after only one and a half lines. The turning point came one evening in the middle of vacation when Dad returned from a business trip and asked me to tell him about my summer, and I stood there stammering for ages with nothing to say except the half day at the water park.

Dad did not scold me. He only said that if I jotted down two or three lines every day, I would not be standing there right now staring into space. That night I reopened my notebook, read the sloppy early pages, and felt my face burn with shame

all by myself. From the next day on I got serious, recording only what happened that day, and only small and true things.

I wrote down falling off my bicycle with a scraped knee, and the vegetable seller auntie handing me a bandage; I wrote down the storm that blew our balcony flowerpot over while Dad and I picked up the muddy pieces late at night; I wrote down Grandma's old palm fan, the crickets downstairs, and the last ice pop we rescued from the freezer during the blackout.

After a month of recording, I added one more good habit: reading through the whole week's entries every Sunday evening. Only then did I discover that I had already forgotten many of my own recorded events, and reading brought them all back. Reading my own diary was strangely fun, like reading a story written by somebody else, and when I reached the storm entry I laughed out loud by myself.

Mom appeared in the doorway asking what was so funny, and I said it was my own writing, so she leaned over and read a paragraph too, and then she laughed as well. Then the new term began, and in our class meeting everyone took turns sharing their summer on stage, and when my name was called my heart was pounding, but the words came out smooth the moment I opened my mouth.

I picked three entries to tell: the bicycle fall, the storm, and the cricket hunt, and the class went from laughter to complete silence and back again. On my way down, my deskmate asked how I remembered so many things, and I patted the notebook in my pocket and said they are all stored right in here, waiting for their turn.

The bigger favor came later. Our first unit composition was about summer life, and at home I opened my diary and the material stood in a line waiting for me to choose. I picked the story of the vegetable seller auntie, because when she handed me the bandage she said: little girl, do not cry over a scraped knee, look, this bandage has a little duck on it.

Under my composition Mr. Li wrote a comment I have read three times: touching details, and this is what life means. Looking back now, the greatest harvest of my summer was not any trip or game but one habit: putting in small effort every ordinary day. A diary takes five or six minutes daily, yet at the start of school I could speak about things others could not recall, and I could pick compositions from my notebook while others stared at blank pages.

I summarize my lesson in three sentences for my classmates: record the same day while it is still warm, record small things because small things are the funny ones, and read your entries once, because only rereading turns records into your own. I plan to keep writing until the end of this term, and then I will own a whole year of fifth grade, and when I open that book again, an entire year will smile back at me

from its pages.