坚持写暑假日记，原来不难

放假第一天，爸爸就给我布置了一个任务：整个暑假每天写一篇日记。我一听就头疼，平时学校一周才写两篇周记，暑假六十天，那得写多少字啊？第一天我咬着笔杆憋了四十分钟，写出来一看，全是流水账：今天起床，吃饭，写作业，睡觉。爸爸看了只说了一句话：流水账也是账，先记上。

第二天我换了个办法。我不再憋大段，就给自己定个小规矩：每天只写三行，写当天最有意思的一件小事。结果那天我写的是：蚂蚁把我掉的饼干渣搬走了，排成一队，像放学路队。写完一数，才用了五分钟。原来日记难的不是写字，是不知道写什么；一旦只写一件小事，反而马上就想起来了。

从那天起，我的日记再没断过。我把时间定在晚饭后洗澡前，那会儿一天刚过完，事情还热乎着。记卖冰棍的三轮车，记停电那晚的蜡烛，记我学游泳呛的那口水。有天晚上我困得睁不开眼，还是爬起来记了一行：今天太累了，但日记不能断。就这一行，也算一天。

暑假过半，我发现自己变了：以前玩完就忘，现在玩的时候会自动留意，因为知道晚上要记。看爷爷钓鱼，我会多看两眼他怎么挂饵；和小伙伴打仗，我会记住谁的水枪先没水。日记像给我安了个小钩子，把每天的好玩事都钩住了。

最见效的是开学第一周。语文老师让每人上台分享暑假生活，别的同学站在台上嗯嗯半天，说我玩了，挺开心的。我翻开我的日记本，从第一页挑了停电那晚：蜡烛油滴在桌上凝成一朵小白花，我们全家围着蜡烛影子在墙上跳舞。我讲了不到两分钟，底下笑成一片，老师说明天把这段扩成作文交上来。

那本日记我数过，六十天记了五十八天，断的两天是回乡下路上太颠没带本子。它让我明白一个道理：坚持一件事，靠的不是狠劲，是把它变小。每天三行，谁都能做到；可五十八个三行连起来，就是一本属于我自己的暑假。

现在我把这个方法教给了同桌。她怕写周记，我让她也从每天三行开始。第一个月她坚持下来了，上周她的周记第一次被老师贴到墙上。她说原来写日记不难，我说对，难的是把它想成一件大事。定好时间，只写小事，尽量不断档——这就是我这个暑假学到的最管用的学习方法。

Keeping a Summer Diary Is Not as Hard as I Thought

On the very first day of vacation Dad gave me a mission: write one diary entry every single day for the whole summer. Just hearing that gave me a headache, because at school we only write two short weekly journals, and summer vacation has sixty days, so how many words would that be in total? On day one I chewed my pencil for forty minutes and produced what I later recognized as a pure running account: got up, ate, did homework, slept. Dad read it and said only one sentence: a running account is still an account, write it down first.

The next day I changed my method completely. I stopped forcing myself to write big paragraphs and made a small rule instead: only three lines a day, about the most interesting little thing that happened. That day I wrote that the ants carried away my dropped cookie crumbs in a single file, like our line when school lets out. When I finished I counted the time and it had taken only five minutes, which surprised me completely.

It turned out that the hard part of a diary is never the writing itself, it is not knowing what to write, and once you promise to record only one small thing, the memory comes back instantly. From that day on my diary never missed a beat, and I fixed the time for it after dinner and before my evening bath, when the day was still fresh and warm in my mind.

I recorded the ice pop tricycle and the candles on the blackout night, and I recorded the mouthful of pool water that made me cough during swimming class. One night I was so sleepy I could barely keep my eyes open, but I still dragged myself up and wrote one single line: today was exhausting, but the diary cannot break. That one line counted as a day too, and I was proud of it.

By the middle of vacation I noticed that I had changed without realizing it. Before, I would play and forget, but now I paid extra attention while playing, because I knew I would record it at night. When I watched Grandpa fish, I studied how he baited the hook, and when I had water fights with my friends, I remembered whose water gun ran dry first. My diary had installed a little hook inside me that caught all the fun of every day.

The method paid off most in the first week of the new term, when our Chinese teacher asked everyone to stand up and share their summer vacation. Other students mumbled on stage for ages, saying only that they played and it was nice. I opened my diary and picked the blackout night from the early pages: candle wax dripped on the table and froze into a little white flower, and our whole family danced with our shadows on the wall around the candle.

My talk lasted less than two minutes and the classroom was a sea of laughter, and the teacher told me to expand that exact entry into a composition and hand it in tomorrow. I counted my diary later and found I had written on fifty eight of the sixty days, missing only the two travel days when the bumpy bus ride to the village left my notebook out of reach.

This taught me a lesson I will keep forever: sticking with something does not depend on fierce willpower, it depends on making the task small. Three lines a day is something anybody can do, but fifty eight groups of three lines joined together become one whole summer that belongs to you alone, and that is worth more than any single long essay.

Now I have passed this method to my deskmate who is afraid of weekly journals, and I told her to start with three lines a day as well. She kept it up for the first month, and last week her journal was posted on the classroom wall for the very first time. She said keeping a diary is not hard after all, and I agreed: the hard part is imagining it as a giant task.

Fix a time, write only small things, and try never to break the chain, that is the most useful study method I brought back from this summer vacation, and I plan to keep the habit all the way through sixth grade and beyond, one small line at a time.

趣事记下来，才留得住

暑假第一周结束的时候，我做了个小测试，结果把我自己吓了一跳。我回忆第一周干了什么，想了半天，只想起去水上乐园半天，别的怎么也想不起来。那天去公园喂鸽子、帮妈妈包了一下午饺子，明明都发生过，可脑子里一点影子都没有。妈妈说：没记下来的日子，就是漏掉的日子。

从第二周起，我每天晚上睡前记一件趣事，一句话也行，一段也行。我的本子慢慢热闹起来：记了弟弟把西瓜籽吞下去，吓得不敢吃饭，第二天拉出来他蹲在马桶前研究了半天；记了我和楼上小胖比赛吹泡泡，我调的肥皂水吹出了排球大的泡泡，他吹的泡泡炸了他一脸。

记到第三周，怪事发生了：记过的事越来越清楚，没记过的事越来越模糊。吞西瓜籽那件事，我到现在连弟弟当时的表情都记得，因为他记进了本子，我晚上还读了一遍。而第一周喂鸽子，我连鸽子是灰是白都说不准了。原来记忆不是仓库，是流水，本子就是拿杯子去接水。

记录还教会我观察。以前看就是看，现在为了晚上有的记，我会多看几眼：看卖瓜的怎么挑瓜，看雨后蜗牛怎么爬过墙，看爸爸下棋输了怎么偷偷把棋子挪回去。这些事记下来都有趣得不得了，因为它们本来就藏在每天的日子里，只是以前没人掀开看。

开学班会课有个环节叫暑假趣事分享会。我本来想讲个大概，后来干脆带上日记本上台，翻到哪页讲哪页。我讲弟弟吞西瓜籽，讲排球大的泡泡炸在小胖脸上，讲我们几个夜里打手电去楼道抓蛐蛐，抓到了又放了，因为它一直叫，我们想让它继续叫。全班从头笑到尾，班主任说这是她听过最具体的分享。

下台以后好几个人来借我的本子传着看。同桌翻到蜗牛那页，说原来蜗牛爬墙能这么好玩。我那一刻忽然明白：我的趣事本不光留住了我的暑假，还把我的快乐分给了别人。一件趣事写下来，就从一次变成了很多次。

这个暑假我一共记了四十七件趣事。数它们的时候我发现，最珍贵的不是去了多远的地方，而是那些天天发生的小事：一顿饺子、一个泡泡、一只蜗牛。它们不值钱，也不上新闻，可它们是我的。

现在谁问我暑假怎么过得又开心又充实，我就把本子递过去。要我说，快乐这个东西，玩的

时候只快乐一次，记下来它才真正归你。记录就是给记忆拍照，等开学那天，你翻开本子，整个暑假都在里面冲你笑。

Write the Fun Down, or It Slips Away

At the end of the first week of summer vacation I gave myself a little test, and the result honestly scared me. I tried to remember everything I had done that week, and after thinking for a long time I could only recall half a day at the water park, while everything else had completely vanished from my mind. I had clearly fed the pigeons in the park and spent a whole afternoon helping Mom wrap dumplings, yet not one shadow of those days remained.

Mom told me something I never forgot: a day that is not written down is a day that leaks away. So starting from the second week, I began recording one fun thing every night before bed, sometimes one sentence and sometimes one whole paragraph, and slowly my little notebook became a lively place full of small events worth keeping.

I wrote down how my little brother swallowed a watermelon seed and got so frightened that he refused to eat dinner, and the next morning he squatting in front of the toilet studying the seed for a long time. I wrote down how the kid from upstairs and I had a bubble blowing contest, and my soap mixture blew a bubble as big as a volleyball before it burst all over his face.

By the third week something strange happened: the things I had written down grew clearer and clearer, while the things I had not written grew fuzzier and fuzzier. I can still picture my brother's face when he swallowed that seed, because it was in my notebook and I read it aloud that night, but for the pigeon feeding I cannot even say whether the birds were gray or white.

Memory, I realized, is not a warehouse but a flowing river, and a notebook is the cup you hold under it. Recording also taught me to observe. Before, looking was just looking, but now, so that I would have something to write at night, I look a second longer: at how the melon seller chooses his melons, at how a snail crosses the wall after rain, at how Dad secretly moves a chess piece back when he is losing.

All these things turn out to be wonderfully funny once they are written down, because they were hiding inside ordinary days all along, waiting for somebody to lift the lid and take a look. In the new term our class meeting had a session called Summer Fun Sharing, and I brought my diary on stage and simply read and told whatever page I opened to.

I told the story of my brother and the watermelon seed, of the volleyball sized

bubble bursting on my neighbor's face, and of how at night we chased crickets in the stairwell with a flashlight, caught one, and then set it free because it kept singing and we wanted it to keep singing. The whole class laughed from the first minute to the last, and our head teacher said it was the most vivid sharing she had ever heard.

After I stepped down, several classmates borrowed my notebook and passed it around. My deskmate turned to the snail page and said she never knew that a snail climbing a wall could be this interesting. In that moment I understood that my fun notebook had not only kept my summer, it had also handed my happiness to other people, turning one fun moment into many.

In total I recorded forty seven fun things that summer, and counting them taught me one more thing: the most precious memories were not the faraway trips but the tiny daily events, one plate of dumplings, one big bubble, one slow snail, worthless to the world but priceless to me.

Now whenever anyone asks me how to spend a summer that is both happy and full, I simply hand over my notebook. Fun only happens once while you play, but once you write it down it truly belongs to you, because recording is taking a photograph of your memory, and on the first day of school you can open the page and watch your whole summer smile back at you.

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.