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.