苗住得太挤了

2026年4月20日 星期一 阴

今天早上我蹲在畦边看了半天——萝卜苗拱出来了！两片小叶，嫩绿嫩绿的，叶尖上还顶着一粒没掉的土。我数了数，一排挤了几十棵，头挨着头，像早操排队挤成一团的同学。我喊爷爷来看，爷爷看完说：挤了，得间苗。我问什么叫间苗，他说：把太挤的苗拔掉，留下强的，给它们地方长。

我舍不得。每一棵都是我看着拱出来的，拔哪一棵我都心疼。爷爷先动手，蹲下去，手贴着土，捏住一棵弱苗的根边，轻轻一拧就起来了，根细细的，像一根白线。他说：拔苗不是害它，是救旁边那几棵。我学着拔，挑叶子黄的、茎细的，一棵一棵拧。拔下来的苗爷爷不让扔，拿到厨房给奶奶，奶奶洗了用蒜炒了一盘，说：自己间的苗，自己吃。我吃了三块，有点辣，但是香。奶奶说这盘苗比买的青菜金贵，因为每一棵都先在我手心里待过。

间完苗，一排苗稀稀的，风一吹各自摇各自的，好看多了。爷爷教浇水：水瓢舀水，别从苗头顶上淋，要顺着畦边浇，让水自己走到根那儿。我浇的时候蹲着看，水在土里走，走得不快，土色一寸一寸变深。爷爷说：浇叶面是给它洗澡，浇根才是给它饭吃，菜不喜欢天天洗澡。我数了数，一畦浇了十二瓢，浇完畦边踩过的脚印都陷得深。水声咕咚咕咚的，像土在咽口水。

晚上我在日记里写：今天学会两个词，一个叫间苗，一个叫浇根。爷爷说苗跟苗要留地方住，我想人也一样，同桌跟我挤了，我给他让了半块橡皮。萝卜苗还小，我不催它们，每天放学去看一眼，看它们把地方住开。今天放学我特意绕到畦边，风里那几排苗摇得很整齐。

The Seedlings Live Too Crowded

April 20, 2026, Monday, cloudy.

This morning I squatted by the bed for a long time — the radish seedlings had pushed through! Two little leaves, pale green, with a grain of soil still on the tip of one. I counted: a whole row packed with dozens of them, head against head, like classmates crowding together in morning exercise lines. I called Grandpa to look. He looked and said: too crowded; they need thinning. I asked what thinning means. He said: pull out the crowded seedlings, keep the strong ones, and give them room to grow.

I could not bear it. Every one of them had come up under my eyes, and pulling any one hurt. Grandpa started first. He squatted, hand flat on the soil, gripped the edge of a weak seedling at its root, and gave a gentle twist — it came up, its root thin as a white thread. He said: pulling a seedling is not harming it; it is saving the few beside it. I learned to pull, choosing the ones with yellow leaves and thin stems, twisting one by one. Grandpa would not let us throw the pulled seedlings away; he carried them to the kitchen for Grandma, who washed them and stir-fried them with

garlic, saying: seedlings you thinned yourself, eat them yourself. I ate three pieces; a little spicy, but fragrant.

After thinning, the row stood sparse, each seedling swaying on its own in the wind, much better to look at. Grandpa taught me watering: scoop water with the ladle, do not pour over the tops of the seedlings; water along the edge of the bed and let the water walk to the roots itself. While I watered I squatted and watched the water moving through the soil, not fast, the soil darkening inch by inch. Grandpa said: watering the leaves is giving the vegetables a bath; watering the roots is giving them a meal, and vegetables do not like bathing every day. I counted twelve ladles for the bed, and after watering the footprints by the edge sank deep.

In my diary tonight I wrote: today I learned two phrases, thinning and watering the roots. Grandpa said seedlings need room to live, and I think people are the same — my deskmate and I were crowded, so I gave him half my eraser. The radish seedlings are still small; I will not rush them. I will look once after school every day and watch them spread out into the room they have.