萝卜出土的那一刻

2026年5月18日 星期一 晴

今天放学，爷爷站在畦边冲我招手：可以拔了。我扔下书包跑过去。我种的萝卜叶子已经一大蓬，风一吹呼啦啦响，可土底下的萝卜什么样，我一点不知道，爷爷说萝卜是躲着长的，拔出来才算收成。

爷爷教我：别硬拽叶子，那样叶子断了萝卜还在土里。要攥住萝卜叶子靠下的地方，身子往后坐，先晃两下，让土松，再慢慢拔。我攥住第一棵，晃了两下，手腕往上一提，土裂开一条缝，白萝卜露出一个头，再一提，整个出来了，带着一兜子土，白生生，尾巴上几根细须。我举着它喊，声音都变了，爷爷在旁边点头，说第一棵拔得稳，手没歪。第二棵我拔歪了，萝卜断在半截土里，我愣住，爷爷拿小锄把它刨出来，说：歪的能吃，就是不好看，明年你就知道手要正。

拔完爷爷让我浇水，收过的畦要浇一遍水，他说这叫养地，地也累，拔了这么多菜，得给它喝够。我提着水桶一瓢一瓢浇，浇过的地颜色深，没浇的浅，畦面像一块拼起来的棋盘。浇完水，地里升起一股土腥气，好闻。蜻蜓低低地飞，落在畦边的竹竿上，一动不动。

晚上奶奶把萝卜洗了，切滚刀块，炖了一锅萝卜汤，奶白奶白的。我喝了两碗，连汤带萝卜吃得肚子圆。自己种的萝卜，甜里带一点点辣，跟菜场买的不一样。爷爷也喝了一碗，说：你这一畦，比我的还齐。我耳朵热热的。

我在日记里写：从4月4日翻土到今天，四十四天。翻土最累，间苗最心疼，拔萝卜最痛快。爷爷教的三样活我全学会了，还学会一样他没教的：等。下一畦我打算种胡萝卜，胡萝卜比萝卜更躲，我等着。

The Moment the Radish Came Out of the Soil

May 18, 2026, Monday, sunny.

After school today, Grandpa stood at the edge of the bed and waved me over: they are ready to pull. I dropped my schoolbag and ran. The leaves of my radishes had grown into big tufts, rustling in the wind, but what the radishes looked like under the soil I had no idea. Grandpa said the radish grows in hiding; the harvest only counts once it is pulled out.

Grandpa taught me: do not yank the leaves, or the leaves will break and the radish stays below. Grip the leaves low, near the root, sit your body back, shake twice to loosen the soil, then pull slowly. I gripped the first one, shook it twice, and lifted with my wrist. The soil cracked open, a white radish showed its head, and one more lift brought the whole thing out, carrying a scoop of soil, white and clean, a few thin whiskers on its tail. I held it up and shouted, my voice changing. On the second one I pulled crooked and the radish snapped halfway in the soil. I froze. Grandpa dug it out with the small hoe and said: a crooked one is still good to eat,

just not pretty; next year your hands will know to stay straight.

After pulling, Grandpa made me water. The harvested bed needs one watering, he said; it is called resting the soil. The soil is tired too — it gave up so many vegetables and must drink its fill. I carried the bucket and poured ladle by ladle. The watered ground turned dark and the dry ground stayed pale, so the bed looked like a chessboard pieced together. After watering, an earthy smell rose from the garden, and it smelled good.

At night Grandma washed the radishes, cut them into rolling chunks, and stewed a pot of radish soup, milky white. I drank two bowls and ate until my belly was round. The radishes I grew myself taste sweet with a little spice, different from the ones bought at the market. Grandpa drank a bowl too and said: your bed is even neater than mine. My ears went hot.

In my diary I wrote: from turning the soil on April 4 to today, forty-four days. Turning the soil was the hardest work, thinning the hardest on the heart, pulling radishes the most joyful. I learned all three skills Grandpa taught, plus one he did not teach: waiting. For the next bed I plan carrots. Carrots hide even deeper than radishes. I will wait.