外婆家的水蜜桃：一篇400字下水作文和它的甜写在哪儿

先读一篇四年级孩子的作文，题目叫《外婆家的水蜜桃》，四百字上下。读完再看它的甜写在哪儿。

每年七月下旬，爸爸妈妈都带我回乡下外婆家。外婆家有一个小桃园，八棵桃树，靠篱笆的那棵最矮，我够得着的桃子全从它上来。

到的那天早上，外婆递给我一个搪瓷盆，说，去摘桃吧。桃园里的桃树比我高，桃子挂在叶子中间，半藏半露。我踮起脚够不着，外公把我托起来。我的手握住一个桃子，皮上的绒毛扎得手心发痒。外公说，别拽，拧。我一拧，桃子就下来了，有一滴汁顺着手腕流下去。

盆装满桃子，外婆端到井边，打了一桶井水把桃子泡进去。桃子在凉水里滚来滚去，我用手指一个一个去按。外婆拍开我的手：别按，再泡一会儿。

我挑了一个最白的桃子咬了一口。皮和肉一起破开，汁顺着我的手往下流，流到指缝里。桃太甜，甜得牙齿发黏，我张着嘴不敢合，怕把舌头粘住。一个桃子里面，最甜的是贴着桃核的那一块，我每次都把最后一口留给它。

回家那天，外婆摘了满满一筐桃放进车里，桃子上还带着叶子。到家再吃这些桃，好像没有外婆家树上的甜。我问妈妈，妈妈说，因为树上的桃是早上摘的，这些在车上颠了半天。

这篇作文没有写一句「桃子真甜啊，我太喜欢了」，可是甜全在里面。

甜首先写在手上：绒毛扎手心、一滴汁流下手腕、汁流进指缝。桃子没有直接写，是手在写它。这是写桃子最聪明的办法：不写甜字，写甜跑去了哪里。

甜也在「拧」这个字里。外公说别拽，拧。摘桃有自己的手法，拧这个动作只有摘过桃的人知道。作文里有一个真手法，它就站住了。

甜更在贴核那一口上。把最甜的一口留到最后，这是孩子自己的习惯，大人想不到要写它。

还有最后一段：家里的桃没有外婆家的甜，妈妈一句「早上摘的」把整篇收住。作文没说我爱外婆的桃园，读者自己听见了。

让孩子借这篇的骨架：外婆家有几棵桃树、我怎么摘到一个桃、桃子怎么洗、我咬的那一口什么样、为什么家里的桃不这么甜。五步走完，四百字的作文自己就满了，不用大人帮一句。

The Honey Peach at Grandma's House: A 400-Word Model Composition and Where Its Juiciness Hides

First read a fourth grader's composition titled The Honey Peach at Grandma's House, about four hundred characters long in its original Chinese. After reading it, we will look at where the juiciness of this composition hides.

Every year in late July, Mom and Dad take me to Grandma's house in the

countryside. Grandma's house has a small peach orchard with eight peach trees, and the one closest to the fence is the shortest, so all the peaches I can reach come from that tree.

On the morning we arrived, Grandma handed me an enamel basin and said, let us go pick peaches. The peach trees in the orchard are taller than me, and the peaches hang among the leaves, half hidden and half in plain sight. I stood on tiptoe and still could not reach, so Grandpa lifted me up. My hand closed around a peach, and the fuzz on its skin tickled my palm. Grandpa said, do not pull it, twist it. I twisted, and the peach came off in my hand, and one drop of juice ran down my wrist.

When the basin was full of peaches, Grandma carried them to the well and drew a bucket of well water to soak them. The peaches rolled around in the cold water, and I kept poking them one by one with my finger. Grandma swatted my hand away: leave them alone, let them soak a little longer.

I picked out the whitest peach and took a bite. The skin and the flesh broke open together, and the juice ran down my hand and dripped between my fingers. The peach was so sweet that my teeth felt stuck together, and I kept my mouth open so I would not bite my tongue. In every peach, the part closest to the pit is the sweetest, and I always save that last bite for the end.

On the day we left, Grandma packed a whole basket of peaches into the car, with leaves still on them. When I got home and ate those peaches, they did not seem as sweet as the ones on Grandma's trees. I asked Mom, and Mom said, because the ones on the tree were picked in the morning, and these were bounced around in a car for half a day.

This composition never says the peach is so sweet or I love it so much, yet all the juiciness is inside it.

The juice is first on the hand: the fuzz tickling the palm, the drop running down the wrist, the juice dripping between the fingers. The peach is not described directly; the hand describes it instead. This is the smartest way to write about a peach: do not write the word sweet, write where the sweet thing ran to.

The juice is also inside the word twist. Grandpa says do not pull it, twist it. Picking a peach has its own technique, and only people who have actually picked peaches know this verb. A composition that contains one real technique stands up.

The juice is even more inside that last bite near the pit. Saving the sweetest bite for the end is a child's own habit, and no adult would think to write it.

And then the final paragraph: the peaches at home are not as sweet as the ones at Grandma's house, and Mom's one line about peaches picked in the morning closes the

whole composition. The composition never says I love Grandma's peach orchard, but the reader hears it.

Let children borrow the skeleton of this composition: how many peach trees at Grandma's house, how I reached one peach, how the peaches were washed, what my bite was like, and why the peaches at home taste less sweet. Walk these five steps and a four hundred word composition fills itself up without any adult help.