三天的芒果日记

六月十日 星期二 晴

放学时校门口有个爷爷卖芒果，两块钱一个。我挑了一个，学着平时看妈妈挑的样子，先看皮，黄里带红；再摸，表皮光光的，按下去软软的；最后凑近闻，蒂头有香味。爷爷笑了，说你会挑。我拿着芒果走路，香味一路跟着我，到家时书包上好像都沾了芒果味。

六月十一日 星期三 多云

昨天那个芒果我没舍得当天吃，放在书桌上写了一晚上作业。今天放学它更软了，皮上有几道细细的裂纹，像笑开了嘴。我用小刀给它切花刀，这次手稳，格子划得整整齐齐，皮一点没破。往上一顶，果肉全翻出来，金黄的方块一块挨一块。我拍照发给妈妈。晚上妈妈把另一半切了，配着西米和椰奶，做成芒果西米露。我尝第一口，椰奶的滑、西米的弹、芒果的甜混在一起，比单吃还好吃。我把碗底舔得干干净净。

做西米露的时候我在旁边看着。妈妈先把西米倒进开水里煮，煮到中间只剩一点白芯，捞出来过凉水，西米立刻变得透明，像一粒粒小珍珠。芒果肉用刀切成丁，一半下锅和椰奶一起小火煮，一半留着最后撒上去。糖只放了一点点，妈妈说芒果本身够甜。锅里冒出甜丝丝的热气，扑在眼镜片上，白茫茫一片，我擦着眼镜笑。装碗以后我数过，一碗里西米数不清，芒果丁我数了二十一块。

六月十二日 星期四 雨

今天班里周晓带来一盒芒果干，说是她爸爸从四川寄的。芒果干是暗黄色的，边上发黑，摸上去黏手，捏一捏，软而有韧劲，不像鲜芒果那样一按一个印。闻起来是浓缩的甜，像把整个芒果晒干了收进一片里。我咬一小口，嚼很久，甜慢慢出来，最后一点酸尾。周晓说，芒果干是甜，可她还是更喜欢鲜的，鲜的汁多。我想起前天流到手腕上的汁，点点头。放学下雨了，我护着书包跑回家，书包里是妈妈今天买的两颗芒果，青里泛黄，还要再放两天。我想，等它们软了，我还做一回西米露给妈妈吃。

Three Days of Mango Diary

June 10, Tuesday, sunny

At the school gate after class an old grandpa was selling mangoes, two yuan each. I picked one the way I had watched Mom shop: first the skin, yellow touched with red; then a touch, the skin smooth, soft under my finger; last I smelled it close up, and the stem end was fragrant. The grandpa laughed and said I knew how to choose. I walked home holding the mango, its scent following me the whole way, and by the time I got home my schoolbag seemed to smell of mango too.

June 11, Wednesday, cloudy

Yesterday I could not bear to eat that mango the same day; I kept it on my desk

while I did homework all evening. Today it was softer, with a few hairline cracks in the skin, like mouths opened in a smile. I gave it the flower cut with a small knife, and this time my hand was steady: the grid came out neat, the skin unbroken. Pushing it up from below, all the flesh flipped out, golden cubes shoulder to shoulder. I took a photo and sent it to Mom. In the evening she cut the other half and made mango sago with coconut milk. My first mouthful mixed the silkiness of coconut milk, the bounce of the sago, and the sweetness of mango, better than eating the fruit alone. I licked the bowl bottom clean.

I stood beside Mom while she made the sago dessert. First she boiled the sago in hot water until only a white pinhead remained at the center of each bead, then drained them and rinsed them in cold water, and they turned clear at once, like little pearls. She diced the mango flesh: half went into the pot with coconut milk over low heat, half was kept for the top at the end. Only a little sugar went in, since the mango itself was sweet enough. Sweet steam rose from the pot and fogged my glasses, all white and blank, and I wiped my lenses and laughed. After plating, I counted: the sago grains were beyond counting, but the mango cubes came to twenty-one in one bowl.

June 12, Thursday, rain

Today Zhou Xiao in our class brought a box of dried mango, sent by her father from Sichuan. The dried mango was dark yellow with blackened edges, sticky to the touch, and when squeezed it was soft but tough, not denting like a fresh mango. Its smell was sweetness in concentrate, as if a whole mango had been sun-dried and folded into one slice. I bit off a small piece and chewed a long time; the sweetness came out slowly, with a faint sour tail at the end. Zhou Xiao said the dried mango is sweet, but she still prefers the fresh kind, for its juice. I thought of the juice that had run down my wrist the day before, and nodded. It rained after school, and I shielded my schoolbag and ran home. Inside were two mangoes Mom bought that day, green touched with yellow, needing two more days. Once they soften, I thought, I will make sago dessert for Mom one more time.