窗台上的草莓：一篇400字观察日记和它是怎么一天天长红的

下面是一篇四年级孩子的草莓观察日记，四百字上下，一共五条。先读日记，再看窗台上的草莓是怎么一条条长熟的。

这篇日记不是坐下来一次写完的。它从三月记到五月，每一条都有自己的日期，所以读者能跟着孩子一起，看那盆草莓一天一天变。

3月12日。妈妈从集市上带回一盆草莓，放在朝南书房的窗台上，太阳到中午才挪过来。盆很小，苗不高，叶子边上带锯齿，手摸过去糙糙的。我看了它两天，没什么可记的。

3月28日。草莓苗开了两朵白花。花瓣小小的，一朵五片，中间是一簇小黄球。我蹲在窗台边看了很久，近得能数清那些小黄球。妈妈说别碰，等蜜蜂来。可我们家在八楼，蜜蜂上不来。妈妈拿了一根小刷子，从这朵花扫到那朵花。我问她干什么，她说授粉，没有蜜蜂，花就结不成果。我接过刷子，自己把两朵花都扫了一遍，扫得很小心，像在替蜜蜂干活。

4月15日。一朵花的花瓣干了，掉了。花原先的位置底下鼓起来，变成一个绿色的小疙瘩，上面全是小籽。妈妈说，那就是草莓。我一直以为草莓是从花店那种粉红色的花苞里长出来的。我把它记下来：草莓是从白花的底下长出来的。

4月29日。绿色的小疙瘩长大了，从绿变白，尖尖那头开始泛红。另一颗还是绿的，小小的。我问妈妈为什么不一起红，她说草莓是从尖尖往上熟的，尖尖总是先熟。我用手指碰了碰红的地方，还硬硬的，一点不软。

5月8日。尖尖那颗全红了，凑近闻，整盆都有点甜香。我伸手掐了一下把儿，它就下来了。草莓很小，还没有我的大拇指大，籽长在皮外面。我咬了一口，尖尖是甜的，靠近把儿发白的地方是酸的。另一颗还白着一半，我没摘。等它熟了再记。

这篇日记没有写一句「真美啊」「我开心极了」，可是草莓一条条长熟了。

第一条承认没什么可记，这本身就是一课：观察日记不怕日子空，怕的是编。空着的日子也是真看到的。

第二条最满：花瓣的片数、中间的小黄球、八楼蜜蜂上不来、小刷子。蜜蜂上不来这句，是住在八楼的人才观察得出的，谁也编不出来。

第三条记的是一次纠正。孩子原来以为草莓从粉花苞里长出来，他自己的眼睛把错处改了过来。记下纠正，比记下结论更活。

第四条把颜色写成几个阶段：绿、白、尖尖先红，还有妈妈那句「从尖往上熟」。第五条把味道分成两半：尖甜、近把儿酸。味道被分开了，这才是真草莓的味道。

最后那句「等它熟了再记」最值钱。观察日记不是一次写完的，那颗白着一半的草莓，就是下一篇。

Strawberries on the Windowsill: A 400-Character

Observation Diary and How It Ripened Entry by Entry

Below is a fourth grader's strawberry observation diary, about four hundred characters in its original Chinese, with five entries in all. Read the diary first, then watch how the strawberries on the windowsill ripened entry by entry.

The diary was not written in one sitting. It was kept from March to May, and every entry carries its own date, so the reader can follow the child and watch the potted plant change day by day.

March 12. Mom brought a strawberry plant home from the market and put it on the windowsill of the south-facing study, where the sun only reaches by noon. The pot was small, the plant not tall, with a few serrated leaves that felt rough under my palm. I looked at it for two days and found nothing to record, so the first entry simply says that there was nothing to record.

March 28. Two white flowers opened on the strawberry plant. The petals were small, five in each flower, and the center was a cluster of tiny yellow balls. I crouched by the windowsill and looked for a long time, close enough to count the little yellow balls. Mom said do not touch them, let the bees come. But our windowsill is on the eighth floor, and bees cannot reach it. Mom took a small brush and swept it gently from one flower to the other. I asked what she was doing, and she said pollinating, because without bees the flower cannot become a fruit. I held the brush and swept it over the two flowers myself, carefully, as if I were doing the bees' job for them.

April 15. The petals of one flower dried up and fell off, and the base of the flower, the part that had held the petals, swelled into a small green ball covered with tiny seeds. Mom said that is a strawberry. I was surprised, because I had always thought strawberries grew from the pink flower buds sold at the flower shop in spring. I wrote it down in the diary: strawberries grow from the bottom of white flowers.

April 29. The small green ball grew bigger, turned from green to white, and the tip began to turn red. The other one was still green and small. I asked Mom why it does not turn red all at once, and she said a strawberry ripens from the tip upward, so the tip is always ready first. I touched the red part with my finger, and it was still hard, not soft at all.

May 8. The strawberry at the tip was completely red, and when I leaned close to the pot I could smell its sweetness. I reached out and pinched the stem, and it came off easily. The strawberry was small, not even as big as my thumb, and its seeds sat on the outside of the skin. I bit into it. The tip was sweet, but the white part near

the stem was sour. The other strawberry is still half white, and I did not pick it. I will write about it again when it ripens.

This diary never says how beautiful or how happy I was, yet the strawberry ripened entry by entry.

The first entry admits there was nothing to record, and that is itself a lesson: an observation diary is not afraid of empty days; it is only wrong when it invents things. An empty day was also truly seen.

The second entry is the fullest: the number of petals, the yellow balls in the center, the bees that cannot reach the eighth floor, and the small brush. The line about bees not reaching is a real observation of a real windowsill, and nobody could invent it.

The third entry records a correction. The child had believed strawberries came from pink flower buds, and his own eyes fixed the mistake. Writing down a correction is livelier than writing down a conclusion.

The fourth entry writes the color in stages: green, then white, then the tip turning red, with Mom's line that it ripens from the tip upward. The fifth entry writes the taste in parts: sweet at the tip, sour near the stem. The flavor is divided in two, and that is what a real strawberry tastes like.

The last line, I will write about it again when it ripens, is the most valuable line. An observation diary does not end in one sitting; the half-white strawberry is already the next entry.