桃树的心里话

我是一棵长在山顶的桃树。三年前，小猴子把我从一颗桃核种成了树。他每天给我浇水，冬天怕我冻着，还在树干上围了一圈草绳。我暗暗使劲，一定要结出最甜的桃子给他。

今年夏天，我挂了一树桃子，个个又大又红。我得意极了，心想小猴子一定天天守着我吃，一个接一个，把肚子吃得圆滚滚。结果你猜怎么着？他挑了最大最红的十几个，一个都没咬，装进筐，下山了。

我有点着急，又有点心疼。那些桃子是我攒了一夏天的甜啊。我踮着枝条望，看见小猴子敲开小兔子的门，递过去两个桃子，说周六请她上山吃桃宴。小兔子的耳朵一下子竖得笔直。他又去敲小松鼠的门，去陪老山羊喝茶，桃子一个一个送出去，筐越来越轻，他的步子却越来越轻快。

周六那天，山顶热闹起来。朋友们来了七个，小猴子把桃子切开，一人一瓣。小兔子咬了一口，喊好甜。小松鼠喊更甜。老山羊慢，嚼了半天说，甜得心里发软。小猴子坐在中间，自己只吃了一瓣，笑得比谁都甜。我站在旁边看着，忽然有点明白：我攒了一夏天的甜，原来不是让他一个人吃的。

吃完桃，小猴子把桃核一颗颗埋回我脚下。他拍拍土说，你们明年好好长，结更多桃子，请更多朋友。我的根在土里听见了，心里热热的。原来这就是他天天给我浇水的原因，也是他冬天给我围草绳的原因。

第二年夏天，我拼了命地开花，结的桃子比上年多一倍。朋友们真的来了十五个，石桌坐不下，大家就坐在我的树荫里。风穿过我的叶子，我沙沙地笑。有个小朋友靠着我的树干睡着了，手里还攥着半瓣桃。我垂下一根枝条，轻轻替他挡了挡太阳。

现在我知道我的心愿是什么了。不是结最多的桃，也不是当山顶最甜的树。是每年夏天，看着小猴子把桃子送下山，再看着朋友们跟着桃香上山。果子熟了要分，快乐多了要传，这是我这个当树的，想明白的最大一个道理。

What the Peach Tree Wanted to Say

I am a peach tree on top of the hill. Three years ago the little monkey grew me from a single pit into a tree. He watered me every day, and in winter, afraid I would catch cold, he wrapped a ring of straw rope around my trunk. I quietly made up my mind: I must bear the sweetest peaches for him.

This summer I hung with peaches, every one big and red. I was so proud. I thought the little monkey would surely sit under me every day, eating one after another until his belly was round as a ball. And guess what? He picked the biggest, reddest dozen or so, bit into none of them, put them in a basket, and went down the hill.

I felt a little worried and a little heart-ached. Those peaches were all the sweetness I had saved up the whole summer. I stretched my branches to look. I saw the

little monkey knock on the door of Little Rabbit, hand her two peaches, and invite her up the hill Saturday for the peach banquet. Her ears shot straight up. Then he knocked on the door of Little Squirrel, then sat drinking tea with old Goat. The peaches went out one by one, the basket grew lighter, and his steps grew lighter still.

On Saturday the hilltop came alive. Seven friends arrived, and the little monkey cut the peaches open, one slice for each. Little Rabbit took a bite and cried out, so sweet. Little Squirrel cried out, even sweeter. Old Goat, slow as always, chewed a long while and said, sweet enough to make the heart soft. The little monkey sat in the middle with only one slice himself, smiling sweeter than anyone. I watched from the side, and suddenly I understood a little: the sweetness I had saved all summer was never meant for him to eat alone.

After the banquet the little monkey buried the peach pits one by one at my feet. He patted the soil and said, grow well next year, bear more peaches, invite more friends. My roots heard him down in the earth, and my heart went warm. So this was why he watered me every day, and why he wrapped straw around me in winter.

Next summer I flowered with all my might and bore twice as many peaches as before. Fifteen friends really came; the stone table could not hold them all, so they sat in my shade instead. The wind combed through my leaves and I laughed in rustles. A small child fell asleep leaning against my trunk, half a peach still in his hand. I let down a branch and gently shaded him from the sun.

Now I know what my wish is. It is not to bear the most peaches, nor to be the sweetest tree on the hill. It is to watch, every summer, the little monkey carrying peaches down the hill, and his friends following the fragrance back up. When fruit ripens, share it; when joy grows, pass it on. That is the biggest truth I, a tree, have ever figured out.