水果篮里的夜歌

夜深了，屋子里静悄悄的，月亮从窗台爬进来，往水果篮里洒了一把银粉。水果篮里响起窸窸窣窣的声音——苹果、香蕉、葡萄，它们醒来了，凑在一起开夜里的歌会。谁先唱？苹果拍拍圆圆的肚子说，我敲鼓，我起头。

苹果咚咚咚，敲它的小红鼓：我是红红的小灯笼，站在篮子的最上层。白天小男孩看了我三回，口水都要流下来了。我脆，我甜，我咔嚓一声响，唱完这一句，该香蕉上场。

香蕉弯弯笑，晃它的小黄船：我是弯弯的小黄船，躺在篮子的中间层。我的船里装着软软甜甜的糖，谁坐上来就飘到梦乡。白天小男孩也看了我三回，还把我举起来当电话。唱完这一句，该葡萄摇铃。

葡萄叮铃铃，摇一串紫星星：我们是圆圆的小铃铛，挤在篮子的最下层。我们人最多，声音最细，酸酸甜甜凑成一片小音乐。白天小男孩抓了我们一把又一把，口袋里的糖纸都忘了吃。唱完这一句，大家伙儿都安静下来。

月亮问它们：明天早上，谁先被小男孩挑走？苹果说我先，我最脆；香蕉说我先，我最软；葡萄说我们最该先，我们最甜。吵着吵着，天快亮了，它们赶紧挤回原位，闭上眼睛装睡。

早晨，小男孩跑过来，手伸进水果篮，抓起了葡萄，又放下了，最后把苹果、香蕉、葡萄各拿了一个，排成一排摆在桌上，对着它们唱起了歌。水果篮里的三个好朋友偷偷笑了——原来夜里那首歌，小男孩全都听见了。

月亮收起银粉走了，太阳掀开窗帘进来。水果篮安安静静的，像什么都没发生过。可是你听，只要你把耳朵贴近一点，苹果还在咚咚咚，香蕉还在轻轻摇，葡萄还在叮铃铃——它们的歌，白天也没有停。

The Night Song in the Fruit Basket

Night has fallen, the room is quiet, the moon climbs in through the windowsill and sprinkles a handful of silver dust into the fruit basket. A rustling sound rises in the basket — the apple, the bananas, and the grapes have woken up and gathered for their midnight song club. Who sings first? The apple pats its round belly and says, I will beat the drum, I will start.

The apple beats dong dong dong on its little red drum: I am the little red lantern, standing on the top shelf of the basket. During the day the little boy looked at me three times, with his mouth watering. I am crisp, I am sweet, I go crunch in one sound, and after this line it is the turn of the bananas.

The bananas smile their curved smiles and rock their little yellow boats: We are the curved little yellow boats, lying in the middle of the basket. Our boats carry soft sweet candy inside, and whoever rides in one floats off to dreamland. During the

day the little boy looked at us three times too, and even held us up like a telephone. After this line, the grapes ring their bells.

The grapes ring ling ling ling, shaking a cluster of purple stars: We are the round little bells, squeezed together on the bottom shelf. We are the most in number, our voices the finest, sour and sweet mixed into a piece of little music. During the day the little boy grabbed handful after handful of us, forgetting even the candy wrappers in his pocket. After this line, everyone falls quiet.

The moon asks them: tomorrow morning, who will the little boy choose first? The apple says I should, I am the crispest; the bananas say we should, we are the softest; the grapes say we should most of all, we are the sweetest. While they argue, dawn is coming, so they hurry back to their places, close their eyes, and pretend to be asleep.

In the morning the little boy runs over, puts his hand into the fruit basket, picks up the grapes, then puts them down, and in the end takes one apple, one banana, and one grape, lines them up on the table, and sings a song to them. The three good friends in the basket secretly laugh — it turns out the little boy heard every note of that night song.

The moon packs up its silver dust and leaves, and the sun lifts the curtain and comes in. The fruit basket is quiet, as if nothing happened. But listen — as long as you put your ear close, the apple is still dong dong dong, the bananas are still rocking gently, and the grapes are still ling ling ling — their song has not stopped even in the daytime.