稻田变黄了：一份秋天的观察日记

8月31日 星期一 晴。放学路过东边的稻田，我停下来看了一会儿。稻子还是青的，可稻穗的头低下来了，颜色也有点不对：青里透着一点浅黄，像旧衬衫洗过许多回以后透出来的那种白。奶奶说，稻子要黄了，先从穗头上黄。我在田埂上站了一会儿才回家。

9月8日 星期一 晴。早上出门，天阴着。跑到田边一看，黄了一大片，从田那头一直铺到这边来。我蹲下去看一个稻穗，穗子上的谷粒一颗挨一颗，挤得满满的。我用尺子量了量，这个穗有二十多厘米长。风一吹，整片田都朝一个方向弯腰，沙沙响。

9月16日 星期二 晴。整片田黄透了，黄得发亮。田里的味道也变了，凑近了闻，有一股甜甜的青草味。爷爷蹲在田埂上，捏开一个稻穗，看了看谷粒，说：再等半个月，就可以开镰了。回家路上，我老回头看那片田。

9月23日 星期二 晴。今天田里热闹，收割机开进田了。它前面转着一个大轮子，一圈一圈把稻子卷进去，吞进去，再从侧面吐出一股谷子，金黄的，落进袋子里。割过的地方留下一排排短稻桩，齐齐的。我在后面捡掉下来的稻穗，一会儿就捡了一小把，交给奶奶，她夸我手勤。

10月1日 星期四 晴。今天正式开镰。爷爷和奶奶天不亮就下田了，我跟着去，坐在田埂上看。镰刀贴着稻根斜过去，唰的一声，一排稻子就倒了。爷爷从这头走到那头，身后留下一条弯弯的路。傍晚装袋，爷爷过秤，直起腰说：今年一亩多打了四十一袋。回家的路上，车斗里的谷子散着一股香。稻子黄了，稻子收了，这片田的事，我都记下来了。

The Rice Field Turns Yellow: An Autumn Observation Diary

August 31st, Monday, sunny. On the way home from school I stopped by the rice field to the east. The rice was still green, but the heads had begun to hang down, and the colour looked a little strange: a pale yellow showing through the green, like the faded white of a shirt washed too many times. Grandma said the rice would turn yellow first at the tips of the heads. I stood on the ridge for a while before going home.

September 8th, Monday, cloudy in the morning. When I ran to the field, a large patch had turned yellow, spreading all the way from the far end to this end. I squatted down to look at one head. The grains were packed tight against one another. I measured it with my ruler: more than twenty centimetres long. When the wind blew, the whole field bent the same way and rustled.

September 16th, Tuesday, sunny. The whole field had ripened to a shining gold. The smell had changed too. Lean close and you can smell a sweet grassy scent. Grandpa squatted on the ridge, cracked open a head, looked at the grains and said: half a month more, then we can start the harvest. On the way home I kept looking back at that field.

September 23rd, Tuesday, sunny. The field was busy today. The combine harvester drove in. A big wheel at the front turned round and round, reeling the rice in, swallowing it, then spitting out a stream of golden grain into a sack. The cut part was left with rows of short stubble, all even. I followed behind picking up fallen heads, and soon held a small armful.

October 1st, Thursday, sunny. The harvest began in earnest. Grandpa and Grandma went down to the field before dawn, and I followed and sat on the ridge watching. The sickle slanted in close to the roots, and with one swish a row of rice fell. Grandpa walked from this end to that, leaving a curved path behind him. In the evening they filled the sacks. Grandpa weighed them, straightened his back and said: forty-one sacks from one mu this year. On the way home the grain in the cart filled the air with fragrance. The rice turned yellow, the rice was harvested, and I wrote down everything about this field.