10月12日 风把稻田搬到了路上

10月12日 星期三 晴

今天放学，我刚出校门，风就送来了一个东西。我一开始不知道是什么，香香的，甜甜的，又像太阳晒过的味道。我吸一下鼻子，又吸一下鼻子，找不到它从哪儿来。

同桌周小雨也闻到了，她使劲吸鼻子，吸得呼噜呼噜响，问我是不是食堂偷偷蒸了新米饭。我们俩一人吸一下鼻子，沿着路往前找，像两台找香味的机器。找到稻田边，我们同时站住，谁也不说话，一起深深吸了一口气。周小雨说，原来秋天是有味道的，秋天是米饭味儿的。

是稻田。村东头那一大片稻田，前几天还是青的，今天全黄了。我站在稻田边，又深深地吸了一大口气。那个香一下子进到肚子里，我的肚子居然咕咕叫了一声。原来稻香是可以当饭吃的，我今天是第一次知道。

我蹲下来，凑近一穗稻子闻。稻穗上有小毛毛，扎鼻子。我打了一个喷嚏，把稻穗上的小虫子吓飞了两只。我又闻我的书包带，书包带上也有稻香了，刚才我在田边站了那么久，稻香偷偷爬上了我的书包。

我干脆把鼻子贴在稻穗上，又深吸一口气。香得我眼睛都眯起来了。田里的稻子一排一排站着，风一来就哗啦哗啦说话，它们是不是也在聊今天谁闻了它们？我跟最近的一穗稻子说，对不起，我吸了你好多好多香。它晃了一下，没生气。

回家的路上我一直在闻自己的袖子。袖子上一会儿有一下稻香，一会儿没有。我走一步吸一下鼻子，像一头找草吃的小羊。

晚上我把这件事写进日记。妈妈凑过来看，笑了，说香的东西会自己找人，你站在田边那半天，稻香早就记住你了。我把书包放在枕头边上，书包带上的稻香淡淡的，快没有了。我想，明天放学，我还去那儿，再深吸一口气。

October 12 The Wind Moved the Rice Field onto the Road

October 12, Wednesday, sunny

After school today, the moment I walked out of the school gate, the wind delivered something to me. At first I did not know what it was. Fragrant, sweet, and also like the smell of things dried in the sun. I sniffed once, then sniffed again, and could not find where it came from.

My deskmate Zhou Xiaoyu smelled it too. She sniffed hard, snoring loud with each sniff, and asked whether the canteen was secretly steaming new rice. The two of us sniffed step by step and walked forward along the road, like two machines hunting for a fragrance. When we reached the edge of the rice field, we stopped at the same moment, nobody speaking, and both of us took one deep breath together. Zhou Xiaoyu said, so autumn has a smell, and autumn smells like cooked rice.

It was the rice field. The big rice field at the east end of the village was still green a few days ago, and today it all turned yellow. I followed the smell to the edge of the field, stopped, and took one big deep breath. The fragrance went straight into my stomach, and my stomach actually growled once. So the smell of rice can be eaten like a meal. Today I learned that for the first time.

I squatted down and brought my nose close to one panicle of rice. The panicle has tiny hairs that tickle the nose. I sneezed, and two little bugs on the panicle flew off in fright. Then I sniffed my backpack strap. The strap smelled of rice too. I had stood by the field so long that the rice fragrance had quietly climbed onto my backpack.

Finally I pressed my nose right against the panicle and took another deep breath. It was so fragrant my eyes squeezed shut. Rows of rice stood in the field, and when the wind came they rustled and chatted. Maybe they were talking about who smelled them today. I said to the nearest panicle, sorry, I inhaled so much of your fragrance. It swayed once, not angry.

All the way home I kept sniffing my own sleeve. On the sleeve the rice fragrance came and went. One step, one sniff, like a little lamb looking for grass.

At night I wrote it all into my diary. My mom leaned over to read and laughed, saying fragrant things find people by themselves, you stood by that field for half a day, the rice fragrance had long memorized you. I put my backpack beside my pillow. The fragrance on the strap was faint, almost gone. I am thinking, after school tomorrow, I will go there again and take one more deep breath.