10月19日 爷爷的三轮车上有整个稻田

10月19日 星期六 晴

今天爷爷带我去稻田边，往家拉稻谷。爷爷的三轮车停在打谷场边上，车斗里铺了一层旧稻壳，说是垫着，新谷子倒进去不磕碰。我爬上车斗坐着，屁股底下软软的，全是香。

车斗里的稻壳香跟田里的稻香不一样。田里的香是活的，风一送一阵；车斗里的香是攒起来的，一鼻子下去又厚又暖，像晒过太阳的棉被。我坐在车斗里，忍不住深深地吸了一大口气，再吸一大口。爷爷在前面回头看我，说，吸吧吸吧，这个香不要钱。

到了稻田边，脱谷机轰隆隆响，谷子像金色的雨从机器那头喷进车斗。我跳下车躲到爷爷背后，耳朵里全是响声，鼻子里全是香。等机器停了，世界一下子安静，我才听见自己的呼吸，呼——吸——，每一口都是新谷子的味道。我又深深地吸了一大口气，这次吸得慢，吸到底，我觉得稻香一直进到后背，后背都暖了。

爷爷抓起一把谷子，抬手让谷子从指头缝里漏下去，哗啦哗啦地响。他侧着耳朵听，跟我说，听，谷子熟了才这么响，生谷子捏在手里是闷的。我学着抓了一把，谷子硌手，滑溜溜的，漏下去的响声真的像下雨。爷爷的白胡子上沾了一根稻芒，他也不摘，任它挂着，像别了一枚金色的针。

回家的路上我坐在谷子堆上，谷子颠得我的屁股一颠一颠。风从后面吹，稻香全往我脸上扑。我把脸埋进袖子里，袖子上也是香。我猜今晚我的裤子、书包、头发，全都要变成稻子味的，我妈该说我去当稻子了。

晚上我在日记里写：爷爷的三轮车上有整个稻田。写完又加了一句：爷爷的白胡子上挂着一根稻芒，那是稻田送给爷爷的。写完这句，我闻了闻日记本，日记本上也有一点香了，大概是谷子隔着裤子偷偷传过来的。

October 19 The Tricycle of Grandpa Carries a Whole Rice Field

October 19, Saturday, sunny

Today Grandpa took me to the edge of the rice field to haul grain home. His tricycle stopped by the threshing floor. The cart bed was lined with a layer of old rice husks, he said, as a cushion, so the new grain will not get bruised when poured in. I climbed up and sat in the cart bed. Under my bottom everything was soft, and all of it fragrant.

The fragrance of husks in the cart is different from the fragrance in the field. The field fragrance is alive, the wind delivers it in gusts. The cart fragrance has been saved up, one deep breath of it is thick and warm, like a quilt dried in the sun. Sitting in the cart I could not help taking one big deep breath, then another. Grandpa turned his head and said, breathe all you want, this fragrance costs nothing.

At the field edge the thresher roared, and grain shot from the machine into the cart like golden rain. I jumped down and hid behind Grandpa, my ears full of noise, my nose full of fragrance. When the machine stopped, the world went quiet all at once, and only then did I hear my own breathing, in and out, every breath tasting of new grain. I took one more very deep breath, slowly this time, all the way to the bottom. The rice fragrance seemed to travel into my back, and my back turned warm.

Grandpa grabbed a handful of grain and let it leak down through his fingers, rustling like rain. He tilted his ear to listen and told me, listen, only ripe grain makes this sound; unripe grain feels dull when squeezed in the hand. I copied him and grabbed a handful. The grain pressed my palm, smooth and slippery, and the sound as it leaked down really did sound like rain. A rice awn clung to the white beard of Grandpa, and he did not pick it off, letting it hang there like a golden pin he had pinned on.

On the way home I sat on top of the pile of grain, and the grain bounced my bottom with every bump of the wheels. The wind blew from behind, and all the rice fragrance rushed into my face. I buried my face in my sleeve. The sleeve was fragrant too. I guess tonight my trousers, my backpack, my hair, will all turn into the smell of rice, and my mom will say I went off to become a rice plant.

At night I wrote in my diary: the tricycle of Grandpa carries a whole rice field. Then I added one more line: a rice awn hangs on the white beard of Grandpa, and that is a gift from the rice field to him. When I finished the line I sniffed the diary. The diary had a little fragrance on it too, probably the grain sneaking it through my trousers.