9月28日 今天我是小侦探

9月28日 星期五 晴转多云

今天放学，我接了一桩案子。案子是这样的：路上有一股香味，老在我鼻子跟前晃，我一转头它就没了，我一往前走它又来了。我怀疑它是故意躲我。今天放学的人这么多，它偏偏缠着我，说明它眼里只有我。

我决定当一回侦探。侦探的第一步是沿路侦察。我背着书包走得很慢，眼睛看地，鼻子看天。香味一会儿浓一会儿淡，浓的时候在左边，淡的时候在右边。我判断，嫌疑犯藏在路的西边，而且藏得很深，是个大个子，因为香味这么足，肯定是很大一片东西发出来的。

路过小卖部，我怀疑过辣条。凑过去闻，不是，辣条是辣的，这个香是甜的。路过晒被子的院子，我又怀疑过太阳味。闻了闻，也不是。排除所有不可能，剩下的那个再不像，也是真相。

真相在村西头。一大片稻田，黄得发亮，稻穗全都低着头，像一排排承认错误的人。我走到稻田边，站定，对嫌疑犯实施取证：闭上眼睛，深深地吸了一大口气。香从鼻子进来，从耳朵往外冒，我怀疑我的耳朵都变香了。这一口气吸得太深，我差点笑出声，憋住了。

我还取了物证。我捏了一小把稻壳装进铅笔盒，稻壳轻得跟没有一样，可是香得很。铅笔盒今晚肯定满屋子都是案子的气味，我妈要是问，我就如实招供。

回家路上我复盘整个案子。香味是秋天寄来的，稻田是邮局，风是邮递员，我的鼻子是收件的。收件人签收的时候深吸了一口气，签收人：我。

日记写完，我把铅笔盒打开闻了一下，嗯，证据还在。明天放学，我要绕远路，从村西走，再审一审这个案子。

September 28 Today I Am a Little Detective

September 28, Friday, sunny then cloudy

After school today, I took on a case. Here is the case: somewhere on the road there is a fragrance that keeps waving in front of my nose. When I turn my head it disappears, and when I walk forward it comes back. I suspect it is hiding from me on purpose. So many people leave school at the same time, yet it follows only me, which means I am the only one it sees.

I decided to be a detective for once. Step one of a detective is to scout along the route. I walked with my backpack very slowly, my eyes on the ground and my nose on the sky. The fragrance grew thick and thin, thick on the left, thin on the right. I judged that the suspect hides on the west side of the road, and hides deep, and is very big, because a fragrance this strong must come from something huge.

Passing the corner shop, I suspected spicy strips for a moment. I went over to

smell. No. Spicy strips are hot; this fragrance is sweet. Passing the yard where quilts were drying in the sun, I suspected sunshine smell. I sniffed. Also no. Eliminate everything impossible, and whatever remains, however unlikely, must be the truth.

The truth is at the west end of the village. A huge rice field, shining yellow, every panicle hanging its head low, like rows of people admitting their mistakes. I walked to the edge of the field, stood firm, and collected evidence from the suspect: close my eyes and take one very deep breath. The fragrance came in through my nose and steamed out of my ears. I suspect even my ears turned fragrant. The breath was so deep I almost laughed out loud, and I held it in.

I also took physical evidence. I pinched a small handful of rice husks into my pencil case. The husks weigh nothing at all, yet they are very fragrant. Tonight my pencil case will surely fill the room with the scent of the case, and if my mom asks, I will confess honestly.

On the way home I reviewed the whole case. The fragrance was sent by autumn. The rice field is the post office, the wind is the mailman, and my nose is the one who signs for the parcel. The signer signed with one deep breath. Signed by: me.

When I finished the diary I opened the pencil case and sniffed. Mm, the evidence is still there. After school tomorrow I will take the long way around through the west of the village and interrogate this case one more time.