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.

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.

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.