10月27日 我把一犁扶歪了

10月27日 阴。今天起得比鸡还早。

昨天我牵了一下午大黄，手心到今天还酸。可是跟爷爷出门的时候，我挺着胸说：爷爷，今天我要扶犁。爷爷看了我一眼，没说好，也没说不好，只说：你先扶两趟。

爷爷先牵牛走了一趟给我看。他两只手扶着犁把，身子微微弯着，犁铧吃进土里不深不浅。大黄低着头走，它身后那道沟直得像谁用尺子弹出来的。走回来，爷爷把犁把交给我。犁把是木头包的，磨得油光发亮，摸上去是温的。

头几步我走得挺好。犁铧往前拱，翻起来的土在两边打卷，露出湿的、深褐色的土块，沟里还爬出来两条蚯蚓。我心里有点得意：这有什么难的。

可是犁渐渐不听话了。我的右手一使劲往下压，犁头就往右拐，我扶的那道沟开始弯弯扭扭，像一条躺在地里的蛇。我想把它掰回来，越掰越歪，到后来那道沟歪歪地靠着前一道，眼看就要倒过去。

爷爷站在田边看，没骂我。他只说：先回来，让大黄歇口气。接着他说：歪犁比直犁费牛，你知道不？犁一走歪，牛就得替你较劲，一趟的活儿变成两趟。你省的是自己，糟蹋的是牛的力气。

我脸有点热，说：爷爷，我牵牛走一趟直的，再回来扶犁。爷爷站到犁那边去，我接过缰绳。大黄的缰绳是麻绳拧的，粗，硌手心。我在前头走，总想回头看沟，每回我一回头，缰绳就轻轻一紧——大黄慢下来了，它在等我。我喊一声走，它又迈开步子。这一趟我把眼睛钉在前头，脚不乱，再回头看，沟是直的。

然后再扶犁，扶了半趟。这一回我记着爷爷的话：两手匀着劲，眼睛看前头的沟，别看自己的脚。犁铧还是晃了几晃，可我扶的这半趟，比早上那一整趟直多了。

中午站在田边看我们翻完的地，翻起的土一道压着一道，太阳照着，有的地方已经晒得发白，有的地方还湿得发黑。歪的直的，全摊在地上，谁都看得见。

晚上我在日记里写：地不会骂人，可犁会把你干的活儿全留在地上，骗不了人。

October 27 I Plowed One Furrow Crooked

October 27, cloudy. Today I got up earlier than the rooster.

Yesterday I led Da Huang the whole afternoon, and my palms were still sore. But when I set out with Grandpa, I said: Grandpa, today I want to hold the plow. Grandpa only said: try two rounds first.

Grandpa led the ox first and showed me one round. He held the plow handles, bent over a little, and the plowshare bit into the soil just enough. Da Huang walked with its head down, and the furrow behind was like a line drawn with a ruler. Then he

handed me the handles, worn glossy and warm.

The first steps went well. The turned soil rolled over on both sides, showing damp dark clods, and two earthworms came out in the furrow. I thought: this is not hard at all.

But the plow began to slip. My right hand pressed down too much, and the furrow started to curve, like a snake lying in the field. The more I tried to fix it, the worse it became.

Grandpa did not scold me. He said: a crooked plow tires out the ox more than a straight one. When the plow goes crooked, the ox must fight your strength, and one round becomes two rounds of work. You save yourself, but you waste the strength of the ox.

My face got hot, and I asked to lead the ox for one straight round before holding the plow again. The reins of Da Huang were thick hemp rope, rough against the palm. Every time I looked back, the reins tightened a little — Da Huang was slowing down, waiting for me. I called out, and it walked again. This round I kept my eyes fixed ahead, and the furrow came out straight.

Then I held the plow for another half round, remembering the words of Grandpa: keep even strength in both hands, look at the furrow ahead, not at your feet. The plowshare still wobbled, but this half round was much straighter than the whole round of the morning.

At noon I looked at the field we finished. The turned soil lay ridge after ridge, some parts already white in the sun, some parts still dark and damp. Crooked or straight, all of it lay open on the ground for anyone to see.

That night I wrote in my diary: the field does not scold people, but the plow leaves all your work on the ground, and you cannot fool it.

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