

# 夏

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夏日的风，就像个调皮的孩子，在大街小巷里横冲直撞。它一会儿钻到姑娘的裙摆底下，撩起一阵清脆的笑声；一会儿又跑到老大爷的胡子边，逗得那花白的胡须乱颤。这风带着股热乎劲儿，像是刚从蒸笼里跑出来似的，吹在身上黏黏的，却又让人莫名地感到一种生命的活力。

公园里的荷花池是夏日里的一片清凉世界。荷叶挨挨挤挤的，像一个个碧绿的大圆盘，又像是一群穿着绿衣裳的仙子在水中翩翩起舞。荷花从这些大圆盘之间冒出来，有的才展开两三片花瓣儿，像个害羞的小姑娘，遮遮掩掩地露出半张脸；有的花瓣儿全展开了，露出嫩黄色的小莲蓬，就像一个小巧玲珑的酒杯，里面盛满了夏日的甜蜜；有的还是花骨朵儿，看起来饱胀得马上要破裂似的，仿佛是一个个蓄势待发的小火箭。蜻蜓在荷花池上空飞来飞去，像一架架小飞机，时而俯冲，时而盘旋，时不时地点一下水面，漾起一圈圈小小的涟漪，给这宁静的荷花池增添了几分灵动的气息。

游泳馆里可热闹啦，就像下饺子一样，全是人。孩子们像一条条欢快的小鱼，在水里游来游去，溅起一朵朵白色的浪花。他们一会儿仰泳，一会儿蛙泳，一会儿又来个自由泳，玩得不亦乐乎。大人们也不甘示弱，有的在岸边做着热身运动，然后“扑通”一声跳进水里，尽情地享受着水的清凉；有的则在浅水区里慢慢地游着，像是在水里散步，一脸的惬意。游泳池里的水清澈见底，在阳光的照射下，波光粼粼，就像一面巨大的镜子，倒映着人们欢乐的笑脸。

夜市是夏日夜晚的一道亮丽风景线。街道两旁摆满了各种各样的小吃摊，烤羊肉串、烤鸡翅、烤鱿鱼的香味在空中弥漫，让人垂涎欲滴。摊主们一边熟练地翻动着烤串，一边大声地叫卖着：“好吃的烤串嘞，又香又嫩，不尝后悔啊！”那声音在热闹的夜市里回荡，吸引了一批又一批的顾客。除了小吃摊，还有卖各种小玩意儿的摊位，五颜六色的气球在夜风中飘荡，像是一群彩色的小精灵；亮晶晶的饰品在灯光下闪烁着光芒，让人眼花缭乱。人们在夜市里逛来逛去，手里拿着各种美食，脸上洋溢着满足的笑容，享受着这热闹而又充满烟火气的夏夜。

## Summer

By Zhu Ziqing

The summer breeze is like a mischievous child, charging headlong through the streets and alleyways. One moment it slips beneath a girl's skirt hem, rousing a tinkling of silvery laughter; later it flutters towards an old man's beard, setting the grizzled whiskers quivering in amusement. The breeze carries a gush of warmth, as though it just escaped from a steamer basket, its treacly breath clings on the skin, yet suffusing the body with a vague awareness of its vitality.

We find a refreshing retreat from the summer heat at the lotus pond in the park. The lotus leaves crowd together, like vast emerald discs, or a troupe of green-robed fairies dancing lightly in the water. The heads of the flowers rise from between the green discs, some only unfurling two or three petals, like a meek damsel shadowing half her face; some blossoming fully, their pale gold seedpods protruding like dainty wine cups filled with the ambrosia of summer; still others are tight buds, swollen almost to breaking point, like a circle of rockets ready to launch. Dragonflies flit across the pond like miniature airplanes, swooping and circling and occasionally skimming the surface of the water, sending out delicate rings of ripples that add a lively touch to the pond's tranquility.

The swimming centre, by contrast, is boisterous with people frolicking in the water like dumplings in a boiling pot. Children swim to and fro in the pool like a shoal of fish, splashing up sprays

of white foam. One moment they float on their backs, then quickly switch into breaststroke and freestyle, wholly absorbed in their delight. Adult swimmers are no less spirited, some stretch and warm up by the edge of the pool before plunging in with a loud *splash*, reveling in the water's cool embrace; others glide unhurriedly through the shallows, as if strolling underwater, their faces relaxed and serene. Clear water shimmers under the sun, the ripples dancing in light like flecks of silver scales, or like a vast mirror that reflects the radiant faces of the people within.

As the night approaches, the fair is a dazzling sight to see. The streets are lined with various food stalls, the scent of lamb skewers, grilled chicken wings and squid drift through the air, teasing the taste buds of passersby. Vendors flip their skewers with practiced ease, while calling out with ringing voices: "Fresh off the grill! Fragrant and juicy, miss them and you'll regret it!" Their cries reverberate through the bustling fair, sending in wave after wave of customers. Beyond the food stalls are booths selling trinkets and curios: multicolored balloons sway in the night breeze like a rush of glimmering spirits, while glittering ornaments toss light between their surfaces, flashing streaks of shimmers into the customers' eyes. People wander leisurely through the market place, hands laden with treats, faces alight with contentment, savoring a summer night alive with the heat, noise, and pulse of everyday life.