

今天，伞斜向她

今天放学，天说黑就黑了。我在文具店门口躲雨，摸到书包侧袋里那把折叠布伞——家里那把旧的，妈妈今早塞给我的，说中午有雨。伞确实小，我平时不太爱带它，今天它救了我。

雨小一点的时候，我忽然想起妈妈没带伞。她单位离学校四站路，她肯定又是头顶公文包跑回来。我翻出口袋里的两块钱，坐公交往她单位去。

在校门口等车的时候我有点紧张。我从来没一个人坐过这条线，更别说去她单位。车来了，我投币，报了单位那站，售票员阿姨看了我一眼，没多问。

妈妈单位门口已经有人在接大人了，都是孩子。妈妈从楼里出来，看见我，愣在雨里。她跑过来，我把手里的伞举给她，她第一句话是：你带伞了？那你怎么办？我说我带了，这是伞。她看看我，又看看伞，笑了，眼角有点亮。

回家的路上，我把伞举在她头顶。伞小的问题，我今天才第一次真正明白。伞往她那边罩，我的右肩就露在外面，雨点落在上面，先是凉，后来衣服潮湿了，贴在肩胛骨上，一片一片地沉。我把伞往自己这边拉了半寸，又想起什么，推回去。原来这就是妈妈那六年的肩膀。原来她不是不怕淋，她只是把凉让给了自己。

走到一半，她的袖子还是湿了。她伸手想把伞推给我，我攥紧伞柄不挪。我说妈，你别动，我力气大。她就不动了。雨打在伞面上，噼噼啪啪，这个声音我在伞底下听了六年，今天在伞柄这一头听，原来撑伞的人听雨，跟躲雨的人听雨，不是一个声音。撑伞的人听见的雨，一半落在伞上，一半落在自己肩上。

到楼下，她头发上挂着水珠，我的右肩从肩头湿到袖口。我们俩都没说话，一起上楼。她掏钥匙的时候，我看见她偷偷看我那截湿袖子，看了一遍，又看一遍。

进了门，她先去拧我的袖子，嘴里说：叫你伞打正，不听。我说：伞打正了，你就湿了。她拿着我的袖子，停住了。

那天晚上她给我煮了一碗姜汤，放在我桌上，什么也没说。我喝完了，辣得直吸气。她在门口听见我吸气，笑了一声。

心得体会老师要求写四五百字，我写了很长。我在结尾写：有些道理，听讲是听不会的。伞要斜向一个人，另一个人就得淋着。这个知识写在纸上是一行字，走在雨里才知道它有多长——刚好是一双肩膀到另一双肩膀的距离。

现在那把伞在门后钉子上挂着，伞骨上新缠的铁丝亮亮的。下雨天出门，我抢过它撑开，斜向妈妈。她嘴上说我举得歪，肩膀却一次比一次干。

Today, the Umbrella Tilted Toward Her

Today at dismissal, the sky went dark the moment it decided to. I sheltered from the rain at a stationery shop and felt, in the side pocket of my schoolbag, the

folding cloth umbrella, the old one from home. Mother had slipped it to me this morning, saying rain was coming at noon. It truly is a small umbrella; I do not much like carrying it. Today it saved me.

When the rain softened, it struck me that Mother had no umbrella. Her office is four bus stops from school; she would surely hold her briefcase over her head and run home. I dug two coins out of my pocket and took the bus toward her office.

Waiting at the stop I was a little nervous. I had never ridden this line alone, let alone gone to her office. The bus came, I dropped my coins, said her stop, and the conductor glanced at me without asking more.

At her office gate some children were already fetching grown-ups. Mother came out of the building, saw me, and froze in the rain. She ran over. I raised the umbrella I was holding toward her. Her first words: You brought an umbrella? Then what about you? I said I brought it, here it is. She looked at me, then at the umbrella, and smiled, the corners of her eyes bright.

On the way home I held the umbrella over her head. The problem of the small umbrella, I only truly understood today. Cover her, and my right shoulder stands outside; raindrops land on it, first cool, then the cloth darkens and clings to my shoulder blade, patch by patch, growing heavy. I pulled the umbrella half an inch toward myself, remembered something, and pushed it back. So this was Mother's shoulder for those six years. So it was not that she did not mind the rain; she simply kept the cold for herself.

Halfway home, her sleeve got wet anyway. She reached up to push the umbrella to me; I gripped the handle and would not move. I said: Mom, don't move, I am strong. So she stopped. Rain cracked on the umbrella, plop plop, a sound I had listened to from under the umbrella for six years. Listening from the handle side today, I found it is not the same sound. What the one holding the umbrella hears, half falls on the canopy and half falls on her own shoulder.

At our building, water beads hung in her hair, and my right shoulder was wet from shoulder to cuff. Neither of us spoke as we climbed. While she took out her keys, I caught her stealing glances at my soaked sleeve, once, then again.

Inside, she went first to wring my sleeve, saying: I told you to hold the umbrella straight, you would not listen. I said: If I held it straight, you would get wet. She, holding my sleeve, stopped.

That night she cooked me a bowl of ginger soup and set it on my desk without a word. I finished it, hissing at the heat. From the doorway she heard my hissing and laughed.

The teacher asked for four hundred characters on this reflection; I wrote a great deal. I ended it like this: Some lessons cannot be learned by hearing. If an umbrella tilts to one person, another must stand in the rain. Written on paper, that knowledge is one line; walking in the rain you learn how long it is, exactly the distance from one pair of shoulders to another.

Now the umbrella hangs on the hook behind the door, its newly wired rib shining. On rainy days I snatch it and open it, tilted toward Mother. She says I hold it crooked, yet her shoulder grows drier each time.