

衣柜最深处的旧黄雨衣

周末整理衣柜，我从最深处拖出一个纸箱，箱底躺着一件旧黄雨衣。雨衣洗得发白，袖口磨出了毛边，帽子上一道口子用蓝布补丁缝过。我捏着它坐了很久。三年前的那个雨夜，就是穿着这件雨衣，外婆追到了校门口。

那年我上五年级，外婆从乡下来城里接我。放学时突然下暴雨，我站在门厅里发愁，没带伞。同学们陆续被接走，有的坐轿车，有的被年轻爸妈举着伞。我正等着妈妈，却看见了一个穿黄雨衣的身影——外婆。她骑电动车从二十几公里外的镇上来，雨太大，雨衣的下摆全是泥点，头盔下的白头发湿成一绺一绺。她手里还举着一把干伞，笑得满脸褶子，喊我的名字。

就在这时，我听见身后有同学小声说，那个老奶奶好土。我的脸腾地红了。等外婆挤到我面前，把伞往我手里塞，我却没有接。我冲她发脾气，说谁让你来的，我妈妈一会儿就来，你穿成这样，别站在校门口。声音比我想象的大。外婆举着伞的手停在半空，愣了几秒，然后把伞轻轻放在我脚边的地上，说了句，哦，那外婆走了。她转身去推车，雨衣后背被雨打得发亮，她弓着背，电动车在湿滑的台阶上打滑，她下来推，整个人几乎挂在车上。

我站在门厅里，脚边是那把干伞。那一刻我其实后悔了，可是五年级的我把后悔咽了下去，还嘴硬地想，本来就是，放学来接人应该穿得体面一点。

妈妈来接我时，我们谁也没提外婆。那把伞我拎回了家，后来一直插在门后的伞桶里。而外婆第二天就回乡下去了，走的时候跟妈妈说，娃长大了，嫌我丢人了。她讲这句话的时候没有哭，语气平平的，像在说今天下了场雨。

后来我上初中，去外婆家的次数越来越少。每次去，她总是问学校冷不冷、饭够不够吃，从不再提那个雨夜。去年冬天她走了，葬礼上下着小雨，我站在人群里，忽然想起她弓着背推电动车的样子，想起她放在我脚边的那把伞。她记了三年，一句都没有怪我，只是自己悄悄难过。

如今我坐在衣柜前，捏着这件旧雨衣。我终于看清了那晚我到底在嫌弃什么。我嫌弃的不是雨衣，不是电动车，不是泥点，是那个把最好的东西都给我的人。我把面子看得比她还重，可她从来没有把别人的眼光放在我前面。她只是普通，只是老，只是不会穿得好看——而她所有的不体面，都是为了赶在雨里给我送一把伞。

回忆让我学会珍惜，也教会我一个残酷的道理：对最亲的人发脾气，是最划算也最亏本的买卖。划算在于他们永远不会真的离开，亏本在于他们什么都不说，把伤全收进自己心里，等你想补偿的时候，人可能已经不在。

我把那件黄雨衣叠好，放回衣柜，没有扔。现在下雨天，我会给外婆的坟前带一把新伞，也会在校门口主动牵住来接我的妈妈的手。我改不掉怕丢脸的心思，但我学会了分清：有些东西，比面子重要得多。

The Old Yellow Raincoat at the Back of the Closet

Over the weekend I was tidying the closet and pulled a cardboard box out from the

very back. At the bottom of the box lay an old yellow raincoat. It had been washed so many times it turned pale, the cuffs were frayed, and a slit in the hood was mended with a blue cloth patch. I sat there holding it for a long time. On that rainy night three years ago, it was wearing this raincoat that my grandmother chased all the way to the school gate.

I was in fifth grade then. My grandmother had come from the countryside to the city to fetch me. A storm broke just as school let out, and I stood in the entry hall worrying, because I had no umbrella. Classmates were picked up one after another, some by car, some with young parents holding umbrellas over them. I was waiting for my mother when I saw a figure in a yellow raincoat. It was my grandmother. She had ridden an electric scooter more than twenty kilometers from a small town. The rain was so heavy that the hem of her raincoat was covered in mud spots, and her white hair under the helmet was wet into thin strands. She held a dry umbrella in her hand, her face folded into a big smile, calling my name.

Just then I heard a classmate behind me whisper that the old lady looked so rustic. My face burned red. When my grandmother squeezed up to me and tried to press the umbrella into my hand, I did not take it. I lost my temper at her. I said, who asked you to come, my mother will be here any minute, do not stand at the school gate dressed like that. My voice was louder than I meant it to be. Her hand holding the umbrella stopped in mid-air. She froze for a few seconds, then set the umbrella gently on the ground at my feet and said, oh, then grandma will go. She turned to push her scooter out. The back of her raincoat shone with rain. She hunched over, the scooter slipped on the wet steps, so she got off and pushed, hanging off the vehicle with nearly her whole body.

I stood in the entry hall with the dry umbrella at my feet. I already regretted it in that moment, but the fifth-grader I was swallowed the regret and kept arguing stubbornly in my head: whoever comes to fetch a child after school should at least dress presentably.

When my mother came, neither of us mentioned my grandmother. I carried that umbrella home, and it stood in the umbrella stand behind the door ever since. My grandmother went back to the countryside the next day. Before leaving she told my mother, the child has grown up and is ashamed of me. She said it without crying, in a flat voice, as if she were only mentioning that it had rained that day.

Later, in middle school, I visited her less and less. Every time I did go, she asked whether school was cold and whether there was enough food, and she never mentioned that rainy night again. Last winter she passed away. It drizzled at the funeral, and standing among the crowd, I suddenly saw again her hunched back pushing the scooter, and the umbrella she had set down at my feet. She had carried it for

three years, never once blaming me, only quietly grieving by herself.

Now I sit in front of the closet, holding this old raincoat. At last I can see clearly what I was really spurning that night. It was not the raincoat, not the scooter, not the mud spots. It was the person who gave me the best of everything she had. I weighed face more heavily than her. Yet she never once put other people's eyes ahead of me. She was only ordinary, only old, only unable to dress well. And every part of her that was not presentable existed so that she could bring me an umbrella through the rain.

Memory has taught me to cherish, and it taught me a cruel truth: losing your temper with the people closest to you is the cheapest and the most expensive bargain in the world. It is cheap because they will never truly leave. It is expensive because they say nothing, keep every wound inside themselves, and by the time you want to make it up, they may already be gone.

I folded the yellow raincoat neatly and put it back in the closet. I did not throw it away. Now, on rainy days, I bring a new umbrella to my grandmother's grave, and at the school gate I take my mother's hand myself when she comes for me. I have not cured myself of caring about face. But I have learned to tell things apart: some things matter far more than face.