

那晚的雨，和父亲没说出口的道歉

窗外的雨又下起来了，雨点打在空调外机上，啪嗒啪嗒的。我坐在书桌前，笔停在半空，思绪一下子被拉回了初二那个雨夜。

那天放学，雨下得又急又猛，同学们一个个被家长接走，教室里的灯一盏一盏熄下去。我站在门厅里，从六点站到六点半，始终没看见父亲的身影。他和母亲说好了由他来接送，却从来没有来过一次。最后我一咬牙，把书包顶在头上，冲进雨里。到家时浑身湿透，鞋里能倒出水，头发贴在额头上。

父亲从厨房探出头，愣了一下。我的火气在那一刻炸开了。我冲他喊，为什么不接我，全班都走光了，就我一个人淋雨。他张了张嘴，只憋出一句，下这么大雨，你不会看天气预报吗。这句话像一根火柴，点着我了。我吼回去，你一次都没接过我，还指望我看天气。然后我摔门进了房间，把台灯拧开，把外面的声音全关在门外。

大约过了二十分钟，母亲端来一杯热牛奶，放在桌上，替父亲解释了几句。她说父亲其实骑车去了东门，人太多，没找到我。我那时正沉浸在委屈里，只回了一句，找不到不会多等一会儿吗。母亲叹了口气，没再说话。那杯牛奶凉了一半，我也没喝。

这件事就这样过去了，我们谁也没再提。直到初三上学期的一个周末，母亲让我把那辆旧自行车推到车棚去。我扶起车，车筐里躺着一把折叠伞，蓝色的，伞面褪得发白，伞骨上还贴着一小块医用胶布。我认得它，那是初二开学时家里新买的伞，我一直以为它早就丢了。

它一直躺在父亲的车筐里。他每天骑车上班，每天都带着它，却从来没有带到我面前过一次。

那天下午，父亲的手机放在桌上充电，屏幕亮了一下，备忘录的提醒弹了出来：晚自习放学，雨天，东门。点开看，那一条下面还有几条，都是类似的短句，哪个门，几点几分，哪几天有晚自习。他从来不跟我说这些，我以为他根本不上心。原来他只是不会说，把要说的话都记在了手机里，放在车筐里。

那天晚上我想了很久。我恨了他一年多，恨他缺席了我的每一个雨天。可他其实每天都在准备着，只是笨拙地、沉默地准备着。那晚他去了东门，在人堆里没找到我，回家又被我一顿吼。他能说什么呢，他不会解释，也不习惯道歉。第二天早上，餐桌上照旧摆着一杯热牛奶，他照旧出门上班，车筐里照旧那把伞。

如今我上初三了，开始明白一件事：有些人把爱放在行动里，而不是嘴上。我以前把沉默当成不在乎，把不会表达当成不爱。那场争执里，其实没有坏人，只有两个都关心对方、却谁也不会表达的人。

回忆让我学会珍惜。珍惜不是把东西留住，而是别让该说的话淋雨淋丢了。现在下雨天，我会主动发消息给父亲，让他到东门等我，我会在门卫室旁边站着，让他一抬头就能看见我。他回得也简单，一个字，好。可我看见他车筐里那把褪色的蓝伞，就知道这一个字有多重。

雨还在下。我不想等到长大了，才终于读懂那些沉默。有些话，现在说，刚刚好。

That Night's Rain, and the Apology My Father Never Said

The rain outside the window has started again, tapping on the air conditioner unit outside my room. I sit at my desk, my pen frozen in mid-air, and my thoughts are pulled straight back to that rainy night in eighth grade.

That day, the rain came down hard and fast as school let out. One by one, classmates were picked up by their parents, and the classroom lights went off one after another. I stood in the entry hall from six until six thirty and never saw my father. He and my mother had agreed that he would handle the pick-ups, yet he had never once come. Finally I bit my lip, held my schoolbag over my head, and ran into the rain. When I got home I was soaked through, water sloshing in my shoes, my hair stuck to my forehead.

My father peeked out of the kitchen and froze for a moment. My anger exploded right then. I shouted at him, asking why he never came for me, why every classmate had gone home while I was the only one left in the rain. He opened his mouth and managed only one sentence: with rain this heavy, could you not check the weather forecast. That sentence was a match that lit me up. I yelled back that he had never once picked me up, so why should I watch the sky. Then I slammed my door, turned on the desk lamp, and shut all the outside noise beyond it.

About twenty minutes later, my mother brought in a cup of hot milk, set it on the desk, and explained for my father. She said he had actually ridden his bike to the east gate, but the crowd was too thick and he could not find me. I was still drowning in my grievance and only answered, could he not have waited a little longer. My mother sighed and said nothing more. The milk went half cold, and I never drank it.

That was that. Neither of us ever brought it up again. It stayed buried until a weekend in ninth grade, when my mother asked me to push the old bicycle into the shed. As I lifted the bike, I found a folded umbrella lying in its basket, blue, its canopy faded pale, a small piece of medical tape wrapped around one of the ribs. I recognized it. It was the umbrella our family bought new when eighth grade began. I had always assumed it was lost long ago.

It had been lying in my father's basket all along. He rode to work every day, carrying it every day, and never once brought it to me.

That afternoon, my father's phone was charging on the table, its screen lit up for a moment, and a reminder from his notes popped out: evening study ends, rainy day, east gate. Opening the note, I saw more short lines under it, which gate, what time, which days had evening study. He never told me any of this. I had assumed he simply did not care. It turned out he just did not know how to say it, so he kept his

words in his phone and in his basket.

I thought about all of it for a long time that night. I had resented him for over a year for missing every rainy day of mine. Yet he had actually been getting ready every single day, only in a clumsy, silent way. That night he went to the east gate, could not find me in the crowd, came home, and was shouted at. What could he say? He did not explain, and he was not used to apologizing. The next morning, a cup of hot milk sat on the table as always, he left for work as always, and that umbrella sat in the basket as always.

Now in ninth grade, I am beginning to understand one thing: some people put love in actions instead of words. I used to mistake silence for indifference and take poor expression for a lack of love. In that argument there was no villain, only two people who cared about each other and neither of whom knew how to show it.

Memory has taught me to cherish. Cherishing is not holding on to things; it is not letting the words that matter get lost in the rain. Now, on rainy days, I message my father first, asking him to wait for me at the east gate. I stand beside the guard room so he can spot me the moment he looks up. His reply is just as simple, one word, okay. But when I see that faded blue umbrella in his basket, I know how heavy that one word is.

The rain keeps falling. I do not want to wait until I am grown up to finally read the silence. Some words, said now, arrive exactly on time.