地铁站里的那一夜

周末，语文老师推荐我们看《当幸福来敲门》。看完以后，我久久忘不了地铁站里的那个夜晚。

主人公克里斯卖掉全部家当，投资了一台骨质密度扫描仪，结果卖不出去。妻子离家，房租交不起，他带着五岁的儿子流落旧金山。那天夜里无处可去，他领着儿子走进地铁站的公共休息室，锁上门，把儿子哄睡。门外有人撞门，他用脚抵住门，眼泪掉下来，另一只手始终捂着儿子的耳朵。那一刻我在屏幕前屏住了呼吸：一个被生活逼到墙角的人，还在拼命替孩子守住一个完整的夜晚。

我原本以为电影会让他一直苦下去，可第二天太阳升起，他照样把扫描仪背在肩上，照样穿上那身唯一的西装，挤上公交车去证券公司实习。实习没有工资，六十个实习生只留一个。他比所有人早到，最后一个走，电话打得比别人多一倍，连水都少喝，为的是少排一次队。别人觉得他傻，他把每一天的努力都攒成一条看不见的线。

电影的名字很有意思，幸福不是来敲门的，是人一遍一遍去敲幸福的门。克里斯被拒绝过多少次，电影没有数，我也数不清。他只是在每一次被拒绝之后，多打一个电话。

最后半年结束，经理把他叫进办公室，只说了一句，希望你以后穿我们的衬衫。他走在街上，为自己鼓掌。那掌声不大，却是一个人对另一个人一整年坚持的全部回应。

初一下学期我数学考砸过，连续两次不及格，一度想放弃竞赛。现在我想，克里斯在地铁站抵住门的那只脚，抵住的不是门，是生活的体面。人在低谷里能做的，不是喊苦，而是像他那样，把第二天照常过好。幸福会不会敲门我不知道，但我知道门在哪里，就得去敲。

That Night in the Subway Station

At the weekend, our Chinese teacher recommended the film The Pursuit of Happyness. After watching it, I could not forget that night in the subway station for a long time.

The hero Chris spent everything on a bone density scanner, and nobody would buy it. His wife left home, the rent went unpaid, and he wandered in San Francisco with his five-year-old son. That night, with nowhere to go, he took his boy into a public restroom in the subway station, locked the door, and rocked his son to sleep. Someone pushed against the door from outside. He braced it with his foot, tears fell, and his other hand stayed over the ears of his son. I held my breath in front of the screen. A man cornered by life was still fighting to keep one whole night safe for his child.

I thought the film would keep him suffering. But when the sun rose the next day, he carried the scanner on his shoulder again, put on his only suit again, and took the bus to his internship at the stock company. The internship paid nothing. Only one of sixty interns would be kept. He arrived earlier than everyone and left last, made

twice as many calls as the others, and drank less water to save the line at the restroom. People thought he was foolish. He was turning each day of effort into an invisible line no one else could see.

The title of the film is interesting. Happyness does not come to knock. A person knocks on the door of happyness again and again. The film never counts how many times Chris was refused, and neither can I. He simply made one more call after every refusal.

At the end of the six months, the manager called him into the office and said only one sentence, that he hoped to see him in their shirts from now on. Walking down the street, Chris clapped for himself. The applause was small, yet it was the full answer of one person to a whole year of persistence in another.

In the second term of my first year at middle school, my math failed twice in a row, and I almost gave up the contest team. Now I think the foot Chris used against that door was not bracing a door but the dignity of life. When a person is at the bottom, what he can do is not cry out but live the next day well, the way Chris did. I do not know whether happyness will knock. I know where the door is, and I will go knock on it.