车票盒里的红围巾

班会课看的那部动画短片叫《最后一班电车》，片长只有十一分钟。故事发生在山城里，电车线路要拆了，老售票员鲍勃跑最后一趟车。剧情我一句话就能讲完：电车开完最后一圈，山城里的车站一盏一盏熄灯。可让我一直记到现在的，不是电车离站的画面，是鲍勃每天收车前做的一件事。

他把手伸进车票盒，摸出一条褪了色的红围巾，抖掉上面的饼干屑，叠成方方正正的一块，再放回去。字幕交代：这条围巾在盒子里躺了三十年。一个小姑娘小时候坐车丢了它，鲍勃就一直替她收着，等她来拿。最后一趟车到站，鲍勃把围巾搭在靠窗的座位上。多年以后，长大的姑娘回山城，坐上那班电车，围巾还在老地方。影厅里安静了几秒，我旁边有人吸了吸鼻子，我的眼睛也热了。

我想起我奶奶。我三岁那年在奶奶家弄丢了一辆蓝色小卡车，轮子摔掉了一个，我哭了一场，第二天就忘了。奶奶把它收进一个印着小熊的饼干盒，放在衣柜顶上。这个盒子我后来很多年都见过，每次回奶奶家，她都要搬着凳子取下来给我看：喏，你的车车还在呢。我说我都多大了，她还是一次次拿给我看。

短片里有个镜头，鲍勃擦车票盒的时候，把红围巾摊在膝盖上，用手指把折痕压了压。我脑子里马上就是奶奶站在凳子上的样子，她够不着衣柜顶，踮着脚，饼干盒盖上的灰她用围裙擦。她记性已经不好了，忘了煤气灶上坐着水，忘了带我去公园，可她记得那辆小卡车是哪年丢的，轮子掉在哪个墙角。

后来我上了中学，回奶奶家的次数少了。去年寒假，妈妈让我把衣柜顶上的饼干盒搬下来，说奶奶交代要留给我。盒子有点沉，打开，小卡车躺在里面，掉下来的那个轮子摆在车斗里，摆得端端正正，像有人经常整理过。

电车会拆，线路会停，可总有人把一条围巾、一辆小卡车收好，把折痕压了又压。短片结束的时候，字幕说导演把这部片子送给他外婆。灯亮起来，我在心里把这句话读了两遍。

The Red Scarf in the Ticket Box

The animated short we watched in class meeting is called The Last Tram. It runs only eleven minutes. The story happens in a mountain town: the tram line is to be torn up, and the old conductor Bob drives the last route. I can finish the plot in one sentence: the tram completes its final circle, and the stations in the mountain town go dark one lamp at a time. But what I still remember is not the tram pulling away. It is one thing Bob did before closing up every day.

He reached into his ticket box, took out a faded red scarf, shook off the biscuit crumbs, folded it into a neat square, and put it back. The subtitle explained: the scarf had lain in that box for thirty years. A little girl lost it on the tram when she was small, and Bob had kept it for her all along, waiting for her to come and

claim it. At the last stop of the final run, Bob hung the scarf on the window seat. Years later, the grown-up girl returned to the mountain town, stepped onto that tram, and the scarf was still in its old place. The hall went quiet for a few seconds; someone next to me sniffled, and my eyes stung too.

I thought of my grandmother. When I was three, I lost a blue toy truck at her house. One wheel broke off, I cried about it, and forgot the next day. Grandma put it into a biscuit tin printed with a little bear and set it on top of the wardrobe. I saw that tin many years afterward. Every time I visited, she dragged out a stool, took it down, and showed it to me: look, your little truck is still here. I said I was far too old for it now; she still showed it to me again and again.

In the short there is a shot of Bob wiping the ticket box with the red scarf spread on his knee, pressing the fold flat with his fingers. At once my mind holds my grandmother standing on a stool. She could not reach the top of the wardrobe, so she rose on her tiptoes, and she wiped the dust off the tin lid with her apron. Her memory was already failing. She forgot the pot on the stove, she forgot to take me to the park, but she remembered which year the little truck was lost and which corner of the wall the wheel fell off.

Later I entered middle school and visited less often. Last winter vacation, my mother asked me to bring the biscuit tin down from the wardrobe, saying grandma had left instructions that it was mine. The tin was a little heavy. I opened it: the toy truck lay inside, and its missing wheel sat in the truck bed, placed square and neat, as if someone tidied it often.

Trams get torn up, lines get closed, but someone always keeps a scarf or a little truck put away, pressing the crease again and again. When the short ended, the subtitle said the director dedicated the film to his grandmother. The lights came on, and I read that line twice in my heart.