今天我把爆米花忘在了座位上

十月十八日，星期六，天气晴。

今天妈妈带我去电影院看动画片，我高兴得早上六点就醒了，在床上翻来翻去，把被子都踢到了地上。电影院在商场四楼，门口比我家客厅还大，卖票的机器会吐出一张长长的票，我抢着帮妈妈取，结果票太长，拖到了地上，像一条白尾巴。

我们坐在第七排，座位软软的，灯一暗，银幕亮起来，比我家电视大一百倍还不止。电影讲的是一只不会飞的大鹰。别的鹰生下来就会飞，它却总是从悬崖上掉下来，挂在树枝上，卡在石头缝里。可是它每天都爬回悬崖顶上，第二天再跳一次。最好笑的是它有个朋友，一只话很多的小田鼠，总是在旁边喊：加油啊你，哎哎哎，又掉下去了。我笑得肚子都疼了。后来大鹰真的飞起来了，不是因为它变厉害了，是因为它跳的次数太多，风都认识它了，一伸手就接住了它。看到这里我使劲鼓掌，把手心都拍红了。

最糟糕的事是我太入迷，爆米花忘了吃，可乐也忘了喝。散场的时候爆米花还剩大半桶，妈妈笑着说，看电影的人比爆米花还忙。

回家路上我可忙了。我学着大鹰的样子，张开两条胳膊在马路上飞，妈妈让我走在人行道里面，怕我飞到车上去。路过卖烤红薯的摊子，我停下来，非要把电影讲给卖红薯的爷爷听。我讲大鹰掉下来，讲小田鼠喊加油，讲到风认识大鹰那一段，爷爷笑得手一抖，红薯差点从夹子里掉出来。他说这电影好，他明天也让他孙子带他来看。

晚上睡觉前我把今天的事写进日记本，写了三行，手都写酸了。我把最后半桶爆米花放在日记本旁边，打算明天继续吃，明天继续想那只大鹰。要是哪天我也从悬崖上掉下来，我就再爬上去一次，反正风迟早会认识我的。

Today I Left My Popcorn on the Seat

October eighteenth, Saturday, sunny.

Today my mother took me to the cinema to see an animated film, and I was so happy I woke up at six in the morning and rolled around in bed until my quilt fell on the floor. The cinema is on the fourth floor of the shopping center, and its entrance is bigger than our living room. The ticket machine spits out one long ticket. I rushed to help my mother take it, but the ticket was so long it dragged on the ground like a white tail.

We sat in Row Seven. The seats were soft, and when the lights went down the screen lit up, more than a hundred times bigger than our TV. The film is about a big eagle who cannot fly. All the other eagles can fly from birth, but this one keeps falling off the cliff, hanging in tree branches, stuck between rocks. Still, he

climbs back to the top of the cliff every day and jumps again the next morning. The funniest part is his friend, a talkative little vole, who keeps shouting beside him: come on, you can do it, oh no, down you go again. I laughed until my stomach hurt. At last the eagle really flies, not because he became strong, but because he jumped so many times that the wind got to know him, and reached out to catch him. When that happened I clapped hard and my palms turned red.

The worst thing is I was so absorbed that I forgot to eat my popcorn and forgot to drink my cola. When the film ended, more than half the popcorn box was still full. My mother laughed and said the watcher was busier than the popcorn.

On the way home I was very busy. I copied the eagle, arms spread wide, flying along the street. My mother made me walk on the inner side of the sidewalk, afraid I would fly onto the road. We passed a roasted sweet potato stand, and I stopped and insisted on telling the film to the grandpa who sells them. I told him about the falling eagle and the shouting vole, and when I reached the part about the wind learning to know the eagle, he laughed so hard his tongs shook and a potato almost fell out. He said it is a good film, and tomorrow he will let his grandson bring him to see it too.

Before bed I wrote today into my diary, three lines, and my hand grew sore. I put the last half box of popcorn beside the diary, planning to eat it tomorrow and keep thinking about the eagle tomorrow. If one day I also fall off a cliff, I will climb back up one more time. Sooner or later, the wind will learn to know me.

我和奶奶去看会唱歌的鱼

十月二十日，星期一，天气阴。

今天奶奶来接我放学。奶奶是从乡下来的，一辈子住在村里，头一回进城，也头一回进电影院。我拉着她的手上四楼，她抓着我的手抓得特别紧，说楼这么高，怕掉下去。我说奶奶别怕，电影院里有椅子，椅子比咱家板凳还舒服。

电影讲的是海里一条会唱歌的鱼。它唱歌的时候，珊瑚会跟着变色，水母会排着队转圈，连凶巴巴的大鲨鱼听完都要红着眼睛游走。最神奇的是那条鱼唱歌不用嘴巴，用它的心，谁心里难过，它就去谁家门口唱一首。放到这里，我偷偷看了一眼奶奶，奶奶的眼睛也湿湿的，不知道是不是电影里的大海太亮了。

中途休息，我去买爆米花，奶奶站在旁边看，不会吃，把奶油舔得满脸都是。我教她：奶奶，先咬硬的，再吃甜的。奶奶学着我的样子咬了一口，眼睛一下亮了，说这东西比家里的米花糖还香，可惜太甜，她吃两口就把剩下的都推给我。我笑得趴在座位上。

回家路上，奶奶一直念叨一件事：鱼怎么会唱歌呢，鱼没有手，也没有话筒。她念了一路，可是我发现，她走路的时候脚一直在打拍子，哒、哒、哒，正好是电影里那条鱼的调子。我戳戳她的胳膊说：奶奶，你也在唱歌。奶奶不好意思地笑了，说没有没有，就是脚痒。

到家以后，奶奶进厨房做饭，我听见她在厨房里哼那个调子，锅铲敲着锅边，哒、哒、哒。我在客厅写作业，写一行听一行，忽然觉得今天的作业没有那么难了。

晚上我在日记本上写：今天最开心的事，不是鱼会唱歌，是奶奶学会了吃爆米花，是她的脚会打拍子。我打算明天再带奶奶去一个地方，商场三楼有个唱歌的大机器，谁唱得好机器就给谁打分。奶奶唱得好不好都不要紧，我给她打满分。

Grandma and I Went to See the Singing Fish

October twentieth, Monday, cloudy.

Today my grandma came to pick me up from school. She is from the village, has lived in the countryside her whole life, and today was her first time in the city and her first time inside a cinema. I pulled her hand up to the fourth floor, and she held my hand very tight, saying the building is so high she is afraid of falling. I told her not to worry, the cinema has chairs, and the chairs are more comfortable than the benches at home.

The film is about a fish in the sea that can sing. When it sings, the corals change color along with the song, the jellyfish line up and spin in circles, and even the fierce shark listens with red eyes before swimming away. The most magical part is that the fish does not sing with its mouth but with its heart, and whenever someone is sad inside, it goes to sing one song at their door. When this part came on, I stole a look at my grandma. Her eyes were wet too, and I do not know if it was because the sea on the screen was too bright.

During the break I went to buy popcorn. Grandma stood watching, not knowing how to eat it, and licked the cream all over her face. I taught her: Grandma, bite the hard part first, then enjoy the sweet part. She copied me, took one bite, and her eyes lit up at once. She said this is more fragrant than the rice candy at home, but too sweet, so after two bites she pushed the rest all to me. I laughed face-down on the seat.

On the way home Grandma kept talking about one thing: how can a fish sing, a fish has no hands and no microphone. She talked the whole way, but I noticed her feet kept beating time as she walked, tap, tap, tap, exactly the tune of the fish in the film. I poked her arm and said: Grandma, you are singing too. She laughed shyly and said no no, her feet were just itchy.

After we got home Grandma went to the kitchen to cook, and I heard her humming that tune, her spatula tapping the edge of the wok, tap, tap, tap. I did my homework in the living room, writing one line and listening one line, and suddenly the homework did not feel so hard today.

At night I wrote in my diary: the happiest thing today was not that the fish can sing, but that Grandma learned to eat popcorn, and that her feet know how to beat time. Tomorrow I plan to take Grandma to one more place, a big singing machine on the third floor of the mall, a machine that gives scores to whoever sings well. It does not matter whether Grandma sings well. I will give her a full score.

机器人小铁丢了一颗螺丝

十月二十四日，星期五，天气小雨。

今天放学，我和同桌小畅一起去电影院，这是我们俩拉钩拉了三次才约成的。他买票，我拿爆米花，进场的时候差点迟到，因为小畅在门口研究那个取票机研究了十分钟，把后面的人都急坏了。

电影里有个机器人叫小铁，方方的脑袋，圆圆的肚子，走路哐当哐当响。最好笑的一段是：小铁丢了一颗螺丝，从脑袋后面掉的，掉进了自己的肚子里。从那以后它走一步，肚子里就叮铃响一声，像揣了一只小铃铛。它去修自己的肚子，找遍了全身也没找到那颗螺丝，最后是一个小女孩蹲下来，从它脚底板的小缝里把螺丝抠出来了。小铁高兴坏了，送给小女孩一朵铁皮做的小花。放到这里，小畅捅捅我，说你看它傻不傻。我说傻，可是傻得让人想跟它做朋友。

电影里还有一段很吓人。大坏蛋要把小铁拆掉卖废铁，小铁躲在垃圾场里，浑身是锈，肚子里那颗螺丝还在叮铃叮铃响。它以为没有人来找它了，结果那个小女孩带着一整班同学来了，每个人兜里装一颗螺丝，说要把小铁身上松的地方全部拧紧。我看到这里赶紧用袖子擦眼睛，小畅也擦了，我们俩谁也不笑话谁。

回家路上下着小雨，我们俩一人撑一把伞，忽然同时想到了那颗螺丝。我开始学小铁走路，走一步，舌头叮铃响一声。小畅笑疯了，也学着走，一步一声叮铃。我们俩就在雨里一步一响地走，路人全都回头看我们，伞底下两张脸笑得通红。有个阿姨说，这两个孩子肚子里是不是也揣了铃铛。我跟小畅说，对，我们揣的是电影。

到家我把湿鞋子脱了，趴在桌上写日记。写到小铁那朵铁皮花，我想起来明天是小畅生日，我打算今晚用易拉罐皮也剪一朵小花，明天塞进他的文具盒。他要是问哪来的，我就说，是从肚子里那颗螺丝那儿来的。

Iron Boy Lost One Screw

October twenty-fourth, Friday, light rain.

After school today my deskmate Xiaochang and I went to the cinema together, a plan we had to seal with three rounds of pinky promises. He bought the tickets and I carried the popcorn, and we almost arrived late, because Xiaochang spent ten minutes studying the ticket machine at the entrance and made everyone behind him anxious.

The film has a robot called Iron Boy, with a square head, a round belly, and a clanging walk. The funniest part: Iron Boy lost one screw, dropped from behind his head into his own belly. From then on, every step he took made a jingle inside him, as if he carried a little bell. He tried to repair his belly and searched his whole body without finding that screw, and in the end a little girl squatted down and pried it out of a tiny crack in his sole. Iron Boy was so glad that he gave her a little flower made of tin. When this part came on, Xiaochang poked me and said, look how silly he is. I said silly, but silly in a way that makes you want to be his friend.

There is also a scary part. The big villain wants to take Iron Boy apart and sell him as scrap, and Iron Boy hides in the junkyard, covered in rust, that screw still jingling inside him. He thought nobody would come for him, but the little girl arrived with a whole class of classmates, each carrying one screw in a pocket, saying they would tighten every loose place on Iron Boy. I wiped my eyes with my sleeve quickly at that scene, and Xiaochang wiped his too, and neither of us laughed at the other.

On the way home the rain kept falling. We each held an umbrella when suddenly we both thought of that screw. I started walking like Iron Boy, one step and one jingle from my tongue. Xiaochang laughed wildly and copied me, step by step, jingle by jingle. So we walked through the rain ringing once per step, and every passerby turned to look at us, two faces under two umbrellas red with laughing. One auntie asked whether we two also carried bells in our bellies. I told Xiaochang, yes, what we carry is the film.

When I got home I took off my wet shoes and leaned on the desk to write this diary. When I reached the tin flower of Iron Boy, I remembered that tomorrow is the birthday of my deskmate Xiaochang. Tonight I plan to cut a small flower from a soda can lid and slip it into his pencil case tomorrow. If he asks where it came from, I will say it came from that screw inside my belly.

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