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.