爷爷坚持看那部黑白电影

十一月十五日，星期六，天气小雨。

这个月轮到我爷爷当我们家的电影导演。爷爷今年七十三岁，眼睛花，耳朵倒灵。他宣布选片结果的时候我差点跳起来，他居然选了一部黑白老电影，讲一个老铁路扳道工守着一座小站等一班车的故事。海报都发黄了，人物走路慢，说话也慢。我心里想，这有什么好看的，还不如看赛车。

进了影院我才发现，看这部片子的不只有我们一家，前排坐着两个白头发的老奶奶，后排还有一个戴帽子的老爷爷。灯一暗，银幕上雪花一样的旧胶片转起来。开头我果然坐不住，扭来扭去，打了三个哈欠。可是放到中间，老扳道工每天给小站那棵老槐树浇水，浇了三十年，最后那班车终于进站了，车门打开，下来的人却是一张照片。老扳道工把照片抱在怀里，站在原地，雪落了他一身。我的眼泪不知道为什么自己下来了，擦都擦不赢。我偷偷看爷爷，爷爷坐得笔直，眼睛一眨不眨，帽檐压得很低。

回家的路上，讨论会是爷爷主持的。我问他，那班车为什么下来一张照片。爷爷没有马上回答，他把伞往我这边偏了偏，才开口讲了一件我从来没听过的事。他十六岁那年，在生产队看的就是这部电影，是全村人围着一块白布看的。那年他爷爷，也就是我的太爷爷，出远门没有回来。爷爷说，那时候他不懂，为什么有人抱着照片不撒手，如今他懂了。雨打在伞上，我和妈妈都不说话。爷爷又说，今天再看，他还是哭，同一个电影，隔五十年，还能跟同一个人说话，这就是好电影。

我在回家路上一直在想那棵浇了三十年的槐树。以前我觉得慢吞吞的东西都没意思，现在我有点不好意思了。我跟爷爷说，下个月我还陪他看，他挑的片子我都看。爷爷的耳朵很灵，他听见了，装作没听见，脚步轻快了很多。

睡前我写日记，把太爷爷的事也写进去了。写完我加了一句：今天影院里我哭得最凶，爷爷哭得最轻，可是爷爷哭了五十年。

Grandpa Insisted on the Black and White Film

November fifteenth, Saturday, light rain.

This month it is the turn of my grandpa to be the film director of our family. My grandpa is seventy-three this year, his eyes are weak, but his ears are sharp. When he announced his choice I almost jumped up. He had chosen an old black and white film, the story of an old railway switchman guarding a small station while waiting for one train. The poster has turned yellow, the characters walk slowly, and they speak slowly too. In my heart I thought, what is there to enjoy in this, it is worse than a racing film.

Only after entering the hall did I notice that our family was not the only one there. Two white-haired grandmas sat in the front row, and in the back sat one

grandpa wearing a cap. When the lights went down, the old film, speckled like snow, began to turn on the screen. At the start I truly could not sit still, twisting and turning, yawning three times. But halfway through, the old switchman waters an old locust tree at his small station every day, and has watered it for thirty years. At last that train finally arrives, the door opens, and the person stepping down is a photograph. The old switchman holds the photograph against his chest and stands where he is, while snow covers his whole body. My tears came down on their own and I could not wipe them fast enough. I stole a look at my grandpa. He sat straight, his eyes not blinking once, the brim of his cap pulled low.

On the way home the discussion meeting was hosted by my grandpa. I asked him why a photograph stepped down from that train. He did not answer right away. He tilted his umbrella toward my side first, then began to tell me something I had never heard. When he was sixteen, the film he watched in the production team was exactly this one, shown to the whole village on a piece of white cloth. That year his own grandpa, my great-grandfather, went on a long journey and never came back. My grandpa said that back then he did not understand why someone would hold a photograph and refuse to let go, and now he understands. Rain beat on the umbrella, and neither my mother nor I spoke. My grandpa added that watching it again today he still cries, and that one film, fifty years apart, can still speak to the same person, and that is what a good film is.

All the way home I kept thinking of that locust tree watered for thirty years. I used to think anything slow was boring, and now I feel a little ashamed. I told my grandpa that next month I will still keep him company, and every film he chooses I will watch. The ears of my grandpa are sharp. He heard me, pretended he did not, and his steps grew much lighter.

Before bed I wrote this diary, and I wrote the story of my great-grandfather into it too. At the end I added one line: today in the cinema I cried the loudest, and my grandpa cried the softest, but my grandpa has been crying for fifty years.