爸爸妈妈一起笑的那两个小时

十一月八日，星期六，天气多云。

先说一句心里话：最近我们家有点冷。爸爸妈妈好像吵了一架，谁也不理谁，吃饭的时候只有筷子碰碗的声音。我想了三天，决定用我们家的老办法，看电影。我拿攒了半年的零花钱买了三张票，晚饭的时候把三张票摆在桌子中间，说，星期六晚上，电影，必须去，票不退。妈妈看了我一眼，又看了一眼爸爸，先点了头。

选片的时候三个人都没意见，看一部喜剧片，讲一个糊涂爸爸把女儿的家长会搞成一团糟的故事。进场的时候爸爸妈妈隔着一个我坐下，中间像隔着一道河。电影一开始，糊涂爸爸穿着拖鞋冲进学校，把校长的车开进了花坛，影厅里笑成一片，我听见爸爸妈妈都在笑，可是他们不一起笑，各笑各的。直到那一段：糊涂爸爸扮成老师上台讲话，把女儿的名字念成了自己小时候的外号，全场大笑，妈妈笑出了声，扭头看爸爸，爸爸也正好看过来，两个人对视着笑，谁也没躲开。我在中间数了数，整场电影，他们一起笑了七次。

电影后半段，糊涂爸爸蹲在校门口跟女儿道歉，说自己小时候没有爸爸，所以不知道怎么当爸爸。影厅安静下来。我感觉到左边有纸巾的声音，是妈妈。妈妈的眼睛看向银幕，手却轻轻碰了碰我的手背，像是在跟我说什么，又像是在说给爸爸听。

回家的路上，讨论会没有开，气氛跟平时不一样。我先开口，说那个糊涂爸爸真让人生气。妈妈还没说话，爸爸先接了，他说，生气归生气，那个人心里是爱孩子的。妈妈沉默了一会儿，说，回家煮汤圆吧，三个人一起煮。我在旁边偷偷在心里给自己鼓掌。路过路灯的时候，我看见妈妈挽着爸爸的胳膊，爸爸的耳朵红了。

睡前我写日记，写得很慢。我在最后写：电影是别人拍的，笑是银幕给的，可是回家路上那一句一起煮汤圆，是我们自己挣回来的。这个零花钱，花得值。

The Two Hours Mom and Dad Laughed Together

November eighth, Saturday, cloudy.

First, an honest word: our home has been cold lately. My parents seem to have had a quarrel, and neither speaks to the other. At dinner the only sound was chopsticks touching bowls. I thought for three days and decided to use the old method of our family, going to the cinema. I bought three tickets with the pocket money I had saved for half a year, and at dinner I placed them in the middle of the table and said, Saturday evening, the film, attendance is compulsory, tickets are nonrefundable. My mother looked at me, then at my father, and nodded first.

Choosing the film took no argument at all, a comedy about a muddled father who turns the parent meeting of his daughter into a disaster. When we entered the hall, my parents sat with me between them, as if a river ran between the two of them. As the film began, the muddled father rushed into the school wearing slippers and drove

the car of the principal into a flower bed, and the whole hall laughed. I heard both of my parents laughing, but not together, each on their own. Then came the part where the muddled father dressed up as a teacher and read the name of his daughter as the childhood nickname of himself. The hall exploded. My mother laughed out loud and turned toward my father, and my father was already looking at her. They laughed face to face, and neither looked away. I counted in the middle: in the whole film, they laughed together seven times.

In the second half, the muddled father squatted at the school gate and apologized to his daughter, saying he had no father when he was small, so he did not know how to be one. The hall went quiet. On my left I heard the sound of a tissue. It was my mother. Her eyes stayed on the screen, but her hand lightly touched the back of my hand, as if saying something to me, or perhaps saying it for my father to hear.

On the way home there was no discussion meeting, and the air was different from usual. I spoke first and said the muddled father was really annoying. Before my mother answered, my father picked it up, saying angry as he was, that man loves his child from the bottom of his heart. My mother was silent for a while, then said, let us go home and cook rice balls, the three of us together. Beside them I clapped for myself in my heart. Under a streetlight I saw my mother holding the arm of my father, and the ears of my father turned red.

Before bed I wrote this diary very slowly. My last line read: the film was made by others, the laughter came from the screen, but that one sentence on the way home, cooking rice balls together, was earned by us ourselves. Every coin of that pocket money was worth it.