选片大战

十一月一日，星期六，天气晴。

我们家的老传统又开张了：每个星期六晚上，全家一起去电影院。这个传统是爸爸定的，他说一家人坐在一起看电影，比什么都难得。可是传统里最麻烦的一关是选片，我们家管它叫选片大战。

晚饭后大战开始。爸爸把手机往桌上一放，说他要看打仗的电影，银幕上炸点一响他浑身舒坦。妈妈立刻反对，说要看一部讲两口子过日子的文艺片，妈妈觉得那种电影有味道。我举双手提议看科幻片，讲一个宇航员在月球上种菜的故事，海报上那棵小绿苗看得我心痒。三个人各说各的，谁也不让谁，最后爸爸拿出我们的老办法，举手表决，少数服从多数，但是每人有一次当导演的机会，轮到谁谁说了算。这个月轮到我，我赢了。爸爸装作很痛心，妈妈笑着说，行，听孩子的。

到了电影院，我挑了中间偏后的一排，位置是我早就研究好的。灯一暗，宇航员在月球上种下第一颗菜，我爸妈坐在我两边，妈妈的头靠在爸爸肩膀上。放到一半，月球上下起了陨石雨，小绿苗差点被砸死，宇航员用身体盖住它。我听见旁边抽鼻子的声音，扭头一看，居然是爸爸。爸爸发现我看他，赶紧清了清嗓子，说眼里进东西了。我忍住笑，没拆穿他。

回家的路上，讨论会正式开始，这是我们家看完电影必有的节目。爸爸说宇航员傻，明明可以躲，非要用身体盖。妈妈说那不是傻，那是人心里最软的地方。轮到我了，我说我觉得那棵苗就是宇航员的家人，在月球上种菜，就是把家搬到了那么远的地方。爸爸想了半天，说这个说法他没想过。妈妈拍拍我的头，说下个月导演换成她，要看那部文艺片，我们都不许哭。

睡前我在日记本上写：选片大战我赢了，可是最输不起的是爸爸，他哭得比谁都响。下个月换妈妈当导演，我已经开始期待了。

The Great Movie Selection War

November first, Saturday, sunny.

The old tradition of our family is open again: every Saturday evening the whole family goes to the cinema together. My father set this tradition. He said a family sitting together watching one film is rarer than anything. But the most troublesome round inside the tradition is choosing the film, and in our family we call it the great selection war.

After dinner the war began. My father put his phone on the table and said he wanted a war film, where the explosions on the screen make his whole body feel relaxed. My mother objected at once. She wanted a quiet film about a married couple living their daily life, which she finds full of flavor. I raised both hands for a science fiction film, the story of an astronaut growing vegetables on the moon, and the little green sprout on the poster made my heart itch. The three of us argued one

by one and nobody gave in. At last my father brought out our old method: a show of hands, the minority follows the majority, but each person gets one turn as the director, and on that turn the director decides. This month it was my turn, and I won. My father pretended his heart was broken. My mother laughed and said fine, we listen to the child.

At the cinema I chose a row in the middle toward the back, a seat I had studied long before. When the lights went down and the astronaut planted the first vegetable on the moon, my parents sat on my two sides, and the head of my mother leaned on the shoulder of my father. Halfway through, a rain of meteor stones fell on the moon, and the little green sprout was almost crushed. The astronaut covered it with his own body. I heard a sniffling sound beside me, turned my head, and it was my father. When he noticed me looking, he quickly cleared his throat and said something had entered his eye. I held back my laughter and did not expose him.

On the way home the discussion meeting officially began, a program that always follows every film in our family. My father said the astronaut was foolish, he could clearly hide, yet he covered the plant with his body. My mother said that is not foolishness, that is the softest place in a human heart. When it was my turn, I said I think that sprout is the family of the astronaut, and growing vegetables on the moon means moving your home to such a far place. My father thought for a long while and said he had never seen it that way. My mother patted my head and said next month the director becomes her, and we are all forbidden to cry during her art film.

Before bed I wrote in my diary: I won the selection war, but the worst loser is my father, who cried louder than anyone. Next month mother directs, and I am already looking forward to it.