# 电影里那句：到日子，花就开了

影院里那部片子，讲一个老园丁把荒了的园子一年一年侍活。有一场戏，年轻人心急，问什么时候才能开花，老园丁蹲在地里，捏碎一块土，说了句：到日子，花就开了。电影院灯一亮，我觉得这话没什么道理。花什么时候开，谁说得准？我等一样东西的时候，从来等得辛苦。

三月，科学老师布置种蒜苗，比谁长得快。我把最壮的一瓣蒜按进阳台的花盆，从那天起我有了一个新毛病：每天早上量它。尺子立起来，一毫米一毫米地记，记在一张纸上，纸贴在花盆边。第一天，什么也没有。第二天，土皮鼓了一点点。我浇水浇得勤，恨不得把土扒开看看它到底长没长。妈妈说，你这不是种蒜，是看着蒜过日子。我忍不住，我想让它当天就冒芽，好长到同学们前面去。

到第五天，纸上记的还是零和一个小数点。我赌气，两天没浇水，甚至想过把它挖出来扔掉。结果那个早上，我上学前去阳台瞟了一眼，土里拱出一个嫩绿的尖，小得像一粒米，却直直地立着。我蹲在花盆前看了很久，忽然想起电影里那句：到日子，花就开了。蒜苗从来不急，急的一直是我。

后来我还是记，但不天天量了。土干了浇水，出太阳就把盆挪到太阳底下，日子照旧过。蒜苗一天一个样，从一根长到三根，嫩绿慢慢转深绿，风一吹就一起点头。班里交观察日记那天，我的不算最高，老师却说我的记得最完整，因为我写下了它破土那一刻。

现在我等什么，都会想起那句话。等一封远方的信，等画画比赛的结果，等闹过别扭的朋友先开口。心里发急的时候，我就去阳台给蒜苗浇水。那些绿叶子不说话，却像老园丁一样，替那句话回答我：到日子，花就开了。那句台词从银幕上走出来，在我阳台上扎了根，从此等待这件事，不那么难熬了。

# That Line in the Film: When the Day Comes, the Flower Will Open

The film in the cinema told of an old gardener bringing a neglected garden back to life year by year. In one scene, the young man grew impatient and asked when the flowers would come. The old gardener crouched in the soil, crushed a lump of earth between his fingers, and said: when the day comes, the flower will open. When the lights came on, I thought these words made no sense. Who can say when a flower will open? When I wait for something, I have always waited in pain.

In March our science teacher asked us to grow garlic sprouts and see whose grew fastest. I pressed the strongest clove into the flowerpot on the balcony, and from that day I had a new bad habit: measuring it every morning. I stood a ruler beside it and wrote down each millimeter on a paper taped to the pot. The first day showed nothing. The second day the crust of soil rose a little. I watered it often and

wanted to open the soil to see whether it was growing at all. My mother said I was not planting garlic but watching a clock. I could not help it. I wanted it to sprout that very day and grow ahead of my classmates.

By the fifth day the paper held nothing but zeros and a decimal point. I grew angry, skipped watering for two days, and thought about digging the clove out and throwing it away. That morning, before school, I glanced at the pot and saw a pale green tip pushing through the soil, small as a grain of rice, standing straight up. I crouched before the pot and looked for a long time, and suddenly heard that line from the film: when the day comes, the flower will open. The garlic sprout never hurried. The one in a hurry was always me.

After that I still kept records, but I stopped measuring each day. I watered when the soil was dry and moved the pot into the sun when the sun was good, and my days went on as usual. The sprouts changed day by day, from one to three, pale green deepening into green, and they nodded together when wind passed. On the day we handed in our observation diaries, mine was not the tallest, but the teacher said my record was the most complete, because I had written down the moment it broke the soil.

Now, when I wait for anything, I hear that line. I wait for a letter from far away, for the result of a drawing contest, for a quarreled friend to speak first. When my heart gets hot, I go water the sprouts on the balcony. Those green leaves do not speak, yet like the old gardener they answer for the line: when the day comes, the flower will open. That line walked out of the silver screen and took root on my balcony, and waiting has not been so hard since.

# 那句「别怕，我在」

电影院的灯很暗，银幕上放着一部讲母亲在雨夜里找孩子的片子。最后一场，女儿被困在塌下来的架子底下，母亲爬过去，整个人罩在她身上。灰尘里，女儿说她害怕。母亲只说了四个字：别怕，我在。四周的抽泣声连成一片，我自己也不知道什么时候，往妈妈那边靠了靠，手攥住了她外套的衣角。

回家的路上我笑自己，都六年级了，看电影还往大人身边蹭。可那句台词一直在脑子里转。妈妈是从什么时候开始说这句话的？我往前想，还真想出了好几回。

四年级的冬天，我半夜发高烧，脑袋烧得像一团火，看什么都晃。妈妈背我下楼，拦了车，在医院里抱着我输液。我怕针，把头扭到一边。妈妈攥着我的手说，别怕，我在。她的手心是热的，声音跟喊我吃饭时没什么两样，可我的手就是不抖了。

去年暑假，爸妈一起出差不在家，头一回留我一个人在家过夜。夜里打雷，电停了，整栋楼

黑下来。我点了根蜡烛坐在沙发上，听雨砸窗户，第一次那么讨厌黑。我给妈妈打电话，她听我说完，没有讲这有什么好怕，只说，别怕，我在，你数到三十，我还在电话这头。我数到三十，她的声音果然还在。

后来我想明白，电影里那句台词打动我，不是因为它写得好，是因为它是母亲们说过一遍又一遍的话。片子里的母亲用身体罩住孩子，我的母亲在医院攥住我的手，在黑暗里隔着电话陪我数数。字是同样的四个字，每一回说出口，都是真的。现在小表妹怕黑，抱着我的胳膊不撒手，我拍着她的背说，别怕，我在。话出口的那一下，我知道自己也长大了半步。

# That Line: Do Not Be Afraid, I Am Here

The lights in the cinema were low, and the film told of a mother searching for her child through a rainy night. In the last scene, the daughter was trapped under a fallen shelf, and the mother crawled over and covered her with her whole body. Through the dust, the daughter said she was afraid. The mother said only four words: do not be afraid, I am here. The sound of weeping rose all around, and without knowing it, I leaned toward my mother and gripped the hem of her coat.

On the way home I laughed at myself. I was in the sixth grade and still edged closer to an adult in a movie. But that line kept turning in my head. When had my mother started saying it? I thought backward, and I found several times.

In the winter of my fourth grade year, I ran a high fever at night. My head burned like a fire, and everything swam before my eyes. My mother carried me downstairs, stopped a taxi, and held me the whole time while I received an IV at the hospital. I was afraid of the needle and turned my face away. She held my hand and said, do not be afraid, I am here. Her palm was warm, and her voice was no different from calling me to dinner, yet my hands stopped shaking.

Last summer both my parents were away on business, and I stayed home alone for the first night. Thunder came at night, the power went out, and the whole building fell dark. I lit a candle and sat on the sofa, listening to rain hammer the windows, and for the first time I hated the dark so much. I called my mother. She listened, did not say there was anything to fear, and only said, do not be afraid, I am here; count to thirty, and I will still be here on the phone. I counted to thirty, and sure enough her voice was still there.

Later I understood. The line in the film moved me not because it was well written, but because it was a thing mothers had said again and again. The mother in the film shielded the child with her body; my mother held my hand at the hospital and kept me company through the phone in the dark. The words are the same four, and every time they were spoken they were true. Now when my little cousin is afraid of the dark

and will not let go of my arm, I pat her back and say, do not be afraid, I am here. The moment the words left my mouth, I knew I had grown half a step up too.

## 散场后我总想起那句「再试一次」

那部讲跳水运动员的片子，最打动我的不是夺冠的一场。是训练馆里，少年第一百次从十米台摔进水里，教练在岸上喊：再试一次。少年爬上来，浑身是红印，站在台边发愣，又转身跳了下去。影院里掌声响起来，我手心全是汗。散场以后，那句「再试一次」一直在我耳朵里。

我学游泳那年，卡在换气这一关整整两个月。教练说头要抬、气要吐净，我都懂，可一到水里，鼻子一进水就慌，慌了就沉。泳池的水天天一个温度，我的慌却一天比一天重。和我同班的小宇游得飞快，我看着他一圈一圈过去，把头埋得更深。有一回我干脆跟教练说，我不学了。教练没劝，只说，今天最后一趟，再试一次。

那趟我闭着眼蹬壁，在水里把气吐成一串泡泡，抬头，吸到了一口完整的空气。就一口。我扶着池边咳了半天，笑了。回家路上我想，电影里那个少年爬回十米台边上的时候，是不是也刚吸到那么一口。

后来我学会换气，学会踩水，暑假结束能游完整个泳池。再后来我参加校运会八百米，跑到第五百米的时候耳边嗡嗡的，只想走。最后一圈腿像灌了铅，看台上同学喊我的名字，我脑子里响的却是那句台词。我没有冲得多快，只是没有停。撞线以后我弯着腰喘气，觉得自己也站在十米台边上。

现在遇到难处，我会自己对自己说那四个字。背不下的课文，解不出的题，练不顺的曲子。上周弹琴卡在一段反复，我把节拍器打开，一小节一小节地过，过到第十遍才顺。不是给自己打气，是我知道那一口完整的空气就在下一次。电影散场那么久，那句台词还在我身体里，像池水一样托着我。

## After the Film Ended, That Line Kept Echoing: Try Once More

The film about the diver moved me most not in the champion scene but in the training hall. The young man fell into the water from the ten-meter platform for the hundredth time, and the coach shouted from the shore: try once more. The boy climbed out, his body covered in red marks, stood dazed at the edge, then turned and jumped again. Applause rose in the cinema, and my palms were all sweat. After the film ended, that line stayed in my ears.

The year I learned to swim, I was stuck at breathing for two whole months. The coach said to lift the head and empty the lungs, and I understood it all, yet the moment I was in the water, a drop in the nose made me panic, and panic pulled me down. The water in the pool held the same temperature every day, but my panic grew heavier day by day. Xiao Yu from my class swam fast, and as I watched him pass lap after lap, I buried my head deeper. Once I told the coach flatly that I would quit. He did not argue, and said only: one last lap today, try once more.

On that lap I pushed off the wall with my eyes shut, blew my breath out underwater into a string of bubbles, lifted my head, and drew in one full breath of air. Just one. I coughed by the pool edge for a long time, holding the side, and laughed. On the way home I wondered whether the boy in the film, climbing back to the edge of the platform, had just drawn in one such breath too.

After that I learned to breathe and to tread water, and by the end of summer I could cross the whole pool. Later I ran the eight hundred meters at the school sports meet. At five hundred meters my ears buzzed and I only wanted to walk. On the last lap my legs felt filled with lead, classmates shouted my name from the stands, and what rang in my head was that line. I did not sprint fast; I simply did not stop. After crossing the line I bent over gasping, feeling that I too stood at the edge of the ten-meter platform.

Now when I meet a difficulty, I say those four words to myself: a lesson I cannot memorize, a problem I cannot solve, a piece I cannot play smoothly. Last week my piano kept failing at one repeated passage, so I started the metronome and went measure by measure, and only on the tenth pass did it flow. It is not cheering myself up; it is knowing that the one full breath waits in the next try. The film ended long ago, but that line is still inside me, holding me up like pool water.

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