# 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.