我们一起挑的那场电影

我们家有个月末的传统：全家一起看一场电影，谁挑的片子就由谁准备零食。这个月轮到女儿。她趴在沙发上翻平板，最后把一部讲小企鹅走丢又找到家人的动画片举到我们面前。我嘴上说好，心里其实存着一部自然纪录片，讲企鹅迁徙的那种，画面壮阔，我存心想让她看点「真东西」。我说要不先看纪录片的一半，她摇头摇得很坚决，妻子在旁边补了一句，规矩就是规矩。我认了。

灯一关，她抱着抱枕坐在地毯上，我靠在沙发上看她多过看银幕。小企鹅摇摇晃晃走路，她笑得前仰后合，笑声一次比一次响，完全不收着。企鹅爸爸一直守在冰面上等，她忽然不出声了，身子慢慢往我这边靠，靠过来也不看我，眼睛还盯着银幕，手攥着我的裤腿。我那一刻没动，由她攥着。银幕的光一阵一阵扫过她的侧脸，我忽然发觉，自己已经很久没有这样认真看过她了。

片尾字幕滚完，去洗手间的路上她一直琢磨一件事。走到走廊她开口：企鹅妈妈没有忘了他，只是绕了路。我愣了一下，问她怎么知道绕了路。她说，前面有个镜头，企鹅妈妈一直朝他们这个方向叫。她记得一个我根本没留意的镜头。我蹲下来跟她讲，纪录片里企鹅妈妈真的会走很远去找孩子，她点点头，说那它们家真不容易。说完她去洗手，拖鞋在走廊啪哒啪哒响，我觉得那声音比平时轻快。

那晚我躺在床上想了很久。我替她挑的片子，是想给她壮阔；她挑的这部，倒先让我看见了自己忽略的东西。陪孩子看电影，不是把她领进我的电影，是借她的眼睛，把同一部片子再看一遍。下个月还轮到她。我打算把零食清单也交给她，自己只管坐下，跟着她笑，跟着她安静。

The Film We Chose Together

Our family has a month-end tradition: everyone watches one film together, and whoever picks it prepares the snacks. This month it was my daughter's turn. She lay on the sofa flipping through a tablet, and in the end held up an animated film about a lost little penguin finding its way back to its family. I said yes, while secretly holding onto a nature documentary about penguin migration, with vast scenery, wanting to show her something real. I suggested we watch half the documentary first. She shook her head firmly, and my wife added that a rule is a rule. I gave in.

When the lights went off, she sat on the carpet hugging a cushion, and I leaned on the sofa watching her more than the screen. The little penguin waddled, and she laughed so hard she rocked forward, her laughter growing louder each time, not holding anything back. When the father penguin kept waiting on the ice, she suddenly went quiet, her body edging toward me, still not looking at me, eyes on the screen, her hand gripping the leg of my trousers. I did not move. I let her grip. The light from the screen swept across her profile in waves, and I suddenly realized it had been a long time since I had looked at her this carefully.

After the credits rolled, on the way to the washroom she kept turning one thing

over. In the hallway she spoke: the penguin mother did not forget him, she only took a detour. I froze for a second and asked how she knew. She said there was an earlier shot where the mother penguin kept calling toward their direction. She had noticed a shot I never paid attention to. I crouched down and told her that in the documentary the mother penguin really walks far to find her chick. She nodded and said their family life must be hard. Then she went to the washroom, her slippers clapping down the hallway, and the sound seemed lighter than usual to me.

Lying in bed that night I thought for a long time. The film I would have picked for her was meant to give her vastness; the one she picked made me see what I had overlooked first. Watching a film with a child is not leading her into my film; it is borrowing her eyes to watch the same film a second time. Next month is her turn again. I plan to hand her the snack list too, and just sit down, laughing with her, quiet with her.