一包纸巾的自述

我是一包纸巾，塑料壳的，十二抽。我在超市打折区躺了半个月，标签从八块降到五块五，最后被一个买菜的女人拿起来，扔进她的小拉车。我以为我的一生就是在厨房里擦灶台，没想到那天晚上，她带我进了电影院。

影院黑下来之前，她把我放在座位扶手上。她看银幕，我看前排的椅背。银幕上有个小女孩，在村口踮脚看路，等一个不回来的人。我听见斜对面传来吸鼻子的声音。是一个戴眼镜的小学生，眼泪把眼镜弄得起雾，他用手背抹，抹得满脸都是，人越缩越小。

我想帮忙。一包纸巾多想帮忙啊。可我躺在扶手上，动不了。女人斜眼看他，手伸过来，捏住我，又缩回去。我懂她的心思：给不给？孩子会不会怕陌生人？她在座位上犹豫的那十几秒，我觉得比一场电影还长。银幕上小女孩蹲在草垛边，孩子的哭声压不住了，女人终于把我递了过去，停在他手边。

他扭头接住我，哑着嗓子说谢谢。女人帮他把眼镜扶正，说了句我听过最体面的话：片子好，哭不丢人。他把我攥在手心里，热得我的塑料壳都发烫。他抽出一张擤了鼻子，又把我握回去。那一刻我觉得，躺半个月打折区值了。

散场时，他把我放回女人的扶手，放得很正，像交还一件宝贝，又说了第二声谢谢。女人让他留着，外面风大。我以为我又要回厨房了。结果那天夜里，他把我揣在棉袄兜里带回了家，放进书桌抽屉，和几支铅笔、一块橡皮挤在一起。抽屉里黑，可我不难过。我剩下的九张纸，一张也没用过。他舍不得用我。他留着的是那晚的事：一场电影，一个陌生阿姨，一句不丢人。

后来每次他拉开抽屉做功课，看见我，都会停一下，笑一下。我是一包纸巾，十二抽，用掉三张。剩下的九张，是九句没说出口的：别怕哭，别怕陌生人，别怕那个需要被接住的晚上。

Confessions of a Tissue Pack

I am a pack of tissues, plastic shell, twelve sheets. I lay in the discount corner of a supermarket for half a month, my price tag dropping from eight yuan to five and a half, until a woman with a shopping trolley picked me up and dropped me in. I thought my life would be spent wiping kitchen stoves. That evening, she carried me into a cinema instead.

Before the hall went dark, she set me on the arm of her seat. She watched the screen; I watched the chair backs ahead. On the screen stood a little girl at the edge of the village, rising on her toes to watch an empty road, waiting for someone who would not come. From diagonally across came the sound of sniffling. It was a schoolboy in glasses, his lenses fogged by tears, wiping with the back of his hand and smearing his whole face, shrinking smaller and smaller in his seat.

I wanted to help. How a pack of tissues wants to help. But I lay on the armrest, unable to move. The woman glanced at the boy, reached over, gripped me, then drew her

hand back. I understood her mind: pass or not. Would the child fear a stranger. Those dozen seconds of her hesitation felt longer than the whole film. On the screen the girl squatted beside the straw, the crying could no longer be contained, and at last the woman passed me over, letting me stop at his hand.

He turned and took me, saying thank you in a hoarse voice. The woman straightened his glasses and said the finest line I have ever heard: It is a good film, and crying is no shame. He held me in his palm, so warm my plastic shell grew hot. He pulled one sheet out for his nose, then closed his fist around me again. In that moment I decided that half a month in the discount corner had been worth it.

At the end, he set me back on the armrest of the woman, squarely, like returning a treasure, and said thank you a second time. She told him to keep me, the wind outside being strong. I thought I was going back to the kitchen. Instead, that night he carried me home in the pocket of his padded jacket and placed me in a desk drawer, squeezed among pencils and an eraser. The drawer is dark, but I am not sad. My remaining nine sheets have never been used. He cannot bear to. What he keeps is that evening: one film, one stranger, one line about no shame.

Later, whenever he opens the drawer to do homework and sees me, he pauses and smiles. I am a pack of tissues, twelve sheets, three used. The nine left are nine unspoken sentences: do not fear crying, do not fear strangers, do not fear the evening when someone needs to be caught.