第三排的那包纸巾

那是我第一次一个人进电影院。妈妈加班，给我买了票，叮嘱我看完了在门口别乱跑。我挑了一场动画片，票在第五排，座位旁边空着，左边第三排坐着一个阿姨，一个人，腿边放着一个买菜的小拉车。

片子演到一半，银幕上的小女孩背着书包走到村口，踮着脚往路的尽头看。电话里奶奶说，妈妈今年又不回来了。小女孩哦了一声，把手机还给奶奶，转身跑回家，跑到一半蹲在草垛边上，肩膀一耸一耸，没哭出声。影厅里静得很，我鼻子一酸，眼泪自己就下来了。我吓一跳，赶紧用手背抹，越抹越多，眼镜都蒙了一层雾。

这时候，一包纸巾从左边递过来，递到我手边就停住了。我扭头，是那个阿姨。她没说话，也没看我，眼睛还盯着银幕，手却把纸巾往我手里塞了塞。我接过来，说了声谢谢，声音哑得不像自己的。她这才转过头，帮我扶正歪掉的眼镜，说：片子好，哭不丢人。

我擤了两下，把纸巾攥在手里。阿姨接着看她的电影，好像刚才什么都没发生。散场时人流往出口走，我把那包纸巾放回她座位扶手上，说了第二声谢谢。她摆摆手：留着擦吧，外面风大。

后来妈妈接我，问我片子好不好看。我说好看，还讲了纸巾的事。妈妈问：那个阿姨长什么样？我想了想，说记不清脸了，只记得她递纸巾的手，指头上有冻疮的疤。妈妈没再问。那包纸巾我后来没用完，一直放在书桌抽屉里。每次看到它我就想起那句话：片子好，哭不丢人。陌生人的善意原来是这样，它不问你叫什么，不问你为什么哭，它只在你最需要的时候递过来，然后像什么都没发生一样，继续看它的电影。

The Tissue Pack in Row Three

That was the first time I walked into a cinema alone. My mother had to work overtime, so she bought me the ticket and told me to wait at the entrance after the film, not to wander off. I picked a cartoon. My seat was in row five, empty beside me, and in row three on my left sat a woman, alone, with a small shopping trolley at her feet.

Halfway through, the little girl on the screen walked to the edge of the village with her schoolbag, rose on her toes, and looked down the empty road. Over the phone, grandma said mother would not come back this year either. The girl said only one syllable, handed the phone back, turned, and ran home; halfway there she squatted beside a stack of straw, shoulders shaking, making no sound. The hall was very quiet. My nose stung, and the tears came on their own. I was startled and wiped with the back of my hand, which only made more come, and the glasses fogged over.

Then a pack of tissues was passed from the left and stopped at my hand. I turned. It was that woman. She said nothing, did not even look at me, her eyes still on the screen, yet her hand pushed the pack a little deeper into mine. I took it and managed

a thank you, my voice hoarse in a way I did not recognize. Only then did she turn, straightened my crooked glasses on my face, and said: It is a good film, and crying is no shame.

I blew my nose twice and kept the tissue in my fist. The woman went back to her film as if nothing had happened. When the crowd moved toward the exit, I set the pack back on the arm of her seat and said thank you a second time. She waved her hand: Keep it. The wind outside is strong.

Later my mother picked me up and asked whether the film was good. I said it was, and told her about the tissues. She asked: What did that woman look like. I thought hard and said I could not remember her face, only the hand that passed the pack, with scars of chilblains on the fingers. My mother asked nothing further. The pack is still in my desk drawer, half full. Every time I see it, I hear that line again: It is a good film, and crying is no shame. Kindness from a stranger is like this: it does not ask your name, does not ask why you cry; it simply reaches over at the moment you need it most, then goes back to watching its own film as if nothing had happened.