存钱罐变轻的那一天

我和爷爷有个约定：要领他进电影院看一场电影。这约定是暑假定下的。爷爷从乡下来城里，路过人民公园门口的电影院，海报上是一只耍金箍棒的猴子。爷爷看了很久，说他们小时候看露天电影，铺张席子躺在打谷场上。我说，爷爷，我领你进电影院看。爷爷笑：好，我等你。

从那天起我开始攒钱。压岁钱照例交给妈妈保管，我争取到每周两元的零花钱。这两元我一分没花，全塞进存钱罐，一只陶瓷小猪。每晚睡前摇一摇，罐里的声音从稀稀拉拉变得又闷又实，我就喜欢听这个声。周末我还收小区门口的易拉罐，卖了钱跑去小卖部换成纸币，统统喂进猪嘴里。有回同学请我吃冰棍，我摆手说不渴，其实兜里那两元攥出了汗。

秋末存钱罐开了，妈妈帮我数，三十七元五角。我抽出两张纸币，一路跑到电影院。踮着脚站在售票窗口，说今天那场动画片，两张。售票员问第二张给谁。我说给爷爷。票从机器里吐出来还带着温热，我攥着票根跑回家，风灌进领口都不觉得冷。我在楼道里站住，冲家里喊：爷爷，明天下午三点，别忘啦。爷爷在屋里应了一声，拖得长长的。

爷爷看电影那天换了最体面的衬衫，头发用水抿过。影厅里他坐得笔直，像小学生。银幕上猴子抡起金箍棒，他笑得比谁都响；演到小猴子想妈妈，他掏出手绢按眼睛。我装作没看见，把纸巾递过去，就像电影里那个递纸巾的人一样。

出来时爷爷捏着票根，说要带回村给大伙看看。我说，爷爷，下次还领你来。爷爷说，下次我请你。回到家，我看见他把票根夹进装户口本的红包布包里，那是他全屋子最要紧的东西。存钱罐空了，可我心里比什么时候都满。

The Day the Piggy Bank Got Lighter

Grandpa and I have a promise: to take him into a cinema and watch a film together. The promise was made in summer vacation. He came to town from the countryside, and we passed the cinema by the gate of the park of the people. The poster showed a monkey swinging a golden staff. He looked at it for a long time and said that in his boyhood they watched open-air films, lying on mats spread over the threshing ground. I said, Grandpa, I will take you to a cinema. He laughed: good, I will wait for you.

From that day I began to save. My New Year money went to my mother for safekeeping as usual, but I won the right to keep two yuan a week as pocket money. I did not spend a single fen of it; I fed it all into my piggy bank, a little ceramic pig. Every night before bed I shook it, and the sound inside changed from sparse and thin to dull and solid, and I loved that sound. On weekends I also collected cans at the gate of our compound, sold them, ran to the corner shop to change the coins into notes, and put them all into the mouth of the pig. Once a classmate offered me a popsicle, and I waved him off saying I was not thirsty, while in fact the two yuan in my pocket were being squeezed sweaty in my palm.

In late autumn the piggy bank was opened, and my mother helped me count: thirty-seven yuan and fifty fen. I took out two notes and ran all the way to the cinema. On tiptoe at the ticket window I asked for two tickets for the cartoon showing that day. The clerk asked who the second ticket was for. I said, for my grandpa. The tickets came out of the machine still warm, and I held them close and ran home; the wind poured into my collar and I did not even feel cold. I stopped in the stairwell and shouted toward home: Grandpa, three tomorrow afternoon, do not forget. From inside, Grandpa answered, drawing the sound out long.

On the day we went, Grandpa put on his finest shirt and combed his hair with water. In the hall he sat straight like a schoolboy. When the monkey on the screen swung the golden staff, he laughed louder than anyone; when the film reached the part where the little monkey missed its mother, he took out a handkerchief and pressed it to his eyes. I pretended not to see, and passed him a tissue, just like the person who passes tissues in the films.

Afterwards he held the ticket stub and said he would take it back to the village to show everyone. I said, Grandpa, I will bring you again next time. He said, next time I will treat you. At home I watched him slip the stub into the red cloth bag that held his household register, the most precious things in his whole house. The piggy bank stood empty, yet my heart felt fuller than ever.