会呼吸的白布

灯灭了，星星出来了，一块白布挂在影厅中央。它不是窗帘，不是手帕，它是一朵等风的云。放映机清了清嗓子，一束光拉得很长很长，白布开始呼吸。

银幕亮了。山在跑，水在跑，小船跑进了大海里。鱼跳起来，尾巴敲了敲银幕，笃，笃，像在敲一扇窗户。我屏住呼吸，怕把鱼吓跑，眼睛都不敢眨一下。

故事从银幕里走出来。它爬上我的座位，坐在我膝盖上，凑在我耳朵边说：看呀看呀，我要去冒险了。我使劲点头，心口像揣了一只小鼓，咚咚，咚咚。

故事遇到了危险。我的手攥紧扶手，脚趾攥紧鞋底。大坏蛋靠近了，近了，更近了。我想喊，声音却躲进了口袋，连一颗小铃铛都没摇响。银幕上的小船翻了个身，又站起来了。我松了一口气，松得像一根泄了气的皮球。

笑声出来了，一个接一个。小猴子一脚踩进泥坑，噗嗤。我的笑声先飞出去，爸爸的笑声跟着飞，妈妈的笑声最后落地，落在我的头顶上。笑声在影厅里弹来弹去，像一颗没人收走的皮球，弹到幕布上，又弹回我心里。

也有安静的时刻。小鹿丢了妈妈，银幕上落雪，一片，一片。影厅里没有人笑，我听见斜后方有个小姐姐吸鼻子。我把围巾往上拉了拉，好像这样就能替小鹿挡一点雪。

灯亮了，银幕闭上眼睛。白布又挂在那里，白白的，静静的，好像什么也没发生。可我知道，山还在它里面跑，小船还在它里面摇，小猴子噗嗤一声的泥坑，还热热地留在它里面。

我走出影厅，太阳很亮。我回头看那扇门，银幕在里面睡觉。我小声说：晚安，银幕，明天，我还来领一个故事，再赔你一路笑声。

The White Cloth That Breathes

The lights go out, the stars come out, and a white cloth hangs in the middle of the hall. It is not a curtain, it is not a handkerchief; it is a piece of cloud waiting for the wind. The projector clears its throat, a beam of light stretches out long, long, and the white cloth begins to breathe.

The screen lights up. Mountains run, waters run, a little boat runs into the sea. A fish leaps up and taps its tail on the screen, knock, knock, as if knocking on a window. I hold my breath, afraid of scaring the fish away, and I do not even dare to blink.

The story walks out of the screen. It climbs onto my seat, sits on my knees, and whispers beside my ear: look, look, I am going on an adventure. I nod hard, and my heart is a little drum inside my chest, boom, boom.

The story meets danger. My hands grip the armrest, my toes grip the soles of my

shoes. The big villain comes closer, nearer, nearest. I want to shout, but my voice hides in my pocket and does not ring even a tiny bell. The little boat on the screen rolls over and stands up again. I let out a breath, loose as a ball with the air let out.

The laughter comes out, one after another. The little monkey steps into a mud pit, splash. My laughter flies out first, the laughter of Dad flies after, and the laughter of Mom lands last, on top of my head. The laughter bounces around the hall like a ball nobody puts away; it bounces onto the curtain and bounces back into my heart.

There are quiet moments too. The little deer loses its mother, and snow falls on the screen, flake, flake. Nobody laughs in the hall, and from behind on the diagonal I hear an older girl sniffle. I pull my scarf up a little, as if that could shelter the little deer from some of the snow.

The lights come on, and the screen closes its eyes. The white cloth hangs there again, white and still, as if nothing happened. But I know the mountains are still running inside it, the little boat is still rocking inside it, and the warm mud pit with the splash of the little monkey is still warm inside it.

I walk out of the hall, and the sun is bright. I look back at the door; the screen is asleep inside. I say softly: good night, screen. Tomorrow I will come again to collect a story, and I will pay you back with a road full of laughter.