卖菜的钱带着手心温度

《爷爷的菜园》里最让我心里一动的，不是菜，是钱。书里的爷爷凌晨三点起来摘菜，把带露水的黄瓜一根根码进筐，赶早集去卖。卖完，他把钱在柜台上摊开，一枚一枚数，数完用手掌压平，塞进贴身的兜。作者写，那个兜的布都磨得发亮。爷爷回家路上不买烟，集上最便宜的烟他也不买，他说菜钱是有数的，孩子的学费是有数的。

去年秋天我帮爷爷背过菜去集上。竹筐压到肩上，走二十分钟土路，我换了三次肩，爷爷一路只换了一次。到了集上他蹲在墙根，面前铺一块塑料布，黄瓜、辣椒、两把小葱分堆摆好。有人还价，他不恼，抹零头。卖完他给我买了一个烧饼，自己喝白开水，烧饼是热的，他递给我的时候吹了吹，怕烫着我。回家路上他从兜里掏出几张皱巴巴的纸币，一张一张抚平，说给我攒着，以后上初中要用。我捏着那几张钱，纸是软的，还带着他手心的热。那一刻我在集上的墙根底下站了很久，人来人往，只有我和爷爷那一小块塑料布是安静的。书里数硬币的爷爷，和我爷爷，是同一个动作。他们数钱的样子不是小气，是把每一张都认成了给孩子的日子。

书里的孙子长大后每次给爷爷钱，爷爷都推回去。我想到这儿，把书合上了。我不要等到长大。从今往后我做两件事：周末早起跟爷爷背菜，我的肩膀矮，先背半筐，练着来；我的零花钱攒在饼干铁盒里，过年给爷爷换一副新手套。他那副手套的指头都磨白了，还舍不得换，冬天在手炉子上烤一烤，第二天接着戴。卖菜的钱不多，可每一张都带着爷爷手心的温度。这本书把这笔账算给我看了：他给我攒了这么多年，我也该给他攒一次。

The Money from Vegetables Still Carries the Warmth of His Palm

What moves me most in the book The Garden of Grandpa is not the vegetables but the money. The grandfather in the book gets up at three in the morning to pick vegetables, packs the dew-wet cucumbers one by one into baskets, and hurries to the early market to sell them. When he finishes, he spreads the money on the counter, counts coin by coin, presses it flat with his palm, and puts it into the pocket against his skin. The author writes that the cloth of that pocket is polished shiny. On the way home the grandfather buys no tobacco; even the cheapest tobacco at the market he does not buy, saying the money from vegetables is counted out, and the school fees of the child are counted out.

Last autumn I carried vegetables with Grandpa to the market. The bamboo basket pressed on my shoulder; over twenty minutes of dirt road I switched shoulders three times, and Grandpa switched only once the whole way. At the market he squatted by the wall, a plastic sheet spread before him, cucumbers, peppers, and two bundles of scallions arranged in piles. When buyers haggled he did not mind; he rounded the change down. After selling he bought me a baked cake and drank plain water himself. On the way home he took several crumpled paper notes from his pocket, smoothed them one by one, and said he was saving them for me, for middle school later. I held those

notes; the paper was soft and still warm from his palm. The grandfather counting coins in the book and my grandfather make the same gesture. Counting money like that is not stinginess; it is recognizing each note as a day of life saved for the child.

In the book, when the grown-up grandson tries to give money back, the grandfather pushes it away. Thinking of this, I closed the cover. I will not wait until I grow up. From now on I will do two things: get up early on weekends to carry vegetables with Grandpa; my shoulders are low, so I start with half a basket and train. And I will save my pocket money in a biscuit tin, and at New Year buy Grandpa a new pair of gloves. The fingers of his old gloves are worn white, and he still cannot bear to replace them. The money from vegetables is small, yet every note carries the warmth of Grandpa palm. This book showed me the ledger: he has saved for me for so many years; it is my turn to save once for him.